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KC 1:30	CUBS 1:20	TOR 7:00	TOR 7:00	TOR 7:00	KC 7:35	KC 7:35
KC 1:35	TEX 7:35	TEX 7:35	TEX 7:35		TOR 6:35	TOR 12:20

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
TOR 12:35	TEX 7:00	TEX 7:00	TEX 7:00	OAK 7:00	OAK 7:00	OAK 6:00
OAK 1:30	CALIF 7:00	CALIF 7:00	CALIF 1:30	SEA 9:35	SEA 9:35	SEA 9:05
SEA 3:35		MINN 7:35	MINN 7:35	MINN 12:15	SEA 7:00	SEA 1:30
SEA 1:30	MINN 7:00	MINN 7:00	MINN 7:00		OAK 9:35	OAK 3:05
OAK 2:07	CALIF 7:07			JUNE		

		CALIF 9:35	CALIF 9:35		NY 6:00	NY 1:20
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NY 12:30	CLEV 6:35	CLEV 6:35	CLEV 6:35	BALT 6:35	BALT 7:05	BALT 2:20
BALT 1:05	BOS 7:00	BOS 7:00	BOS 7:00		JULY	

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	AUGUST				DET 7:00	DET 2:00
DET 1:30	BOS 6:35	BOS 6:35	BOS 6:35		MILW 7:35	MILW 7:35
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MILW 1:30		TOR 6:35	TOR 6:35	TOR 11:35	TEX 7:35	TEX 7:35
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	KC 7:35	KC 7:35	KC 7:35	KC 7:35	TOR 7:00	TOR 1:20
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CALIF 2:07	OAK 9:35	OAK 2:1.	OAK 2:15		MINN 7:00	MINN 6:00
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SOX

Welcome to 'Baseball in Chicago'

The committee which put together *Baseball in Chicago* is fortunate to have, in Chicagoland, writers who have published baseball books and/or articles for baseball periodicals. With such accomplished authors the committee is proud of its final product. We sincerely hope that you will agree that this publication is a quality accomplishment.

Because the Chicago SABR Convention of 1986 celebrated the 80th anniversary of the FIRST ONE-CITY WORLD SERIES (but, unfortunately the only one Chicago has had), *Baseball in Chicago* is exactly that — the story of baseball in our city. We do not apologize for the preponderance of articles relating to baseball in Chicago; the true baseball buff welcomes stories about his game wherever and whenever he finds them and whomever and whatever they are about — just as long as they are about BASEBALL.

After reading this publication, you will be left knowing more about Chicago and its preeminent place in baseball history. We are, after all, the only city in the major leagues that has had a National League representative continuously in the same city since the birth of that league in 1876 — 111 years to date. We further boast that we are the only city which has had a team in each major league continuously since the inception of the American League in 1901.

While we have little to shout about respecting league championships and world titles, we are historically important. Ev Cope (SABR member) has determined that of all the major league clubs, "The Cubs are baseball's winningest team!" Cope's research has discovered that the Cubs have recorded 8,304 wins (Pittsburgh is second with 7,759) through the 1985 season. He further reveals that the Cubs have played more scheduled games, 16,103, than any other team in baseball history. And, the White Sox rank third in games played in the American League with 13,161 through 1985. Detroit leads that statistic with 13,192, followed by Cleveland in second with 13,167.

Don't ever forget, Chicago has had a representative in each of our major leagues since they were born and no other city can make *that* claim.

— Emil H. Rothe

This publication is dedicated to Bill Veeck, who had a longtime association with both the Chicago Cubs and the Chicago White Sox. Bill died in January 1986.

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In Memorium:
BILL VEECK

There was a moment of silence for Bill Veeck at the Bulls, Black Hawks and Bears games. There was an overflow crowd of 1,000 at St. Thomas the Apostle Church, paying a solemn final tribute for the beloved baseball huckster.

Solemn silence? Heck. That wasn't Veeck's old style. If he had his way there would be a noisy "brew ha-ha" at any old pub.

Master William began his baseball career hustling beer as a vendor at Wrigley Field. His father, the austere William L. Veeck Sr., was top man of the Cubs and young Bill learned the game from the bottom.

Unlike Philip K. Wrigley, who showed little interest in his father's team, Bill knew all the inside angles. On road trips Bill would assist traveling secretary Robert Lewis in putting slightly inebriated ballplayers back to bed.

It was Bill Veeck's idea to install ivy on the bleacher walls. In addition, the present-day hand-operated scoreboard was a Veeck innovation. When he went out to operate his own club in Milwaukee in the early 1940s, Veeck was ready.

After a successful stint at Cleveland and a fun-filled, but futile tenure with the St. Louis Browns, Veeck returned to his beloved Chicago as honcho of the 1959 pennant-winning White Sox. That's when our paths first crossed.

Sun-Times sports editor James C. Mullen brought Veeck to the sports department and introduced him to the staff. Mullen nudged Veeck and told him I was an avid Cub fan.

"Oh. A horticulturist?" chuckled Veeck, referring to the Wrigley ivy. I then added that among my baseball film library was "The Kid From Cleveland," a not-too slick flick, featuring Veeck and his 1948 World Champion Indians.

"Gosh. That was an awful movie," said Veeck. "I have one standing order at home my children must follow. And that's not to mention that film."

We then closed the evening at a watering hole. I took a sip of beer and at the same time Veeck put down an empty bottle. It was then I realized I wasn't in his league. Baseball trivia overflowed all morning.

Veeck whispered into Mullen's ear, ready for a real trivia stumper. Bill asked "Who was the first player I acquired when I took over the Indians?" When I replied "Hal Peck," Veeck's bleary eyes beamed.

In 1975, the White Sox were in danger of moving to Seattle. Veeck came out of self-imposed retirement, rubbed a few nickels together and purchased the team. I rushed over to the Illinois Athletic Club to cover the event.

The years had taken their toll on Veeck. Ol' Burrhead was now bald. His leathery face was deeply lined and there was quite a weight-loss. He still chain-smoked and coughed.

"Sorry, I'm late," said Veeck. "My peg leg gave out and I couldn't find my screwdriver to put it back in place." The old glint was still in his eyes and he was beaming with fresh ideas.

Veeck enjoyed the spotlight and quoted Thomas Wolfe, stating "you can come back." But it was a new era. Free agency broke loose and Bill couldn't compete financially with shipbuilders, beer barons and cowboy actors.

After selling the Sox to some chaps named Einsdorf and Reinhorn, (or is it Einhorn and Reinsdorf?) Veeck took up residence in the Wrigley Field bleachers. But the Tribune Co., which took over the Cubs, had a new policy of even reserving bleacher seats.

Veeck resented that maneuver and boycotted both ballyards. He next held court at a Loop pub and watched the games on the tube. My final session with Veeck was last summer at Miller's Pub. I huddled with Bill and sports columnist Bill Gleason and we discussed (what else?) baseball.

The subject was if any infield quartet had driven in 100 runs each. Veeck came up with the 1934 Tigers, stating first baseman Hank Greenberg, second baseman Charley Gehringer, shortstop Bill Rogell and third baseman Freck Owen.

I agreed on the first three, but recalled Freck Owen only drove 96 in runs. "I think you're short-changing Freck," said Veeck.

Peck and Freck. Heck. We'll all miss Veeck.

— Eddie Gold

This 'Trolley Car' World Series Was an Original

by Emil H. Rothe

The American League was established as a major league in 1901 with teams in eight cities. In 1902 St. Louis replaced Milwaukee and the following year New York received a franchise in place of Baltimore. For fifty years, starting in 1903, the two leagues survived without a single franchise being moved or dropped. That set-up had five cities with a major league club in each league: New York, including Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Louis. That arrangement made possible one-city world series, a fact that was first exploited in 1906 in Chicago.

This 1986 SABR Convention in Chicago is the 80th anniversary of that event and *Baseball in Chicago* is dedicated to that momentous world series.

The 1906 Chicago White Sox "Hitless Wonders" became World Champions by vanquishing the Chicago Cubs who, in 1906, had just established a record of 116 wins and a winning percentage that has never been equalled or surpassed to this day. It was a "trolley car" series because Chicago did not have a subway in 1906. The Cubs were the popular favorites but the White Sox won the series four games to two.

New York, including Brooklyn, has, of course, dominated the one-city world series format with 13 "Subway Series," seven matching Brooklyn against the New York Yankees and six involving the New York Giants and the Yankees. The first of the New York monopoly occurred in 1921 and was the first one-city affair since 1906, fifteen years earlier. That series found the Giants and Yankees in the October classic. The same two teams won their league championships in 1922 and again in 1923. Those three successive years with the same representatives in the world series is a record that has not been matched — and, may never be.

The only other city to take part in a world series confined to only one city was St. Louis when its Cardinals played its Browns for baseball supremacy in 1944. The National League Cardinals prevailed.

Boston and Philadelphia never enjoyed such exclusivity. Both cities almost accomplished the one-city privacy but each missed by one year. The Boston Braves played the Philadelphia A's in the 1914 world series and, strangely, the next year it was the Boston Red Sox who met the Philadelphia Phillies for baseball honors.

In 1953 the Boston Braves moved to Milwaukee. The St. Louis Browns became the Baltimore Orioles in 1954 and in 1955 the A's of Philadelphia had moved to Kansas City. Thus, only Chicago and New York remained as two-team cities. The moves of Brooklyn to Los Angeles and the New York Giants to San Francisco for the 1958 season left Chicago as the only city with a team in each league until 1961 when the American League expanded and the Los Angeles Angels were born. So, Los Angeles joined Chicago as a city with major league clubs in each league. New York became a two-team city in 1962 when the Mets were created in the National League expansion. In 1968 The Kansas City A's had become the Oakland A's and the San Francisco Giants now had a close neighbor.

Milwaukee might have become a fifth "dual" city but the Braves abandoned that city for Atlanta in 1966; five years later the Seattle franchise, after a one year trial run, moved to Milwaukee in 1970 and became the Brewers.

Until new moves destroy or create additional cities, we now have four with "Subway Series" or "Freeway" or "Trans Golden Gate Bridge" series a possibility. But, the fact remains, only Chicago has had that possibility since 1901 on a continuous basis. It's too bad that Chicago didn't make more use of its advantage through all those years. Maybe next year!

The single-city world series listed chronologically follow: World Champions are printed in caps.

1906 — CHICAGO WHITE SOX vs Cubs
1921 — NEW YORK GIANTS vs Yankees
1922 — NEW YORK GIANTS vs Yankees
1923 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Giants
1936 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Giants
1937 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Giants
1941 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Dodgers
1944 — ST. LOUIS CARDINALS vs Browns
1947 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Dodgers
1949 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Dodgers
1951 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Giants
1952 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Dodgers
1953 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Dodgers
1955 — BROOKLYN DODGERS vs Yankees
1956 — NEW YORK YANKEES vs Dodgers

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

by Dennis Bingham

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

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

The date is Monday, October 8, 1906. The day before the first intra-city World Series in history and the *only* one between the the Chicago White Sox and Chicago Cubs.

Usually on this date the talk of the town is "Chicago Day", the annual city holiday held in remembrance of the great fire. In fact, tomorrow marks the 35th anniversary of that devastating inferno. But a different blaze sweeps the city today — World Series fever.

The entire city is baseball crazy as the Series touches every citizen. Hotels overflow with the arrival of people from as far away as Europe and Mexico. A former Chicagoan living in China rushes back to attend the games. Hundreds of grandmothers are unaware they are about to "die" as children scheme to be excused from school. A church bulletin announces that next Sunday's sermon will be on "The Moral of the Home Run." Various social clubs decorate chartered trolley cars and load them with wooden kegs of beer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GAME I
ONE BEARSKIN RUG
or
"BRING IN THE CLOWN"

Everywhere we turn we are accosted by ticket scalpers. Two $20 bills get us box seats behind third base.

Street hawkers are stationed every few feet and peddle anything and everything that could be made into baseball paraphernalia. Postcards with players' pictures. Hand-made emblems to be pinned to your coat announcing your team's loyalty. Paper megaphones, seat cushions, and pennants. Horns striped with colors one vendor insists are the "official" colors of the teams. One unique item is a button, about the size of a half-dollar, printed with a bear wearing white stockings. If the Sox win you are to wear it with the bear on its back and the stockings on top. If the Cubs win, flip it over with the bear on its feet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The old press box has been given over to the dignitaries. We see a young pencil-thin Connie Mack and the managerial mastermind Ned Hanlon. There's the dominating Ban Johnson, founder of the American League. And here comes Cap Anson, who might be called the "Mr. Cub" of the day, entering to an ovation and bowing to the fans.

While the rules are essentially the same as they will be 80 years later, we prepare for a totally different brand of ball than what we're accustomed. We're in the heart of the dead ball era and the pitchers rule as kings. The ball, without a lively cork-center, doesn't travel for much distance and loses its shape quickly. Often the same ball is used for innings on end. Foul balls hit into the stands are retrieved by umpires or ushers and put back into play. Before long the ball is scuffed-up to a dark gray color, its cover loosened and covered with dirt and tobacco stains.

There's a flutter of excitement when the crowd learns the identities of the starting pitchers. Three Finger Brown, short on digits but long on talent, will do the honors for the Cubs. We can clearly see Brown's deformed right hand as he warms up. The farming accident which mangled the hand was a blessing in disguise because it gave Brown the most wicked drop-curve in the business.

The Sox counter with Nick Altrock, a southpaw just coming off his third consecutive 20-game winning season. On games he's not pitching he can be found coaching first base where his good-natured joking with the fans has made him the team's most popular player. His antics go

Managers Chance and Jones confer with umpires.

well with his clownish face. His large ears, curly Harpo-like hair, wide grin and putty features make it seem as if his head belongs on a ventriloquist's dummy. The more sarcastic sportswriters refer to him as "Handsome Nick". But he's all seriousness on the mound with a cross-fire delivery and a wide assortment of breaking balls.

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

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

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

A local club, accompanied by a band, enters the field and presents silver loving cups to both teams. As someone makes a speech that nobody hears, we check out the Cubs as they'll bat in the order, the exact same line-up they will use in every game except for the pitcher's slot.

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

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

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

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

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

Dougherty enters the box with hopes of hitting a sacrifice fly, takes a mighty cut but merely taps a dribbler to the third base side of the mound. Brown is off quickly,

makes a nice play and tosses home as Rohe comes charging in from third. The runner is a dead duck — but wait — the ball hits the catcher's mitt and trickles away. The Cub fans let loose with a single low groan. Kling has made a classic Little League mistake by attempting to tag the runner before having possession of the ball.

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

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

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

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

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

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

GAME II
UNRAVELED WHITE SOX
or
"A-ONE AND A-TWO"

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

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

The Sox are slow going out to practice, choosing to stay near the clubhouse heater. When they do emerge a loud ovation greets Altrock and Rohe, heroes of yesterday's battle. Ironically, both players share the same birthday (Rohe is a year older) and both played together as kids on the streets of Cincinnati.

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

As White gets ready to deliver the first pitch, we look at the scene at home plate and are reminded how different the game will become. The catcher doesn't get into a squat but remains almost completely upright with his knees slightly bent. He stands further back from the batter than his modern counterpart. Shinguards won't be publicly introduced until next year which leaves his legs unprotected. His face is covered with an unpadded thin

wire mask, not unlike a bird cage, and his throat is exposed as the flat chest protector hangs loosely around his neck.

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

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

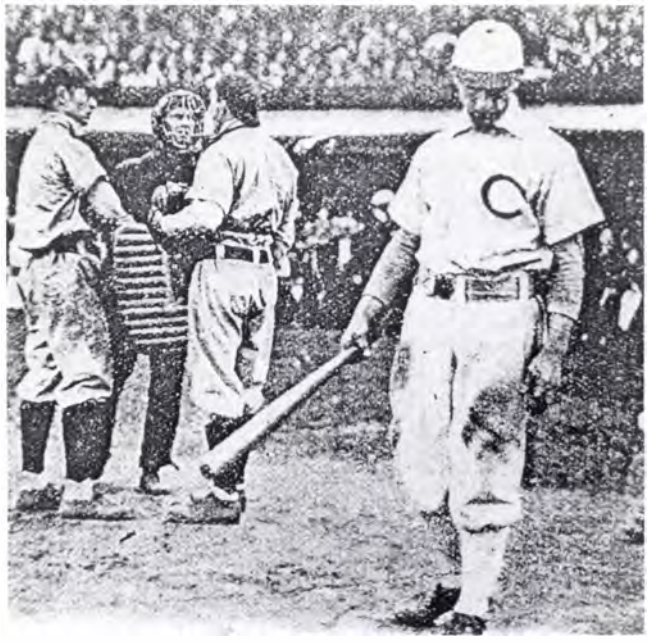
But that's the last of the cheering for the Sox supporters.

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

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

For all practical purposes, the game was put to bed in the first 15 minutes. In the top of the second, with one out and men on first and second, Evers grounded weakly to Isbell. Instead of getting the sure out at first, Issy thinks he's Napoleon Lajoie and flips the ball backwards towards second. "Towards second" may be an exaggeration. The ball doesn't even come close and before the leftfielder can run it down one Cub has dented the plate and two are in scoring position. The error leads to three unearned runs. In the next inning, another unearned run is scored by the Cubs on a wild throw into center by Sullivan. White, the league's leader in earned run average, leaves in disgust after three innings.

But credit must also go to the Cubs. Bold baserunning, solid hits up the middle, three vicious liners to left by Steinfeldt, a beautiful squeeze bunt by Reulbach, a hit-and-run, several stolen bases including a double steal, and their speciality, the hard bunt between infielders for singles, are executed — all elements that helped compile their astounding 116 wins.



World Series hero George Rohe

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

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

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

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

such terrible weather. They were expecting crowds of nearly twice the size and are concerned because they share only in the receipts of the first four games.

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

GAME III
EXPECTORATED RESULTS
or
"LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE TWICE"

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

We note the special old-time charm of the uniforms. The heavy flannel knickers, bunched just below the knees, and blousy shirts are indeed baggy but not as much as they were at the start of the season. On Opening Day the players wore outrageously large outfits to compensate for the high shrinkage that occurs during washing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Walsh is simply a master. During the entire season, nobody slapped around the Cubs the way Walsh did today. In all, 12 Cubs would strike out. A few such as Tinker rush forward in the box in an attempt to hit the spitter before it breaks, only to be fooled by a curve instead. Frustrated, several try to bunt the infernal pitch but are also thwarted.

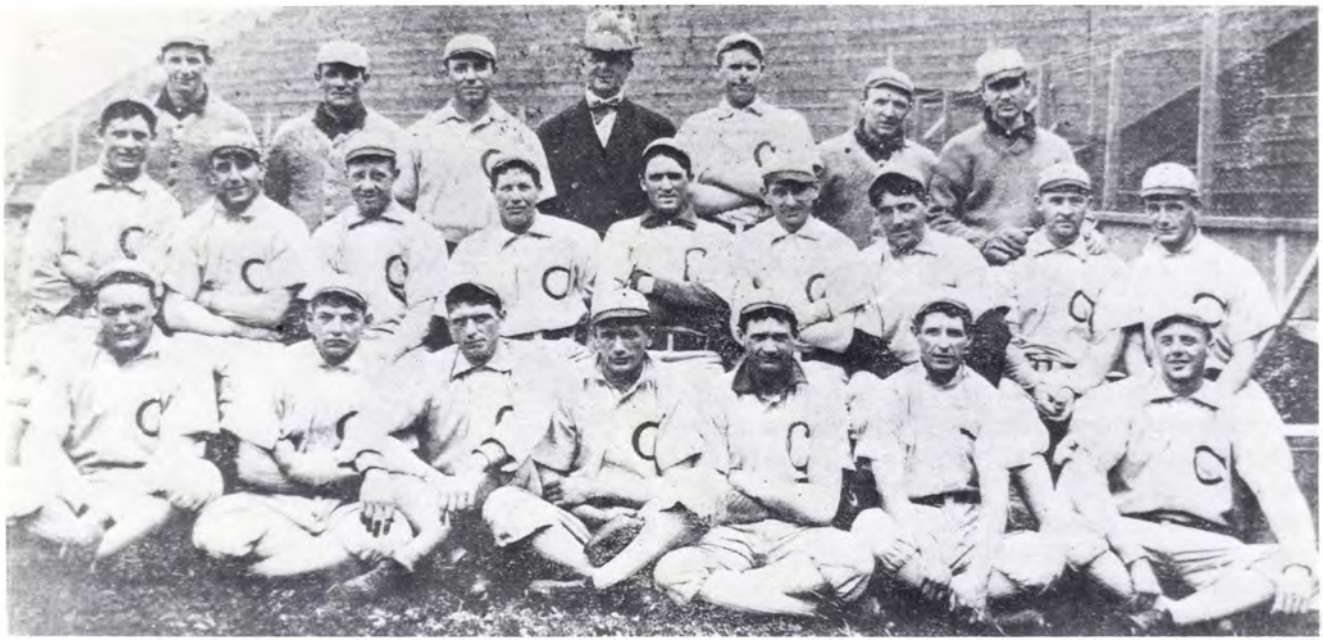
In the meantime, 28-year-old rookie Pfiester keeps his Cubs in the game with a fine pitching performance. He has made a name for himself this year, like his mound opponent, with a 19-9 record and 1.56 ERA.

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

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

The umpire grabs his megaphone and shouts, "Is there a doctor in the house?" We take up the call with the other fans in the stands until a man in a dark suit runs down an aisle and onto the field. A Dr. Slattery of Dubuque, Iowa

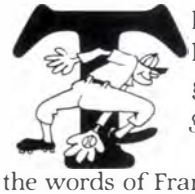
(See Series, pg. 48.)



1906 Chicago White Sox: Top row, from left, Hart, McFarland, Davis, Comiskey, Isbell, Sullivan and White; middle row, Walsh, Smith, Roth, Hahn, Dundon, Donohue, O'Neill, Tannehill and Rohe; bottom row, Towne, Altrock, Owen, Patterson, Dougherty, Jones and Fiene.

Comiskey's Misfits Were Magic

by Richard C. Lindberg



This was not a great team. Until the legendary 19 game winning streak began on August 2, it wasn't even a very *good* team.

What Comiskey's White Sox had, in the words of Frank Sinatra, was "high hopes" — with a generous dose of character thrown in for good measure.

"I think I have one of the best pitching staffs in the business, and now I have Lou Fiene who will be one of the best ever," gushed Charles Comiskey, as he watched the southbound Illnois Central train carry his ballclub to spring training from the platform of the old Dearborn Street Station. "I predict that the Sox will win the pennant this year, barring injuries to Jones, Isbell, or Davis."

Comiskey the seer was on the mark — almost. Lou Fiene, the "Big Finn," posted an unremarkable 3-8 career record, and at various times during the 1906 season, Jones, Isbell, and Davis all missed games due to a variety of injuries.

Indeed, this was a very unsettled ballclub that headed for spring training in New Orleans. Three key members of the 1905 squad which had challenged Connie Mack's A's down to the last week of the season were noticeably absent. Jimmy Callahan, the wayfaring pitcher/outfielder whom the "Old Roman" regarded as a mischievous son, was now part owner of a semi-pro team known as the Logan Squares.

"Ducky" Holmes and Danny Green, two-thirds of the 1905 outfield were out of the major leagues. The brawling Holmes had been suspended by the league for his altercations with umpire "Silk" O'Loughlin; an affair that further strained the relations between Comiskey and American League President Ban Johnson.

But Comiskey always had a warm spot in his heart for players who were considered troublesome by other ballclubs. The "Old Roman" purchased the contract of "Rube" Vinson, a part-time outfielder who had been suspended by the Cleveland Naps in 1905 for fighting with Nap Lajoie. Garry Herrmann of the National Commission attempted to block the transaction on the grounds that Cleveland had not properly reinstated Vinson.

Patsy Dougherty, a star outfielder of the New York Highlanders, was another Comiskey reclamation project. Dougherty was a close friend of Fielder Jones, and when he was put on waivers by owner Frank Ferrell, following some fisticuffs with Clark Griffith, well, who else but the White Sox would claim him? However, Dougherty was barred from joining the Sox until July. When all the details were finally ironed out, it was his inspired play which proved to be the pennant catalyst.

When the Sox arrived in the state of Louisiana, they found themselves barred from using the clubhouse of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club because the Philadelphia A's had shown "ungentlemanly conduct" by wearing their uniforms in the front parlor, and by their "rough-housing" behavior. The Sox found themselves without bathing facilities. If the truth be known, the Sox had *really* arrived in a state of confusion.

Where was Frank Smith? The star right hander who fashioned a no-hitter and a pair of one-hitters in 1905 was

a holdout, of course. This was nothing unusual for Smith, the part time "piano mover" who hated Fielder Jones and begged for his release. Comiskey would not oblige, and Smith finally came to terms.

The scholarly, pious Doc White was coaching the Georgetown nine when he informed Jones in no uncertian terms, that he would not be ready for duty until after the season started. This was not an auspicious start for a team destined to upset the odds, and their hated cross-town rivals.

Bad weather, the unsettled outfield, and the split-squad schedule doomed the manager's best efforts. But as the Sox traveled to Detroit for the league opener on April 17, Jones expressed guarded optimism. "We are far from right, but a lot better than I feared we would be at one time during the trip."

Fielder Allison Jones. He was kicked out of the opener by umpire Tim Hurst in the sixth inning. Nothing unusual about that. Since joining the Sox as a contract jumper from the National League in 1901, Jones had terrorized umpires with his fiery vocabulary. As a manager, he was ahead of his time. An early champion of player rights, Fielder Jones schooled his players with a heads up, daring style of play. He taught his runners the body twist slide, now known as the hook slide. The "motion infield" is also credited to the Sox manager. Jones was never one to tolerate laziness or complacency. In the two years prior to 1906, he had left a trail of damaged egos big enough to fill someone's roster.

Eddie McFarland was suspended without pay in 1904 for drinking problems. Danny Green was suspended for being out of condition in 1905. Holmes was benched for muffing two fly balls in one game. Callahan, a close friend of Jones, was suspended that same year for failing to stay in condition. And the list goes on. Jones was fair — but uncompromising. He was blessed with a superb pitching staff and little else. Without him, it is unlikely that the White Sox would have won the pennant in 1906, and remained in contention till the last week of the season in the other years of his stewardship. After he was gone, the Sox were just not the same ballclub. Mount Vesuvius and the San Francisco Earthquake were two tragedies that occupied the public attention in the spring of '06. The White Sox injury list was another. The Jones men checked in with a miserable 15-20 record when June rolled around. They were mired in sixth place, seven-and-a-half out.

Ed Walsh, the "Big Reel," pitched the first of a pair of one hitters on May 6 against Cleveland, but George Davis' shoulder came up lame. Jones twisted an ankle, Gus Dundon was ill, and catcher Billy Sullivan was poisoned after eating too much peach shortcake. Frustrated with their various physical ailments, Comiskey went out and hired a specialist in physical conditioning. Hiram "Doc" Connibear, one of the unsung heroes of the 1906 season, came to the Sox well advertised. As the trainer for the University of Chicago, Connibear's regimens kept their football team in shape and in the thick of things.

By mid-season the Sox were restored to working order by the "Bear." He had little use for alcoholic spirits. During an August game in Boston, Billy Sullivan was

Big Ed Walsh

spiked at the plate by Freddie Parent. A Boston rooter ran on the field to offer the Sox catcher a swig of gin, but the Bear took the man's flask and flung it into the far reaches of center field. The players were devoted to the Doc's program, but he left the team in early September for a coaching job at the University of Washington — some say over a salary quarrel with Comiskey. They made him the rowing coach, but it was a sport he professed to know nothing about it. Yet the history books credit him with perfecting a new and revolutionary inter-collegiate stroke.

The White Sox never really had a set lineup. Comiskey funneled players to Jones to plug the hole created by injuries and inconsistent performance. The players who respond well to "situation" roles can never be underestimated. They win pennants you see. And in 1906, there was a parade of situation players.

When Clark Griffith had a spat with one of his players, the Sox took notice. First it was Dougherty, and then on May 6, they picked up Eddie Hahn on waivers. The former street car painter from Vicksburg, Mississippi, went on to lead the team in hitting during the middle months of the season. Little Eddie saved the Sox from being no-hit on July 4 with a lead off-single that kept Barney Pelty out of the history books. Griffith, who had abandoned the Sox for New York in 1903, repaid his former benefactor's kindness in more ways than one.

Jay Towne, a hard hitting catcher from the Des Moines club of the Western League, and "Hub" Hart proved to be capable replacements during Sullivan's extended

absences.

By slow degrees, the Sox improved. The worm really turned on May 31, which was when the club was seemingly at its lowest point. The Sox were in Detroit for a doubleheader, and were losing badly. Frank Smith was in constant trouble in the second game, and when Jones sent him to the bench, the player and manager engaged in a fist fight. Comiskey, whose meddling was never appreciated by a series of Sox managers before and after Jones, investigated the matter. Reports of wide-spread dissension on the Sox were discounted by the owner.

It was about this time that the White Sox earned the reputation of "Hitless Wonders." In a game against the Highlanders on June 10, the Sox almost won a game without benefit of a hit. They scored a run off of Al Orth on a hit batsman, a muffed double play, and an error. Fielder Jones collected the only single three innings later. "With a game team, you're never out of a pennant race," Comiskey beamed as his club climbed to within four games of the top on July 14. On that day, the *Chicago Tribune* ran a headline that contained the first known reference to the "Hitless Wonders." No one knows for sure, but it may have been Charles Dryden of the Trib who coined the phrase. "*Hitless Wonders Rally & Turn An Apparent New York Victory Into Defeat.*"

Collectively, the Sox batted .230 as a team — last in the league. Official accounts credit them with six home runs; but they actually hit seven.

The missing homer belonged to Billy Sullivan, but with or without it, the Sox were last in that category also.

August first in Chicago. The Cubs lead the National League by a light year and then some. The baseball cranks are fired up by Frank Chance and company, so much so, that in a recent game with the A's, the crowd is yelling for some news of the Giants and Cubs.

Then, magic. Doc White shuts down the Boston club on August 2, with just three hits. Sox are in fourth, but trail by nine games. The next day Ed Walsh baffles the Pilgrims with his mysterious "eel ball." With one out in the ninth inning, Jack Hayden raps out a single — which was Boston's collective offense for the day. The shutout string was continued the next day, as Roy (no longer a "Boy Wonder") Patterson defeats Bill Dinneen, 1-0.

It didn't end there, not by a long shot. The Sox sweep a five game set with the dangerous A's. Connie Mack's team is held to just six runs. The Highlanders arrive in Chicago, and are lucky to eke out a tie on the thirteenth, after dropping three straight. The White Sox take to the road with eleven straight wins under the belt, and in first by a half-game. In just eleven days they had wiped out a nine game deficit.

Another three game sweep in Boston, and then it's on to New York to protect a two game lead from their closest pursuers. In anticipation of their arrival, Clark Griffith saves Jack Chesbro for the opening clash. No matter. The Sox shed the "Hitless Wonder" label temporarily by scoring nine runs in the ninth inning of a 1-0 game. Who says this team can't hit? In four games with New York, the Sox score 31 runs.

It's eighteen straight now, and it's off to Washington to set a record. Roy Patterson wins again on August 23, for 19 in a row. Suddenly the Cubs are pushed off the front page. This imperfect, patchwork quilt team with such names as Hahn, Vinson, Rohe, Tannehill, and Sullivan, had set the odds makers on their ears.

And they nearly made it twenty straight, if not for a last minute rally by the Senators on the twenty-fifth. Blame it on Ban Johnson. The American League president was a loud, excited supporter of the Washington club this day. Johnson and Comiskey had some irreconcilable differences that were magnified when Comiskey moved out of the American League offices for more spacious quarters down the street, earlier in the year.

There was an inevitable slump after this, hastened by a rookie umpire named Billy Evans. In a rain delayed game in Philadelphia, on August 29, Evans called off the proceedings *after* the Sox pushed across the go-ahead runs in the sixth. A few minutes after this, the sun came out.

Billy Evans may or may not have been a Ban Johnson "agent." When Evans turned up in Chicago on September 9 to officiate a game, the fans with long memories threw soda pop bottles at him. It was worse the next day. After he called George Davis out at first on a play that he had apparently beaten out, the fans mobbed the field. Following another bottle throwing episode the police escorted Evans off the field.

The original 'Hitless Wonders' set a league record with 19 consecutive wins in 1906.

Good sense dictated that Johnson should have replaced Evans for the remainder of the series. But he showed up the next day, and made even more of a spectacle of himself. His decisions gave the Browns a pair of tainted runs that spelled another defeat. Comiskey stopped the sale of soda pop in the first inning, and recruited an army of detectives to wander about the crowd. Evans, whom many people believed was instructed by Johnson to thwart the White Sox, was merely the culmination of series of bottle throwing episodes at the 39th Street Grounds.

Even with the Billy Evans subterfuge, the Sox could not be denied. Not this year anyway. Gnome-like Nick Altrock, a pitcher bought for a song in 1903, won games on successive days to give the Sox the lead for good. The pennant was clinched in St. Louis on October 3, as the New York Highlanders dropped a game to the A's. Drinks all around.

Adversity overcome. Only once during the nineteen game streak were the Sox able to field a healthy team. With a restructured outfield, a pitcher who didn't want to pitch, and a collection of castoffs and trouble makers, the White Sox beat out the Naps and Highlanders. Fielder Jones had placed his stamp on this team, and the Sox responded in kind. Only they didn't know that the best was yet to come.

1906 Chicago Cubs: Top row, from left, Brown, Pfiester, Hofman, Williams, Overall, Reulbach and Kling; middle row, Gessler, Taylor, Steinfeldt, McCormick, Chance, Sheckard, Moran and Schulte; bottom row, Lundgren, Walsh, Evers, Slagle and Tinker.

The Beginning of a Cubs Dynasty

by Arthur R. Ahrens

The team that would someday be the bubonic plague of the National League got its start on April 29, 1898 when Frank Chance, a 21-year-old back-up catcher, made his Cub debut. As an eighth inning replacement for Tim Donahue, he dropped two pop fouls, hardly an indication of future immortality. Chance was joined by Johnny Kling, another backstop, in September of 1900.

In 1902 Frank Selee was appointed Cub manager, and under his tutelage the future dynasty began to coalesce in earnest. Selee brought center fielder Jimmy Slagle with him from Boston while rookie Joe Tinker won the shortstop's job in spring training. Pitcher Carl Lundgren entered the picture shortly after his graduation from University of Illinois in June. Late in the season pint-sized Johnny Evers began taking over at second base while Chance — against his own desire — was moved over to first. On September 15, 1902 the first "Tinker to Evers to Chance" double play was recorded.

Pitcher Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown and outfielder Frank Schulte were added to the roster in 1904, followed by pitcher Ed Reulbach the next season. In the meantime Frank Chance replaced the ailing Selee as manager on August 1, 1905. During the winter of 1905-06 the lineup was rounded out with the acquisitions of left fielder Jimmy Sheckard, third baseman Harry Steinfeldt, and Jack Pfiester, a much-needed left-handed pitcher.

It was a hard-driving, hard-drinking, "spikes high" crew that took the diamond as the 1906 season unfolded. Their fierce determination was evident as early as April 28, when Frank Chance stole home with two out in the bottom of the ninth to nip the Reds, 1-0, at the Cubs' fabled West Side Grounds.

By May 31 the Cubs were in the driver's seat with a 29-15 record, but neither the Giants (26-15) nor the Pirates (24-15) were a safe distance behind. Although the Cubs were an improved team playing exciting ball, many fans were skeptical as to whether they could outlast John McGraw's New Yorkers, who had won two straight pennants plus an easy victory in the 1905 World Series.

The fears of the doubters were put to rest when the Cubs and the Giants locked horns at the Polo Grounds on June 5 for their first series. Not only did the Cubs take three straight, they utterly humiliated the mighty Giants with a 19-0 whitewash on June 7. Christy Mathewson, the pride of New York, was shelled out in an 11 run first inning. From that point on, the league was on official notice that the Cubs (often called Murphy's Spuds in reference to owner Charles A. Murphy) were indeed for real.

John McGraw never forgot this shattering defeat, nor would Cub fans let him live it down. For the rest of the season, whenever the Giants took the field in Chicago, a group of fans seated near the visitors' bench would release 19 balloons into the air — one at a time. They chanted "one" in unison as the first balloon was sent up, con-

tinuing their countdown with each until all 19 were in flight. The next number was always shouted louder than the previous one. Needless to say, it was not designed to boost the Giants' morale. McGraw usually left Chicago fuming and defeated.

By the end of June, the records of the three contenders were: Chicago 46-20, Pittsburgh 42-20, and New York 42-20 also. The Cubs' already awesome pitching staff was then beefed up even more when they picked up Orval Overall from the Reds and Jack Taylor from the Cardinals. (In Taylor's case it was a reacquisition since he had previously been a Cub from 1898 through 1903.)

On July 4 the Cubs gave their fans an Independence Day treat, beating the Cardinals twice by identical 1-0 scores. Three Finger Brown halted them on one hit in the morning contest while Carl Lundgren tossed a five-hitter in the afternoon match. By July 31 the Cubs were 66-28, six games ahead of the Giants and Pirates, who were tied at 58-32.

It was in the August heat that the Cubs gathered the steam that put them out of reach, winning 26 of 29 contests. By now John McGraw was ranting and raving in a fury of impotent rage. On August 7 he refused to let Umpire James Johnstone into the Polo Grounds, so the game was forfeited to the Cubs, 9-0. The next day McGraw relented but the Cubs won again, 3-2. By the end of the month Chicago had bolted to 13 games ahead of Pittsburgh and 15 ahead of New York. The standings read: Cubs 92-31, Pirates 77-42, and Giants 74-43.

The 1906 Cubs won an astounding 116 games — a record that still stands.

On September 1 the Cubs won their 14th consecutive game as they clubbed the Cardinals, 8-1, at Chicago. The regular umpires were ill that day (food poisoning was suspected) so Lundgren and St. Louis catcher Peter Noonan performed the arbitrating duties. Although the Cubs' winning streak ended the following day, they did not cool off for long. Brown, burning up the league, won his 11th straight on September 13 with a 6-2 victory over the Cardinals at St. Louis. Six days later the Cubs clinched the flag as they baked the Boston Beaneaters (Braves), 3-1, behind Ed Reulbach.

The morning of October 1 witnessed the Cubs' record at 113-36, and the three remaining games were Cub victories. In the morning game of October 1 Lundgren hurled a two-hitter to shellack the Phillies, 4-0. Ed Reulbach then won his 12th straight in the nightcap in a game called because of darkness after six innings, 4-3. The record 116th win came October 4 as Jack Pfiester won his 20th of the season, whitewashing the Pirates, 4-0, at Pittsburgh. With Johnny Evers taking the day off, second base was held down by Lundgren, who seems to have been the club's jack-of-all-trades during the last several weeks of the season.

Finishing 20 games behind, the Giants had to be content with beating out the Pirates for the runner-up slot. New York, incidentally, did have the league's "best" record against the Cubs, a 7-15 log.

In capturing their first pennant in 20 years, the Cubs led the league in batting (.262), runs (704), slugging average (.399), fielding average (.969), strikeouts (702), shutouts (31) and ERA (1.76). They were tied for the lead in triples (71), and were second in doubles (181), home runs (20) and stolen bases (283). Their 283 steals remain a city record, excluding the years prior to 1898, when a player was credited with a stolen base if he went from first to third on a single. The White Sox' highest total was 280 in 1901.

As for the home gate, official Cub attendance figures prior to 1916 have not survived. However, the *Sporting News Dope Book* gives an estimate of 654,300 which, if accurate, was tops in the circuit.

Yet there were actually no full-fledged superstars on the club, with the possible exception of Three Finger Brown. They were simply a collection of good journeymen ball players who jelled as a unit. Deservedly, much of the credit for the Cubs' success went to player-manager Chance, whose relentless aggressiveness on the field set a powerful example for his teammates. Soon to be nicknamed "the Peerless Leader," Chance was a stern disciplinarian as a manager, not averse to using his fists in bringing home a message to an unruly player. "Play it my way or meet me after the game!" was his motto. He played with the zeal of a fanatic, even to the point of deliberately getting hit by pitches in order to get on base.

His infield partners, Tinker and Evers, were only light batsmen (dangerous in the clutch, however), but easily compensated in their fielding and baserunning skill. Evers performed flawlessly at second and stole 49 bases, while Tinker led all National League shortstops with a .944 average. The trio composed the glue which cemented the Cubs' defense. The team's 194 errors established a new low in this era of small, underpadded gloves.

Meanwhile, the crosstown White Sox had captured the American League flag and were waiting in the wings. Baseball's first "subway series" (37 years before Chicago even had a subway, by the way) was about to begin as Chicago held its breath.

Fielder Jones was the first American Leaguer to execute an unassisted double-play by an outfielder. Jones also hit the first National League grand-slam in this century.

Only seven players in baseball history have broken up four or more no-hitters (only hit in game) and Patsy Dougherty was the first to break up this many.

George Davis was the first man in baseball history to hit a home run and triple in the same inning, and the first to record a hitting streak of more than 30 games.

What in the World Happened in 1906?

by Emil H. Rothe

espite the baseball fans of Chicago, 1906 was also remembered for other events than the 1906 baseball season and the Chicago World Series.

The San Francisco Earthquake struck on April 18 at 5:13 a.m. The fire that followed lasted for three days and destroyed two-thirds of the city. At least 452 people died and 250,000 were left homeless. The property destroyed was estimated at $400 million — and that was in 1906 dollars. On September 19 a typhoon hit Hong Kong killing an estimated 50,000 humans.

The British battleship *H.M.S. Dreadnought* was launched in February and for many years the large battleships of all nations were called dreadnoughts.

The Wasserman test was developed by German physician August Wasserman and became a specific blood test for syphilis.

A Pure Food and Drug Act was passed by the Senate on February 21 and was signed into law by President Theodore Roosevelt. It regulated producers and sellers against selling diseased meat, decomposed foods, or dangerously adulterated foods. And, it required labels that gave truthful descriptions of the contents of products.

The term "suffragettes" was coined by a *London Daily Mail* reporter to describe women, such as Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughters, who campaigned for women's suffrage.

Excavation of the Panama Canal was begun by the United States War Department. The canal was opened for traffic August 3, 1914, the same day that Germany declared war on France to ignite the horrors of the war that we today call World War I.

Rolls Royce, Ltd. (of interest to those of you who drive one today) was incorporated March 16, 1906. The Autocar Company improved its model by adding acetylene headlights and kerosene side lamps but, like most cars of that period, still used a steering rudder rather than a steering wheel. The Mack Truck was introduced and, because of the power of that ten-ton vehicle, gave rise to a term still in use today, "built like a Mack Truck." *The North American Review* reported that more Americans were killed by the automobile in the first five months of 1906 than died in the Spanish-American War.

International News Service (INS) was founded by William Randolph Hearst to compete with Associated Press established in 1848. The International Radio Telegraph Convention in Berlin adopted SOS as the distress call to replace CQD. The first radio broadcast of voice and music was sent out on Christmas Eve and was picked up by ships within a radius of several hundred miles.

The Education of Henry Adams by Henry Brooks Adams first appeared on bookshelves, privately printed, in 1906. *The Man of Property* by John Galsworthy made its first appearance and introduced the reading public to Soames Forsyte, and *The Forsyte Saga* was begun (it continued until 1922). *White Fang* by Jack London had its first publication. *Caesar and Cleopatra* by George Bernard Shaw was presented in Berlin in March. A popular play (and later a movie), *Brewster's Millions* was staged in New York; it was an adaptation of George Barr McCutcheon's novel published in 1902. Metropolitan newspapers cost 2¢.

Songs that became popular in 1906 included "Mary's a Grand Old Name" by George M. Cohan from the musical *Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway*. In the musical *George Washington, Jr.* people heard *"You're a Grand Old Flag"* for the first time. Cohan also composed that melody. *"Everyday Is Ladies Day with Me," "China Town, My China Town,"* and *"School Days"* were also introduced to our musical collection that year. Maurice Chevalier, 18, developed a unique style and launched a 60-year show business career.

Comedienne Gracie Allen, bandleader Count Basie, actors William Bendix and John Carradine, pianist Oscar Levant, directors Billy Wilder and John Huston, television personality Ozzie Nelson, actors Robert Young and George Sanders, actress Agnes Moorehead and ballplayer Leo Durocher were all born in 1906.

In 1906 you could have bought your girlfriend a corset for $3.50, a silk petticoat for $3.95 and a pair of shoes for $1.98. And for yourself you could have bought a fall suit for $15, gold fillings for 50¢ a piece and a set of false teeth for $2.00.

President Theodore Roosevelt was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1906 for his efforts in bringing the Russo-Japanese War to an end.

The permanent wave was introduced in London. It took 8 to 12 hours and cost $1,000 (1906 dollars). The Fuller Brush Company had its beginning in that year. Gary, Indiana was born when United States Steel established a steel mill on the shores of Lake Michigan. The town that grew up there was named after the chairman of U. S. Steel, Elbert Henry Gary.

The National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) was founded after 18 American boys were killed playing football in the 1905 season. The forward pass was legalized in football. Walter K. Eckersall wound up a three-year career playing football for Alonzo Stagg at the University of Chicago. Oh, yes, the Chicago White Sox defeated the Chicago Cubs in the 1906 World Series.

Whatever Became of . . . ?

by Richard Topp

In the sixth year of the twentieth century, forty-eight players participated in what was to become the greatest season in Chicago baseball history.

For the first time ever, a World Series was to be played in only one city. Along the route the Cubs set a major league record of 116 victories, the White Sox set an American League record of 19 consecutive wins.

During the past 80 years, people have often asked "Whatever became of . . . ?"

The following is a chronology of the participants of that famous season.

1913 . . . Jiggs Donahue dies at the young age of 34 in a Columbus, Ohio mental hospital.

1914 . . . Harry Steinfeldt suffers a complete mental breakdown and dies at a Bellevue, Kentucky mental hospital at age 36.

Frank Chance

Harry Steinfeldt

1920 . . . Bill O'Neill, the first foreign-born player in the World Series, dies at 40 at his home in St. John, New Brunswick.

1924 . . . A trio of Cubs passed from the scene. Pat Moran dies on March 7th at 48 in Orlando, Florida. Frank Chance, manager of the Cubs and just signed to manage the White Sox for 1925, dies on September 15th at age 47 in Los Angeles. Doc Gessler, one of three doctors of the 1906 series, dies at 44 on December 26th at his home in Indiana, Pennsylvania.

1928 . . . Lewis "Bull" Smith, a one-game pinch-hitter for the Cubs during the season, died at Charleston, West Virginia on May 1st at age 47.

1934 . . . Fielder Jones, the White Sox manager, dies of a heart attack in Portland, Oregon at age 62. Carl Lundgren also dies this year at Marengo, Illinois on August 21st at age 54.

1938 . . . Three more participants pass on. Lee Tannehill dies February 16th at 57 in Live Oak, Florida. Pitcher Jack Taylor dies at 64 on March 4th in Columbus, Ohio. Jay "Babe" Towne passed away at 58 on October 29th at Des Moines, Iowa.

1940 . . . Three White Sox players pass away this year. Patsy Dougherty was a bank teller in Bolivar, New York, from 1918 until his fatal heart attack on April 30 at age 63. Gus Dundon dies at 66 on September 1st at Pittsburgh. George Davis dies at a Philadelphia mental hospital on October 17th at age 70.

1941 . . . Frank Isbell, manager of a filling station in Wichita, Kansas, dies during an emergency operation on July 15th at 65. Eddie Hahn was a clay potter when he died on November 29th in Des Moines, Iowa at 66.

1942 . . . Dr. Frank Owen, a physician in Ypsilanti, Michigan, dies at 62 on November 24th at Dearborn, Michigan.

1947 . . . Four starters of the 1906 Cubs die this year. Jimmy Sheckard was walking to work at a gas station when struck by an automobile. He died January 15th in Lancaster, Pennsylvania at age 68. Johnny Kling, Kansas City billiard hall owner, dies January 31st at 71. Johnny Evers, a sporting goods dealer, dies at Albany, New York on March 28th at 65. Orval Overall dies at 66 on July 14th at Fresno, California.

1948 . . . This year sees another two Cub starters pass away. Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown, a gas station owner in Terre Haute, Indiana dies of diabetes at 71 on February 14th. Joe Tinker dies on his 68th birthday on July 27th at Orlando, Florida.

1949 . . . Frank "Wildfire" Schulte dies at 67 in an Oakland, California hospital on October 2nd.

1950 . . Jack Harper, who wound-up his career pitching a game for the Cubs in the regular season, dies September 30th at 72 in Jamestown, New York. Frank Hemphill also dies at 72 in Chicago on November 16th.

1951 . . . Rube Vinson passes away on October 12th at Chester, Pennsylvania at age 72.

1952 . . . Frank Smith (real name was Frank Schmidt) dies in Pittsburgh on November 3rd at 73.

1953 . . . Roy Patterson dies on April 14th at 76 in St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin. Jack Pfiester (real name was John Hagenbush) died September 3rd at 75 in Loveland, Ohio.

1955 . . . Bob Wicker, who started the 1906 season with the Cubs, dies at Evanston, Illinois January 22nd at age 76. Frank Roth, the only Chicago born player, dies at 76 on March 27th in Burlington, Wisconsin.

1956 . . . Arthur "Circus Solly" Hofman dies in St. Louis on March 10th at 73. Jimmy Slagle dies May 10th at age 82 in Chicago.

1957 . . . George Rohe, the leading hitter of the 1906 Series, dies in Cincinnati on June 10th at age 82. Fred Beebe died on October 30th at 76 in La Grange, Illinois.

1959 . . . Ed Walsh, winner of two 1906 World Series games, dies at Pompono Beach, Florida on May 26th at age 78. Ed McFarland, a building janitor, falls and is killed at age 85 on November 28th at East Cleveland, Ohio.

1960 . . . James "Hub" Hart dies at 82 on October 10th in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

1961 . . . Ed Reulbach, a retired construction company owner, dies of a heart attack in Glens Falls, New York on July 17th at age 78.

1963 . . . Tom Walsh, a two-game catcher for the Cubs, dies March 16th at 78 in Naples, Florida.

1964 . . . Lou Fiene, a retired worker at Western Electric, dies at 79 on December 22nd in Chicago.

1965 . . . Pete Noonan, a five-game player with the Cubs, is the last 1906 Cub and also the longest lived. Pete dies at 83 on January 11th at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Nick Altrock, one of two players to play in five decades, dies in Washington D.C. after 46 years of coaching with the Senators. He was 88 and he died on January 20th. Billy Sullivan dies three days before his 90th birthday at Newberg, Oregon. Billy died on January 28th. Lee Quillan, a four-gamer during 1906 for the Sox, dies March 14th at age 82 in St. Paul, Minnesota.

1969 . . . The last of the 48 players was the most colorful. Doc White passed away at age 89 on February 19th. Doc was a dentist, club owner, high school coach, with a little evangelism on the side. He did live long enough to see Don Drysdale break his consective shutout record.

If uniforms had numbers in the year 1906, Frank Chance might have chosen the number 13. Most players of the day had a prejudice against the number but Chance always insisted that he have "lower 13" for his Pullman berth on road trips. After being involved in a few minor railroad accidents when he wasn't sleeping in lower 13, Chance began the habit. He claimed that not only did it assure him of a good night's sleep and a safe journey but a victory the next day as well.

In 1906, Henry Mathewson, Christy's little brother, was a rookie with the New York Giants. The management figured if the youngster had one-tenth the talent of his older brother he would be a valuable asset. The first game Henry started he walked 14 men, just two shy of the record. In his only other appearance that year he came in relief and did earn a save. The following year he returned, the management soon saw he wasn't going to be another Big Six but rather a Deep Six, and let him go. He retired with a 0-1 record and 4.91 ERA.

Ironically, the American League record for both the most consecutive wins and most consecutive losses by a team were accomplished the same year — 1906. The Chicago White Sox won 19 in a row (11 at home and 8 away), which was later tied by the 1947 Yankees. The Boston Puritans lost 20 straight, with an amazing 19-game streak on their home field.

1906 Post Season Awards

Selected by Dennis Bingham

y Young was around but there wasn't any award presented in his name. There were valuable players, slick fielders, top rookies and managerial masterminds but there were no awards to be presented in tribute. All of which is unfortunate because a year's listing of award winners provides a ready reference to the top performers for that particular season. To rectify the situation and to provide you more insight into the 1906 season, the following is offered.

AMERICAN LEAGUE AWARDS

ALL-STAR TEAM	
FIRST BASE:	HARRY DAVIS, Philadelphia Athletics
SECOND BASE:	*NAPOLEON LAJOIE, Cleveland Naps
SHORTSTOP:	TERRY TURNER, Cleveland Naps
THIRD BASE:	LAVE CROSS, Washington Senators
CATCHER:	BILLY SULLIVAN, Chicago White Sox
OUTFIELD:	*GEORGE STONE, St. Louis Browns
	*ELMER FLICK, Clevelend Naps
	SAM CRAWFORD, Detroit Tigers
PITCHERS:	ADDIE JOSS, Cleveland Naps
	DOC WHITE, Chicago White Sox
	BOB RHOADS, Cleveland Naps
	AL ORTH, New York Highlanders
	ED WALSH, Chicago White Sox
BENCH:	HAL CHASE, New York Highlanders (1B)
	GEORGE DAVIS, Chicago White Sox (SS)
	CHARLIE HEMPHILL, St. Louis Browns (OF)
	OSSEE SCHRECKENGOST, Philadelphia Athletics (C)
	CHICK STAHL, Boston Pilgrims (OF)

*— Indicates member of Major League All-Star Team

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER:	NAPOLEON LAJOIE, Clevelend Naps
PLAYER OF YEAR:	GEORGE STONE, St. Louis Browns
CY YOUNG AWARD:	ADDIE JOSS, Cleveland Naps
MANAGER OF YEAR:	FIELDER JONES, Chicago White Sox
FIREMAN OF YEAR:	NICK ALTROCK, Chicago White Sox
ROOKIE OF YEAR:	HARRY NILES, St. Louis Browns

Davis, the premier home run hitter of the decade, led in both homers and RBIs. Lajoie merely batted 100 points higher than the average player. Turner was adept with the leather and batted .291. Cross earned his spot only because the hot corner around the rest of the league was manned by the weak, incapacitated, one-dimensional or inexperienced; however, the honor is a fitting cap to a fine career for the 40-year-old Cross. George Stone (who?) had himself a Hall of Fame caliber season. Flick and Crawford added yet another excellent season to their distinguished careers.

Not one catcher recorded more than 96 hits when few catchers caught more than 100 games, but Sullivan, a feeble hitter, provides excellent backstopping for the sterling pitching staff. If you prefer a catcher who resembles more of a major leaguer at the plate, substitute back-up catcher Schreck, Rube Waddell's old drinking buddy. Joss may very well be the best pitcher in the league and White took the ERA crown. Rhoads, the first ball player of his name to be called "Dusty", had his best year. Orth, known as "The Curveless Wonder", earned a league-leading 27 wins, and Walsh came into his own with 10 shutouts. Chase had not yet perfected his dirty tricks and batted .323. Anyone who drives in 80 runs for a team called the "Hitless Wonders" deserves a spot, so Davis makes it. And Hemphill and Stahl serve as fine back-up outfielders.

A manager selecting only five pitchers for this team would have the same problems as a bachelor having his pick at one of Hugh Hefner's pajama parties — both might end up in some padded room babbling names and statistics. Eddie Plank of the A's and the Nap's Otto Hess could have easily replaced Orth and Walsh had the selections been made a different week. Other top pitchers were John Pelty, Frank Owen, Nick Altrock and Casey Ppatten. Other fine position players were shortstop Bobby Wallace, catcher Harry Bemis, second baseman Jimmy Williams, and outfielders Wee Willie Keeler, John Anderson, Socks Seybold, Topsy Hartzel and Fielder Jones.

MVP: It would have been unfair to single out any one member of the World Championship White Sox because it was indeed a collective team effort that took them to the top. And no player on the second-place New York Highlanders reaches out and grabs you. However, the Cleveland Naps, while a superb ballclub, would not have been in contention as long or have come so close without the presence of their star second-baseman manager Lajoie. The Frenchman led the league in hits and doubles and posted a .355 average.

PLAYER OF YEAR: Mark down a league-leading batting average (.358), slugging average (.501) and total base total (291), add 208 hits, 91 runs scored and 71 RBIs, throw in 35 stolen bases, six homers, 20 triples and 24 doubles, remember that this is a year in which the last rites were almost performed on the ball, and you have the Player of the Year in George Stone.

CY YOUNG: Several candidates lined up for this award, however the line didn't include old Cy himself because the great one had an off-year. In a close call the winner is Joss who, while not leading in any category, was among the leaders in every important department. The curly haired rightie with the sheepish eyes baffled hitters all year by almost performing a complete spin on the mound (ala Luis Tiant) before whirling an assortment of sharp breaking balls and fastballs to the plate. He won 21 games (including nine shutouts), lost only nine and recorded a 1.72 ERA.

BEST SKIPPER: 1906 provided one of the best managerial performances in all of baseball history and it was accomplished by a man with the wonderful baseball name of Fielder Jones. He took a team whose batting and slugging averages and homerun totals had dropped steadily *downward* the past five years and won a World's

Championship. While blessed with an excellent pitching staff and superb glovemen, Jones had to contend with a group of hitters who will never be confused with the '61 Yankees. Yet Jones took this collection of powderpuff batsmen and pushed, encouraged, juggled, praised and formed them into a unit truly deserving to be called a *team* in the true sense of the word.

TOP FIREMAN: Altrock had a relief year that borders on perfection. He pitched eight relief games, winning seven and saving the other one, and registered an ERA of 0.63. One of his relief wins was earned without throwing a single pitch! In the top of the ninth, the bases loaded and two outs, Altrock was summoned to the mound and his first and only throw picked off the runner at first. When his team rallied for two runs in its at-bats, Altrock had himself the easiest win in baseball history.

BEST ROOKIE: Niles wins it, just barely, stealing 30 bases, leading all freshmen in runs scored, and leading *all* outfielders with 34 assists. Other rookies deserving a look were Frank LaPorte, Claude Rossman, Pete O'Brien, Branch Rickey and pitchers Colby Jack Coombs and Jimmy Dygert.

NATIONAL LEAGUE AWARDS

ALL STAR TEAM	
FIRST BASE:	*FRANK CHANCE, Chicago Cubs
SECOND BASE:	MILLER HUGGINS, Cincinnati Reds
SHORTSTOP:	*HONUS WAGNER, Pittsburgh Pirates
THIRD BASE:	*HARRY STEINFELDT, Chicago Cubs
CATCHER:	*ROGER BRESNAHAN, New York Giants
OUTFIELD:	*SHERRY MAGEE, Philadelphia Phillies
	HARRY LUMLEY, Brooklyn Dodgers
	CY SEYMOUR, Cincinnati Reds/New York Giants
PITCHERS:	*THREE FINGER BROWN, Chicago Cubs
	JACK PFIESTER, Chicago Cubs
	ED REULBACH, Chicago Cubs
	VIC WILLIS, Pittsburgh Pirates
	JOE McGINNIETY, New York Giants
BENCH:	TIM JORDAN, Brooklyn Superbas (1B)
	ART DEVLIN, New York Giants (3B)
	WILDFIRE SCHULTE, Chicago Cubs (OF)
	JIMMY SHECKARD, Chicago Cubs (OF)
	JOHNNY KLING, Chicago Cubs (C)
	*—Indicates member of Major League All-Star Team 1
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER:	FRANK CHANCE, Chicago Cubs
PLAYER OF YEAR:	HONUS WAGNER, Pittsburgh Pirates
CY YOUNG AWARD:	THREE FINGER BROWN, Chicago Cubs
MANAGER OF YEAR:	FRANK CHANCE, Chicago Cubs
FIREMAN OF YEAR:	HOOKS WILTSE, New York Giants
ROOKIE OF YEAR:	JACK PFIESTER, Chicago Cubs

Chance, leader in runs scored and stolen bases, was the only one of the poem-inspiring trio to make the squad. Huggins (yes, the same one) was an exceptional fielder and a valuable leadoff man. Wagner was his usual wondrous self at short. Steinfeldt led the league in hits and RBIs. Magee, Lumley and Seymour are three forgotten players who were all offensive stars of the day. Bresnahan, John McGraw's general on the field, earns the catching spot. Brown was the very best pitcher in the majors in a year dominated by pitchers. Pfiester was a new face that wasn't welcomed by National League batters. Reulbach had the highest winning percentage. Willis, one of the most unrecognized pitchers you'll ever find, won 22 games with a 1.73 ERA, and McGinnity led in endurance and games won with 26. Jordon hit the most homers and drove in 79. Devlin stole 54, hit .299 and played a mean third base. And Schulte, Sheckard and Kling were three reasons the Cubs were such a great ballclub.

Other excellent players that year were first baseman Jim Nealon, middle infielders Claude Ritchey, Johnny Evers, Joe Tinker, Bad Bill Dahlen and Mickey Doolan, outfielders Fred Clarke, Roy Thomas and Billy Maloney, and pitchers Carl Lundgren, Christy Mathewson, Sam Leever and Jake Weimer.

You may have noticed that the team doesn't have a representative from either the St. Louis Cardinals or Boston Beaneaters. This is simply because the two clubs combined for a total of 200 losses and didn't have anyone worthy of being called "All-Star." For those who insist that every All-Star team have at least one player from each team in the league, here's a few of the teams' candidates: St. Louis had Jack Taylor for half a year before trading the eventual 20-game winner to Chicago; and Boston had pitcher Irv "Obviously I'm not Cy" Young who lost 25 games but won 33% of his team's victories.

MVP: It's extremely difficult to separate the player Frank Chance from the manager Frank Chance. But even if he wasn't manager you can't help but imagine Chance taking charge on the field and inspiring his teammates with his hustle and style of play. Although surrounded by MVP candidates, it was Chance who set the pace. There were others in the league with better overall statistics but it was Chance who, from an early season game in which he scored the winning run with a dramatic steal of home on through the last days of the season, led his team to the pennant not only as a manager but as a star player as well.

PLAYER OF YEAR: Wagner celebrated his 10th year in the majors with another batting title (.339); the league lead in total bases (237), runs (103) and doubles (38), 71 runs-batted-in, 53 stolen bases, and nine triples; and would have won the Gold Glove hands down at shortstop had the award existed.

CY YOUNG: Brown was talented enough in his own right to have been a star pitcher even if a farming accident had not chopped off one of his fingers, but the missing digit pushed him into the ranks of the greats because his unique grip caused by the deformity made the ball perform some cute tricks. This year Brown had his best season — indeed one of the best of any pitcher ever — with a 26-6 record, .813 percentage and a microscopic ERA of 1.04.

MANAGER OF YEAR: The rest of the National League finished so far behind the Chicago Cubs they might as well have finished in another league. The Cubs steamrolled through the schedule winning more games than any other club before or since (116), finishing 20 games ahead of their nearest competitor and recording a mind-bending .763 percentage. A manager's sole duty is to win ballgames and nobody did it better than Chance in 1906.

RELIEF KING: Wiltse had a respectable 16-11 record as a starter but it was as a relief man that he came through as the best in the league. Summoned to the mound for emergency duty 12 times, the lefty won four, saved five, lost none and had a 1.45 ERA.

(See Awards, pg. 52.)

Hall of Famers Abound in 1906

by Dennis Bingham

If you were around in 1906 you could have seen 39 Hall of Famers in action at the major league level.

Honus Wagner and Napoleon Lajoie were the best players in their respective leagues. The Philadelphia Athletics had three pitchers who would have made Earl Weaver drool — Rube Waddell, Eddie Plank and Chief Bender. Wahoo Sam Crawford had the distinction of pinch-hitting for a young Ty Cobb. As for the possessed Cobb himself, the 20-year-old batted .320, the first of 23 consecutive seasons the fury in flannels would hit .300 or better.

One Hall of Famer made his debut this year but you won't be able to find his name in any 1906 box score. Eddie Collins, still a teenager and playing shortstop/thirdbase, took a break from Columbia College to join the A's on their last western trip. Playing under the name of Eddie Sullivan to protect his college eligibility, he slashed a single off Big Ed Walsh (a Famer himself) his first at-bat.

Addie Joss had been a 20-game winner the previous two years but tragically would die of meningitis four years later at the age of 30. Bobby Wallace must have been the Ozzie Smith of his day to be considered Wagner's AL counterpart at short. And Elmer Flick of Cleveland is held in such high esteem that his owner turns down a trade straight-up involving Flick for Cobb. Christy Mathewson and Roger Bresnahan are the most famous battery in baseball. And Joe Tinker, Johnny Evers, Frank Chance and Three Finger Brown are making winners of Chicago.

Two young personalities are around who would become so famous in other baseball endeavors that many forget they were once major leaguers. Miller Huggins is known as "Little Mr. Everywhere" for his range as a Cincinnati Reds second baseman. And this is a big year for Branch Rickey, 25, who has his best season as a player (catcher with the Browns), earns his second bachelor's degree and gets married.

Five famous managers are around. John McGraw, only 33 and years away from becoming a W. C. Fields look-alike, is skipper of the Giants and Connie Mack is a much younger version of the ancient relic we'll remember as manager of the A's. Fred Clarke is a hero in Pittsburgh, famed hitter Hugh Duffy is manager of the Phillies and will play his last game when he inserts himself as a pinch-hitter (McGraw too sees the last as a player in 1906), and pitcher-manager Clark Griffith comes within four games of winning the pennant with the New York Highlanders.

Charles Comiskey and Ban Johnson, co-founders of the American League, are powerful executives in the junior circuit and three young Hall of Fame umpires are making decisions on the field. Bill Klem is in his sophomore year as a NL arbiter, little Tom Connolly has been around since 1898 and Billy Evans is a rookie and at the age of 22 is the youngest ever to umpire in the majors.

Cy Young has just lost 21 games for the last place Boston club and his fans wonder if age has finally caught up with the 39-year-old pitching wizard. He has already earned 438 wins, more than any other pitcher would ever attain. His fans needn't have worried for the old farmer hitched up his britches, went on to pitch five more seasons and added 76 wins to his already incredible total.

Father Time, however, did catch up with seven other old-timers. Jake "Old Eagle Eye" Beckley would come within 70 hits of the magical 3,000. Iron Man Joe McGinnity would rust out and have his last great season in the majors. Kid Nichols pitched his last games and returned home to run a bowling alley. Wee Willie Keeler had his last .300 season and the end would come quick for the little guy. Jimmy Collins, on top of the baseball world only two years earlier, would be fired as manager of Boston this year, traded the next and out of the majors a few years later. Joe Kelley played his last and grumbled about how the players of 1906 couldn't compare to the 19th Century stars. And Happy Jack Chesbro wouldn't be smiling too much in the future after his last good season.

"Three Finger" Brown

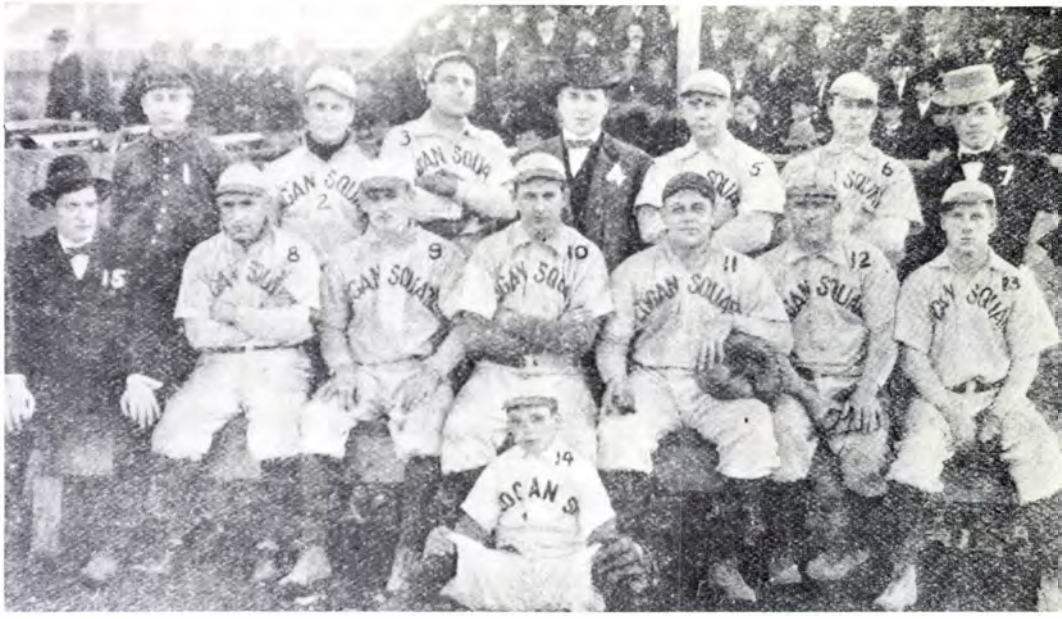
John Henry Lloyd

Our last major league Hall of Famer is Sam Thompson, an old-timer from the earlier century happily retired and selling real estate. His old team, the Detroit Tigers, suffered a rash of injuries and called on the 46-year-old Thompson to help them out. Old Sam responded, played eight games and even hit a triple.

Two Hall of Famers who were not in the major leagues but were definitely of major league caliber were Rube Foster and John Henry Lloyd, sadly barred from the big leagues only because of the color of their skin. Foster was a superb pitcher of the day who one newspaper described as having "the coolness and deliberation of a Cy Young" and Lloyd was so outstanding he was tagged The Black Honus Wagner (or should Honus have been called The White John Henry Lloyd?).

Logan Squares	000 000 000 1	= 1-4-3
Cubs	000 000 000 0	= 0-5-1

Logan Squares	000 002 00*	= 2-6-5
White Sox	010 000 000	= 1-3-1



1906 Logan Squares: Top row, from left, Peters, Lynch, Schmidt, Muldoon, Larson, Lippert, Hand; middle row, Giblin, Hanson, Hertel, Callahan, Reading, Green, Sandbert; bottom row, Russell.

The Semi-Pro Team That Beat the Champs

by Ray Schmidt

With all the excitement that comes with recalling the great year of baseball that the Cubs and White Sox gave Chicago fans in 1906, almost everyone remains unaware of the great baseball events that were occurring elsewhere around Chicago that season.

The year of 1906 was perhaps the greatest and most spectacular of all seasons in what has become known as "the other side of Chicago baseball." Of course, this was the great semi-professional baseball which was played in and around Chicago every week by teams which featured amongst their ranks numerous past, current and future professional players, in addition to many players of pro-level skills who chose not to endure the hardships of minor league life.

With the advent of the twentieth century the birth of the American League seemed to provide an impetus to the continued growth in popularity of semi-pro baseball in Chicago. This popularity brought with it demands by the paying customers for top-level, winning baseball by their favorites, with the direct result that the bidding for top players and the importing of professional men became a serious business.

On this eightieth anniversary of that great baseball year of 1906 let me tell you a little about the events of that semi-pro season which ended with a shock that remains one of the greatest stories in Chicago baseball history.

Coming into the season of 1906 the clubs were categorized into two groups: the Park teams, which included the West Ends (1905 City Champions), Lawndales, Gunthers, Normals, Rogers Park, Artesians, River Forest and the Logan Squares; and the Traveling teams whose major clubs were the Marquettes, White Rocks, Leland Giants, Athletics (1905 Traveling Champions), Spaldings, Union-Giants, Joliet Standards, Mutuals, Arions, Woodstock Olivers, Kankakee Browns and South Chicago.

The season of 1906 opened on Easter Sunday, April 15, amidst great fanfare. The West Ends, and their "ace" pitcher Gus Munch, opened at their home park, located at Cicero and Madison Avenues, against the Athletics with a 2-0 win. Before the contest the club conducted a short ceremony to raise their 1905 championship flag and Manager John Lyman was presented with a large bat similar to the one received by Connie Mack and John McGraw during the preceding year's World Series.

An almost equal amount of excitement attended the opener of the Logan Squares at their new stadium which was located at Diversey and Milwaukee Avenues. The Squares had been taken over by the popular Jimmy Callahan who was a veteran of ten major league seasons, nine of which had been spent with the Cubs and White Sox. Supported by the three hits of third baseman Con Sandberg and the fine catching of Jake Thiery, Callahan scattered four hits in his semi-pro pitching debut as he defeated Kenosha by a score of 11-4.

A May 20th game featured the Philadelphia Giants defeating the Leland Giants 9-1 as a young pitcher named Rube Foster held the home team to three hits in front of a large crowd at Auburn Park. Foster had helped his cause with a bases-full double as part of a six-run third inning. In another interesting contest, former minor league pitcher and long-time semi-pro star, Harry Leitman, threw a one-hitter for the Artesians against a touring team called the Cherokee Indians, whose lineup included players with authentic Indian names like Williams, Riley, Garden and Porter. A near riot ensued as the Logan Squares scored ten runs in the first inning off the Marquettes' Oscar Knolls. Becoming upset at what he felt were bad calls, Knolls began to "sulk" and was not trying his best and the near-violence came when his own teammates tried to attack him, and only the quick intervention by his catcher, former minor leaguer Tommy Asmussen, saved his neck. The Squares went on to a 22-10 win as Mr. Knolls departed the grounds quickly after the first inning.

While the "Big Three" clubs, Logan Squares, West Ends, Gunthers, continued to win the majority of their games against the Traveling teams during the first half of June, the newspapers were clamoring for the start of the "big games" between the Park teams, who were considered the only serious contenders for the City Championship.

Still, it came as something of a disappointment on July 29th when the newspapers announced in headlines that there "Will Be No Local Diamond Champs." What had finally occurred is that Callahan had signed his Logan Squares to play a series of games with Billy Niesen's Gunthers and the other top clubs had also quickly signed agreements for games. All of which made it clear that it would be impossible to have any type of round-robin schedule amongst the top Park teams over the weekends left available. A proposal that the Logan Squares, Gunthers and West Ends just have a playoff to settle the title met with considerable opposition and was dropped.

Soon after, the newspapers began to print the semi-pro league standings, and the race quickly developed into a fight between the Logan Squares and the Gunthers. The two entered the final weekend tied for first. Following a Saturday, October 13, loss by the Gunthers, the Logans captured the city championship on Sunday with a 7-2 victory over the Athletics, behind the six-hit pitching of Callahan.

But baseball in Chicago for 1906 was not yet over. The weekend of October 20-21 the Cubs and the White Sox each took on the Gunthers and the Logan Squares in a "cross-over" series with all the games to be played at the semi-pro parks.

The Cubs were touring with a lineup composed of Joe Tinker, Johnny Kling, Frank Schulte, Mordecai Brown, Carl Lundgren, Doc Gessler, Artie Hofman and Pat Moran, along with the Braves regular third baseman Dave Brain and Brooklyn's Jack McCarthy, the same McCarthy who played with Logans early in the season. The White Sox were barnstorming with Eddie Hahn, Bill O'Neill, George Rohe, Jiggs Donahue, Frank Roth, Billy Sullivan, Lee Tannehill, Gus Dundon, Frank Owen and Nick Altrock, seven of these players being regulars for the "Hitless Wonders" during the season.

On Saturday, the Cubs, who barnstormed under the name "Giant Killers," sent Lundgren to the mound against the Gunthers. In the first inning the Cubs quickly scored off Earl Rugar as Gessler walked, Hofman tripled and Schulte's infield out scored the runner from third. Brain then reached on an error and Joe Tinker followed with a single to right which allowed Brain to score the third run of the inning. The Cubs scored again in the fourth when Brain doubled and Tinker singled him home on a play where the runner "cut" third base by several feet on his way to the plate, unseen by the umpire. In the sixth inning Jack Campion of the Gunthers hit a long triple to the deepest section of the park but was thrown out trying for home by the great relay throws of the big leaguers. The next hitter, George Stellman, then homered for the only run for the Gunthers as the Cubs took a 4-1 victory.

But, as had happened so often during the summer, the Logan Squares again grabbed the headlines as Callahan took the mound against Altrock and the White Sox. In the second inning Roth reached on an error, was sacrificed to second by Sullivan and scored the first run on Sandberg's error. In the fourth the Sox filled the bases but Altrock bounced into an inning-ending double play and so it was still 1-0, White Sox, as the Logans came to bat in the sixth.

Bobbie Lynch led off with a fly ball which Eddie Hahn "muffed" in right field, followed by Larson and Callahan's singles to fill the bases. With Harrison at the plate the first run scored on Sullivan's passed ball and then the next hitter, Charley Reading, sent a long fly to center to score Larson from third with the lead run. Later in the game Harrison made a spectacular catch in deep center of Donahue's fly ball and Lynch made several fine plays at shortstop to help Callahan finish off his three-hit 2-1 victory for the Logan Squares, in what the *Inter-Ocean* called "the best game ever seen on a local semi-pro diamond." The fans were assured the game was "no fluke" and that the American League champs had "worked in deadly earnest." After this the Logans' fans could imagine nothing greater happening to their favorites.

On Sunday, the White Sox visited the Gunthers and exacted some revenge with a 4-0 victory on the combined five-hit pitching of Owen and Altrock. The White Sox tour, which had started a few days before with a 10-0 trouncing of the Joliet Standards, would then continue on during the following days with games at Aurora (a 10-0 win) and Edgarton, Wisconsin (a 13-2 win).

Almost unnoticed this day was the West Ends getting a split of their two game series with the Milwaukee team of the American Association, and the Leland Giants winning the "colored championship of the city" over the Union-Giants.

Also this fateful Sunday, the Logan Squares, with "Long" Tom Hughes on the mound, were hosting the Cubs and their ace hurler Mordecai Brown. The largest crowd to ever see a semi-pro game mobbed the park with men sitting on top of the outfield fence from one bleacher to the other, while fans also stood ten deep in back of the outfielders. The game was a pitchers' duel as Hughes fanned seven of the first nine Cubs to bat and only yielded five hits for the day, while Brown faced only twenty-eight men in the first nine innings.

Several times the Cubs advanced runners to second and third with but one out only to be turned back by the "masterly game" pitched by Hughes. The Logans also played great defense as Harrison made two fine catches in center while Lynch played another sparkling game at shortstop. Into the Logans' half of the tenth inning it was still 0-0 and Nick Larson led off by reaching on a walk. Then Callahan hit a smash to third which Brain knocked down but his wild throw to first put Squares runners on second and third with none out. Harrison, the next batter was hit by a pitch to fill the bases and with Charley Reading at the plate, Brown's first pitch went wild to allow Larson to trot home with the winning tally for the Logan Squares.

Rube Foster and Black Baseball in Chicago

by Jerry Malloy

Obviously, no history of major league baseball could ignore the White Sox or Cubs. So, too, no account of the national pastime in Chicago would be complete if it did not include black baseball. The central role Chicago played in the history of the Negro Leagues can be indicated by considering (1) the astonishing career of Andrew "Rube" Foster, the Father of Black Baseball, and (2) the annual celebration of black baseball excellence that took place each year at Comiskey Park, the Negro Leagues' East-West All-Star Game. Both are as much a part of the rich fabric of Chicago's baseball history as the "Homer in the Gloamin' " or the interminable foul balls off the bat of "Old Aches and Pains" himself.

First there's Rube Foster. Historian John Holway is right: "White baseball has never seen anyone quite like Rube Foster," although I suspect that Al Spalding comes the closest. Foster was a giant of a man who took giant steps in everything he did. He fit right into Chicago at about the time that city planner Daniel Burnham was exhorting: Make No Little Plans! When Thomas Carlyle wrote that history is the biography of great men, he might have been summing up black baseball for the entire first quarter of the 20th century. Rube Foster, cutting an unimaginably wide swath through Negro baseball, proved impervious to the Peter Principle; he never found any level of incompetence as a player, manager, team owner, league founder, or commissioner.

Foster's later multifarious success in baseball can obscure his great talent as a player. For the first decade of the century, he may have been the best pitcher in black (perhaps even white) baseball. He signed on with Frank Leland's Chicago Union Giants, a powerful all-black team, in 1901, for $40 a month plus 15¢ per meal. He was a strapping, pistol-toting, 22-year-old, right-handed son of a preacher from Calvert, Texas. His chief baseball weapon was a nasty screwball thrown from a submarine delivery. Later, he pitched in Philadelphia and New York. Along the way, he met a lot of people and made a lot of fans. White sportswriters compared him with the likes of Joss, Rusie, Radbourne, and Cy Young. Indeed, he got his nickname by whipping the A's Waddell in an exhibition

Andrew "Rube" Foster

game. Some say that John McGraw hired him as a pitching coach and that he taught Christy Mathewson his "fadeaway." There's no denying that he certainly could pitch. No less a hitter than Honus Wagner called him "one of the greatest pitchers of all time. He was the smartest pitcher I have ever seen in all my years of baseball."

The cleverness and guile that Wagner recognized in Rube's make-up became increasingly apparent as his baseball presence expanded into larger and more extensive realms. In 1907 he returned to Chicago, this time to stay, as player-manager for the Leland Giants. Upset about the team's share of the gate when the Giants played white teams, Foster convinced Frank Leland to let him try his hand at negotiating the split. Soon he was able to demand a 50-50 split, and never again did a Rube Foster team play for less than half of the proceeds.

The Leland Giants, playing in Auburn Park at 79th and Wentworth (and, at 69th and Halsted and, at 61st and Racine) became a perennial powerhouse in Chicago's strong, integrated city league. This circuit included talented semi-pro teams with large followings such as the Logan Squares, Gunthers, and Duffy Florals. Major leaguers such as Johnny Kling, Joe Tinker, and Johnny Evers often picked up a few extra bucks by playing as ringers on these teams. The Leland Giants (and, later, Chicago American Giants) also had great success during the harvest season, when, for about a month each year, the best touring teams from the Midwest converged on Chicago for some ferocious baseball battles.

The 1907 Leland Giants had a record of 110-10, in-

1921 Chicago American Giants: Top row, from left, J. Brown, D. Brown, DeMoss, Malarcher, Grant, and Marshall; middle row, Torrenti, Johnson, Starks, Lyons, Gardner and Dixon; bottom row, T. Williams and B. Williams.

cluding 48 straight wins. Following the 1909 season, the Leland Giants played a three-game exhibition series against the Cubs, who had finished second in the National League that season. The Cubs won all three games, by scores of 6-5, 4-1, and 1-0. Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown won two games and Orval Overall won one in the hard-fought series, which was covered by the white press, including the *Tribune's* young sportswriter Ring Lardner. Foster tried throughout the remainder of his career to get the Cubs to consent to a rematch, but never succeeded. This was partly due to Commissioner Landis, who, during the 1920s put the kibosh on an annual exhibition series that the Chicago American Giants played against a team of white major leaguers put together by Harry Heilmann.

By 1910, Foster had compiled what he considered to be the greatest team of all time, black or white. Featuring such stars as John Henry Lloyd, Pete Hill, Grant "Home Run" Johnson, Bruce Petway, Frank Wickware, and Pat Dougherty, the Leland Giants won 123 games and lost only six!

In 1911 Foster entered into a partnership with a white businessman named John Schorling. Together they bought the ballpark that Charlie Comiskey was vacating as he moved his White Sox into their sparkling new stadium, the current Comiskey Park, on 35th and Shields. The Old Roman's old park, at 39th and Wentworth, thus became the first home for one of the greatest sustained success stories in the history of Negro sport in America: the Chicago American Giants. This great team would cast a giant shadow for the remaining years of apartheid baseball in the United States. So vast was this team's impact that the inclusion of the word "American" in its title, whether due to great vision or good fortune, proved apt indeed. And so clear was Rube Foster's imprint on them, that they were often referred to as simply "Rube Foster's Giants."

Like all successful black baseball teams, the Chicago American Giants could survive only by touring extensively and abandoning the notion of an "off season." Traveling to areas as remote from Chicago as the West Coast and Cuba, Rube Foster's team created excitement, a festive, carnival atmosphere wherever it played. With Foster insisting upon nothing less than first-class accouterments, what a spectacle it must have been when the American Giants burst into town in the epitome of opulence: their own private Pullman coach! Dave Malarcher, Foster's star third baseman, who later succeeded him as manager of the team, recalled:

> I never shall forget the first time I saw Rube Foster. I never saw such a well-equipped ball club in my whole life! I was astounded. Every day they came out in a different set of beautiful uniforms, all kinds of bats and balls, all the best kinds of equipment.
>
> The American Giants traveled everywhere, as you know. No other team traveled as many miles as the American Giants. When Rube gave them the name American Giants, he really selected a name. That was a good idea, because it became the greatest ball

club that ever was. That's right: the way he played, the way he equipped his team, the way he paid his men, the way he treated his men, the miles that they traveled.

As a manager, Foster's style was ruthlessly aggressive. He built his attack around relentless speed and hustle. He consistently defeated teams that hit for higher averages or more power by using bold baserunning. He was an exponent of the hit-and-run bunt, wherein a fast baserunner would advance two bases on a bunt play, usually going from first to third, but often scoring from second base. All of Foster's players, even his rare power hitters, such as the Cuban Cristobal Torriente, were expected to be excellent bunters. Bunting drills included laying down bunts into Rube's own strategically placed hat. Foster's passion for the bunted ball was demonstrated in a 1921 game against the Indianapolis ABCs. The American Giants fell behind by the score of 18-0, with only two innings left. Foster signaled for bunts on eleven (11!) straight hitters. A couple of grand slams later, the Giants had scored nine runs in each inning to tie the game, 18-18. Foster often used his ubiquitous pipe to send in plays, waving it in certain ways, or sending up a couple puffs of smoke. He also used it as an implement of discipline, thumping the skull of a player who missed or played through one of his signs.

Off the field, Foster could be charming. He often entertained players, writers, and fans with stories from his colorful career, addressing everyone, male and female alike, as "Darling" in his Texas drawl. But once a game began, he was strictly business, and would not tolerate disobedience. One of Rube's players, Arthur Hardy, recalled Foster's firm manner:

> I wouldn't call him reserved, but he wasn't free and easy. You see, Rube was a natural psychologist. Now he didn't know what psychology was and he probably couldn't spell it, but he realized that he couldn't fraternize and still maintain discipline. He wasn't harsh, but he was strict. His dictums were not unreasonable, but if you broke one he'd clamp down on you. If he stuck a fine on you, you paid it — there was no appeal from it. He was dictatorial in that sense.

He was able to command the respect and admiration of his players, many of whom went on to successful careers as managers after their playing days were over. There are those who speculate that he purposely cultivated his acquaintanceships with white managers such as Connie Mack and John McGraw in the hope that one day he would be asked to form a black major league team. Perhaps. But baseball minds surely would recognize a fellow member in the brotherhood of great managers.

As great a player, owner, and manager as he was, Rube Foster's most impressive accomplishment was the creation of the Negro National League in 1920. (An all-Negro Eastern League was formed in 1923). Among the many changes wrought by World War I was a redistribution of the black population of the country. When Rube Foster

Oscar Charleston

first arrived in Chicago at the turn of the century, Negroes comprised only about 2% of the population of the city. By the middle of the century's second decade, however, blacks from the South were pouring into Chicago and the other large urban centers in the North. This great migration occurred just as Foster was in the process of establishing the Chicago American Giants. In 1917 alone, the black population of Chicago increased by 65,000. But this unprecedented population boom was not an unmixed blessing. After the war, racial tensions throughout the nation intensified, resulting in a series of race riots, the worst one occurring in Chicago, where 23 blacks and 15 whites died. (Foster's team was on the road at the time and had to postpone its return home since their ballpark was occupied by soldiers.)

While the advantages of creating a Negro League were obvious to many, it had been unsuccessfully attempted several times, as far back as 1887 and as recently as 1906 and 1911. But it remained for someone of the prominence and perspicacity of Rube Foster to accomplish the Bismarkian task of pulling together the divergent independent teams into a united league. What Hulbert and Spalding did for the National League and Johnson and Comiskey did for the American League, Rube Foster alone did for the Negro National League. Created at a meeting held in Kansas City in February 1920, the NNL's charter members, besides Foster's Chicago American Giants, were: Joe Green's Chicago Giants, the Indianapolis ABCs, Kansas City Monarchs, St. Louis Giants, Detroit Stars, Cuban Stars, and Dayton Marcos.

Rube Foster was the *de facto* czar of this league until his disabling illness in 1926. From his office at Indiana and Wentworth, he ran the NNL as a benevolent autocrat. Realizing the need for a semblance of balanced competition, he moved players around from team to team, even depriving his own Chicago American Giants of the great Oscar Charleston, whom he sent to Indianapolis. When the Dayton franchise, which he financed out of his

own pocket, failed, he moved it to Columbus, Ohio. When teams ran out of money on the road, he wired money so they could return home. When teams ran short of dough and had problems meeting their payroll, Foster advanced loans for players' pay. Even among such energetic and successful owners as J. L. Wilkinson of the Kansas City Monarchs and C. Taylor of the Indianapolis ABCs, Foster was acknowledged as the undisputed kingpin of the league, overseeing matters great and small. He even composed the league's motto: "We Are the Ship, All Else the Sea," an accurate analogy for Rube's role within the league itself!

The Negro National League never totally established stability and unity over a long period of time. Compromises had to be made to accomodate more traditional forms of income (such as exhibitions and barnstorming), and teams played unbalanced schedules. The league turned out to be an aggregation of essentially independent teams. But it did succeed in giving concrete form to the model of self-help and self-reliance, free from white interference or control, envisioned by Booker T. Washington as the best hope for the well-being of the race. In forming the NNL, Foster said he wanted "to create a profession that would equal the earning capacity of any other profession," to "keep Colored baseball from the control of whites," and "do something concrete for the loyalty of the Race." The Chicago American Giants provided a paragon of black excellence. He set a standard for those who followed to admire and emulate. That was his real genius.

Rube Foster died December 9, 1930, after spending the last four years of his life in an asylum for the mentally ill in Kankakee, Illinois. One of the greatest baseball minds of all time suddenly and sadly collapsed, and he was remanded to the institution by a judge. Black Chicagoans did not forget his contribution to their community. Thousands paid homage as the body of the most famous black in Chicago lay in state at a funeral home. Fifty-one years later, Rube Foster became the tenth veteran of the Negro Leagues to be enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame.

Neither the Chicago American Giants nor the Negro National League as Foster built them survived long after his death. The Great Depression had a devastating impact upon the already impoverished black baseball fans of the country. However, in the 1930s a new league was formed, largely under the leadership of Pittsburgh Crawfords owner Gus Greenlee. The Chicago American Giants were revived, and continued to play a prominent (though less opulent) role in Negro baseball through the remaining years of segregated baseball.

In the 1930s and 1940s Chicago became the mecca of Negro baseball, as Comiskey Park was the site of the most spectacular annual event in black sports: The East-West All-Star Game. The Negro League World Series, which pitted the East Coast and Midwest champions against each other, never attained the glamour or aura of historical moment that the major league World Series did. Instead, the focal point of the season in the Negro leagues was the mid-season East-West Game. (Several times second games, usually called "All-Star Classics," were played in various eastern cities, but never achieved the heights of the annual Comiskey Park extravagance). When the current owners of the White Sox desert that fine and noble structure known as Comiskey Park, they will be abandoning the home of one of the most distinguished elements of the heritage of black baseball in America.

The East-West Game originated as the brainchild of Roy Sparrow, an aide to Gus Greenlee, in 1932, a year before the major leagues' first midsummer classic, which also was played at Comiskey Park. The game quickly established itself as the undisputed centerpiece of the black baseball season, an unsurpassed festival of black baseball pride. Chicago's Grand Hotel became the center of the Negro League universe as thousands flocked to Chicago for the East-West Game. League cities even sent bathing beauties to represent their teams, adding to the hoopla. In 1935, the game was tied in with Joe Louis' fight with King Levinsky. Year after year, railroads added cars to all trains headed to Chicago to accomodate the fans eager to see their all-stars play. By the 1940s, the game had become such an event that the Chicago *Defender*, one of the major Negro newspapers in the country, would refer to a crowd of 35,000 as "disappointing!"

The Negro League's All-Star Game preceded the major league's by a year. In fact, the black event often outdrew its white counterpart's during the 1940s.

Attendance figures were regarded as omens for eventual integration by many. At a time when attendance in many major league cities was slipping, the Negro Leagues showed impressive growth. The Kansas City Monarchs regularly outdrew the Blues, the Yankees' minor league team in that city. In 1942, the Monarchs, with Satchel Paige, defeated a team of white major leaguers in Wrigley Field before 30,000 fans, while only 19,000 watched the White Sox host the St. Louis Browns on the same day. Such figures encouraged many Negro leaders to hope that this would be their entree into the major leagues. A market this vast, they calculated, would simply be too lucrative for organized baseball to ignore. And, in fact, one of the motives frequently attributed to Branch Rickey in his decision to sign Jackie Robinson was his desire to capitalize on the expanding Negro market that he was shrewd enough to notice.

And attendance figures at Comiskey Park for the East-West Games were very imposing indeed. By the time the fourth game was played, in 1936, the Negro League All-Star Game attendance exceeded that of the major league counterpart. The black game also outdrew the white game in 1938, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1946, and 1947 — with no game held by the major leagues in 1945 due to wartime restraints. Attendance hit its peak in 1943, when 51,723 fans jammed into Comiskey Park. In the following year, 46,247 watched the East-West Game, while only 29,589 watched the major league All-Star game at Forbes Field.

NATIONAL

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hofman or Slagle, Center Field																	
SHECKARD, Left Field																	
SCHULTE, Right Field																	
CHANCE, First Base																	
STEINFELDT, Third Base																	
TINKER, Short Stop																	
EVERS, Second Base																	
Kling or Moran, Catcher																	
Ruelbach, Pfiester, Brown or Lundgren, P.																	
Total																	

Earned Runs.....2 Base Hits.....3 Base Hits.....Home Runs.....Passed Balls.....Wild Pitches.....

Bases on Balls..... Struck Out..... .....Left on Bases.....Double Plays.....Umpire.....Time.....

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
HAHN, Right Field																	
JONES, Center Field																	
ISBELL, Second Base																	
DAVIS, Short Stop																	
DONOHUE, First Base																	
DOUGHERTY, Left Field																	
ROHE, Third Base																	
Sullivan or McFarland, Catcher																	
Altrock, Walsh, Owens or White, Pitcher																	
Total																	

Earned Runs.....2 Base Hits.....3 Base Hits.....Home Runs.....Passed Balls.....Wild Pitches.....

Bases on Balls.....Struck Out.....Left on Bases.....Double Plays.....Umpire.....Time.....

First game in Comiskey Park, July 1, 1910.

Comiskey Park: Baseball's Oldest

by Richard C. Lindberg

Charles Comiskey

Seventy-six years ago, Halley's Comet streaked across the horizon. Believing the old Irish superstitions of his boyhood, Charles Albert Comiskey was understandably apprehensive about the opening of his new ballpark. Taking the omens at face value, Comiskey decided not to attend the laying of the cornerstone on March 17, 1910. A single, solid green brick (which was later white washed by Bill Veeck) was laid in place by architect Zachary Taylor Davis, who kneeled on a piece of sod imported from Ireland specially for the occasion.

A labor strike by the steel workers and the death of a construction worker hours before the gala opening failed to diminish the revelry of that warm July afternoon when the "Baseball Capitol of the World" was christened. And what an opening it was! A motorcade from the Chicago Loop to the ballpark preceded the festivities that were attended by Mayor Fred Busse, C.C. Spink, publisher of the *Sporting News*, Garry Herrmann of the National Commission, Amos Alonzo Stagg, and even Charles W. Murphy of the Cubs. It was a banner day for the "Old Roman" but his team lost to the St. Louis Browns 2-0, despite the usual fine pitching job by Ed Walsh. The date was July 1, 1910, a little more than ten years since Comiskey set up business in Chicago.

With limited working capital, "Commy" in 1900 had purchased the former home of the Chicago Wanderers cricket team. When Comiskey surveyed the 39th St. Grounds, he found nothing more than an empty field overgrown with weeds and garbage. The very day that the Sox played their first game in Chicago, April 21, 1900 against the Milwaukee Brewers, workmen were still applying the last coat of whitewash to the wooden grandstand. The Sox remained in this tiny ediface at 39th and Princeton for ten years. In 1902, the grandstand was enlarged, and an overhanging roof was installed. But even in its heyday, the park seated no more than 5,000. The low cost seating that Comiskey provided down the baselines presented more than the usual problems in crowd control. Players and umpires became the targets of bottles from the fans who paid their two bits to get in. Frequently, the overflow crowds tumbled onto the field which convinced the owner to seek larger quarters.

In 1909, he purchased a tract of ground from the estate of former Mayor John Wentworth four blocks north of the 39th St. Grounds. The selection of this site was not co-

incidental or haphazard. In 1890, Comiskey played for the Chicago Pirates of the Player's League on the same location. The park that had been built had long since been razed. The fact that the Wentworth Avenue streetcar line ran adjacent to the property was not lost on the "Old Roman" either. Comiskey anticipated drawing from the north and west sides, not realizing that his real constituency were the neighborhood people that resided in the ethnic south side wards of Chicago.

For several months following the close of the 1909 season, Ed Walsh and Davis (who also designed the modern Wrigley Field) toured American stadiums to draw from the experiences of developers and players alike. Comiskey Park, in all its symmetrical forms, is really a hybrid of ideas. Davis envisioned a park designed along classical lines, consistent with Daniel Burnham's famed "Chicago Plan of 1909". His ideas were modified by Comiskey who favored a cheaper, more functional approach. Its spacious contours were no doubt influenced by Walsh.

The old 39th St. Grounds were eventually sold to the American Giants, a Negro League team operated by Frank Leland. He renamed it Schorling Park, and it remained as such until a fire destroyed the grandstand in the 1940s. Today, a low-income housing project occupies the site.

The new Comiskey Park, like its predecessor, featured an abundance of cheap seats, so even his poorest supporters could afford a decent ticket.

There were some early indications that the single decked grandstand was too small. On May 17, 1913, a section of grandstand collapsed as a result of 35,000 fans scrambling to their seats to watch the "Frank Chance Day" festivities unfold. Fortunately no one was killed. During the World Series of 1919, Comiskey added a makeshift bleacher to accommodate all his fans.

The climate of the times dictated more changes in the 1920s. The popularity of the Yankees, Senators, and Connie Mack's A's led to more crowd control problems, and increasing incidents of ticket scalping. Because Americans were spending more for entertainment, an upper deck was installed prior to the 1927 season. The outfield stands, which were apart from the rest of the park, were now joined together, as Comiskey Park assumed its familiar appearance. The free standing scoreboard which had stood in right-center field, was transferred to the right and left field walls. Distance markings first appeared on the walls in 1935 — the year after the Sox unsuccessfully moved the plate eight feet forward to accommodate power boy Al Simmons. In that same year, 1935, the first loud speaker system was installed. But the fans complained about the distracting piped-in music.

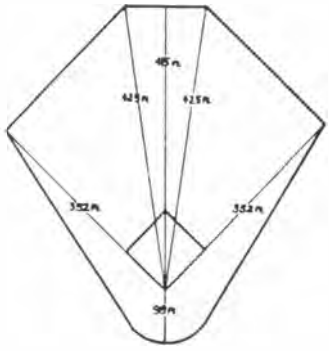
During this time the Comiskeys ran a bottling plant underneath the first base seats. Here, J. Lou Comiskey learned the baseball business from the ground level — literally. In those sparse depression days, the bottling service was a major source of revenue since the Sox controlled their own concessions.

After his father's death in 1931, Lou took over the day-to-day operation of the club. Because of his corpulence, a special elevator was constructed for him along the third base side in 1936. The old elevator, with its quaint inlaid floor, remained in use for the media until 1982.

From time to time, the ownerships have tinkered with the outfield dimensions. Makeshift walls were constructed in 1949, and again in 1969 with dismal results. Long distance home runs — which were rare before 1983, became common occurrences when the infield was again moved closer to the walls.

Through it all, Comiskey Park retains its singularly unique but overlooked charm. In the 1930s when there was little to cheer about both on and off the field, Sox fans always pointed to their 35th St. "Shrine" with a measure of pride.

In 1939, a 144 million candle power light system was installed in the park. Young Chuck Comiskey tripped the switch on August 14, 1939, as John Duncan Rigney set down the Browns 5-2. Night baseball proved to be a salvation and novelty — during the war years. Without the added revenue of night games, a tough situation might have become an impossibility.



The first free standing scoreboard since the 1920s was constructed in centerfield in 1950. During this memorable "Go-Go" era, there were more changes. The factories and warehouses surrounding the ballpark began disappearing. Bill Veeck's arrival in 1959 heralded new innovative ideas. Bob Creed (later succeeded by Shay Torrent and Nancy Faust) found employment as the first White Sox organist. A picnic area was built in the outfields, and two spacious press boxes were constructed in the upper-deck, one for Cardinal football, the other for the Sox.

Infield Astroturf was an Art Allyn idea, and it lasted from 1969 until Veeck's second coming in 1976. In retrospect it probably wasn't a very good idea, but Allyn was anxious to try anything after his idea of a south-Loop domed stadium fell through. The sixties were a time of experimentation and innovation in the face of sagging attendance and increased media apathy. When the exploding scoreboard (installed in 1960) ceased to be a curiosity, the Sox tried new uniforms, the phony grass, a makeshift wall, and a "Dugout Cafe" behind home plate, serviced by young Soxettes clad in hotpants.

Veeck rightfully restored the natural grass, and re-

(See Comiskey, pg. 52.)

Wrigley Field, circa 1950.

Wrigley Field: Ivy Walls and Sunshine

by Arthur R. Ahrens

A whale of a new ballpark, single-decked and seating 14,000 opened at Clark and Addison Streets on April 23, 1914 for Chicago's Federal League franchise. Called Weeghman Park in honor of club owner Charles Weeghman, the new steel and concrete stadium was designed by Zachary Taylor Davis, the architect who conceived Comiskey Park four years earlier. The cost of the project was roughly $250,000.

The Federal League died after two years and by 1916 the park's new residents were the Cubs, who had been purchased by Weeghman and several partners, and relocated from the West Side. On April 20, 1916 the Cubs played their first game at Wrigley Field, edging the Reds, 7-6, in 11 innings. First baseman Vic Saier drove in the winning run with a single. Barely a year later — on May 2, 1917 — Weeghman Park became the scene of the only double no-hitter in major league history. Jim Vaughn of the Cubs and Fred Toney of the Reds held their opponents hitless for nine innings before Cincinnati eked out two safeties in the 10th to win, 1-0.

By 1919 William Wrigley Jr. had become majority stockholder and the arena was first re-christened Cubs Park, then changed to Wrigley Field in 1926. As attendance swelled in the booming 1920's, the park grew as well. The grandstand was enlarged during the winter of 1922-23, increasing the seating capacity to 20,000. Four years later the park was double-decked to bring immediate dividends. In 1927 the Cubs were the first National League team to draw a million in attendance, as 1,163,347 paying patrons passed through the turnstiles.

The Cubs were a prosperous team in those days as Wrigley Field became the National League World Series host in 1929, '32, '35, '38, and '45. On June 27, 1930 the largest crowd in Wrigley Field history — 51,556 — sardined its way through the gates to see the Cubs top Brooklyn, 7-5. However, there were 30,476 Ladies Day guests and 1,332 free passholders, so the paid attendance was only 19,748. It was here also that on October 1, 1932 Babe Ruth belted his alleged "called" home run off Charlie Root as the Yanks went on to sweep the Cubs in four straight.

During the late 1930's the basic contour of present day Wrigley Field finally evolved. In 1937 and early '38 the bleachers were completely rebuilt and elevated above ground level, thereby putting an end to the time-honored tradition of field crowds. The scoreboard was placed atop the center field bleachers and since that time no one has been able to hit it, although the Cubs' Bill Nicholson and the Pirates' Roberto Clemente both came close. In April of 1938 Bill Veeck Jr. supervised the planting of the vines. It was a perfect setting for Gabby Hartnett's fabled "homer

in the gloamin' " off the Pirates' Mace Brown in sunset skies on September 28, 1938. That bottom-of-the-ninth, 6-5 victory shattered Pittsburgh's pennant dreams, propelling the Cubs to a championship a few days later.

After 1938 the changes in Wrigley Field itself were relatively minor. The bleachers were adorned with potted plants for a brief period but the experiment was abandoned in the early 1940's because the wind kept blowing them over. During the winter of 1950-51 the grandstand seats in the right field corner were rebuilt to give the fans a better view of home plate, while the center field bleachers were closed off permanently in 1953.

As time went on, the Wrigley Field legacy continued to grow in its richness, even though the Cubs went into hibernation for 20 years following World War II. On April 20, 1946 — 30 years to a day after they played their first game at Wrigley Field — the Cubs made their television debut on WBKB-TV for the home opener. However, the Cardinals put the damper on the affair by beating the Cubs, 2-0. Two years later the largest *paid* crowd at Wrigley Field was seen as 46,965 jammed their way in to see the Cubs split a double-header with the Pirates on May 31, 1948. The Cubs' first black player, a skinny and gangling Ernie Banks, made his Cub and Wrigley Field debut on September 17, 1953.

History was made again at Wrigley Field on May 12, 1955, when Sam Jones of the Cubs became the first black pitcher in the majors to hurl a no-hit game. In one of the most nail-biting finishes ever recorded, Jones walked the bases loaded in the top of the ninth before fanning the next three Pirates to save a 4-0 gem.

Five years later came another Wrigley Field "one and only." Just obtained from the Phillies, Don Cardwell became the only pitcher to throw a no-hitter in his first start after being traded from another team. The date was May 15, 1960, as Cardwell made birdseed out of the Cardinals, 4-0. Outfielders George Altman and Moose Moryn contributed game-saving catches in the top of the ninth.

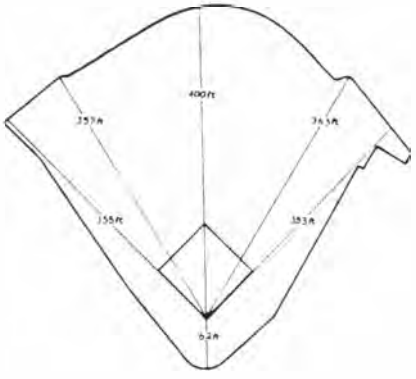
By the College of Coaches era (1961-65), Wrigley Field attendance had fallen to its lowest ebb since the early 1940's. However, with the Durocher revival of the late 1960's, the situation quickly reversed itself. After two decades of dormancy, the Cubs crashed out of the second division in 1967 and the following year drew more than a million fans at home for the first time since 1952.

In 1969, when the Cubs challenged for the number one slot, they broke their 40-year-old club attendance record as 1,674,993 fans paid their way into Wrigley Field. Most colorful (or obnoxious, depending on one's point of view) were the yellow-helmeted Bleacher Bums, with Cub pitcher Dick Selma leading the charge. In the meantime the upper deck was rebuilt in phases between 1968 and 1972, while in 1970 a wire mesh basket was installed along the bleacher wall to prevent publicity seekers from lowering themselves onto the field, and possibly to keep some of the Bleacher Bums from smoking the vine leaves.

Although known as a hitter's park, Wrigley Field was home to three no-hitters during this period. Ken Holtzman scalped the Braves, 3-0, on August 19, 1969 and Burt Hooton turned the trick on the Phillies on April 16, 1972. Finally, on September 2, 1972 Milt Pappas came within one strike of every pitcher's dream — a perfect game. Having retired the first 26 Padres, Pappas walked Larry Stahl on a full count, then got Gary Jestadt to pop up, preserving an 8-0 no-hitter.

A general mediocrity returned to the Cubs for the remainder of the 1970's but Wrigley Field retained its popularity and sense of history. In the 1976 opener, 19th century Cub hero Cap Anson's last surviving daughter threw out the first ball in celebration of the team's centennial. On April 14, 1978 a record opening day crowd of 45,777 saw the Cubs edge the Pirates, 5-4, on Larry Biittner's homer in the bottom of the ninth. It was also around this time the management began replacing the traditional wooden, folding seats with the plastic models in use today.

Following the *Chicago Tribune* Corporation's acquisition of the Cubs in June of 1981, there were some concessions to modern times that were met with mixed emotions. By the next season, message boards had been added to the Wrigley Field marquee and scoreboard, along with advertising. Welcome additions to the concourse were the Cubs' Hall of Fame and Gift Shop in 1982, and the Stadium Club and Friendly Confines Cafe the following year.



In 1984 the Cubs surprised even their most loyal fans as they captured the National League East Division championship. Chicago was delirious as a phenomenal 2,101,665 fans swarmed into the ancient, hallowed shrine that could allow only day baseball, thanks to the whims of a self-righteous but well-organized clique of "neighbors." For the first time in 39 years, post-season baseball returned to Wrigley Field on October 2, 1984 when the Cubs set a scoring record for a divisional playoff game by crushing the Padres, 13-0. The Cubs won again the following day before the play-offs moved to San Diego, where the Padres took three straight to capture the pennant.

Despite the disappointing season in 1985, the Cubs again set a club-paid attendance record with 2,161,534. At this point it appears uncertain as to how long Wrigley Field will remain the home of the Cubs, but in any case, may 1986 be a happy 70th anniversary!

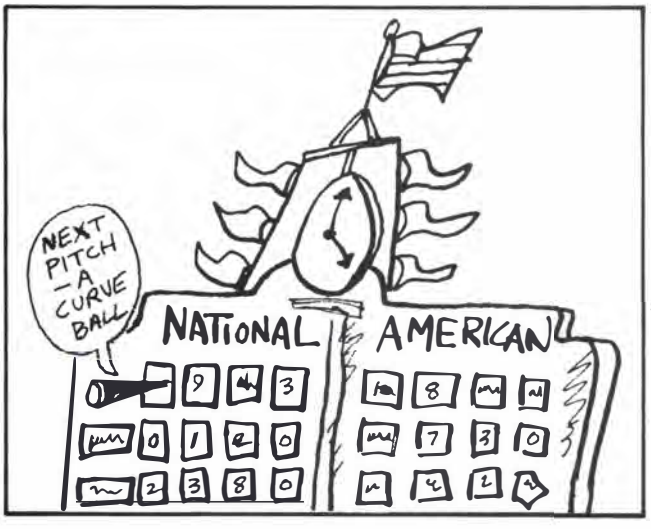
Anything Can Happen in Wrigley Field

by Arthur R. Ahrens

The 1986 season marks the 70th anniversary of the Cubs' occupancy of Wrigley Field. Originally known as Weeghman Park, it was opened in 1914 for the Chicago Whales of the short-lived Federal League. The Cubs became residents in 1916, and the past 70 years have been like the script out of an old Marx brothers picture.

Old-time Brooklyn Dodger fans might insist that Ebbets Field was the zaniest of all the old ballparks. With all due respect to the denizens of Flatbush, this writer must vote for Wrigley Field.

True, Ebbets Field once witnessed three Dodgers on one base concurrently, but were there ever two balls in play at the same time? No. That only happened at Wrigley Field in the Cub-Cardinal game of June 30, 1959.



The mayhem occured in the top of the fourth inning. On a three-and-one count, Cub pitcher Bob Anderson delivered one to Stan Musial that either ticked his bat or was a wild pitch. The ball bounced toward the screen and Cub catcher Sammy Taylor ignored it as if it were foul. Cub third baseman Al Dark rushed in to retrieve the ball, but the batboy picked it up and flipped it to field announcer Pat Pieper.

Musial, thinking it was ball four, headed toward first base. Plate umpire Vic Delmore pulled out another ball and handed it to Anderson, while Pieper gave the original ball to Dark. Musial ran for second base as Dark and Anderson both fired in that direction. Anderson's throw sailed into center field while Dark's went straight to shortstop Ernie Banks, who tagged Stan the Man sliding into second.

Musial ignored the tag and streaked toward third. Center fielder Bobby Thomson retrieved the other ball and lobbed it into the Cub dugout. Play was stopped as Delmore ruled Musial out at second and umpire Al Barlick ruled him safe at first. They then conferred, and Musial was ruled out, although the base was not specified. Cardinal manager Solly Hemus announced he was playing the game under protest but after the Cardinals won, 4-1, the protest was dropped. And the National League dropped Delmore at the end of the season. Even Brooklyn could never match confusion like this.

Wrigley Field has long been known as a pitcher's graveyard. Yet it was here that the only double no-hitter in baseball history took place. On May 2, 1917 Jim Vaughn of the Cubs and Fred Toney of the Reds held their opponents hitless for nine innings before Cincinnati eked out two safeties in the 10th to win, 1-0. So much for the graveyard theory.

Then came the lively ball and Wrigley Field became the site of the two highest scoring contests in big league annals. On August 25, 1922 the Cubs outlasted the Phillies, 26-23. Forty-seven years later, the Phillies wreaked a belated vengeance in a 23-22 victory on May 17, 1979. There was not another no-hitter on Chicago's North Side until May 12, 1955, when Sam Jones turned the trick on the Pirates, 4-0. Back to the graveyard theory.

Wrigley Field is the only park with vines, without lights, and with a scoreboard that is primarily manually operated. All of these characteristics have inspired bizarre stories.

Back in the 1940's the Cubs had a pint-sized outfielder named Dom Dallessandro, also known as "the fireplug who walked like a man." As legend has it, "Dim Dom" once got stuck in the vines while attempting to make a leaping catch. During the same era Cub outfielder Lou Novikoff was afraid to go near the vines because he thought they were poison ivy. In 1942 the "Mad Russian" batted .300 but his fielding average was not much higher since he never went beyond the warning track for a flyball.

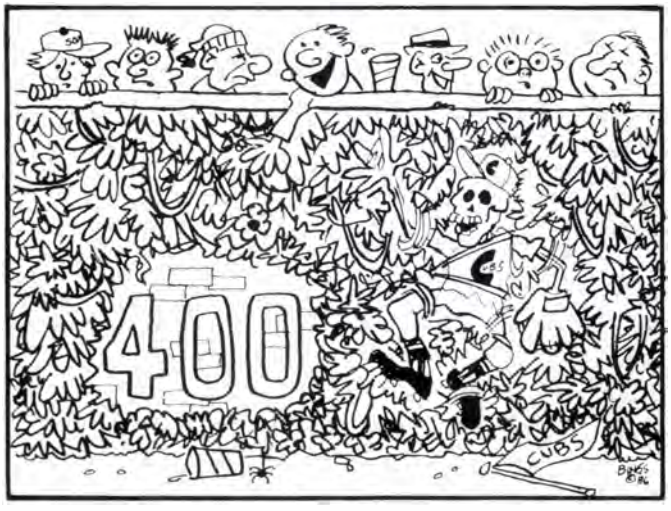
It has often been rumored that the Wrigley Field scoreboard crew includes shifty-eyed spies who use binoculars to steal the signals of the enemy. However, if the Cubs do employ such devious tactics, they have apparently been of little use since about 1945 (excluding 1984). And the lack of lights? Cynics say that the Cubs will never need night ball because they are always in the dark anyway.

Wrigley Field is also the only place where a pitcher had to be relieved before he even threw a pitch. On June 21, 1957 the Cubs and the Giants were knotted up at 10 apiece when Jim Brosnan came to the mound in the 10th inning. Following a few warm-up tosses, Jim's jersey caught in his zipper, he fell off the mound and had to be carried off on a stretcher. Dave Hillman was hurriedly brought in, served

up a couple of gopher balls, and the Cubs went down to a 12-10 loss.

Addison and Clark has been the scene of historic hits as well as hysterical ones. On May 13, 1958 Cardinal great Stan Musial claimed hit number 3,000 of his career. Nearly five years later to a day — on May 8, 1963 — Cub pitcher Bob Buhl came to the plate after having gone hitless in his last 88 at bats. By the grace of the Wrigley Field wind currents, he was granted a wind-blown, bloop single to end his suffering.

Brooklyn fans were long remembered as umpire haters and rightly so. But it is unlikely that any Ebbets Field frolic could have matched the Wrigley Field rumble of September 16, 1923. In the eighth inning Cub runner Sparky Adams was called out at second base in a close play by umpire Charlie Moran. Within moments the field was littered with pop bottles, pocket flasks, cushions and



other debris while fans swarmed the field, threatening physical violence.

Judge Landis shook his cane at the crowd as play was held up for 20 minutes. After the Giants beat the Cubs, 10-6, manager John McGraw and the umpires needed a police escort to escape the lynch mob that assembled. (And the Mets used to whine about the Bleacher Bums!)

Cub fans have been on the receiving end also, as was the case on June 21, 1928. The Cubs had won the first game of a double-header with the Cardinals, 2-1, and were losing the nightcap, 4-1, when Hack Wilson grounded out for the second out in the bottom of the ninth. Suddenly Wilson charged into the grandstand and attacked Edward Young, a milkman who had been drinking something other than milk and had made disparaging remarks about Wilson's birth. Gabby Hartnett and Joe Kelly broke up the fight, after which Riggs Stephenson popped up to end the game. National League president John Heydler fined Wilson $100 while Young got off with a $1.00 slap from Judge Francis P. Allegretti. Who says those things only happened in Brooklyn?

From Babe Ruth's "called shot" to Gabby Hartnett's "homer in the gloamin' ", Wrigley Field home runs have always possessed an aura of the unearthly, in spite of the fact that there are so many of them. In fact, it is the only place where homers have been hit off successive pitches with the same baseball.

The hated Dodgers were in town on July 30, 1943. Johnny Allen was on the mound for Brooklyn in the third inning when Phil Cavarretta smashed one off the right field foul pole for an automatic homer. The ball dropped back onto the outfield grass and was returned to Allen. Bill Nicholson then belted Johnny's next offering into the bleachers. Two pitches, two homers, one horsehide. The Cubs went on to win, 12-3, behind pitcher Hiram Bithorn, who made Wrigley Field history about a year earlier when he fired a fastball at Leo Durocher in the visitor's dugout.

The most controversial home run of the post-war era took place at Wrigley Field on April 30, 1949 in a game against the Cardinals. With Bob Rush on the mound and Bob Scheffing as his receiver, the Cubs nursed a 3-1 lead into the ninth inning. Rush fanned the awesome Stan Musial for out number one. Then Enos Slaughter doubled and took third when Ron Northey grounded out. Eddie Kazak singled home Slaughter to make it 3-2. Chuck Deering was sent in to run for Kazak as the redoubtable Rocky Nelson strode to the plate.

Nelson knocked Rush's first pitch into left center, as Cub center fielder Andy Pafko came charging in. Pafko dived, somersaulted, and emerged with the ball, seemingly triumphant. But no, said second base ump Al Barlick, it was only a trap, not a catch. While teammates restrained the fuming Pafko, Cardinal coach Tony Kaufman began waving Deering and Nelson around the bags. Deering crossed as Rush, Scheffing and manager Charlie Grimm all screamed for the ball. But Andy's throw was too late and Nelson scored. Bullpen ace Ted Wilks made easy work of the Cubs in their half of the ninth, as a 3-2 Cub win was turned into a 4-3 Cub loss by a freakish "home run."

So much for the inside-the-glove homer. Now for the one that was inside-the-drain. It was July 1, 1958 when Cub second baseman Tony Taylor pulled one down the left field line. Giant left fielder Leon Wagner lost sight of the ball, then made the mistake of taking instructions from the Cub bullpen as to its whereabouts. While Wagner was frantically searching in all the wrong places — the ball had actually rolled into a gutter drain — Taylor circled the bases for another bizarre Wrigley Field "homer", as the Cubs went on to a 9-5 victory.

But the all-time classic came on August 6, 1919, back in the days when the outfield fence was made out of wire mesh. Grover Alexander was on the rubber for the Cubs when Braves' pitcher Ray Keating came to bat with a man on in the top of the third. Keating hit a line fly to left center which eluded the Cub outfielders and finally *bounced through a hole in the fence* for a perfectly legitimate home run under the ground rules of that time.

For Keating, a lifetime .170 batter, it was the only homer of his career as he blanked the Cubs 2-0 on a three-hitter. Whether or not this was a contributing factor in Alexander's drinking habits can only be speculated upon. In any case, it could only happen in Wrigley Field.

History of the White Sox

by Richard C. Lindberg

They played the game on the streets and grimy backlots of Chicago's teeming West Side, these ruddy-faced boys of Irish descent. Before there was a National League, the semi-pro teams of Chicago achieved legendary status. The Excelsiors, Aetnas, Libertys and Pastimes were just a few of the social-athletic clubs that young Charles Comiskey may have played for (or against) during the "Pearl Button Era" that was the 1870s and '80s.

Comiskey and Chicago. First the father and then the sons made their mark on the city's rich history. The family first settled in Chicago in 1848. John Comiskey distinguished himself in municipal government, first as a Clerk of the County Board, and then later as 10th Ward Alderman. John apprenticed his son Charles to a plumber because he modestly believed that this was the right and true path for a young man of strong physical capability. But the boy had other ideas.

After knocking about the semi-pros in Milwaukee and Dubuque, young Comiskey took over the first base duties for Chris Von der Ahe's St. Louis Browns in the renegade American Association. Commy, who on more than one occasion had to explain the intricacies of the game to his eccentric boss, defeated the Chicago White Stockings (now Cubs) four games to two in the forerunner of the modern World Series. Comiskey played for the Chicago Pirates of the Player's League in 1890, and returned to minor league baseball.

The Western League began its operations without Comiskey's presence on November 21, 1893. Teams were organized in Sioux City, Toledo, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Grand Rapids, Detroit, Indianapolis, and Milwaukee. Later, at the behest of the league's dynamic young president, Ban Johnson, Comiskey purchased the Sioux City franchise and moved it to St. Paul in 1894. The league prospered, catching the attention of James Hart, owner of the Chicago White Stockings. Hart made a gratuitous gesture to buy a Western League team, but was denied by Johnson who did not want to surrender this lucrative market to the National League team who planned to use it as a farm. Johnson had secret plans to incorporate as a second major league.

Ray Schalk

Shoeless Joe Jackson

In 1900 the Western League shed its image problems by changing its name to the American League. The St. Paul Saints, who had finished in the first division in four of the five years of Comiskey's stewardship, were transferred to Chicago on March 21, 1900. In return for James Hart's grudging recognition, the Chicago team agreed to locate on the South Side and to refrain from using the city's name in its dealings. Sportswriters began calling them the White Stockings, and the small wooden park at 39th and

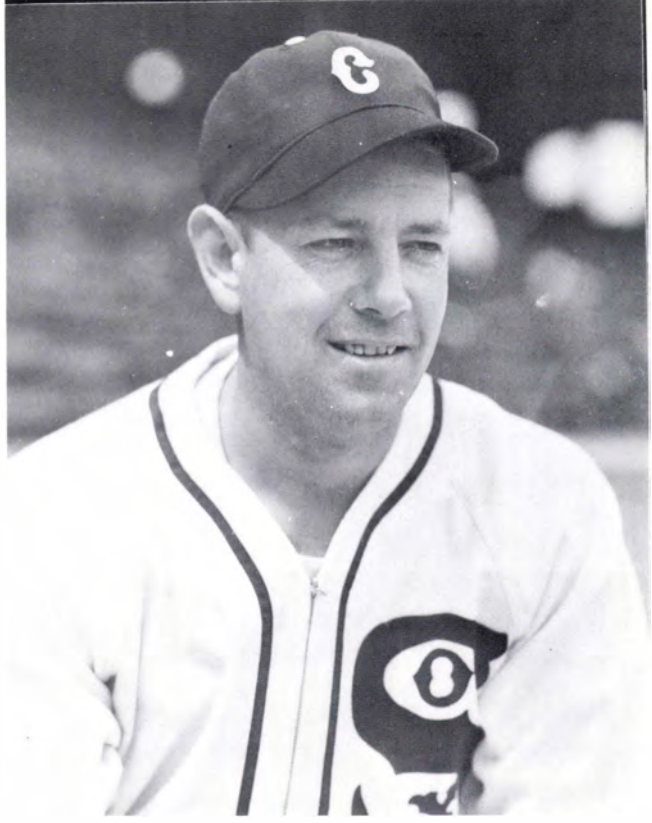
Urban "Red" Faber

Wentworth became a popular gathering place for fans desiring to watch free-spirited baseball without the internal chicanery of the weak and politically corrupt National League.

The Sox coasted to their first pennant in 1900, thanks to the spirited play of "Dummy" Hoy, Frank Isbell, and Dick Padden — the first player to be honored with his own "day". Another White Sox first that year: Win Kellum hurls the first no-hitter against the Hose on June 16, while pitching for Indianapolis. The first Sox game: Apr. 21, 1900, Milwaukee 5, Sox 4. First victory: April 22, 1900, Sox 5, Milwaukee 3.

With respectability attained, Ban Johnson violated the National Agreement and declared his league the second major league. Roy Patterson, the "Boy Wonder," won the first American League game on April 24, 1901, which coincidentally was the first American League game played.

There was some grumbling when the Sox won their second pennant in a row under the leadership of ex-White



Ted Lyons

Stocking Clark Griffith. Rumors to the effect that Ban Johnson and Comiskey were in collusion to build a Chicago "dynasty" no doubt hastened the feud between the two magnates. In just two years Comiskey upstaged his powerful crosstown rivals. Despite his repeated requests for an intra-city series to determine bragging rights, the Nationals refused.

The City Series finally began in 1903, a year in which the rebuilt Sox staggered home in seventh place. By contrast, the Cubs finished in the thick of the pennant race. Yet the surprising Sox played the Cubs to a 14-game standoff despite cries of "fix" by Hart. He claimed at the time that his pitcher Jack Taylor had thrown games to the Sox — which was unsubstantiated. The Sox performance established an early trend. The Sox routinely knocked off superior Cub teams in their dealings through the years.

Fielder Jones, perhaps the greatest of all Sox managers, led the club from 1904 until 1908. The fiery Sox skipper guided admittedly weak hitting teams to first division finishes in each of his four-plus seasons. This was the "Hitless Wonder" era, characterized by Comiskey's "grandstand managing", Jones's showdowns with umpires, and indeed, a number of his own players. A salary haggle and Jones' own intention to go into the lumber business in Oregon led to his departure shortly before the 1909 season began.

In their new ballpark, the Sox sank into a series of lethargic .500 seasons remembered chiefly for the fine pitching of Ed Walsh, the spitballer out of the Pennsylvania coal fields. Rebuilding was a slow process, but the "Busher", Clarence Rowland, led them out of the wilderness in 1915. Rowland, an unknown commodity in 1915, led them to a third place finish that year. Comiskey felt some heat from the Chicago Whales of the Federal League, so he opened up the checkbook to purchase the

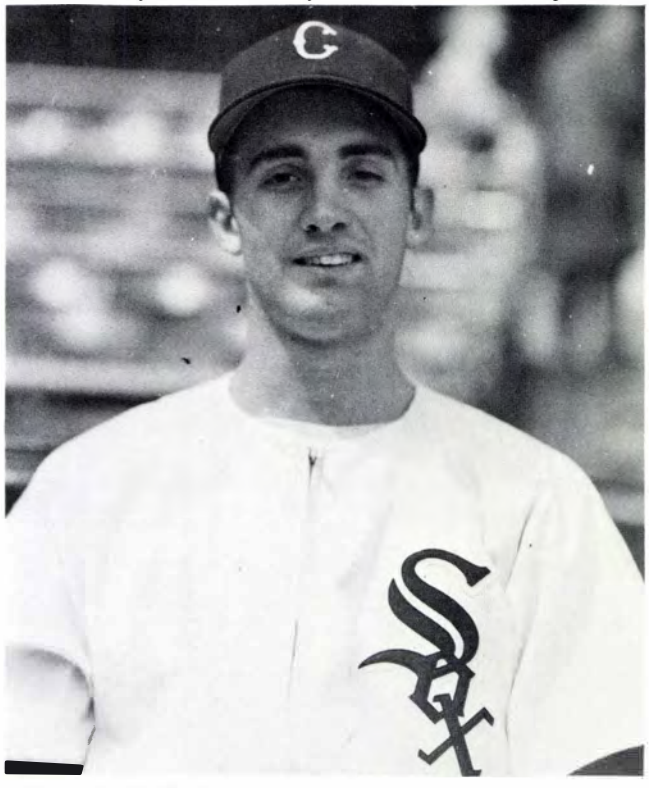
Luke Appling

contracts of Eddie Collins, Joe Jackson, Lefty Williams, Hap Felsch, and Eddie Murphy. One of the greatest forces in baseball history was together now. Ray Schalk later claimed that if this team had remained together in the 1920s, it is likely that the history of the game would have surely been re-written.

After the Sox, last world championship in 1917, and the heartbreak of the 1919 Black Sox, Comiskey purchased more star-quality players. Harry Hooper, Willie Kamm, Bibb Fald, and Bill Cissell could not stave off a run of second division finishes that dampened Comiskey's spirits, and hastened his own physical collapse. The Sox were truly the "lost generation". Teddy Lyons emerged from the Baylor campus in 1923, and Frank Chance was hired for what seemed to be a publicity stunt. When Chance died before so much as handing in his opening day lineup, Johnny Evers was given the unenviable task. He lasted one year. Collins, the best of the group, lasted two. And Ray Schalk made it through 1927, and a part of 1928.

Broken-hearted and disillusioned, Charles Comiskey passed on to a better world in October, 1931. Day-to-day operations of the team were left to his only son, the sickly J. Louis Comiskey. His best move was the hiring of Jimmie Dykes in May, 1934. The cigar smoking, teetotaling Dykes was another Fielder Jones in temperament. But that was okay. The Sox bad boys, Zeke Bonura and Bill Dietrich, occasionally needed his "guidance". Together with his pitching coach Muddy Ruel and the skilled backstop Luke Sewell, the Sox rebuilt their pitching staff in 1935 and the results were promising. Of course the emergence of Luke Appling, Mike Kreevich, and Rip Radcliff didn't hurt either. Under Dykes, their first farm system began in 1939.

Three events returned the club to its familiar losing ways by 1942. The death of J. Lou in 1939; Monty Stratton's career ending injury; and the advent of World War II proved disastrous. Without J. Lou's calming presence, a front office rift between General Manager Harry Grabiner, Grace Comiskey, and the First National Bank over her dower rights threatened the existence of the franchise. However the courts awarded control to Grace and her daughters, while a young upstart was rebuffed. His name was Bill Veeck. Grabiner, who began his career as a soda pop boy in 1905, left for Cleveland to join the capricious Veeck in his ownership of the Indians. Dykes called it quits in 1946, leaving the Sox in the same position they had been in a dozen years earlier. Lyons was handed the job, but



Billy "The Kid" Pierce

even with Red Faber as pitching coach, this team had more downs than ups. Promising youngsters were nowhere to be found, so by 1948 the Sox were losing 100 games again. Enter Chuck Comiskey from the Sox Memphis affiliate, Frank Lane from the Big Ten, and Paul Rapier Richards from the P.C.L. They committed themselves to the task before them. With a lot to gamble with, and certainly nothing to lose, the Sox front office trio masterminded a series of bold trades that brought in the "Go-Go" era. The familiar cry of "C'mon Luke" Appling was replaced with the famous Go-Go chant that helped encourage a bevy of base thieves that included at various times: Minnie Minoso, Jim Rivera, Luis Aparicio and Jim Busby. Nellie Fox, Billy Pierce, and Sherm Lollar — all products of Frank Lane trades — provided the firepower and the pitching.

But the only constant to White Sox history is that someone in the front office is going to get mad. Richards departed in a huff in 1954; Frank Lane followed him out the door a year later. By that time, neither man was social with the other.

Chuck Comiskey and John Duncan Rigney (the son-in-

law of Grace) were uneasy partners through the next three seasons. Comiskey was dissatisfied with the performance of Paul Richard's successor, Marty Marion. After he left in 1956, Al Lopez was brought in from Cleveland. The Senor, who left Cleveland on his own accord, elevated the Sox to a second place finish in 1957 and '58.

In 1959, with Lopez at the helm, the Sox ended a 40-year drought with their first appearance in a World Series. But Chuck Comiskey's role was significantly diminshed after Dorothy Comiskey had sold her controlling interest in the team to Bill Veeck. Barnum Bill's first tenure as Sox owner was largely cosmetic. The park was spruced up and the Veeckian gimmicks put a few fannies in the seats.

Comiskey assumed the role of fall guy, while Veeck captured his headlines with a team that had been assembled *before* his purchase. In 1960, the promising farm system was devastated with a series of ill-conceived trades

Luis Aparicio

engineered by Veeck to ensure a series repeat. Don Mincher, Earl Battey, John Callison, John Romano, Bubba Phillips, Barry Latman, and Norm Cash were dealt away for the lead-footed Gene Freese, fading Minnie Minoso, and the highly coveted Roy Sievers. These trades set into motion the collapse that in many ways was akin to what happened after 1919. Only under a different set of circumstances of course.

Ill health forced Veeck into a premature retirement in 1961. His long-time business associate, Arthur Allyn Jr., purchased controlling interest in the club, adding the Sox to a list of companies under the Artnell Corporation umbrella. A few noteworthy player moves made after the 1962 season by G.M. Edwin Short elevated the Sox to three second place finishes in a row. With the firepower of Callison and Battey, it is conceivable that the light hitting White Sox might have won pennants during this time. We'll never know.

Lopez retired in 1965 as the second winningest manager in Sox history. His successor, Eddie Stanky, kept the "Pale Hose" in the thick of things, both on and off the field. But his strict regimens were out of sync by the late 1960s. The punchless Sox made a good run at the pennant in 1967, but the inevitable collapse in 1968 led to Stanky's dismissal on July 12.

The years 1968 to 1970 were years of struggle for a franchise with more than its share of misfortune. Bill Melton, Carlos May, Walt Williams, and Wilbur Wood provided a few sanguine moments, but it seemed that the only rumors concerning the Sox centered around their expected move to Milwaukee.

John Allyn, the white knight of this story, saved the Sox from this fate when he bought out his brother's interests late in 1969. A new regime signaled another upswing in fortunes. Chuck Tanner was hired away from the California Angels farm system, and Roland Hemond was pirated away from Gene Autry the same way. The year 1971 saw a rebirth of fan interest, due in part to the irrepressible Harry Caray, and the home run hitting of Bill Melton. The future seemed rosy.

Dick Allen's arrival on the scene in 1972 turned the Sox into serious pennant contenders at least for one year. And to no-one's surprise, the Sox drew a million paying customers for the first time since 1965. The team stagnated during the next three years as the old controversies surrounding the mysterious Allyn surfaced again.

The White Sox fortunes during this time paralleled the 1970s' economy — sluggish. John Allyn dedicated himself

Harold Baines

to bringing home a winner, but he was out of options and out of money by 1975. To his credit, he resisted offers to shift the franchise to Seattle, and only an eleventh hour deal with Bill Veeck saved the franchise from yet another demise.

Sox fans everywhere owe a debt of gratitude to Bill Veeck for his efforts to save the team from the powers that be who wanted to move the team to the coast. But he was financially ill-equipped to run a baseball team in the high-stakes era of free agency. One glorious summer in 1977 proved to be an illusion. Bargain basement free agency worked when the players involved were Eric Soderholm and Steve Stone, but not Ron Blomberg and Ron Schueler. By 1980 the Sox were on the market again. When the league turned down a sale bid by Edward DeBartolo of Youngstown, Ohio, Veeck reluctantly sold his interests to a group of investors headed by Jerry Reinsdorf, of the Balcor Corporation, and Eddie Einhorn, a former executive of CBS Sports.

With some imagination and daring, the Sox were rebuilt in a relatively short time. Carlton Fisk was the cornerstone of the franchise, while younger players like Harold Baines and Richard Dotson developed gradually. In 1983 the Sox won the Western Division by a record 20 games. Admittedly, the Sox enjoyed career years in '83, and their weaknesses were glaring in 1984. Television announcer Ken Harrelson proved to be a prophet when he declared early in 1985 that the season would indicate just how good the Sox were. In the end, he was correct when he said they would be somewhere in the middle.

But that was not good enough for Reinsdorf, who had just added the Chicago Bulls to his expanding sports interests. Tony LaRussa, a better manager than what most people give him credit for, signed on for another year. Roland Hemond was elevated into obscurity, while Ken Harrelson was named Vice-President of Baseball Operations, with full control over player moves.

The Hawk captured headlines with his down home easy going manner, and his press leaks about imminent trades. This was what the Sox were looking for in the baseball wars of Chicago. Roland Hemond was just too low key, and too nice a guy to be quotable in the Cub oriented media.

In January, Bill Veeck died. In the final years of his life, Veeck had chosen to avoid Comiskey Park. He was unable to reconcile differences, real or imagined, with the new owners. Perhaps in his own enigmatic way, Barnum Bill knew his time was coming. Late in the season, he returned to Comiskey Park for the last time. He took his place in the distant center field bleachers, and he watched the Sox knock over the Cleveland Indians 10-0.

In 1985, an old and new page had been turned.

Doc White and Big Ed Walsh rank 10th on the all-time righty-lefty duo list with 333 wins combined between the years 1904 and 1913.

Chicago	473	206	340-29
Kansas City	302	100	000- 6

When The White Sox Were White Hot

In 1955 Davy Crockett caps were the latest fad, Bill Haley and the Comets revolutionized popular music with "Rock Around the Clock," and Jack Benny was 39 years old. Ike was in the White House and Catholic Mass was in God's Holy Latin. Indeed, with the world in the shape it is in today, that time almost seems like a long lost, idyllic age, even if it was not necessarily so.

This was also the era of the "Go-Go" Chicago White Sox, who generally won their games on base hits, bunts, stolen bases and wild pitches. But on April 23, 1955 they belied their reputation to the ultimate in a bloody carnage that made the Bolshevik revolution look like a Cub Scout wienie roast. All they did was tie the modern record for runs scored in one game by lacerating the Athletics, 29-6.

In scoring 29 times, the Sox had tied the modern record set on June 8, 1950, when the Red Sox pulverized the Browns, 29-4. The all-time record was set by the Cubs when they pummelled Louisville (then a major league city) 36-7 on June 29, 1897.

The White Sox' 29 hits were one short of the all-time American League record set by the Yankees on June 28, 1923. Their 55 total bases fell only five less than the record 60 established by the Red Sox in the game mentioned above. The Sox' seven homers were one short of the record eight set by the Yankees on June 28, 1939, and tied by the Twins on August 29, 1963 and the Red Sox on July 4, 1977. Sherm Lollar tied a record held by only three others (Max Carey, 1925, Urban Hodapp, 1928, and Rennie Stennet, 1975) by hitting safely twice in two different innings.

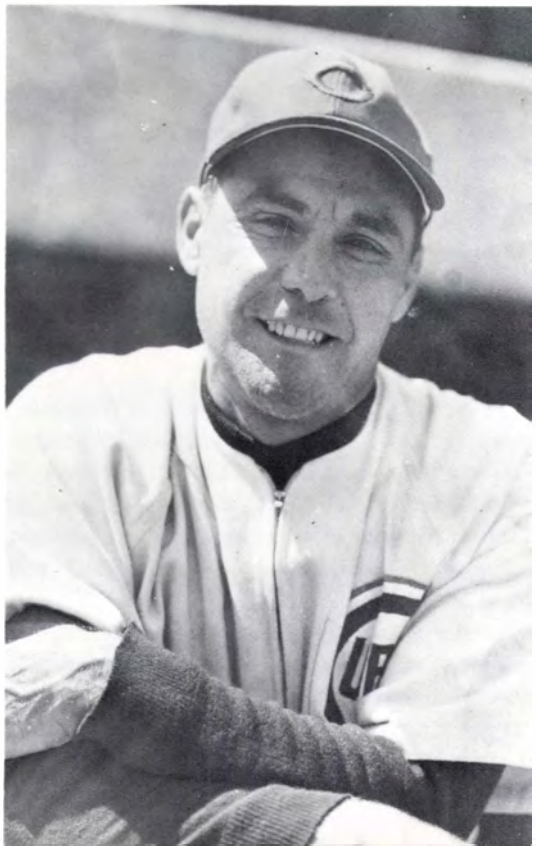
Walt Dropo, one of the White Sox' big guns with seven RBI, was also a Red Sox batting hero the day they made brownies out of the Browns. In that game he drove in seven runs with two homers and two singles. Harry Dorish, who mopped up the Athletics in the last two innings, had been the losing pitcher for St. Louis in the 1950 slaughter. For yet more coincidence, two of the umpires of April 23, 1955 — Joe Paparella and Eddie Rommell — were also on duty on June 8, 1950.

Postscript: On the next day, Alex Kellner of the Athletics blanked the Sox on five hits, 5-0. Two of the hits were infield rollers.

— Art Ahrens

Sherm Lollar

Phil Cavarretta



Cubs 100 100 007-9
Reds 210 030 110-8

The Cubs' Greatest Rally

Long notorious for blowing big leads — even in their halcyon days of the 1920's and '30's — the Cubs often do just the opposite. But their greatest comeback has been largely forgotten by history. It exploded at Cincinnati's Crosley Field on June 29, 1952, during the heyday of "Miksis to Smalley to Addison Street."

In 1952, the Braves were still in Boston (though not for long), and there was no big league ball west or south of St. Louis. In September, the Pirates would be the first team to wear batting helmets. The center field bleachers in Wrigley Field were still open to the public, and the Cub batboy was Walter Jacobson, now a Chicago TV commentator.

So much for the times; now for the game. It was the first contest of a Sunday twin bill. The Cubs took a quick lead on Dee Fondy's first inning homer, but the Reds forged ahead on a barrage of singles and doubles in the first, fifth, seventh and eighth innings. In spite of the 97 degree Queen City heat and dense humidity, Red starter Bubba Church had the Cubs eating out of his hand, backed by an 8-2 lead by the time the final frame rolled around.

After the first two Cubs were easy outs in the top of the ninth, Church needed one more for a distance win. When Bill Serena doubled, it looked as if the visitors were only trying to prolong their agony. But Roy Smalley walked and Gene Hermanski, batting for Joe Hatten (the fourth Cub pitcher of the game), singled to bring Serena home as Smalley took third. Eddie Miksis ("Miksis will fix us") then caught the Reds flat-footed with a squeeze bunt down the third base line. Cincy third baseman Eddie Kazak threw wildly to the plate, with Smalley scoring to make it 8-4.

Church then took a shower as reliever Frank Smith plunked Hal Jeffcoat in the ribs. Dee Fondy singled in two more runs, after which Hank Sauer doubled Jeffcoat home. The score was now 8-7.

Ken Raffensberger, the ace of the Reds' staff, was sent in to replace Smith as the Cubs brought in Ransom Jackson to run for Fondy. Bruce Edwards, pinch-hitting for Toby Atwell, walked to load the bases. Up to the plate stepped Johnny Pramesa, a former Red and probably the most obscure man in the Cub lineup. Batting in place of right fielder Bob Addis, Pramesa singled to drive in Jackson and Sauer, thereby accounting for two of his five RBI of the season. The 8-2 Red lead was now a 9-8 Red deficit.

(See Rally, pg. 53.)

History of the Cubs

by Eddie Gold

The Cubs are a tradition. They're three guys named Tinker, Evers and Chance turning a poetic double play. They're Hack Wilson hitting the ball and then the bottle. They're Gabby Hartnett, old "Tomato Face," socking a homer in the dark to win a pennant. They're Ernie Banks flicking his wrists with a glint in his eyes.

The Cubs perform in a ballpark where the grass is not plastic. There is no dome. There are no lights, no exploding scoreboards, no gaudy uniforms, no gimmicks. Just an ivy-covered tradition.

The Cubs are the oldest franchise in major league baseball. They trace their existence to 1876, the only team in the National League in continuous membership since the league's inception.

As charter members, the Cubs have won the most games. In all they have captured 16 pennants to rank among the game's elite, although the flag hasn't flown over Wrigley Field since 1945.

Albert G. Spalding

Led by pitcher-manager Albert Spalding and first baseman Cap Anson, the Cubs were known as the White Stockings when they won their first pennant in 1876. Spalding won 40 games and second baseman Ross Barnes hit the team's first homer on May 2, 1876, and also took the first batting title, hitting .404.

Anson soon became manager and the club won pennants in 1880, 1881, 1882, 1885, and 1886. Stars of that club were King Kelly, whose good looks and handlebar mustache inspired the song, "Slide, Kelly, Slide"; Larry Corcoran, who pitched three no-hitters; Fred Goldsmith, who invented the curveball; John Clarkson, winner of 53 games in one season, and Ed Williamson, whose record of 27 homers in a season was broken by Babe Ruth.

But the biggest hero was Anson, who served 22 years as an active player and hit .300 in 20 of them. He won four batting titles, compiled a lifetime batting average of .339 and was the first player to reach a career 3,000 hits.

In Anson's day, the Cubs first home field was at 23rd and State. Later they moved to Randolph and Michigan, then to Congress and Loomis, and in 1893 to Lincoln St.

Cap Anson

(now Wolcott) and Polk, the historic West Side Grounds where Tinker to Evers to Chance raised some dust.

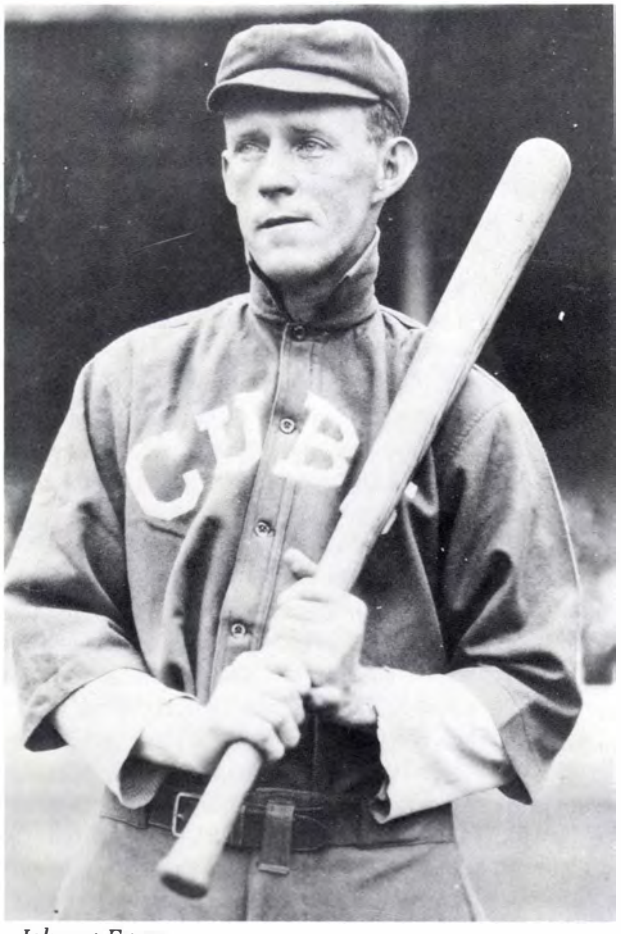
It was first baseman Frank Chance who was most responsible for the Cubs' next golden era. As player-manager, Chance led the Cubs to National League championships in 1906, 1907, 1908, and 1910, winning the World Series in 1907 and 1908.

The Peerless Leader hooked up with shortstop Joe Tinker and second baseman Johnny Evers and they became baseball's most storied double play combination.

It was an era unmatched in major league history. The

1906 team won 116 games, a mark never again approached. During the five year period from 1906 through 1910, the Cubs won 530 games and lost 235 for a remarkable .693 percentage.

While Tinker to Evers to Chance became synonymous with victory, there were other great stars such as pitchers Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown, who won 20 games six years in a row, and Ed Reulbach who pitched a double



Johnny Evers

shutout; slugger Wildfire Schulte, who hit four grand slam homers in one season, and Johnny Kling, called by many the smartest catcher in the game.

The team moved north to Clark and Addison in 1916 and in 1918 chewing gum magnate William Wrigley, Jr. purchased the team. They won the pennant that year behind pitcher Hippo Vaughn, who a season earlier took part in the greatest pitching duel in history against Fred Toney of the Reds — a double no-hit game on May 2, 1917.

Wrigley then hired William Veeck, Sr. as team president and they assembled a nucleus of winners that included Hartnett, Charlie Grimm, Riggs Stephenson, and Charlie Root. They brought in little-known Joe McCarthy as manager and drafted Wilson from the minors. They obtained Kiki Cuyler and Rogers Hornsby and the 1929 team smashed its way to the top.

Wilson, at 5-6 and 190 pounds, was built like a mini-

Hack Wilson

blacksmith. He had a brief but spectacular career. In 1930 he hit 56 homers and drove in 190 runs, the latter a record not even attained by Babe Ruth or Lou Gehrig.

Following the 1929 season, the Cubs began a habit of winning the flag every three years. They won in 1932, when Grimm moved in as manager and the team added such names as Billy Herman, Billy Jurges, and Lon Warneke.

In 1935 the Cubs won again, staging a famous finish by winning 21 straight games in September. Added to the cast were Stan Hack, Phil Cavarretta, Augie Galan, Larry French, and Bill Lee.

Grimm resigned during the 1938 season and the team came to life under Hartnett who replaced Grimm after 81 games had been played. It was a dogfight between the Cubs and Pirates for first place honors. It all came down to the September 28 game at Wrigley Field. The Cubs and Pirates were tied 5-5 as darkness set in. Hartnett came to bat with two out in the ninth inning against Mace Brown. With two strikes against him, Hartnett hit his famous "Homer in the Gloamin" to win 6-5.

But it was the end of an era. From 1926 through 1939 the team never finished out of the first division but for the next half-decade the Cubs were never in contention. It took the return of Charlie Grimm to the manager's role in 1945 to lift the club to the National League championship that year. Aided by the July deal that brought pitcher Hank Borowy from the Yankees, the Cubs took their 16th pennant in 1945. Borowy was 11-2 while Cavarretta won the batting title with a .355 average.

The Cubs then underwent a victory famine that lasted two decades. Hero-starved fans had little to cheer about except Hank Sauer, the lumbering "Mayor of Wrigley Field," who was bombarded with packets of tobacco after

Ernie Banks

every home run he hit. Mostly there was a parade of names like Roy Smalley, Harry Chiti, Frank Enargo, Moe Thacker and other forgettables, until the arrival of a skinny black shortstop named Ernie Banks. Banks immediately became Mr. Cub. Five times he hit more than 40 homers in a season and 12 times he hit grand slam homers with a record five during the 1955 season. He won two home run crowns and the Most Valuable Player award in 1958 and 1959 despite his team's fifth place finish.

The Cubs soon added sluggers Billy Williams and Ron Santo and staged a brief revival under stormy Leo Durocher. The 1969 year was a joyous one — the Cubs were racing to a pennant. But, the big guns of August turned to September mourning when the team was overtaken by the New York Mets. Practically every season thereafter, the Cubs would make a false start toward the top only to fall back when the ivy on the walls turned brown.

There were a few players to hold the fans' interest through the dull 1970s. Rick Reuschel was a whale of a pitcher; Jose Cardenal offered comic relief; Rick Monday rated a salute for rescuing a burning U. S. flag; Bill Madlock won back-to-back batting titles; Dave Kingman played long ball; Bruce Sutter and his split-fingered fastball spelled relief, and Bill Buckner limped through his line drives.

Then, after 64 years, the Wrigley family sold the team in June 1981 to the Tribune Co. for a reported $22 million. That started the so-called "New Tradition" with former Phillies' manager Dallas Green at the controls, getting gamers for goners.

In 1984 the Cubs finally won another title — championship of the National League East. They faced the San Diego Padres, winners in the West, winning the first two games played in Chicago by scores of 13-0 and 4-2. But then they lost three straight in California and the hopes of Chicago fans were once again dashed.

A Federal Case

by Richard C. Lindberg

nder fair April skies, the bastard was born. Twenty-thousand curious but enthusiastic fans had turned out from all corners of the city to witness the debut of Chicago's latest professional team — the Chi-Feds of the newly organized Federal League. Chi-Feds, Buffeds, Pit-Feds, Hoosier Feds; for what they lacked in imagination, these Federal League people at least knew how to put on a show. Marching bands, fireworks and even a live bull — yes a bull — livened up the proceedings in Weeghman Park. The ballpark was a monument to the imagination, daring, and financial resources of one man — Charles Henry Weeghman, who like Theodore Dreiser, was a rural farmboy from Indiana who came to Chicago seeking fame and fortune.

It was the realization of a dream for "Lucky Charley," as he watched his collection of cast offs, has beens, and never-weres trounce the Kansas City Packers 9-1 before 20,000. When asked if the Chi-Feds would be called by any other name, player-manager Joe Tinker had a snappy reply. "Boys," he said to the writers who had their doubts, "call us the Blues. Because only blue bloods get to be Federals." Well paid blue bloods, thanks to Weeghman.

When James Gilmore needed financial backing to start a third major league, he turned to Charles Weeghman, a pioneer in the fast food industry, whose string of Chicago lunchrooms had made their owner a millionaire. Pundits labeled the diners as the "one armed dairy lunch," because each table resembled the old fashioned school desk. Move 'em in, and move 'em out was the Weeghman way of eating.

Charley Weeghman was an interloper — the kind of man polite society turned their backs on. He was just not one of the smart set. His money was *earned*, not inherited. His lust for the public favor no doubt inspired him to tie in with Gilmore. But Gilmore and Weeghman were not cut of the same fine timber as Comiskey and Johnson. It was not so easy in 1914, as it had been in 1900, to start another major league.

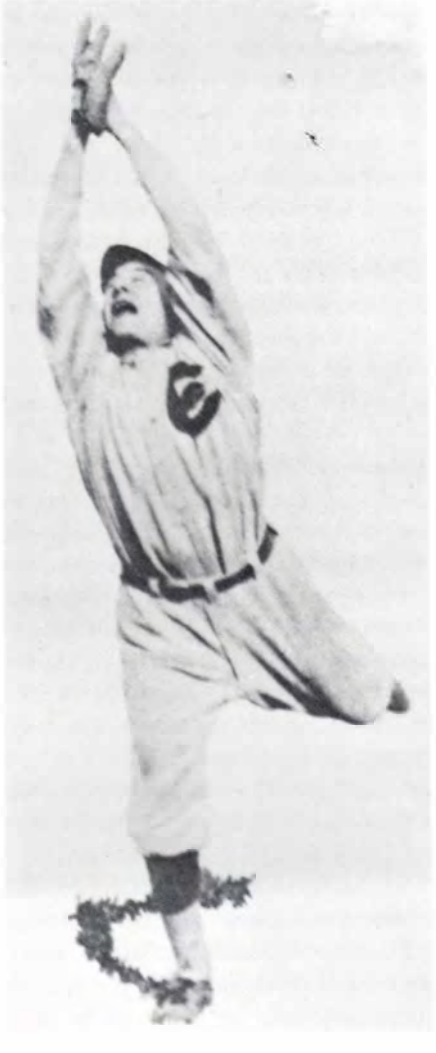
The Federal League based its existence on the notion that the reserve clause was null and void; someting akin to calling the Ten Commandments worthless. At first, Gilmore urged his backers to sign players not under contract. Later, when Ban Johnson's support was not forthcoming, the Feds went after contract players in earnest. Joseph Tinker was the first big prize landed by Weeghman. Tinker accepted a $10,000 advance to play for the Chi-

Feds in 1914. He was at the end of a long and illustrious career, but the name recognition was sorely needed.

The rest of the 1914 team was made up of lesser lights. Rollie Zeider, Dutch Zwilling, and Claude Hendrix were journeymen, but on this team they *were* the stars. Weeghman was an impetuous man, whose mouth got him into trouble. After doling out $7,000 to land the knuckleballing Tom Seaton, Weeghman promised the Ward brothers of Brooklyn that if they invested in the Federal League, he would give them his best pitcher. After the Wards purchased the Brooklyn franchise, Weeghman expressed his regrets over his rash remarks. Seaton would remain a Chi-Fed.

Gilmore backed the Wards in their claims, and with the greatest reluctance Seaton was surrendered to the "Tip-Tops" (the Wards owned a baking company). And there went the Chi-Feds' 1914 pennant. While the team was being assembled piecemeal, construction of the new Federal League ballpark began on the North Side. Zachary Taylor Davis was hired by Weeghman to design a modern concrete and steel stadium modeled loosely after the Polo Grounds. The stadium cost $250,000, and was officially dedicated March 4, 1914. Seating capacity was 14,000. The ballpark, you see, eventually became Wrigley Field.

"Dutch" Zwilling



The game on the field often took second place to the legal wranglings with organized baseball. The Chicago team began their first season without a first rate catcher after the Feds brought suit against Bill Killefer for breach of contract. Killefer returned Weeghman's advance and reported to his original team, the Phillies. The Feds lost the first of many legal frays when Judge Clarence Sessions declared that Killefer could remain a Phillie because Gilmore and Weeghman had not come into court with clean hands. This gambit would be used time and again during the Federal League war.

For the Chi-Feds, the 1914 season was a three team horse race fraught with emotion. Tinker's men exchanged leads with the Baltimore Terrapins and the Indianapolis Hoosiers on a daily basis. Claude Hendrix was the pitching mainstay, completing 34 games and winning 29.

Tinker, Weeghman, and Company gave the fans a good show. The Cubs and Sox by comparison were hardly factors in their respective races. It wasn't until the last week of the season that matters were settled. The team that helped the Chi-Feds establish their credibility with the fans, the Kansas City Packers, ruined their pennant hopes with a double victory on October 6th. It was a financial, if not artistic, success for Weeghman. The rest of the league was hard hit, but Lucky Charley claimed a profit of $20,000, which may be an exaggerated figure.

The hard line of the National and American Leagues showed no signs of cracking that winter. The Feds retrenched for another go at it, and in Chicago, Weeghman made no little plans. Just as Gilmore opened a massive anti-trust suit against organized baseball, Weeghman entered into serious contract negotiations with Walter Johnson.

When Clark Griffith failed to improve upon a $10,000 a year salary, Weeghman entered the fold with the promise of the $6,000 signing bonus. Three Finger Brown had recently inked a Federal League contract, and with Johnson on the team, the prospects for success in 1915 seemed bright. Sensing impending danger here, Charles Comiskey allegedly advanced Griffith $3,000 so that his star pitcher could remain in Washington. The Big Train returned Weeghman's bonus and stayed with the Senators. "I can assure you Johnson will not play for any team but the Whales," Weeghman had falsely prophesied.

The owner assumed that a player of Johnson's stature would welcome the chance to play for a team with such a grandiose name. After all, the biggest commercial whales were to be found on the North Side of Chicago. Right? At least, that's what Weeghman thought when he selected D. J. Eichoff of 1451 Hood Ave. as the winner of the "Name the Chi-Feds" contest.

In year two of the great experiment, the Whales began with a stronger lineup than in 1914. George McConnell, a 37-year-old pitcher culled from the Chicago Cubs roster, enjoyed the year of his life as he won 25 games. Tinker had quite a staff in 1915. Claude Hendrix reported to camp out of shape, but twirled a no-hitter against the Pittsburgh

(See Federals, pg. 53.)

George Davis: Forgotten in Shuffle for Hall

by Dennis Bingham

One of the most unheralded ballplayers in history played in the 1906 World Series. When his name is mentioned today it is sure to be met with blank stares from many listeners — but George Stacey Davis was a superb offensive/defensive performer in the major leagues for almost 20 seasons and was considered one of the smartest baseball men of his day.

As Christy Mathewson's first manager, it was Davis who guided the rookie along with encouragement and instructed Matty to drop the roundhouse curve that was so effective in the lower leagues and to concentrate on his better pitch. It's been said that Davis was the one who named this famous pitch "the fadeaway." No doubt Davis was also instrumental in obtaining Matty for the New York Giants in that notorious one-sided trade for Amos Rusie. Davis was the first to use the motion picture camera to study the swings of batters and instructed others to practice their swings in front of a mirror to detect flaws. John McGraw thought so much of Davis as a shortstop that he signed him to a guaranteed contract despite the very real risk that Davis might not play one game for him. (Davis played only four games for McGraw that season, losing an entire year of his career as the two leagues squabbled over which of two teams had rights to his contract.)

But these are not the things that make Davis a legitimate, but overlooked, candidate for Baseball's Valhalla. Let's look at his record:

*Over 2,600 hits (more than Harry Heilman, Ted Williams or Jimmie Foxx)

*Almost 450 doubles (more than Roberto Clemente, Eddie Collins or Luke Appling)

*Over 160 triples (more than Nap Lajoie, George Sisler or Max Carey)

*Over 250 stolen bases (and this isn't counting the first eight years of his career when stolen bases were scored differently than today. If you do count them he had more than 600, more than Luis Aparicio or Willie Mays. If you don't count them, he still had more than Jackie Robinson or Roger Bresnahan)

*.297 lifetime batting average (hitting over .300 nine times including bettering the mark of .345 three times)

And Davis is one of the best switch-hitters who ever lived. A look at career totals for switch-hitters finds the name George Davis among the leaders Mickey Mantle, Pete Rose and Frankie Frisch. He still holds the all-time switch-hit record for both triples in a season (27) *and* career. And, despite the assaults of Mantle and Eddie Murray, Davis holds the all-time record for RBIs in a season by a switch-hitter with 134.

But how about his fielding? Glad you asked. In his rookie season as a centerfielder he led all outfielders with 35 assists. Moving to third base the next year, he led the league in double-plays recorded. After they finally realized his full potential was at the most important defensive position, at shortstop, over the next several years he would lead his league in assists once, putouts twice, fielding average and total chances four times, and double plays five times.

So the question is: Why is George Davis basically forgotten today? Is it because he never had one mind-boggling year but rather several solid seasons? Is it because he only played in one World Series? Maybe because he wasn't flamboyant like many of his 19th Century rivals and teammates? He also didn't have a flashy nickname.

Every player mentioned above is in the Hall of Fame or soon will be once they retire — all except for Davis, that is. It certainly isn't being said that Davis was a better ballplayer than most of those named, but it says something to have his name included in their company without looking ridiculous. There are ballplayers not in the Hall who are greater than Davis, as well as there are several enshrined who couldn't begin to pick up either George's bat *or* glove. But when there's discussion of players who should be considered for Cooperstown from the days when baseball was still a toddler, it would be justice to remember George Stacey Davis.

Ed Reulbach's Shutout Doubleheader

by Arthur R. Ahrens

itchers winning two complete games in one day, extinct since Emil Levsen of Cleveland last turned the trick on August 28, 1926, were a rare breed of men even in their heyday. From the time Candy Cummings set the precedent on September 9, 1876 until Levson rang down the final curtain nearly half a century later, only 39 pitchers could successfully perform the act. Joe McGinnity accomplished the feat three times in one month (August 1903), while Mark Baldwin, Ed Walsh and Grover Alexander each managed it twice. The other 35 could only do it once, making a total of 44 occasions in which a pitcher went the distance twice in the same day, besting his foes both times.

Of singular importance was Cub pitcher Ed Reulbach's double-barrelled blast to the Brooklyn Superbas on September 26, 1908. This performance was unique in that it marked the only time anyone pitched a shutout doubleheader in the major leagues.

Spitballer "Kaiser" Wilhelm was on the mound for Brooklyn, and for the first six innings he pitched almost as well as Reulbach, allowing Chicago only one run.

During this time Reulbach fell into but one jam, that, too, coming in the fifth, when Tom Sheehan and Joe Dunn led off with back-to-back singles. With two on and nobody out, it looked as if the Superbas would tie the game when first baseman Frank Chance appeared to overrun Wilhelm's pop-up. But before the ball touched the ground Chance slapped it into the air with his right hand and, regaining his balance, grabbed it with his left for the first out. Tom Catterson then fouled out to Harry Steinfeldt at third, after which Harry Lumley bounced back to Reulbach to end the rally and the inning.

Wilhelm began to weaken in the seventh and the Cubs touched him for seven hits and four runs during the last three innings.

In the eighth Johnny Evers singled, took second on Frank Schulte's sacrifice, then scored on Steinfeldt's single after Chance had popped out. Not content to remain on first, Steinfeldt stole second and was driven across by Hofman's single for the fourth Cub run of the game. Chicago put one more run across in the top of the ninth when Kling singled, stole second, and scored on Evers' double to centerfield.

But the additional scoring turned out to be mere icing

on the cake as Reulbach held the Brooklynites hitless for the last four innings. One more touch of excitement came in the Brooklyn eighth when Catterson slapped a towering pop foul in back of the plate. Racing hard, catcher Kling crashed into the wire netting of the backstop and caught the ball barehanded to a loud cheer from the generally partisan Brooklyn crowd.

With one shutout in his pocket, the elated Reulbach asked his manager, Frank Chance, if he could pitch the second contest as well. Chance had originally planned on assigning the second contest to Jack Pfiester or Chick Fraser but, playing a hunch, agreed to Reulbach's request. He was not disappointed.

Surprisingly, Reulbach was stronger in the second game than he had been in the first, blanking the Superbas 3-0 on three singles. After Harry Lumley had singled with one out in the first inning, Reulbach was invincible until Tom Catterson led off the seventh with a safety. In between, the Cub ace had dispatched fourteen Superbas in succession.

The Cubs in the meantime had taken a 1-0 lead in the third. With one out and Kling on second, John Hayden grounded to shortstop McMillan, who threw wildly to first, enabling Kling to score.

Two more were added in the eighth. After Tinker and Kling flied out, Reulbach walked. Hayden singled to center and Evers did the same. On Evers' hit, Burch threw the ball over catcher Joe Dunn's head, allowing Reulbach and Hayden to score, making it 3-0 Chicago.

The extra padding, of course, proved to be unnecessary, as Reulbach was never better. When the final out was made, the Cub pitcher had carved himself an exclusive and enviable niche in the record books.

SERIES *(contd. from pg. 10.)*

has come to the rescue and attends to Hahn. We don't believe it. These are two champions engaging in the World Series! Don't they have any medical personnel on hand? We learn that the team trainers of the day have little, if any, medical training and are primarily there to rub down aching muscles. There's no team physician.

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

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

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

With the help of a spitter and a hitter, the little kid on the block has given another black eye to the big bully.

A happy mob of Sox fanatics put on another exhibition by attacking their idols. It takes the intervention of police officers to prevent a couple of fans from removing the horses from the Sox carriage and pulling the players to the hotel themselves.

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

GAME IV
INSIDE BASEBALL
or
"THE FICKLE THREE FINGER OF FATE"

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

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

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

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

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

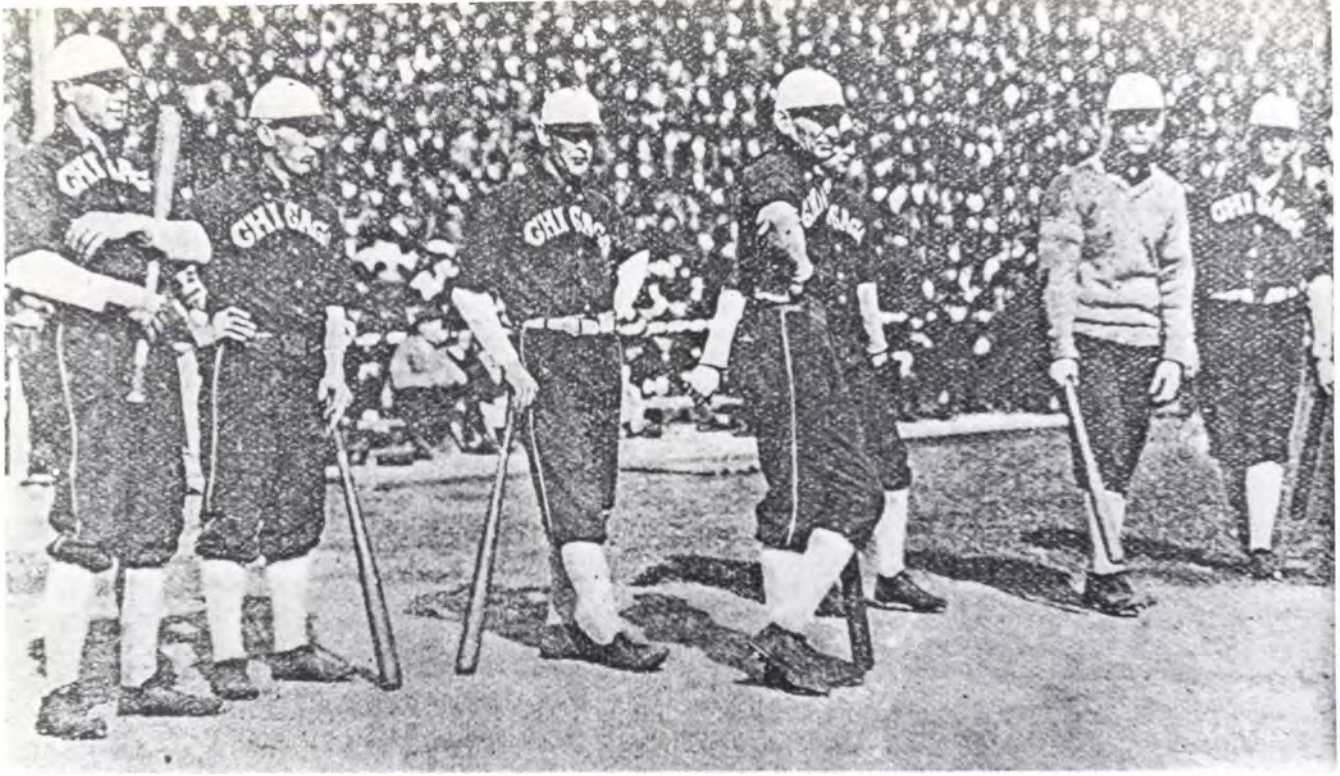
Information is transmitted by wire to the hall an instant after there is any action at the ballpark. *Tribune* "experts" with megaphones announce the play-by-play as each inning, out, run, and ball-and-strike count are recorded on the board. With each play the crowd responds with shouts, screams and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

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

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

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

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



White Sox players: Isbell, Rohe, Jones, Donahue, Towne and Walsh.

skillful batter could foul pitch after pitch without once having a strike called. (Wouldn't Luke Appling have loved that?) Instead of the old square plate with a corner facing the pitcher, a new innovation was the now familiar five-sided home plate.

The men with the megaphones announce the starting line-ups and the Sox rooters cheer the mention of two names. Hahn, despite his nose injury, is playing. And Davis, although still suffering from his bad back, is making his Series debut. Tannehill is benched leaving the White Sox hero Rohe right where he is at third. The crowd goes wild when the pitchers are named — Brown and Altrock, the two hurlers who clashed in the opening contest. If we thought that was a pitcher's duel, we haven't seen anything yet.

In the seventh the Cubbie fans applaude when the number 4 appears in the home plate slot. Clean-up hitter Chance is at bat. As the number moves to the first base window, we're informed that the Cubs skipper has just dropped a Texas Leaguer into right field. (At tomorrow's game we ask a few fans to describe the hit but receive conflicting accounts. One says Hahn lost the ball in the sun, another says he simply got a poor jump, while a third says Hahn didn't stand a chance of catching the ball no matter what happened).

In any case, we follow the No. 4 to second base after Steinfeldt sacrifices. To epitomize play in the dead ball era, Tinker follows with another sacrifice, sending Chance to third. Two consecutive sacrifice bunts? What are the Cubs counting on — a wild pitch? An error? A passed ball? The point becomes moot when Evers promptly deposits the next pitch into left. Chance scores the first — and only — run of the game. In the meantime, the Sox are almost scared hitless looking at Brown's tantalizing curves. The South Siders can only manage two hits the whole game. This Series is now tied, 2-2.

GAME V
HITLESS WONDERS? HAH!
or
"WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG BAD CUBS?"

Not wishing to make the same mistake twice we arrive early and purchase tickets to the rightfield bleachers. And it's a good thing we did because it's the largest crowd to witness a baseball game in Chicago to date. The field is completely surrounded by living walls. The crowd reminds many of the throngs of the World's Fair held in this great city in 1893.

Thousands are turned away despite their pleas to be allowed entry even if they can't see any of the action. At 2 o'clock, with the help of some burly cops, clubs, a few stiffarms and a shoe horn, another thousand fans are squeezed into the old park. Now there's simply no more room for another person. The unlucky ones walk to a grassy section just north of the park where fans in the top row of the grandstand can shout down news of the game.

When we get a look at Hahn warming up in the outfield, we have to admire his fortitude. His nose is held together by strips of plaster from which a small red rubber hose has been inserted for his air supply.

As a general rule the ballplayers of today are an extremely superstitious group. A few players see a cross-eyed girl in the stands and immediately remove their caps and spit into them. In view of the fact that the visiting team has won each of the first four contests, the Cubs appear on their home field wearing their traveling grays. Cubs owner Murphy notices that an unlucky 13 flags surround the scoreboard and orders the grounds crew to either take one flag off or add another one. On the Cubs bench can be seen a good-luck horseshoe presented to the team by former heavyweight champion Bob Fitzsimmons, and a live chicken in a cage. This game the Cubs aren't taking any chances, Frank or otherwise.

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

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

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

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

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

At two o'clock in the morning we join a few other fans at the ticket window. To kill the time we pick up an early Sunday paper and read a feature article about an actual person — sane, allowed to vote and a respected citizen — who has never heard of baseball or the World Series. By seven o'clock the assembly has grown to approximately 200 people. Three hours later the mob begins to get uncontrollable. It increases with the arrival of every streetcar, elevated train, automobile, carriage and bicycle.

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

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

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

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

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

All flat rooftops behind the outfield are packed with people. On top of a school, a quarter of a mile away, stands a group watching through binoculars. One man crawls onto the steeple of St. George's Catholic Church and clings to the eaves until the eighth inning. Many suits are ruined by fans sitting on chimney tops, a popular vantage point. Every telegraph pole in the immediate area is spotted with human sparrows. A few who watch the entire game from this position jump to the ground only to find they can't walk on cramped legs. A few fans watch the game *between* the poles by perilously standing on wires and maintain their balance clutching another wire above their heads. A black gentleman, watching the action from a tall pole, will deliver an eloquent account of the game to people below. When he finally comes down from his perch, he'll discover the appreciative fans have taken up a collection for him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Celebrations are being held in every section of the city and would continue well into the night and next morning. One poor man arrived in town late, had not heard the news and assumed the Cubs had won. When he talked at length about how the Cubs would take the championship by winning game seven, he was finally attacked by a group of West Side fans. Another fan pinned black crepe on the doors of Cub headquarters and the gates to West Side Park.

We hear about an insane bet between a pair of Cub fans and two Sox supporters. The two losers would play the part of horses and pull the two winners in a buggy up Milwaukee Avenue from North to Chicago Avenues and back again. If the Sox fans had lost they would pull the buggy wearing only white stockings on their feet, while the losing Cub fans would perform the chore in their "bare" feet. The Sox fans were now demanding payment! When the two sorry Cub fans arrived at the take-off point, they found the winners in a buggy decorated with white stockings and the entire route lined with torches and friends of the Sox fans. The losers complied with the deal

but on the return trip, with their feet aching with sores, figured it wasn't against the rules if they hitched a ride. So around Division Street they jumped on the back of a passing streetcar while still holding onto the buggy. A couple hundred feet later the fun ended when the buggy wheel caught in the cable slot, throwing the Sox fans to the brick pavement and pulling the Cub fans from the streetcar. All four gamblers suffered severe injuries.

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

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

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

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

AWARDS *(contd. from pg. 20.)*

TOP ROOKIE: Born John Theodore Pfiestenberger 28 years earlier, Jack Pfiester made a strong impact on the National League with his initial campaign. With the New York Giants picked as the favorites to win the pennant, Pfiester soon earned the nickname "Jack the Giant Killer" for his penchant for defeating the former World Champions. No other rookie came close to his accomplishments — 19-9 record, 1.56 ERA and ranking third in both fewest hits and most strikeouts per nine innings.

GOLD GLOVE TEAMS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1B — *JIGGS DONAHUE, Chicago White Sox
2B — *NAPOLEON LAJOIE, Cleveland Naps
SS — TERRY TURNER, Cleveland Naps
3B — *LEE TANNEHILL, Chicago White Sox
OF — *MARTY McINTYRE, Detroit Tigers
OF — *FIELDER JONES, Chicago White Sox
OF — CHICK STAHL, Boston Puritans
C — BILLY SULLIVAN, Chicago White Sox
P — ED WALSH, Chicago White Sox

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1B — FRED TENNEY, Boston Beaneaters
2B — MILLER HUGGINS, Cincinnati Reds
SS — *HONUS WAGNER, Pittsburgh Pirates
3B — ART DEVLIN, New York Giants
OF — *SHERRY MAGEE, Philadelphia Phillies
OF — BILLY MALONEY, Brooklyn Superbas
OF — JOHN TITUS, Philadelphia Phillies
C — *JOHNNY KLING, Chicago Cubs
P — *ELMER STRICKLETT, Brooklyn Superbas

* — Indicates member of Major League Gold Glove Team

COMISKEY *(contd. from pg. 31.)*

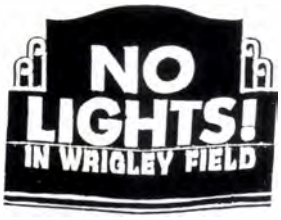
painted the park. The centerfield bullpen was eliminated, and for the first time in many years, Comiskey Park was even more spacious than what was originally intended. Veeck installed a drainage system in the outfield when flooding presented a major threat to the players.

After "Barnum Bill" departed for the second time, the tandem of Jerry Reinsdorf and Eddie Einhorn faced new dilemmas in maintaining the nation's oldest ballpark.

At first they committed themselves to an overhaul of the facility. A number of uncomfortable box seats were torn out, and a state-of-the-art Diamond Vision scoreboard replaced the fabled "Monster" in 1982. The old Bards Room, a favored watering hole for Comiskey cronies and sportswriters was boarded up, and relocated to an area in back of the upper deck box seats along first base. Supersuites that were rented to corporate clients seeking a lucrative, enjoyable tax shelter proved to be an immediate success, though the seating capacity of the park shrank by three thousand. Much of the beautification of the old stadium was done in anticipation of the 1983 All-Star Game, a centerpiece event that showcased not only the team, but the owners as well.

Even as Comiskey Park celebrated its 75th Diamond Anniversary in 1985, its future remained uncertain. A costly city amusement tax was one immediate problem. The upkeep of Comiskey Park was another. The pavillions under the stands were unsightly, some said, and structurally unsound. A marketing survey indicated that much of the long-time population base had migrated from the south side to Chicago's far western suburbs. Conceding the fact that the bulk of Chicago's North Shore fans were loyal to the Cubs, the Sox planners took a long look at suburban DuPage County as a future base of operations.

Jerry Reinsdorf's Balcor Corporation exercised their option on a piece of land in Addison, Illinois — a considerable distance from the Chicago commuter lines which Charles Comiskey believed to be his "lifeline."



Opposition views on the stadia issues.

As of this writing, the stadium controversy has intensified. Chicago would understandably like to re-locate the team in a multi-purpose facility south of the loop — which is a proposition the team is at best, lukewarm to.

What all this means to Comiskey Park is anybody's guess. Certainly the park has a rich legacy to baseball's past. It represents a long forgotten time, when baseball was a game played in summer's dull haze; free of network television, the Wave, and Howard Cosell.

Lazy afternoons at Comiskey Park. James T. Farrell, Ring Lardner, and the poet Jean Shephard found their inspiration in the distant grandstands of this venerable old park. Art is born of inspiration. And in this case, a down and out baseball team that sold out — playing in a ballpark thought to be too large, too cold, and in a neighborhood of broken down bungalows and factories.

Comiskey, we will miss you.

RALLY *(contd. from pg. 41.)*

With manager Phil Cavarretta taking Fondy's place at first base for the Cubs, 43-year-old Dutch Leonard mopped up the Reds in the last of the ninth to preserve the victory for Joe Hatten while Smith was tagged with the loss. Cub radio announcer Bert Wilson ("We don't care who wins as long as it's the Cubs!") went into ecstasy.

In scoring seven runs with two out in the ninth and nobody on base, the Cubs set a National League record which still stands. The major league mark is nine, shared by three American League clubs: Cleveland against Washington on May 23, 1901, Boston against Milwaukee on June 2, 1901, and Cleveland against New York on August 4, 1929. — Art Ahrens

FEDERALS *(contd. from pg. 45.)*

Rebels on May 15. "Miner" Brown was the third man on the staff, and his steadying influence helped keep the Whales in the thick of things as the season wound down.

Weeghman was criticized by the media when he staged "Eastland Sufferer's Day," following the dock side capsizing of the big steamer, which killed 900. In what must be viewed as a publicity stunt, Weeghman donated a disappointing $955.14 from the proceeds of a game with Buffalo. He had promised $10,000 but it rained.

By Labor Day, the Tinker-Fed Whales trailed Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Newark by four-and-a-half games. Attendance sagged, due in part to a series of weekend rainouts that cost Weeghman $83,000. In a vain effort to stimulate interest, he followed the example of other Federal League owners by cutting the price of a bleacher seat to a dime. Jitney Ball, the writers dubbed it. The Feds just called it hard times.

The Chicago sports fans found out about the Whales when it was too late. They fought gamely to secure a tie with the first place Rebels on October 2 by sweeping a doubleheader in Pittsburgh.

Schedule quirks worked to the Whales' advantage. The Federal teams played a disproportionate number of games, which left the St. Louis club out of options, and out of games while the Whales had a remaining doubleheader with Pittsburgh on their own grounds to decide things.

In a city where the "big choke" is a fact of life (at least in the sport of baseball), the Whales came through splendidly. The Whales won both games in the "gloamin"; certainly not an unusual occurrence in this ballpark. Thirty-four thousand fired up fans cheered the Whales to a 5-4 extra inning victory in the first game. Bill Bailey, a seldom used, little known, side-arm pitcher out of St. Louis, hurled the Whales to a championship in the nightcap.

The umpires were about to call the game in the sixth inning because of darkness when Max Flack stepped up to bat with a man on third in a scoreless tie. He punched Elmer Knetzer's best pitch to right center with the game winning hit. Two more runs came in before the inning was called. The Whales claimed the title by one percentage point over St. Louis.

Weeghman called for a three cornered World Series, but was denied by the National Commission. Charles Comiskey and President Murphy of the Cubs did not bother returning Weeghman's phone calls when the idea of a three-way City Series was proposed.

The Federal League died in the courts that winter, but Weeghman was placated by baseball. As a part of the peace agreement, he was allowed to purchase 90% of the Cub stock from Charles Taft. He sunk $500,000 more of his restaurant money into what became another losing proposition. For a time, he basked in the glow of publicity, which is what he wanted all along.

At the peak of his career, Weeghman built Wrigley Field, owned pro-teams, ran with the gamblers at Saratoga, and introduced the fast food restaurant. But his day in the sun was fleeting. After he sold his interests in the Cubs to William Wrigley and J. Ogden Armour, he drifted into relative obscurity. Beset by labor agitation and competition from the Thompson Restaurants, Weeghman's chain was thrown into a receivership on August 13, 1920. A few of his old baseball cronies financed his purchase of a Manhattan bar and grill, but that too failed. The sobering end came on November 2, 1938 at the Drake Hotel in Chicago. Forgotten at 64; a boy wonder no longer.

The Federal League was a glimpse at the distant future. The trails they blazed for players seeking relief from the reserve clause would be realized in 1976. The Whales were exciting and refreshing, but it is doubtful that they could have competed with the Cubs or Sox. Their legacy was a small one.

About our Contributors

Art Ahrens is claims examiner for the Railroad Retirement Board and author of four books which he wrote with Eddie Gold, *Golden Era Cubs*, *New Era Cubs*, *Day by Day in Cub History*, and *The Cubs . . . The Complete Record*. Less than two weeks following the close of our SABR Convention, on August 2nd, Art will take unto himself a bride, Susan Schneider. The best of good wishes from SABR, Susan and Art.

Dennis Bingham, a free lance cartoonist who has livened the pages of this edition with his delightful talent is an associate editor of *Baseball in Chicago*. He is the editor for the Chicago Police Department's publications section. He fits his job and his baseball interests in the spaces not occupied by his devotion to his wife, Diane, and son, Sean.

Eddie Gold is on the sports staff of the *Chicago Sun-Times* — a 35-year (to date) assignment. He has coauthored those four books mentioned in Art Ahrens' biog. Two other books written by Eddie are *Eddie Gold's Quiz Book* and *White Sox-Cubs Trivia Book*. Eddie remembers attending his first Cub game August 1, 1939. In that game Bill Nicholson hit **his** first major league home run. On the day Gold was born he "remembers" that Lon Warneke beat the Cardinals as Billy Jurges stole home.

Rich Lindberg is a scriptwriter/copywriter who has a hobby (?) of writing baseball stories. He is author of *Who's on Third?*, *The White Sox . . . A Complete Record*, *Chicago Ragtime — Another Look at Chicago 1880-1920*, and *Stuck on the Sox*. When not writing, he admires other good writing by devouring the works of Theodore Dreisser and James T. Farrell.

Jerry Malloy works for the Osco Drug Company and is a member of SABR's Negro League Committee. He has developed an interest in black baseball and the history of race relations in the game. He has written several articles on his favorite subject for the *Baseball Research Journal*.

Jim Peters, a journalist/city planning consultant, is also the editor of the newsletter of the Society for Commercial Archaelogy (roadside architecture). He writes for a variety of newspapers and magazines and served as associate editor of *Baseball in Chicago*; its overall appearance is his handiwork. His wife, Pat, tolerates his obsession with the Baltimore Orioles (maybe because he was born in that city).

Emil Rothe is a retired high school administrator (since 1970). He served as editor of *Baseball in Chicago*; any criticisms of it should be directed to him. He is the grandfather of nine and has two great-granddaughters. To this day he can recite the names of the men who played on the 1918 Chicago Cubs, the first major league club to capture his interest. That interest bloomed into a life-long love of the The Game.

Ray Schmidt is a systems manager who is a definitive authority on semi-pro baseball in Chicago. While that level of baseball may not interest everyone, for almost half a century the semi-pro teams in Chicago had large and enthusiastic followings. Those games the Logan Squares played with the two major league teams that contested the 1906 World Series were "played for keeps."

Jim Sours lives in Kansas but had much to do with the creation of *Baseball in Chicago*. Jim is an official of Ag Press, our printer, in Manhattan, Kansas. His patience and cooperation with the editorial staff in Chicago was of extreme help and his advice was priceless. Thanks, Jim.

Rich Topp is a computer programmer and is chairman of the Biographical Committee of SABR. Along with his wife, Barb, and Marge and Jon Daniels, these four tireless workers have devoted many months of time and labor tending to the many and varried details of staging a large national convention. Without them there would not be a Chicago SABR Convention.

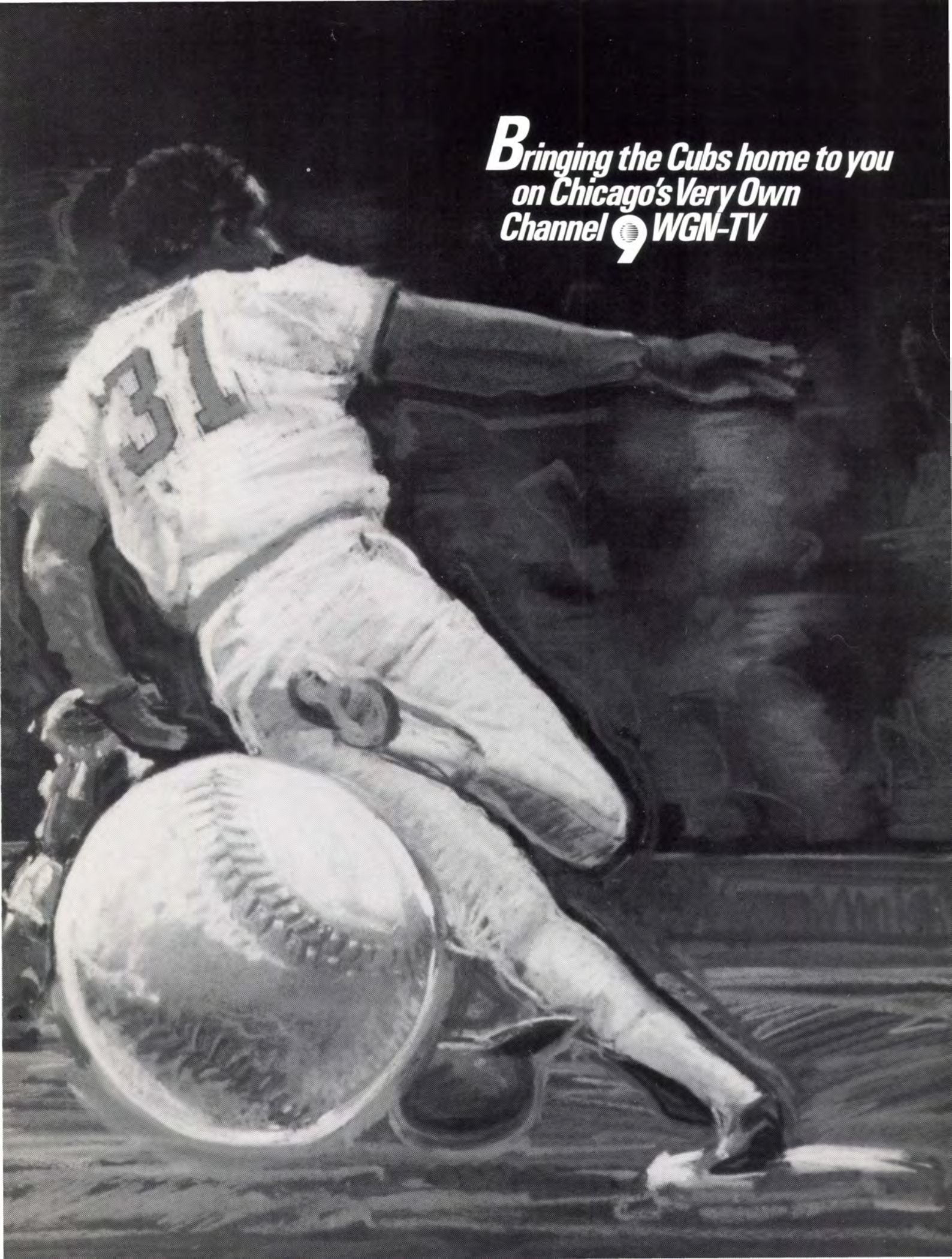
Finally, a special thank you to all those nebulous beings who assisted, in one way or another, those responsible for the material within these pages and those who assembled this souvenir of the 1986 SABR Convention in Chicago.

BASEBALL'S SAD LEXICON
by
Franklin P. Adams

These are the saddest of possible words:
"Tinker to Evers to Chance."
Trio of bear cubs and fleeter than birds,
Tinker to Evers to Chance
Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,
Making a Giant hit into a double —
Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble:
"Tinker to Evers to Chance."

BASEBALL'S SAD LEXICON: PART II
by
Dennis Bingham
(with apologies to Franklin P. Adams)

Second bananas, rarely top billing:
"Davis to Isbell to Jiggs"
Three others more famed — for the twin killing,
Davis to Isbell to Jiggs.
Never three legends with help of a ditty,
Largely forgotten and that's quite a pity,
Yet they're the true champs of our Windy City:
"Davis to Isbell to Jiggs."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