

The INSIDE GAME

The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

Volume 6, Number 2: "Let's get this lumpy, licorice-stained ball rolling!" May 2006

Chairman's Column: Where is *Deadball Stars of the American League?*

By David Jones
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I could fill this space with more of my whimsical reflections on baseball and the Deadball Era, but at this point, this is probably the only question most of you would like me to address. Therefore, I would like to update everyone on our progress.

Glenn LeDoux, Jim Charlton, Eric Enders, and myself have been hard at work for the past several months trying to bring everything together for this much-anticipated volume. Where do we now stand? All the text is now finished and laid out on the page; we have gathered up all the signatures we can find, and we have compiled the list of sources for the book. The only problem area has been the photographs, which are in many ways as important as the text itself. We had originally placed orders for photographs several months ago, but once we got to layout found that some of the ordered photographs were missing. These have now all been reordered, in addition to a few extra photographs that were needed once we saw the book laid out on the page. We are now compiling the remaining photographs and placing them on the page. Once this task is completed, we

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A Hot Time in Hot Springs: Report on Boiling Out III

By Richard Smiley
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The third edition of the Deadball Era Committee's biennial excursions to Hot Springs, held from March 24 to March 26, was a smashing success highlighted by fine weather, good camaraderie, a record turnout, and surprise guests. In total, seventeen SABR members from the Deadball Era Committee, the Spring Training Committee, and the local Robinson-Kell Chapter made it to at least part of the festivities ... by far the largest turnout at any of these events.

The conference informally began on Thursday evening in the lobby of the Arlington Hotel where a small group of us sat for drinks and conversation while calling over newly arrived guests wearing baseball hats to join in. Sure enough, the new arrivals always turned out to be attendees. Once we had accounted for all of the Thursday arrivals, we trooped over to a fine German restaurant and made plans for Boiling Out IV in 2008. That year, we hope to participate in Hot Springs' "World's Shortest St. Patrick Day Parade" by dressing as numerous Babe Ruths (Babe in the orphanage, Babe with Baltimore, Babe with Boston, etc.). A line of marching Babe Ruths would surely help promote our efforts to bring to light the history of Hot Springs as a spring training site. (Oh yeah, I forgot the mention the superb beer we had at the German restaurant ... but maybe you already guessed that!)

Bright and early on Friday morning, Madison McEntire and R.J. Lesch drove up to Little Rock where they were interviewed on the local CBS affiliate's morning show. They both did a fine job in promoting Boiling Out III and

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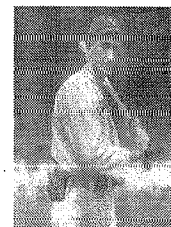
• *Baseball in St. Louis 1900-1925*, reviewed by Joan Thomas

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Barry Bonds



Joe Jackson

Madison got to plug his newly published book.

Upon their return, the conference formally began when Beth Worth (accompanied by Glenda Aldridge on piano) sang some of the popular tunes from the Deadball Era leading to a rousing rendition of "Take Me Out to The Ball Game." I kicked off the presentation portion by reading excerpts from *Chicago Tribune's* fine coverage of the Chicago Colts 1897 spring training experience in Hot Springs which highlighted the team's training routine. Terry Turner introduced us to a prime mover in Arkansas baseball history, Judge Williams Marmaduke Kavanaugh, who was the first President of the Arkansas Travelers and later the President of the Southern Association.

After a leisurely lunch break we returned to hear about Dave Anderson's extensive research into umpires of the early Deadball Era. In addition to collecting biographical information, Dave has catalogued the games called by each umpire. Dave gave us a unique insight into the life of a Deadball umpire. Fred Worth followed up with a visual show of some of grave sites he has had the opportunity to visit around the country with a particular emphasis on graves in Arkansas. He shared lively stories surrounding some of the visits to the markers.

In the late afternoon we ventured out into a pleasant sunny spring day to enjoy a tour of the old ballpark sites in Hot Springs. Local historian and baseball enthusiast Don Duren expertly led us to the sites where ballgames of yesteryear were held. We first dropped by the Whittington Park site, now a parking lot, where the Pittsburgh Pirates held their spring training for years and years. The site abuts the side of a mountain where crumbling remnants of the stone grandstand structure still remain. From Whittington Park, we crossed the street in the direction of the alligator farm and climbed up a small hill to enter Fogel Field. The site remains as an open field, but Don Duren shared his memories of playing high school football games on it. Built for the Phillies in 1912, Fogel Field hosted a number of Deadball Era clubs.

After leaving Fogel Field, we drove over to the grounds of the court house where we took in the sights and sounds of the courtyard—the location of which was once the

property of the Chicago White Stockings. This site was first used by the White Stockings upon their coming down to train in 1886 and is therefore the location of the first spring training conducted in Hot Springs.

Our tour finished with a trip to the Hot Springs Jaycee complex. Numerous diamonds still in use by many enthusiastic kids dot the landscape of the park; the featured diamond, Jaycee Park, still sports a full regiment of grandstands and bleachers. Jaycee Park was used by the Hot Springs Bathers minor league club in the 1940s. Among the little league diamonds is the location of what once was Majestic Park, where the powerhouse Boston Red Sox of the mid-teens did their training. Their spirit lives on with the boys and girls who currently use the space.

Upon our return to the Arlington, a book signing was held featuring the titles from the conference attendees. Dave Anderson brought with paperback copies of his book about the fantastic 1908 season: *More Than Merkle*. Madison McEntire signed his just published *Big League Trivia: Facts, Figures, Oddities, and Coincidences from Our National Pastime*. Terry Turner had copies of his Arcadia volume: *Baseball in Little Rock*. Don Duren presented *Boiling Out at the Springs*, a book containing detailed history and unique photos about spring training at Hot Springs. And hardcover copies of *Deadball Stars of the National League*, for which some of the attendees contributed bios, were also available. Quite an impressive collection!

The evening was capped off with groups of attendees partaking in the Arlington's fine seafood buffet and the commencement of the Deadball Dice Baseball tournament with six teams doing battle.

Those who made it to the Saturday morning presentations were provided with a special treat. Steve Krevisky's presentation on Lon Warneke ("The Arkansas Hummingbird") was attended by Lon's son and daughter! Mike Duggan can be credited for the siblings' appearance. Steve gave a great overview of Lon's career and showed that he was among the best pitchers in the National League in the 1930's. The offspring shared stories and impressions about their father and other ballplayers and baseball figures they had met and took numerous questions. Carl Larsen had the difficult task of following up the Warneke children, but he did so successfully with his humorous and heartfelt presentation "Four Forgotten White Elephants: Lave, Socks, Doc and Gettysburg Eddie," which highlighted the careers of Lave Cross, Socks Seybold, Doc Powers, and Eddie Plank.

After the presentations finished and Fred Worth handed out questions for trivia contest (eventually won by Rich Klein), the group split. Some of the attendees stayed around the hotel for rest and relaxation while a slightly larger number (myself included) went on a road trip to Arkadelphia to catch live baseball. Specifically, we drove to Ouachita Baptist University (OBU) to see the Tigers battle the Central Arkansas Bears in a doubleheader on Rab Rodgers Field in almost ideal weather. While working on Fred's trivia questions, we watched the two teams split the

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The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

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Fogel Field: This park was built for the Phillies in 1912 and was used by them and other clubs in that decade. This long distance group shot was taken from what would have been centerfield, looking toward the left-field corner (where the rest of the clan is gathered).

Photo courtesy of Richard Smiley.

Boiling Out III, continued from page 2.

doubleheader. A very questionable out call at home plate in Game 2 got us all out of our seats and yelling at the umpire ... fine preparation for the baseball season ahead!

Before returning to Hot Springs, we crossed the highway that splits OBU from Henderson State University to get a look at Henderson's "natural bleachers." Their baseball diamond is sunk into the bottom of a hill from which excellent overhead views of the whole field are easily obtained.

Upon returning to Hot Springs we congregated at the home of Mike Dugan where a fine barbeque was held. Lon Warneke's son dropped by to share some priceless photos with us from his dad's collection and Mike allowed us a peak at his ample collection of baseball books. As the evening came to a close, R. J. Lesch regaled us with the final presentation of the conference in Mike's living room. R. J. has looked into the question "When and where was the first spring training?" and made his pitch that it should be the Chicago White Stockings 1871 trip to New Orleans. The presentation initiated some lively conversation around the issue of what the standards should be to qualify as a spring training trip.

The whole event concluded back at the Arlington later that night with Madison McEntire defending his Dice Baseball title and everyone saying their goodbyes until 2008. ♦



Group Shot of the Boiling Out III attendees.

Photo courtesy of Richard Smiley.

*Ed Delahanty & The
Emerald Age of Baseball*
by Jerrold Casway

South Bend, IN: University of
Notre Dame Press, 2006 [ISBN:
0268022917] 369 pages, \$15.00,
paperback.

Reviewed by **Robert H. Schaefer**
Robert Schaefer
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In an era dominated by players
of Irish heritage, accurately styled as
the 'Emerald Age' by author Jerrold
Casway, Big Ed Delahanty was
arguably the most talented Son of
Erin. Casway provides the kind of
in-depth description of Delahanty's
ancestral heritage requisite for a
biography.

Delahanty's career in the big
leagues spanned from 1889 to 1903,
a period when baseball underwent
radical transformations. Changes
in the rules governing foul balls
began in 1894 when foul bunts were
declared strikes, and it culminated
in 1900 when all fouls were ruled
strikes. Then, in 1893, the shape of
the diamond was changed forever
by eliminating the pitcher's box,
increasing the pitching distance, and
adopting the pitcher's rubber. These
critical changes are carefully outlined
in the book, and the impact on
Delahanty's performance is noted.

The research performed
by Casway shines as he details
Delahanty's role in the baseball wars,
first in 1890 and again from 1901-
1903. As an emerging star in 1890,
Delahanty was vigorously recruited
by the Player's League franchise in
his hometown, the Cleveland Infants.
The tale of Delahanty's double-dealing
as he pitted the Phillies, to whom he
was legally bound, against the Infants,
alone is worth the price of admission.

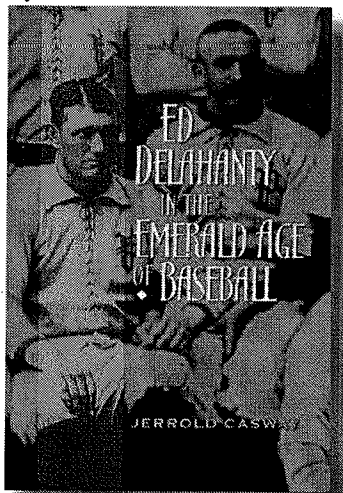
After re-joining the Phillies in
1891, Delahanty began carving out
a brilliant career on the diamond.
Famous as a hitter, Casway describes
Delahanty's batting style and his
preference in bats. The reader is given
a well-rounded portrait of a ballplayer
with clearly identified strengths as
well as the inevitable weaknesses. The
resulting understanding of Del leaves
no doubt as to why in the decade of

the 1890s he reigned as "the King of
Swatsville."

When Ban Jonhson's new
League struggled for parity with the
established National, Delahanty was
one of the top two or three position
players in baseball, and the demand
for his services was commensurate
with his brilliance. In 1902, Delahanty
jumped to the Washington Nationals,
but at the end of the season he
attempted to jump to McGraw's Giants
back in the old League. Until the
present time, the understanding of the
sequence of events from that initial
contact with McGraw until the tragedy
of July 2, 1903 has been muddled.
Now, Casway's meticulous research
provides clarification and removes all
doubt as to what transpired – what
Delahanty did and did not do – and
just as importantly, the motivation for
his behavior.

Delahanty's career – and life
– ended just after baseball crossed the
threshold to the Deadball Era. Since
the time of Delahanty's disappearance,
the attempts to explain his death have
ranged from the reasonable to the
bizarre. Carefully and with precision,
Casway presents newly uncovered
facts and builds a logical scenario that
is compelling. The fog of uncertainty
is removed with precision by a
professional historian in the role of a
detective.

While not strictly a Dead Ball Era
biography, *The Emerald Age of Base
Ball* is a fascinating story of a star of
the first water, a vivid description of
base ball in the 1890s, and a solid
introduction to the ground-breaking
structure of base ball in the new
century. ♦



*The American Indian
Integration of Baseball*, by
Jeffrey Powers-Beck

Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska
Press [0803237456] 2004. 267 pp.,
\$34.95, hardcover.

Reviewed by **Tom Swift**
swift@nickelcurves.com

I didn't read Jeffrey Powers-Beck's
*The American Indian Integration
of Baseball* casually. As a writer
working on a biography of a player
who is profiled in this seminal work,
I've found no other resource half as
valuable. So it's not difficult to sing the
book's praises.

The only challenge for a reviewer
is touching on all of the noteworthy
material. The word "exhaustive" is
often overused in commentary about
historical works, but it's difficult not to
use the adjective here. Powers-Beck
surveys the careers of more than 120
players of American Indian ancestry,
turning over innumerable stones on
what must have been a lengthy path of
research and understanding.

The book is constructed as a series
of essays. A professor of English and
assistant dean of graduate studies
at East Tennessee State University,
Powers-Beck profiles lesser-known
players such as Elijah Pinnance,
George Johnson, Louis Leroy, and
Moses Yellow Horse, as well as more
recognizable names, including Jim
Thorpe, Charles Albert Bender, and
John Tortes Meyers.

Using an extensive list of scholarly
sources and popular-press accounts,
the author provides historical
perspective and detailed information
on such topics as the Carlisle Indian
Industrial School team and the
Nebraska Indians barnstorming team.
There is also a list of every American
Indian player who reached the major
leagues between 1887 and 1945,
starting with James Madison Toy
(no, as Powers-Beck explains, Louis
Sockalexis was not the first American
Indian to play in the majors).

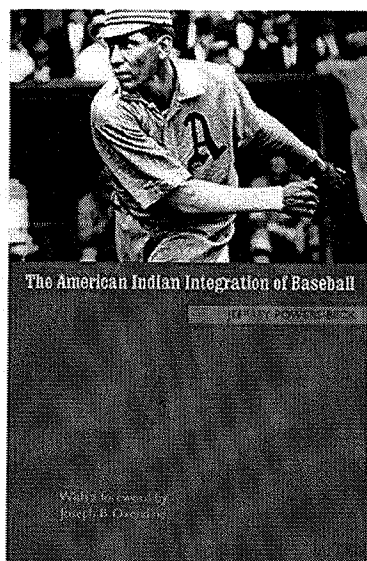
The book begins with a discussion
of the almost universal "Chief"
nickname and concludes with points

Continued on page 5.

about racist team nicknames still in use. In between, Powers-Beck shows how American Indians, in the 50 or so years prior to the African-American integration of baseball, battled discrimination. American Indian players, unlike African-American players, were allowed on the field, but they were expected to withstand a barrage of racial epithets as part of a day's work. The author authoritatively argues that baseball was "a crucible of both racial and cultural prejudices" against American Indians.

Objects of derision by sports writers who regularly pushed stereotypes, by fans who taunted them with war whoops and other vitriolic jeers, and by teammates who insulted them, American Indians faced a prejudice that too often has been unexamined by baseball historians. The book describes such experiences and amplifies contributions made by American Indians during the first half of the 20th century as they tried to find a place in the national game.

The American Indian Integration of Baseball won the Ritter Award as the best Deadball Era book of 2004. It was a curious choice, if only because much of the book is not specifically about the period. But this book is a work worthy of praise. Whether you are conducting research or merely after an education about a previously under-reported and important topic, you'll appreciate the breadth of the material as well as Powers-Beck's readable presentation of it. ♦



Ring Around the Bases: The Complete Baseball Stories of Ring Lardner.

Matthew J. Bruccoli, editor
Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1992, 2005.
[ISBN 1-57003-531-8] Softcover.
\$24.95

Reviewed by Jan Finkel
jfinkel@mindspring.com

On the surface, *Ring Around the Bases* is a grand slam home run. Ring Lardner writing and Matthew Bruccoli editing is the equivalent of Christy Mathewson pitching and Roger Bresnahan catching—a Hall of Fame battery, as it were. It is a treat to have all of Lardner's *baseball* fiction in one convenient, attractive place.

They're all here, the complete text of *You Know Me Al* plus the rest of bushier Jack Keefe's letters, "My Roomy," "Horseshoes," "Harmony," "Hurry Kane," and the wonderful "Alibi Ike." These pieces show Lardner doing what he does best, masterfully recreating American vernacular speech to portray a world inhabited by subliterate, inarticulate, deceitful, deluded people.

However, *Ring Around the Bases* also raises a number of questions.

First, one might ask why the book was published and whether it was even necessary. The book is, with one exception, an exact reissue of a book of the same title published by Scribners in 1992. The exception is the addition of "The Courtship of T. Dorgan," originally published in *The Saturday Evening Post* on September 6, 1919, but uncollected. Another of Jack Keefe's letters, published at the same general time as later Keefe pieces, is included as the last piece in the book, leaving the impression that it was tacked on as an afterthought or as justification for reissuing the book.

In addition, explanatory notes identifying little-known figures like, say, Nixey Callahan and Del Gainor, fictitious figures, or places would assist readers who are not conversant with baseball from 1910 to Lardner's death in 1933. At that—to borrow one of Jack Keefe's favorite phrases—even the knowledgeable reader might

appreciate such notes. Indeed, making George W. Hilton's edition of *The Annotated Baseball Stories of Ring W. Lardner: 1914-1919* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1995) so valuable is the set of explanatory notes, not to mention the photographs, illustrations, bibliography, and index.

Ironically, but as often happens, Lardner's genius for catching American vernacular turns out at times to be his weakness. In other words, he transcribed everyday speech so well, so accurately, that some of it has become archaic or obsolete. In several stories, for example, the ever bellicose Jack Keefe claims he was about to knock someone "for a goole" (as opposed to busting "him one in the jaw"). According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "goole" is an archaic term for "goal"; a note to that effect would have been useful.

Finally, Lardner occasionally lost control of the strongest aspect of his style. In the epistolary stories in the collection titled *Lose With a Smile*, he lays the vernacular on so heavily-handedly that Danny's letters to Jessie become almost unreadable.

Regardless, there's still much to like in *Ring Around the Bases*.

When Lardner was good, he was very good indeed. *You Know Me Al* is first-rate all the way. "Alibi Ike" is a masterpiece, and "Hurry Kane," "Harmony," "Horseshoes," and "My Roomy" aren't far behind. Particularly serendipitous are the inclusions of "The Cost of Baseball," foreshadowing a world ruled by George Steinbrenner, and the brief pieces grouped under the rubric of "The 1919 World Series," about which Lardner knew or surmised a great deal more than he could talk about at the time. Finally, Ring Lardner Jr.'s Foreword and Matthew Bruccoli's Introduction are informative and perceptive.

This book will delight the baseball enthusiast who wants to delve into the writing of one of the master writers of the game. For all of its obvious value, however, the collection will disappoint readers seeking Lardner's best *fiction*. Except for "Alibi Ike," Lardner's nearly great stories ("Some Like Them Cold," "Champion," "The

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Chairman's Column, continued from page 1.

will be able to fit everything correctly on the page, and then we will be done. Stay tuned over the next month, as I will be contacting the authors once their bios are ready to preview.

In separate but related news, I will be leaving for Namibia, which if you aren't a geography expert, is an African country located just north of South Africa on the western side of the horn of the continent. I leave on May 14 and will return on June 10. During my time overseas I will be continuing to work on Deadball Stars through the magic of wifi Internet access. My trip to Namibia has been in the works for several months, and is part of my decision to pursue my doctorate in African history. The purpose of this month-long trip is to give me a feel for the country, in anticipation for when I move there to write my dissertation. Probably in 2008, two years from now, I will be moving there to live for one to two years, minimum.

For this reason, I have decided to make 2006-2007 my last year as chair of this committee. Once Deadball Stars of the American League has been published, this committee will need to make important decisions about its future. I expect to be part of that conversation, but I also think that the committee will benefit from the infusion of new blood in its leadership.

I have greatly enjoyed my first two years as chair and am looking forward to my last. I'd like to especially thank all of you who have contributed to Deadball Stars of the American League. I believe the finished product will be something of which we can all be proud.

Have an enjoyable summer! ♦

Ring Lardner, continued from page 5.

Golden Honeymoon," and the amazing "Haircut") along with a handful of excellent ones are not included.

Lardner's best stories can stand with those of his almost exact contemporaries Joyce, Lawrence, and Katherine Anne Porter or the next half-generation made up of Fitzgerald, Faulkner, and Hemingway. To find the best Lardner, one has to get hold of his two major collections, *How to Write Short Stories* (1924) or *Round Up* (1929). ♦



Baseball in St. Louis 1900-1925, by Steve Steinberg.

Mount Pleasant, SC: Arcadia Publishing [ISBN: 0738533017], 2004. \$19.99. 128 pages, paperback.

Reviewed by **Joan M. Thomas**
Jth8751400@AOL.COM

Journeying back to early twentieth century St. Louis, a time traveler could easily understand how the city gained wide recognition as a baseball town. An enthusiastic historian of the sport, Steve Steinberg acts as the reader's tour guide through that place and time with his well-researched book, *Baseball in St. Louis 1900*

- 1925. Aided by a bounty of rare images, he highlights the individuals and circumstances that influenced the evolution of the game in St. Louis, as well as in the other cities that maintained major league status into the twenty-first century.

The book's chronological account covers the era of the dead ball and transitions to the onset of that of the lively ball. Players, both those destined for Cooperstown and ones who are lesser-known but colorful or significant in some way, come to life in the book. Additionally, managers, owners, coaches and others are described in relation to their involvement in the Mound City's big league clubs and ballparks of the times. It serves as a retrospective on the one club that remains there today. Steinberg then closes the adventure with well-done profiles of notable media persons, such as the late J. G. Taylor Spink, who became editor and publisher of *The Sporting News*.

Through terrific photos (some never-before published) of players and other baseball persons as well as absorbing factual and anecdotal stories of their St. Louis baseball participation, one gets a real feel for the period. Meeting such characters as Arthur "Bugs" Raymond, a Cardinal spitball pitcher in 1908 [of whom it was said: "He seldom finished anything but a drink"] interjects a human, as well as humorous, reality check. Further, the writer emphasizes the career paths of a number of Hall of Famers who played for or managed a St. Louis club. For instance, Steinberg profiles two young men who came to the American League Browns and the National League Cardinals, respectively, during the Federal League days: George Sisler and Rogers Hornsby. The author also explores that amazing time when St. Louis supported the Federal League Terriers as well as the two other clubs in town, each with its own ballpark.

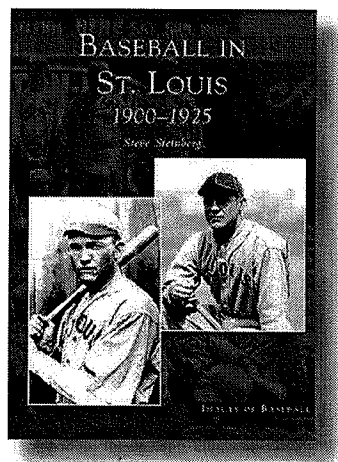
In addition to learning about the many personalities and talents, one becomes familiar with Robison Field, where the Cardinals played until 1920. It becomes clear how

Continued on page 7.

Baseball in St. Louis, continued from page 6.

that team subsequently came to share old Sportsman's Park with the Browns, as well as how the rise and fall of the Federal League impacted both clubs. Significantly, the author explains why we now call St. Louis a National League town rather than an American League town. Rounding out his treatment, he covers the Negro National League Stars, who also had a park of their own built during the last part of that quarter century.

Throughout the book, one becomes acquainted with meaningful historical information. One salient example is the account of Branch Rickey's influence on the Cards' acquisition of Hall of Famer Jesse Haines. It is this kind of detail that will not only intrigue knowledgeable baseball fans, but will incite the interest of those who simply find it fun. In essence, this portrayal of baseball from 1900 to 1925 in a town where baseball continues to be a big part of its culture will serve as a fundamental component to even a rudimentary baseball library. ♦



Tris Speaker: The Rough-and-Tumble Life of a Baseball Legend

By Timothy M. Gay

Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press
[ISBN: 0-8032-2206-8] \$27.95. 318 pages, hardcover.

Reviewed by **Steve Constantelos**
sbconstant@hotmail.com

Tris Speaker is one of the few super-greats of the diamond who remains in the shadows. We don't have the countless anecdotes from everyone who ever met him as we do for Babe Ruth, nor the oft-jarring words and actions of Ty Cobb to fashion a biography from. Gay gathers many scraps of Speaker's legacy and weaves them into a book that covers Speaker's life in more or less detail.

This book is well-written, but not always particularly riveting. Excellent passages include Gay's portrait of the friendship between his subject and the singing, future trainer Lefty Weisman, who was Jewish. Indeed, Gay is good at pointing out where Speaker rose above his early prejudices. Also interesting are Spoke's various and variously successful retirement pursuits, such as an indoor baseball league, alcohol distribution, coaching, and—news to me!—broadcasting.

There are many passages where Gay captures the spirit of the Gray Eagle as he describes a moment of Speaker in action. These are effective because they are done selectively; this book is anything but prone to monotonous game by game summaries. In fact, this is perhaps taken to extremes. There were some oddly missing facts, like Bagby's home run in the 1920 Series (the first ever by a pitcher in the Series). Elmer Smith's slam and Wamby's triple play are there, but no Bagby home run. In a Series described as—ludicrously, even to this Tribe fan—"one of the wildest, wooliest, and ultimately, one of the most satisfying World Series in history," any omitted oddity seems, well, odd. The section on Spoke's time with the Senators and A's is too spare to begin with, why not even mention that fellow-oldie Eddie Collins was also present with Cobb and Speaker in 1928?

The lengthy non-Spoke diversions about Boston (54-65), Joe Wood vs. Walter Johnson (102-6), and gambling (232-8), were sometimes interesting, but coupled with the lack of detail in other areas left me with a feeling of incompleteness. Couldn't more have been told about Speaker's pioneering platoon system? What about Ed Bang's possible role in the acquisition

of Speaker, detailed in Franklin A. Lewis's "The Cleveland Indians"?

Gay hits his stride in describing the atmosphere of gambling, booze, violence, and religious/ethnic/racial prejudice that swamped the era—he seems to relish portraying owners as tightwads to the nth degree, Cy Young as a tippler who may have thrown a World Series game, and jocularly suggests that Hal Chase threw exhibition games on a western barnstorming tour.

The chapter on Leonard v. Speaker-Wood-Cobb details the machinations of Landis, Ban Johnson, and the other protagonists, even though, as Gay warns us, few indisputable facts are known (227). Still, one wonders why Gay does not more closely consider points raised by Bill James (in his *Guide to Baseball Managers*) on the scandal, which James finds to be almost wholly trumped up, certainly as it concerns Spoke. Why was Speaker allowed to manage in the minors when Landis claimed the standards for both are the same? Was it truly Landis always mucking up Spoke's rumored attempts to manage? Gay foreshadows the scandal earlier in the text, portraying it as fact (185-6). I'm not an expert on the subject, but that seems like overdramatizing speculation to me.

Some mistakes were strange to find in a university press publication. Muddy Ruel is called the "umpire" in the Chapman game (196). Cleveland was the Forest City long before the Deadball Era (see their National Association club nickname) (166). Freddie Schupp? (153). The Chicago Wales?! (141). That last one was a momentary geographic mindbender.

I was a bit saddened by the limited photos allotted for this book. There is but one action photo of our hero, and only a tiny shot of "The Golden Outfield" of Spoke, Lewis, and Hooper. There's no trace of the comical photo of Wood and Speaker where they appear twice in the same image (101). I would love to see the picture of Spoke holding up two bar mitzvah cakes, myself (267).

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Letter to the Editor and Reviewer's Response

Subject: August 2005 Inside Game
Charles,

I'm just getting around to reading this, and noted that Mark Dugo, in his review of the Joe Jackson biography, twice erroneously states that Barry Bonds admitted using steroids. Perhaps he is misinterpreting Bonds' alleged grand jury testimony; in any case, Bonds has never publicly stated that he used steroids.

In regards to transactions research, you may want to make your readers aware that there is a group engaged in this already, and all are welcome to join our Yahoo E-group, BBTransactions, and participate.

Sincerely,

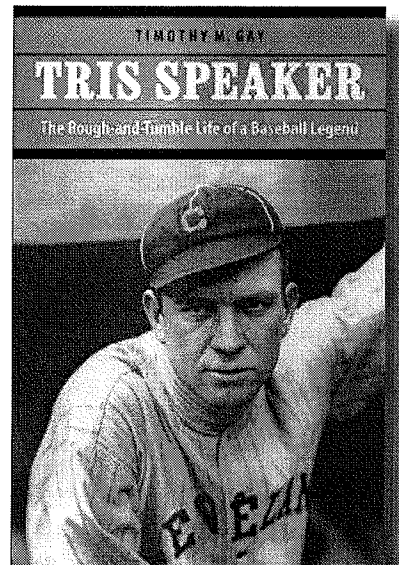
Cliff Blau

Mark Dugo responds:

I'll simply state that Rafael Palmiero never admitted it either until he was caught.

Speaker, continued from page 7.

After finishing this book, I was left feeling that the definitive bio of Spoke had yet to be written. It's difficult to write a book on a legend whose legacy on paper does not match those of other super-greats, but I also believe that there are more details that could have been related/unearthed about the great Gray Eagle. Gay's is a good book, pulling together most of the strands of a life heretofore covered piecemeal. I would recommend this book for that accomplishment, but if you happen to know a lot about Speaker from other books (Elfers, Sowell, or Zingg), it may not be necessary to pick this one up. ♦



Steve Krevisky, with Lon Warneke's son and daughter. Steve gave a presentation on the "Arkansas Hummingbird," and Mike Dugan secured the children as surprise guests. From Boiling Out III.

Photo courtesy of Richard Smiley.