

The INSIDE GAME

The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

VOL. 9, NO. 3: "LET'S GET THIS LUMPY, LICORICE-STAINED BALL ROLLING!" SEPT 2009

A TRIBUTE TO GENE CARNEY

By **Susan Dellinger**
drsusandell@verizon.net

Editor's Note: Gene Carney was one of the most beloved of members of the Deadball Era Committee. Gene died unexpectedly on July 5th. The following tribute by Susan Dellinger was initially written for Gene's 1919 Black Sox Yahoo Group. Susan kindly gave me permission to reprint her submission to that listserv.

I wish I had the words to really articulate what Gene Carney meant to me in my life. I am quite sure that *Red Legs and Black Sox*, the story of my grandfather, Edd Roush, would never have been completed without the help of Gene Carney.

I would not be an active member of SABR were it not for Gene Carney. I would not belong to this listserv were it not for Gene Carney. I would not continue to be obsessed with the Black Sox moment of history were it not for Gene Carney. I suspect that I would not be as gracious with my limited knowledge and time with other baseball nuts if it were not for Gene Carney.

At the very beginning (2003?), I remember being shocked that

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DEADBALL RECAP OF SABR

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

Visiting Washington, DC in mid-summer is always a trip. First of all, it is hot. I believe Congress should meet between August 1 and 31, with no special sessions, but that is another story.

I tried to get a cab to get to the ball park tour on the first day and the cabbie wanted to take me, and then changed his mind and told me to leave because he had another customer. My God, I have never had that happened to me; I guess I was racially profiled (I am Swedish-Belgian-American).

I went to four presentations: "The Baseball Philosophy of Charles Comiskey," "Creating Monopolies and Fostering Segregation in Ballpark Construction," "The Green and the Blue," and "Babe Ruth vs. Walter Johnson."

I liked the baseball mind of Charles Comiskey because it made sense. Comiskey's philosophy was simple according to Chris Jaffe. Get good

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**Connie Mack,
Catcher, Washington**

BLACK SOX SCANDAL COMMITTEE—COME ON DOWN!

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

For the past couple of years, I've been asked to write a column for *The Inside Game*, taking a look at the recent national SABR convention through the eyes of a Deadball fan. And in the past, I was happy to report that more oral presentations, more new books being released, and a lot more of the after-hours "bar talk," centered around the game and the players that graced the diamonds during the early part of the twentieth century than ever before.

But thinking back on last month's SABR 39, I had to be honest: there wasn't a great increase in the attention paid to our era in Washington this year, than in years past. Oh, sure, there were presentations covering Deadball Silent Films and the history of Walter Johnson vs. Babe Ruth, but there was more attention paid than usual on baseball as it was in the '50's and '60's—and well there should have been, with the Senators and Orioles both representing the local area during this period. (The Frank Howard-Rick Dempsey-George Michael Panel could have gone on for the whole four days with no complaints from this corner.)

To me, though, the time slot I was most looking forward to was the inaugural meeting of the Black Sox Scandal Committee, a group envisioned, planned, and conceived, by the great Gene Carney. And I'll admit, I had a special interest in the group, having signed on as a charter member; when Gene tragically passed away in July, it was left to Rick Huhn and myself to chair this first meeting and to make sure it at least got off the ground—anything less would not have been fair to Gene's memory.

Fortunately, despite the harrowing start time

(9 AM on Friday), the first-ever meeting of the Black Sox committee saw an encouraging turnout. And, as can be expected when any two or more SABR members get together, there was an ample amount of differing opinions, ranging from the number of sub-groups that should be formed, to possible ways to rename the committee as a tribute Gene. (Is "The Gene Carney Black Sox Scandal Committee" really a good legacy? Interesting question...) Ultimately, however, the enthusiasm of the gathering gave a strong signal that this committee can work and with the number of members growing, even since last month, there is much optimism that we can remember Gene in the finest way possible: with a large, productive group, dedicated to the moment in history that Gene Carney believed was baseball's signature event.

OK, so not to sound like a recruitment ad, but we DO need YOU!! The Black Sox Scandal really was the last big event of the Deadball Era, so the interest among DEC members should be high. At the moment, the committee is broken down into "areas of interest," from the reporters involved in the story, to the gamblers who haunted it. And there have already been ideas discussed to expand to more sub-groups: should we research and discuss subsequent scandals? How about steroids? Should we include other alleged occurrences of gambling on the game? The bigger the group becomes, the more varied the ideas.

So, if you have or have ever had, an interest in this fascinating chapter of baseball history, now's the time to let us know. We're extremely excited over the prospects of this committee, but we can't do it alone. To join, to volunteer your research skills, or to contribute to the already impressive newsletter (thanks to Jacob Pomrenke's hard work), feel free to get in touch with us. The hope is, by next year in Atlanta, the second annual meeting of the Black Sox Scandal Committee will enjoy as big a gathering as any of the other groups.

No matter WHAT time it's scheduled! ♦



The INSIDE GAME

The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

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CHARLEY FAUST HONORED WITH MEMORIAL

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

After reading Gabriel Schechter's book, *Victory Faust: The Rube Who Saved McGraw's Giants*, I became inspired to add Charley Faust to my series of monuments and plaques honoring the Deadball Era's players and teams. It was obvious that Charley's hometown of Marion, Kansas, would be the perfect location, the place where the intriguing story of Mr. Faust began.

After contacting the City of Marion, and getting their support and approval, the next step was to fund the memorial. I decided to start with SABR's Deadball Era Committee for support. Seven members from the group contributed, and we were set for a plaque for Mr. Faust.

On a warm August day, my much-loved wife Lynne and I delivered the plaque to Marion. We felt very welcome, and were very impressed with the folks in Marion. Our first stop was at the Marion Baseball Complex. This is where the plaque was eventually installed into a beautiful brick foundation, provided by Reuben Zerger.

Thanks to Gabriel's guidance I was able to find the family farm house. The Marion Street Department Supervisor Marty Frederickson was able to guide me right to the Faust family plot at the cemetery. Along with his parents, sister and brothers, Charlie has a small marker in the family plot, which states that he is buried at Ft. Steilacoom in the State of Washington.

We then visited the Marion Historical Museum, and again meeting a nice group of people, one adding a twist to the Faust story. It has always been believed that a fortune teller encouraged Charley Faust to join the New York Giants. However an elderly gentleman at the museum had a different story. He stated that a family member of his, along with friends, pooled their money together and gave it to Charley and told him to go join the Giant's. If it was a fortuneteller, or a group of residents that guided Charley to the Giant's, it does not change the outcome of the Faust story.

Though Charley only pitched two innings for the Giant's his heartwarming story represents how America in general was during the Deadball Era. His story will simply never again be repeated.

Marty Frederickson of Marion has agreed with me, that it would be a good idea to name one of the baseball fields at the Marion Baseball Complex, after Charley Faust. He is working on this, and expects to have this mission completed in 2009.

Giving Gabriel Schechter the honors to compose

the inscription, it reads:

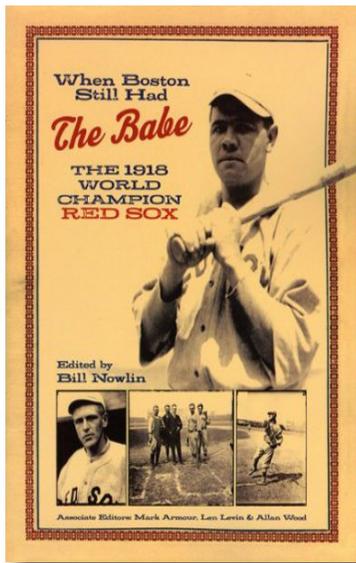
"This memorial is dedicated to the life of Charles V. Faust. Born in Marion, KS, Oct. * 1880. Charley was the first of six children of John and Eva Faust. Raised on the family farm, Charley became convinced in 1911 that he was destined to pitch the New York giants to the championship. He joined them and became their good-luck charm and mascot as they won almost every game, inspired to the National League pennant by his cheerful enthusiasm and dedication. He made his Major League pitching debut on Sept. 7, 1911. He pitched one inning that day and another inning on Sept. 12, 1911, allowing only one run. He returned to the Giants for part of 1912, helping them to an amazing 54-11 start and second straight pennant. His perseverance in reaching the record books has inspired baseball fans and historians ever since. Donated in 2007 by David J. Stalker, Archie Monuments, Gabriel Schechter, Eric Sallee, Paul Esacove, Dan Ginsburg, R.J. Lesch and Tom Simon."

Charley joined the following in this series, Fred Merkle, Davy Jones, Billy Sullivan, Addie Joss, Red Kleinow and Bob Groom, with more to follow, such as Bill Killefer, Wade Killefer, Bert "Pete" Husting and the 1901 Milwaukee Brewers.

If anyone has that special Deadball player or team that you would like to add to this historical series, please contact me for consideration and consider joining the many that have supported my efforts, and continue to help this series grow throughout our country. ♦



Memorial for Charley Faust



WHEN BOSTON STILL HAD THE BABE

Edited by **Bill Nowlin**

2008. Boston: Rounder Books [ISBN: 978-1579401597. 288 pages. \$18.95, soft cover.]

Reviewed by Bob Sawyer
(baseballnut750@hotmail.com)

The big story of the 1918 season was that no one knew when the final week would come. Baseball had been officially declared “inessential to the war effort,” which meant that players through age 30 were facing forced employment either as soldiers or factory workers. *When Boston Still Had the Babe: The 1918 World Champion Red Sox* (edited by Bill Nowlin) describes the season from the standpoint of the fans, players, and management.

Even though four Red Sox saw Major league action only in 1918, Babe Ruth, in his fifth season ranked at the bottom of the roster in terms of professional experience. This gave Boston a crucial advantage as younger players such as Happy Felsch, Joe Jackson, and Eddie Collins were enlisting, being drafted, or taking jobs with war-essential industries throughout the season. Boston suffered the bulk of its war-related

losses before the season began and a multiplayer trade with the cash-strapped Athletics had filled the most critical gaps other than Leftfield.

The Red Sox had essentially the same winning percentage in 1918 as in 1916 and 1917. In all three seasons the Red Sox forte was pitching and defense. Despite three starting pitchers hitting .276 or better in 1918 the team had only a .249 team average, 6th in the AL. They scored above average in runs solely because Ruth’s slugging boosted them to near the top in extra base hits. What truly carried the team to the top was a staff that hurled a remarkable 25 shutouts before the regular season prematurely ended on September first.

The move of Ruth to the outfield has been hailed as one of the great managerial decisions of all time, but the biographies and the game-by-game account of the season reveal that the original plan was for him to remain in the starting rotation as well. Ruth didn’t want to do this, and the controversy was only settled with his sale to the Yankees after the 1919 season. When the World Series came, Ruth was again used primarily as a pitcher, and the Red Sox scored only 9 runs in the six games.

The majority of *When Boston Still Had the Babe* is a series of personal biographies. For instance, Eusebio Gonzalez, the first Cuban player for the Red Sox, is given seven complete pages and Bill Nowlin laments that we know nothing of his post-baseball life except that by 1974 he had returned to Havana.

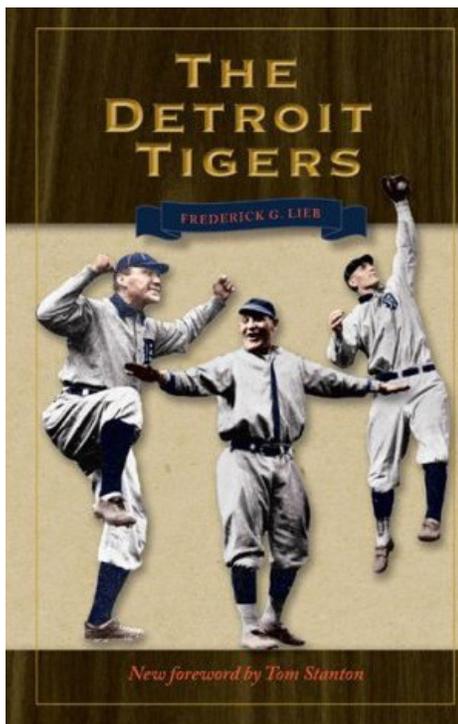
Readers learn that Walt Kinney and Vince Molyeneux were the Red Sox principle relievers. In 1919 Molyeneux threw a wild pitch that missed the plate by so much he was yanked in the middle of the

count, never to pitch professionally again. Kinney, on the other hand, was still pitching professionally in 1932, but had to take two-years off when Judge Landis banished him for contract violations.

Jean Dubuc was a pitcher/pinch hitter. The Bill James Historical Baseball Abstract lists him as banned from baseball, but actually Dubuc dropped down to the minors after leaving the USA for a year. As a scout, he helped discover Hank Greenberg. It is tidbits such as this that make *When Boston Still Had the Babe* a treasure house of knowledge about the place and time, while the artists sketches scattered throughout the pages make it a delight to read.

The one issue the book does not settle is the reason for the sale of Babe Ruth. Allan Wood’s article on Babe Ruth implies that Ruth was dumped as much for disciplinary reasons as for economic reasons. Dan Levitt’s account of Edward Barrows’ life blames Frazee’s debts. Glenn Stout’s discussion of the life of Owner Harry Frazee questions whether those debts would have troubled a man with Frazee’s income from his theatre ventures. Those who want the full story will have to read “History versus Harry Frazee” in *The Baseball Research Journal*, Volume 37.

One thing that *When Boston Still Had the Babe* does make clear is that the Yankee owners were able to employ Frazee’s cash-strapped Red Sox as a quasi-farm team. Carl Mays, Babe Ruth, Everett Scott, Wally Schang, Sam Jones, and Joe Bush were all regulars on the 1923 World Champion Yankees. Meanwhile Frazee sold the Red Sox, bought two theatres and launched “No, No, Nanette.” The fictional fans in the movie “Fever Pitch” have compressed the time frame, but they do have the basic facts right. Frazee sold them out. ♦



THE DETROIT TIGERS

By Frederick G. Lieb

2008. Kent, OH: Kent State University Press [ISBN: 978-0-87338-958-7. 312 pages, \$18.00, softcover.]

Reviewed by **David L Fleitz**
(dlfleitz@wcnnet.org)

When the American League became a major circuit in 1901, the Detroit entry was considered one of its weaker members. Detroit was the least populous city in the league (before the auto industry spurred tremendous growth), and the team's survival in its early days was by no means certain. Despite all this, the Tigers became one of baseball's most stable franchises, successful on the field and at the box office. The Tigers won seven pennants during its first 45 seasons, more than any other American League team save for the Yankees and Athletics. The club lost its first four World Series appearances, including a memorably riotous 1934 matchup against the St. Louis Cardinals, before finally winning the title in 1935 in a close contest with the

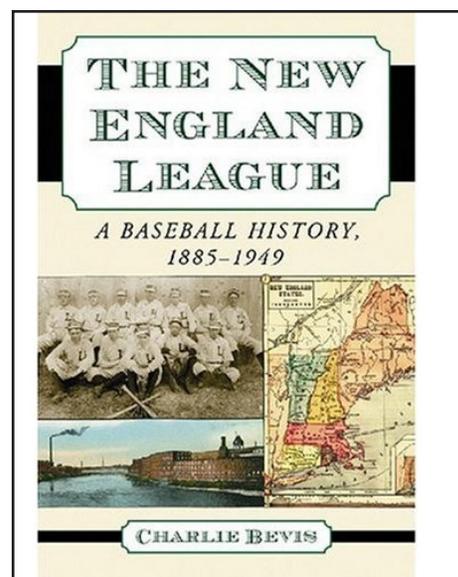
Chicago Cubs.

Win or lose, the Tigers were always entertaining, with a colorful cast of characters that included the buoyant manager Hugh "Ee-Yah" Jennings, the fiercely defiant batting champion Ty Cobb, and sluggers such as Harry Heilmann, Hank Greenberg, and Rudy York, to name but a few. Cobb, whose glowering presence dominated the Detroit franchise for 22 years, was perhaps the most complicated superstar in the game's history. Still, Cobb was but one of the many players, managers, and owners who made the Tigers one of the game's most interesting clubs, and when G. P. Putnam and Sons decided to produce its series of team histories during the mid-1940s, the Detroit story was one of the first it commissioned.

Veteran baseball writer Fred Lieb successfully mines this rich lode of material and takes the reader on an entertaining ride through seven decades of Detroit baseball. He begins with the National League Wolverines, world champs of 1887, and continues with George Stallings and the Western League Tigers of the 1890s, setting the stage for Detroit's emergence in the American League at the beginning of the 20th century. Lieb, who wrote six other team histories for Putnam, knew all the major figures on the Detroit sports scene, and his descriptions of players and owners came from decades of personal experience. Some of his references are a bit old-fashioned (I'm sure no one has referred to the team as the "Felines" or "Jungleers" for decades) and less than politically correct (outfielder Al Simmons is "the big Polack") but Lieb's extensive quotes from the participants themselves shed valuable light on Tiger history, on the field and in the front office.

Lieb updated his narrative in

a second edition that appeared in 1950, after which the club began a steep decline. By 1952 the Tigers had fallen to last place, no small feat in a league with the anemic St. Louis Browns and Philadelphia Athletics. Not until 1968 would the Tigers finish first again; indeed, since 1945 the club has won only three pennants and two World Series titles. Lieb's book chronicles the first, and most successful, era of Detroit baseball, and makes for interesting reading for any fan of baseball in general and the Tigers in particular. ♦



THE NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE: A BASEBALL HISTORY 1885-1949

By Charlie Bevis

2007 Jefferson, NC: McFarland and Co. [ISBN: 978-0786431595. 317 pages. \$29.95, soft cover.] www.mcfarlandpub.com; 1-800-253-2187.

Reviewed by **Irv Goldfarb**
(Irvin.J.Goldfarb@abc.com)

If insanity can be described as doing the same thing over and over again hoping the outcome will be different, then we can surmise

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New England League, continued from page 5.

that the various men in charge of the New England League were undeniably crazy. The star-crossed circuit underwent six different revivals over 65 seasons and rarely enjoyed success during any of them.

The New England League: A Baseball History, 1885-1949 by respected baseball historian Charlie Bevis, is another in a line of books that focuses tightly on a specialized slice of baseball history. Sometimes these volumes open new worlds of information, detailing hidden corners of the game we previously knew nothing about; other times, they delve into segments of history that might have been better off left alone or at least kept to an article in SABR's Research Journal. In the case of this book, unfortunately, I would vote for the latter.

The early chapters of *The New England League* read more like a textbook, in which we are reminded *numerous* times that large parts of the region depended largely on the manufacture of "...shoes and textiles..." for their existence. I didn't actually count the number of times shoes and textiles were mentioned, but it was clearly in the double digits. This, of course, reminded me of grammar school geography books, which often spoke of the importance of textiles to various states. Honestly, it wasn't until my adult years that I really knew what a 'textile' was and I'm still not that sure, to tell the truth.

My point here? A little more description of the game as it was played on the fields of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island at the turn of the 20th century, and a little less industrial history of the area would have been preferable as this book's

foundation. I blame this more on the editing than on the writing, but more on that later.

Basically, there are two major storylines that this volume turns on: the quest of the NEL to be allowed to play Sunday ball, and later efforts to profit from night games. The first problem was the thorniest due mostly to the fact that puritan New England and Massachusetts in particular, would not allow the staging of professional sporting events on the Sabbath. What made things even more frustrating for the league's magnates, was that the small town of Rocky Point, Rhode Island had been playing Sunday ball since 1889. Though the teams of the NEL occasionally utilized the Rocky Point grounds during its early years, the widespread lack of Sunday baseball, along with a myriad of financial failures, caused teams to fold and re-locate at an alarmingly regular rate. The League stubbornly insisted that Sunday games would be the cure-all, until Massachusetts, home to many of its teams, finally passed the law they were waiting for in November of 1928.

Unfortunately, Boston's two major league outfits were *also* granted the right to play on Sundays and this badly cut into the area's minor league attendance. The advent of the Great Depression didn't help matters either and by June of 1930, the NEL folded. (The official attendance of a June 20th game in Lynn, Massachusetts, was listed as 56 people.)

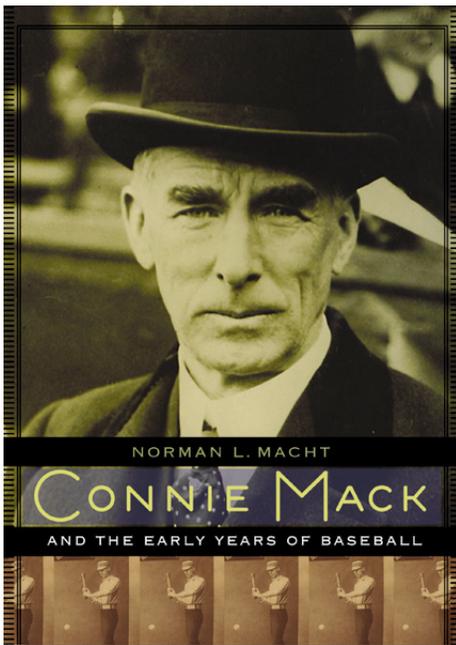
Amazingly, the New England League opened its doors again in 1933 and actually seemed to enjoy some of its more successful seasons at the tail end of the Depression. However, league owners complained they could not compete for the baseball dollar without being able to play night games and teams began to fold,

re-locate and re-form once again, depending on which teams had access to dependable lights. A modicum of success did indeed follow during the early forties, when, along with night baseball, teams began to hire professional players to spruce up their rosters, turning the NEL into a semi-pro circuit during this period. More importantly, the league seems to have peaked both in popularity and in historical significance in 1946, when Branch Rickey decided to utilize the Nashua, New Hampshire, franchise to develop two of his more promising and unique prospects: Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella. The out-of-the-way location successfully kept these black stars far away from Jackie Robinson's Montreal glare and provides this book with its most captivating chapter.

But on the whole, the history of this league is rife with multiple failures, lost investments, and poor attendance, and it's amazing that backers and entrepreneurs continued to try and make it a success. Though much can be said for their tenacity, not a lot can be made of their business sense and this book, though prideful of the league's history, paints a picture of six decades loaded with abject failure.

Much of the writing in *The New England League* is also disappointing and, as stated, a lot of the blame can be put on the editing. The prose can best be described as 'clunky' in spots and on more than one occasion, terms and phrases are repeated two and three times in the course of a single passage. (Yes, the aforementioned 'shoes and textiles' being one example.) There is even a mention of a major league team called the "St. Browns", which, due to my vast knowledge of baseball history, I finally surmised to have been

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CONNIE MACK AND THE EARLY YEARS OF BASEBALL

By Norman Macht

2007. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press [ISBN 978-0-8032-3263-1. 743 pages. \$39.95, hardcover]

Reviewed by **Doug Skipper**
(theskipper1@hotmail.com)

Baseball biographer Norman Macht goes the distance AND delivers a knockout punch with “Connie Mack and the Early Years of Baseball.”

Macht’s 743-page heavyweight, winner of SABR’s 2008 Lawrence Ritter Award as the year’s best book about baseball’s Deadball Era, comprehensively chronicles the first five decades of the Tall Tactician’s life. The initial offering of a planned two-volume set is aptly titled; Mack was not just present for, but participated in much of baseball’s early history.

Recognized as the foremost authority on his subject, Macht devoted 22 years of research and writing to this work, wielding contemporary resources to peel away layers of the legends that have defined Mack since even before his death in 1956. Mack

is mythically remembered as an elderly and saintly Puritan who stoically accepted winning or losing without ever raising his voice or swearing. Macht’s extensively researched biography dismisses fable in favor of fact; crafts a profile of a man of great character and resolve, and portrays a man much more complex than his soft-spoken, Pollyanna image. Fiery and competitive, Mack endured family strife and heartbreak, was more businessman than sentimentalist, and though incredibly patient, his tolerance, open-mindedness and even his control of his temper, did have limits.

Macht artfully captures Mack’s character in this first volume that opens with the birth of Cornelius Alexander McGillicuddy in December, 1862, his childhood in Massachusetts, his job in a local shoe factory, and his rise through the minor leagues. A rail-thin catcher, Mack relied on his competitiveness, wits and innovation to craft an 11-year career in the major leagues, and cunningly used the game’s loose rules to his advantage. After four seasons with Washington in the National League, Mack jumped and invested his savings with Buffalo in the short-lived Player’s League, and when that loop folded after a season, returned to the NL with Pittsburgh. He spent six seasons in Pittsburgh, the final three as player manager.

In 1897, he moved to manage Milwaukee in Ban Johnson’s Western League. Three years later, Johnson, with assistance from Mack and Cleveland businessman Charles Somers, formed the American League. Johnson introduced Mack to sporting goods magnate Charles Shibe and the two launched the Philadelphia Athletics in 1901. For the next 50 years, Mack served as the A’s manager and owner. So closely tied was he

with the franchise, that his players were known as “The Mackmen.”

The Athletics won AL pennants in 1902 and 1905 and again in 1910, 1911, 1913 and 1914. Those interested in the Deadball Era will appreciate Macht’s description of the rise of the Athletics, Mack’s interaction with players like Rube Waddell, Eddie Plank, Eddie Collins, “Shoeless Joe” Jackson, “Chief” Bender and “Home Run” Baker, and his rivalry with New York Giants Manager John McGraw. The two men regarded as baseball’s greatest managers faced off three times in the World Series. Mack won twice over the man viewed as his antithesis, the loud, tyrannical, and gruff “Muggsy” McGraw.

Macht’s first volume ends just after the 1914 World Series, the most frustrating and arguably the most interesting moment of Mack’s 51-year reign as manager of the Athletics. After the Mackmen cruised to their fourth AL pennant in five seasons, they were swept by Boston’s Miracle Braves. Macht details Mack’s disappointment with the distraction of his veteran players, who spent the season contemplating the riches of the fledgling Federal League, and he discounts revisionists who have suggested that the Athletics succumbed to gambling interests. Unhappy, unable, and unwilling to compete with the higher salaries that the Federal League offered, Mack sold off his stars after the Series, and abruptly ended his first dynasty.

For the remainder of the Deadball Era, Mack managed some of the worst teams in major league history; then began to build his second dynasty in the 1920’s. Already 51 years old at the end of the 1914 season, Mack managed the Athletics for 36 more seasons,

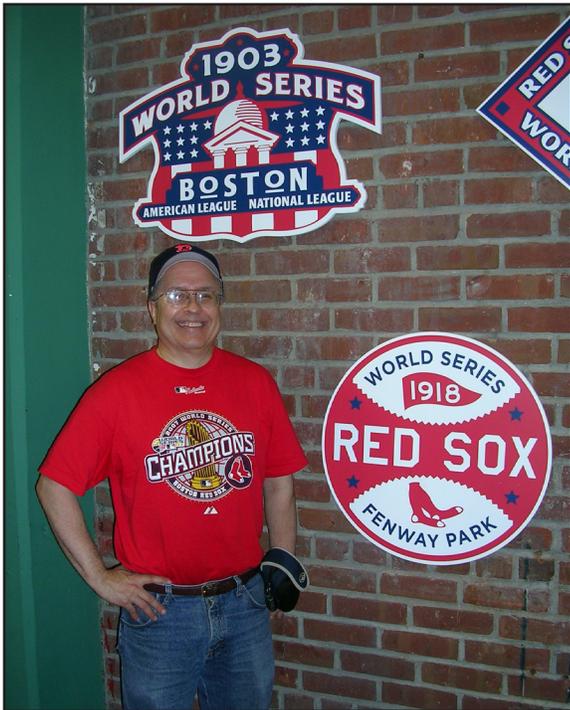
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***New England League,
continued from page 6.***

located in St. Louis.

But the writing aside, the history of failure that followed this league doesn't seem to warrant almost 300 pages on the subject; the fact that the narrative suffers from a lack of on-field descriptions almost until it reaches the 1930's, makes it an even more laborious read. There are also subjects that could have been researched deeper and this leaves the reader with tantalizing questions (it's not until page 220, for instance, that we discover that one could not purchase beer at a New England League game; worse, we are informed of this with the passage: [beer was] "...a beverage seemingly not available at ballparks in the New England League..." *Seemingly??* This is a word I would hope *never* to read in a non-fiction book of any type.)

The New England League does have its stories and heroes. There's an interesting segment about the effects of new-fangled electric trolley cars on the ticket-buying public and a few of the pennant races over the years, though messy in structure, conjure up a dash of excitement. The names Hugh Duffy, Tim Murnane (league president for over twenty years), and even the real "Crash" Davis populate its pages. But more anecdotes about these baseball legends, their teammates, and their exploits, and less geographical-industrial history, would have made this book a so much more worthy endeavor. ♦



Inside Game Editor Charles Crawley at Fenway Park, August, with 1903 and 1918 World Series Signs

Connie Mack, continued from page 7.

and held an ownership interest for even longer. He was respected, revered and referred to by nearly everyone as "Mr. Mack." He was honored many times in later life, including by Baseball's Hall of Fame. Along the way, he made three more trips to the Fall Classic and won two more World Championships with teams that included future Hall of Fame inductees Jimmie Foxx, Al Simmons, Lefty Grove and Mickey Cochrane. But Mack sold off those stars during the Great Depression, and the Athletics struggled on the field and at the box office for most of the final two decades of the Tall Tactician's tenure. By the time he stepped down as Philadelphia's field manager after 50 years on the job, there were whispers that the game had passed him by: Mack was slow to embrace the minor league farm system and like many of his contemporaries, was reluctant to employ Black players. For the next four years, the venerable old gentleman bickered with family members over control of the team, and then sold the franchise, which was uprooted and moved to Kansas City. Sadly disappointed, Mack died just more than a year later. Baseball fans look forward to Macht's treatment of that history in his second volume.

In the meantime, not everyone is thrilled with Macht's initial work in this series. Some have called it exhausting rather than exhaustive. And despite its girth, the author has included no references or bibliography. Macht suggests that he did not keep detailed track of his sources over his 22 years of research; those who wish to follow up or expand his findings will be frustrated. And while the work has been embraced by some descendants - former Florida Senator Connie Mack III, the original's grandson, wrote the forward - other Mack family members are disappointed that Macht made Connie Mack so much more human.

But most who slug their way to the end of Macht's first volume will appreciate the portrayal of Mack as a younger man, a man with flaws, but a man whose quiet strength and humanity outweighed his shortcomings. They will also appreciate the author's portrayal of the evolution of baseball and the game's role in the evolution of American cities, and hope that the bell sounds for the publication of the second volume much sooner than it did for the first. ♦

Deadball Recap, continued from page 7.

pitching, in terms of not losing the game and have fielders who can catch the ball, and convert them into outs. It was an interesting presentation in terms of how control pitching and defense can lead to wins. Other managers including Bill McKechine, Al Lopez, and Earl Weaver used this to win games as well.

Comiskey's approach yielded four straight pennants in 1885 to 1888. Only four others have done this: Harry Wright, John McGraw, Casey Stengel, and Joe Torre.

Ryan Swanson presented "Creating Monopolies and Fostering Segregation in Ballpark Construction." He did a good job of describing how these situations happened. It was quite interesting in terms of how city leaders helped some people and not others. This all came about because land for ballparks was not equally distributed, due to the power structure and racial attitudes.

American and National League Clubs had land and the only way the Negro Leagues survived was because the owners allowed them to use their facilities when their teams were out of town.

The bottom line was in terms of sharing; baseball teams do not share well. They can't share players and unless there are exceptions on exclusive use, the facilities belong to the team.

The "Green and Blue" by David Fleitz was the only presentation that had a handout. Fleitz did a great job of accounting for the number of Irish in baseball, and the great umpires such as John Gaffney, "Honest" John Kelly, "Terrible" Tim Hurst, Tom Lynch and Jack Sheridan.

Gaffney was known as the "King of Umpires," and Kelly was known as a "homer" with home teams winning two-thirds of the games in 1884. Gaffney used patience and tact to control games.

Tim Hurst on the other hand used his fists to control games. He has the honor of being fired from both the National and American Leagues. In 1898 he was canned because he hit a fan with a bottle. The problem was the fan that threw the bottle wasn't hit. In 1909, his American League career ended when he refused to apologize to Eddie Collins after Hurst spit on him. He told Ban Johnson he quit because he didn't like college boys.

Connie Mack said that Hurst could lose his temper, but "...he did more to stamp out rowdiness than any other official I have known."

The last presentation "Babe Ruth and Walter Johnson" was compelling, but the presenter Eric Weiss could not pull it off. He was not prepared. He

could have had handouts and could have made this better, but he did not.

The lesson from this was to be prepared, master your subject, and relax. My bottom line is to have handouts so everyone can see what the presenter is trying to do. ♦

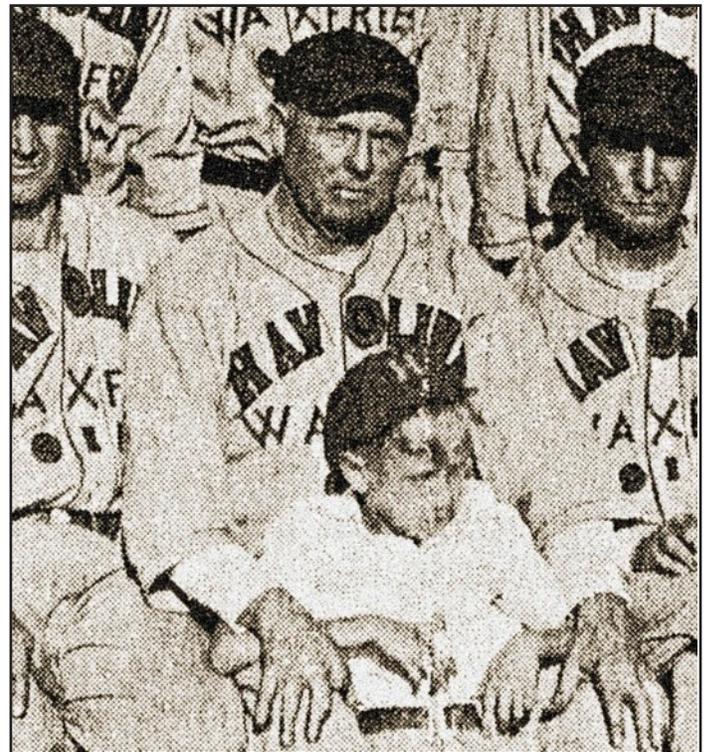
Carney Tribute, continued from page 1

this man was so generous with his information and his time. I was used to a competitive academic atmosphere where an author would NEVER share info with a author of a competitive subject. It was disconcerting...

Then Gene asked me to direct his original play, "Mornings After," in Toronto and I really became "one of the boys." I was a lousy director, but the cast was GREAT. Gene was always kind. I think he knew no other way....

My most recent exchanges with Gene were some of the most wonderful. Because of the Chicago Museum collection, he found renewed confidence in many of his hypotheses.

If we do nothing else, we should devote our energies to taking his book—*Burying the Black Sox*—from book to film. We could finally set the Asinof legacy straight!. ♦



Havoline Team Photo with Three Finger Brown. Brown was just honored with the naming of the Mordecai Brown Field at Texaco Park in Lawrenceville, Illinois.

Photo courtesy of the Family of Paul Burrell.