

# The INSIDE GAME



The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

VOL. XII, NO. 2: "LET'S GET THIS LUMPY, LICORICE-STAINED BALL ROLLING!" SEPTEMBER 2012

## THE CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

by **John McMurray**

A special thanks to all who attended our annual Deadball Era Committee meeting at SABR 42 in Minneapolis! We were fortunate to fill up our meeting room, which is emblematic of our active membership.

Our hour-long meeting was devoted to a variety of different spheres: In the first half-hour we had a discussion of the future of *The Inside Game* with incoming editor Bill Lamb; Jan Finkel's presentation on how DEC members can become involved with contributing biographies to SABR's BioProject; and recognition of Glenn Stout's book *Fenway 2012: The Birth of a Ballpark, a Championship Season, and Fenway Park's Remarkable First Year* [Houghton Mifflin Harcourt] for winning the 2012 Ritter Award.

As Bill takes over as Editor of *The Inside Game* with the next issue, he stressed during our meeting that he intends to maintain the same content and format that has been so popular with our readers. Bill noted that he doesn't intend to fix what isn't broken. He is eager to receive story ideas and contributions from Committee members and can be reached directly at [wflamb12@yahoo.com](mailto:wflamb12@yahoo.com).

*continued on page 6*

## PINK HAWLEY AND ADDIE JOSS MONUMENTS

by **David Stalker**

A double-header monument unveiling and dedication was held last October 8 at Wayland Academy's Kris Boucher Field in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. Former students and players Emerson "Pink" Hawley, class of 1891, and Addie Joss, class of 1898, became the twelfth and thirteenth players honored in The Early Baseball and Deadball Era Memorial Series. Joss is the first player with two memorials.

Athletic Director Judy Hill welcomed the crowd as did longtime head baseball coach and current assistant coach Boucher. Trent Jackson, Vice President of Development, gave thanks to all that made the memorials possible. Tom Forrester, a relative of Hawley; Susan Peterson, Trustee Chair and Brian Cheek, President, unveiled both memorials. I was also proud to participate.

Hawley was born in Beaver Dam, December 5, 1872 and graduated from Wayland in 1891, finishing his life in the city as a business owner. Yet, up to this point, he has been somewhat overlooked in Wisconsin history.

*continued on page 7*

### ON THE INSIDE:

**.500 Pitcher Wants His Bonus.....by Dennis Pajot.....page 2**  
**Baseball's Heartland War, 1902-03.....reviewed by David Nemecek.....page 3**  
**Clark Griffith.....reviewed by Reed Browning.....page 4**  
**When the Red Sox Ruled.....reviewed by Gail Rowe.....page 5**

## **.500 PITCHER WANTS HIS BONUS**

by **Dennis Pajot**

Winning and losing pitchers were not recorded in box scores in much of the Deadball Era. Thus, on occasion, it is a bit tricky to determine who was credited with the win or the loss. Making it a bit more difficult, it appears different leagues had different criteria for determining the winning and losing pitcher. The following lawsuit by a pitcher for the Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association shows how the league rule change of 1914 affected his won-loss record and his bonus.

On September 28, 1915, Milwaukee Brewer pitcher Cy Slapnicka, through his attorney, R. J. Cannon, filed a suit in civil court against the Brewers claiming that the contract he signed on February 1, 1914, called for a \$200 bonus if he won 50 per cent of the games he pitched. He alleged in the suit that he actually won eight games and lost eight games in 1914, although the official records showed he was 8-9. The suit

claimed that, in one instance, the official scorer credited him with a loss of a game he was pitching and in which he was ahead when he was taken out. The claim was that the loss should have been charged to the pitcher who relieved him. This game had occurred on August 2, 1914, against the Columbus Senators. Slapnicka started this second game of a doubleheader, but was pulled in the fourth inning with the bases loaded. The Brewers were ahead 2-1 at this point. Joe Hovlik came in to pitch and the tying run scored while he was working. Hovlik gave up a two-run homer in the seventh inning to allow the Senators to win, 4-2. Owing to this error of which pitcher to give the decision, Slapnicka claimed the official record should have him even in the win-loss columns.

On December 17, 1915, the case was heard by Judge Joseph E. Cordes. It was reported a number of ball players living in Milwaukee and some sport writers were subpoenaed and ready to take the stand. Among these were Fred Luderus, star first baseman of the National League pennant-winning Philadelphia Phillies; Don Marion, ex-Brewer recently with the Brooklyn Tip-Tops of the Federal League; Fred "Fritz" Mollwitz, first baseman of the Cincinnati Reds; and George McBride, shortstop and captain of the Washington Nationals. Also prepared to testify was William Kuehn, who umpired in the International League. Writers included Manning Vaughan, J. J. Delany, Wally "Brownie" Rowland

*continued on page 12*

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

### **Committee Chair**

John McMurray: [deadball@sabr.org](mailto:deadball@sabr.org)

### **Committee Vice Chair**

Trey Strecker: [tstrecker@bsu.edu](mailto:tstrecker@bsu.edu)

### **Newsletter Editor**

Mark Ruckhaus: [markruck@aol.com](mailto:markruck@aol.com)

### **Assistant Editor**

Mark Dugo: [claydad96@aol.com](mailto:claydad96@aol.com)

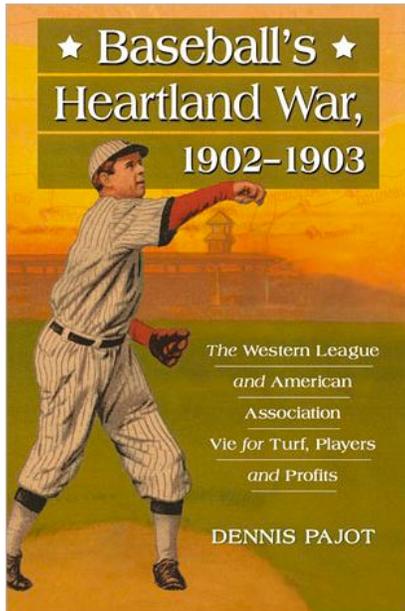
### **Book Review Editor**

Gail Rowe: [growes36@comcast.net](mailto:growes36@comcast.net)

### **CORRECTION:**

In the previous issue, in Ron Selter's article about Cleveland's League Park, the two maps included were mis-labeled by me. The black and white map should have been captioned as the 1896 Sanborn map and the one in color should have been captioned as the 1892 Ward map.

--MR



**BASEBALL'S  
HEARTLAND WAR,  
1902-1903:  
THE WESTERN LEAGUE  
AND AMERICAN  
ASSOCIATION VIE FOR  
TURF, PLAYERS  
AND PROFIT  
BY DENNIS PAJOT**

2011. Jefferson, NC:  
McFarland & Co.  
[ISBN 978-0-7864-6337-4.  
217 pp. \$29.95 USD.  
Softcover]

Reviewed by  
**David Nemec**

There have been previous studies of the shock waves Ban Johnson and his spear carriers sent throughout the top minor leagues in 1900 when they changed the name of their circuit from the Western League to the American League and followed by claiming major league status and corralling several cities that had previously been

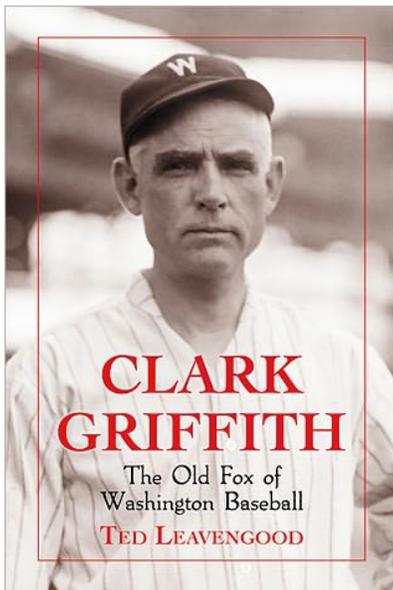
minor league bastions, but few have fed readers with nearly the supply of comestibles that Dennis Pajot brings to the subject in his meticulously researched *Baseball's Heartland War, 1902-03*.

Yet, any author who attempts to navigate this complex and influential period in minor league history is apt to commit a few stumbles. Pajot's initial major hurdle is having to decide at what point to launch his tale, and he begins it with the formation of the new six-team Western League in 1900 without first furnishing any background information about its Western League predecessor or the struggles for status and stability that the minor leagues, in general, faced prior to 1900. Thus, his start may flummox readers lacking substantial knowledge of the period. Not until we are eight pages underway do we learn that, prior to 1900, the American League was known as the Western League. There is also only passing mention that, prior to 1902, when the newly formed American Association adopted the name of the 1882-91 major league and sprang back to life as an outlaw minor league that refused to recognize the reserve clause, there had been serious efforts to resurrect the AA as a rival major circuit. Instead, Pajot opts to focus almost exclusively on whether the WL or the AA will emerge as the kingpin minor circuit in the nation's heartland.

Even though the battle seemed painfully one-sided at the outset, inasmuch as the American Association embraced eight sizable Midwestern cities, whereas the Western League saddled itself with franchises in places like Colorado Springs, Peoria and St. Joseph, Pajot makes it clear that the outcome was far from predetermined. Not only was the AA unrecognized by the National Association, the minors' governing body in 1902, but, in the two cities where the WL and the AA went toe-to-toe—Kansas City and Milwaukee, the WL had a decided edge in that a pair of disgruntled ex-Boston Nationals luminaries, Kid Nichols and Hugh Duffy, served as both star players and shareholders in its Kansas City and Milwaukee clubs, respectively.

Pajot delivers on the pledge in his preface that his concentration will be much heavier on the team owners and league officials involved in the conflagration than on the players in the two leagues. In profiling the moguls, he breathes life into figures like William Rourke, Durand Packard, Harry Quin, Thomas Hickey, George Tebeau, William T. Van Brunt, Michael Sexton and George Lennon that will be new to many readers. This particular reader wishes that Pajot had broadened his profiles to include the

***continued on page 10***



**CLARK GRIFFITH:  
THE OLD FOX OF  
WASHINGTON BASEBALL**

**BY TED LEAVENGOOD**

*2011. Jefferson, NC  
McFarland & Co.*

*[ISBN 978-0-7864-6386-2.  
313 pp. \$29.95. Softcover]*

Reviewed by  
**Reed Browning**

Clark Griffith was a great but flawed figure. In this fine book, Ted Leavengood shows how Griffith's claim to baseball immortality had already been assured when he entered the Hall of Fame in 1946. He had been an important pitcher, winning 237 games between 1891 and 1906, then played a key role in getting the American League launched and then managed the circuit's first pennant winner while winning a team high 24 games. A deep student of the game, he had been one of the earliest to understand the importance of

relief pitching. As an owner, he had, on two occasions, constructed teams that were able to win pennants, one of which, the 1924 squad, brought Washington its only World Series championship. He had known how to cultivate the extraordinary talent of Walter Johnson. And he had used his cunning to match wits with the likes of John McGraw, Connie Mack, and (later) Branch Rickey. As early as 1894 he had earned the nickname that would stick with him for the next sixty years: "The Old Fox."

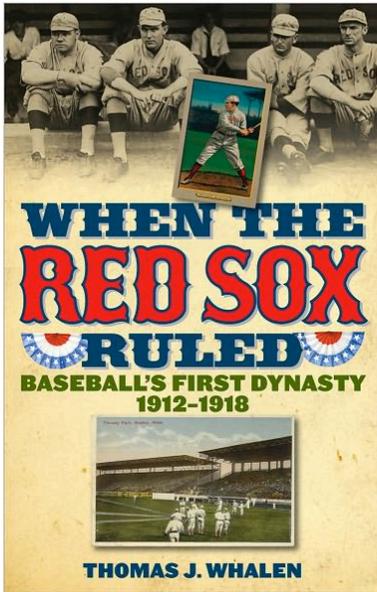
But there are problems with this story and, as Leavengood makes clear, they were visible even before a terrible post-1947 misjudgment put Griffith on the wrong side of the most important dispute in baseball history. For starters, it is noteworthy that in the three duels mentioned above, Clark Griffith was always the loser. His rivals managed to assemble championship teams more frequently than he, to secure the services of a larger number of top-flight players, and thus to leave deeper marks upon the game. As the years passed, Griffith became suspicious of novelty. As a result, he wound up among those who resisted the creation of farm systems, the introduction of the broadcasting of games, and the incursion of night baseball--changing on the last two only when they proved elsewhere to be remunerative.

And, while it is true that Griffith never had the financial backing that his more successful rivals had access to, that failing was largely of his own making, for he insisted, in Shirley Povich's words, on being "a corner grocery store in a supermarket world" (p. 185).

Then, after 1947, he fatefully cast his lot with those who opposed integrating baseball. Leavengood argues that Griffith was simply a businessman of his generation, that he feared irritating his paying customers and that his conduct was a consequence less of racism than of a "bankruptcy of courage" (p. 270). This defense is not without merit. Griffith had been among the first to recruit Latin (specifically Cuban) talent, and his relations with Sam Lacy of the *Washington Tribune* were, for a time, good, as he spoke of hopes to see Negro League stars playing against major leaguers. Indeed, the first integrated game at what became Griffith Stadium was played in 1920, at a time when Griffith was moving to exercise preponderant influence in the affairs of the team.

But actions are what finally count and, out of fear of displeasing a southern-inclined fan base, he held back from fielding a visibly African-American ballplayer

***continued on page 11***



**WHEN THE RED SOX  
RULED:  
BASEBALL'S FIRST  
DYNASTY 1912-1918**

**BY  
THOMAS J. WHALEN**

*2011. Lanham, MD  
Rowman & Littlefield  
Publishing Group.*

*[ISBN 978-1-56663-745-9.  
228 pp. \$24.95 USD,  
Hardcover]*

Reviewed by  
**Gail Rowe**

Thomas J. Whalen's *When the Red Sox Ruled* is among a spate of recent works commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the construction of Fenway Park and the 1912 World Series champion Boston Red Sox. Whalen's contribution to this rush of celebratory literature is a gracefully written and lively account of the Red Sox's domination of the American League between 1912 and 1918, when the team won four

World Series and finished second in the American league twice. These were years that largely paralleled the rise of Babe Ruth's prominence. Indeed, by 1918, many looked upon Ruth as not only baseball's greatest long-ball threat, but also "the best pitcher in baseball outside of Walter Johnson" (p. 112). To Whalen's credit he chooses to concentrate on interesting but lesser known Sox players rather than the better-known details of Ruth's rise to stardom. Though the title suggests that the focus of the book is the era between 1912 and 1918, Whalen provides a final chapter ("Collapse, Renewal, and Legacy") where he briefly but skillfully brings readers up to date on Red Sox fortunes to the year 2004.

Whalen, an Associate Professor of Social Science at Boston University and a specialist in Modern American politics, foreign policy and the American presidency, does an excellent job of providing an overview of Red Sox dominance in 1912 and after and, at the same time, capturing something of the spirit of the times, the town and the team. While maintaining his focus on baseball, he keeps his readers apprised of national and international developments, illustrating how these outside forces shaped the game and team fortunes. He's also adept at sprinkling his account with

pithy quotations and player vignettes that make this an enjoyable and, at times, even charming read. As an added plus, the book contains numerous photos, many of which are not the usual fare found in accounts of the early Red Sox.

Although Whalen offers his readers a very readable synthesis of the evolution and successes of the Red Sox squads in the seven seasons prior to the end of World War I, readers familiar with the Deadball Era will be disappointed in Whalen's failure to offer provocative insights or, for that matter, anything new about the Sox or baseball generally in these years of small ball. The rules and strategy of the game and the contributions of individual managers are largely ignored, save for comments about the looming potential of Ruth's hitting prowess upon the game.

Whalen's bibliography includes the works one would expect to find for a book of his focus and depth and his account leaves little doubt that he's done his homework. Still, there are no footnotes, a fact that on occasion proved frustrating to this reader. And, for all the smoothness of his prose and the skill with which he summarizes developments between 1912 and 1918, there are occasional

***continued on page 11***

## CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

*continued from page 1*

Although Glenn Stout was unable to attend the meeting in person, he provided a statement accepting the Ritter Award which I read to the attendees. Stout noted that he believes that *Fenway 1912* underscores “the necessity of asking the right questions.” Stout said that, when he began researching the book, he was surprised that many of the fundamental questions surrounding Fenway Park—including why and how it was built—had never been answered adequately.

In that spirit, Stout began his research in 2008, attempting to understand “how and if anything essential and lasting about Fenway Park was revealed in that first season.” While doing so, he relied on primary sources or close to primary sources, meaning that he eschewed other retrospective books about the park. Stout’s approach, he said, allowed him to avoid “fictional artifices” that authors might sometimes employ, like attempting to create scenes or dialogue in an attempt to try and re-enact the tenor of the times. As Stout said in his remarks, “These tools of fiction have no place in history; the truth always tells the best story.” The result of his research, Stout believes, is a book where Fenway Park’s opening is “taken seriously” and the subject is treated “with care and respect.”

The second half of the meeting in Minneapolis was devoted to a presentation by Steve Steinberg, who co-chairs the Deadball Era Committee World Series book project with Tom Simon. The objective of this effort is to tell the story of the World Series primarily through photographs and the words of the sportswriters of the time, which would fill an important gap in the literature. Indeed, Steve emphasized the uniqueness of the project and offered a slide show of many of the rare images and some of the quotes which will be included.

At SABR 42, Steve showed attendees at least two photos from every Deadball Era World Series –

including from 1904, when the World Series was called off—often combined with quotations from contemporary sportswriters which gave a sense of context. At its core, the project is collaborative, and DEC members are encouraged to become involved; in fact, R.J. Lesch took on the assignment of the 1911 World Series at the Convention, and Chris Brande volunteered to provide general support.

One example from Steve’s presentation is the photo included here: a 1915 World Series photo showing the two managers, Bill Carrigan of Boston and Pat Moran of Philadelphia, along with the umpires, from the George Bain Collection.



Having seen Steve’s presentation, I can say that the vintage photos are dynamic and make for a wonderful storyline of an area that has not yet been fully explored by researchers. The final layout, which Steve noted will be done by a publisher’s professional staff, promises to make this book the most vivid depiction of the Deadball Era World Series available. Any DEC member who wishes to become involved with the project can contact Steve Steinberg at [ssteinberg@trinorth.com](mailto:ssteinberg@trinorth.com) or Tom Simon at [tps@mc-fitz.com](mailto:tps@mc-fitz.com).

Thanks also to the many contributors to the two *Deadball Stars* books who participated in our

book signing in Minneapolis. Signed copies of both the American League and National League copies may be purchased directly from SABR.

Since this is Mark Ruckhaus' final issue as Editor of *The Inside Game*, I would like to express my gratitude to him for two years of dedicated, spirited work. Managing a newsletter of this size and scope requires persistence, ingenuity, patience, creativity, and a love for and dedication to its subject matter. Mark brought all of these qualities in abundance. Yet, more fundamentally, he made the newsletter better by shaping its content and developing the stories and reviews fully. Mark has an appreciation for news and for what matters to his readership. He has served the Deadball Era Committee well in all respects, and we are grateful for his contributions and for his unique voice.

### Photo Credits

#### 1915 World Series

LC-DIG-ggbain-20095

#### Pink Hawley

Google Images

#### Addie Joss

LC-DIG-ggbain-08196

#### Hawley & Joss Monuments

David Stalker

#### Cy Slapnicka

[http://www.ootpdevelopments.com/board/ootp-mods-rosters-photos-quick-starts/155954-gambo-t\\_wil1-photo-375.html](http://www.ootpdevelopments.com/board/ootp-mods-rosters-photos-quick-starts/155954-gambo-t_wil1-photo-375.html)

#### Brewers team photo

[www.borchertfield.com](http://www.borchertfield.com)

#### Clark Griffith

LC-DIG-hec-28592

## MONUMENTS

*continued from page 1*

While in Pittsburgh, he was named, "The Duke of Pittsburgh," and I have read that he had his face and name on a cigar box. My hope is that he will be a member of the Wisconsin Athletic Hall of Fame, joining his friends and players who followed in his footsteps.

Gretchen Forrester, also a relative of Hawley and former Beaver Dam resident stated, "Through the years, nobody ever seemed to care about Pink Hawley." Today, she is comforted with the fact that Mr. Hawley's story is engraved in stone and will forever be told.



Just months after graduation, he pitched a home game for the Jefferson Blues against the Phoenix nine of Milwaukee. It was said to be the finest game ever witnessed in Jefferson. Hawley won the contest 7-1, with Hawley striking out 21.

The following year, on August 13, at the age of 19, he began his major league career with the St. Louis Browns. Hawley played most of his ten-year major league career in the late nineteenth century. He never had the privilege of playing on any championship or even great teams, the third place 1898 Cincinnati Reds, who won 92 games, probably being the best major league team Hawley played for. Still, he managed to win

twenty-plus games for three seasons. His best year was in 1895 with the Pittsburgh Pirates when he chalked up 31 wins in a league leading 56 games and an amazing 444 innings pitched, also a league-leading total. He retired with a 3.96 career ERA. He ended his major league career playing briefly in the Deadball Era as a member of the 1901 Milwaukee Brewers of the American League, as indicated on a team memorial at Miller Park.

Joining him, and starting their professional careers on the Brewers, were outfielder Davy Jones and pitcher Pete Husting, from the neighboring towns of Cambria and Mayville, respectively.

In 1902, when the AL Brewers moved to St. Louis, Hawley remained in Milwaukee and played in the nascent season of the American Association. Once again, he played with another young neighbor, pitcher Claude Elliott of Pardeeville, who went on to play two major league seasons with the Reds and Giants. That same year, Joss' career began with Cleveland.

Hawley played and managed La Crosse to the Wisconsin League championship in 1906. He was always known as a good-hitting pitcher as he continued to show in his 17 games played, batting .374, second in the league after being a .241 hitter during his major league career. On this team, he coached Ed Konetchy, who put up some impressive numbers during his fifteen-year major league career as a first baseman.

When Hawley returned to Beaver Dam, he operated a bowling alley. His house was close by, and today you may still see the name Hawley engraved in the cement step that leads up to his former residence.

Hawley is buried in a family plot just blocks away from his newly erected memorial. He died September 19, 1938, and, once again, the younger pitchers of neighboring towns accompanied him. Included in the long list of pallbearers and honorary pallbearers were

former major leaguers Pete Husting and Frank Lange (Columbus).



***Pink Hawley***  
*Wayland Academy, Class of 1891*  
*Won 167 major league games*

Addie Joss was born in Woodland, April 12, 1880 and moved to Juneau with his family as a child. Joss' legend continues to grow throughout Wisconsin. He was the only future Hall of Famer local fans could watch perform during the nineteenth century prior to his major league career, as Hall of Fame pitcher, Kid Nichols, another Wisconsin native, moved out of the state at a young age.



With this Beaver Dam monument, he is the first player to be honored twice in this early baseball

and Deadball Era Memorial Series. This memorial tells of his time with Wayland in 1898. In Watertown, his first memorial is about his play in 1899, first with Sacred Heart and then with Watertown's city team.

In Juneau, he is remembered on a State of Wisconsin plaque and has a baseball field named in his honor. His Wisconsin Athletic Hall of Fame plaque, from his 1978 election, may be viewed in Milwaukee. A sports exhibit including Joss is currently in the works for the Neosho-Rubicon Museum.

With Wayland in 1898, Joss pitched every game. In the ten box scores I was able to find, Joss was 7-3. He threw two two-hitters and struck out twelve on three separate occasions while totaling 88 strikeouts. Two of his losses were against Randolph, a team that was put together with the best talent from Randolph, Cambria and Fox Lake.

In 1899, Joss started the year playing with the college champion Sacred Heart team and the Watertown city team, the home games being played at Washington Park. Counting players and coaches from both the home and visiting teams, at least twenty-five played in the major leagues at one time or another.

At home, Watertown faced competitive teams from the Western League. Charles Comiskey brought the St. Paul team, and Connie Mack the Milwaukee team. The Chicago Unions and Columbia Giants, two "colored teams" (which was the term used in many newspapers), visited. Joss pitched all games, with the exception of the game against Milwaukee.

Joss was released by the Watertown city team and replaced by Claude Elliott. Joss returned to Watertown to face his former team as a member of Oshkosh. The homecoming was not memorable for him as it was clearly one of his worst outings. After giving up seven runs in five innings, he was replaced by Bob Blewett, who had a cup of coffee with the Giants in 1902. Watertown won 12-11.

Beginning in 1902, Joss spent his entire major league career in the early days of the American League with the Cleveland team, alternately known as Bronchos, Blues and Naps before finally being known as the Indians. Though his life of thirty-one years, which included his nine-year Hall of Fame career, ended too soon as he died of tubercular meningitis in 1911, many loved him. His lifetime 1.89 ERA makes him one of the greatest ever.



**Addie Joss**

*Wayland Academy, Class of 1898*

*Won 160 games in his nine-year career  
with Cleveland*

Hawley and Joss attending and playing for Wayland is one of the top nineteenth century baseball stories in the state of Wisconsin. The Academy was founded in 1855, and baseball was the first team sport, beginning in 1867. In 1898, folks in Beaver Dam could read the newspaper about the performance of Joss, with Wayland, and their hometown hero Hawley, with Cincinnati of the National League.

The Early Baseball and Deadball Era Memorial series continues to grow including players Fred Merkle, Davy Jones, Billy Sullivan, Sr., Red Kleinow, Charlie Faust, Bob Groom, Bill Killefer, Wade Killefer, Pete Husting and Ward Miller, along with the 1901 Milwaukee Brewers team

monument. On the hundredth anniversary of his last at bat, Lou Criger's monument will be unveiled in 2012, as he joins the list, with more to follow.

My thanks go out to the many, many people and organizations that have contributed to make this series possible.

## **BASEBALL'S HEARTLAND WAR** *continued from page 3*

nineteenth century machinations of owners like Toledo's Charley Strobel, whose chicanery to keep players like Erve Beck on his then Interstate League franchise out of the clutches of major league teams is a story still, for the most part, untold. And many readers may wish that Pajot were more consistent and in tune with the most commonly used first names of the players he cites. Kitty Brashear is referred to either as Norman or Norm, never Kitty. Rabbit Robinson, with only one exception that I observed, is elsewhere Clyde. George Tebeau is called both George and White Wings in the same paragraph.

A more severe quibble some may have is with Pajot's choice to recap the 1902 and 1903 WL and AA pennant races. Not only were they seemingly rigged in some cases and uneventfully one-sided in others, but no one is likely ever to clamor for a book on The Ten Most Exciting Minor League Pennant Races. Tucked among Pajot's pedestrian recaps, however, are many fascinating nuggets that his scrupulous research unearthed. My favorite was learning that the Columbus AA park installed a nursery in 1903. Too, we learn from Pajot that the WL and the AA played by different rules prior to 1903, that the final player stats for both loops in 1902-03 were no more trustworthy than stats from the 1870s, and, perhaps most importantly, that contrary to the annoyingly ineradicable popular notion that the modern game began at the turn of the twentieth century, professional baseball, at least

as late as 1903, was still plagued by the rowdyism, rule vagaries, disputatious attendance figures, Sabbatarian conflicts, bizarre umpire assignments and contractual shenanigans among both players and owners that marked the game prior to 1901.

Pajot takes his time setting up what I argue is his most crucial observation. It is a foregone conclusion once the AA agrees to honor the reserve clause and is accepted into the National Association in January, 1903, that it will grind down the WL in short order and become the sole proprietor of franchises in the two battleground cities—Kansas City and Milwaukee. But not until the final page of *Baseball's Heartland War, 1902-03* does Pajot land the knockout blow. The American Association, despite its adversarial beginnings in 1902 as both an arch enemy of the Western League and a foe of the entire professional game, will so expeditiously achieve consummate stability that, with the sole exception of 1914-15 when the Toledo club was shifted to Cleveland to thwart the Federal League from installing a team there, it will showcase franchises in the same eight cities that boarded its maiden vessel in 1902 until 50 years later when Toledo again moved, this time to Charleston, and word began to circulate in 1952 that the Boston Braves would flee the following year to Milwaukee, the site of their farm-club stronghold.

None of the many other minor leagues in the first half of the twentieth century could make anything approaching a similar claim.

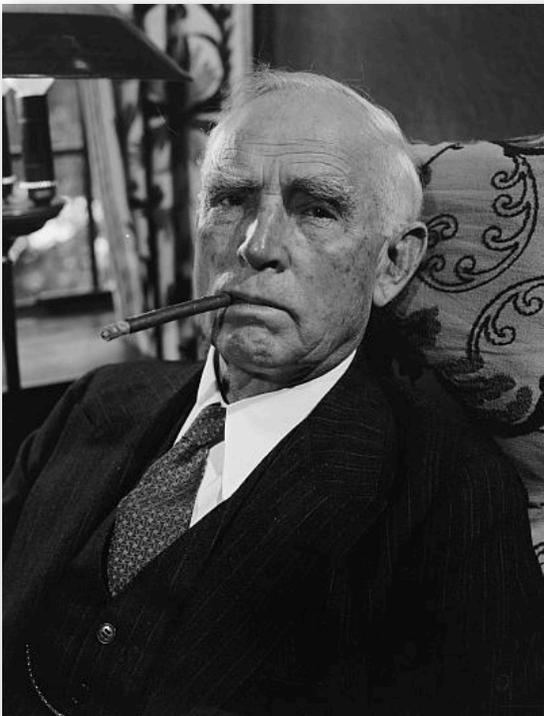


## CLARK GRIFFITH

*continued from page 4*

until 1954. Since Griffith Stadium sat in one of Washington's black neighborhoods, since the Senators' traditional fan base was dwindling, and since Branch Rickey had already shown that integration made commercial sense, it is difficult to accept the notion that Griffith's actions were predicated simply on a want of moral courage. But I claim no special insight on the matter.

This biography is a splendid read. Ted Leavengood is the author of two earlier books on Washington baseball and writes with verve tamed by judiciousness. He has consulted many sources. He discerns two long arcs across Griffith's career--the transformation from baseball rebel to baseball magnate, and the transformation from Montana cattle rancher to urban business entrepreneur. In his early life he had met Jesse James; in his later life he used his influence with presidents to help keep major league baseball going during the manpower pressures of two world wars.



One trait that Griffith retained across this long lifetime, even when financial exigency was

driving him to desperate business decisions, was a readiness to be loyal to friends and to assist them when they were in need. He helped find new jobs for individuals whom he dismissed, he paid full compensation to several players who couldn't play any more, and he famously offered aid to Walter Johnson's wife when brain cancer was draining the Big Train's life.

This biography is illuminating, engaging, and thought provoking. Another giant of the game has been well served.



## WHEN THE RED SOX RULED

*continued from page 5*

observations that caused this reader to pause. For instance, he accepts, without reservation, Arthur H. Soden's primary role in baseball's adoption of the reserve clause (p. 4). He describes the 5' 7" inch, 170 pound Hugh Duffy as "lanky" (p. 5). He also says that the Polo Grounds "sat astride" the Harlem River (p. 53).

Whalen's celebration of the Red Sox successes in the seven seasons beginning in 1912 doubtless will please and inform general readers. Knowledgeable baseball readers will find little new here.

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

#### **Rowman and Littlefield**

4501 Forbes Blvd.  
Suite 200  
Lanham, MD 20706  
(301) 429-5748

#### **McFarland**

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

## SLAPNICKA

*continued from page 2*

and Al Harvey. Of course, Brewer president A. F. Timme, and his business secretary Louis Nahin, were also ready to take the stand. Of all these personalities, apparently only McBride was called in behalf of the plaintiff.

Irwin M. Howe, Chicago statistician for American Association president Thomas Chivington, stated that, following instructions from Chivington, the loss on August 2, 1914, had been changed from Hovlik to Slapnicka, owing to a change in the rule by which the official scorer was supposed to give credit upon the “efficiency” of the pitcher. Judge Cordes held that the plaintiff did not know of the change in the method of recording the pitcher’s record when he entered into the contract with the Brewers for the 1914 season, so such a rule could not affect the player’s contract. The Brewers had to pay Slapnicka the bonus.

After the verdict was read, Slapnicka approached the jurors, shaking hands and expressing his appreciation. The attorney representing the Brewers said the ball club would appeal, but player and club buried the hatchet and Slapnicka would later sign with the Brewers for the next season.

*For more information on the subject of questionable wins and losses, please read Tom Ruane’s article, “Old-Tyme Pitching Decisions (the 1916-1949 edition)” at Retrosheet: [http://www.retrosheet.org/Research/RuaneT/pitdec\\_art.htm](http://www.retrosheet.org/Research/RuaneT/pitdec_art.htm)*

*Sources for this article included numerous Milwaukee Journal and Sentinel articles between August 3, 1914 and January 20, 1916.*



*Editor’s note: Adding a photo or two to an article can spice it up a bit. And, with over 50 years in baseball as a player and scout and that you can seemingly find just about anything on the Internet, I figured a good photo of Slapnicka would be easy to locate. Boy, was I wrong. Slapnicka didn’t spend much time as a Major League pitcher and it appears photos of scouts, no matter how long they plied their trade, are as difficult as hen’s teeth to find. Among other places, I thought the Cleveland Indians website might have something. After all, Slapnicka signed Bob Feller (though he almost lost him), Hal Trosky, Herb Score, Bob Lemon and Bobby Avila. That should be worth a photo, right? Wrong.*

*But I did get another article out of it--or maybe a coda to this one; you decide.*

*There’s a wonderful website about the American Association Brewers and their home field, Borchert Field, a site for which Dennis is a major contributor.*

<http://www.borchertfield.com/>

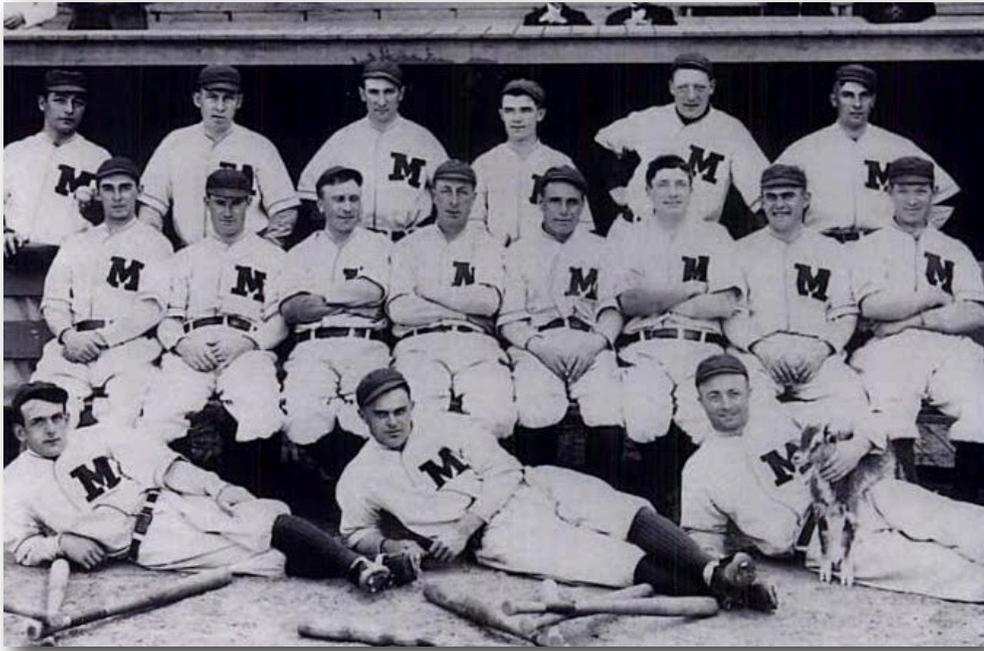
*There was some confusion in the 1913 team shot, which you can find on the next page. The general consensus is that Slapnicka was seated, third from the left, though at least one person thought he was standing, second from the left.*

*So, I went to the expert, Mark Fimoff. Mark has always been gracious in providing his knowledge to The Inside Game, and this was no exception. Exaggerating somewhat, I think it took Mark about five seconds to confirm the correct Cy--the one seated.*

*And, from the ‘For What It’s Worth’ department: Slapnicka has one up on Cy Young, Cy Seymour, Cy Morgan (the one with the ten-year career, as opposed to the one who had a cup of coffee with the Braves in the early ‘20s), Cy Perkins and Cy Williams. Slapnicka is a true Cy: Cyril Charles Slapnicka. I guess that made him C. C. a whole bunch of years before that Sabathia fellow, too.*



*Here's a shot of Slapnicka I found on the Out of the Park website. With the "6" photoshopped out (likely an identifier for the caption on a team shot), it's the shot Baseball Reference uses on his player page.*



*Here's the 1913 Milwaukee Brewers team shot. The goat, held by Joe Hovlik, reclining right, requires another story.*



*Is Slapnicka the fellow standing second from the left (on the left), or is he the fellow seated third from the left (on the right?) If Mark Fimoff taught me anything, the player on the left doesn't pass the "ear test."*

## THE LAST WORD

by Mark Ruckhaus

In the last issue, I gave my reasons for wanting to step down as editor, so there's no need to re-hash that. But I'd guess there's another reason for my leaving.

I guess I'd call it a short attention span, as, looking back, it seems that my tendency is to try almost anything, do it until I'm satisfied or until something else catches my attention.

Even at my career, the one that fed my family, in my 26 years at CBS, I started on the old "Nightwatch" show, did Morning News, Evening News and local news, worked on sports, both on the road as well as at home, had the privilege of working at the 1992 Olympics in Albertville, France as well as finishing up in the Transmission Department, essentially keeping the network on the air. Every new assignment presented a new challenge. And I'd like to think I answered every one.

Intertwined and in my retirement, I coached youth baseball and ran an independent youth team, was a racetrack announcer, worked for the Newark Bears as scoreboard operator, PA announcer, official scorer and, finally, play-by-play man on their Internet broadcasts when they were still in the Atlantic League (and given their recent two seasons in the Can-Am League, I might add when they were still an active team as both the team's and league's fortunes don't look too good right about now) and also did stats and occasional PA for a local Federal League hockey team. In addition, I'm currently a high school level umpire and do volunteer work for Meals on Wheels.

Enough of what certainly looks like my resume. It's not designed to impress; it's just stuff I did.

I made a comment at the Deadball Committee meeting at the Atlanta convention two years ago. Essentially, I said that it was darned difficult keeping a subject which has been dead for over ninety years fresh. I still believe that. I'd also like to think that I did a fairly good job of trying to do

that over the past couple years. Some very satisfying comments by others over that time indicate that, maybe, I have.

So, having spent more than a few years in the TV business, I'd say that it's time to roll the credits.

To John McMurray: It's not an easy job you do, especially chasing down that law degree in the process--keeping a dead subject fresh. And, as committee chair, you've done a fine one.

To Gail Rowe: The reviews are second to none. All I ever did was to add a book cover to provide some color to the black and white text, which had a lot of color itself. You're a real pro. And those *Beantown* books you wrote were pretty darned good too.

To Mark Dugo: I know we got off on the wrong foot. Hey, what can I say? I wasn't left a blueprint. So, flying by the seat of my pants, I learned. And, your work as assistant editor was (and likely still will be) expert and quick. And, as we both know, some of that editing required a bunch of work. But the end result was always spot on, for which I'm most grateful.

To folks like Dennis Pajot, Dave Stalker, Mark Fimoff, Steve Steinberg, Ron Selter, David Anderson, Norman Macht and, way back in issue number one, Norm Coleman--who does a hell of a Ty Cobb and provided us with a fine interview, and others who, if I forgot to mention, please accept my apologies and my gratitude: Thank you for providing much of the material used in the issues. I know that, collectively, I put the arm on you a bunch of times. That's the "apology" part. And, every time, you came through. Very humbly, I'm most appreciative.

Finally, to new editor Bill Lamb and to Bob Harris, who will do layout: I'm confident that I'm leaving *The Inside Game* in good hands and look forward to reading each new issue as it appears. There's that old saying "Pay it forward." With that in mind, I hope I left you a decent blueprint for our little newsletter. But, should you have questions or need help, I'll always be here. You know where to find me and please don't hesitate to ask.