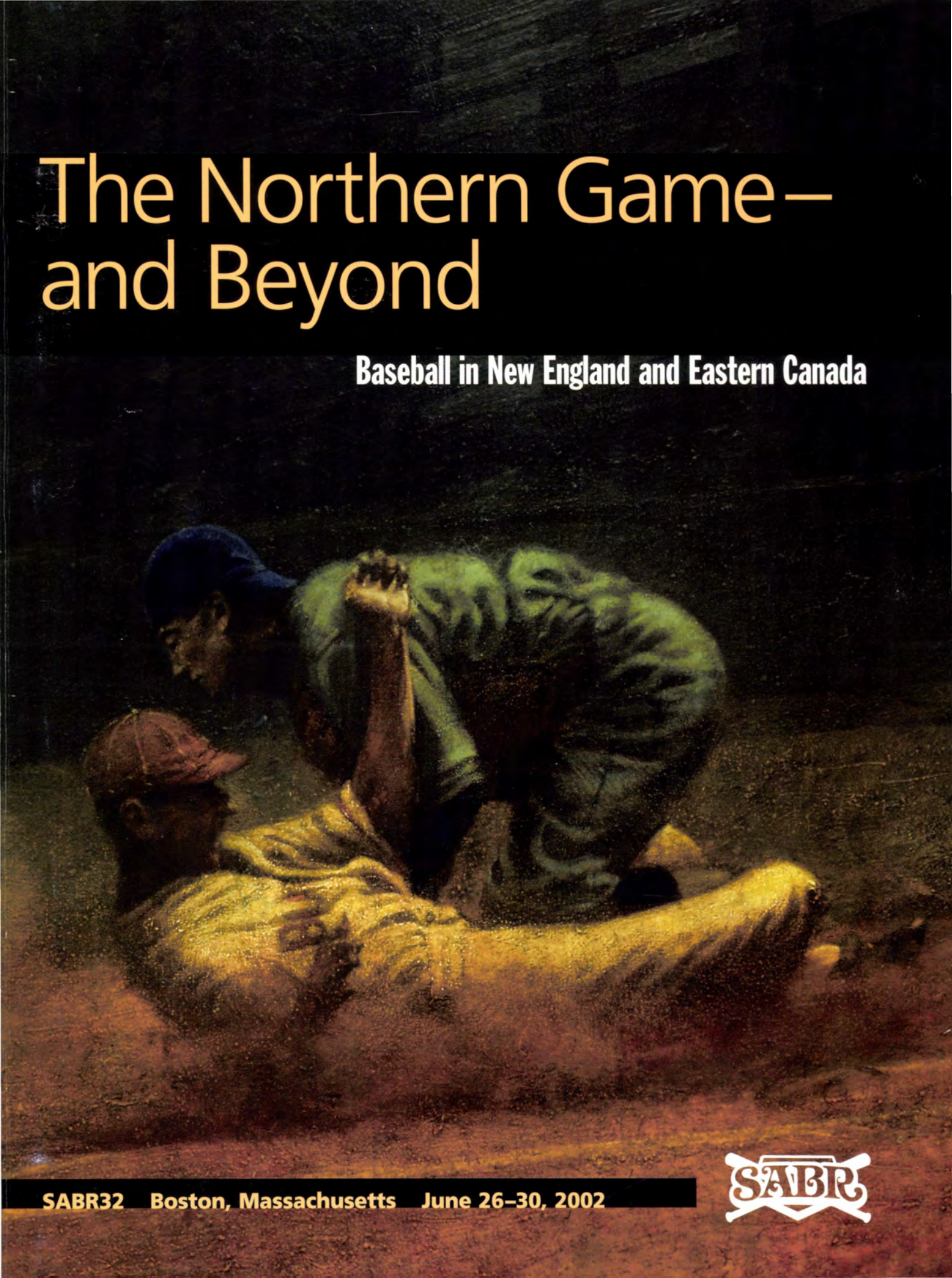
The Northern Game—and Beyond

Baseball in New England and Eastern Canada



SABR32 Boston, Massachusetts June 26–30, 2002

SABR

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Baseball in New England and Eastern Canada

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SABR32 Boston, Massachusetts June 26-30, 2002

Acknowledgments

The editors would like to acknowledge Gordon Edes of the *Boston Globe* and Matt Olkin of the *USA Today Baseball Weekly*, whose notices about our call for articles generated a large number of submissions. We would like to thank Pat Kelly and Bill Burdick at the the National Baseball Hall of Fame Library and Richard Johnson of the Sports Museum of New England as well as the individual contributors for the use of historical photographs held in their collections. We would especially like to thank the contributors who provided the articles that grace the pages of this publication. We greatly appreciate the artwork that Lance Richbourg provided for the convention publication cover. We would like to acknowledge Kyle Hoepner of Cambridge Prepress Services for the cover design. We would be remiss without acknowledging the efforts of Seamus Kearney, the chair of the Boston Local Convention Committee, without whom we would not have had the privilege of creating this document.

Cover: Lance Richbourg, *My Father Sliding*, 1978, 84" x 108", oil on canvas

Inspired by a 1927 photograph, this painting is part of a series Richbourg undertook to re-create the playing career of his father, Lance Richbourg. The elder Richbourg was a member of the Boston Braves from 1927 to 1931, the bulk of his eight years in the major leagues. Richbourg says though he never saw his father play pro ball, he recalls his father playing semi-pro ball, which he did into his fifties in his hometown in northwest Florida. Richbourg, a professor of fine arts at St. Michael's College in Burlington, Vermont, since 1975, exhibits his work at the O. K. Harris Gallery in New York City. A solo exhibit will open September 14, 2002.

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The People

Always willing to help the team, Dom DiMaggio works out in the off-season at Fenway Park. Photo courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England.

Good Eye Leads to Two More Walks for Ted

by Bill Nowlin

One of the joys of baseball research is coming across something completely unexpected. Here's a story to make every researcher feel good—if maybe a little envious. It's the story of how one SABR researcher made a very important discovery—leading to a change in one of baseball's most important statistics—while researching to prepare a presentation on another topic for the SABR32 convention in Boston.

The Record

Herm Krabbenhoft, who has offered research presentations at almost every SABR convention since 1986, was researching CGOBS (consecutive games on base safely) to see which player in baseball history held the record for the most consecutive games in which he was able to reach base. Of course, almost every baseball fan can tell you that Joe DiMaggio hit in 56 consecutive games in 1941—and many know that he missed one game, then immediately began another 16-game streak. Well, he walked in the "57th" game—as he did in game "zero"—so Joe D. actually had a 74-game streak of reaching base safely one way or another. Herm wanted to know if anyone has ever topped that record.

In 1941, Ted hit for .406 but he also drew a league-leading 145 walks. Make that 147 walks. . . . What many consider the most impressive single-season mark just got better.

There were a few obvious candidates and he had a feeling that the answer might be Ted Williams. "More than ten years ago," he explained, "I wondered who has the record for most consecutive games reaching first base safely (that is, via a hit, a walk, or a hit batsman). My mental money was on either Babe Ruth or Ted Williams, because they had exceptionally high on-base percentages." He started with those two, Ruth first, going through the official day-by-day records at the Hall of Fame. Then he expanded his search to other likely candidates, taking the top three players in each league in OBA (on base average) in each season. He searched National League records from 1891 forward and the AL from its inception in 1901. In addition, in the Reichler-Samelson *Great All-Time Baseball Record Book*, there is a table of players who had 20-game or longer hitting streaks; Herm researched every one of them as well. He also researched any players who finished in the top 5 for on-base average with an OBA of .400 or more.

Herm's results will be presented during the convention in Boston. However, in the course of the search, he found a significant error in the official day-by-day records. During the first game of the September 24, 1941, doubleheader against the Senators, Ted was listed as going 0 for 3 with no walks and no HBP. That performance of not getting on base safely terminated an extraordinarily long CGOBS streak. Herm wanted to find out which Senator pitcher(s) had shut down Williams. So he checked the *New York Times* box score and game account. The box score showed that Ted did indeed have 3 at-bats with no hits. But Dom DiMaggio and Lou Finney (who batted first and second) each had 5 at-bats. And so did Jim Tabor, who followed Ted. It was obvious there was something missing—what happened to Ted's other two plate appearances?

The inquiring researcher checked three Boston newspapers, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, *The Sporting News*, and other sources—both box scores and the written accounts of the game. It is clear beyond any reasonable doubt that Williams walked twice, once in the fourth inning and once in the ninth.

The most important thing any batter can do is to get on base. On-base percentage is one of the very best measures of the success of a batter, and the best single season any batter ever had was Ted Williams's 1941 season when—according to the record books—he reached base with a .551 mark. More than 55 percent of the times he came to the plate, he got on base, one way or another. In 1941, Ted hit for .406 but he also drew a league-leading 145 walks.

Make that 147 walks. And Ted's OBA for 1941 now increases to .553. What many consider the most impressive single-season mark just got better.

The two extra walks, added to the other 2,019 Ted took during his major league career, do not statistically change his lifetime OBP. That remains the best ever for any player, at .483.

The Researcher

Herm Krabbenhoft was born in Detroit and grew up in Michigan. Neighborhood friends were interested in both baseball cards and chemistry sets in the early to mid-1950s. Herm was fascinated with the numbers on the baseball cards—the stats—and couldn't understand his friends' fascination with Gilbert chemistry sets. He played Little League for a year, as a pitcher. "I wasn't that good," he allows. "I was and still am a Detroit Tigers fan. Whatever stadium I am in, though, I root—at least outwardly—for the home team." Herm moved to the Schenectady area in 1976, "so I'm a Yankees fan now. The Tigers were first, the Yankees were second. I did see Ted Williams play—and hit a home run—at Briggs Stadium and I still have that scorecard."

He was impressed with Williams as a hitter, and when he was researching the day-by-day records at the Hall of Fame, he admits to doing a little rooting (researchers are allowed to root while doing their research): "I did Ruth first. I really wanted Williams to come out ahead of Ruth, though." And he did. But it wasn't in the 1941 season. Herm will reveal the answer at the Boston convention.

Herm became a research chemist. "Research is my whole

Bill Nowlin is co-author of a number of baseball books, including *Ted Williams: The Pursuit of Perfection*, with Jim Prime (Sports Publishing, 2002). He is also editor of publications for the Ted Williams Museum.

life whether it be chemistry research or baseball research. And history. They're all very similar." Those chemistry sets perhaps did have a delayed effect.

As every researcher knows, discovering something new—in this case, a major baseball record by a hitter one admires—can be an incredibly exhilarating experience. "It was the most potent feeling I've had since I was in graduate school when I realized I had made the key compound for my thesis. When I obtained the spectrum on that, I knew I had it and it was a great feeling. Any of us who do research are looking to find something which has not been found. The goal always in chemistry is to come up with something new, something which can be patented and also commercialized. I was successful from time to time—but many other times I was not. That is the way of research.

"When I was at the library, looking up different games where streaks had ended, I came to this September game and when I saw the box score I realized that there were two plate appearances missing. I knew I'd found something! When I read the last paragraph in the *New York Times* game account, and I saw, 'He walked twice in the opener,' I was just flying! I also knew that this kept Ted's CGOBS streak alive."

Of course, Herm says, "Finding the error is one thing, but the true achiever is the baseball player, not the researcher."

Ted Williams Day at Fenway Park, May 12, 1991. Photo courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England.

Herm would like to express his gratitude to fellow SABR members Dave Smith and Pete Palmer—Dave for providing (via his Retrosheet database) the CGOBS streaks for all players from the 1978–2001 period, and Pete for his guidance on the pre-1920 day-by-day records and for providing his HBP data for the 1891–1919 period. Herm notes that such cooperation in research embodies the vision of SABR founder Bob Davids.

Did Boston Stay Separate Spahn from 400 Wins?

by Dan Schlossberg

Had he not pitched for the Boston Braves, Warren Spahn might have won 400 games.

For one thing, he had the bad fortune to play for Casey Stengel, in Spahn's words, "before and after he was a genius."

Stengel won 10 pennants in 12 years as manager of the Yankees from 1949 through 1960 but managed Spahn earlier, with the Boston Braves and, later, with the New York Mets.

He was managing the Braves when Spahn made his major league bow on April 19, 1942, but took an instant dislike to the kid lefthander. In fact, Stengel made the worst prediction of his managerial career when he said Spahn had no future in the majors.

After the lefty refused an order to deck Dodger shortstop Pee Wee Reese, the manager sent him to Hartford, then in the Eastern League. Spahn returned in time to pick up his first complete game in the majors but didn't get a decision.

Leading the Giants, 5–2, in the seventh inning of the September 26 game at Braves Field, Spahn could smell victory. But the smell turned sour when youngsters who had been admitted to the park in exchange for ten pounds of scrap metal (vital to the war effort) stormed the field. Umpire Ziggy Sears forfeited the game to the New York Giants but all player records counted—with the exception of winning and losing pitcher.

The '42 Braves went 59–89, finishing a distant seventh in an eight-team league, and certainly could have used Spahn's services.

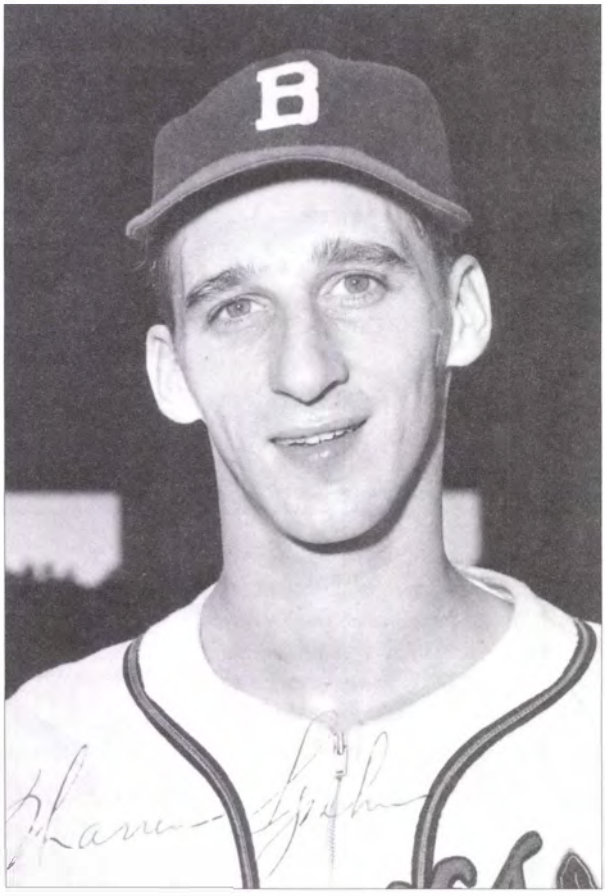
Things were so bad for the ballclub that the *Boston Record* actually praised the motorist who flattened Stengel, fracturing his leg and idling him for the start of the '43 season. He was gone

Dan Schlossberg of Fair Lawn, NJ, is the author of *The Baseball Almanac: The Big, Bodacious Book of Baseball* (Triumph Books), an offbeat illustrated history published in April 2002 with a foreword by Jay Johnstone. Schlossberg has been a SABR member since 1980.

after that campaign, while Spahn's baseball career was placed on hold by the war.

Though the pitcher later became the only major leaguer to receive a World War II battlefield commission, the bars on his collar also extended his stay halfway into the 1946 season.

By the time he posted the first of his 363 victories, a record for a lefthander, Warren Spahn was 25 years old. Time wasn't on his side but tenacity was a factor in his future.



Warren Spahn, late 1940s. Photo courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England.

With Spahn on the staff, the Braves finished fourth in 1946, third a year later, and first in 1948, the first time the Boston Braves reached the World Series since 1914.

Then came the fall: fourth in '49, '50, and '51 and seventh in an eight-team league in 1952, the team's last year in Boston before escaping the shadow of the Red Sox by fleeing to Milwaukee.

In fact, the Boston Braves finished over .500 only once (83–71 in 1950) after losing the 1948 World Series to the Cleveland Indians.

All those losing seasons weren't Warren Spahn's fault but didn't help his record either.

He lost a career-worst 19 games in 1952 (despite a 2.98 ERA) and dropped 17, the second-worst total of his 21-year career, during a 21-win season in 1950.

Since Spahn finished his career 37 victories shy of the 400 plateau, it's easy to see where a better ballclub, a better relationship with his manager, and an earlier military discharge might have fattened his win total.

Had Stengel kept him in 1942, for example, the lefty might have won 12–15 games. Pitching for Hartford instead, the Buffalo native had a record of 17–13 accompanied by a microscopic 1.96 ERA. It was the second year in a row Spahn's ERA in the minors had been below 2.00.

The winner of a Bronze Star and Purple Heart, Spahn fought in the Battle of the Bulge and helped the Allies take the bridge at Remagen. He later spent time in Germany with the occupying forces. But his commission caused a delay in his return.

Spahn could have doubled his 8 wins of 1946 had the army sent him home sooner; it was July before he won the first of his 363 victories.

The lefty's win total was also shortchanged in 1952, when Boston's offense was offensive to the team's pitchers. He finished with only 14 victories, hardly a Spahn-like total for a full season.

Though he had four of his thirteen 20-win seasons in Boston and twice led the league in victories (1949 and 1950), the southpaw suffered when his team sputtered. Pitching for those bad ballclubs between 1949 and 1952 cost him dearly in the win column.

In fact, it seems safe to say Spahn could have topped his career peak of 23 wins, achieved for the Milwaukee Braves in both 1953 and 1963, with decent help from his hitters. In fact, he probably would have won 25 or more in any of the four years, 1949–52, when he led the National League in strikeouts.

This is not to say Spahn was a bad pitcher in Boston. *Au contraire, monsieur.*

He led the NL in starts, complete games, innings pitched, wins, and shutouts twice each and ERA once, in addition to the four strikeout crowns. He also established Boston Braves club records with 122 wins, four 20-win seasons, and 1,000 strikeouts.

Though '48 was his worst overall season until his skills left him in 1964, the high-kicking lefty won the mid-September game that put the Braves into first place for good. Pitching the distance, Spahn beat the Dodgers, 2–1, in 14 innings (later in his career, he pitched complete games that lasted 15 and 16 innings).

Spahn topped 300 innings pitched in 1949, one of two years in his career that he endured such a workload, and had a pair of high-strikeout games for the sad-sack 1952 team that drew only 281,278 fans. He whiffed 13 men in a nine-inning game and 18 in a 15-inning game, both Boston Braves club records (Spahn later fanned a career-best 15 in a nine-inning game for the Milwaukee Braves while pitching one of his two no-hitters).

Boston batters were baffled by the Cubs in the 15-inning game on June 15 but Spahn was not. His home run, one of the 35 he hit to set an NL record for pitchers, was the only run in a 2–1 loss.

Spahn's frustration in 1952 was assuaged a bit with the arrival that season of a rookie slugger named Eddie Mathews. The only man to play for the Braves in three different cities, Mathews would eventually join Spahn in the Baseball Hall of Fame. But not for what he did in Boston.

The pitcher was clearly the best player on the last edition of the Boston Braves. He meant so much to the franchise, in fact, that management offered him a contract that would have paid him 10 cents a head, based on the team's home attendance.

Spahn declined, failing to realize the gold mine the team would strike when it suddenly shifted from Boston to Milwaukee during 1953 spring training.

The move to Wisconsin helped the great lefthander win a World Championship, a goal that eluded him in Boston. The Braves won only one flag, in 1948, during Spahn's tenure but failed to defeat the Cleveland Indians, who won in six games. But Spahn picked up a win with 5⅔ innings of one-hit relief in Game 5.

That was the year of "Spahn & Sain & pray for rain," though the Boston pitching rotation was deeper than the puddles suggested by the rhyme.

Johnny Sain led the league with 24 wins but Spahn was merely mortal, managing only 15 wins and a fat 3.71 ERA one year after leading the Senior Circuit in that department.

"Spahn & Sain & pray for rain" had a nice ring to it but Bill Voiselle (13) and Vern Bickford (11) filled out a respectable rotation for manager Billy Southworth.

Sain called him "one of the smartest men ever to play the game," while Whitlow Wyatt seconded the motion by saying, "Every pitch he throws has an idea behind it."

In his early days, Spahn relied on a fastball, curveball, and good control but later added a slider and screwball to his repertoire.

He blamed himself for helping Willie Mays maintain his berth in the major leagues.

In 1951, Spahn yielded the first of Mays's 660 home runs. "For the first 55 feet, it was a great pitch," he said later. As an afterthought, the pitcher conceded, "If only I had gotten him out, we might have gotten rid of Willie forever." Mays had been 0 for 24 before connecting against Spahn in the Polo Grounds.

Spahn, a high school first baseman who switched to pitching only when he couldn't budge an incumbent, could always counteract an enemy home run by hitting one himself.

His desire to help himself may have stemmed from Opening Day 1942, when Spahn saw teammate Jim Tobin connect twice. By the time Spahn was finished, he would not only rank fourth on the career home list for pitchers but have the exact same number of hits (363) and victories (363). He once hit .300 and won 20 games in the same season, a rare feat.

Without Casey Stengel's faux pas, the nation's military needs, and the sudden slide of the Boston Braves from champions to vagabonds, Warren Spahn would have achieved something even more rare: membership in the 400-win club. Only Cy Young and Walter Johnson belong.

"People say that my absence from the major leagues may have cost me a chance to win 400 games," he once said. "But I really don't know about that. I matured a lot in three years and think I was better equipped to handle major-league hitters at 25 than I was at 22. And I pitched til I was 44. Maybe I wouldn't have been able to do that otherwise."[1]

NOTE

1. *Total Braves* (New York: Penguin), 76.

The Boston Red Sox and the Integration of African American Players

by Craig E. Urch and Sydney Finkelstein

> It matters not what branch of mankind the player sprang from with the fan, if he can deliver the goods. The Mick, the Sheeny, the Wop, the Dutch and the Chink, the Cuban, the Indian, the Jap, the so-called Anglo-Saxon—his nationality is never a matter of moment if he can pitch, or hit, or field. In organized baseball there had been no distinction raised—except tacit understanding that a player of Ethiopian descent is ineligible—the wisdom of which we will not discuss except to say by such rule some of the greatest players the game has ever known have been denied their opportunity.[1]

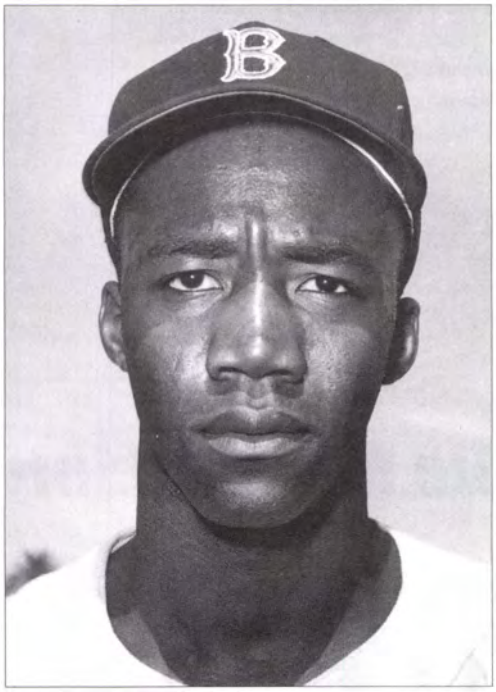
On July 21, 1959, Elijah "Pumpsie" Green appeared as a pinch runner for the Boston Red Sox at Chicago's Comiskey Park, thereby becoming the first African American to appear in a Boston Red Sox uniform in a regular-season game. Twelve years after Jackie Robinson integrated baseball with the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Red Sox became the last team in the major leagues to integrate. In the late 1940s, the Red Sox were one of the dominant teams in the American League, averaging 94.6 wins from 1946 to 1950, winning one pennant and twice finishing one game back in the league standings. Beginning in 1951, however, the fortunes of the team rapidly deteriorated. From 1951 to 1959, the Red Sox would average only 80 wins, finishing an average of 18 games behind the eventual American League winner. While a variety of reasons may have played into this decline, one strong and deciding factor was the unwillingness of the Red Sox management to racially integrate the team. Why did the Red Sox not bring on board an African American until 12 years after the first major league team had done so? Why did team management choose not to address the shifting dynamics of the diversifying marketplace for player talent? And, remarkably, why did they adopt this posture in spite of the apparent costs to team performance and reputation?

The Red Sox and Integration

Along with every other team in the majors, the Red Sox were confronted with how to react to the Dodgers' signing of Jackie Robinson in 1947. Back when discussions concerning integration first arose in the 1930s, the Red Sox organization displayed little interest. Racism, subtle and unsubtle, seemed to pervade the ball club. As David Halberstam writes in *Summer of '49* when comparing the Yankees and the Red Sox, "With the Red Sox, it was a less-refined sort of racism. The top management of the Red Sox was mostly Irish, the most powerful group in Boston. They had established their own ethnic pecking order, which in essence regarded Wasps with respect and grudging admiration for being where they already were; Jews with both admiration and suspicion for being smart, perhaps a little too smart; and Italians by and large with disdain for being immigrants and Catholic and yet failing to be Irish. Blacks were well below the Italians."[2]

Craig E. Urch is a strategy consultant in Boston. Before earning an MBA from the Tuck School at Dartmouth College, he worked in international small business development. A lifelong Red Sox fan, he is convinced, as always, that this is the year. **Sydney Finkelstein** is a professor of strategy and leadership at the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth College and faculty director of the Tuck Executive Program. Finkelstein has rooted for the Montreal Expos since their inaugural year, 1969.

Ironically, the Red Sox had an opportunity to sign Robinson when he came to Fenway Park for a tryout with fellow Negro League players Sam Jethroe and Marvin Williams on April 16, 1945. The tryout, however, may well have had more to do with the desire of the Red Sox to placate integration proponent Isadore Muchnick, who, as a member of the Boston City Council, could veto the profitable practice of scheduling games on Sunday. As Robinson later wrote in his autobiography, "Not for one minute did we believe the try-out was sincere. The Boston club officials praised our performance, let us fill out application cards, and said 'so long.' We were fairly certain they wouldn't call us and we had no intention of calling them."[3] One Red Sox scout in attendance commented that Robinson showed as much potential as any other player he had seen,[4] but Red Sox management apparently decided that the players were not ready for the majors and that it would be difficult to assign them to the Red Sox AAA affiliate in racially hostile Louisville.[5]



Elijah "Pumpsie" Green. Associated Press Photo. Courtesy of National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

Willie Mays was another one who got away. Mays was playing for a minor league team known as the Birmingham Black Barons in 1949. The Black Barons played in the same park as the Birmingham Barons, a Boston Red Sox farm team. George Digby, the local Red Sox scout, was impressed with Mays's exceptional talent and immediately called Red Sox General Manager Joe Cronin to tell him Mays was "the best-looking kid I've seen all year"; signing rights were available for $5,000. Cronin later sent another scout who was born in the South down to see Mays, and the scout reported that Mays was "not the Red Sox type." The ball club thus forfeited a golden opportunity to sign a future Hall of Famer.[6]

The Red Sox continued to be tainted by racism throughout this time. Sportswriter Clif Keane was once watching the great Minnie Minoso—a black Cuban ballplayer—work out in pregame drills. Turning to Mike Higgins, the Red Sox manager at the time, he said, "You know, that's probably the best all-around player in the league." Higgins, however, spat out angrily, "You're nothing but a fucking nigger lover."[7] Some have contended that the Red Sox manager and sometime general manager personified the general attitude of the Red Sox management in the 1940s and 1950s; Higgins also allegedly said, "There'll be no niggers on this ball club as long as I have anything to say about it."[8]

Although Pumpsie Green finally broke the Red Sox color barrier in 1959,[9] the organization did not make it easy. Signed in 1956, Green had advanced through the Red Sox system, integrating some teams along the way. As spring training commenced before the 1959 season, pressure was building on the Red Sox to keep Green on the major league roster. With Ozzie Virgil integrating the Detroit Tigers in June 1958, the Red Sox were the last major league team to put an African American in uniform. Green had a great spring, leading the team in hitting and being voted spring training rookie of the year by Boston writers. The *Boston Globe* wrote: "Pumpsie Green's performance this spring will earn him a spot on the Red Sox varsity." Nevertheless, Manager Higgins sent Green back to the minor leagues at the end of camp, explaining that "Pumpsie Green is just not ready."[10]

The demotion sparked a firestorm of criticism. The local chapter of the NAACP deemed the move "outrageous" and launched protests. Angry fans carried signs outside Fenway Park declaring, "We Want a Pennant, Not a White Team." The Massachusetts Commission Against Discrimination also launched an investigation that ended when Red Sox General Manager Bucky Harris promised to integrate accommodations at the Sox spring training facilities in Scottsdale, Arizona, and "make every effort to end segregation" on the team.[11] Green would not be promoted back to the majors until Higgins was fired and replaced with Billy Jurges later that summer.

Quantitative Effect of Racial Integration

Racism is at the heart of the Boston Red Sox story during the era of integration. That is not news and is no more than numerous commentators from David Halberstam to Dan Shaughnessy have already charged. But was this racism responsible for the team's dismal won-lost record during this time? While there were surely many factors that accounted for the Red Sox performance, was racism one of them? To answer this question we collected data on major league teams from 1947 to 1959 to assess the relationship between the presence of black players on major league rosters and team success.

First, we identified all African American baseball players in the major leagues from 1947 (5 players) to 1959 (75 players) and the teams they played for. Next, we created threshold levels to loosely characterize a team as integrated or not. For example, if a team had 1 black player in 1947 it was considered integrated, with the threshold for integration rising to 2 black players in 1948, 3 black players in 1949, and 4 from 1950 onwards. Using these metrics, two teams were considered to have been integrated since 1947 while the Red Sox and three other teams were never integrated between 1947 and 1959. When we look at won-lost records, an interesting pattern emerges. The two "integrated" teams posted an average win percentage of .589 during this period, while the four teams that never met the integration threshold played .516 ball. For teams that integrated during this era—that is, surpassed the integration threshold sometime during the 1947–1959 period—seven of ten had better won-lost records in the years after integration, with an average gain of 8.77 wins.

A more analytical take on the data would require predicting a team's won-lost percentage on the basis of the number of black players on the team relative to league averages, after controlling for other explanations for team success like attendance at home games (as a proxy for a team's pay scale),[12] local population (to account for differences between big-market and small-market teams), and the team's won-lost record the previous year (a statistical control that minimizes historical perform-

ance differences among teams). When we analyzed the data in this way, we found that the number of black players relative to league averages was positively correlated with won-lost percentage. Further, 13 of 16 teams improved their records after adding black players and, in general, teams with more African American ballplayers posted higher win percentages than teams with fewer black players.[13]

The quantitative evidence seems to support the idea that baseball teams that chose not to add African American players to their rosters, or were slower to do so than their competitors, posted weaker won-lost records. Given this analysis, why did the Boston Red Sox wait so long to racially integrate?

Why Did the Red Sox Delay Integration?

Numerous theories have been suggested as to why the Red Sox were the last team to racially integrate, but it is impossible to find one specific reason. It would seem obvious that any baseball team would seek to find the combination of players that best increased its chances of winning. However, for some reason, from 1947 to 1959 the Red Sox organization handcuffed the team's ability to win by appearing to decide that the existence of an all-white team was more important than winning. Why was this decision made and by whom?

One possible reason that has been suggested is that owner Tom Yawkey, while generally regarded as a very decent man, may have been racially biased. This theory states that Yawkey, a native of South Carolina, did not want African American ballplayers on the Red Sox. This theory, however, does not seem to hold true. No one has ever reported hearing Yawkey make a racist comment throughout his ownership of the Red Sox. Furthermore, he was later praised by Pumpsie Green. As Green later stated, "He [Yawkey] called me to his office and told me that if I ever had any problems, I should come directly to him."[14] As former Boston sportswriter Al Hirshberg wrote in his book *What's the Matter with the Red Sox?*, "Yawkey wanted a black ballplayer almost from the beginning, although he never made a big deal of it because he trusted his farm system to sign promising ballplayers, regardless of their color."[15]

More likely is another theory—racism was in fact the culprit but not at the top but at the bottom of the organization. Yawkey was generally considered a gentleman and one of the nicest people to be found in organized baseball at the time; however, he may have been too nice for his own good. Yawkey was devoted to his friends and routinely mixed his personal and professional lives by hiring friends to work for the Red Sox organization. The cronyism that developed was very detrimental to the club, as hiring and firing decisions were not always made on the issue of ability. As Hirshberg wrote, "If it is a question of hurting a friend or hurting the ball club, Yawkey has usually hurt the club."[16] Yawkey also was a very trusting individual and this may have played into the reason why the Red Sox waited so long to integrate. According to Hirshberg, "The real problem was not at the top, but in the middle and lower echelons of the scouting system."[17] According to this theory, the Red Sox scouting system held a considerable number of men who were racially biased and who consistently denigrated the ability of African American players. It has been stated that by the mid-1950s Tom Yawkey began to put pressure on the people at the top of the scouting system to find good African American prospects. However, he was informed that the team's scouts were having trouble finding quality black ballplayers. As Glenn Stout said in an interview with the *Boston Globe*'s Gordon Edes: "Yawkey would allegedly go to Red Sox scouts and say 'How come we don't have any African-American players?' Their response would be, 'We can't find any,' and Yawkey's response to that would be, 'Well, if we can't find any, we can't find any.'"[18] Because he was a trusting individual, Yawkey always took at face value the repeated reassurances he received that the team simply could not find any qualified African American players.

Conclusion

As the quantitative evidence seems to indicate, in major league baseball there was a correlation between team success and the speed at which teams racially integrated. So why did the Red Sox delay integration? It appears Yawkey tended to depend too heavily on a comfortable "old boy" network, as he routinely mixed his personal and professional lives by hiring friends to work for the Red Sox. The cronyism that developed became detrimental to the club, as management and hiring decisions were influenced by friends' feelings rather than objective, informed measures. As Glenn Stout observed, "Yawkey trusted guys like [former manager Mike] Higgins, who he looked up to as a player, and he allowed their views to influence an entire franchise."[19] It may have been this combination of cronyism and institutional racism in the scouting department that led the Red Sox organization to drag its feet on racial integration and cause a generation to pass between pennants.

The number of black players relative to league averages was positively correlated with won-lost percentage.

NOTES

1. Unsigned editorial, "A New Division in Baseball," *The Sporting News*, December 6, 1923, p. 4.

2. David Halberstam, *Summer of '49* (New York: William Morrow and Company, 1989), 184–85.

3. Dan Shaughnessy, *The Curse of the Bambino* (New York: Penguin Books, 1991), 56.

4. Ibid.

5. Glenn Stout and Richard Johnson, however, note in *Red Sox Century* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 2000), 290–91, that the Red Sox did have other minor league teams and could also have loaned these players to other teams, a common practice at the time.

6. Halberstam, 185–86.

7. Ibid., p. 186.

8. Al Hirshberg, *What's the Matter with the Red Sox?* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1973), 143.

9. The Red Sox did sign other African American players, but none were ever brought up to the major league team.

10. Quoted in Gordon Edes, "Final Frontier: He Broke Last Color Line—Boston's," *Boston Globe*, February 23, 1997, C1.

11. Stout and Johnson, 291.

12. Not only could teams that filled the stands afford to pay more, but attendance was almost certainly affected by the quality of players. Since quality players earned more, attendance sta-

This article is from a book by Sydney Finkelstein, *Why Leaders Fail: Learning from Business Breakdowns and Blunders*, to be published by Penguin Putnam in 2003.

tistics get at differences in both pay structure across teams and general team potential.

13. These results are consistent with a 1998 study by Andrew Hanssen, who found that between 1950 and 1984, "teams that started fewer black players than their rivals lost significantly and substantially more often" ("The Cost of Discrimination: A Study of Major League Baseball," *Southern Economic Journal*, 64 [1998]: 604).

14. Bob Dolgan, "Breakthrough for Boston," *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, June 9, 1997, p. 3C.

15. Hirshberg, 141.

16. Ibid., 112.

17. Ibid., 149.

18. Gordon Edes, "Historian Rewrites Story of Sox 'Curse': Stout Says It's Race, Not Ruth," *Boston Globe*, November 26, 2000, p. C12.

19. Ibid.

Diamonds Aren't Forever

by Glenn Stout

In the playgrounds and parks of Boston's black neighborhoods, basketball reigns. Adolescents imagining themselves to be Michael Jordan shun most other sports and crowd the asphalt courts at all hours.

In a long-ignored corner of these parks there is often the remnant of a baseball diamond—the dirt infield overgrown, the backstop bent and broken, the concrete bleachers empty of everything but trash and broken glass. Except for the occasional softball game, the baseball diamond lies fallow.

Not so very long ago, these bleachers were alive with people, and the well-used infields were rich with dreams of baseball glory. Men like Will "Cannonball" Jackman, who hurled fastballs and verbal taunts from the pitcher's mound with equal velocity, held the place now occupied by Air Jordan. Boston was baseball crazy, and black Boston was no exception. Throughout the '20s and '30s, black fans attended baseball games in droves. They even claimed the great Babe Ruth as a member of their race. (His gargantuan blasts were often credited to the supposed presence of "Hametic" blood within his system.) The Boston area supported a multitude of professional and semi-professional black baseball teams. The Boston Tigers and the Boston Royal Giants challenged the Braves and the Red Sox for the attentions and the dollars of local fans.

Yet in Boston today, blacks hold baseball at arm's length—and recent history gives good cause for that estrangement. In 1945 blacks witnessed the cruel and cursory "tryout" the Red Sox offered the great Jackie Robinson. In 1959 the Red Sox became the very last major league baseball team to integrate. In July 1986 the Equal Opportunity Commission upheld former Red Sox coach Tommy Harper's contention that he was fired for racial reasons after the 1985 season. As recently as 1998, former 600 Club manager Thomas Sneed also filed a discrimination complaint with MCAD, and the Red Sox' treatment of free agent Mo Vaughn also raised the specter of possible racial prejudice.

Black faces are rare at Fenway Park, and the odd white fan who notices that fact tends to cling to the comforting belief that, in Boston at least, blacks never cared much for baseball. And that is simply not true.

Prior to the 1880s there were a handful of blacks in professional baseball, but the silent law of Jim Crow effectively banned their participation thereafter. The black ballplayer—unless willing and able to pass as a Native American, a Cuban, or a white man—had no opportunity to test his skills against his professional white counterparts. All-black teams and leagues were the black ballplayer's only option.

The first black professional baseball league was formed in 1887. The League of Colored Base Ball Clubs opened the season with teams in Cincinnati, Washington, D.C., Louisville, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. And the Hub was already a stronghold of black baseball talent.

Nicknamed the Resolutes, the Boston ball club featured pitcher William Selden, who went on to star for a number of teams in the ensuing decade. But the fledgling circuit found the expense of travel too great and collapsed after only a few weeks of play. In its wake, a number of independent, semi-professional baseball teams were organized.

Throughout the East, black ball clubs formed wherever there was a significant black population. The teams played all comers, black or white, for whatever the pass of a hat provided. The best clubs went barnstorming, and the best players were easily enticed into leaving the sandlots and the school yards since even the uncertainties of semi-pro baseball offered more opportunity than the white working world did.

By 1903 the Boston area supported enough teams to form the Greater Boston Colored League. The West Medford Independents won the league's first championship, edging out the Boston Royal Giants and teams from Malden, Cambridge, West Newton, and Allston. Allston pitcher Joel Lewis provided an example of the black ballplayer's commitment to the game. In 1940, at age 63, Lewis still toiled on the mound, pitching—and winning—an old-timers' game. But the league did not share his endurance and disbanded after several seasons.

Sensing a growing black interest in baseball, promoters began bringing top-notch clubs up from Philadelphia and New York to face Boston's best teams. By 1908 interest in those games was sufficiently great that the white Boston Nationals' South End Grounds was used to host a contest between New York's Cuban Giants and a Boston team, one of the first games between two black teams ever played on a big league field. On April 22, 1911, a similar event between the same Giants and another group of local all-stars drew an impressive 4,865 spec-

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First published, in slightly different form, in *Boston Magazine*, September 1986.

tators to the Huntington Avenue Grounds. The game ended in a 2–2 tie, even though the Giants were then considered one of the best black teams in the nation.

A massive migration of rural Southern blacks to the industrialized North began just before World War I. In its wake, black baseball flourished. By the war's end, virtually every town in the Boston area fielded a black club, and Boston and Cambridge each supported several.

As American men returned to civilian life and Babe Ruth caught the fancy of both white and black fans with his prodigious hitting, semi-pro baseball, which included the black ballplayer, grew rapidly; it even began to supplant the Braves and the Red Sox in the hearts of local fans. Between World War I and World War II, the best baseball in Boston was not always played at Braves Field or Fenway Park. At Carter Field and Lincoln Park, in the South End; at Dorchester's Town Field; and at Russell Field and Hoyt Field in Cambridge, semi-pro baseball reigned supreme.

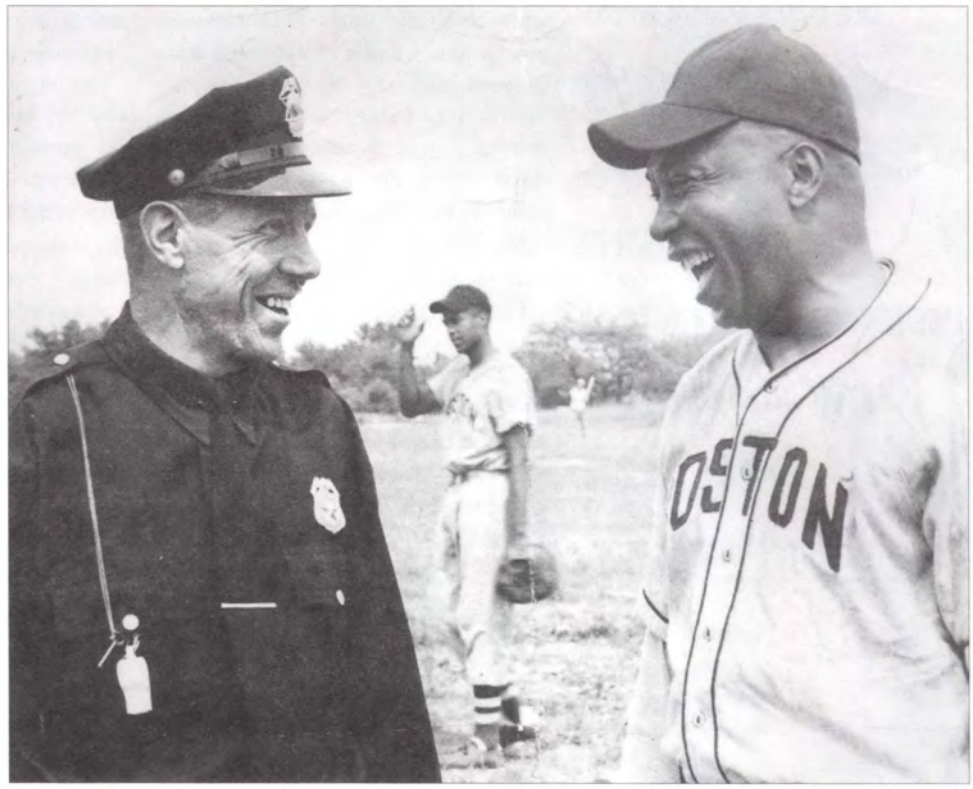
A unique set of circumstances allowed this to happen. Between the wars, baseball was America's foremost popular entertainment, and those with the time and the money could watch the Braves and the Red Sox play on summer afternoons at 3 p.m. But for the great mass of Boston's working class, a 3 p.m. game was impossible to attend. The semi-pro teams took advantage of daylight saving time and began their games at 6 p.m. In the lengthening shadows of evening, Boston's workers attended those games in force. The semi-pro teams passed the hat, a practice that made attendance far more affordable than the usual 50-cent minimum at Braves Field or Fenway Park. And because they charged no official admission fees, semi-pro baseball teams were allowed to play on Sunday, a privilege not extended by the legislature to Boston's major league teams until 1928. When semi-pro titans clashed, sometimes more than 15,000 spectators would gather to see the local heroes in action.

Although Jim Crow ruled organized baseball, there were exceptions on the semi-pro diamond. Leagues such as the Boston Area Twilight League and the Park League often recruited star black players for otherwise all-white teams and occasionally admitted all-black clubs into league play.

Black ballplayers played a brand of baseball that even white fans found compelling. Black ball clubs would often travel to the ballpark en masse, crowded atop cars and trucks. Some teams formed vocal quartets and would begin to sing as soon as the ballpark was in sight. On the field, black players often tried to add an element of the spectacular to otherwise routine plays, because the athlete's ability to make a living playing baseball depended as much upon his talent to entertain as it did upon his arm or his bat.

Boston's best black teams, the Boston Tigers, the Boston Royal Giants, and the Philadelphia Giants (who were based in New England despite their name), beat most local competition with ease. Only barnstorming all-star squads—teams like the bearded House of David—or powerful members of the Negro National League offered a significant challenge. Fans flocked to those contests. A big game was often preceded by several weeks' buildup in the local black press. Seats in the concrete bleachers at Lincoln Park or Carter Field were fought over, and the rest of the field was encircled by rope to hold back the crowd.

No record has ever been devised that can measure a man's passion for the game, and only a few records remain that even begin to tell the story of these black players and clubs. Even simple win-loss records are virtually nonexistent; changes of roster are even more difficult to track. Local stars such as pitcher Elmer "Lefty" Munroe and outfielder Mose Sisco often switched back and forth between half a dozen teams in a single summer. Vincent Jarvis, who had a long semi-pro career in Lynn, recalls that necessity demanded that the black ballplayer "keep his suit in the back of his car." What remains today of black baseball in Boston depends upon the faint microfilmed pages of Boston's old black press and the memories of men like Vincent Jarvis.



The Boston Tigers were one of Boston's first successful black teams. Formed out of the ashes of the Greater Boston Colored League in the early 1900s, the team folded several times before finally becoming stable prior to World War I. The Tigers dominated black baseball in New England throughout the '20s, and their lineup included the greatest black players of the era. Charles "Jit" Taylor, Zing Rice, and Lefty Munroe came to the Tigers from Everett (Massachusetts) High School, and each enjoyed a long career in the Boston area. Second baseman George "Deedy" Crosson joined the team after a successful career at Boston University, where he was the Terriers' MVP in 1924 and a teammate of Hall of Famer Mickey Cochrane. Tiger manager Bob Russell once called outfielder Mose Sisco "the

Will Jackman. Photo courtesy of National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

greatest attraction in the history of colored baseball in New England." The black press reported that in his prime, Sisco could "run like a Jesse Owens, bat like Joe D'Maggio [*sic*] and throw like Vince D'Maggio [*sic*]." Fans took particular note of Sisco's peculiar habit of wearing sunglasses while playing, a custom that has since become commonplace.

The late Mabray "Doc" Kountze worked as a sports editor in Boston's black press. He remained convinced that many Tigers possessed big league ability. Kountze first broke the color line in Boston's major league press boxes in 1934 and had ample opportunity to observe both white and black stars. His book *Fifty Sports Years Along Memory Lane* is the best single record of black sports in Boston.

In the '30s the Tigers were challenged for local supremacy by the Boston Royal Giants. By this time black teams from other cities regularly raided the Boston teams of many of their best players, and a number of stars bounced back and forth between the Tigers, the Giants, and the Negro National League. Foremost among those players were Burlin White and Will Jackman. For years the fortunes of the Giants depended on the storied efforts of what the black press called "the million dollar battery." Any team that featured Jackman on the mound and White behind the plate was nearly unbeatable.

Boston's black press wanted Boston's big league clubs to reflect the city's historic position as "the Cradle of Liberty" and to be the first to choose conscience over color.

White's baseball career began in 1915 with the West Baden Sprudels, a black team formed to entertain white guests at the famous Indiana resort. His teammates included three future members of the Hall of Fame: Andrew "Rube" Foster, founder of the Negro National League; John Henry Lloyd, "the black Honus Wagner"; and Oscar Charleston, a fine outfielder. The young catcher, whose burly makeup was reflected in his name, went on to play for the Lincoln Giants and the Cuban Stars, two of black baseball's best teams. And in 1925, while with the Lincoln Giants, White first teamed with Will Jackman. The two men formed an alliance that would be mutually beneficial for the next 25 years.

Jackman was a native of Texas, and he hurt his arm upon first encountering cold weather as a member of the Lincoln Giants. Forced to improvise by his injury, the righthanded Jackman adopted a unique submarine motion that baffled hitters who already found his fastball overpowering. Jackman and White toured New England and Canada with the Philadelphia Giants in the late '20s. One year Jackman racked up 52 wins against 2 losses.

The two men eventually settled in Boston's South End, and Will Jackman became Boston's greatest baseball attraction since Babe Ruth. He'd pitch as often as three or four times a week for whoever could pay his price. In addition to playing with the Royal Giants, the Philly Giants, and the Tigers, Jackman also appeared with Watertown's Arsenal team, Waltham of the Twilight League, and the Brooklyn Eagles and the Newark Eagles of the Negro National League. The quintessential black semi-pro superstar, he played whenever he could, for as long as he could. Jackman made and lost a small fortune traveling across the east in broken-down buses and cars, nursing the occasional sore and tired arm, drawing crowds whenever he made an appearance. He continued pitching well past age 50.

Vincent Jarvis recalls Jackman as an easygoing "big, husky, strong man," with a gap-toothed "boyish smile." When scheduled to pitch, Jackman "could load up every park there was." But despite his success, there was "nothing big" about Will Jackman.

Jackman was so good he was the one local black ballplayer recognized by Boston's white press. In 1941 the *Herald Traveler*'s Jack Broudy opened a column featuring Jackman with the couplet "Old Will Jackman, the meteor man / Could flip 'em faster than Feller can." Broudy went on to express his belief that Jackman was at least the equal of the esteemed Leroy "Satchel" Paige. The *Globe*'s Jerry Nason echoed that equation in 1944. Indeed, Jackman faced Paige twice in his career, and each man came away with a victory.

At his peak, Jackman commanded fees of $175 per game, plus $10 for every strikeout, and Jackman struck out plenty. But the barnstorming lifestyle was costly and didn't offer much security. In 1971 Jackman told the *Herald*'s Joe Fitzgerald, "If I was young today, I'd probably be worth a million. I guess I've done everything. I've worked in oil fields, driven trucks, dug ditches, cleaned people's houses. I've always had to work to make a dollar. . . .[But] I'm not bitter. . . .There's no sense thinking about what might have been."

What might have been is that Will Jackman might have been one of the greatest pitchers of all time, black or white. Yet today, in the city where he lived and worked for more than 40 years, hardly anyone remembers his name.

Other teams and other players deserve to be remembered: the Wolverines, the A.B.C.s, the Rangers, the Pullman Porters, the Elephants, and the Night Hawks all played in and around Boston. Harvard's Fran Matthews, Ralph "Stody" Ward, Tubby Johnson, Sheriff Blake, and "Windshield" Willie Robinson were all heroes in the black community. These athletes played in the virtual shadows of Braves Field and Fenway Park, and the Braves and the Red Sox pretended to be unaware of their existence. Like black ballplayers all across America, these men were denied.

Boston's black press waged a long campaign against baseball's color line. They wanted Boston's big league clubs to reflect the city's historic position as "the Cradle of Liberty" and to be the first to choose conscience over color. But the Red Sox and the Braves continued to hew to Jim Crow. As the Great Depression eased, young blacks began drifting toward other sports. The huge crowds that were once standard at black ball games became a thing of the past.

In 1938, when the Red Sox and the Braves finally allowed black teams to lease their facilities, crowds were disappointing. In 1941 Satchel Paige was still able to draw 8,000 fans to Fenway Park, but similar efforts featuring the Baltimore Elite Giants and the New York Black Yankees fell flat. Boston had long lobbied for a Negro National League team but had always lacked an appropriate place to play. By the time Braves Field and Fenway Park were made available, interest had waned.

World War II, night baseball, and radio all contributed to the demise of local black baseball. But it was Jackie Robinson, iron-

ically, who sounded its death knell. In 1945 the Red Sox bowed to political pressure from Boston city councilman Isadore H. Y. Muchnick, who threatened to block the team's Sunday baseball permit unless blacks were given a tryout. When the Red Sox claimed to be unaware of any blacks who desired a tryout, Wendell Smith of the *Pittsburgh Courier* arranged for Marvin Williams, Sam Jethroe, and Jackie Robinson to be given a chance. The Red Sox agreed to the test but cynically had no intention of signing the men. The tryout fooled no one but the city council and was instantly derided in the black press for its "Amos 'n' Andy" character.

Five months later, Hub fans witnessed what might have been. Appearing with the black Kansas City Monarchs in a game versus the semi-pro Navy Yard club at Braves Field, Robinson dazzled the crowd with two base hits and four stolen bases, including a daring theft of home. But when Boston turned its back on Robinson, it did the same to the entire black community.

When Robinson joined the Brooklyn Dodgers two years later, finally integrating major league baseball, the black sporting press focused on his efforts. Stories about Robinson forced what little remained of local black baseball off the sports page. The distant major leagues became the object of the black fan's attention, but younger athletes had already turned to other sports. By the time the Braves brought up Sam Jethroe, in 1950, it was too late. Local black baseball was dead. By the time the Red Sox brought up Elijah "Pumpsie" Green, in 1959—more than a decade after Robinson joined the Dodgers—no one cared anymore. Boston may have finally decided it was ready for the black ballplayer, but by then the black ballplayer had little use for Boston.

Since that time, change has been slow and painstaking. Baseball in Boston gained a reputation as an increasingly white, suburban sport. The success of the Red Sox on the field with widely integrated teams from 1967 through 1978 were rapidly swept away as the organization backtracked in the 1980s with a roster that at times included only one African American player. Old perceptions were reinforced and in the 1990s Boston often became a "last option" for minority players, a number of whom signed contracts specifying that they could not be traded to the Red Sox.

Fortunately, at the major league level pure economics and the pressure to compete were finally able to accomplish what history could not. Beginning in 1994 general manager Dan Duquette ushered in a new color-blind approach in the acquisition of players of color, and the organization and the city began to shed its racist reputation. Ever so slowly, African Americans and other minorities have felt more welcome at Fenway Park. In recent years, with stars like Mo Vaughn, Pedro Martinez, and Manny Ramirez, black and Latino fans have begun to identify with the Red Sox. But none of the groups that recently made bids to own the Red Sox included a minority partner, an oversight that passed without comment in the local media but was seen as "business as usual" in the minority community. As new ownership takes command, the challenge remains to relegate to history the team's shameful record in regard to race and to recapture a mostly forgotten and long ignored baseball legacy in Boston.

For at the grassroots level, the problem remains. Interest in the Red Sox has not yet translated into widespread interest in playing the game. City baseball diamonds remain mostly deserted, and inner-city baseball programs struggle to gain traction. Several generations of young athletes, both in Boston and in many other urban areas, have turned away from baseball. The struggle to win them back, both in Boston and elsewhere, represents the next critical step in an ongoing process as baseball seeks to reclaim its place as truly a national pastime.

And that's a whole new ball game.

Red Sox Break the Mold in 1967

by Mark Kanter

Traditionally, the Red Sox, long known for having a limited roster of black or dark-skinned Hispanic players, were accidentally in the forefront of integration in the 1960s in the American League. Although the Red Sox were the last major league team to integrate, in 1959 with Elijah "Pumpsie" Green, they were one of the first teams to develop black or dark-skinned Hispanic players to play on an American League pennant winner. In fact, in the short span of eight years, the Red Sox went from Pumpsie Green to the second American League pennant winner to have developed and played at least three black or dark-skinned Hispanic players on their everyday roster. The first was the Cleveland Indians of 1954.

In 1967, the Boston Red Sox had first baseman George Scott, center fielder Reggie Smith, and third baseman Joe Foy in their everyday lineup. These three players came up through the Red Sox farm system. Each amassed at least 446 at-bats. (They are considered everyday players because of the number of at-bats.) Although the 1965 American League pennant winner, the Minnesota Twins, also had three players developed in the Twins organization, only Zoilo Versalles and Tony Oliva had at least 446 at-bats. The other player, Sandy Valdespino, only had 245 at-bats.

The Red Sox, by developing and using three black players on their pennant-winning team, were the antithesis of the New York Yankees and the American League as a whole. The Yankees, who had won the American League pennant from 1947 through 1964, excluding 1948, 1954, and 1959, never had that many black or dark-skinned Hispanic players on their pennant winners. In fact, the Chicago White Sox of 1965 were only the second American League team to have at least three black or dark-skinned Hispanic players who came up through its system on most of its starting lineups throughout the year. These players were first baseman Tom McCraw, second baseman Don Buford, and center fielder Floyd Robinson. That team had outfielder Tommy Agee as well. However, Agee came up through the Indians system. Finally, the only American League teams

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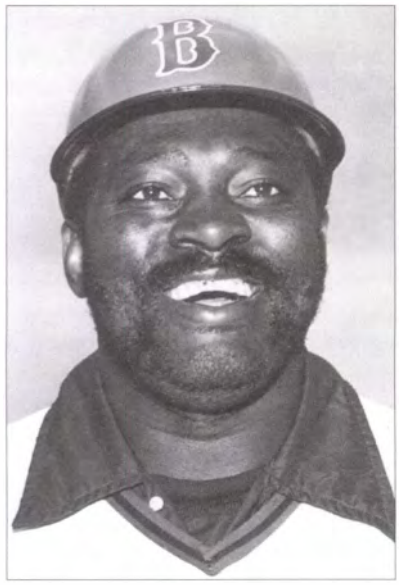

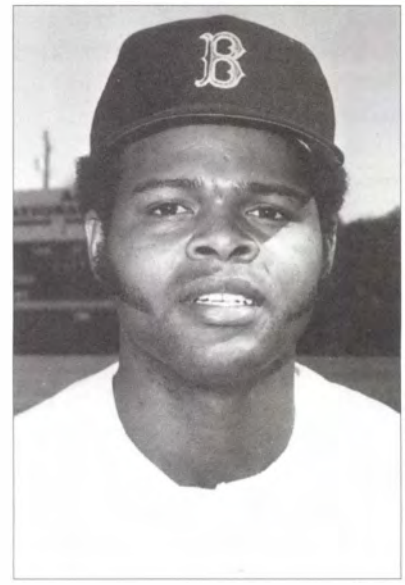

George Scott (left), Joe Foy (middle), and Reggie Smith (right) began their Red Sox careers in consecutive seasons: 1965, 1966, and 1967, respectively. Photos courtesy of National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

that really courted black or dark-skinned Hispanic players in the 1940s and 1950s were the Cleveland Indians, Chicago White Sox, and St. Louis Browns.

By 1967, the Red Sox achieved what 13 National League pennant winners—four franchises—had nearly accomplished. The following 13 pennant-winning teams had in their lineups three black or dark-skinned Hispanic players with 100 or more at-bats and/or pitchers who pitched at least 100 innings who had been developed by the pennant winner's system:

Dodgers, Brooklyn and Los Angeles: 1949, 1952, 1953, 1955, 1956, 1959, 1963, 1965, and 1966

Milwaukee Braves: 1957, 1958

Cincinnati Reds: 1961

San Francisco Giants: 1962

Whether by design or by accident, the Red Sox helped to break the mold for the American League. Since 1967, American League organizations developed and put on the field more and more black and dark-skinned Hispanic players. By the 1970s, the A's had Reggie Jackson, Blue Moon Odom, Vida Blue, and Bert Campaneris on their three pennant-winning teams. The Red Sox played a role in changing the face of American League baseball.

T. H. Murnane and the Mysterious "Darkhue White"

by Gail Rowe and John S. Phillips

In his *Historical Baseball Abstract* (2001), Bill James characterizes Timothy H. Murnane of the *Boston Globe* as "Outstanding Sportswriter" of the 1890s. Others have recognized Murnane's skill and influence, often designating him the originator of the modern sports column.[1] In the late 1880s, Murnane began to experiment with supplements to his daily accounts of Boston Beaneater games, offering readers "Base Ball Notes" and "Echoes of the Game." The former provided information about baseball in the National League as well as in New England. The latter commented on off-field and on-field occurrences and personalities associated with that day's contest. By 1896, "Base Ball Notes" and "Echoes of the Game" regularly accompanied accounts of Beaneater home games. In these columns, Murnane provided valuable information about turn-of-the-century baseball, including equipment, player transactions, ballpark details, anecdotes about dirty play, the concept of a designated hitter, and other tactics and antics of the day. But Murnane conveyed more than baseball information. Among other things, his columns provide a fascinating window into Boston's racial attitudes and practices.

Beginning in mid-1897, Murnane's "Echoes of the Game" mentions "Darkhue White," a black man who attends Beaneater games. Murnane quotes Darkhue White and describes him extensively. Through White, Murnane reveals much about race in the United States at the midpoint between the Civil War and Jackie Robinson. Was White a real person? Fictional? Why did Murnane feature a black man so prominently in his columns? Murnane does not tell us. There seems little doubt, however, that Murnane deliberately and gratuitously utilized Darkhue White to advance his racial views.

A look at Murnane's audience provides clues about what Murnane may have been trying to accomplish through his references to White. Massachusetts, of course, has a reputation as a center of progressive thought and liberal behavior. Its Puritan

foundations emphasized personal virtue and literacy. From Harvard's inception in 1636, the colony was drawn to liberal, even revolutionary, ideals. Massachusetts was a leader in resisting British policies after 1763 and pushing for revolution following 1774. Its peoples were in the vanguard of legal reform and criticism of slavery after 1800. Massachusetts spearheaded an intellectual revolution in the 1820s, producing some of the nation's greatest writers and some of its most important and enduring intellectual currents. It became the center of reform impulses by mid-century, insisting that the poor, deaf, blind, addicted, and mentally ill be treated with greater sensibility. It urged reforms in education and government. In addition, it subsequently led the pressure on Lincoln to transform the Civil War into a struggle against slavery. Following the war, Massachusetts pushed to integrate blacks into the mainstream of American society and to grant them broader constitutional rights. When an anti-imperialistic movement and anti-lynching crusade cropped up in the last decade of the century, Massachusetts provided much of their fervor and membership.[2]

But Tim Murnane did not address an exclusively liberal and progressive audience. For all its leadership in liberal causes, Massachusetts retained a conservative core. Home to the early Federalist Party, fearful of democratic and egalitarian forces abroad in the land, Massachusetts remained fertile ground for elements opposed to racial and ethnic changes and their political repercussions. To the chagrin of conservative New Englanders, impressive numbers of racial, ethnic, and linguistic minorities crowded into post–Civil War Boston and transformed its political and demographic landscape. The city's Negro population burgeoned. Prejudice and discrimination against newcomers and blacks increased substantially.[3]

The differing views of the people of Massachusetts on matters of race were reflected in Murnane's primary vehicle for public expression, the *Boston Globe*.[4] The city's circulation leader among newspapers, the *Globe* struggled to fairly report news of the region's black communities. It printed sympathetic accounts of black churches and the personal achievements of black sports figures and other citizens and portrayed them as an integral part of the workforce. Pictures of black personalities appeared frequently. Still, even the most cursory examination of the *Globe*'s coverage confirms that it also reflected contemporary assumptions and stereotypes about African Americans. It ran ads showing black Americans eating watermelon and speaking in exaggerated dialect.[5] It gave prominent coverage to local minstrel shows and portrayed participants in classic "Steppin' Fetchit" or "Sambo" poses.[6] In its political and social cartoons, blacks were shown as slovenly, stupid, childish, even subhuman—and always comical.[7]

Murnane and his readers lived and worked in this turn-of-the-century world, and Murnane's way of conveying baseball's history and evolving form must be viewed in this context. Murnane appears to have used Darkhue White to reflect (or perhaps even to shape) contemporary values and attitudes toward the city's black population.

No evidence of Darkhue White surfaced in Murnane's columns prior to June 1897. Indeed, Murnane paid little attention to black fans or players before mid-1897.[8] In his June 9 "Echoes of the Game" he reported that when Boston third baseman Jimmy Collins leaned into the stands for a foul ball, a black man shouted, "Aftuh yo', suh!" Once Collins made the catch, the man added, "W'at he keeah f' dem balls? Nuffin, suh, nuffin. Seems t' me ah nevah see such a man's dat Mahs Collins."[9] Days later, with the Louisville Colonels in town, Murnane described fans cheering, "De kunnels, sah; yaas suh!"[10] The following week, for the first time, Murnane attached a name to his Negro dialect, telling readers that, after a win over Cincinnati, one "Crowhue White" observed: "Seems t' me, dat Mahs Buck got er powerful kerwallerpin ter day. . . . But dey mowt jes' es well try ter push de fus base froo a knothole es ter win from Mahs Duffy's men ."[11] A week later, he called the fan "Darkhue White," and the name stuck. With Cap Anson's Chicago team in town, Murnane quoted White as observing, "Yo' pow'ful nice man, Mahs Anson, but duhs no use yo' a trying t' joggie Mahs Duffy's pickerninnies, kase y' caint do' it."[12] By the end of the month, Murnane had added White's friend and fellow fan "Hambone Sweet," and a Globe artist began to provide caricatures of White.[13]

"Darkhue White Runs Up Against Director Conant," editorial cartoon, *Boston Globe*, August 31, 1897.

Some historians have accepted Darkhue White as a historical figure. In their *Red Sox Century*, Glenn Stout and Richard A. Johnson write that "Darkhue White, an African-American veteran of the recently completed Spanish American War" attended a "hot stove meeting" in the winter of 1900.[14] So far, no evidence of a Darkhue White (or Hambone Sweet) has been uncovered in city directories or other public sources. The names themselves are highly improbable. Clearly, Murnane flirted with alternatives such as "Crowhue" White. Murnane's Darkhue

White and Hambone Sweet are more likely pseudonyms for actual African American fans or are an attempted composite of all black fans. Murnane has White and Sweet do very specific things. White sits near Boston Beaneater directors Arthur Soden and William Conant,[15] bets heavily,[16] argues with Conant about free passes, sneaks a drink from the fountain beneath the stands,[17] befriends players,[18] visits the team dressing room where he tries to inspire the players, and judges pie-eating contests.[19] Murnane's White and Sweet live in a West End basement apartment.[20] White attends the Temple Cup games in Baltimore in October 1897. Finally, he joins up during the Spanish-American War and reportedly sees action. These details suggest that actual individuals may lie behind the men Murnane dubbed Darkhue White and Hambone Sweet.[21]

Still, a number of factors suggest Darkhue White was fictional. Even if a prominent Negro figure attended games[22]—and there were black personalities who circulated among Boston's whites[23]—it is unlikely that such a man would be permitted actions attributed to White. Addressing the players in the team's dressing room is just the most obvious example.[24] Politicians like John "Honey-Fitz" Fitzgerald did so, as did General Arthur "Hi Hi" Dixwell.[25] But a black man would be a different matter, especially if he spoke and behaved as White purportedly did.

From the first, Murnane portrayed White as a fervent but simple fan.[26] White confesses that he is "kerwinched to perceive da ah'm no good at pickin' winners."[27]

Like any rabid fan, White has moments of despair. Discouraged with the Beaneaters' play in a game against Baltimore, he left after seven innings. Learning that his team rallied to win, he "rolled his eyes and convulsed."[28] When, on September 21, Brooklyn scored 12 times in the first inning, White "fainted." He didn't revive until "de cake walk kem to a close."[29] He bet feverishly. During a Boston-Baltimore game, Hambone Sweet watched as Orioles left fielder Joe Kelly faced Kid Nichols. Sweet yelled, "'Keerful, duh, Mahs Kelley, yo' got ol' Nick after yuh, suh. He's gwine to strike you' out, Mahs Kelley.' 'Caint do it nohow,' said Darkhue with the air of superior conviction. . . . 'Might you . . . hazard coin on dat observation of your'n, suh?'"[30]

Murnane thus portrayed these black fans precisely like minstrels. Not surprisingly, Murnane uses the language of the popular minstrels. For example, big innings are described as "cake walks."[31] In addition to the exaggerated dialect, pictures of White are indistinguishable from minstrel characters in the *Globe*, right down to the top hat, exaggerated bow tie, vest, long coat, and checkered pants. In several pictures he carries a cane with an oversized head.[32]

Beyond White's linguistic and sartorial comedic aspects, Murnane attributed to him poverty and a harmless, almost quaint, criminality. Readers of "Echoes of the Game" doubtless were regaled by Murnane's account (and an artist's depiction) of White trying to use a year-old rain check, going so far as to badger Director Conant over the matter. When White tried to discuss the Nelson Dingley tariff with bleacher associates, a man asked, "Aren't you the fellow who tried to use a last year's rain check?" A small boy allegedly piped in "An he da bloke walken in over der fence yesterday!" "Verily, Darkhue White must be broke," Murnane concluded.[33] When Boston rooters took the train to Baltimore to cheer the Beaneaters against the Orioles in the Temple Cup series in late September 1897, White stayed in Boston, according to Murnane, because brakemen "prevented him from securing a perch on the brake beams."[34] Days later, White succeeded in reaching Baltimore where he allegedly telegraphed an account of the third game to the Globe.[35] Following the series, he hopped a freight train for his return to Boston.[36]

Questions about Murnane and White cry out for further research. Among the most intriguing is, What event or issues explain Murnane's invention of Darkhue White in the summer of 1897 and his subsequent treatment of White? A number of possibilities exist. Perhaps he sought nothing more than to introduce humor to his writing and turned to a tried-and-true form. His fascination with dialect was not only consistent with the minstrel tradition, but in keeping with the rediscovery of dialect as a literary form—reminiscent of Finley Peter Dunne's wildly popular "Mr. Dooley."[37] An equally charitable interpretation suggests Murnane humanized a black man in everyday situations, thereby accustoming readers to new realities. However, if Murnane had wanted to sympathetically portray a black man, he could have attributed to White more elevated (or at least more neutral) words and actions. It is more likely that Murnane was either amused or angered by the behavior of specific African Americans and sought to satirize or ridicule them.

Murnane appears to have used Darkhue White to reflect (or perhaps even to shape) contemporary values and attitudes toward the city's black population.

While we cannot be certain about what motivated Murnane, one fact is known: When Murnane chose to begin writing about Darkhue White in 1897, the United States was in the midst of a growing racism. The U.S. Supreme Court validated segregation in its infamous *Plessy v. Ferguson* decision in 1896. Lynching against blacks, endorsed by prominent politicians, was on the rise. American policies in Cuba and the Pacific raised the specter of embracing additional dark-skinned peoples into the American orbit. The *Globe* covered all of these trends at precisely the time Murnane wrote about White.

Murnane accepted the advancing segregation of American society in general and of baseball in particular. His well-known support of workers and players aside, he shared racial prejudices against blacks.[38] When Boston was projected as a site for an all-black National League organized by A. J. Carter, Murnane sneered, "There is an array of colored players around the larger cities. Their playing is more picturesque to look at than their pale-faced brothers."[39]

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If the final account of Murnane and White remains to be written, it seems clear that Murnane's "Echoes of the Game" provides yet another example of the ways in which baseball reflects broader American society. A product of a society suspicious of blacks and fearful of their growing numbers, Murnane brought those concerns into his columns, perpetuating and deepening the larger community's assumptions and expectations regarding black citizens.

NOTES

1. Rich Eldred, "Timothy Hayes Murnane," in Frederick Ivor-Campbell et al., eds., *Baseball's First Stars* (Cleveland: SABR, 1996), 115; Charles Alexander, *Our Game* (New York: Holt, 1991), 53, 67; David Q. Voigt, *American Baseball: From Gentleman's Sport to the Commissioner System* (University Park: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1983), 158, 188, 285; Alfred H. Spink, *The National Game*, 2nd ed. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2000), 249, 324–25; Jonathan F. Light, ed., *The Cultural Encyclopedia of Baseball* (Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland, 1997), 679. In 1978, Murnane was named a recipient of the Sporting News Spink Award for "meritorious contributions to baseball writing." The authors wish to thank Rich Eldred for kindly responding to our inquiries.

2. Richard D. Brown and Jack Tager, *Massachusetts: A Concise History* (Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2000), passim.

3. Samuel Bass Warner's *Streetcar Suburbs: The Process of Growth in Boston, 1870–1900* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1978), explores these developments.

4. Murnane also contributed to *Sporting Life*, *New York Clipper*, *Boston Referee*, and *The Sporting News*.

5. It published songs in its Sunday editions such as "Hush, My Little Coon" (April 4, 1897). And it routinely referred to black men as "colored boys."

6. Numerous organizations held annual minstrel shows, as did schoolchildren (*Boston Globe*, August 6, 1897; April 2, 22, 1898; May 13, 21, 1899). So popular were minstrels that whites took lessons from blacks. See illustration, *Boston Globe*, May 28, 1899. One performer was described as a "Dandy Coon" (April 27, 1898).

7. Based on a close survey of the *Globe* from 1895 to 1901.

8. The exception is an April 1, 1897, comment on black players being considered for an all-black National League. See later in this article.

9. *Boston Globe*, June 9, 1897.

10. *Boston Globe*, June 12, 1897.

11. *Boston Globe*, June 15, 1897. "Buck" is Cincinnati's Buck Ewing, and "Duffy" is Boston's Hugh Duffy.

12. *Boston Globe*, June 20, 1897. For other dialects employed by Murnane, see June 20, 1897.

13. *Boston Globe*, June 25, 30, 1897. Jacob Morse of the *Boston Herald* picked up on "Darkhue White," a development the authors are pursuing for a longer article.

14. Glenn Stout and Richard A. Johnson, *Red Sox Century: One Hundred Years of Red Sox Baseball* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2000), 3.

15. *Boston Globe*, September 17, 1897. Murnane reports that "League President Freedman and Boston owner William Conant sat just in front of Ted Daly and Darkhue White" and Senator Gallivan and Alderman Charlie Bryant attended the game as well.

16. At the close the 7th inning of an August 5 game, White was heard to say, "Fo'teen men lef on de wades, . . .an' I had fo' dollars on 'em" (*Boston Globe*, August 6, 1897).

17. Murnane refers to the water as a "fountain" and a "spring." Conant and Supervisor John Haggerty guarded the water, Conant going so far as to bring in a guard dog (named "Ponce de Leon") to protect this "fountain of youth." See *Boston Globe*, June 26, 27, 1897.

18. Murnane says "Happy Jack" Stivetts frequently inquired about Darkhue White (*Boston Globe*, April 20, 1898).

19. *Boston Globe*, August 21, 1897.

20. *Boston Globe*, September 25, 1897.

21. Murnane writes almost nothing of Darkhue White during 1898 and 1899 when, supposedly, White was away at war.

22. Black fans did attend, but no pictures (sketches and drawings from photographs) from 1896–1899 show blacks in attendance. See *Boston Globe*, April 21, 1896; June 25, 1897.

23. This was especially true of black clergymen.

24. *Boston Globe*, August 11, 1897. He told the players, "I don't see what you gwine to land, boys, if you don't get together soon wid dar stick."

25. *Boston Globe*, June 25, August 12, 20, 1897.

26. On August 21, 1897, White "missed his first game of the season."

27. *Boston Globe*, August 8, 1897.

28. *Boston Globe*, June 26, 1897.

29. *Boston Globe*, September 22, 1897.

30. *Boston Globe*, June 25, 1897.

31. *Boston Globe*, September 22, 1897.

32. Compare pictures in the *Boston Globe* on August 31, 1897, and April 14, 1899. In one depiction, his "uniform" is missing, but his lips and eyes are exaggerated further, he wears a straw hat, and he looks grotesquely stereotypical.

33. *Boston Globe*, September 4, 1897. "Ah had a piebald mewl once," said White, "but dat mewl's kick wuz ez light as ol' mommy's love pat in comparison to de kicks ah hev seen ober a pusson trying to make use of a raincheck" (*Boston Globe*, September 7, 1897).

34. *Boston Globe*, September 25, 1897.

35. No such account appeared.

36. *Boston Globe*, September 28, 1897.

37. For an example of Dunne's "Mr. Dooley," see *Boston Globe*, June 20, 1898; September, 24, 1899; October 1, 1899.

38. Spink, 249.

39. "Base Ball Notes," April 1, 1897. Also quoted in Voigt, 279.

Beantown's Best: A Poetic Review

by Mark W. Schraf

Joe Cronin

what the hell happened joe
you were always a stand up
guy even sat down to let pesky
play

so why were you the red sox
Jim Crow never a dark face while
you were there

you couldn't kick them out of the
league but you damn well wouldnt honor
dying jackie in 1972 no you just
sat that one out too

Rick Ferrell

The Hall of Fame gave him the nod in 1984.
The writers felt the choice was flawed,
but here's a heretofore
unchecked and unsubstantiated
rumor as to why
a candidate so weak was rated
obviously high.
The Vets Committee got mixed up
(it happens when you're old).
They had to plan a coverup
to keep the tale untold.
A vow of silence never works,
the truth so hard to smother.
The records make it plain: Those jerks!
They meant the other brother!

Maranville Back From the Minors

There once was a shortstop named Rabbit
whose drinking was too strong a habit.
In earnest he said,
"Once High-spirited.
"Now, Prohibited
"I have only one dread-"
"If I lose my sobriety, grab it!"

Herb Pennock

yet another yank
yanked from evil clutches of
envious left wall

Joe McCarthy

was never alone even
when locked in the bathroom
sweating out every detail of
his next enemy even
when he felt Hornsby horn in even
when MacPhail bounced him even
when he picked Gatehouse even
in a Detroit gutter

he had his job
he had his flask

when he finally lost the one
he found he didn't even need
the other

Tony Perez

Seventh and final round his team
still staggering from Fisk's
roundhouse right couldn't solve
Spaceman's bob and weave
his red-faced whiff in round two
remembered the hippie
telegraphed the same slop curve

spinning sleepily in the
New England night
he could see reflected
with crystal clarity all
the hard steamy days before
Fidel the long self-doubting
Sally rides framed by tobacco
leaves and he saw his father
now and always a reluctant
Red still smoothly stroking
clean lines through pithy sweet
stalks so he waited and waited

and with that same powerful swing
sent his sleepy Reds a wake-up smack
deep into the New England night that
knocked out Lee and took the decision

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Tom Yawkey's Windmills

Steinbrenner with a big tilted heart
He hacked away at his
Monster everyday
Desperate for that one
Conquering blow but the
Louisville sword the continuous
flow of green could never complete
The Impossible Dream

Yaz on LIFE

captured in still life
running no fleeing
strain no terror
to be merely out
or did you see all the
big final outs of your
future
67 75 78 67 75 78 67 75 78
numbers hunting you
between the bases like
radar
did you realize this stretch
drive overdrive high octane
performance would be it for you
your clutch forever after
worn out

Did you see it coming?

Did you see it coming, Tony
Was even the slightest possibility
Lurking somewhere for you
Deep within your self?

Did you see it coming, Tony
Or did years of jock strap invincibility
Bury that kernel of reflex
Deep beneath your cheers?

Did you see it coming, Tony
As you leaned out over hungrily
Looking to plant purity of purpose
Deep into your bleachers?

Did you see it coming, Tony
Could you know it inevitably
Would drill a fatal fault
Deep beyond your conviction?

Did you see it coming, Tony
The blurry slide to mediocrity
With jagged edges of promise dragged
Deep across your face?

At Third Jimmy Collins First

Challenged
Hitters
A
Revolutionary
Genius
Extending
Defenses

Balletic
Ubiquity
Negated
Typical
Strategies

Ted Williams

Splintered

distilled american
singular stud
master of sticks
ash
reel or
flight control
alone not lonely in
box
stream or
miles high

now
wheeled like a 70's
reliever
never left
yet so

alone

Ted Williams and the Jimmy Fund

by Bill Nowlin

Throughout his playing career, even while he was being lambasted by sportswriters as a mean s.o.b., lousy father and husband, and selfish showboat, Williams plugged away at the Jimmy Fund, and those of us who loved him as a player could take comfort in knowing that this was the real Ted, the great-hearted Ted.

—John Updike[1]

Celebrity can be both a blessing and a burden. There are benefits to the ego and bank account. There are also costs: the often oppressive expectations and demands of others, and lack of peace in public.

Ted Williams suffered from celebrity to a great degree, often forced to eat alone in his hotel room. He enjoyed immensely the solitude of fishing a river or an ocean flat with one or two friends. Yet he recognized that his celebrity could be an asset and, for a good cause, he would employ that status to benefit others in need.

> "Ted gave more of himself than anybody I've ever seen. He did a lot of things that nobody ever knew about, because he cared."
>
> —Brian Interland

Ted allowed his name and celebrity to be used to benefit New England's Jimmy Fund, thereby helping raise money for children's cancer research and treatment. He devoted a lot of his time as well, almost always work done out of the limelight at his own insistence.

These days, charitable activity has been institutionalized to a considerable degree in professional baseball. One of the prescribed five points which form the basis for decision in arbitration is the community work done by a player. Ted's support of the Jimmy Fund predates arbitration considerations and was clearly not calculated in this context.

When Ted first began supporting the work of Dr. Sidney Farber at Children's Hospital in Boston in the late 1940s, cancer was almost invariably fatal, particularly for children with leukemia. Diagnosis was the equivalent of a death sentence. Dr. Farber used some of the very first moneys raised to experiment with chemotherapy—though the medical establishment mocked his theories at the time. Farber more or less invented the field; he is regarded the "father of chemotherapy." Today, the cure rate hovers around 80 percent.

Ted says he first started raising money for the Jimmy Fund in 1947. His association with the Jimmy Fund is the longest of any public figure with any charity—over 50 years. Jerry Lewis has been a spokesperson for the Muscular Dystrophy Association since 1952, which is a very long time. Only Bob Hope, in his relationship with the USO, seems to have served longer; Hope did his first USO tour in 1942. That Ted for over half a century devoted himself so fully to the Jimmy Fund has to be one of the greatest legacies of a storied life.

The Jimmy Fund effort began in earnest with a fundraising appeal that grew out of a national radio broadcast of Ralph Edwards's *Truth or Consequences* on May 22, 1948. This broadcast featured a young boy given the name "Jimmy" who was visited in his hospital room by several Boston Braves ballplayers. It touched people around the country. Along with a number of local New England events it directly inspired, the broadcast resulted in nearly a quarter of a million dollars for Dr. Farber's work on cancer in children.

The Braves were the Jimmy Fund's first team sponsor, but when they left town for Milwaukee in early 1953, the Red Sox took over, and it was Ted more than anyone else who picked up the ball, launching a major effort on his return to baseball following his Marine Corps service in Korea.

Ted did far more than merely lend his name to the Jimmy Fund. Ted has personally served in many capacities over the years, making countless appearances at restaurant banquets and drive-in theaters, posing for check presentations at Fenway Park, traveling all over New England for the Jimmy Fund, and offering (as he did for years as an additional incentive to donors) his signature as the endorsement on checks made out to the Jimmy Fund.

Ted served as a trustee of the parent Dana-Farber Cancer Institute from 1954 to 1981 and has served since 1981 as an honorary trustee. He was at times also the chairman or honorary chairman of the fund drive.

Mike Andrews was a Red Sox player on the Impossible Dream team of 1967. For 23 years he has been on staff with the Jimmy Fund and is now its chairman. In a 1997 interview, Andrews said:

> Ted has meant everything to the Jimmy Fund. No one is more synonymous with the Jimmy Fund than Ted Williams. The impact he has had is tremendous. He became the spokesperson, and it gave him something outside of baseball that he could attach himself to—and did he ever! In my opinion, his great accomplishment—outside of his ability to hit a baseball—is what he has meant to the Jimmy Fund. And I think he's proud of it, too.[2]

Ted, with the support of the Yawkeys and the Red Sox, gave this cause the momentum it needed to carry it into and well through the 1960s. Carl Yastrzemski was one of those who carried the banner forward in Boston, after Ted had moved away. When the Red Sox won the pennant in 1967, Yaz convinced his teammates to vote the Jimmy Fund a full equal share of the extra income. In more recent years, players such as John Valentin and Mo Vaughn have become closely identified with the Jimmy Fund. Throughout, though, Ted kept coming back to Boston and continues today to grant the Jimmy Fund carte blanche use of his name.

Against all odds, the original "Jimmy" survived—and maintained his anonymity until the Jimmy Fund was celebrating its 50th anniversary. In 1998, "Jimmy" stepped forward and was

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identified as Einar Gustafson. A year later, Ted Williams and "Jimmy" met at the Jimmy Fund clinic. (Gustafson died from a stroke on January 21, 2001, at age 65.)

Ted was probably predisposed toward helping others. His mother, May, was an activist within San Diego's Salvation Army, "a tenacious and persistent woman in all she undertakes." She was passionately devoted to the cause, by all accounts even sacrificing much of her own family life in the process. She didn't quit after her son became famous. "In 1949, with her boy 'Teddy' established as an all-time baseball hero, Sister Williams achieved her own acclaim. In that year she was cited for selling more copies of the Salvation Army's publication, *War Cry*, than any other worker in the western states."[3]

Ted always took a particular interest in kids. Ed Linn writes, "Most of his high-school teammates have a story about some handicapped kid whom Ted befriended. The kid with the harelip, the kid with the bad leg, the kid who stuttered. One of the things fellow Pacific Coast League ballplayer George Myatt had found most attractive about the wisecracking seventeen-year-old just out of high school was his unfailing instinct for the underdog. 'Even then, he was doing things for old people and kids.'"[4]

During his year in Minneapolis in 1938, the first year he had spent away from home, he visited kids in local hospitals on several occasions, as newspaper clippings from the day attest.

Clearly, it can be terribly depressing to visit so many fatally ill or seriously injured children over the years, but Ted persisted as though it were a calling. Perhaps in part influenced by his mother's devotion to social service, perhaps just enjoying the kids and knowing that a simple visit could bring some joy into their lives and those of their troubled families, Ted soldiered on. "Certainly I have seen some pathetic cases," Ted recalled in his autobiography, *My Turn At Bat*, "some pitiful, sorrowful things." He mentioned having visited several children who had lost limbs to train accidents, electric shock, and fire. Then there were the Jimmy Fund kids, wasting away from childhood cancer. Ted devoted himself to Dr. Sidney Farber and the Jimmy Fund, most of all, from the late 1940s to the present time.

Ted characteristically shifts the focus from himself to those who work for the children. "I know I am just one of a multitude of athletes who have gone to see kids in hospitals, to see sick kids," Ted has written. This kind of contribution, he continued, "is so overrated compared to what the people IN these hospitals are doing. I have always felt that it was just a twist of fate anyway that I was allowed to be on the outside, strong and healthy, instead of in there with them, maybe in a wheelchair."[5]

Mike Andrews elaborated in another interview:

> He was involved over here, and very privately at that time. You always hear these things where he would come to the hospital until the reporter or writer came around, and then he would bail out. I have read and heard that he actually one time pulled up a cot and slept in the hospital with one of his friends. So I mean his dedication was truly there.[6]

Brian Interland, a record promotion man who has known Ted for over 40 years, says:

> Ted gave more of himself than anybody that I've ever seen in my life. He always did. You know about the children in the hospital with leukemia. He did a lot of things that nobody ever knew about, because he cared.
>
> He never lost that little kid in him. That's one of the great things about Ted. He related to young kids and has a feeling for young kids that very few people [can truly capture]. Babe Ruth might have had that same thing. Somehow Ted relates better to them. It's that little kid in him. Maybe it was when he was a kid, being he didn't have the home life, there might be something. . . . Still, to this day, he just seems to light up, melts, when he sees a kid.[7]

Ted Williams at one of hundreds of functions held to raise money for the Jimmy Fund, this one in Rhode Island. Photo courtesy of Dorothy Lindia.

The story of how Ted Williams hit a home run in his last at-bat in the major leagues is one that has helped fortify his legend. There was another story that day, one of those Ted kept quiet. A 1996 Jimmy Fund publication tells the story of later that day:

> The day Ted Williams retired from baseball was a personal doubleheader. For sure, only one game was played at Fenway Park on that day in 1960, when the Red Sox slugger took his final at bat—and hit his last career home run.
>
> But Ted's day wasn't over yet. A public appearance for the Jimmy Fund awaited him in Rhode Island. Although running behind schedule, Ted had no compunction about throwing a curveball into his travel plans: he insisted on visiting a young cancer patient. The thrilled youngster buckled a belt he had made for Ted around his hero's waist.
>
> Ted had come just in time. A few days later, the boy died.[8]

Ed Linn, in his biography of Ted, writes:

> What Williams took on himself was the agonizing task of trying to bring some cheer into the lives of dying children and, perhaps more difficult, comforting their parents. Over the years he permitted himself to become attached to thousands of these kids, knowing full well that he was going to lose them one by

one. He became so attached to some of them that he chartered special planes to fly to their deathbeds. Obviously they were not token visits. He knew most of the patients' birthdays and as much about their backgrounds as possible. When he was about to meet a new patient, he would rummage through the child's mail, while the child was in the examining room, in order to find some personal way of reaching out to him.

The most difficult thing in the world, as any adult knows, is to communicate with children at their own level without being patronizing. Ted had no trouble at all. He would come into a ward like a warm, friendly puppy and remain exactly that way until he left, a big child among little children.[9]

Ted Williams is a baseball legend and a military hero. He's been described as the man John Wayne tried to portray on the screen, the "real John Wayne." He was a major national figure in his day, on the cover of dozens of magazines. He is still front-page copy in New England and has had a few highways and now a tunnel in Boston named after him. He's been inducted into several sports Halls of Fame, both as a baseball player and as a fisherman, and was the first living athlete to have a museum created in his honor.

He could have exploited his celebrity for personal aggrandizement. Instead of hitting the lecture and banquet circuit for himself, though, he chose to do it for others. There are many stories about things Ted did, financially or otherwise, personally or anonymously, on a one-to-one basis for people who needed assistance, friends and strangers. The Jimmy Fund was not the only cause he helped, though it was the primary recipient of his energies. The research and treatment pioneered by Dr. Farber at Children's Hospital in the treatment of cancer were the first real breakthroughs and those accomplishments continue right through to the present time. Ted Williams was one of the greatest hitters, if not the greatest, in the history of baseball. He also pitched, extensively and consistently, for the Jimmy Fund in the long effort to strike out cancer in children.

A longer version of this article appeared as "Ted and Jimmy: The Social Work of Ted Williams" in *NINE: A Journal of Baseball History and Social Policy Perspectives*, 8, no. 1 (Fall 1999).

NOTES

1. Personal communication to the author.
2. Interview with author, July 29, 1997.
3. John Wardin, "Why Ted Williams Is a Loner," *Confidential*, September 1954.
4. Ed Linn, *Hitter* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1993), 269.
5. Ted Williams and John Underwood, *My Turn at Bat* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1969), 212.
6. Interview with David Nevard, *A Red Sox Journal* 10, no. 6 (1994).
7. Interviews with author, April 9, 1997, and April 8, 1998.
8. Christine Paul, "Most Valuable Player," *Paths of Progress* (Spring 1996): 3.
9. Linn, 272, 273.

Boston's Player-Managers

by Fred Stein

Playing and managing a major league game are such different activities that it may be almost incomprehensible to today's younger fans that until World II, major league baseball was awash with player-managers. But the use of player-managers made sense in the past. Simple economics was the fundamental reason for the employment of the player-manager. Major league clubs did not become large corporate entities until after World War II. Before that, owners benefited directly by paying one salary to an individual to both direct the team and play a position rather than employing two men.

Relatively young players (Joe Cronin, Lou Boudreau, et al.) became player-managers after demonstrating leadership ability. Others were elevated to the dual role because of their popularity among fans. Theoretically, catchers would appear to be the most logical players to serve as player-managers. From his position behind the plate, the catcher has the best visual perspective of his eight teammates as they face him from their defensive positions. He accordingly would appear best able to position his players.

Also the catcher is best able to monitor the speed and movement of the pitcher's deliveries. The manager has to decide if and when to remove the pitcher, and he often solicits his catcher's opinion regarding a pitcher's effectiveness. This brings to mind a case where the manager considered removing his pitcher after a succession of first-pitch, line-drive hits. The manager asked his catcher, "What's going on? Is he losing it?" The catcher responded, "Damned if I know; I haven't caught a pitch yet."

Infielders also appear to be logical position players to become field leaders because of their closeness to the action. They are well situated to exert field leadership, both in assisting and exhorting their teammates and in carrying complaints to umpires. Managing from the outfield would appear to be most difficult because outfielders are farther from the action and lack close exposure to field situations.

These theories were not borne out in actual experience. Only 7 of the 47 most prominent player-managers filled both roles in more than 1,000 games. First baseman Cap Anson heads the list with 2,155 games. He is followed by outfielder Fred Clarke (1,848 games), first baseman Charles Comiskey (1,312), shortstops Joe Cronin (1,291) and Lou Boudreau (1,285), first baseman/third baseman Patsy Tebeau (1,011), and outfielder Patsy Donovan (1,002). Outfielders Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, and Fielder Jones played and managed in more than 700 games. Surprisingly, no catchers were among the top 30 player-managers, ranked by games played and managed simultaneously. Also, contrary to the expected, outfielders comprised as many as 4 of the top 10 player-managers. The 47 player-managers included 26 infielders, 8 outfielders, and 7 catchers; the remaining 6 player-managers played more than one position.

A member of SABR for more than 25 years and a contributor to SABR publications, **Fred Stein** is the author of *Mel Ott: The Little Giant of Baseball* (1999) and *And the Skipper Bats Cleanup: A History of the Baseball Player-Manager*, published by McFarland in spring 2002.
This article is adapted from *And the Skipper Bats Cleanup*.

Harry Wright

Baseball pioneer Harry Wright was the first player-manager. Born in Sheffield, England, he managed the dominating Cincinnati Red Stockings to a 56–0 record in 1869. The Red Stockings were the first team to openly pay its players. Wright was an effective outfielder-pitcher for the club, serving also as its field manager, trainer, and handler of all the team's financial, scheduling, and other off-field functions.

Financial problems forced Wright to move the club to Boston in 1871. In his last four seasons as a semi-regular, the gentlemanly Wright led his team to a third-place finish followed by three pennant wins. Bill James responded to a question as to what Wright would have done with his life if there were no baseball: "There wasn't any professional baseball. He invented it."

Jimmy Collins

Third baseman Jimmy Collins was the next important Boston player-manager. Acclaimed by such expert baseball men as John McGraw, Connie Mack, and Honus Wagner as the greatest fielding third baseman in the game's first 75 years, Collins also was a powerful hitter. A standout with the National League pennant-winning Boston Beaneaters in the 1890s, Collins became the player-manager of the Boston Somersets in the newly formed American League in 1901. Collins had a successful managerial debut as his club won the pennant that year, although he pulled an embarrassing boner one day that season. It seems that the Somersets pulled into Philadelphia for a game against Connie Mack's Athletics. The only problem was that Collins's team was scheduled to play at home against John McGraw's Baltimore Orioles. Collins had misread the schedule, and it was some time before he heard the end of it.

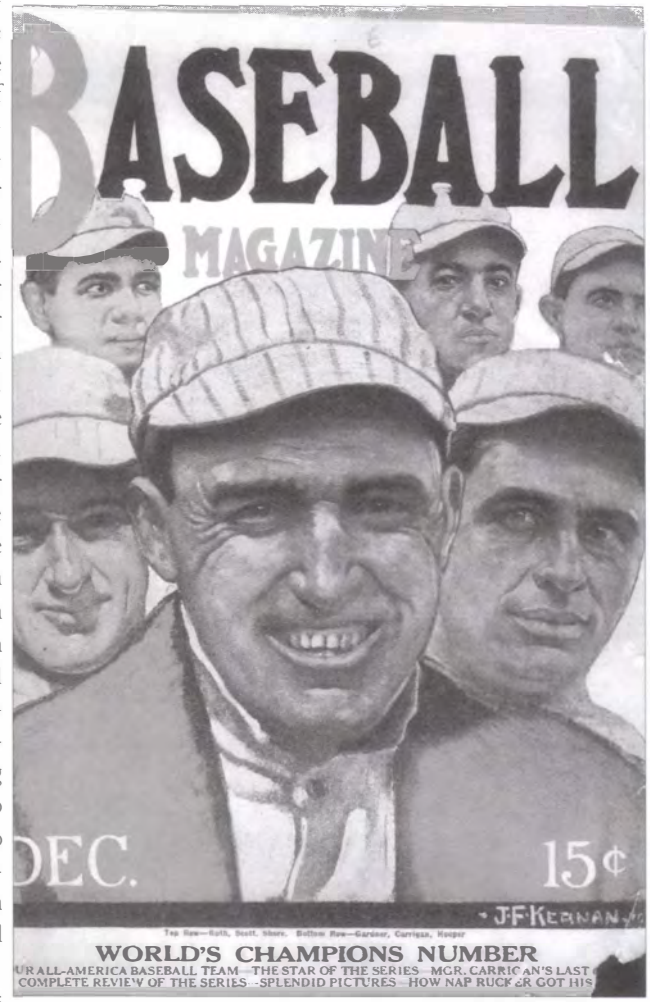
Collins's club, renamed the Pilgrims, won the 1903 race easily and topped off a great year by winning the first World Series over player-manager Fred Clarke's Pittsburgh Pirates. Now recognized as one of the best player-bosses, Collins led his team to the pennant again in 1904. There was no World Series that year because the National League pennant-winning Giants refused to play "a bunch of minor leaguers," a reflection of their disdain for the upstart American League but also an indication of the fear that they might lose to Collins's team. These two pennant wins would prove to be the high points of Collins's player-manager career.

Fred Tenney

First baseman Fred Tenney directed the Boston Braves over three seasons beginning in 1905. But the trim, well-educated Tenney had little to work with and his futile clubs finished deep in the second division each year. Tenney found himself in the difficult position of joining another club solely as a player when the Giants signed him the next year. He was an important player for the Giants and John McGraw lauded his willingness to accept gracefully his lesser role as a player. Proving again the old sports adage that "you can't make chicken soup out of feathers," the bright, well-liked Tenney rejoined the Braves as their first baseman–manager in 1911 but again managed the inept club to a last-place finish before being replaced.

Bill Carrigan

Red Sox catcher Bill Carrigan was one of the most successful player-managers of the pre–World War I era. A civil, well-mannered Maine native, "Rough" was a demanding manager with an unmistakable air of authority .The steady but weak-hitting Carrigan boosted an under-performing club into a fourth-place finish in 1913 and into second place in 1914. The Sox won the World Championship in 1915, led by brilliant center fielder Tris Speaker and a well-rounded pitching staff which included great righthander Smokey Joe Wood and young, untamed lefthander Babe Ruth. Despite the surprise trade of Speaker, Carrigan's club repeated with another World Championship in 1916. Carrigan, never the club's regular catcher, played an average of 62 games during the 1913–16 seasons. His playing career ended with the Sox' five-game World Series win over the Brooklyn Robins. Carrigan also completed his fourth successful managerial season, going out on the field to wave goodbye to the fans who applauded him loudly for several minutes.



Bill Carrigan surrounded by members of his 1916 World Champion team: clockwise from bottom left, Larry Gardner, Babe Ruth, Everett Scott, Ernie Shore, and Harry Hooper. *Baseball Magazine* cover, December 1916. Courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England.

Carrigan was unable to quit while he was ahead. He was coaxed out of retirement to bench-manage the Red Sox in 1927–29 but he did not duplicate his success as a player-manager, finishing last each season before retiring for good. His failure with the Sox in his second tour was attributed in part to his difficulty in adjusting to the free-swinging, high-scoring game which had come into vogue, largely influenced by Babe Ruth, Carrigan's old problem child.

Dave Bancroft

David James "Beauty" Bancroft was widely considered the National League's premier shortstop from his debut in 1916 with the Phillies through his glory years with the Giants in the 1920s. He had a strong arm, sure hands, and excellent speed and was the master of the cutoff play. Bancroft also was an adroit bat handler and bunter. The upbeat shortstop gained his nick-

name "Beauty" because of his constant shout from his position after every good pitch, "That was a beauty!"

After the extremely alert Bancroft joined the Giants in 1920, a Giants coach began to give him the club's signs. But Bancroft cut the coach off quickly with "Don't bother, I know them already." After leading the Giants to four straight pennants, Bancroft took over as player-manager of the moribund Boston Braves in 1924. His club finished dead last as the injured Bancroft played in only half the club's games. Things improved for Bancroft in 1925 as he led his club to a fifth-place finish while hitting .319. The 36-year-old Bancroft hit .311 in 1926 while ranking high in walks and on-base percentage, but the frustrated player-manager saw his club slip to seventh place that season and again in 1927. He left the Braves after the 1927 season and never again managed in the majors. Bancroft was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1971 on the strength of his magnificent fielding and aggressive field leadership.

Joe Cronin (left) and Jimmie Foxx c. 1939. Photo courtesy of Sports Museum of New England.

Joe Cronin

Shortstop Joe Cronin was the best-known Boston player-manager of the 20th century. The clean-cut, pink-cheeked youngster with the choir-boy looks played briefly for the Pittsburgh Pirates in the late 1920s before joining the Washington Senators in 1928. The club's regular shortstop in 1929, Cronin had his breakthrough season the following year, with a .346 batting average which earned him the American League MVP award. Senators owner Clark Griffith promoted Cronin, his future son-in-law, to become the club's player-manager in 1933. The 26-year-old "boy wonder" led his club to a pennant in his first year as player-manager after he and Griffith drastically revamped the club. Cronin sparked the club with 118 RBI and a league-leading 45 doubles.

Cronin became the Red Sox player-manager in 1935 as Sox owner Tom Yawkey paid the cash-starved Senators a then-staggering $250,000 in a landmark deal. Despite his pennant win in 1933, Cronin's first task as the Sox player-manager was to

Personal Encounter

The Search for My First Game

by Bill Kirwin

There are four things I remember about my first major league baseball game: my father took me; we sat in the first-base grandstand in Fenway Park; the Red Sox played and lost a doubleheader to the White Sox; and the Red Sox were able to score a single run late in the nightcap, preventing a shutout. Little else remained in my memory of my introduction to big league baseball. A couple of years ago, I decided to see if could determine the date of the event.

Initially, I guessed that my first game would have been between 1944 and 1946. I quickly dismissed 1946, because the Red Sox won the pennant that year and probably did not drop a doubleheader to the White Sox. Then I turned my attention to 1944 and 1945, procuring the American League box scores for those years. Next, I sought help from SABR-L. Dave Smith responded, providing me with all the 1943 AL scores. The very last set of scores for the '43 season read:

Oct 3rd (1) Chi 4 Bos 2
(2) Chi 3 Bos 1

There it was, the day after my sixth birthday, the first indicator to prove my game hypothesis. Next, Dick Thompson provided me with the box scores. Sure enough, the Red Sox scored their lone run in the bottom of the eighth inning. An immense feeling of satisfaction swept over me, realizing that my childhood memories of over half a century were valid. So many positive memories of my father center around baseball and this confirmation allowed me to pinpoint the beginning of my affection for baseball to the exact date. That in itself would have been enough and would have helped explain my lifelong attachment to baseball and the losing ways of the Red Sox, but my search was to open even more discoveries.

Dick Thompson pointed out to me that two current SABR members played in Boston that day: Tony Lupien (6 years, 614 games, .268 BA) and Lou Lucier (3 years., 33 games, W–L 3–5, 3.81 ERA). Lucier was the starting pitcher for the Red Sox in the first game, giving up one run in the fifth and three more in the seventh, which forced his departure from the mound. His final line of the day was 6-2/3 innings, 4 runs, 13 hits, 1 BB,

command the respect of his well-paid players. Never a sparkling-fielding shortstop, in his first few games at Fenway Park the jittery player-manager booted several ground balls. A few days later before a game, Cronin urged temperamental starting pitcher Wes Ferrell to "Win this one." Ferrell looked at his youthful boss and quipped, "I'll do what I can, Joe. But tell me which side you're playing for today." Cronin laughed but the criticism hurt. He began developing a complex about fielding ground balls and got into the schoolboy habit of dropping to one knee to field balls hit directly to him. It got so bad that veteran Sox second baseman Oscar Melillo admonished his boss, "If you're going to miss 'em, Joe, miss 'em like a big leaguer."

That year and for several subsequent seasons, the Sox were unable to win a pennant despite hard hitting by Cronin and superb seasons by a number of other great players—lefthander Lefty Grove, Jimmie Foxx, Ted Williams, Dom DiMaggio, Doc Cramer, and others. Cronin's clubs were characterized by potent hitting but indifferent pitching and they developed a reputation as a group of overpaid, selfish players who never jelled as a team and who were openly critical of Cronin's managerial ability. (As an example, righthander Eldon Auker told a SABR annual meeting of his disgust with Cronin's nervous instructions to his pitchers and his habit of calling pitches from shortstop without his pitchers' knowledge.) Cronin's last year as a regular player came in 1941 when he hit .311 with 95 RBI for a team that finished second despite an imposing group of regulars including Williams, Foxx, Grove, Bobby Doerr, and Cronin himself.

Cronin would have preferred to end his playing career as World War II intensified, but the aging player-manager still made his presence felt as late as 1943 when he hit .312 with 29 RBI on his 24 hits. Cronin had a strong sense of the dramatic that season, as described by writer Ed Linn who reported the flair Cronin had for exciting the crowd in a key spot late in the game: "Time would be called. The (scheduled) batter would trudge back to the dugout. There would follow perhaps 30 seconds of total inactivity on the field and a thickening of tension in the stands. Nobody doubted that Cronin would be coming up, of course, and yet a great roar would arise as, at last, he came hulking up out of the dugout, swinging half-a-dozen big bats which he strew behind him as he strode to the plate."[1]

Cronin's career as a player-manager ended in April 1945 when he broke his leg. As a bench manager, he led the Sox to a pennant win in 1946 and later, still a favorite of wealthy Sox owner Thomas Yawkey, he served consecutively as Red Sox vice president, treasurer, and general manager. Later the jovial Irishman became president and eventually chairman of the American League. Elected to the Hall of Fame in 1956, many years later Cronin summed up the views of most player-managers on their dual role:

"Looking back, I wish I'd been a player first and a manager later, but not both at once. I think player-managing is the toughest job in the world. From the very first, I had doubts about it and almost asked to step down after the first year. But I didn't and looking back I regret it."[2]

NOTES

1. Ed Linn, "Joe Cronin: The Irishman Who Made His Own Luck," in *SPORT Magazine's All-Time All Stars*, ed. Tom Murray (New York: Atheneum, 1977), 75.

2. Anthony J. Connor, *Voices from Cooperstown* (New York: Macmillan, 1982), 98.

2 K, 1 HBP. Tony Lupien played first base and batted seventh for the Red Sox in that game, collecting a single in four at-bats and taking part in Boston's two double plays; one of them went Lucier to Bobby Doerr to Lupien. Lupien also played first base in the second game, going 0 for 3 and taking part in another two double plays. My presence made the box score as well, in that 3,923 fans were noted to have attended the closing day doubleheader.

Since both Lupien and Lucier were SABR members, I placed calls to them, asking them what they remembered of the game. Neither could remember the day. Lupien was surprised to learn that the season extended into October. All he could recall of the 1943 season was that he had, in his words, "a lousy season" and Joe Cronin asked him into his office at the season's end and told Tony that he would trade him, asking him if he had a team that he preferred to play with. Lupien spoke highly of Cronin, saying, "He was one of the greatest guys in baseball." Lupien was invited back to spring training in 1944 and just before the season opened he was sent to the Phillies.[1]

Lucier, like Lupien, could not remember the game. He did, however, remember his first big league victory, a 4–2 win over the White Sox earlier in the season at Comiskey Park. Not only did he win the game, he collected two hits (single and double) and knocked in two runs and was given a baseball by Cronin with the inscription "Great Game" on it. He retains the ball to this day and says it is one of his fondest mementos.[2]

SABR is much about developing and finding baseball linkages. SABR people like Dave Smith and Dick Thompson linked me to my first game, in 1943. My search for the game that took place nearly 59 years ago in turn linked me to two other SABR members, Lupien and Lucier. These linkages give meaning and serve as an example of what SABR is meant to be.

NOTES

1. Telephone interview, October 26, 1999.
2. Telephone interview, October 26, 1999.

The First American League Umpire: Tom Connolly

by Herb Crehan

When the Atlanta Braves and the Cleveland Indians took the field for the opening game of the 1995 World Series at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium, the usual complement of four umpires increased to six, with the addition of the umpires who worked the left- and right-field foul lines.

When Tom Connolly took his position behind the plate at the old Huntington Avenue Grounds ballpark on October 1, 1903, to umpire the first World Series game ever played, his only companion was National League umpire Hank O'Day. Connolly, who also umpired the inaugural American League game in 1901, was probably very happy to have O'Day stationed at second base. During the regular season at that time, major league umpires usually worked the games alone.

Today, it seems quite remarkable that Connolly earned the honor of umpiring the Series opener, which the Boston Pilgrims took from the Pittsburgh Pirates, 7–3. Connolly was born in Manchester, England, in 1870, and had never even seen a baseball game before he arrived in Natick, Massachusetts, at the age of 13.

He told baseball writers of his era, "I never played the game well, but I was determined to learn everything I could about the game. I read every book I could get my hands on, and became very knowledgeable about the game."

Apparently Connolly's crash course worked. During his 30-year umpiring career, and more than 20 years as the first Chief Umpire of the American League, he was regarded as the premier authority on the rules of baseball. Connolly was consulted by all of the clubs and both league presidents as the final word on disputed rulings.

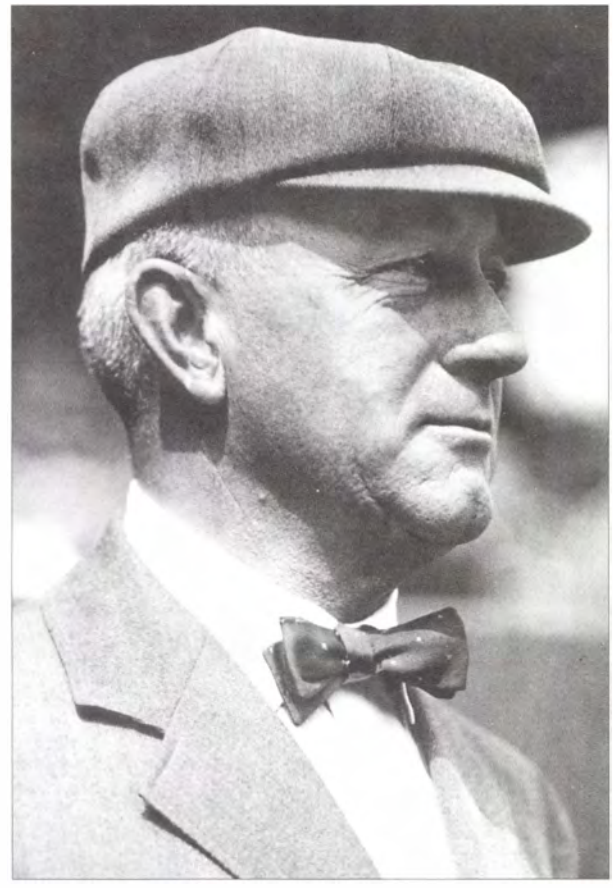
Connolly began his career in his hometown of Natick umpiring for a YMCA league. He was spotted as a potential major league umpire by Tim Hurst of the National League and assigned to umpire in the old New England League in 1894. By 1898, he was pronounced ready for the major leagues, beginning his National League umpiring career at the age of 27.

Connolly quit the National League in disgust in 1900 because his rulings were not supported by the league. When the upstart American League was formed by Ban Johnson in 1901, the legendary Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Athletics recommended Connolly to Johnson.

Johnson set about to distinguish his fledgling league by backing his umpires to the hilt. This eliminated the brawling and rowdy behavior that plagued their National League rivals. Johnson's approach was a perfect match with Connolly's passion for decorum. He once described an umpire as "one with poise and without rabbit ears."

Connolly threw out 10 players during the American League's first season, but at one point during his distinguished career, he put together a stretch of 10 years without a single ejection. Detroit Tigers star and Hall of Famer Ty Cobb once observed, "You can go just so far with Tommy. Once you see his neck go red, it's time to lay off."

Connolly had several run-ins with the immortal Babe Ruth. They may well have been baseball's original odd couple. Connolly stood just 5'7" and remained dignified at all times. Ruth was a giant of a man who could be profane. Despite their differences, when Ruth was with the Red Sox and living in Sudbury, Massachusetts, he would occasionally drop by Connolly's Natick home to talk baseball.



Ruth loved to try to use his personal relationship with Connolly to his advantage. If Connolly called a strike on a pitch that Ruth thought was high, he would step out of the batter's box, hold his hand out shoulder high, and say to Connolly, "Young Tommy must be about this tall by now I would guess." The crowd would roar their approval of Ruth's apparent protest, while Connolly would motion impatiently for the Babe to step back in. If the Babe thought a strike was outside, he would step out, spread his hands about six inches apart and say, "You should have seen the fish I caught in the Sudbury River the other day. It was at least this big."

In August of 1922, Connolly was umpiring behind the plate in a game between the New York Yankees and the Washington

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Reprinted from *Scorebook Magazine*, 1996, pp. 49–53, with the permission of the Boston Red Sox.

Senators at the Polo Grounds in New York. On this particular day, a large delegation from a local orphanage was seated in the right-field bleachers holding a sign that read, "Hit one up here Babe." On his first at-bat, the Babe did exactly that, lofting a home run directly into the midst of the group. On his next turn at bat, Ruth took exception to several of Connolly's calls. The diminutive arbiter summarily ejected Ruth from the game.

Heywood Broun was a sportswriter covering that game for the old New York World. The next day he wrote of Ruth's heroic home run, "Ruth will go to heaven for that." Of Connolly's third-inning ejection of Ruth, Broun added, "We have our doubts about Tommy Connolly." Ironically, a recommendation from Connolly, who was a pious man and a daily communicant, may have been Ruth's best shot at admission to the great major league in the sky.

Connolly's umpiring career continued through 1931, when he was appointed Chief Umpire for the American League by league President William Harridge. Until he retired in 1954 at the age of 83, Connolly continued to advise the league's umpires and to scout for potential major league umps. "Nobody ever bought a ticket to see an umpire," was his advice to rookie umpires.

In 1953, Tom Connolly and the renowned National League umpire Bill Klem became the first umpires elected to Baseball's Hall of Fame. Klem was more flamboyant and better known than Connolly, but no umpire was ever more respected than the Natick resident. After Tom Connolly threw Ruth out of the "orphans' game" with the Senators in 1922, the Babe played his remaining 13 years in the majors without a single ejection.

Ruth could never remember anyone's name. He greeted presidents and newsboys alike with, "Hey kid." Not so with Connolly. Whenever the two met, Ruth would immediately say, "Hey Tommy, remember that time you tossed me out of that game at the Polo Grounds?"

It wasn't until 1952 that the major leagues instituted the four-man umpiring crew as the standard for regular-season games. Up to his dying day, Connolly insisted, "Three is the right number of umpires to work a game effectively. There simply isn't enough for the fourth umpire to do."

Tom Connolly felt that he had umpired a good game if nobody remembered his role once the game was over. But his contribution to the American League and the integrity of Major League Baseball is worth remembering. After all, even Babe Ruth knew his name.

Photo of Tom Connolly courtesy of National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

The Baseball Jurist: The Amazing Life of Kenneth Nash

by Greg Beston

Beyond the endless flow of numbers and names printed in a baseball encyclopedia are the stories that one would never uncover in examining the elementary biographical and statistical data provided therein. Beyond those entries are the many interesting and intriguing stories of players. These are not only about their exploits on the baseball diamond, but for some the accomplishments they attained after they had worn the uniform for the last time.

One such player was Kenneth Nash, whose brief entry in those baseball compilations cannot do the job of painting the picture of the man he became. A few dozen games in the 1910s can hardly approach the success and admiration this ballplayer achieved in the judicial branch of Massachusetts government. Ken Nash was a local sports star who realized many a young boy's dream of reaching the big leagues. But it was his legal career of more than half a century that earned him the respect of many lawyers, judges, and legislators in Massachusetts and beyond. In addition, although his major league career was the classic cup of coffee, a mystery surrounded his debut that would leave baseball historians baffled for decades.

Stardom on the baseball diamond was only the first success that brought Kenneth Nash local acclaim. Born in Weymouth, Massachusetts, in 1888 to a well-known local family, Nash starred at shortstop for Weymouth High School. Impressed by his play, Brown University gave Nash a scholarship, and soon thereafter professional scouts recognized his talents. Years later, Ken Nash recalled an encounter with Cleveland scout Samuel Kennedy following a game against Princeton during his freshman season: "[He] talked to me even before I got off the field. We made a tentative oral agreement, which I did not completely consummate until my senior year. Because of it, however, I rejected other and better offers during the interim."

During his college summers, Nash played infield in top semi-pro circuits, including the local Old Colony League, which included such players as Buck O'Brien, who would later win 20 games for the Red Sox. A campus leader during the school year, Nash captained Brown's baseball team during his senior year in 1912 and signed with Cleveland following graduation.

The 5'8", 140-pound Nash debuted with Cleveland in July 1912. Some of his teammates included an aging Nap Lajoie, who hit .368 at age 38 that season, and a young "Shoeless" Joe Jackson, who hit .395. The rookie shortstop played in only a handful of games and missed some time in September after he was struck by a ball when Lajoie missed a throw into the infield by Jackson. Despite the error, Nash always considered the chance to team with the great Lajoie the highlight of his career.

In 1913, Cleveland farmed the switch-hitting Nash out to Toledo and then Waterbury, allowing him to play on a regular basis. He perhaps would have enjoyed better success at the major league level had it not been for his conflicting schedules. It was during these years that Nash both attended Boston

A Weymouth (Massachusetts) native, **Greg Beston** joined SABR in 1992 at age 17. He is a member of SABR's Baseball Records Committee and has input several thousand games as a volunteer for Retrosheet. A former college and semi-pro player, he has coached baseball at both the high shool and junior Olympic levels and is head coach for the Weymouth American Legion team. Beston is currently an attorney practicing real estate law in Plymouth, Massachusetts. He wishes to thank Dick Thompson and Tom Simon for their contributions to this article.

University Law School and served in the Massachusetts state legislature. Only once in his five professional seasons did he ever attend spring training. "That put me at a distinct disadvantage," Nash would recall. "I always was having trouble getting into shape."

Following the 1913 season, Cleveland sold Nash to the St. Louis Cardinals organization. Nash did not report for duty with the Cardinals in 1914 until he finished the semester at law school. The year also marked his election to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. On the baseball front, he hit .275 in 24 games as a utility infielder for St. Louis. The team was run by player-manager Miller Huggins, who would later enjoy fame as the skipper of the legendary New York Yankees during the 1920s.

The 1914 season would be Nash's last at the major league level. St. Louis sold Nash to Montreal of the International League in 1915, but the young infielder relished the change. Not only would he be playing for Weymouth's Dan Howley in Montreal, but during the club's trips into Providence, Nash would often head home to Weymouth and campaign for another term in the Massachusetts House. The hard work paid off as he again won election. The law student and legislator spent the following year with St. Paul of the American Association, but after the 1916 season Nash decided to dedicate more time to his rising legal and legislative career than to professional baseball. He limited his playing to local semi-pro teams, which allowed him to remain in the Massachusetts area full-time.

Although his major league career consisted of a mere 74 at-bats, that exact number remained unknown until the 1950s. This was because Nash's first major league game had turned into a baffling mystery that remained unsolved until his own brother spilled the beans some 46 years later. On July 4, 1912, in a game at Chicago, Cleveland manager Harry Davis became irate at umpire Bertie Hart for a series of calls that went against his club. With outfielder Joe Birmingham already ejected, an angry Davis decided to throw a monkey wrench into the game. Davis's plan became an instant success, but in addition to causing chaos on the umpire's lineup card, the official statistics and register of baseball became an unsolved mystery. Davis sent Nash up to bat as a pinch hitter, but rather than offer batting advice to the rookie, the Cleveland manager ordered Nash to announce himself to the umpire as "Costello." The rookie followed orders and struck out.

Nash would appear in 10 more games for the Naps that year, and it was only those 10 that appeared in his 1912 statistics under his real name. Apart from Nash, his manager, and a few others, no one ever knew that the "Costello" who struck out on July 4, 1912, was really Kenneth Nash. By the time Hy Turkin released the first baseball encyclopedia in 1951, Turkin and other historians had wrestled with the entry of "Costello." With no clues as to the identity of the player, researchers eventually—in the 1956 edition—gave the phantom the initials "J. A.," which belonged to a minor leaguer of the day. This only seemed to cloud the case even further. Cancer claimed Turkin's life before he ever uncovered the true identity of the mystery ballplayer.

Finally, in 1958, brother Reggie Nash admitted to a local reporter that the long-lost J. A. Costello was really Kenneth Nash. When the reporter went to Ken to verify the story's authenticity, he admitted the same. Nash would joke: "I didn't say anything about it for all those years because I struck out. It would have lowered my batting average."

Kenneth Nash's legal career took off following the conclusion of his professional baseball career in 1916. After three years in the House of Representatives, Nash was elected to the Massachusetts State Senate in 1917. The following year, at the age of 29, he was appointed Special Justice of the Quincy District Court by Governor Samuel McCall. In 1933, he rose to presiding justice of the same court, a position he would hold until the age of 82. It was also during the early 1930s that Nash returned to his roots and represented Weymouth as its town counsel. In 1941, Nash became one of the five original appointees to the newly formed Administrative Committee of the District Courts, and the following year he was appointed a member of the Appellate Division of the District Courts for the Southern District.

Although Ken Nash decided to concentrate move heavily on his judicial career after 1918, that did not mean he completely abandoned the game of baseball. Judge Nash was one of several local players who could have continued playing professional baseball but decided for whatever reason to remain closer to home while at the same time still making money playing the game. Semi-pro teams of that era would often play every day of the week, even traveling down to Connecticut on Sundays when Massachusetts banned the practice of playing on Sundays. Nash first played for a few years with a club in Marblehead, and then for nearly a decade with the Salem Town Team. He was just one of several former or future major leaguers to play for the Salem club. Others included Chick Davies, Paul Florence, Jack Barry, and Doc Gautreau. Nash had his fair share of arguments with umpires during his semi-pro career, and stories say that if Nash appeared to be losing an argument with an arbiter, fans would sometimes yell: "Give him thirty days, Judge!" He would continue playing semi-pro ball until the age of 42.

In addition to playing, Nash also took up coaching after the conclusion of his professional career. He first subbed for his brother as Milton Academy's baseball coach during World War I and then embarked on a successful coaching career at Tufts University that would last for over two decades. One can only imagine his busy schedule each spring: first sitting at the

1956 Baseball Encyclopedia Entries

Hy Turkin and S. C. Thompson, *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball*, rev. ed. (New York: A. S. Barnes, 1956), 113, 262.

COSTELLO, J. A.						
1912	Cle	A	O		1	.000

NASH, KENNETH LELAND					
b.July 14,1888 S.Weymouth,Mass.					
1912	Cle	A	S	9	.190
1914	St.L	N	1-2-S-3	24	.275
			BBTR	33	.247

Total Baseball (7th edition) Entries

John Thorn et al., *Total Baseball*, 7th ed. (Kingston, N.Y.: Total Sports Publishing, 2001), 1046.

KEN NASH Nash, Kenneth Leland (Played One Game In 1912 under name of Costello)
b: 7/14/1888, Weymouth, Mass. d: 2/16/77, Epsom, N.H. BB/TR, 5'8", 140 lbs. Deb: 7/4/12

1912	Cle-A	11	23	2	4	0	0	0	0	3		.174	.269	.174	443	27	-2	0	.826	-3	/S-8
1914	StL-N	24	51	4	14	3	1	0	6	6	10	.275	.351	.373	723	116	1	0	.875	-6	3-10/2-6,S-3
Total	2	35	74	6	18	3	1	0	6	9	10	.243	.325	.311	636	87	-1	0	.760	-10	/S-11,3-10,2-6

Quincy District Court in the mornings, only to rush off to the Tufts campus for practice or games. His coaching career at Tufts may have extended beyond 1941 had the school not canceled the baseball program due to the onset of World War II. Instead, he spent the war years as chairman of Weymouth's draft board in addition to his judicial duties.

By the end of the war, Nash became too busy to resume his coaching duties at Tufts. During the 1950s he continued to make a name for himself in the judiciary, as in 1956 Nash became chairman of the Administrative Committee of the District Courts. By the early 1960s, however, many in the state's legal community called for the reorganization of the district court system, including the appointment of a chief justice to oversee all the district courts in the commonwealth and to assign all full- and part-time judges and clerks. Judges, lawyers, and legal organizations in all corners of the state overwhelmingly pushed for Nash's appointment. Governor Endicott Peabody made the move official in 1963 when he named Judge Kenneth Nash the first Chief Justice of the District Courts of Massachusetts. In a bizarre coincidence, two others sworn in to judicial posts the same day were John A. Costello and John W. Costello. Nash joked, "We Costellos ought to get together," as he recalled the day over half a century earlier when he first batted in the major leagues under the alias.

Nash was involved in bringing about many changes to the Massachusetts court system that citizens take for granted today —from paying traffic fines by mail to recording district court testimony. Judge Nash set up an alcoholism clinic for the Quincy District Court, making it one of the first courts in the nation with such a program. In addition, an aging Nash often concerned himself with teenage delinquency and the many evils of the new generation, such as drugs. Late in his career he received the prized John Augustus Award for his service in the area of crime prevention.

In his later years, not only was the longtime judge willing to chat about baseball for hours on end, but personal interviews from that time provide a glimpse into how a man of such legal acumen dealt with the ever-changing society both in and out of the courtroom. "I'm sure we're going to get new decisions, but I don't see how we can go much farther in the protection of individuals," he said inresponse to landmark U.S. Supreme Court cases in the 1960s. When Curt Flood challenged baseball's reserve clause in the early 1970s, the judge questioned what would become of the game if players could move freely from club to club.

Nash's first major league game had turned into a baffling mystery that remained unsolved until his brother spilled the beans 46 years later.

In 1970, Judge Kenneth Nash retired after an astounding 52 years on the bench. At his retirement, he had jurisdiction over 72 district courts in Massachusetts. A bachelor during his professional careers and a resident of Weymouth, Nash married Herberta Stockwell just a few months following his retirement, and the two moved to a farm in Epsom, New Hampshire. He continued to follow baseball on television and correspond with former teammates and fans by mail.

Judge Kenneth Nash died on February 16, 1977. The man who once played next to "Shoeless" Joe Jackson and Nap Lajoie had left an indelible mark on the judiciary in Massachusetts. Many people have graced the ballfield or courtroom with as much or more excellence than Kenneth Nash, but there is quite probably no one who has ever done both with such skill.

"At First Base for the Boston Braves . . . George Sisler"

by James Oscar Lindberg

George Sisler is remembered as the finest player in the history of the St. Louis Browns, but from late May of 1928 through 1930, Sisler wielded his bat and plied his leather craftsmanship as a member of the Boston Braves in the final chapter of his career as a major league player.

After a slow start with the Washington Senators in the spring of 1928, Sisler was acquired by the Braves on waivers. On May 29, 1928, John Kieran expressed the following hope in the New York Times: " In any event the fans around the circuit will be rooting for Sisler to make good. Even in an enemy uniform he was always a popular player." Kieran's comment about Sisler's popularity was supported by the ovation he received on May 29 at Baker Bowl in Philadelphia in his National League debut as a visiting Boston Brave.

Although Phil Ball, owner of the Browns, had been willing to part with Sisler after the 1927 season, Braves owner Emil Fuchs was pleased with the play of the "Sizzler." Hitting at a .340 clip in 118 games for the 1928 Boston Braves, Sisler tied Lance Richbourg, speedy right fielder, for team leadership in stolen bases, with 11, while placing third on the club in hits, runs, and RBI. Indeed, Sisler finished 1928 with the fourth highest batting average in the National League.

Braves Field denizens in 1928 were treated to an infield with a decided St. Louis cast. At second base, to the right of the Browns' stalwart, was Rogers Hornsby, whose .387 swat mark ranked all National League batsmen in the Rajah's sole summer in Beantown, while diagonally across the diamond from Sisler was Les Bell, the Cardinals' third sacker in their 1926 World Championship campaign. Had Sisler and Hornsby been teammates in 1922, that St. Louis club would have gotten 496 hits from the right side of the infield!

Among some memorable performances of Sisler that first season in Boston flannels would be his May 31 effort in a 9–4 victory in Philadelphia, in which Sisler hit 3 for 5, recorded his first National League home run, and, along with a single and a

James Oscar Lindberg is prison librarian for the Pennsylvania Department of Corrections. The late Ed House, his maternal grandfather and longtime St. Louis Browns fan, planted the seed of his interest in George Sisler. A SABR member since 1978, Lindberg is particularly interested in outstanding fielders and the relative importance of fielding.

double, accounted for four runs batted in. When Boston roommate Les Bell had his career game on June 2, with a troika of home runs and a triple, for 15 total bases, Sisler contributed a trio of singles; on July 2 Sisler produced a different trio, this time of doubles, in a ten-inning, 5–4 triumph over Philadelphia.

George Sisler had quite a homecoming July 7–9 when the Braves traversed National League geography and landed in Sportsman's Park for Sisler's first St. Louis series as a visiting Bostonian. July 7 was "Sisler Day" in St. Louis, with the honoree producing 3 runs in the 11–3 Boston victory. (Modern fans and television sports producers take note: This game of 14 runs was played in two hours flat!) In 20 at-bats during the four games, Sisler bombarded Redbird hurlers with 11 hits, including a home run, a pair of runs scored, and a couple of runs batted in on the afternoon of July 9.

George Sisler. Baseball card courtesy of James Lindberg.

Although George Sisler was 36 years old during his second Boston summer, he nevertheless played every game of the season; indeed, *The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball* does not credit any other Brave with a game at first base in 1929, so the supposedly creaky Sisler played every inning of the campaign. With Hornsby gone, Sisler paced the Braves in hits (205), doubles (40), runs batted in (79), and batting average (.326); his slugging mark of .424 was second among the regulars even though Sisler hit only a pair of home runs.

Let's sample some memorable Sisler games from 1929. George Sisler contributed 4 hits in a twin bill sweep of the Cardinals in St. Louis on June 16. The Braves thwarted ninth inning Cardinal rallies in both contests to prevail by verdicts of 9–8 and 6–5, with Sisler tripling in the first game and chiming in with a two-run double in the nightcap. On July 13, Sisler doubled twice and drove in a pair of Braves in a 7–6 victory over Cincinnati; in a twin killing of the Cards on July 21 before 25,000 enthusiastic Beantowners, roommates Les Bell and George Sisler excelled. With Bell driving in all 4 Boston tallies in the 4–2 opener, Sisler's double with the bases loaded accounted for 3 of the Braves' tallies in the 4–3 nightcap triumph.

In 1930 George Sisler shared the Braves Field initial sack with Johnny Neun, and the first baseman fans saw depended on the month of their attendance. Neun played every game from April through May 10 and throughout September after replacing Sisler during the first game of a double-header on September 3, while Sisler started virtually all the contests in between. No other Boston Brave played first base that first full season of the Great Depression.

Although Hornsby and Bell were a couple of Cubs in 1930, Sisler was not the only St. Louis expatriate in Emil Fuchs's infield, as the 1928 Redbird shortstop Rabbit Maranville tossed his assists to Sis; additionally, the new man in the dugout, Bill McKechnie, had piloted the Cardinals to their 1928 pennant, giving Emil Fuchs three Hall of Famers on his 1930 payroll with a St. Louis connection.

At age 37, Sisler clearly was winding down. Including pinch-hitting appearances, Sisler played in 118 games and batted .309, with only 15 doubles and 3 home runs (although his 7 triples were respectable). Nevertheless, Sisler's 67 runs batted in placed second on the team to Wally Berger, rookie outfielder who batted in 119 runs.

As 1930 drew to a close, George Sisler had his last excellent game on August 31, the second contest of a twin bill versus the Giants in the Polo Grounds. In a 14–10 victory, Sisler contributed a single, double, and home run, accounting for two runs scored and 4 RBI. On September 3, in Braves Field, Sisler made his last start at first base, then left the game early; in his only at-bat, he doubled off Clarence Mitchell for his final major league hit. In later appearances, Sisler failed to hit safely as a pinch hitter.

Les Bell, a Pennsylvanian with whom I enjoyed three visits in the final years of his life, spoke highly of his Boston Braves roommate, who also doubled as his bridge partner. In describing his graceful way of playing first base, Bell said Sisler would flit from his position to the bag like a man "walking on eggshells." When asked about Sisler's vision during his Boston tenure, Les Bell replied, "That was the forbidden subject with George—you weren't allowed to ask him about his eyes."

As a young star with the Browns, Sisler was blessed with exceptional speed and good eyesight, but with the Braves the swiftness of Sis was only a storied memory, and after 1922 he was afflicted with eye problems. In a letter to me in 1982, Wally Berger wrote of a game incident which may have persuaded Sisler that it was soon time to retire. While playing the Cubs in Wrigley Field, Sisler tagged up at third base on what Berger termed a "routine fly" to right field. Kiki Cuyler threw Sisler out at home plate, and as Sisler returned to the dugout, he said, "I must be through if couldn't score on that play," related Wally Berger.

Although the Boston Braves finished seventh, last, and sixth during the 1928–1930 Boston chapter of Sisler's career, his graceful fielding and good hitting contributed to his National League team. As an interesting note, both George Sisler and Babe Ruth, contemporary American League southpaw hurlers turned hitters, concluded their major league playing days with the Boston Braves five years apart in the 1930s, with Bill McKechnie as their final manager.

A Boston Baseball Tragedy: The Sad Tale of Marty Bergen

by Kerry Keene

While many believe that the darkest day in Boston sports history was the day Babe Ruth was sold to the Yankees, January 19, 1900, may well qualify as its most tragic.

It was in the early hours of that Friday morning in the town of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, that Marty Bergen, star catcher for Boston's National League team, killed his wife and two children with an ax, then sliced his own throat with a razor. Though the twenty-eight-year-old North Brookfield native was thought for some time to have been experiencing severe mental problems, few believed he was capable of such a horrific act.

The brutally grim discovery was made that morning by Bergen's father, Michael, who had stopped by the farmhouse two miles outside of town to do a few chores. As he entered the kitchen he witnessed the startling sight of Bergen in a pool of blood with his throat cut and a razor resting on a table nearby. His six-year-old daughter Florence lay beside him with severe damage to her skull inflicted by the blunt end of an ax. In the next room, Bergen's wife, Harriet, was found lying in bed next to their three-year-old son Joseph, both with traumatic head wounds. A bloody long-handled ax was leaning in a doorway a few feet away.

The tragic news spread quickly through the small central Massachusetts town not far from Worcester. The newspapers would write, "It was the deed of a maniac executed in the most brutal manner." It was also said of Bergen that he was a clean-living, deeply religious, and devoted family man, and "when in his right mind, a better fellow never lived."[1]

The landscape of sports in 1900 was such that the Boston Beaneaters, later known as the Braves, were the only professional sports team in the city. The Red Sox franchise was still over a year away from its inaugural season, and the National League team had the area's baseball fans all to itself. Bergen had debuted with Boston in 1896 and had been an integral part of the National League championship teams of '97 and '98. Many regarded him as one of the finest catchers in the league at that time—a very competent batsman with a deadly accurate throwing arm.

Bergen had earned a reputation early in his career for his erratic behavior and extreme eccentricities. Displaying what was likely severe paranoia, he was described by acquaintances as constantly giving the impression that someone was out to do him an injustice.[2] This trait seemed to become even more pronounced as his playing career went on.

In the spring of 1899 while Bergen was on a road trip in Washington, one of his young sons passed away, and that tragedy pushed him closer to the brink of insanity. Many of his teammates, concerned about his mental state, were said to fear him, avoiding him whenever possible. It had become fairly common for Bergen to abandon the team without notice for days at a time. Manager Frank Selee, who led Boston to five NL pennants in the 1890s, could no longer tolerate his actions and seriously considered trading him to Cincinnati. Contacted at his Melrose, Massachusetts, home shortly after the gruesome crime, Selee observed, "His mental derangement, although noticeable from the time he became a member of the club, seemed to grow worse the past season."

In the wake of the heinous incident, it was told that Bergen had consulted physicians and clergymen alike in an effort to seek relief from the mania and delusions that were gripping him. Reverend Humphrey Wren of St. Joseph's Church reported that Bergen had been in to discuss his troubles six weeks prior and had appeared comforted by the priest's kind words. His physician, Dr. Louis Dionne, characterized him as having "been a maniac for years" and said that "his disease had finally overcome him."[3]

> "Bergen's personality has been an enigma to me ever since he joined the team."
>
> —Hugh Duffy

With the advent of modern psychiatry decades away, there was no effective method to deal with a condition that has become relatively easy to treat a century later.

Hall of Fame outfielder Hugh Duffy, captain of the Boston team, echoed the sentiments of many upon learning of the tragedy. While acknowledging Bergen's excellence as a ballplayer, he added, "I have realized for a long while that Bergen has not been right. His personality has been an enigma to me ever since he joined the team, and knowing his melancholy moods and understanding so thoroughly how false were his ideas that the boys were all against him, a more serious outbreak was not altogether unexpected by me."

Only one teammate, star outfielder and future Hall of Famer Billy Hamilton, attended the funeral service. Also in attendance was East Brookfield native Connie Mack, who would begin his legendary 50-year reign as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics the following year.

The memory of the murder/suicide has now long faded into obscurity to the baseball public with the passage of a century. Yet it is hard not to speculate on the utterly intense media coverage such an incident would create if the equivalent were to occur today. An All-Star caliber athlete in the prime of his life and career, playing for one of the most successful pro sports franchises in the country, murdering his family in a psychopathic rage. The sad occurrence would likely spawn a movie and a book and be the topic of discussion on numerous television and radio talk shows.

NOTES

1. *Boston Globe*, January 20, 1900.
2. *Worcester Evening Gazette*.
3. *Boston Globe*, January 20, 1900.

Kerry Keene, a SABR member since 1991, is a lifelong follower of the Boston Red Sox. He has written three books on baseball: *The Babe in Red Stockings* (1997, coauthored), *1960: The Last Pure Season* (2000), and *1951: When Giants Played the Game* (2001).

Personal Encounter

WHEN BOSTON BASEBALL WAS YOUNG

by Mark Seliber

"That was quite a game, Dad," said eleven-year-old Brendan.

"It's a thrill for me too, Brendan," said his father. "It's not only your first World Series game, but mine too, and I've been watching the Red Sox play for forty years. We were lucky to get those tickets on the Internet."

"The Sox are up three games to one now. The curse of the Bambino will finally end. I think it's in the bag."

"Brendan, as I said, I've been watching the Red Sox for forty years. You wouldn't believe some of the strange things I've seen come out of some very nice-looking bags!"

"Well, Dad, win or lose, tomorrow's the last game ever at Fenway Park."

"That's incredible. The new park across the street looks like it's ready, but I won't believe it until I walk into it. Brendan, I just realized the Red Sox won the first World Series exactly one hundred years ago."

"1903 was the first World Series? Who did the Red Sox play?"

"First of all, they were called the Pilgrims then. They beat the Pittsburgh Pirates five games to three."

"Five games to three?"

"Yeah, some of the early World Series were five games out of nine. I think they wanted to make more money."

"So Dad, the first World Series was played at Fenway Park?"

"No, Fenway Park was built in 1912, though the Red Sox won the World Series that year too. No, the Pilgrims' park was the Huntington Avenue Grounds. You know what, it was located where Northeastern University is now. Do you want to go there?"

"Sure, Dad!"

Brendan and his father crossed Huntington Avenue at the Museum of Fine Arts, walked down the street a few blocks, and took a right on Forsyth Street. One block ahead on the left was a long fence with a sign on it. The sign said that the fence was on the exact spot of the original left-field wall of the Huntington Avenue Grounds. The sign also had a picture taken during the 1903 World Series, with fans standing behind ropes all around the outfield.

"Brendan, I just remembered reading that there's something interesting in the next block down."

They walked down Forsyth Street to a little alley with a sign that read "World Series Way." A winding path led to a small park. As they were walking, they suddenly saw a cement home plate dug into the grass. It had in large letters "The First World Series" and smaller letters that mentioned that this was the actual location of home plate at the Huntington Avenue Grounds.

Brendan and his father read the inscription on the home plate. Then Brendan turned around and said, "Dad, who's that statue?"

As they walked across the park to a statue of a pitcher leaning in toward the home plate, looking in for the catcher's sign, Brendan's father said, "You've heard of the Cy Young Award?"

"Sure—I think Pedro's going to win it again this year."

"Well, Brendan, let me introduce you to Cy Young. He won 511 games in his career in the 1890s and 1900s, and he won two games in the 1903 World Series."

"Wow, 511 wins! Was he the MVP of the Series?"

"Well, they didn't give out MVP awards then—or even Cy Young awards. But even if they did, he was only the third best pitcher in the Series. Deacon Phillippe won all three of the Pirates' wins, and Bill Dinneen won the other three games the Pilgrims won. Pitchers went every other day then—and they generally pitched the whole game too."

Father and son read the plaque on the base of the statue and then walked back on the path past the home plate. Right after they turned right on Forsyth Street, Brendan said, "Dad, I just remembered that I left my jacket at the statue."

"OK, Brendan, I'll meet you around the corner at the left-field wall. I want to look at that sign again."

Brendan turned around and walked back across the park. His view of the statue was blocked by a man who was walking toward him. As the man got closer, Brendan thought his face looked familiar. And so did his tiny baseball glove! The man was carrying Brendan's jacket.

"Does this belong to you, young man?" said the man.

"Yes, it does. Thanks, Mr. Young!"

"Call me Cy—everyone else does. It's short for Cyclone. Did you hear about our big win in Pittsburgh yesterday?"

"Yes, I just did. Do you think you'll win the Series?"

"We should win it tomorrow—Dinneen's been pitching really well. Even if we lose, I'll be ready to go again in the ninth game. Plus, we have the best fans, the Royal Rooters of Nuff Ced McGreevey. Of course, you look a little too young to be visiting the 'Third Base' bar."

"I know," said Brendan, "but my father's told me about it. I have a question, Mr. Young."

"Cy!"

"Cy—how do you pitch so many games and innings?"

"Oh, it's easy, none of the hitters are very good these days, except for that pesky Pirate shortstop Hans Wagner. Since the new American League started in aught-one, with all the extra teams, we're short of good hitters. It looks like pitchers will have the upper hand in the game for many years to come."

"Boy, that's not how it used to be," said Brendan. "Did the new league really increase salaries?"

"Yes, it did. When I went from the old Cleveland team to the Pilgrims, I doubled my salary, to $400 a month."

"Wow!"

"Are you and your father coming to our game tomorrow?"

"No, but I'll be watching it on … er, I'll hear about it."

"Well, wish us luck, son. To be truthful, I don't think we'll need it. Those National League bluebloods think we're upstarts, but I think this Pilgrim team of ours will be dominating baseball for a long time. I hope next year we get a chance to play that haughty John McGraw and his team of Giants from New York."

Brendan said, "Boston and New York—sounds like a good rivalry. Good-bye, Cy—I'm glad I met you here!"

As Brendan walked toward the end of the path, he turned around one more time and got a clear view of the statue.

When Brendan got back to the fence, his father said, "Hey, where've you been—I was just ready to come and get you."

"Oh, I was thinking about the old days of baseball."

"History—that's all baseball is. I don't know. One hundred years since the first World Series in Boston, last game at Fenway Park. I don't have a good feeling about this."

"Dad, take it from me. Something tells me everything's going to turn out just fine!"

Mark Seliber is an actuary and a lifelong fan of the Red Sox, baseball, and baseball statistics and records. He grew up in Boston and lived in the Greater Boston area until moving to Yorktown Heights, New York, six years ago, where he has raised his sons to be ardent Red Sox fans deep within Yankee country.

Roland Hemond, "King of Baseball": An Oral History

by Bill Nowlin

Like the sea captains of an earlier era, Roland Hemond is a native New Englander who has sailed far and wide and worked in many ports along the way. A kid with a fervor for baseball, he started at the bottom sweeping out Hartford's Bulkeley Stadium, home of the Hartford Chiefs, only to rise through the ranks and become general manager of two major league teams—the White Sox and the Orioles. He's been an executive for seven teams and three times was named Major League Executive of the Year—by the Sporting News in 1972 with the White Sox and in 1989 with Baltimore and by United Press International in 1983 for his work with the White Sox. Through the years, Hemond groomed such executives as Dave Dombrowski, Walt Jocketty, Dan Evans, and Doug Melvin. He helped create the Arizona Fall League and played a significant role in Team USA's preparation for the Pan American Games and the 2000 Olympics.

In 2001, Hemond was recognized by the Society for American Baseball Research for his contributions to scouting, as SABR instituted the annual Roland Hemond Award. Hemond himself was its first recipient.

In December 2001, he was crowned "King of Baseball" by Minor League Baseball at its 2001 annual winter meetings banquet. Each year the minor leagues salute a baseball veteran for his years of service. Baseball America gave him its Distinguished Service Award as well, on the occasion of its 20th anniversary. The award recognized 12 people who had 20 or more years of service in the game and Roland was one of the 12, including Cal Ripken Jr.

In January 2002, Hemond received the Boston Baseball Writers Association's most prestigious award, the Judge Emil E. Fuchs Award for "long and meritorious contributions to baseball."

Hemond still manifests his passion for the game. While working with the White Sox as a special adviser to GM Ken Williams, he is able to devote time and energy to providing care for baseball people in need, to honoring others who have served, and to promoting baseball to young people. He's also active, inspiring baseball research through SABR as an active member of Team SABR.

Roland Hemond was born in 1929 in Central Falls, Rhode Island, a textile mill community next to Pawtucket. It was a French-Canadian community and Roland did not speak English until he was about 6. His father, Ernest, who worked as a bread deliveryman, was born and raised in Rhode Island; his mother, Antoinette, a seamstress, moved to the area from a suburb of Montreal when she was about 18. One time at a baseball convention, Hemond announced a trade in French, just for the fun of it.

A neighborhood teenager, Leo Laboissiere, befriended and invited Roland to his first Fenway Park game. When Laboissiere had to cancel at the last minute, the 10-year-old Roland made his way to Fenway and back—before admitting to his parents that his escort had been unable to accompany him.

I conducted three interviews with Roland Hemond, two by telephone and one in person, all in late 2001. Hemond then read the transcriptions to ensure accuracy. This is an abridged version of the full oral history. The complete version is contained on the SABR32 convention CD.

I first fell in love with baseball about 1938. I was going on 8 years old at the time and just fell in love with the Red Sox. I started playing on the corner playgrounds. Jimmie Foxx was my first hero; he had that MVP year in '38. When I went to my first game at Fenway and I saw that green grass, I was hooked. Then Ted Williams came on and Bobby Doerr. I was just a diehard Red Sox fan like so many other New Englanders.

I was a Braves fan also, but not as fanatical. I spent a lot of time at Pawtucket, at McCoy Stadium. I was there when it opened in 1942. Bump Hadley pitched that day. He was out of the major leagues by then, and he was the starting pitcher for, I think it was the Lynn team [of the New England League] pitching against Pawtucket. The Pawtucket Slaters. It was a semi-pro team at that time. Later on [after World War II] they went into the Class B New England League.

I got up to Fenway about two or three times a year. I used to get there before the gates opened, because I was always hoping that Ted would be taking some extra hitting. My mother let me play hooky twice. Once, to see Bob Feller pitch. I think that was 1940 or '41. I said to my mother, "Mom, this is one of the great pitchers of all time." And she said, "Well, I guess it's OK." I think he won 2–1.

And the 1946 World Series also. I saw the fourth game. St. Louis won, 12–3. I sat in the center-field bleachers. I was there at like 6 o'clock in the morning. I went with some friends and sat in that little triangle in the center-field bleachers.

Roland Hemond, on receiving Baseball America's King of Baseball Award, December 2001 in Boston. With Hemond is the daughter of Mike Veeck. Photo courtesy of Roland Hemond.

Hemond, who once played against future Red Sox GM Lou Gorman in a Rhode Island state baseball championship game, joined the Coast Guard

in 1947 and advanced to storekeeper first class, in charge of the pay records. He was stationed at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, New York, but still made his way to watch the Red Sox.

I used to get to Yankee Stadium every chance I had when the Red Sox were in town, but they didn't have much luck in those games.

I was there on that 1949 Fourth of July game. The Red Sox had the bases loaded and Al Zarilla was at the plate. During that inning, the rally looked like it was coming on, but it got real dark and the winds were real weird. It started raining and the umpires finally stopped play with Zarilla at bat. There was a long rain delay. It looked like there was no chance to resume. There were a lot of people upended in their boats on Long Island Sound; there were a lot of drownings that day. It was an unpredictable quick electric storm. When the game resumed, it was real dark. They turned the lights on, but Zarilla hit a line drive over the head of Jerry Coleman at second and Cliff Mapes came and fielded it on one hop and fired to the plate. I was out by the left-field foul pole and I saw the umpire call the runner out at the plate. Berra got it on one hop and no tag. I said, "He didn't tag him! He didn't tag him!" and I said, "Oh, gosh. That's Pesky!" Pesky was out at the plate. KiKi Cuyler was the third base coach and I guess Pesky had started one step toward the plate and Cuyler told him to tag up because the ball went over Coleman's glove—except that Johnny had no chance then. He was definitely out on the force play.

I used to unlock the ballpark in the morning and help the trainer to sweep out the park. . . . You wear all sorts of hats, but you're getting your start.

Then Doerr hit a fly ball down the right-field line, curving inside that pole, that low fence in those days. Mapes leaned in and caught the ball. He would have had a grand slam. The Red Sox lost the second game also. Casey Stengel said, "Well, that takes care of the Red Sox." It put them about 12½ games behind. It's the first time I sort of gave up on my old Red Sox.

I was there that last weekend in '49, too, when they lost the last two games of the season. The Red Sox came all the way back—to come so close—and lost on the Saturday when Johnny Lindell hit a home run off Joe Dobson in the tenth inning.

As history records, the Yankees won the next game, too—and the 1949 pennant.

How did Hemond move from being a fan to working in baseball? How did he get his start? It was actually a deliberate decision on his part. He wanted to work in baseball and so took a leave during spring training to visit a cousin, a pitcher in the Pirates system. Through a series of circumstances, he met Branch Rickey who introduced him to Charlie Blossfield, GM of the Hartford (Connecticut) Boston Braves farm club. He landed a job working with Hartford for $28.00 a week. These were modest beginnings, starting at the ground floor, but Hemond today stresses the importance of getting to know baseball at all levels.

I used to unlock the ballpark in the morning and help Harvey Stone, the trainer, to sweep out the park. Clean it up and get the concession stands ready. Sell tickets in the afternoon and do some p.a. announcing sometimes. Then I would check in the ticket takers and the concessions people at the end of the night, and then lock up the park at 11, 11:30 at night.

That still happens with young people in the minor leagues. You wear all sorts of hats, but you're getting your start. At the end of the season, Charlie said he couldn't afford me but he wanted me back the next year. About two weeks after I got home in Rhode Island, before I was going to leave for that course at Florida Southern, he called me and he said there's an opening in the Braves farm system office and, he said, I've recommended you. I had learned to type in the Coast Guard, so I went up to Boston and John Mullen, the farm director, was going to need some help in the office so he said he'd give me a two-week tryout, and here I am today. That's how it all evolved. Being lucky to be at the right places at the right time.

When I first started, I was like an intern. $35 a week. I got a raise. I got to the big leagues and I got a $7 a week raise.

Hemond was working for the Boston Braves, in Boston. Life took another turn, though, as life sometimes does—not only for the Braves with their departure for Milwaukee but for Hemond personally as well. Within 18 months of when he joined the Braves, Hemond had moved to Milwaukee with the club. In 1958, he married Margo Quinn, "the boss's daughter"—though John Quinn resigned only six weeks or so afterward.

I was eight full years in Milwaukee. That was a great experience. I officially became assistant to John Mullen—instead of being an apprentice or an intern—when he became official farm director in '53. I became the assistant to him for the remaining years in Milwaukee.

Then I went to the Angels as farm and scouting director, when they became an expansion club. I reported to them January 3, 1961.

We have five children. Susan did a lot of associate director's TV work with the San Diego Padres and ESPN and the West Coast teams, and Anaheim, etc. Bob is now part owner of the Sacramento franchise in the Pacific Coast League. Jay has done some work in baseball. He worked in the farm office of the Florida Marlins for a couple of years, and this past year managed a team in Winchester, Tennessee, in the All American Association. He worked for the Frederick Keys in the Carolina League for a while. Our daughter Tere and our youngest son, Ryan, not yet. He's 27. They all gravitate to the game, though, and have a great love for it.

[In California] I was farm director and scouting director. Fred Haney, who had been the manager of the Braves in the '50s, was the general manager, and he hired me. I was there for 10 years with them and then became general manager of the White Sox on September 14, 1970. The whole '60s with the Angels, and then from the last two weeks of the 1970 season through 1985, I was general manager of the White Sox.

We [the White Sox] were never endowed with much money to work with. The White Sox team that I joined, that year they were 56 and 106. Chuck Tanner was our manager and we had worked together with the Angels, and we'd been in the Braves organization together. We worked extremely well together. At the first winter meetings in December of 1970, we moved 16 players in the first 18 hours of the convention. Coming and going. We improved by 23 games the first year. Then that next

Bill Nowlin is coauthor of a number of baseball books, including *Ted Williams: The Pursuit of Perfection*, with Jim Prime (Sports Publishing, 2002). He is also editor of publications for the Ted Williams Museum.

winter, we acquired Dick Allen and Stan Bahnsen in a couple of big deals and we made a heck of a run at it in '72. We weren't eliminated until the last week. Then we were under financial problems so it was hard to do much other than try to survive the next three years. Oakland, they were great. In '73, it looked like we were ready to make a good shot at it and we opened the season about 6 games in front. At the last part of May, Ken Henderson, whom we had acquired that winter to play center field, tore up his knee badly at a play at the plate. Then Dick Allen also suffered an injury. Mike Epstein ran over him and broke the tibia bone. That robbed us of an opportunity. I think we would have had a shot at it that year.

Then '74 and '75 the rumors were heavy that the club might move or be sold, so we couldn't make very many moves. Then Bill Veeck came, and in '77 we gave it a real good run again. We came back after a dismal '76 season and made a good run that year against Kansas City. [Working with Veeck] was a tremendous experience that I greatly treasure and will forever relish. It was a fantastic experience to be with him. In all facets of life. Baseball as well. He was just an incredible man. He used to say, "Don't bother preparing a budget, Roland. We don't have any money. We'll think of something." We had a lot of fun and competed as best we could.

So we traded young players like Bucky Dent, Rich Gossage and Terry Forster to get Richie Zisk and Oscar Gamble. Signed Eric Soderholm as a free agent, and he was the Comeback Player of the Year. Zisk hit 30 home runs and Gamble hit 31. Soderholm hit 25. That was quite a fun year. It was hard for Bill, again, to compete on a financial basis, but I would never trade those five years for anything. Then Jerry Reinsdorf and Eddie Einhorn bought the club and we made some moves, signing Carlton Fisk as a free agent, and acquired Greg Luzinski. The club got better and better and we won the division by 20 games in '83. We lost a tough post-season series against Baltimore.

Then I went to the commissioner's office for a year and a half, in about May of '86. Peter Ueberroth [the commissioner] asked Jerry Reinsdorf—I'd been retained by the White Sox in a capacity as a special assistant. Peter asked permission, if they could have me in the front office, the commissioner's office, because of my experience with ball clubs. I was there for a year and a half until the opportunity came to be general manager of the Baltimore Orioles. Edward Bennett Williams, the owner of the Orioles, I was interviewed by him and club president Larry Lucchino. He was impressed that I had been at Bulkeley Stadium in Hartford also, because as a young boy he had sold hot dogs and beer at Bulkeley Stadium. He was from Hartford. He said the hot dogs were cold and the beer was warm.

Then I spent eight years with the Orioles, and then five years with the Diamondbacks and now back with the White Sox. I don't regret it [not being with the Diamondbacks as they won the 2001 World Series]. I'm happy for them. I thoroughly enjoyed their accomplishment, and you know that during the period of time you were there you made some contributions that led to their success. I was thrilled to be asked by the White Sox to come back. I thoroughly enjoyed this year with the White Sox. I thought the club performed very well under a lot of adversity and kept battling.

When Hemond first joined the Diamondbacks, it was just as they were forming up. Hemond came in at the ground level, one of their first hires.

As soon as Jerry Colangelo found my not being retained by the Orioles, then he contacted me and I joined the Diamondbacks and we all worked for the preparation for a couple of years for the expansion draft and then the next three years with them. We won 100 games our second year. I think people have a tendency to forget about that. They think about this year [2001], but we went to the postseason with 100 victories our second season. Played the Mets in the playoffs.

Roland Hemond, Warren Spahn, and Margo Quinn Hemond. Photo courtesy of Roland Hemond.

Richard Dozier, the president of the club, and Joe Garagiola Jr. as general manager were already hired. I became executive vice president of baseball operations. Basically, the same type job that I now have with the White Sox. Jerry Colangelo hired me. He talked to Joe about it, and since it was a new position for Joe—first-time general manager— [it must have struck them as good] to have someone like me to help him. I was one of the originals, and then Buck Showalter was hired after me.

There was no farm system, and I was in that position also when I joined the California Angels way back, which was the Los Angeles Angels, when I was named farm and scouting director. The Angels had already made the expansion selections in early December and I joined them January 3, but I started a farm system and scouting department right from scratch. When I first joined them, we put together one Class A ballclub in Statesville, North Carolina, to get started and we got a limited working agreement in Triple A with Dallas/Fort Worth. That was the beginning. That gave us a place to send some of the players that we had selected. Then we needed sort of a rookie type club to get started.

Then with the Diamondbacks, we didn't play for two years in the major leagues, so when we started, we started a rookie club in Arizona and South Bend in a Class A league. We got an

affiliation with South Bend and started a new club in the Arizona Rookie League. We had to hire minor league managers and coaches, instructors and scouts and all that stuff. And players. It's exciting. It's a great process to be involved in.

After 15 years with the White Sox, Hemond had joined the Office of the Commissioner in May of 1986.

Dr. Bobby Brown was the president of the American League. One of his duties was the grassroots baseball. Summer leagues, and the various programs. Babe Ruth program. American Legion. I helped him and I traveled around. Cape Cod League. The Northeastern League they had in New York State at that time. A new league in Ohio. The Great Lakes League. The Jayhawk League. I'd come back with reports on each of the franchises and what I thought could be improved and what we should do to help them.

People should spend some time in the commissioner's office. . . . You have greater respect when you're not working just with your own ball club.

Al Campanis unfortunately made his remarks, it turns out he was actually of great service to the game. . . . It was in April 1987 when Al Campanis appeared on the TV show Nightline and made disparaging remarks regarding the capabilities of minorities. We all felt sorry for Al. . . . This was unfortunate. Al had helped and had given support to minorities throughout his baseball career. He had played shortstop in Montreal alongside Jackie Robinson, his teammate with the Montreal Royals when Jackie went from the Negro Leagues to the Brooklyn Dodgers farm system.

He could be classified as a hero now. It really sparked efforts to institute a program to help minorities to gain baseball employment other than within the playing ranks. Commissioner Ueberroth had spoken at length, and emphatically, that baseball should hire more minorities in various nonplaying positions. . . . I think in the past many of the minorities didn't even let you know they'd be interested, because they figured they didn't have a chance. Those were the facts of life. They hadn't seen any action. Peter then hired Clifford Alexander and Grant Hill's mother, Janet Hill. They had an agency in Washington, D.C., where they were helping minorities get placed in the corporate world. He also hired Harry Edwards, the sociology professor at the University of California in Berkeley and former Olympic track star. Then he had me meet with them, and we prepared questionnaires to send out to as many people as we could find out where they might be located, so they could indicate what they might like to do if they had an opportunity to get back into the game. Alexander and Hill concentrated mainly on front office positions and minor league jobs. Edwards was more for coaches and managers' jobs. I was sort of the coordinator working with them.

The commissioner also sent me to Australia. He assigned me to Japan with the Major League All-Star team to represent the commissioner's office. People should spend some time in the commissioner's office. There's a tendency to say, "Well, what do they do up there?" Well, they do a lot of things. That's why there's more marketing now. There's more TV. They work on a lot of programs to help our game. You have greater respect when you're not working just with your own ball club. It helped me to broaden my scope of imagination. Not too long after, I got the job with Baltimore.

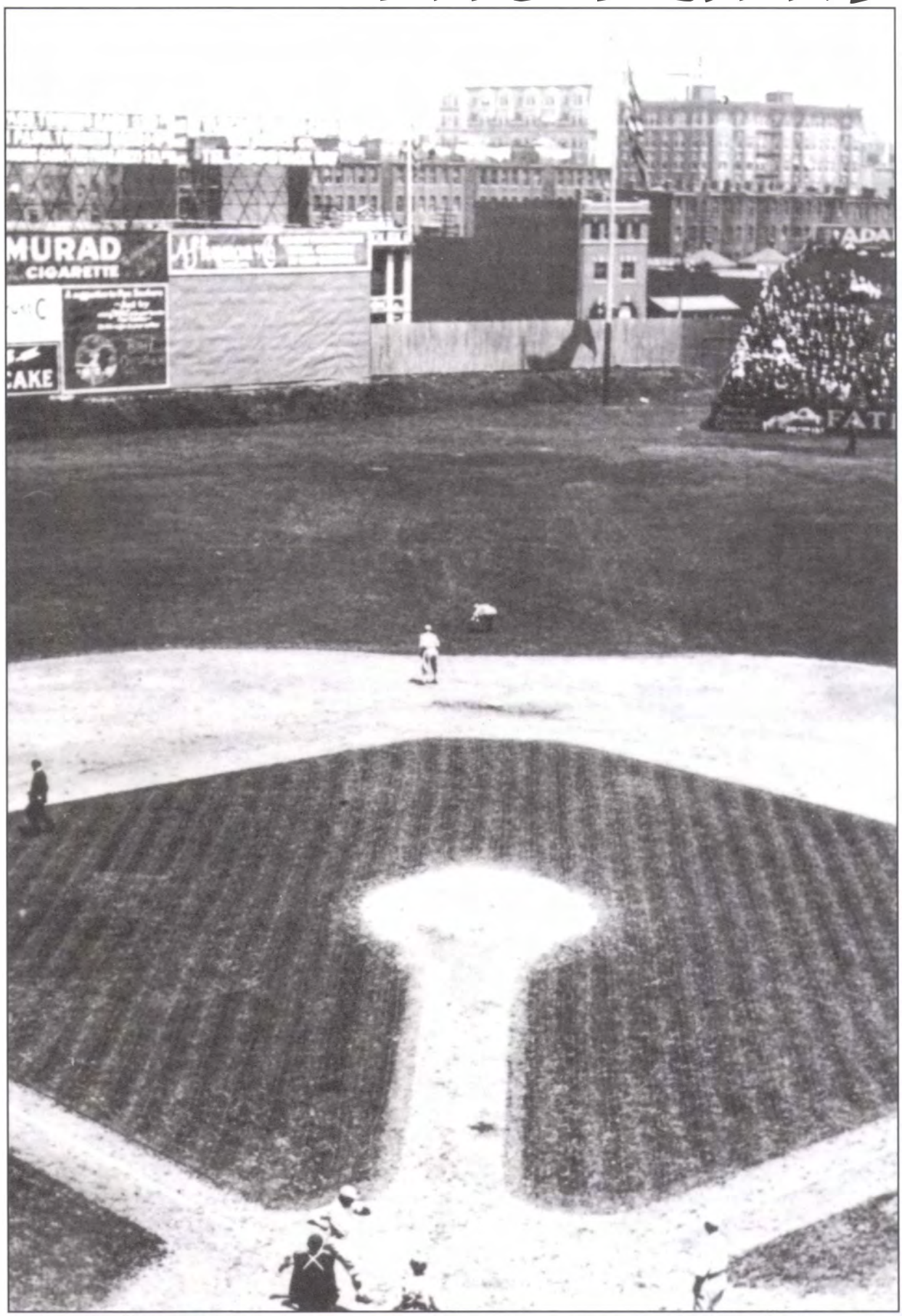
Hank Peters preceded me in Baltimore. He had a fine career there, but they'd had a couple of bad years just before I arrived. They'd had a bad year in '87 and then when I joined them in November [as vice president and general manager], it wasn't a good club. We lost the first 21 games in 1988. I used to tell myself, "Well, I didn't create it. I inherited it." That's why you get those jobs. Then the next year, we improved by 32½ games. And our payroll was only $8.5 million, the whole payroll. Williams had been the owner for some time. He had the '83 club. He bought the Orioles about 1978, '79, I think. In '83 I was with the White Sox and they beat us in the playoffs. Then they kind of slipped from then on and started going the other way. When I came in, the manager was Cal Ripken Sr. We made a change early in the '88 season, after six games. Frank Robinson, we made him the manager, and we lost our next 15. We made some trades that summer. Mike Boddicker to the Red Sox for Curt Schilling and Brady Anderson. Traded Fred Lynn in late August for Chris Hoiles. We traded Eddie Murray that winter, after the season, at the winter meetings to the Dodgers for Juan Bell, Brian Holton and the pitcher Ken Howell. We traded him immediately to Philadelphia for Phil Bradley. The next year we really improved by an enormous number of games. It was one of the biggest comebacks of all time.

It was in fact a 32½-game turnaround—from last place and 34½ games out in 1988 to finishing just 2 games behind the Blue Jays in 1989. Hemond was named Executive of the Year again by The Sporting News. Two years later he was awarded the Distinguished Service Award from Baseball America.

It was quite gratifying to me to receive the Distinguished Service Award. Cal Ripken was one of the recipients. John Schuerholz, on behalf of the Atlanta Braves, for the consistency in their organization over the last ten years. Paul Snyder, I was very, very happy to see him get recognition as their director of scouting. They say the scouts are the unsung heroes. I've heard that since I broke in, in the early '50s, and I have recognized that they're the unsung heroes, so I always say, "Well, let's sing their praises." I want to see them get recognition that they so justly deserve. They never get any headlines. They never get any recognition. A lot of people take the bows, but without their good scouting staff and good scouts and their recommendations and their signings, you're not successful. Many of us are working toward scouts getting better recognition in the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

I see there are still quite a few general managers from New England. Tal Smith was from Massachusetts. Harry Dalton was. Lou Gorman, from Rhode Island. Dave Littlefield is from Massachusetts, now with Pittsburgh. Jim Beattie is from New Hampshire. Dan Duquette and J.P. Ricciardi are from Massachusetts. I think it's because of the rich baseball tradition here in New England. People are so much into it, maybe more so than in some other parts of the country where baseball is relatively new. The American League office used to be here in Boston. Before Cronin, Will Harridge was in Chicago. Cronin put it in New England.

The Parks



Fenway Park, c. 1917. Mike Andersen collection, courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England and Dennis Brearley.

South End Grounds

by Ray Miller

There is a famous photograph, taken during the 1903 World Series, showing Boston fans milling around the Huntington Avenue Grounds, home of the victorious AL Pilgrims (the predecessors of the Red Sox). If you look very closely, off in the distance over the right-field bleachers and grandstand, you can catch a glimpse of another ballpark (see page 59). The fans on the field, of course, are ignoring it, the photographer seems to be unaware of it ... you yourself can see it only if you try.

Such is the lot of the South End Grounds, the National League park sitting just across the railroad tracks from the Pilgrims' field: first built a good 30 years before the AL ever set up shop in Beantown, it was spurned almost the second the paint was dry on the grandstand at Huntington Avenue—just as its tenants, the team we now know as the Braves, were eclipsed in the hearts of New England baseball fans by the upstart Red Sox. But while the Braves are still fondly recalled by many of their former fans, the South End Grounds have been almost completely forgotten—which is a shame, considering that it was the home of four National Association and eight National League champions, as well as some of the greatest individual players of the 19th century.

Fast line-drive hitters were rewarded by the deep alleys, and power hitters by the short foul lines.

The name "South End Grounds" is actually a bit misleading: The park was really situated in northern Roxbury, in a region once known as "the village," about a mile and a half southwest of the Boston Common. It was bordered on the right-field side by a busy thoroughfare leading downtown, Columbus Avenue, and on the third base side by the tracks of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. There was also a train yard here, and one of the roundhouses stood just outside the outfield fence in left-center. Stretching out beyond the fence in center and right was the Columbus Avenue playground. The main entrance was on Walpole Street, a tiny cul-de-sac between Columbus and the tracks; for this reason, the facility was also known as the "Walpole Street Grounds" (its official title, by the way, was the Boston Baseball Grounds).

Whether you view the South End Grounds as one park extensively renovated a couple of times or as three separate parks built on the same site depends, I suppose, on your philosophy; but, in any event, it was known in three very different incarnations: a primitive wooden facility originally built for the National Association in 1871; the sumptuous plant that replaced it in 1888 and burned down in 1894; and the utilitarian single-deck structure that rose from the ashes. In all its versions, the South End Grounds featured the diamond centered at one end of a more or less regular rectangle, with microscopic foul lines and the power alleys falling away almost immediately into a vast center field. (In other words, think of a smaller, more primitive Polo Grounds.) As the *Ballpark Sourcebook* states: "The center-fielder's defensive burden was greater [at the South End Grounds] than normal, because the outfield was mainly one huge center field."[1] According to *Sourcebook* and *Green Cathedrals*, the South End Grounds' dimensions in the late 1890s were right field 255', right-center: 440', center field: 440', left-center: 445', left field: 255'. The deepest point was in left-center, 450' from home plate. Seating capacity was 6,800 in 1888 and 5,800 in the late 1890s; bleacher sections along the outfield wall increased seating somewhat by 1910, but certainly not enough to get far beyond about 10,000.[2]

This was a hitter's park. Fast line-drive hitters were rewarded by the deep alleys, and power hitters by the short foul lines. *Sourcebook* claims that hitters were twice as likely to homer at the South End Grounds than in other parks of its time; 1,366 round-trippers were hit there between 1876 and 1914. A quick perusal of *The Home Run Encyclopedia* reveals that Boston players consistently out-homered the opposition. In 1894 alone, Boston scored an all-time record 1,220 runs and clubbed 103 dingers—the last team with that many home runs until the start of the live-ball era.

The baseball club that was to become the formidable Boston Red Stockings of the National Association was organized in January 1871. In the *Boston Journal* of January 21, the club's chairman pro tem is quoted as saying that, now that the playing personnel were under contract, "the place to play was the next important consideration ... we have decided a much larger ground must be secured ... and negotiations are now pending for accommodations on the line of the Boston and Providence Railroad." In fact, the club leased a site known as the Union Base Ball Grounds near Milford Place, on the northern edge of Roxbury. In the few months remaining before the start of the National Associations's inaugural campaign, they managed to erect a small, roofed grandstand and surround the lot with a simple wooden fence. A promotional postcard from the National League's first season five years later shows canvas rising several feet over the fence along Columbus Avenue and rolls of barbed wire around the perimeter by the main entrance.[3] *Sourcebook* might be exaggerating when it talks of the park's "concentration-camp appearance," but in fact the first South End Grounds was an utterly unprepossessing facility that bears no resemblance to our image of what a professional baseball stadium should look like, at any level.

Control of the club passed to Arthur H. Soden, James B. Billings, and William Conant in 1877, and the "Triumvirs," as they were called, ran it for the next 30 years. These men were notorious throughout the baseball world for what one book calls with admirable delicacy their "manic frugality":[4] "Players were encouraged to enter the stands and wrestle fans for foul balls," writes Harold Kaese in his history of the Boston Braves. "Firemen who jumped from their locomotive cabs to retrieve balls hit to the outskirts of [the ballpark] would not have been worse thieves if they had snatched gold nuggets off somebody else's claim."[5]

Alas, in their stinginess, the Triumvirs allowed the South End Grounds to sink into a dilapidated state that kept the fans away

Ray Miller, a member of SABR since 1995, has written articles on old ballparks for SABR publications and *Baseball Digest* and is the author of *A Tour of Braves Field* (Boston Braves Historical Association, 2000). He is a member of SABR's Ballparks, 19th Century, and Deadball Era Committees. He lives in Maine, where he is a college professor, songwriter, and musician.

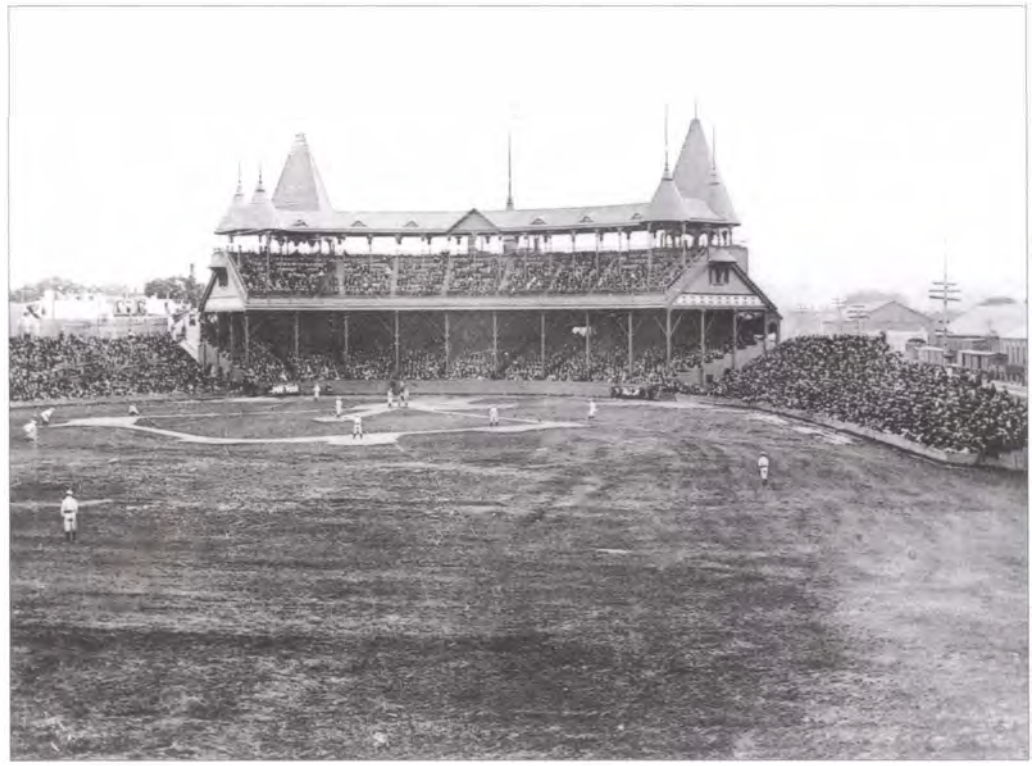
and led to universal ridicule. By February 1884, the *Boston Clipper* could write, "The Boston grounds are the worst in the country." After the unexpected championship of 1883, Soden promised to rebuild, or at least repair, the park, but nothing was done. The team paid the price during the 1884 pennant race: In the 16th inning of a crucial September game against archrival Providence, the Grays' captain, Arthur Irwin, broke open a scoreless tie by homering through a hole high in the right-field fence!

It took the acquisition of "the Babe Ruth of the 19th century" to get Soden and Company to act. Mike "King" Kelly was the game's first superstar and one of the great gate attractions of all time, and Boston acquired him from Chicago in 1887. Even the Triumvirs could see the benefits to renovating the South End Grounds and putting in more seats. Consequently, at the conclusion of the team's home schedule in 1887, they tore the splintery old plant down. What went up in its place bore more of a resemblance to Shakespeare's Globe Theatre than to the first South End Grounds. To this day, South End Grounds II remains the only double-deck ballpark Boston has ever had. The lower section of the so-called Grand Pavilion had 2,028 seats, the upper, 772; total seating capacity was increased to 6,800. The upper deck and the roof covering it were supported by beautifully carved tulip-shaped columns, and the roof was topped "by six conical spires made of hand-stamped tin in a pattern vaguely Turkish," according to ballpark historian Michael Gershman.[6] These "witch's hat" spires—from each of which flew a pennant or a flag—became a neighborhood landmark. The Grand Pavilion also housed the clubhouses, ticket offices, public restrooms, and concession stands. All this at a whopping cost of $75,000!

The magnificent new stadium had its comic aspect as well. Some enterprising individuals put up a rickety structure outside the right-field wall and charged people a dime for the privilege of clambering up and watching a game. Aghast at this threat to their profit margins, the Triumvirs promptly raised the height of the fence. The rival entrepreneurs responded in kind. And so it went. "Bets were made on which would topple first, fence or tower," writes Kaese.[7] "Sullivan's Tower," as it was known, became a neighborhood attraction in its own right.

Sadly, this baseball Camelot was not destined to stand for long. South End Grounds II burned to the ground on May 15, 1894. The fire started in some discarded peanut shells under the right-field bleachers—either from a carelessly tossed cigarette or cigar or as the result of a boyhood prank. Ludicrously, nobody noticed it for several minutes, because everyone was busy gawking at a fight on the field between Boston's Tommy Tucker and Baltimore's pugnacious third baseman John McGraw. There was nothing humorous, however, about the end results of what went down in Boston history as the Great Roxbury fire: The entire South End Grounds was destroyed, along with Sullivan's Tower, a school, an engine house, and some 164 other buildings over a 12-acre swath of Roxbury. Total losses reached $1,000,000.

Ballparks back then were much simpler affairs than they are now. Two months' worth of games had to be transferred to other venues, but the South End Grounds reopened for business on July 20. Once again, though, the resulting edifice bore little resemblance to what had gone before: True to their flinty nature, the Triumvirs had insured the park for only 60 percent of its worth. There wasn't nearly enough money to replicate the splendors of the Grand Pavilion. South End Grounds III is a much more conventional turn-of-the-century baseball stadium—a partially roofed single-level grandstand flanked by uncovered bleacher sections going down the foul lines. Seating capacity was reduced by about 1,000 from that of South End Grounds II—a pity because the 1897–1898 Beaneaters were one of the great National League teams of the 19th century.



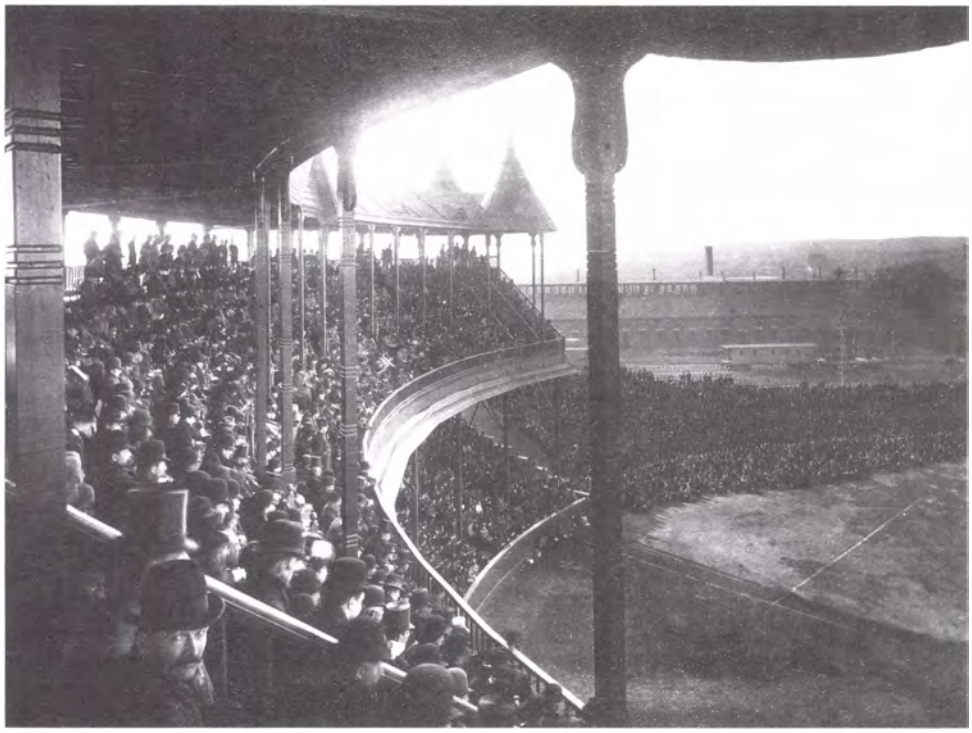
But the chickens were finally coming home to roost. Pathological cheapness was taking its toll. Attendance fell in the late `90s despite the club's brilliant play, in part because the South End Grounds had been allowed to go to seed. A press report from the 1897 Temple Cup series between Boston and Baltimore gives a vivid sense of what the park had become:

> The management in Boston is being severely criticized for the lack of courtesy and the grasping proclivities displayed at the Temple game yesterday. ... Instead of furnishing extra [press] facilities..., even the ordinary and entirely inadequate equipment was rendered impossible. The wires and instruments lead to the front row of the grandstand, where a miserable unscreened press stand offers opportunities to practice dodging of foul tips and wild pitches. This space was sold yesterday, and correspondents, who also paid the admission price, by the way, were driven to the slanting roof of the stand, accompanied by

The Grand Pavilion, South End Grounds II, c. 1890. Boston's only double-deck baseball stadium. Note the "witch's hat" spires on the roof. Also note the train cars outside the wall along the third base line, on the tracks of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. Photograph courtesy of the Bostonian Society; used by permission.

telegraph operators, where they perched among the rafters, and trusted a kindly Providence to keep the wires clear.[8]

And then came the Red Sox. The American League opened shop as a major league in 1901, invading the Athens of America at the eleventh hour. The new club secured a large stretch of wasteland from the Boston Elevated—just across the train tracks from the South End Grounds. As Kaese puts it, the new Huntington Avenue Grounds "[were] new, neat and larger than the South End Grounds, of which the public had grown weary."[9]



From the upper deck of the Grand Pavilion, South End Grounds II. An overflow crowd—and everyone in a derby! Note the carving on the columns supporting the roof and the players' bench along the wall just to the left of column closest to the viewer. Photo courtesy of National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

The once magnificent Boston National League Ball Club hit rock bottom in the first 13 years of the 20th century. It was finally sold—several times, in fact, between 1907 and 1911 — but new blood in the front office made no difference on the field: Boston fell into the cellar for the first time ever in 1906, and then for four straight seasons from 1909 to 1912 (the 1909 and 1911 teams, in particular, regularly make all the "worst-teams-of-all-time" lists). By this time, the South End Grounds was manifestly obsolete, besides being perennially run-down— it was, in Kaese's memorable phrase, an "ugly little wart."[10] The various new owners admitted the park was part of the team's problem and attempted various renovations: The Dovey brothers, for instance, installed a new electric scoreboard and seat cushions in the right-field bleachers for 1907; the outfield stands were put up by 1910, and the left-field set removed in 1912, when the grandstand was enlarged. More extensive renovations were occasionally promised, but these were simply impossible to implement.

For South End Grounds' location had doomed it to obsolescence. Because of the train yards to the north and Columbus Avenue to the south, the park could not be effectively expanded or modernized. For this reason, when New York contractor James Gaffney and former star player and manager Monte Ward took over the club in 1911, they immediately announced that they were in the market for a site on which to build a new park. When the "Miracle Braves" charged toward an unexpected championship in 1914, they were offered the use of the Red Sox' new home, Fenway Park, for their Labor Day double-header and never returned to the only home they had ever known.

Gaffney and Ward announced the purchase of the Allston Golf Club on Commonwealth Avenue on December 1, 1914.[11] Ground was broken on March 20, 1915, and baseball's first "super-stadium," Braves Field, opened on August 18. The South End Grounds lived on, however tenuously, in the infield sod that was moved up from Roxbury as construction wound down. An era had come to an end.

Today, the site holds various kinds of open space—a playground, a parking lot, and a parking garage. It can be easily reached from Northeastern University on Huntington Avenue via a footbridge over the Amtrak tracks or by taking the Orange Line to Ruggles Station, which stands about where Walpole Avenue once ran. Ruggles Station contains a plaque to the South End Grounds, put up through the auspices of the Bostonian Society and SABR.

NOTES

1. Oscar Palacios, Eric Robin, and STATS, Inc., *Ballpark Sourcebook: Diamond Diagrams* (Skokie, Ill.: STATS Publishing), 20.

2. Ibid., 21; Philip J. Lowry, *Green Cathedrals* (Reading, Mass.: Addison-Wesley, 1992), 108-09.

3. Reproduced in Michael Gershman, *Diamonds: The Evolution of the Ballpark* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1993), 29.

4. Donald Dewey and Nicholas Acocella, *Encyclopedia of Major League Baseball Teams* (New York: HarperCollins, 1993), 28.

5. Harold Kaese, *The Boston Braves* (New York: Putnam's, 1948), 23-24.

6. Gershman, 44.

7. Kaese, 68.

8. Ibid., 89-90.

9. Ibid., 101.

10. Ibid.

11. Gershman (126) says the purchase of the golf course was announced on the same date in 1912; Kaese (173) contends that the Braves played at the South End Grounds throughout the first part of the 1915 season, until the opening of Braves Field. All of the more recent sources, however, claim that the team left for Fenway on Labor Day 1914 and never looked back.

Braves Field and Batting: 1915–1928

by Ron Selter

On the 18th of August 1915 the Boston Braves moved from Fenway Park to their new home in Braves Field. Unlike most classic ballparks, Braves Field consisted of a large single-deck grandstand and pavilions (actually just uncovered bleachers down the first-base and third-base lines with an upscale name) and bleachers in right field. The right-field bleachers became known as the "Jury Box" when it was so dubbed by a sportswriter who spotted exactly 12 uncrowded fans in the 2,000-seat bleachers. When it opened, Braves Field was the largest ballpark in the country with a seating capacity of 40,000.

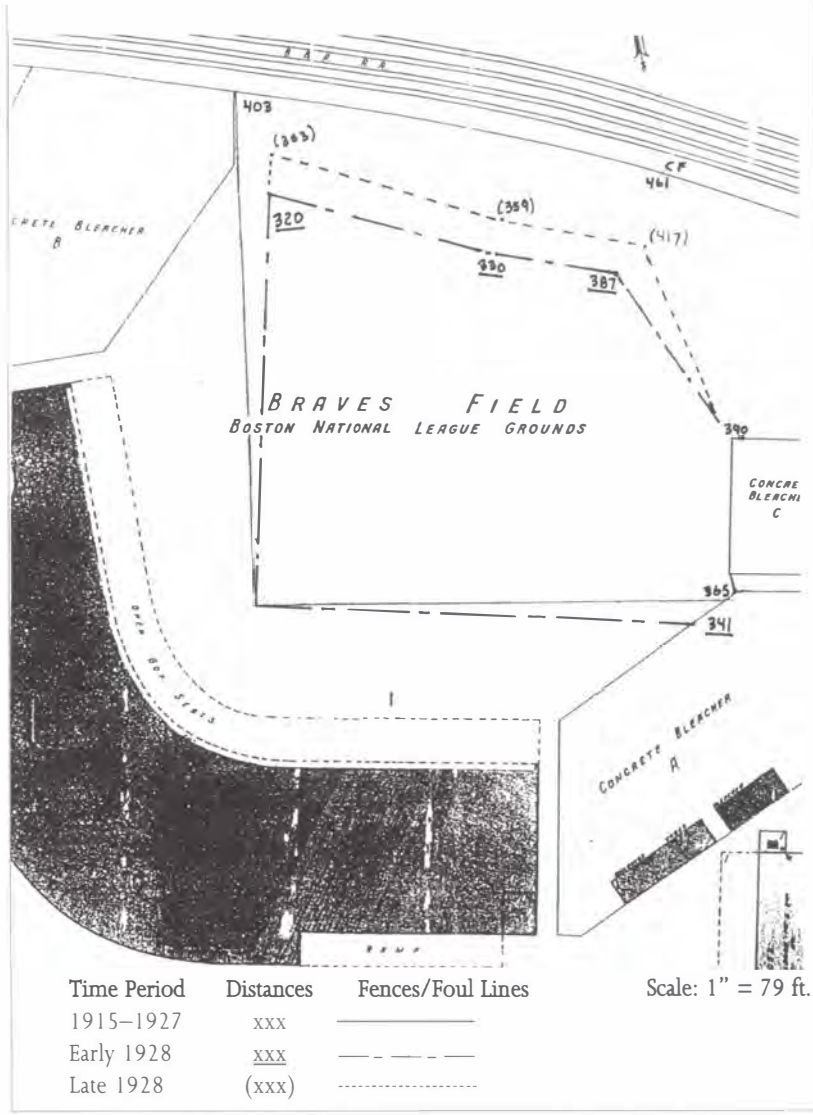
Unlike most other classic ballparks, Braves Field was unconstrained in size by the preexisting urban street pattern. The size of the original land plat (a portion was sold off shortly after the purchase) used as the site for the ballpark was 13 acres—by comparison the site of Ebbets Field, built two years earlier, was 5.7 acres. The owner of the Braves, James Gaffney, wanted to encourage inside-the-park home runs, so the park was designed with ample dimensions.[1] Left field was 402', dead center field 451', right-center 542' and right field 365'.[2] The design was a success as through the 1927 season, of the 235 home runs hit at Braves Field 219, or fully 93 percent, were inside-the-park home runs. The only home run to clear the original left-field fence before 1931 was hit during the 1922 season (by Cliff Lee of the Phillies).[3] The only prior over-the-fence home runs were to right field (into the Jury Box) and averaged about one per season through 1927. The dimensions of the park, which essentially prevented over-the-fence home runs and promoted inside-the-park home runs, may have in part been motivated by self-interest: With the park's generous dimensions the Braves accounted for two-thirds of the park's home runs hit in the deadball era (through 1919).

In keeping with the times, the Braves management before the start of the 1928 season decided to encourage over-the-fence home runs; thus the park was radically reconfigured for the start of the new season. Bleachers were added in left field and center field behind a new interior fence. The field's dimensions became left field 320', left center 330', dead center field 387', and right field 341'.[4] The redesign was an immediate success: To quote from Lost Ballparks, "Homers started falling like April raindrops."[5]

From the viewpoint of the Braves fans and management, there was just one small problem—the visitors to Braves Field were hitting the vast majority of the home runs. In the Braves' 31 home games with the diminished dimensions—Opening Day until July 23—the visitors accounted for 46 of the 62 home runs. By contrast, in road games the Braves were nearly even in home runs: Braves 23 versus 26 for their opponents in games through July 23. It seems the Braves management had inadvertently configured the park to the advantage of every NL team except the home team. Some visiting players really loved hitting in Braves Field. A little-known reserve outfielder with the Pirates was Pete Scott. In the 1928 season, Scott hit 5 home runs (his career high), all at Braves Field in the first part of the season in only four Pirate games. By extrapolation (unrealistic, one must admit) at that nifty home run rate, he would have had 96 home runs (all at home) if he could have played 77 games at Braves Field.

The quick-thinking Braves management effected a solution to the home run torrent by moving the fences in left and center back to a distance less than in prior years but noticeably more than in the Opening Day configuration. (The bleachers installed for Opening Day in left and center fields had been slowly removed as the season progressed.)

The new dimensions for Braves Field, after the Braves returned from a road trip and opened a home stand, starting on July 31 were left field 354', left center 359', center field 417', and right field 341' (unchanged).[6] The revolving-door outfield dimensions can be summed up by comparing the average outfield distances for the 1927 and 1928 seasons:[7]



Distances at Braves Field, 1915–1928. Diagram by author.

Time Period	Left	Center	Right
1927 Season	404	469	427
23 Apr-24 Jul 1928	320	374	378
25 Jul-Sep 1928	356	397	378

The effect of the increased dimensions on home runs was immediate and substantial. In the remaining 46 home games, only 17 home runs were hit at Braves Field. The visitors still led the home team in home runs, but the difference (12 to 5) was far less than in the earlier part of the season.

Braves Field was a pitcher's park—clearly Braves Field in 1916–1927 was a poor park for home runs. The park consistently vied with Redland Field in Cincinnati for the lowest HR park factor in the NL (typically in the range of 10–40 with a league average of 100) during these years. In terms of overall batting the park factor in these years ranged from 86 (1926) to 100 (1923) and averaged 94.2.[8]

Recently research has been completed on disaggregated batting park factors for the deadball era 1917–1919 seasons.[9] The batting park factors are the average of the three seasons and are defined as the ratio of the Braves and their opponents at Braves Field to the other NL parks. In all of the batting categories the data are rate data; thus the doubles data are actually the ratio of 2B/AB for the Braves plus their opponents at Braves Field, versus 2B/AB at other NL parks. The results for 1917–1919 are shown here:

Category	Park Factor	League Rank
Batting Average	92.9	8
On-Base Pct.	95.8	8
Slugging Pct.	92.6	8
Doubles	80.8	7
Triples	125.4	2
Home Runs	58.0	7

Ron Selter is an economist with the Air Force Space Program. A SABR member since 1989 and a member of the Ballparks, Major League, Statistical Analysis, and Deadball Era Committees, he has presented research on ballparks and the relationship between ballparks and batting.

Personal Encounter

Triple Plays at Fenway: Baseball's Most Romantic Park

by Stephen J. Walker

Isn't it just like a man to link baseball with romance?

For Debbie and me, a baseball game we attended on our honeymoon included a never before seen event, a suitably romantic metaphor for our storybook meeting in baseball's most romantic ballpark.

On July 17, 1990, in Boston's Fenway Park, the Minnesota Twins did the impossible, turning two triple plays in a game against the Red Sox. Most teams are fortunate to make one triple play an entire season. Two in one game may have never happened before—and we were there to see it. Coincidence? No way!

Standing together, arm in arm, amid the large crowd silent in awe, Debbie looked at me and we both smiled. The "double-triple" reminded us of our own impossible love story that began 3½ years before on November 14, 1987.

We met while both of us were marshalling two groups of teenagers through the events of the National Federation for Catholic Youth Ministry's National Conference in Pittsburgh, Debbie's hometown. Over 7,000 teens and their adult chaperones attended the conference. Two days earlier, our group from Northern Virginia braved the aftermath of the freak Veterans Day blizzard, slipping and sliding our way across the Pennsylvania Turnpike into downtown Pittsburgh's Vista Hotel and adjacent Convention Center. The unexpected storm should have tipped me off that the trip held something extraordinary in store.

On the second day of the conference, on the way to lunch, I saw her: a beautiful green-eyed blonde in a white Penn State sweatshirt. At that stage in my life, nervousness at seeing such a lovely young woman usually overcame my desire to smile and say hello. National Youth Conferences are different, though, with a friendly, carnival-like atmosphere. Everyone says hello and speaks to each other.

Once our eyes met, I managed a tentative "Hi." Debbie smiled and returned my greeting. After some brief small talk about Penn State, I returned to my small group of teens. Fortunately, one of the boys in my group, obviously more perceptive than I, invited Debbie and her group to join us. As we sat down and began to eat, I felt butterflies fill my once-hungry stomach. Debbie exchanged good-natured barbs with an adult friend and two teenage girls from her group. I watched her admiringly, noticing her charm, her happy spirit, her lovely green eyes, her enthusiasm, her gracefulness. Smitten, my nerves took over again. We said goodbye, and I thought that our brief, but quite pleasant, encounter would be the last time I would see Debbie. After all, she was one of 7,000 in the middle of a large city. Thankfully, Debbie had other plans.

After lunch, we had a three-hour break to explore and spend money in Pittsburgh, which had recently been named "America's Most Livable City." Some friends and I planned to see the city together. We met in the hotel lobby. Just as we got up to go, Debbie was there, seeming to appear magically. She looked into my eyes and said, "How would you like a personal, guided tour of Pittsburgh?"

Dumfounded, I stammered, "OK," and looked at my friends as if they were included. Again, much more perceptive than I, they all immediately had other plans. My tour, with the loveliest of guides, was going to be one-on-one. My heart

Stephen J. Walker has been a SABR member since 1996, when the previous winter's long government shutdown rekindled his interest in the Washington Senators, especially the 1969 club. Though residing in the Baltimore suburb of Ellicott City, he longs for the return of the national pastime to the nation's capital.

In summary, in this time frame, Braves Field was semi-poor for home runs (Cincinnati's Redland Field was worse), moderately poor for doubles, moderately good for triples (not nearly as good as Forbes Field) and the lowest in the league for the composite offensive indices of batting average, on-base percentage, and slugging percentage. In addition, incomplete home run data suggest that Braves Field was unsurpassed in promoting inside-the-park home runs.

NOTES

1. Lawrence S. Ritter, *Lost Ballparks* (New York: Penguin, 1992), 20.

2. Author's estimates derived from 1925 Sanborn Park diagram.

3. Associated Press, "Klein Clouts Two Circuits," *Los Angeles Times*, May 31, 1931.

4. Author's estimates derived from 1925 Sanborn Park diagram and park dimensions (left field, left-center, and center field) from Philip J. Lowry, *Green Cathedrals* (Reading, Mass.: Addison-Wesley, 1992), and Ritter.

5. Ritter, 22.

6. Author's estimates derived from 1925 Sanborn Park diagram and park dimensions (left field, left-center, and center field) from Lowry and Ritter.

7. Author's estimates based on sources in note 6.

8. Home versus road statistics are from John Thorn and Pete Palmer, *Total Baseball*, 4th ed. (New York: Penguin, 1995), 2245–46.

9. Author's research using official NL day-by-day batting data for 1917-1919.

raced. My palms began to sweat.

Debbie proceeded to show me her city. We walked over many of Pittsburgh's scenic bridges, taking in the cool November air and the majestic rivers below. The longer we were together, the stronger my attraction for Debbie grew. Yet my earlier nervousness was completely, miraculously gone. I felt an amazing calm that increased as we became more and more acquainted. I never felt so at ease with a woman as beautiful and friendly and fun as Debbie.

At the end of the conference, we embraced, exchanged addresses and phone numbers, and promised to write. The first of what would be many letters crossed in the mail two days later. After a few months and some astronomical phone bills, I traveled to Pittsburgh to see Debbie. I had the greatest time of my life. I was in love, completely and totally.

Against the odds, we dated long distance until Debbie finished her master's degree at Duquesne University in 1989. Courageously, she left home and moved to Maryland so we could be closer together. We were soon engaged and were married in July 1990.

We decided to travel through New England on our honeymoon. One of our stops was Boston. At the risk of being a new husband with a romantic tin ear, I knew I could not pass through this history-filled town without seeing a game at Fenway Park, that beautiful old-style, urban ballpark that opened in 1912. Debbie, being an understanding new bride and a casual baseball fan, was a good sport and agreed to put the game on our honeymoon itinerary. So on July 17, 1990, we took the T to Fenway and settled into our seats to watch the Red Sox take on Scott Erickson and the Minnesota Twins.

In the fourth inning, the Red Sox loaded the bases with nobody out. The next batter, Tom Brunansky, hit a hard grounder down the line to Gary Gaetti, the Twins third baseman. Gaetti deftly fielded the ball, stepped on third, and threw the ball to second baseman Al Newman. Newman stepped on second, pivoted, and quickly threw to Kent Hrbek at first base. Hrbek stretched and caught the ball just before Brunansky arrived. A triple play!

Debbie noticed my amazement and asked me if triple plays happen often. "No," I said, "some teams don't make one all year." But tonight was different—we were there. Amazingly, when Boston's first two batters reached base in the eighth inning, it happened again. Jody Reed smashed a grounder to Gaetti for another around-the-horn triple play.

The crowd stood in stunned silence, and then cheered. I said, "I don't think that's ever happened before." Debbie recognized the magic moment. She put her arm around my waist, cuddled close to me, smiled, and said, "It happened just for us then." She kissed me. The newspapers the next day claimed that, since baseball began recording such things, no team had ever made two triple plays in one game. I will leave it to the Society for American Baseball Research's experts to validate or refute that claim.

For Debbie and me, the game gave us a once-in-a-lifetime, against-all-odds moment that we now share as a cherished memory. The game reminds us of our special love story and how blessed we are to be together. Though the game was played more than 11 years ago, I savor the wonderful, incredible, never-to-be-repeated way I introduced Debbie to baseball's crown jewel—Fenway Park.

Who says baseball in Boston is boring? It's rather romantic, if you ask me!

TRIPLE A BASEBALL'S OLDEST STADIUM TURNS 60

by Tom Mason

On Independence Day 2002, McCoy Stadium in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Triple A's oldest ballpark, celebrates its 60th birthday. Even though the years have come and gone, to baseball fans all over New England, McCoy Stadium never seems to grow old. That's because, through the generations, McCoy Stadium has been a place where anyone can live and relive youthful memories. It's Rhode Island's very own field of dreams.

McCoy Stadium and its tenant, the Pawtucket Red Sox, have a rich history, but its real story is almost as old as baseball itself. The city of Pawtucket was incorporated in 1886, but long before that, teams from the area have played organized baseball.

Many historians believe that the Providence Reserves were baseball's first minor league team (1883).

Rhode Island Baseball's Great Heritage

In September 1870, a large group of fans witnessed the Monitor Base Ball Club of Pawtucket play its archrivals, the Eagle Base Ball Club of Central Falls, Rhode Island. The game took four hours to play. After five innings, umpire James Busby called the game due to darkness. It must have been quite a game. With impending darkness and facing certain defeat, the Pawtucket side rallied with an incredible 21 runs in the top of the fifth and then survived a 7-run inning by Eagle to eke out a hard-fought 34-33 win.[1]

Baseball wasn't just for adults, but for kids. Pawtucket had many youth baseball teams. In the 1870s, area teenagers on teams like the Star Base Ball Club, the Pawtucket Base Ball Club, the Eureka Base Ball Club, and the Mayflower Club faced all comers.

Meanwhile, just south of Pawtucket, some of the best baseball in the land was being played in Rhode Island's capital. The Providence Grays, a member of the National League from 1878 until 1885, had a brief, glorious history. In its first seven years in the league, Providence never finished lower than third.

The Grays won two pennants, in 1879 and 1884, as well as baseball's first "World Series" in 1884. Some of the greatest players in the history of baseball, including Hall of Famers George Wright, Harry Wright, and "Old Hoss" Radbourn, played for Providence.

Radbourn, who won 59 games during the regular season, led the 1884 team. But winning the National League wasn't enough for Old Hoss. He took matters into his own hands in the World Series—winning all three games for the Grays against the New York Metropolitans of the American Association.

Harry Wright, the Grays' manager in 1882 and 1883, was one of the sport's greatest innovators. He invented pitching rotations, relief pitching, the doubleheader, batting practice, platooning, not to mention spring training and patented scorecards.

In Rhode Island, Wright developed another invention that has particular significance to every baseball fan. Wright founded a new team, the Providence Reserves, in 1883, to prepare young players to play in the big leagues. Many historians believe that the Providence Reserves were baseball's first minor league team.[2]

Despite their success, the Grays disbanded because of financial problems just one year after becoming baseball's first world champions. Even though the major league left Providence, baseball had become New England's favorite game.

Providence later joined the Eastern League, the predecessor of today's International League, in 1891 and had many successful teams. In 1914, the Red Sox sent down a skinny young lefthanded pitcher from Baltimore named Babe Ruth for a bit more seasoning in Providence. From the beginning, Rhode Islanders knew that Babe was something special. In just six weeks of play, he helped lead the Grays to the International League pennant.

Over the years, Providence has had baseball franchises in the Eastern League, International League, and New England League. They've been named the Grays, the Chiefs, the Clamdiggers, the Braves, and the Rubes. Other southeastern New England cities, like Attleboro and Taunton, Massachusetts, and Newport, Woonsocket, Cranston, and Pawtucket, Rhode Island, have had professional teams.[3]

Local industrial leagues, such as the Manufacturer's League in Pawtucket, the District Manufacturer's League in Woonsocket, and the Blackstone Valley League in central Massachusetts, also flourished.

Hall of Famers, like Nap Lajoie and Woonsocket's Gabby Hartnett, first played organized baseball in local industrial leagues. Many other great players, too numerous to mention, among them Chet Nichols, former Paw Sox manager Joe Morgan, and Mike Roarke, played for local factory teams.[4]

The Construction and Early Years of McCoy Stadium

During the Depression, minor league baseball almost went under, losing many teams. The Providence Grays didn't survive the crash and, throughout the '30s, Rhode Island was without minor league baseball.

Despite the country's struggles through hard times, Rhode Islanders still had a strong appetite for professional baseball. But there was one big problem: The Ocean State didn't have a suitable venue for professional baseball.

Mayor Thomas McCoy of Pawtucket, a strong advocate of FDR's New Deal and a big baseball fan, had the perfect solution, or at least he thought he did. He proposed to have the city build a new ballpark on an underutilized 75-acre swampy lot of land, once a manmade reservoir named Hammond Pond. Today's

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McCoy Stadium is located smack-dab in the middle of the old reservoir.

Mayor McCoy had great plans for the stadium, which was originally named Hammond Pond Stadium. The development was supposed to be a one-of-a-kind sports complex, surrounded by athletic fields and tennis courts. The ballpark was designed to have 20,000 seats, with every modern amenity. Outside of the major leagues, Hammond Pond Stadium was to be the one of the finest athletic facilities in the country.

The total cost for the land was $39,455. According to most estimates, the federal government, through the Works Progress Administration, planned to spend $500,000 on the project while the city's share was going to be $100,000.

Work on the project began in 1936. But from the beginning, nothing went right. Original plans went through a number of changes. The original concrete piers for the stands sagged. The men who laid sewer lines sank into quicksand (none, however, died). For two years, two crews of 125 men worked day and night, for more than one million hours, draining, removing soil, and filling the pond.

Costs quickly mounted. Criticism of Mayor McCoy grew. Before long, it was obvious that Hammond Pond Stadium's costs would exceed all estimates. Stadium plans needed to be scaled down. When it opened, Hammond Pond Stadium seated only 5,500 instead of 20,000.[5]

At its completion in 1942, Pawtucket's stadium was probably the most expensive in United States history. The total cost was $1,462, 339.35—more expensive than large stadiums that were recently built at the University of Michigan, Notre Dame, and Ohio State. The fair market value of famous baseball stadiums, like Fenway Park, Braves Field, and the Polo Grounds, didn't come close to the high price of Hammond Pond Stadium.

To top it off, the final days of the stadium's construction were just as controversial as the first. Two weeks before opening night, the commission supervising Hammond Pond Stadium's construction ran afoul of the law. The War Production Board banned the use of all vital materials, like metal, for baseball stadium construction. But somehow, no one got the message to the crew putting the finishing touches on the stadium. Despite the ban, the builders were able to lay their hands on the last bit of steel needed to finish the ballpark's fence. McCoy's dream had become, according to critics, McCoy's folly.[6]

Despite the high cost of Hammond Pond Stadium, the community enjoyed the new ballpark. In 1942, Pawtucket didn't have a professional team. So Pawtucket's local semi-pro team, the Slaters, which played in the New England League, also known as the New England Victory League during the war, was the stadium's first tenant.

More than 6,000 jammed the stadium on its opening night on July 4, 1942. There were no Fourth of July fireworks due to wartime restrictions. Nevertheless, dignitaries from all over the state attended the celebration. Ceremonies started in the early afternoon with the induction of 14 teenage boys from Pawtucket into a naval aviation squadron. Local radio stars, singing all kinds of music, put on a great show. Fourteen drum, fife, and bugle corps, from Providence, Pawtucket, Cumberland, and Bristol, performed. Admission was free with the purchase of a 25-cent defense stamp. There was such a rush for defense stamps that ticket sellers couldn't keep up with the demand.[7]

Before the first pitch was thrown on July 5, Eugene Fraser, president of the New England League, presented a pennant to Mayor McCoy and Donat Maynard, manager of Pawtucket's semi-pro team, to commemorate the Slaters' 1941 New England League championship season. The New England League champions celebrated opening night in style. Pounding out 9 hits against former New York Yankees pitcher "Bump" Hadley, the Slaters defeated the Lynn Frasers by a 4–2 score.

Through the war years, there was no professional ball at the stadium. Nevertheless, some of the best baseball around was played at Hammond Pond Stadium. Many major leaguers who were stationed at local military bases would play for local semi-pro teams at the stadium. To hide their identity, major leaguers didn't generally use their real names. Yogi Berra, under the assumed name "Joe Cusano," played for the Cranston Firesafes.

Over the years, Boston and Pawtucket have had a close relationship. It was natural for the first professional team at McCoy, also named the Pawtucket Slaters, to be affiliated with Boston. However, the first parent club for Pawtucket wasn't the Red Sox, but the Braves.

One of Pawtucket's greatest assets has always been its proximity to Boston. Braves executives didn't have to go out of their way to see top prospects play in person. To Braves management, fielding a minor league team in Pawtucket was a no-brainer. The Blackstone Valley was always a great source of talent for the Braves. Many local standouts, like pitcher Chet Nichols, infielder John Goryl, ex–Cardinal pitcher Max Surkont, ex–White Sox and Orioles general manager Roland Hemond, and ex–Paw Sox and Red Sox manager Joe Morgan, have been part of the Braves organization.

Professional baseball finally came to Pawtucket on May 9, 1946. The Pawtucket Slaters played in the Class B New England League against teams from all over New England. Hometown hero Joe Krakowski, pitching the opener, led the Slaters to a 5–3 triumph over the Lawrence Millionaires.[8]

The most important event of the 1946 season may have occurred the next night, at the Slaters' second home game. That evening, Hammond Pond Stadium was an important stop along

McCoy Stadium, home of the Triple A Pawtucket Red Sox. View from the grassy berm in left field shows the new (1999) entry tower at the right. Photo by author.

the long road to desegregate baseball. According to the schedule, the Pawtucket Slaters hosted the Nashua Dodgers, Brooklyn's farm team. But according to history, Hammond Pond Stadium is one of the first places where Branch Rickey helped break baseball's color barrier.

Anybody who attended the game had to agree that two former Negro League stars, Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella, who played for Nashua, belonged in the majors. Pitcher Newcombe spun a 7-hit shutout and slammed two hits against the Slaters. Hall of Famer Roy Campanella, Nashua's catcher and cleanup hitter, went 0 for 4 but was just as impressive. Campy hit the ball hard and called a great game behind the plate. Only a couple of great plays by swift Pawtucket outfielders prevented Roy Campanella from reaching base.

The 8-hour, 25-minute, 33-inning marathon, which began on April 18, 1981, and ended on July 28, 1981, will always be the stuff of legend.

Playing first base and batting behind Campanella, Walter Alston, the future Dodgers manager, lofted a long 2-run homer over the stadium's center-field fence in the eighth inning—the first professional home run ever hit in the ballpark. For his mighty clout, Alston was rewarded with a big prize: 100 baby chicks. Nobody knows what ever happened to those chicks. But there was one thing for sure: Alston would be too busy with the Dodgers to ever manage a chicken ranch. Nashua beat the Slaters by a score of 3–0.[9]

On June 6, 1946, Hammond Pond Stadium was dedicated and given today's name, McCoy Stadium, in honor of Mayor McCoy, who had recently died. Through the 1940s, McCoy Stadium was a favorite stop for major league teams on the way to Boston. Local fans have seen the Boston Braves, the Boston Red Sox, the Philadelphia Phillies, and even Leo Durocher and the Brooklyn Dodgers. Some say that the largest crowd at the stadium, more than 16,000 strong, attended an exhibition game between the Slaters and Casey Stengel's New York Yankees.[10]

Professional Baseball Arrives to Stay

Despite Pawtucket's success, the New England League went out of business after the 1949 season, and the Slaters disbanded. For many years, McCoy was without professional baseball. But in 1966, professional baseball returned when Cleveland moved its Double A farm team to Pawtucket.

In 1970, the Pawtucket Red Sox first took the field as a member of the Eastern League. Since then, for more than 30 consecutive years, Pawtucket has been part of the Red Sox farm system and a full-fledged member of Red Sox Nation.

Triple A baseball soon followed. The Louisville Colonels, the Red Sox International League affiliate, didn't have a suitable place to play the 1973 season. So the city of Pawtucket stepped up to the plate and, since then, the Pawtucket Red Sox have been part of the International League.

On the field, the Pawtucket Red Sox were an immediate success. In their first year in Triple A, the PawSox defeated Tulsa of the American Association to win the Little World Series. Despite their on-field success, the Pawtucket Red Sox at first had difficulties at the box office.

Without its current owner, Ben Mondor, Pawtucket would have lost the team. When Mondor purchased the team in 1977, the park was dirty, dilapidated, and not a good place to bring a family. Attendance was low and the team was deeply in debt.

But pretty soon, things turned around under Mondor's leadership. With a lot of elbow grease, not to mention a large infusion of capital, McCoy came back to life. It became a safe, affordable place to bring a family. Quickly word about the PawSox spread, and the rest is history.

The PawSox have had so many great players, and so many great games, it's difficult to know where to start. But one event that will never be forgotten is the "longest game in the history of baseball" between the PawSox and the Rochester Red Wings.

The 8-hour, 25-minute, 33-inning marathon, which began on April 18, 1981, will always be the stuff of baseball legend and lore. A worldwide audience saw the game, which was finally completed on July 23, 1981. Eleven professional records were set and still stand. There were milestones reached in all kinds of categories: innings played, time, putouts, at-bats, plate appearances, strikeouts, and assists. Cal Ripken, as was his habit, played every inning. With three other teammates, the former Orioles shortstop set the record for most plate appearances, 15. The game even made it to Cooperstown, where it has its own exhibit at the Hall of Fame.

There have been many other great games at McCoy. A memorable pitching matchup was Mark "the Bird" Fidrych against Dave Righetti of the Columbus Clippers on July 1, 1982. Current Montreal Expo Tomo Ohka pitched a perfect game at McCoy on June 1, 2000, and 25 years ago the Pawtucket Red Sox won the Governors' Cup, the International League championship trophy. Many Red Sox greats—Jim Rice, Fred Lynn, Carlton Fisk, Rick Burleson, Roger Clemens, Wade Boggs, Mo Vaughn, John Tudor, Bruce Hurst, and Nomar Garciaparra—have played for the PawSox.

McCoy hasn't hosted only professional baseball. There's an annual Little League parade, the Rhode Island State High School Championships, college tournaments—and the gold-medal-winning U.S. Olympic team played Taiwan there. Even vintage baseball teams, playing under 19th-century rules, have taken the field at McCoy.

McCoy knows how to rock. It has hosted the Allman Brothers, Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, Gene Autry, and other musicians. In 1948, Harry Truman's campaign caravan stopped at McCoy. On the Fourth of July, there are always spectacular fireworks to celebrate our country's birthday.

McCoy may be the oldest park in Triple A, but $16 million spent for renovations in 1999 have made it like new. To meet National Association guidelines, McCoy's capacity is now 10,031. There's a bird's-eye view of the field from the new entry tower near the ballpark's entrance. And a great place to enjoy an afternoon of baseball is from the new grassy berm out in left field.

More than seven million fans have watched the grand old game at the grand old ballpark. Last year, another attendance record was set when 647,908 fans passed through McCoy's turnstiles. After all of the struggles and controversy, McCoy sur-

vives and thrives. In two years, there's another great event scheduled for McCoy. Pawtucket will host the 2004 Triple A All-Star Game.

NOTES

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2. Christopher Devine, "Harry Wright: Was He the Most Important Baseball Figure of the 19th Century?" 2001 Jack Kavanagh Award Winning Essay. The Society for American Baseball Research.

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4. Ann MacDonald, "Baseball Plays Part in Local History", *Providence Journal*, January 31, 1991.

5. Joseph A. Kelly, "McCoy's Dream Stadium to Cost $1,100,000 Or More," *Providence Journal*, October 26, 1941.

6. "Use of Vital War Materials in $10,000 Stadium Fence Stirs WPB," *Pawtucket Times*, July 31, 1942.

7. "Thousands Gather to View Opening of New Stadium," *Pawtucket Times*, July 6, 1942.

8. *Pawtucket Times*, May 10, 1946.

9. "Nashua Blanks Slaters 3-0," *The Evening Times* (Pawtucket, R.I.), May 11, 1946.

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Longfellow Meets the Monster

by Francis Kinlaw

If Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were a SABR member,
Some fine baseball poetry he would likely render;
He might completely ignore Paul Revere's ride
To write a classic called Championship Denied.

Imagine the poet spouting his lines
About a barrier which lacked Wrigley's vines;
Rather than dwelling on The Bambino's Curse,
He would more likely pen the following verse:
"Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the wall over which Fisk's homer did disappear
On the twenty-first of October, in Seventy-five;
Many a man is still alive
Who remembers that famous night and year."

For this landmark has led writers with far less fame
To tell how a tall object can affect a game;
Again and again Fenway's short left-field dimension
Has served to produce great late-inning tension.

Longfellow might have noted the wall's every feature,
And portrayed it in rhyme as a dangerous creature;
But traditionalists hold the "Green Monster" dear
And right-handed hitters are glad it's so near.

A scary sight it is to most southpaws,
Who shutter without seeing either jaws or claws!
Lefties in Fenway don't usually fare well
Though there have been exceptions—like Mel Parnell.

One of sports' great fixtures, a monument to tradition,
This wall feeds a hurler's worst premonition;
A vulture hovering ominously, thirty-seven feet high,
Ready to swallow each and every approaching high fly.

While this green thing creates a pitcher's nightmare,
Managers get heartburn and pull out their hair;
Even with a big lead, skippers never stop fretting
That some little guy may belt one into the netting.

Zimmer was worrying, in nineteen seventy-eight
As the Yanks' least-feared hitter stepped to the plate;

Francis Kinlaw joined SABR in 1983 and is a member of three research committees (Ballparks, Pictorial History, and Business of Baseball). He provided oral presentations at national conventions in 1987 and 1997 and has contributed to several convention publications. He lives in Greensboro, North Carolina.

When Mike Torrez threw that pitch to Bucky Dent,
New England watched in horror as out the ball went.

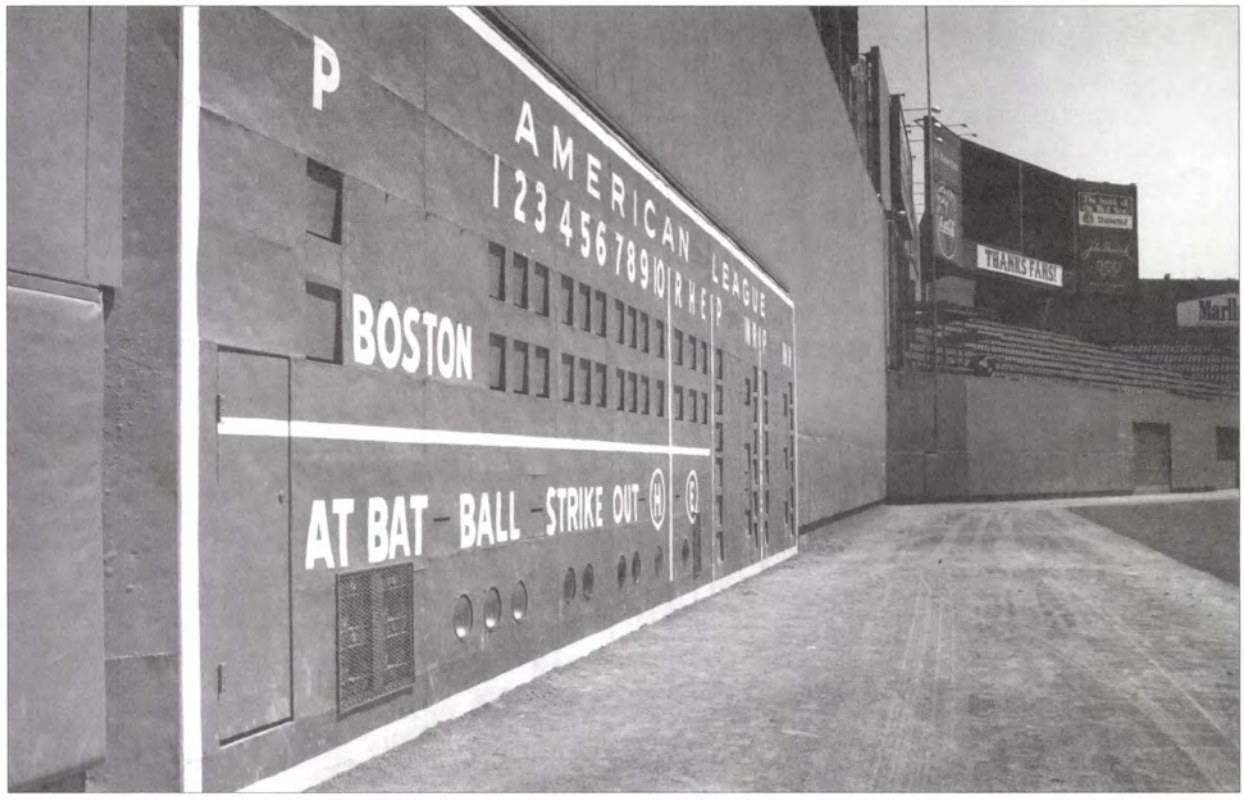
Outfielders have been driven into poor mental states
By the wall's unique character and its subtle traits;
Balls off the scoreboard unpredictably ricochet,
But Yaz anticipated bounces . . . daring runners did pay.

For generations the structure along Lansdowne Street
Has endured cold nights and hot summer heat;
With the Yawkeys' initials inscribed in Morse code,
Who cares that this scoreboard doesn't explode?

Recall you might, as Fenway Park's era fades,
Its advertisement in the Forties for Gem razor blades;
Through the war years and after, that big sign was stable,
Giving the "Great Wall of Boston" an appropriate label.

For a "gem" the wall's been, for a long, long time,
Backing up Ted Williams throughout his prime;
Like the Bosox fans, it has absorbed many blows,
And, like them, has seen both good times and woes.

Surely Longfellow, a man partial to popular themes,
Could have captured in words just what the wall means;
So he might well have neglected his tale of Revere
To sit near this diamond, watch baseball, and cheer!



The Wall, by Rich Gulezian, 1995.

Rich Gulezian graduated from the New England School of Photography in 1984. He pursued professional photography from 1984 through 1994, doing portraits, weddings, commercial, architectural, and sports photography. He has successfully combined his two loves, B&W photography and baseball, by photographing historic ballparks. Gulezian lives in Manchester, New Hampshire, with his wife, Susan, and two Yorkshire terriers. He works for the IRS Education Department in Andover, Massachusetts.

The Teams

The Boston Steamroller. Red Sox players pose during spring training in Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1915. Photo courtesy of Robert Wood.

A Tale of One City: Boston's City Series

by Phil Bergen

When Aaron Sele and John Smoltz hooked up at the end of August 1997, the Boston media trumpeted the matchup as the "return of the Braves." Nostalgia reigned, not only on the field, where the teams wore retro uniforms and the Braves, whose regular uniforms were retro-themed to begin with, wore BOSTON on their chests, but also in the stands, where middle-aged Boston Braves fans were finally able to see their team again, albeit 45 years and two cities removed. Two lengthy streaks—Nomar Garciaparra's batting and Princess Diana's living—ended over the weekend; and the consensus was that it was great to finally see the two teams play games that mattered. Major League Baseball bought into this idea as well, declaring the Braves and Red Sox "natural rivals" and matching them for twice-yearly interleague series, à la the Yankees–Mets and Cubs–White Sox. (The Athletics–Phillies and Orioles–Cardinals matchups were evidently less natural.)

Ted Williams, a .344 lifetime hitter, swatted even higher in the City Series, accounting for 9 home runs and an average of .366 from 1939 to 1952.

As rivals for the Boston baseball fans for half a century, the Sox and Braves in their various incarnations bounced up and down (mostly down) as their fortunes waxed and waned, moving in parallel universes separated by a mile of Commonwealth Avenue trolley tracks. One place where these worlds would briefly intersect was the Boston City Series, a yearly exhibition that took place immediately preceding the season and that ran almost consecutively from 1925 to 1953.

Of course, the City Series was where you found it. Some years, the clash was considered the final encounters in a series that would start in Florida during the Grapefruit League preseason. Some years the series appeared to be strictly the Boston games. For the purposes of this article, I've arbitrarily considered the City Series to be those pre- and postseason games played in Boston itself.

The City Series made for good publicity. Boston's baseball fans were generally not as partisan as those in Chicago, where Cubs fans rejoiced in White Sox misfortune, or New York, where Yankees, Dodgers, and Giants fans kept their allegiances separate; Braves fans would at least tolerate Red Soxers, and vice versa, even while rooting for their respective teams. Perhaps it was the proximity of the two ballparks that made a difference, perhaps the fact that seldom were both teams contenders at the same time (it is difficult to really get angry at a seventh-place team). Whatever the reason, one team's winning the City Series from the other produced little in bragging rights. Given the relative calm, having the two teams square off against each other meant simply that Opening Day was a bit closer, the heroes of the diamond were back in town, and newcomers and rookies could get their feet wet in their new town. For the players, it meant that they could settle in for the upcoming year, play a couple of exhibitions at their home field, and gain a respite from the daily barnstorming grind that would bring them north each year from Florida. Fans were primed for games that really counted, and those baseball junkies who had gone six months without a fix could be counted on to fill the seats. Columnist Bill Cunningham in the Herald called the games "good, clean, fun" and the mythical title of supremacy "as phony as a $3 bill."[1] It was accepted that the games were dress rehearsals for the main event.

Playing at the start of the season, instead of afterward, as the White Sox and Cubs tended to do, was not without its problems. Mid-April weather in Boston varied wildly and resulted in a good number of postponements and dreadful games, at which the players built fires in the dugout and bullpen and fans shivered through nine innings. Certainly the fluctuation in attendance over the years is as much due to the weather as the quality of the teams. Ranging from a few thousand on chilly days to sellouts in the late 1940s, the Series would usually bring in enough revenue to exceed the gates in Greenville, Memphis, and Baltimore. Occasional exhibitions played in nearby minor league cities like Hartford and Springfield against the local teams would draw a big gate. Ted Williams hit three homers against the Braves in a 1949 exhibition played in Hartford, a 10–10 tie that temporarily deflected rumors of Brave dissension and mutiny against manager Billy Southworth.

Exhibitions of long ago reveal some differences from those of today. Generally, regulars started the games and often played the whole nine innings. Complete games from pitchers were not uncommon, although to a lesser extent than in regular-season games from the period. By the time the teams had arrived in Boston, most fringe players had been cut and the regular-season roster was intact, although occasionally a scrub or two would be retained. A late spring 1952 roster change for the Braves would portend better times in the future—Ed Mathews, Gene Conley, and George Crowe remaining with the big club, with Bill Bruton and Leo Righetti going down. (Leo's big league connection would stem mostly from his son, Dave.)

For all the tradition of the City Series, it was a long time in coming; the two teams spent most of the early years of the century studiously avoiding each other in Boston competition, going so far as to play college nines in exhibitions rather than each other. Technically the father of City Series was played in 1905, when the American and National League teams met in a seven-game series following the season, in direct competition with the World Series. While the Giants and Athletics fought it out for world supremacy, the American Leaguers nearly ran the

Phil Bergen works for the Massachusetts Historical Commission, where he is involved in the preservation of historic buildings. His mother took him to Ladies Days at Braves Field and to the coffee shop of the Kenmore Hotel to obtain autographs of the 1952 Pittsburgh Pirates. Ralph Kiner took room service.

table, taking six of seven games. The seventh-place (51–103, 54½ games behind) Beaneaters featured, if that word can be applied, four 20-game losers, and form was followed in the postseason series. Bouncing back from a 5–2 National League victory in the opener, the Pilgrims swept six in a row, culminating with a double-header double-dip. Fred Parent and Bob Unglaub homered in the final game, the first long balls hit in the competition and the only two either player had hit all year, and "Old" Cy Young bested Irving "Young Cy" Young in game 2. Crowds were fairly consistent, considering that all the games were played at the Huntington Avenue grounds largely on weekday afternoons, and the players received half of the net proceeds. Similar City Series were being held at the same time in Chicago and St. Louis, but this would be the only year of postseason play in Boston. (1948 nearly brought about a real postseason Series, but Messrs. Boudreau and Keltner had other ideas.)

The Red Sox christened Fenway Park in 1912 against Harvard, winning 2–0, while the National Leaguers practiced two miles away at their South End Grounds. The defending World Champion 1915 Braves, one year removed from their Miracle, played Harvard and later Brown at Fenway Park, leaving their landlords out on the road. The following year, the Crimson upset the Champion Sox, 1–0, the day following Tris Speaker's controversial trade to Cleveland.

It would not be until the 1920s, with both teams securely in the basement during the worse decade in Boston baseball history, that the Series got under way as a regular occurrence. Neither Boston team was much of a draw on the road, and their owners agreed that an exhibition series might provide needed income as well as publicity for what would be a tough sell at the box office. The homestanding Braves won the inaugural game, 4–3, in front of a rabid crowd of 12,000 on April 11, 1925, Johnny Cooney besting spitballing Jack Quinn. In what would be a traditional hazard for the Series, the second game was canceled due to cold weather. The first Sunday ballgame in Boston was held in the 1929 Series and was considered a success, as 5,000 fans turned out despite weather so inclement that oil stoves were used in the dugout. In one of the last cities with blue laws, the arrival of Sunday ball would prove profitable at a time when fans were few and far between.

With a single exception, 1928, the preseason format would continue until 1953, extending through World War II (when both teams practiced nearby anyway), down years, the rise of the House of Yawkey, and the Three Little Steamshovels.[2] Heroics would come from star players, unlikely sources, and cup-of-coffee nonentities. The first decade saw both teams evenly matched in ineptitude, while subsequent seasons generally had the Red Sox' superiority in talent and money a high hurdle for the Braves and Bees to overcome.

Some games were classic and would go down in Series annals. The third game of the 1947 series, played before a full house at Fenway Park (newspaper accounts had 20,000 fans remaining for the complete game), ended in a 16-inning 7–7 tie. Starters Boo Ferriss and Warren Spahn were long gone at the end of a game that featured 5 hits from Earl Torgeson and back-to-the-wall relief pitching from Braves hurler Walt Lanfranconi, who twice pitched out of bases-loaded, no-out jams in extra innings. "This clinched his spot with the Braves," reported the *Herald*. Vermont native Lanfranconi would go 4–4 (2.95) during the season, in what would be the bulk of his career.

Although the games were exhibitions, emotions would sometimes run high. During a 19–6 Red Sox rout in the first game of the 1948 Series, tempers got the better of two players.

Not surprisingly, the Brave in question was Torgeson, who regularly would be pictured being led off the field, eyeglasses askew, after a donnybrook. His opponent this time was future Braves manager Billy Hitchcock, who tangled with Torgy after a tag play at first base. Bad blood stemming from a Florida game incident was reported as the cause, and both players were ejected, with Hitchcock riding a taxi back to Fenway Park to pick up his belongings. The 24-hit Sox attack featured a home run from Ted Williams.

Ah, the Thumper. This .344 lifetime hitter swatted even higher in the City Series, accounting for 9 home runs and an average of .366 from 1939 to 1952. Williams had two-home-run games in 1946 and 1952 (one of which in '46 was a grand slam) and was held hitless in only 5 Series games during his career. In Ted's first Boston appearance in 1939 he played right field and batted sixth in a 7–1 loss to the Bees. Fellow Hall of Famer Jimmie Foxx provided the Hose with their only run, off Lou Fette. The preeminent hitter of his time and Boston's greatest player, Williams produced a better average and home run total than any other player.

Babe Ruth's first appearance in Boston as a National Leaguer occurred in the City Series, where he played first base, went hitless, and made an error in the only 1935 game played. His appearance at Fenway drew 11,000 to the game, which was won by Ben Cantwell and the Braves, 3–2. They would have been advised to save it for the regular season, as they won only 35 games all year (Cantwell went 4–25).

Williams was the focus of an odd 1952 game. During the Grapefruit League season, the Braves had touted their up and coming rookies, who were plentiful. An off-season barnstorm-

Red Sox manager Joe Cronin and Braves manager Casey Stengel meet at Fenway Park before a City Series game, c. early 1940s. Photo courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England.

ing press junket acclaimed their young blood, some of whom would indeed form the nucleus of the World Champions of 1957; in 1952 the hope was that the young players would draw attention away from the aging regulars who wer destined to lead the team to a 7th-place finish. The *Herald*, perhaps looking for a promotional hook, suggested that one of the Series games that year be an all-rookie affair, showcasing each team's future.[3] Surprisingly it was the Red Sox who took up the offer, playing the second game of the '52 Series with Ted surrounded by eight rookies against the Braves' regular lineup. Amidst the Red Sox youngsters, a mixture of future regulars (Jimmy Piersall, Sammy White, and Dick Gernert), and the not so fortunate (Hal Bevan, Faye Throneberry), Williams prevailed, hitting 2 home runs as the Sox and Bill Henry beat the Braves and Vern Bickford, 12–7, in front of over 8,000 curious fans at Fenway. While the all-rookie game had merit, this was the only year it was tried.

"Make 'em go through customs," a wit remarked as the [1953] Milwaukee Braves' plane touched down at Logan Airport.

Other good players would enjoy forgettable days in the Series. Rookie Johnny Pesky's first game in Boston saw him commit 4 errors, replacing manager Joe Cronin at shortstop; and usually reliable Warren Spahn was touched for 8 runs in just over 2 innings in a 1951 game in which Williams drove in 6 runs. Surprises also popped up in Series history. The only player to hit home runs in all 3 Series games in one year was Red Sox outfielder Carl Reynolds in 1934. He would hit only 4 during the regular season. One Woody Rich pitched a 5-hit shutout for the Sox in 1939. Names long forgotten appear in the home run and pitcher records—Fabian Gaffke, Lou Tost, Rex Cecil, Gordon Rhodes ("The Utah Daddy"), and George Estock. What-might-have-beens abound: a 1946 rumor about Bing Crosby buying the Braves (could they have moved to the West Coast seven years later?); a short article a year earlier headlined "Negro Players to Have Tryout at Yawkey Yard" (with a follow-up note a day later quoting Hugh Duffy that he saw "pretty good ballplayers."[4] One "pretty good ballplayer," Sam Jethroe, would get 4 hits (1 HR) in the final game of the 1950 City Series, while another, an infielder, would help draw 25,211 people to an exhibition game in Atlanta four years later. "13,885 were Negroes," helpfully reported the *Herald*);[5] and even the front-page headline "Baby Is Well" in the *Boston Post* on the opening day of the 1932 Series (the baby in question being Charles Lindbergh's son).[6]

For the next two Series games, both the Braves and the Sox flew to Boston from the upper Midwest. "What Does the M Stand For?" was the sardonic photo caption in the *Post*, as local players Chet Nichols and Dick Donovan checked their newly issued caps,[7] and a wit remarked as the Milwaukee Braves' plane touched down at Logan Airport, "Make 'em go through customs."[8] In an act of bravery or foolishness, Braves owner Lou Perini took his place in a Fenway Park box and weathered the fans' reception. Not surprisingly, the visiting Braves received the largest round of applause from the crowd of 9,000. "Those still faithful to the Braves raised louder applause than did the supporters of the winning Sox," reported the *Post* (itself to fold within the next five years), though the *Herald*'s Bill Cunningham scornfully noted, "Milwaukee, or anybody else, is welcome to our casualties.... By disdaining to stage any angry scenes, those who braved the elements really contributed to the status of this Citadel of Culture, as a poised and civilized community that can take something or see it go without becoming hysterical."[9] Both teams were impressed by the spacious new locker rooms at Fenway, which had been expanded during the off-season. "The Braves were struck by the splendor of the visiting quarters," reported the *Herald* with an apparent straight face.

The final official City Series contest was held April 12, 1953. Fittingly, the departing Braves won, 4–1, with veterans Andy Pafko and Walker Cooper homering for the victors. Despite Lou Perini's hopeful comments that the Series could be continued, it was not to be. A sobered crowd finally realized that the two-team city was a thing of the past. "The game seemed to have a very great and terrifying significance as though the events of the past month could not be considered a bad dream and the time had come to face an awesome reality," reported the *Globe*.[10] In a final blow to the Braves faithful, Lolly Hopkins, the Braves' most publicized fan, was struck in the mouth by a foul ball off Sox catcher Gus Niarhos and was taken from the park.

Had the Braves managed to stay in Boston a few more years, the seeds of the future championship clubs that had been planted might have blossomed. The Braves of Ebba St. Claire, Vern Bickford, and Sibby Sisti were morphing into the Braves of Aaron, Mathews, Adcock, and Burdette. Whether their success was tied to the fanatical reception the team received in Milwaukee or whether young players would have withered in a second-rate franchise like Boston's is a matter for conjecture. Perhaps a successful Braves team, coupled with lackluster Red Sox teams of the 1950s ("Ted Williams and the Seven Dwarfs," according to some), could have switched the balance of power to the point that the Red Sox might have been the team to move. But that is tinkering with the facts and creating virtual history.

The Red Sox and Braves played a preseason series in Milwaukee in 1954, splitting two games. A small note in Boston papers that same weekend announced the name change of Braves Field to Boston University Field, cutting a final tie of the team with the city.[11] The Sox would play an exhibition game with the New York Giants that year for the Jimmy Fund, a children's cancer research foundation started by the Braves and passed along to the Red Sox for safekeeping. The Braves and Sox would continue to play an occasional mid-season charity game in Boston, when schedules would allow, but it was not the same. Gerry Hearn of the *Post* had summed it up best in 1953:

> When the Braves come to Boston for the weekend games it should be remembered by the fans that the players didn't make the decision to move to Milwaukee. They only go where they are sent.[12]

NOTES

1. Bill Cunningham, *Boston Herald*, April 10, 1947.

2. The Braves were owned in the late 1940s by a partnership of three Boston contractors—Lou Perini, Guido Rugo, and Edward Maney—with Perini taking the lead role. The club was sold to Midwest interests after the move to Milwaukee.

3. Ed Costello, "Open Letter to Lou [Boudreau] and Tom [Holmes]," *Boston Herald*, March 24, 1952, 18.

The SABR32 CD contains a chart giving details about every City Series game, 1905-1954.

4. "Three Negroes Given Workout by Red Sox," *Boston Globe*, April 16, 1945, 17.

5. "25,221 at Atlanta See Dodgers Bow," *Boston Herald*, April 11, 1949, 10.

6. *Boston Post*, April 7, 1932, 1.

8. Gerry Moore, "Sox Back Home to Face Braves," *Boston Globe*, April 11, 1953, 8.

9. Bill Cunningham, "Boston Not Dead—Or Even Ailing," *Boston Herald*, April 13, 1953, 14.

7. *Boston Post*, April 12, 1953, 48.

10. *Boston Globe*, April 13, 1953, 26.

11. "B.U. to Acquire Braves Field," *Boston Herald*, April 14, 1954, 26.

12. Gerry Hearn, "Cities Different, Players the Same," *Boston Post*, April 9, 1953, 17.

The '44 Red Sox: A Season to Remember

by Doron "Duke" Goldman

Most long-suffering Red Sox fans know their team's history; they can quote it, chapter and verse. In the Red Sox century, it all started out so well: a win in the first modern World Series in 1903, followed by four more Series triumphs spanning the championship seasons of 1912 through 1918, the last three of which featured a burly southpaw named George Herman Ruth.

What followed was the first act in the epic drama known as the Curse of the Bambino. For twenty-eight long years, there was nary a Hub pennant in sight. But then came 1946, a Boston wire-to-wire pennant occurring "when the boys came back," to quote a phrase used by Frederick Turner as the title of his excellent book on that glorious but ultimately heartbreaking (for Boston fans) first post–World War II season. Then, with but a one-year respite, came the year 1948. As David Kaiser, author of *Epic Season*, put it, we saw "the most remarkable pennant race in the history of the American League, and perhaps of all time." Unfortunately, though the Red Sox were still at play when the 154-game season was over, they were "waiting till next year" after they lost the American League's first-ever one-game playoff for the league title, thanks in no small measure to the heroics of Lou Boudreau. Remember Lou Boudreau, for he played the role of spoiler in an oft-forgotten scene near the end of act I of "the Curse," one in which three Red Sox ballplayers nearly finished one, two, and three in the American League batting race and the Red Sox came close to ending their long pennant drought—in the season of 1944.

The loyal rooters I know who began to follow Red Sox fortunes prior to World War II do not have strong recollections of just how good a team the 1944 Red Sox were—at least until Boston lost three-fourths of the heart of their team (the up-the-middle combo of starting catcher, ace pitcher, and sparkplug second baseman) to military service at a critical juncture of the season. True, Ted Williams was away serving his first stint in the military, as were the beloved Johnny Pesky and Dominic "he's better than his brother Joe" DiMaggio. But Bobby Doerr had not yet been called up to the military and was playing some of his best baseball in mid-career. And after one subpar season of pitching, Cecil "Tex" Hughson returned with a vengeance to the form he displayed during his 22–6 season of 1942, anchoring a pitching staff that was sorely lacking in depth. The Red Sox also made a fine in-season acquisition, dealing little-used outfielder Ford Garrison in May to the Philadelphia Athletics for catcher Hal Wagner, who hit .330 before his late-August military call-up ended his season abruptly. In addition, two old campaigners— Ervin "Pete" Fox and Robert Lee "Indian Bob" Johnson—vied with Bobby Doerr for the batting title until a late-season surge by Boudreau stole it out from under their noses. Remarkably, Doerr, Fox, and Johnson were all Red Sox stalwarts, keeping Joe Cronin's team in contention with clutch hitting and superb fielding even when the pitching faltered. Let's take a closer look at this fine but flawed and certainly unlucky team, which could easily have forestalled the now-famous all–St. Louis World Series of 1944.

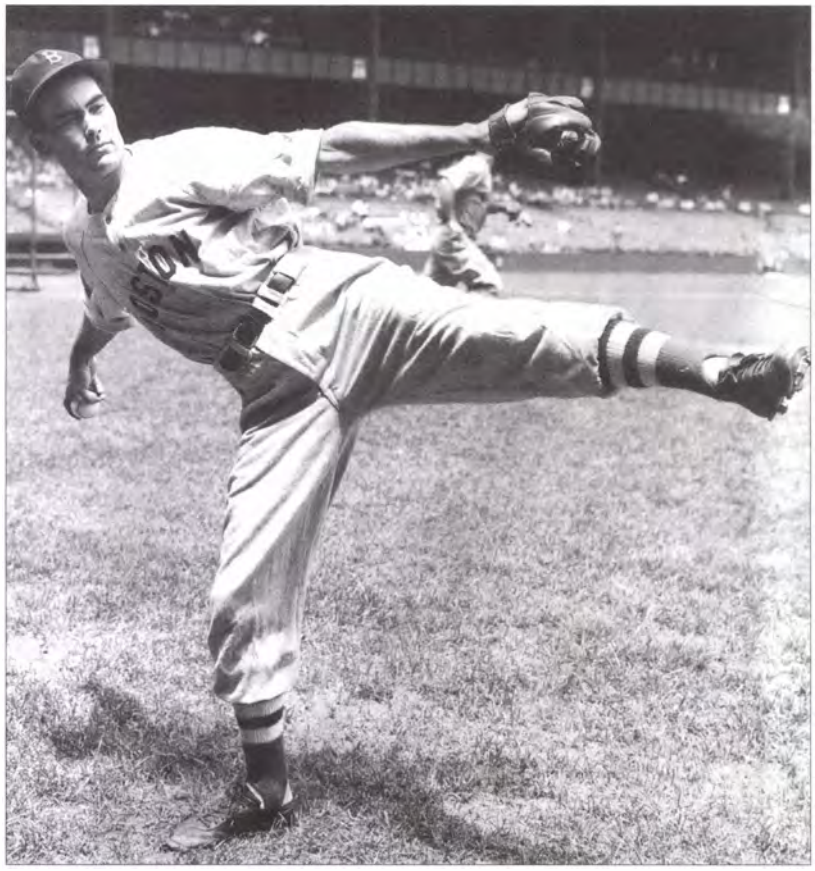
Wartime Baseball

By 1944, many of the prewar stars of baseball were off fighting for their country, or at least defending its honor in military baseball contests. The remaining collection of fuzzy-cheeked rookies, old-timers, and "4-Fs" played a lower-quality brand of baseball than America was used to. Former stars like Paul Waner and Babe Herman tried to reignite fading fortunes, while 15-year-old Joe Nuxhall and 16-year-old Tommy Brown were boys playing a man's game. Even Lefty Grove, retired since 1941, mused aloud that he could be called back to perform further baseball magic, though he doubted that it would be necessary: "there is still plenty of good material just over 38 and under 18 ... to keep the game going."[1] One of those "just over 38" was Bob Johnson.

Born on November 26, 1905 (not 1906 as has long been reported in baseball encyclopedias), in what was then still Indian territory in the northeast corner of Oklahoma, Johnson was acquired by the Red Sox from the Washington Senators for a reported $12,000 on December 4, 1943. One-quarter Cherokee (his maternal grandfather was a full-blooded Cherokee named George Dirtthrower), "Indian Bob" had just had the poorest season of a career spent toiling in second-division obscurity on the Depression-era teams of Connie Mack. Finally traded to the Senators after a lengthy contract dispute with Mack, Johnson had a subpar season that had nevertheless contributed substantially to Washington's unexpected second-place finish in the 1943 American League pennant race. That Washington rose from seventh place to second in the standings, winning 22 more games than in 1942, was due in no small part

Doron "Duke" Goldman has been a SABR member since 1994 and a Mets fan since the Amazin's trounced the Orioles in the 1969 World Series. His current main interests are his baseball library of more than a thousand volumes and counting and the career of "Indian Bob" Johnson, which led him to studying the 1944 Red Sox. This is his first baseball publication.

to Johnson's clutch hitting and fielding exploits, even though he missed a third of the season because of injuries and established career lows in the Triple Crown categories (.265, 7, 63). That Johnson placed fifth in the voting for American League Most Valuable Player with a performance well below career norms (he drove in more than 100 runs each year from 1935 through 1941) indicates the measure of esteem he garnered from the sportswriters who voted. It is unclear why the Senators were willing to part with Johnson for a relatively small sum of money; perhaps they thought he was in decline. Washington's loss (and they did lose 21 more games in 1944 than in 1943, dropping all the way to the American League basement) was clearly Boston's gain. Johnson was a man on a mission: he needed to prove that there was still something left in his tank despite being discarded by the Senators during wartime baseball.



Tex Hughson. Photo courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

Spring Training

During the war, spring training was very different from the prewar variety. None of the traditional Florida or (later) Arizona camps; instead, the Sox began training in mid-March at Tufts University, though only four players showed up for this "early" phase of the training period. It was not until March 26 that about two dozen players showed up for the first day of training in their wartime digs in Baltimore. The Red Sox had five 4-Fs and a couple of "overage" players like Johnson and 41-year-old pitcher Dominic "Mike" Ryba. The rest of the players, though, were subject to reclassification, which meant that they could be called to the military at any moment. This relative dearth of 4-F and overage players was in marked contrast to the situation of the St. Louis Browns. According to author Bill Borst in *The Best of Seasons*, the Browns led the American League in 4-Fs with 18 at the start of 1944, while in the other league, the Giants had 16 4-Fs, the Dodgers 11, and the mighty Cardinals 10. It certainly seems fair to conclude, as did one Boston scribe, that "the Red Sox as a team probably have fewer certainties for the complete season than any other club."[2]

The most crucial uncertainty was pitcher Tex Hughson. Tex followed a great year in 1942 with a less-than-stellar 12–15 record for the seventh-place 1943 Sox, albeit with a creditable 2.64 ERA. And Hughson was scheduled to join the Navy, but it was unknown whether he would be allowed to play any or all of the season. Along with Johnny Peacock, though, Hughson found out merely two days before the season opener that he would not have to report "right away."

So there was a welcome reprieve, for an uncertain length of time, for the man who shaped up to be the staff ace of 1944 despite his lackluster record of the previous year. Besides Hughson, only 36-year-old Oscar Judd had won as many as 10 games for the Sox in 1943. Judd, pitching sparingly, ended up with only 1 win in 9 appearances for the '44 Sox. Others counted on heavily to hurl for the Sox in '44 included the 41-year-old Ryba (7–5, 3.25 in '43) and 33-year-old Yank Terry (7-9, 3.52 in '43).

The Opening Day lineup looked better than did the staff. In order of batting, it consisted of Lamar "Skeeter" Newsome at shortstop, young George "Catfish" Metkovich at first, Ford Garrison in right field, Johnson in left, Doerr at second base, "Rawhide" Jim Tabor at third, Leon Culberson (who played a culpable role in Slaughter's famous dash that won the '46 series for the Cardinals against the BoSox) in center, Roy Partee at catcher, and Yank Terry on the mound. Hughson had to work himself into shape, having just reported to the team, and therefore was not ready to pitch until the end of April. There had been some talk of playing the versatile Johnson at first base, for earlier in his career he had played short stretches at first and second as well as the outfield. Johnson had a stellar spring training, knocking out several clutch long hits, which boded well for the coming season, as he anchored the batting order in the cleanup position and ably manned left field. And the Red Sox won the annual "City Series" with their National League counterparts the Boston Braves just before the start of the season. As omens go, however, this win was not especially potent, for the Red Sox had won the series with the Braves in 1943 yet had finished one rung above the American League basement.

The Early Going

The initial games of the Red Sox '44 season did not go especially well. They lost their opener, 3–0 to the Yankees, as Hank Borowy, ace Yankee righthander, pitched a 5-hitter. In addition to being whitewashed, starter and loser Yank Terry had to adhere to the American League's newest rule and make sure that he went to what was then called the "batter-up circle" when the number 8 hitter Partee was batting rather than deferring to leadoff hitter Newsome. Did Newsome and other leadoff hitters suffer from a lack of preparation prior to their at-bats due to this momentous rule change? Not for long, for in less than a month the American League threw out the new rule.

After sweeping a doubleheader with the Yanks, the Red Sox fell to .500 on April 23 by losing to the A's. On April 30, "Catfish" Metkovich finally broke a horrendous 0 for 30 slump.

By May 3, Doerr and Johnson were hitting .296 and .293 respectively, well behind the league leaders, while Doerr had only one RBI in his first 12 games and Metkovich had raised his season average all the way to .085. The Sox were below .500, but the worst was yet to come.

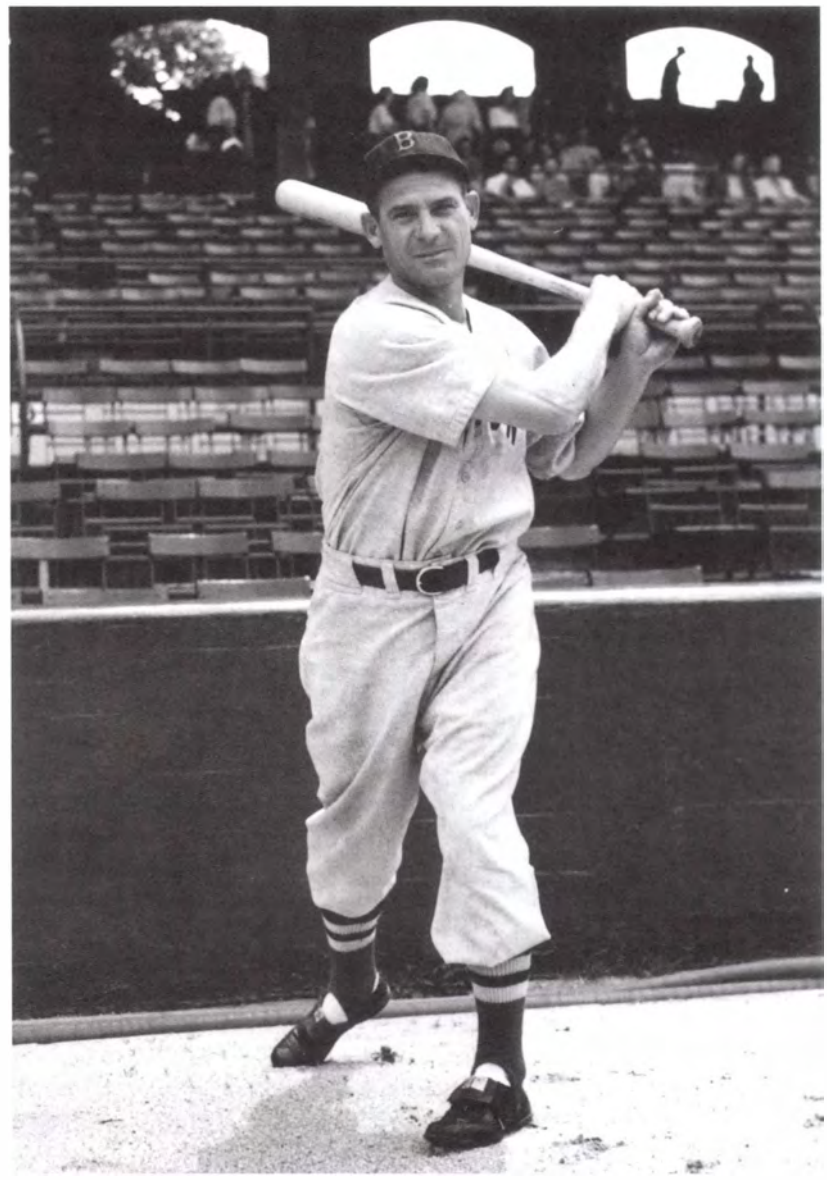
A doubleheader loss on May 14 dropped the Sox to the cellar with an 8–13 record. Moreover, they were leading both leagues with 30 errors in their first 21 games. The turnaround began on May 18, when Bobby Doerr broke out of an 0 for 15 slump in a big way by hitting for the cycle. Two days later, the Red Sox left the cellar for good, but even on this propitious occasion they managed a dubious achievement. In the first inning of their 8–1 defeat of the Pale Hose, Johnson grounded into what at first appeared to be a routine double play. The bases were loaded with none out when Johnson hit his grounder, Culberson scoring from third on the play. But Catfish Metkovich could not leave well enough alone. He too tried to score on the play, but first baseman Hal Trosky's throw beat him by about 10 yards. Because the action from Johnson's hitting the ball through the tag on Metkovich was deemed continuous, it was scored a triple play.

Sox Revival

Before they knew it, the Sox were rolling. A doubleheader sweep of the White Sox on Sunday, May 21, meant that the Red Sox had a modest 5-game winning streak. Doerr was now thumping to the tune of 18 hits in his last 27 at-bats, raising his average to .318, while Hughson's win in the opener was his fourth in a row. The Sox briefly fell back below .500 before a 9-game winning streak propelled them to a 29–23 record, in second place a mere half-game back of the league-leading Browns. The last victory of the streak was also Tex Hughson's ninth win of the season, the fifth straight complete game he won while giving up only one run in each contest. Clearly, Hughson's performance indicated a return to the phenomenal Hughson of 1942. Meanwhile, Johnson and Doerr had both entered the top ten in batting, though well back of Thurman Tucker's league-leading .389. Doerr had already been temporarily rejected by the military due to punctured eardrums. Catfish Metkovich had rebounded from early-season hitting woes with a 16-game hitting streak, "Rawhide" Jim Tabor was ably manning the hot corner and hitting an occasional dinger while unofficially leading the league in drinking, and Johnson, after starting out with a record-setting pace of free passes (39 in his first 25 games) had settled into a decent hitting groove. And on the same day the Sox won their ninth in a row, Johnson, Doerr, and Hughson were all named to the American League All-Star team. So, naturally, the Red Sox then lost 6 of their next 7, as the Globe reported that their pitching was "falling apart at the seams."[3] Apparently Hughson was not enough, though the Sox remained in second place behind those magical misfits the St. Louis Browns.

Mid-season Rumblings

On July 1, the Red Sox hosted a three-game series with the Browns. The Globe opined that this series was "critical, in the sense that nobody knows whether or not the Browns will crack once they've been deprived of the pace."[4] Apparently, the *Globe* writers expected that the Browns would not be able to maintain the lead, with Boston only 2½ games back and the Yankees 3½ games out in a tightly bunched race that saw the perennial last-place A's only 8 games out. Well, if this was a test of Red Sox fortitude, they passed with flying colors. After losing the series opener, the Sox swept a doubleheader from the Brownies, 1–0 and 4–3, before 33,352 fans, the first Fenway sellout in two years. Naturally, Hughson pitched the opener of the twinbill, a nifty, 6-hit shutout over the Browns' number two hurler, Jack Kramer. In the nightcap, veteran Lou Finney was the hero,



bringing the Red Sox within one run with two down in the 9th by scoring Johnson with a blooper down the left field line, scoring the tying run on Hal Wagner's hard single to right and winning the game in the 11th with his own hard single under second baseman Don Gutteridge's glove.

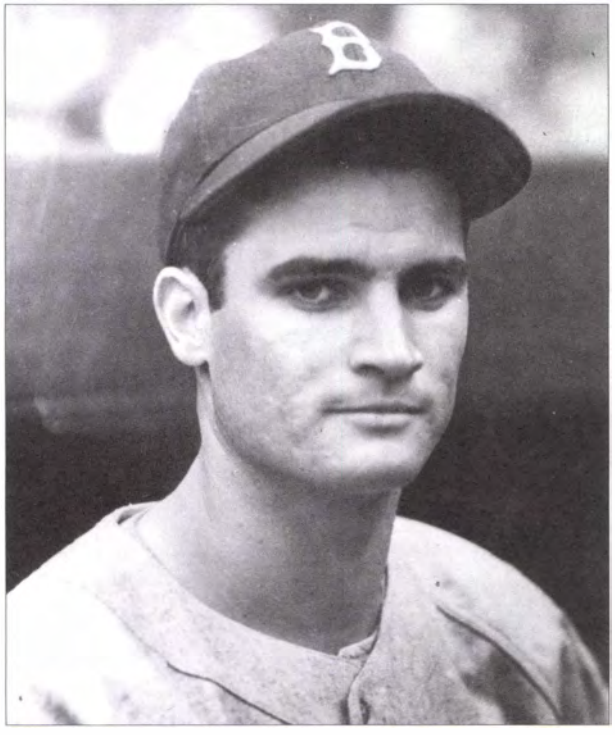
On the 5th, the only run the Sox scored in an 8–1 loss to Dizzy Trout and the Tigers was produced by a prodigious blast by Johnson into the center field bleachers. It was the first time anyone had reached those seats that season. And the following day, in a 13–3 Red Sox rout of the Tigers, which coincided with winning pitcher Hughson's won-lost record at that point, "buxom Bob Johnson" hit for the cycle while Doerr tripled, doubled, and singled twice, driving in 5 runs.[5] In an 8–5 loss to the Indians on July 7, Doerr and Johnson both homered,

Pete Fox. Photo courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

driving in four of the five Sox runs, with Johnson's eighth of the season being his third dinger in three days. With the late addition of Pete Fox, whose 15-game hitting streak had been snuffed out by Dizzy Trout the day of Johnson's bleacher drive, the Sox had four worthy All-Star representatives who were carrying them into pennant contention.

Post-All-Star Heroics

At the break, Doerr, Fox, and Johnson were one, three, and four in the league in hitting, at .340, .333, and .318 respectively, with Johnson leading the league in runs scored (59) and Doerr second (57). After splitting a doubleheader with the Yankees immediately after the All-Star break, the Sox fell to third place, percentage points behind the Bronx Bombers with a 43–38 record, still 2½ games behind the Browns. Shortly thereafter, they lost two out of three to the Browns, falling 4 games back. Along with the continuing hitting heroics of Doerr, Johnson, and Fox, May acquisition Hal Wagner surged over the .300 mark with two hits as Tex Hughson lifted his record to 16–4 with a 6–1 defeat of the Tigers July 27. Not only was Hughson the rotation stopper, but two days earlier he had won in relief of Yank Terry, snuffing out a Tiger rally in the seventh inning and then striking out the side in the ninth. "Only injury, slump, or outrageous luck can keep him [Hughson] from winning 25 games this season," the Globe declared.[6] Unfortunately, luck was not to be on the side of the Red Sox in 1944.



Bobby Doerr. Photo courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

The Dog Days of August

As July turned into August, the Sox slipped past the Yankees into second place, still 4½ games behind those pesky St. Louis Browns. Doerr was leading the league with a .332 average, while Lou Boudreau, hitherto hanging around tenth or below in the batting race, had claimed a temporary hold on fifth place at .311, with Johnson sliding into a tie for sixth place with early-season leader Thurman Tucker at .309. But the Sox were about to begin a 21-game homestand, and according to noted sportswriter Harold Kaese, they still expected the Browns to fold.[7]

Sox pennant dreams dimmed now that Doerr was awaiting his induction notice, as his earlier rejection for ear problems had been overruled by an Army officer.[8] Doerr, though, would have 21 days before he had to report for duty after receiving his induction notice; Hughson and Wagner, having already been inducted before the season, would have to report immediately when called. According to Kaese, these imminent departures meant that "Red Sox morale has wilted like a starched collar on a sultry day."[9] Sure enough, Hughson pitched his last game, earning his 18th win, on August 10. The Sox were still in second place, but now they were 6½ back of those irrepressible Browns, who were completing a 10-game winning streak.

The Sox responded to the loss of Hughson by purchasing first Rex Cecil from San Diego and later Clem Dreisewerd from Sacramento of the Pacific Coast League, but neither could come close to filling the void left by Hughson's departure. If you believed Jimmie Foxx, though, nothing would have much helped Sox pitching as long as Cronin was at the helm. In an August issue of *Yank* magazine, Foxx was quoted as saying that Cronin may have cost the Sox several pennants by virtue of his inability to handle pitchers. Many later Red Sox historians, in analyzing the failure of the Red Sox Depression and WWII-era teams, have come to the same conclusion as Foxx.

Nevertheless, late August saw the Sox creeping up on the Browns. On August 20, the Sox swept Cleveland, 8–6 and 11–4, while the Browns were losing two to the lowly Senators. This bonanza left the Sox only 3½ games out. Hal Wagner, in the opinion of Harold Kaese "the best trade the Sox have ever made,"[10] had hit in 11 straight and 20 of 21 contests. But as the month closed, Boston fell back to fourth place, and, despite continued hard hitting from Doerr, Johnson, Fox, and the now streaking Catfish Metkovich, it was the opinion of noted authority Connie Mack that the Sox did not have the pitching to win the flag. And who could argue, with Yank Terry and lesser lights Emmett O'Neill, George Woods, and Clem Hausmann each having at least an eight-week stretch without a win during the season?

The Home Stretch: A Surge, and Then a Collapse

On the morning of September 1, the Sox were in fourth place, 3½ games behind, with the Yankees and Tigers between them and the still-leading Browns. Two days later, the Sox were still in fourth but they were only 1½ games back of the Browns, who had lost twice while the Red Sox had won twice. With 24 games left to play, the Sox were 10 games over .500 at 70–60. If they continued to play at this pace, they would finish at 83–71, probably not good enough to win the pennant, but a decent season nonetheless. But they would have to attempt to do it without Bobby Doerr, who played in his last game on September 4, and Hal Wagner, who last played a week earlier. And in Doerr's final contest, the Sox fell to 2½ games out by losing to the A's 5–1. In this game, a call on a soft liner hit by A's first baseman Bill McGhee may have constituted the turning point of the season for the Red Sox. The game was tied 1–1 in the fifth when McGhee hit the ball down the right field line. The Red Sox argued that the ball, impeded by the outstretched hand of a fan from reaching its final destination, would not have entered the stands in home run territory. Umpire Bill Summers disagreed, and the A's led 2–1. They added three more runs that inning, but we will never know if a different call, even a ruling of a ground-rule double (as argued for by some of the Sox players), might have led to a different result.

Still, the Sox were in a four-team race for the flag that could-

n't be much tighter. Without the recent military inductees, though, the Red Sox slowly began to give up ground. They were three games behind both the Yankees and the Browns when they entered what Harold Kaese characterized as "the most important series the Red Sox have played in Fenway Park since the World Series of 1918,"[11] a critical four-game series with the Yankees starting September 8.

It was now or never for the Sox, who were also playing the last four games of their home schedule. The Red Sox lost 7–6 in 12 innings in the opener. In this important contest, Yankee manager Joe McCarthy pitched his acknowledged ace, Hank Borowy, out of his normal turn. Cronin, who no longer had that same opportunity, went with eventual 12-game winner (but with a high 4.82 ERA) Joe Bowman. Neither starter was around for the Red Sox unraveling, when Jim Bucher, replacing Doerr at second base, made a critical error letting in two runs in the top of the 12th. The Red Sox gamely responded with one tally in the bottom of the 12th. Johnson, who had opened the scoring for the Sox with a three-run homer in the first, was intentionally passed to load the bases. Tabor then fouled out. Bucher, attempting to atone for his error in the inning's top half, drove a ground shot down the first-base line, but Yankee first baseman Nick Etten, playing out of position straddling the bag, was able to nab Bucher's bid for victory, tag the first base bag, and whip the ball home ahead of Metkovich for an inning-ending double play. One can only wonder what the outcome would have been had Doerr been playing instead of Bucher.

On September 9, the Sox came back, defeating the Yankees 7–1 behind late-season call-up Rex Cecil. So the home season came down to two games—two crucial games if the Red Sox were to stay in the race. More than 34,000 Sox faithful came on September 10 to see their favorite team battle hard, winning the first game of that day's doubleheader, 3–2, before losing 4–3 in the nightcap. The *Globe* described the crowd as follows:

> Stands and bleachers were packed, neighboring view-commanding roof tops were black with fans who could not pass the ballpark gates. And far, far beyond the left-center field limits, scores of the courageous fans [were] hanging onto wires and girders atop a huge 125-feet high iron advertising sign.[12]

The fans saw two tight, well-played ball games that left the Red Sox still only three games out, but in fourth place and heading to the road for the rest of the season without three key players. A rumor circulated that Doerr had in fact been rejected in a final physical before entering the service, but this rumor proved unfounded.

As they entered the trip, Fox, Doerr, and Johnson were still one, two, and three in batting, with the Globe speculating that the odds favored a Red Sox player winning the batting title, even though George "Snuffy" Stirnweiss of the Yankees at .318 and Boudreau at .317 were 9 and 10 points behind Fox, the current leader. In fact, at this juncture, Johnson was second in batting by 2 points; second in home runs with 17 (2 behind leader Nick Etten); and second in RBI with 93 (2 behind leader Vern Stephens). He had a legitimate shot at the Triple Crown.

But it was not to be for both the Sox and Johnson. Beginning on September, 18, the Red Sox lost ten straight games to fall well behind surging Detroit and St. Louis. Until the season-ending doubleheader that the Sox played on October 1, Johnson held the lead in the batting race, but he went 1 for 8 on the final day to fall to a final .324 average, behind both Boudreau, who ended at .327, and Doerr at .325. Fox ended up fifth at .320.

Boudreau hit .371 from September 1 until the end of the season, climbing from fifth place with a .315 average to win the batting title. As late as September 21, he was still 7 points behind Johnson. As Boudreau described it in his autobiography, *Lou Boudreau: Covering All the Bases*, the pennant race had become secondary to his pursuit of the batting title in Cleveland. In Boston a sharp drop-off in media coverage as the Sox declined indicated a lack of interest in either pennant or batting race. Boudreau's surge meant the Sox would not claim the only title left for them to grab, a title that for Johnson could have lifted his career from its later obscurity.

1944: The First Red Sox Pennant Race in 26 Years

The Boston Red Sox ended 1944 the way they began it, with the same number of wins as losses. They won 77 games and lost 77 games, 12 games behind the winning Browns. It would be two more years before they won the pennant convincingly in the first postwar season. But there is no denying that the Red Sox were in a pennant fight in 1944, a race where four teams were 1½ games apart in early September, where three different teams held the lead within a two-week stretch in mid-September. It was an exciting pennant race and the Sox were an exciting team, doomed to failure only when some of their best players departed at the key moments of the battle. We will never know whether the continued presence of these players would have stopped the Browns from winning their only pennant.

NOTES

1. *Boston Daily Globe*, February 18, 1944.
2. *Boston Evening Globe*, March 25, 1944.
3. *Boston Evening Globe*, June 24, 1944.
4. *Boston Evening Globe*, July 1, 1944.
5. *Boston Daily Globe*, July 7, 1944.
6. *Boston Daily Globe*, July 28, 1944.
7. *Boston Evening Globe*, August 3, 1944.
8. *Boston Daily Globe*, August 5, 1944.
9. *Boston Evening Globe*, August 7, 1944.
10. *Boston Evening Globe*, August 21, 1944.
11. *Boston Evening Globe*, September 7, 1944.
12. *Boston Daily Globe*, September 11, 1944.

The Miracle Braves

by Richard A. Johnson

When the New England Patriots finished their splendid Super Bowl run with their triumph in February 2002 it inspired talk that the victory was Boston's greatest sports moment. However, buried behind such hyperbole and the distance of 88 years (an eternity in sports history) lay the saga of a similarly determined ball club known forever as "The Miracle Braves."

The bonds between the Braves and the Patriots are intriguing. Not only were the Patriots founded by former Boston Braves public relations chief Billy Sullivan but the team played its first three seasons at the site of Braves Field and their next six at Fenway Park, the site of the Braves' 1914 World Series triumph. In fact the Patriots' first eleven seasons were played against a motley backdrop of five stadiums in two leagues. Even the Braves at their lowest ebb never experienced such chaos.

The Braves' heritage was again front and center when Robert Kraft purchased the Patriots in 1994, thus preventing the team from relocating to St. Louis. While explaining the rationale behind his acquisition, the middle-aged Brookline paper goods magnate recounted the heartbreak he'd experienced as a boy when his beloved Braves pulled up stakes to move to Milwaukee in 1953.

Within a decade the team that most resembled the Braves at their worst soon resembled them at the finest hour of 1914. For the few remaining souls who remember that team, their achievement was more improbable and just as memorable as that of their football counterparts nearly a century later.

Long before media mogul Ted Turner made the Braves America's team, they were Boston's team. In the 88 summers that have passed since 1914, Boston has yet to witness a ball club achieve as improbable a victory and surmount such great odds as did the World Champion Miracle Braves. This team resurrected a moribund franchise which had averaged 90 losses per season since 1900 while finishing last five times and losing more than 100 games on six separate occasions. The 1914 team appeared destined to follow the same path as they won only 4 of their first 22 games. However, before the season was over, they would put together an incredible streak of 52 victories in 66 games and climb from 15 games behind in last place to sole possession of first place in a span of less than two months.

The man behind the miracle was manager George Tweedy Stallings. Stallings, the son of a Confederate war hero, was a dapper gentleman who wore a three-piece suit, bow tie, and straw boater while directing his charges with the slogan "You can win. You must win. You will win." As a former big league catcher and dropout from Johns Hopkins Medical School, Stallings combined a tremendous intellect with intense motivational skills. He believed in utilizing every player in a specific role and was a pioneer in the art of platooning. During the 1913 season he used 46 players trying to find a winning combination. Finally the catalyst Stallings needed arrived in the person of Hall of Fame second baseman Johnny Evers, who was traded from the Cubs to the Braves in February 1914. Evers, a diminutive overachiever, had played for four National League winners and two world champions and acted as Stallings's alter ego on the diamond, exhorting and often browbeating his mates while setting an example as the league's best middle infielder. Without Stallings or Evers the miracle season would never have happened.

In April 1914 the *Boston Post* advertised a seven-room house on a half acre in Weymouth for $2,300 and a man's suit at Filene's Basement for $7. The bottom line in Hub entertainment was presented at the Howard Theater in Scollay Square where you could see "The Gordon Brothers and Their Boxing Kangaroo" and "Rosera's Aerial Dogs: The Limit in Canine Intelligence!" The Boston Braves played their home opener on April 23 at their ramshackle bandbox of a park, the South End Grounds, situated on the corner of Walpole and Tremont (currently the site of the Ruggles MBTA station). Playing to a capacity crowd of 7,500, they defeated Brooklyn 9–1 behind the pitching of Lefty Tyler in one of their few victories that month.

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Tyler, along with fellow starting pitchers Dick Rudolph and Bill James, was also among the improbable stars of this team. Prior to 1914, Tyler sported a mediocre 35–49 career record, while Rudolph at 14–14 and James at 6–10 were no better. The remaining six pitchers were even worse, with two rookies and four veterans with losing records. In the 120-year history of professional baseball before and since 1914, no ultimate pennant contender has started a season with such a lackluster pitching corps. Despite their apparent limitations, this staff, led by efforts of their Big Three of Tyler, Rudolph, and James, would achieve astounding success. Indeed the trio won 69 of the team's 94 victories, as Rudolph and James won 27 and 26 games respectively, while Tyler chipped in with 16 wins.

The Braves slogged through May and June in last place, playing before meager crowds of several thousand at their sad, outdated ballpark. The team reached its lowest ebb on July 7 when it was beaten, 10–2, in an exhibition game by the minor league Buffalo Bisons. In later years Johnny Evers recalled the loss by

Richard A. Johnson is curator of the Sports Museum of New England at the FleetCenter in Boston. He is also coauthor with Glenn Stout of *Ted Williams: A Portrait in Words and Pictures*; *Joe DiMaggio: An Illustrated Life*; *Jackie Robinson: Between the Baselines*; *Red Sox Century*; and *Yankees Century*. He is also author of *The Boston Braves*. This article is adapted from a piece that first appeared in the Red Sox scorecard in 1989 and later in *A Century of Boston Sports*, also by Richard Johnson.

saying that the Braves had been beaten by a "soap company team"—and that the "Miracle" was born on a train platform in Buffalo where Stallings berated his troops by saying, "Big league ballplayers you call yourselves, Hah... You're not even grade A sandlotters, I'm ashamed of you." Whether out of shame or a desire to show up their manager, the Braves shuffled out of Buffalo and won five of their next six games. The Braves left last place for good on July 19 by sweeping a doubleheader in Cincinnati. Entering the ninth inning of the nightcap they trailed 2–0 and scored 3 runs to win. As they left the field the players celebrated like schoolboys, throwing their caps and gloves in the air as they mobbed Stallings.

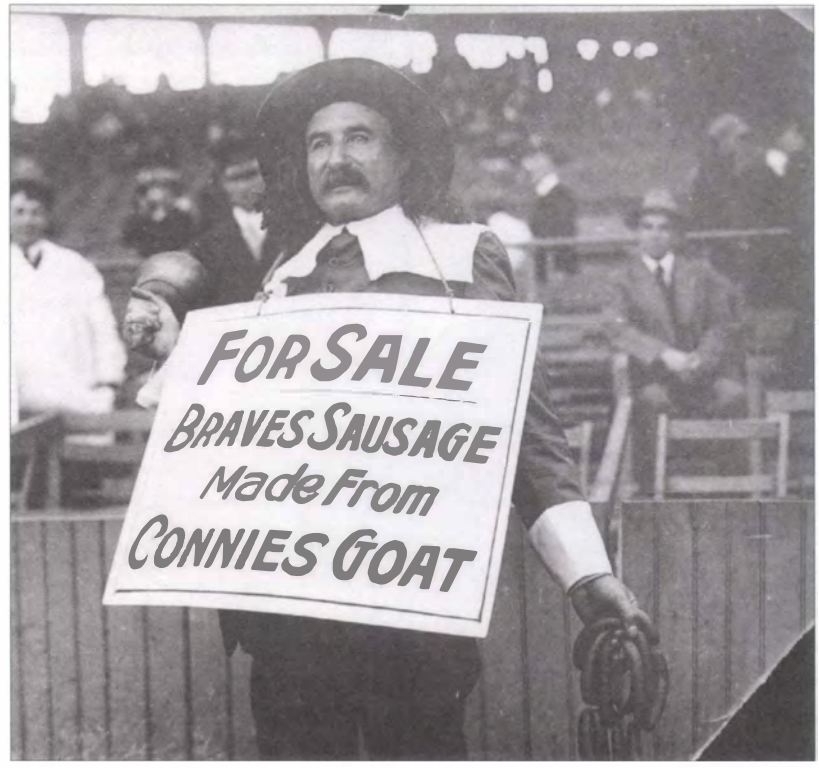
By August 10 they had moved into second place and their feats were duly noted by the Boston press, who made their exploits front page news along with the first battlefield reports of World War I and the daring exploits of Pancho Villa. In a crucial mid-August series at the Polo Grounds against the league-leading Giants, the Braves won three straight as Lefty Tyler, the pride of Derry, New Hampshire, outdueled Christy Mathewson, 2–0, in the third game, surviving a bases-loaded, no-out situation in the bottom of the tenth. By August 23 the Braves had tied the Giants and achieved the impossible by surging from last place to first in five weeks.

Coming into Labor Day the Braves were the toast of Boston. Red Sox owner Joseph Lannin seized a golden public relations and rental opportunity by allowing the Braves to use Fenway Park for all their remaining games, including the World Series. On September 7 the Braves would fill Fenway Park as it had never been filled before or since, with a morning-afternoon Labor Day doubleheader against the Giants that attracted a combined attendance of 76,000.

The crowds began gathering on Lansdowne Street at 7:30 a.m. for the 10:00 morning game. Ticket scalpers made easy money hawking $1 grandstand tickets for $5 and 75-cent general admission tickets for $2.50. By the time the park was filled, the overflow crowd was allowed on the field spanning the outfield, many perched at the base of Duffy's Cliff and upward toward the base of the wooden left-field wall. The Braves won the first game in dramatic fashion by scoring 2 runs in the bottom of the ninth on a Johnny Evers double off Christy Mathewson to secure a 5–4 decision.

Between games of the doubleheader, Braves Hall of Fame shortstop Rabbit Maranville entertained the crowd by sitting on the second base bag while taking throws from catcher Hank Gowdy and outfielder Joe Connolly. The *Boston Post* reported that the roar of the crowd cheering both Maranville and the game action could be heard miles away from the ball yard. They also reported that "It was a typical Boston crowd. They yelled, they brought various noise making implements along with them to show their allegiance to the Braves and they used them with unabated fury... their applause of good plays was deafening and came during practice sessions as well as the game."

In the second game the Braves fell by a score of 10–1, but not until Giants outfielder Fred Snodgrass, he of the Snodgrass Muff fame in the 1912 World Series against the Red Sox , nearly incited a riot. After being hit by a pitch from Lefty Tyler, Snodgrass stood on first and proceeded to thumb his nose at Tyler, the Braves, and the crowd. Tyler responded in kind by doing a perfect pantomime of Snodgrass's famous error which cost the Giants a World Championship in the final Series game of 1912, also played at Fenway Park. During this inning the Giants scored 4 runs, rubbing salt into the wounds of the Braves and 40,000 fans.



While trotting out to take his position in center field, Snodgrass was greeted by a barrage of bottles and garbage. Boston Mayor James Michael Curley then jumped onto the diamond where he attempted to persuade the police lieutenant and umpire Bob Emske to put Snodgrass out of the game for inciting a riot. While both men ignored the mayor's histrionics, Giants manager John McGraw removed his center fielder, feeling his star was of more value alive than dead. Despite the disappointing loss in the second game, the Braves had finally captured the heart and imagination of Boston in one dramatic day at Fenway Park.

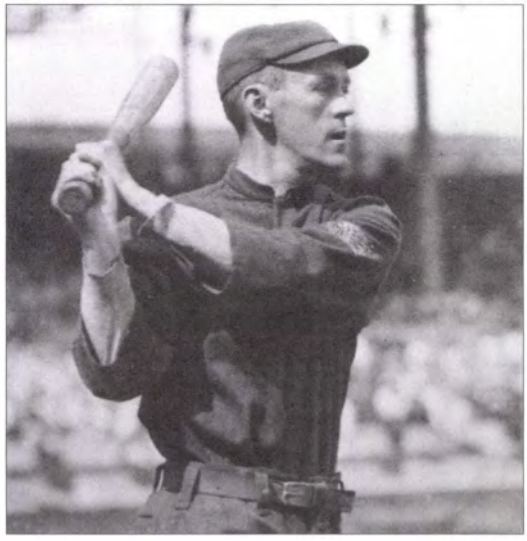
On September 9 the Braves supplied more drama to Fenway, as the park's first no-hitter was thrown by Braves righthander George "Iron" Davis in the second game of a doubleheader against the Phillies. Davis, a Williams College graduate and Harvard Law student, allowed no hits while issuing 5 walks in a 7–0 triumph. In the fifth inning, Davis walked the first three batters and then proceeded to dig himself out of a hole by notching a strikeout and double play to preserve his masterpiece. Such was the magic of the Miracle Braves, where the most unlikely players achieved remarkably under difficult circumstances.

By September 23 the Braves were well on the way to the pennant. Although a column in the *Boston Post* speculated in a typically Calvinistic Bostonian fashion how the Braves could lose to the Giants, a cartoon in another section of the same newspaper depicted the pitching trio of Rudolph, Tyler, and James atop an onrushing steamroller shown crushing the Giants on the road to the pennant. On September 29 the Braves clinched the pennant with a 3–2 victory over the Cubs at Fenway Park. By

A Braves fan exhorts his team to make mincemeat (or sausage) of Connie Mack's Athletics. Photo courtesy of the sports Museum of New England.

season's end the Braves had opened a 10½-game margin over the second-place Giants, while winning 51 games and losing 16 during their unprecedented surge to the World Championship. The performance of the team was epitomized by the achievement of spitballing pitcher Bill James, who won 19 of his last starts with a 1.90 ERA. Second baseman Evers won a narrow vote over teammate Rabbit Maranville with 50 votes to 44 for the Chalmers Award as Most Valuable Player in the National League.

Entering the World Series against Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics, Stallings's team was listed as a two-to-one underdog, with many sportswriters predicting an Athletics victory in four straight games. Mack's team was a powerhouse featuring five future Hall of Famers in Collins, Baker, Plank, Bender, and Pennock, who had helped the Athletics to victories in three of the previous four World Series.



Johnny Evers (top) narrowly beat out teammate Rabbit Maranville (bottom) for the 1914 Chalmers Award as Most Valuable Player in the National League. Photos courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England.

The Series opened at Shibe Park in Philadelphia on October 9 as the Braves, cheered on by a rowdy contingent of 300 Royal Rooters led by former Boston Mayor Honey Fitz Fitzgerald, defeated Chief Bender, the man Connie Mack had called the greatest money pitcher in baseball history, by a score of 7–1. In fact, Bender became the first pitcher Mack ever had to relieve in 22 World Series games, bringing in J. Weldon Wyckoff for his only World Series appearance. Catcher Hank Gowdy led the way for the Braves with a single, double, and triple.

Fans in Boston were treated to the action by attending one of several telegraph re-creations of the game. At the Tremont Street Temple a large display board mounted onstage was outfitted with movable tin players who were moved around the bases by attendants shouting the game's play by play, transmitted by wire to Boston, to a throng who had paid anywhere from 25 to 75 cents apiece to watch their Braves as baseball theater. Similar reenactments were shown at numerous Boston locations throughout the Series, including the Braves' abandoned home, the South End Grounds, where live players ran the bases in response to an announcer shouting through a megaphone.

In Game 2, Braves ace Bill James and Athletics Hall of Famer Eddie Plank engaged in a dramatic pitching duel. The Braves ended the scoreless tie in the ninth as third baseman Charlie Deal stroked a one-out double, then took third on James's groundout and scored on outfielder Les Mann's base hit. The Braves, surrounded by over 500 Royal Rooters, clambered into their dugout at game's end, as Stallings ordered his traveling secretary to ship all their equipment back to Boston. "We won't be coming back," he boldly proclaimed. "It'll be over after two games in Boston."

Game 3 at Fenway Park proved to be the most dramatic of the Series. With ticket prices at $5 for box seats, $3 for grandstand, $2 for pavilion, and $1.50 for bleachers, the Boston faithful filled Fenway to inspire yet another miracle from the Braves. Hank Gowdy would again be the star, as he hit two doubles and a homer while leading the Braves to a 5–4 victory in 12 innings, in the longest Series game ever played to that date. This would also be the only game in the Series in which the Athletics held a lead, which they did three times.

As the darkness of a late autumn afternoon threatened to suspend play, Gowdy clouted his game-winning double into the roped-off crowd standing in the shadow of the left-field wall. Following the game Stallings would say, "If we can win this game, we can't possibly lose tomorrow." With that emphatic statement he promptly canceled the team's train reservations to Philadelphia for the following night. That evening the Braves and their wives were the special guests of George M. Cohan, who treated them to a vaudeville show at the Plymouth Theater.

The next day Dick Rudolph, pitching on three days' rest, set down the Athletics by a score of 3–1 before 34,365 at Fenway Park to clinch the only World Series title in Boston Braves history. As the fans celebrated they raced onto the field where they gathered near the Braves dugout and sang "America," led by the tenor voice of Mayor Curley who stood atop a chair in the dugout. Each Brave took home $2,812.28 as a Series share. The most acclaimed Series hero was catcher Hank Gowdy, who batted .545 in helping the Braves secure the first sweep in Series history and the last until the vaunted 1927 Yankees defeated the Pirates.

On the day following the Series, Stallings had his players hold an open practice at Fenway where the team cavorted for the press and fans. Later that week the team was feted with a banquet thrown by Mayor Curley and the City Council at the Copley Plaza Hotel. At the banquet Stallings was quoted as saying, "There is only one thing lacking to make my business complete and that is to meet that big fat stiff Johnson [American League President Ban Johnson] and laugh in his face."

The 1914 World Championship would be the last for the franchise until the 1957 title won by the Milwaukee incarnation of the team. During their 76-year stay in Boston they left many memories, but the 1914 club provided the sweetest of them. In 1950 their championship was selected by a nationwide poll of sportswriters as the greatest sports upset of the century. Perhaps John B. Foster, writing in the 1915 *Spalding Baseball Guide* summed up both the spirit of the team and its era in the following passage: "It was hard to convince some of the seasoned baseball patrons that here was a team that actually seemed to be playing because the players liked it and were not confining their thoughts to their salaries or worrying for fear that they might work too hard in proportion to their reimbursement."

Let the Games Begin

by Andy Dabilis and Nick Tsiotos

The first World Series would be a best-of-nine affair with the first three games to be played in Boston, at the Huntington Avenue Grounds. The first game was set for Thursday, October 1, 1903. On that morning, the front page of the *Boston Globe* bannered the lead story over a cartoon depicting a gang of pirates, their ship in a harbor behind them, trying to scale a hill on top of which were thick intellectual books for a bunker, with titles like *Ethics of Baseball*, by noted Bostonian Ralph Waldo Emerson, and *Baseball as Taught at Harvard*, poking fun at Boston's working-class city opponents. Behind the Boston players, who were on top of the hill decked in their uniforms, was the Golden Dome of the State House, shining in the sun. The pirate ship carried the flag "Smoke Town," while the pirates on land bore the black skull-and-bones of the raiders. This was war.

The lead pirate, with a polka-dot bandanna, a cutlass in one hand and single-shot revolver in the other, was Honus Wagner, spouting, "I vill make me dose ten home runss alretty yet," and the caption cloud had him signed as Hans Vogner, while another pirate, bearded and brandishing his cutlass, said, "Dis is fer cuttin' into Old Cy."

The barb, of course, was directed at Boston's—and baseball's—best pitcher, Cy Young, who was nestled behind the stack of books on top of the hill, holding a baseball bat and saying to Wagner, "You mean 'Nein,' don't you, Hans?" telling Wagner he was going to get nothing out of the grand old man of the game.

The Pirates had arrived Wednesday at Boston's Hotel Vendome, an imposing gray stone building of ornate design. They were surprised to see so many fans, and gamblers, in the lobby of the elegant hotel, and the atmosphere quickly became testy. The scrappy Pirates outfielder Ginger Beaumont, the fastest man in the game, was having none of the razzing that was starting up and he snapped at some of the fans who were getting too close.

"Well, what the heck are you staring at?" he said between chaws of tobacco. Then he spit close to the crowd and the tension heightened, especially when one Boston fan recognized the quiet, gentlemanly Wagner and got on him.

"Hey, Dutchman, we're going to give you and the Pirates a licking you'll never forget," he said. That was too much even for Wagner.

"Who with? With that old man, Cy Young? Why, we chased him out of the National League years ago," Wagner said, harshly and uncharacteristically. Other players spat profanity and the fans gave it back. Gamblers flashed wads of bills as the scene verged on chaos, and no one made any pretense of hiding the betting interests on the game.[1]

On the eve of the first game, a well-dressed young man walked into the lobby of the Hotel Vendome and looked for some Pirates backers to bet against. He was holding a big roll of bills in his hand, looking smug and ready for some betting action. "Where's the Pittsburgh Rooters?" he tooted. But the Pittsburgh fans had gone out sightseeing and to the theater. He walked up to some of the players sitting in the lobby.

"Tell your boys I'll be at the game tomorrow with $10,000 ready to put up on Boston at 10 to 8." He smiled. "I'll be in the third row of the grandstand with a pink pin in the lapel of my coat and I'll accommodate anyone who has money to bet against Boston." Then he walked out without giving his name.[2]

But other Bostonian bettors had already put big money down on the game, raising some fears that the Series might not be on the level. There had been plenty of talk in baseball about some regular-season games being tossed if they were meaningless so the players could bet and supplement their salaries, but already the stakes were high for the Series, and the players and fans of both cities had taken it personally. It was a chance for the upstart American Leaguers to show they could play on the same field with the older, established National League and especially the vaunted three-time pennant winners the Pirates and their star, Wagner.

The Pirates were accompanied by sportswriters from most of

Fans at the Huntington Avenue Grounds watch the Pilgrims practice before game 3 of the 1903 World Series. Note the ballpark beyond right field—the South End Grounds, home of the NL Boston Beaneaters (see page 36). Photo courtesy of Mark Rucker.

Pittsburgh's newspapers, eager to record the monumental event and enjoy the trip. The *Pittsburg Leader* captured the mood of intensity.[3] "The eyes of the whole baseball world are on this city today, for this afternoon will open about the most important and widely interesting series in the history of the national game," the paper reported.

Pittsburg Post sportswriter John H. Gruber, also the team's official scorer—and unofficial cheerleader—was surprised nonetheless to see the degree of excitement in the city. The Pirates, of course, had come to Boston often to play the National League Boston Beaneaters, but this was a different foe for a higher stake. Gruber wrote his lead for the next day's paper: "The Pittsburg champions arrived in Boston this morning and found the old town all agog over the coming struggle for the world's championship. Everybody here is talking about the games." He noted the intense gambling too, although he said Pittsburgh's player-manager, left fielder Fred Clarke, had warned his players to stay away. "There is no betting by the Pittsburg players, on the advice of Clarke who thought it would influence their play."

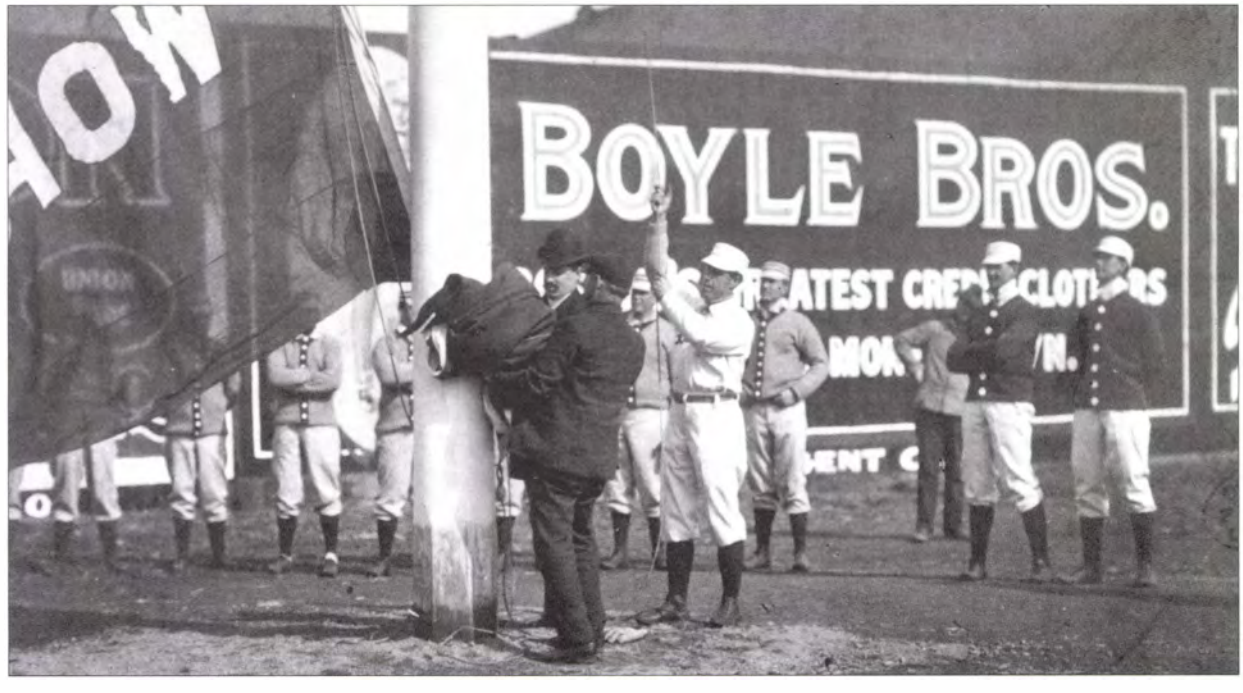
The *Boston Globe* said, "Both clubs contain seasoned players and it is safe to say that the Pittsburg boys have never before faced such a proposition as now confronts them." A lot of money was being placed on bets, and the story said there would be a keen eye being placed on the players. "Errors may be looked for, as the players have much at stake, and they are more likely to miscue than when there was little or nothing at stake," the *Globe* cautioned.[4]

Knowing those stakes, privately Clarke was worried about the staff that had thrown 6 consecutive shutouts and 56 scoreless innings during a summer run that saw them pulling away from the field en route to an impressive pennant-winning performance, but now had come up lame. He was especially downcast about Ed Doheny, the left-handed pitcher who had a mental breakdown and was now with his wife and child in nearby Andover. Clarke had hoped that Doheny would somehow recover and be able to play and he was worried that the Pirate staff, thin from injury, wouldn't be able to hold back the Boston hitters. Before the Series, he had sent Doheny a telegram to see if he was able to play and told reporters wondering about the pitcher, "If he shows his old time skill, he certainly will be used as he is the only left-hander on the squad."[5] But that was for show only. Clarke also had several everyday players nursing injuries, especially Wagner, who had a bad leg, and was without Otto Krueger, a catcher the Pirates had picked up who had been beaned late in the season and was still unable to play. Clarke was beginning to wonder if the challenge to play Boston was such a good idea because he was so shorthanded.

Boston had two left-handed hitters in the lineup in leadoff man Patsy Dougherty, who was fast and big at 6'2", 190 pounds, and cagey veteran Chick Stahl, while first baseman Candy LaChance was a switch hitter. Clarke hoped his team's lineup, which included left-handed hitters Beaumont and himself at the top of the order and young Jimmy Sebring, followed by second baseman and switch hitter Claude "Little All Right" Ritchey, would cause problems for Boston's lineup of big right-handed power pitchers. Clarke had already decided to go with Deacon Phillippe, his shy right-handed ace, to open on the mound. Phillippe had the manner of a preacher and was punctilious. Although adored for his genuine niceness, he was a hard competitor who would give no quarter.

"If I am chosen to work for Pittsburg I will pitch the best ball of my career. I was never in better shape for hard, grueling work in my life. I have been on edge right along and the rest I have had has put me in the best possible physical condition," Phillippe said. "If I pitch, I am confident of winning. There is not the least doubt in my mind as to the result of today's game. Our boys will get after Collins' men from the start and the pace the Nationals will set will be too hot for the Americans to follow. If we do not win, it will be a great disappointment."[6] Especially for the team's owner, Barney Dreyfuss, who had put the prestige of the National League on the line.

Of course, the Pirates had Wagner as the leader on the field, although his manner was even more reserved than Phillippe's.



Nick Tsiotos is a schoolteacher in Boston. He was graduated from Suffolk University in Boston, where he starred on the basketball team before playing professional basketball in Greece. **Andy Dabilis** is a senior account manager for Regan Communications in Boston. He worked at the *Boston Globe* for 17 years as a staff writer and an assistant editor and has taught journalism at Boston universities and in Greece. Tsiotos and Dabilis are coauthors of the biography of former Red Sox first baseman Harry Agganis, *The Golden Greek: An All-American Story*, and *Running with Pheidippides*, about Stylianos Kyriakides, the 1946 winner of the Boston Marathon.

But while Wagner was the team's spiritual leader, third baseman Tommy Leach was a sparkplug, even at 5'6", 150 pounds. He was a terrier, a scrapper whose almost bellicose style of play was belied by his choir boy good looks, slicked-back black hair, and hint of a little boy smile. He had a swollen finger, but said he would play nonetheless, even wearing a bandage. There was a good deal of swaggering and boasting going on—mostly between fans—and Leach felt the Pirates could not lose, although he had to be drawn into saying so.

"You see, it's not up to me to have much to say. You had better see Mr. Dreyfuss or Fred Clarke. They'll tell you all about it," he offered. "Personally, I think we have it all over them. I don't see how we can lose. We know the Boston Americans are in the upper class as a ball team and nobody but a lunatic would deny that. Still, we have been playing together a long time and our pitchers are all in good shape. The Boston Americans will realize they are up against the toughest proposition yet when they stack up against Pittsburg today. It will be fight from the drop of the hat, and no doubt the better team will win the series."[7]

Clarke said he was so sure of victory now that "I can't see the result any other way. The team to a man feels the same way. Reports about Leach's injury are exaggerated and he will be in the game in good shape. Boston people have not seen us play on fast grounds such as those on Huntington Avenue, which are like our own and we will show them some speedy baseball."[8] That was for public consumption.

Of course, Clarke told another Pittsburgh sportswriter that he also felt the Pirates might be able to sweep the first five games and run the Boston team out of the Series before they could even catch their breath or make sure their spikes were on tight. "I feel confident that we shall win, although I expect it will take eight games to settle it. I figure that we shall win two out of three in Boston," he said.[9] Boston's leading gambler, Sport Sullivan, didn't agree. He took a bet of $2,000 on Pittsburgh against $2,500 on Boston.[10]

Even the quiet and businesslike Dreyfuss was feeling good about the Pirates' chances. "I've come a long way from the west to see my boys take two out of three here. I do not underrate the Boston Americans but I do think the Pittsburg team has something on them. Of course, I've made a wrong guess before, but I think candidly and truly that the Pittsburg team is the best in the country, and I know that right here in Boston, you have one too," said Dreyfuss.[11]

Fred Clarke, known as "Cap," was a 5'10", 165-pound Iowan who was in his tenth year with the team, including four when they were in Louisville before moving to Pittsburgh. He had finished second in hitting in the National League at .351, just behind Wagner's .355. "All I care to say is that I never went into a game yet that I did not expect to win. You can say that we will be in the game with heads, hands and feet tomorrow," he said.[12]

On the day before the first game, the Boston players were at the Huntington Avenue Grounds practicing loosely, looking confident. The Americans had a lot of veterans from the National League who were not daunted by the prospect of playing men they had faced before. The Americans' manager, Jimmy Collins, walked over to Cy Young. "You'll be in the box tomorrow."

"All right," Young smiled, pulling up his 6'2", 210-pound frame. "I will try to be there." Collins was not put off by his counterpart, Clarke, who earlier said the Pirates would sweep the Bostonians. "I am not underrating the men from Pittsburg, but will not take Fred Clarke's word for it when he says they will win in five straight," Collins said, no levity in his manner, stance, or voice. But then he smiled and said, "We will pick up a few games, all right."

Collins said he was confident because seven of his starters, excepting only LaChance and Dougherty, had been together since the team was formed two years earlier, at the beginning of the American League, and knew each other's movements well. "They know each other to the dot," he said. "I know that Pittsburg will face a much stronger team today than they have been up against all year."[13]

"Personally, I think we have it all over them. I don't see how we can lose. . . . It will be fight from the drop of the hat, and no doubt the better team will win the series."

— Tommy Leach, Pirates third baseman

Boston was ready for the clash of cultures and teams. The first game of the first real World Series had become a social as much as a sporting event. At Mike "Nuf Ced" McGreevey's Third Base Saloon, players, politicians, celebrities, and fans crowded together in anticipation of a battle royal, games where the ballfield would become a battlefield for bragging rights between the two cities, Smoke Town and the Athens of America. In Pittsburgh, residents picked up the *Pittsburg Gazette* on the day of the game to see the headline "The Pirates Are in Fine Fettle for the Fray" and were told, "People were baseball crazy."[14] It was going to be a good day for it, mild weather for New England, with the temperature about 60 degrees.

Reporters who got assignments to mingle with the crowd and keep their ears open for comments found themselves up against the hardest kind of proposition, especially when they got to the ballpark and found it submerged in humanity. The Huntington Avenue Grounds wouldn't hold more than 9,000 people comfortably, and even the large contingent of police that Boston business manager Joseph Smart had hired weren't enough to handle the crowds that suddenly swarmed down the broad path of Huntington Avenue the late morning of October 1. The path to the park's entrance went along the first-base side, while the 12-foot-high outfield fence, bordering Huntington Avenue, was not high enough to keep fans from getting on each other's shoulders and trying to shinny up to see. Others resorted to climbing telephone poles and perched precariously to get a sight. It seemed like the crowd estimates of 15,000 would be too low.

By 2:30 p.m., there were more than 12,000 fans in the stands and on the field. Many women and their escorts tried to get into the grandstands but were pushed back to the outfield behind the ropes. Hundreds of other fans who had seated themselves on the grass in front of the bleachers that started out along the third-base line were directed back to the roped-off outfield by swarms of police.

Five minutes before the game, former heavyweight boxing champion Gentleman Jim Corbett, who beat Boston's bare-knuckles champion John L. Sullivan, showed up and was treat-

Opposite page: The Boston Pilgrims raise the World Series flag over Huntington Avenue Grounds at the start of the 1904 season. Photo courtesy of the Sports Museum of New England.

ed to front-row seats. The players' benches were at ground level, the players' bats lined up in front of them on the ground. The police, in their high round hats, stood by the players guarding them because of the propensity of the fans to shout loudly, argue with each other, scream at the umpires, and even try to come out on the field. The Royal Rooters had brought their own band, including a large drum, hoping to disconcert the Pirates. They lined up behind the first-base side, the uniformed brass band playing tunes trying to hop up the crowd, while the Pirates fans occupied front seats directly over the Pittsburgh playing bench.

The official attendance in the park with a capacity of about 9,000 was 16,242. Boston owner Henry Killilea, who had put up a lot of money for the team, was especially anxious and anticipating a profit. A Boston sportswriter said the fans owed Killilea for putting the team together: "By personal sacrifices, by business sacrifices, by the application, earnest and steady, of a mind that has no superior, he has placed Boston at the head of the American League and he has the gratitude of all Boston lovers of clean baseball."[15]

Now it was time to play ball.

NOTES

1. "Ready to Battle for the World's Championship," *Boston Globe*, Oct. 1, 1903, p. 1.
2. Ibid.
3. From 1890 to 1911, the city used the spelling Pittsburg.
4. M. B. Webb, "Play Ball," *Boston Globe*, Oct. 1, 1903.
5. "Champions Go to Battle in Pretty Bad Shape," *Pittsburg Post*, Sept. 29, 1903.
6. "Pirates in Fine Shape to Play Boston Americans," *Pittsburg Gazette*, Sept. 29, 1903.
7. Ibid.
8. "Champions Go to Battle."
9. "Pirates Ready for Hard Games," *Pittsburg Gazette*, Oct. 1, 1903.
10. "Big Bets on Pittsburg-Americans Series," *Boston Post*, Sept. 29, 1903.
11. "Pirates Ready for Hard Games."
12. "Champions Go to Battle."
13. "Ready to Battle."
14. "Pirates in Fine Fettle for the Fray," *Pittsburg Post*, Oct. 1, 1903.
15. "Ready to Battle."

Nutmeg Nines: Major League Baseball in Connecticut

by David Arcidiacono

Major league baseball in Connecticut? Never happen, right? Well, actually it already did, and in three different cities no less. Middletown, Hartford, and New Haven all fielded major league teams, and it was tiny Middletown and its Mansfield club that led the way.

The pioneering Mansfields began as an amateur team in 1866 when a ballclub was established at Middletown's Douglas Pump Company. The factory owner's third son, 16-year-old Ben Douglas Jr., was a great lover of baseball and he organized several employees into a ballclub. The name "Mansfields" honored General Joseph Mansfield, a Middletown native, Civil War hero, and, more importantly, young Ben's great-uncle.

Despite losing their first match, 50–1, the Mansfields showed steady improvement over the next four years. They acquired better-skilled players and expanded the number and geographic range of their games. 1870 was the Mansfields' breakthrough year as they constructed an enclosed field, which allowed them to charge admission fees. They also made their first extended road trip and played their first games against professional clubs. The season culminated with the Mansfields' election as amateur champions of Connecticut.

After a somewhat disappointing 1871 season, the spring of 1872 found the Mansfields ready to continue as amateurs. Ben Douglas was negotiating with Harry Wright, manager of the professional Boston Red Stockings, to bring Boston to Middletown for a game. Discussions stalled over monetary guarantees, so Wright advised Douglas that if the Mansfields truly wanted to play professional clubs they should join the National Association of Professional Base Ball Players, the nation's first professional league and the forerunner of today's National League.

The Mansfields were certainly a good amateur team, but joining the professional league was a huge leap. It was true that they had played well against some pro teams, but the fact remained that they had not defeated a single one. Besides concerns about the team's talent, Douglas was undoubtedly aware that Middletown's small population would not guarantee the club's financial survival. Middletown's population of 11,000 paled in comparison to other National Association cities like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, which all boasted more than a quarter-million people.

Despite these rather daunting obstacles, Douglas boldly sent the $10 entry fee to the league's Championship Committee. This shocking move was resisted by the baseball establishment and caused sportswriter Henry Chadwick to write, "Inasmuch as the Mansfields have hitherto claimed to be an amateur club, and not in any way professional, it is not thought that the Professional Championship Committee can allow them to enter."[1] However, the simple truth was that by tendering the $10 fee, Middletown had fulfilled the National Association's sole requirement for entry and was now a major league city.

The Mansfields were talented but young—so young, in fact,

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that all players made their professional debut in the Mansfields' 1872 Opening Day game. The nine included solid catcher John Clapp, colorful Tim Murnane, and verbose Jim "Orator" O'Rourke. In mid-season they added legendary (but past prime) pitcher Asa Brainard, who had found fame with the dominant 1869 Cincinnati Red Stockings.

During their one season of major league ball, the Mansfields struggled for survival against big-city teams, sparse attendance, crooked umpires, scheduling fiascoes, and more. One memorable episode occurred on July 4 when two teams arrived in Middletown to play the Mansfields. With their eye squarely on the gate receipts, the Mansfields quickly chose to play the mighty Red Stockings and send the amateur Elizabeth (New Jersey) Resolutes packing. On another occasion Middletown played an uphill struggle against the New York Mutuals, who were conspicuously aided by the umpire, Richard Higham, who later became the only umpire expelled for betting on games. The Mansfields disbanded in mid-August with their coffers empty, victims of Middletown's small fan base. Their 5–19 record was good for eighth place.

Two of the Mansfields have been honored by the National Baseball Hall of Fame. Jim O'Rourke batted .310 in a 22-year major league career, after which he returned to Connecticut and organized the Connecticut League in 1897, acting as owner, manager, and catcher for the Bridgeport Orators. In 1904, at age 52, O'Rourke became the oldest man to play a complete game, catching for the pennant-winning New York Giants and recording the final base hit of his career. O'Rourke's prolific career was recognized with his election to the Hall of Fame in 1945. Tim Murnane had a steady 11-year career at first base and then became the opinionated, humorous sports editor of the *Boston Globe* in 1887. He is said to have virtually invented the regular baseball column. His accomplishments were honored in 1978 with his selection as the J. G. Taylor Spink Award winner for baseball writing.

Once the Mansfields ceased operations, most people felt there would never be another major league ballclub in Connecticut. Ben Douglas Jr. was not one of those people. Douglas knew that the National Association still wanted a club between New York and Boston so that teams traveling between those cities could get a night's rest and earn some gate money. Douglas was painfully aware, however, that a larger market than Middletown was required. Convinced that Hartford was the answer, Douglas became the driving force in returning professional baseball to the Nutmeg State in 1874.

Douglas gathered many prominent businessmen to discuss pro baseball in Hartford. During the meeting he persuaded them to open their wallets, explaining that professional baseball not only benefited the host city but could also prove profitable to investors. Douglas's efforts resulted in $5,000 for a new Connecticut team, $600 of which was his own money.

The Hartford Dark Blues won their first four games, but things quickly deteriorated and the team finished seventh of eight teams in a season marked by disciplinary problems, especially with top pitcher and notorious drinker Cherokee Fisher. In addition, the club's best hitter, William Boyd, deserted the team in mid-season to join the Brooklyn Fire Department, and young catcher Tommy Barlow missed time after being injured trying to catch the blazing fastballs of Fisher. The injury itself did not stop him from playing, but the doctor's subsequent prescription of morphine did. Barlow became addicted to the painkiller and couldn't kick the habit, effectively ending his career.

In 1875 the Dark Blues completely revamped their roster, retaining only one player from their first year. Their most important acquisitions were pitchers Candy Cummings, "inventor" of the curveball, and hard-throwing teenager Tommy Bond. Iron-fisted Bob Ferguson was brought in as player-manager.

The Dark Blues started strongly again, winning their first 12 games, leading to a showdown against the also undefeated Boston Red Stockings. Ten thousand spectators were on hand for the big game as Hartford practically shut down for the afternoon. Included in the throng was Hartford resident Mark Twain, who during the course of the game had his umbrella stolen by a young boy. Twain offered $5 for the umbrella's return, adding, "I do not want the boy (in an active state) but will pay two hundred dollars for his remains." The Dark Blues lost the match 10–5 and quickly fell off the blistering pace set by the Red Stockings, finishing a distant second. Captain Ferguson's fiery temper and constant tongue-lashing of his men were tolerable when the club was winning but became a destructive force when they were losing. The players' resistance to his style of leadership was often manifested on the field by loud complaining, or "growling," in the nineteenth century vernacular.

Ben Douglas Jr. (second from right) brought major league baseball to Middletown in 1872, Hartford in 1874, and Providence in 1878. Thus, of the six New England cities that have had major league baseball, Ben Douglas Jr. organized the original teams in three of them. Photo courtesy of Middlesex County [CT] Historical Society.

In 1876 Hartford became one of eight teams admitted to the newly formed National League, and the club's president, Morgan Bulkeley, was named president of the league. With essentially the same team, and with the breakup of the Red Stockings, hopes of taking the pennant were high. In July Hartford was just one victory behind first-place Chicago, but the Dark Blues would get no closer and again finished second. The year was marked by even more growling, culminating with star pitcher Tommy Bond accusing his manager of throwing games, a charge that the upstanding Ferguson vehemently

denied. Bond quickly retracted his accusations, but Hartford still suspended him for the final two months of the season and tore up his contract for 1877. This proved to be a huge mistake as Bond would win 40 or more games with Boston in each of the next three years.

Losing considerable money in Hartford, Bulkeley plotted with the New York Mutuals' William Cammeyer to move his club to Brooklyn once the Mutuals were expelled from the league for not completing their 1876 schedule. The club became known as the Brooklyn Hartfords and finished third in what proved to be the team's final major league season.

The 1875 season also saw a new Connecticut team make its debut in the National Association. The New Haven Elm City club started poorly, losing its first 15 games, including the first match ever between major league teams from Connecticut. In this game Hartford defeated New Haven 6–3 before 5,000 boisterous fans. New Haven finally notched its first victory of the season on May 31 and two weeks later surprised Hartford for its second win.

The New Haven club hits its high mark on July 2 with a stunning 10–5 victory over a Boston club that would finish with 71 victories and only 8 losses. Two months later the club hit its low mark when two players were accused of stealing an expensive coat from a hotel in London, Ontario. New Haven police arrested Billy Geer and Henry Luff and searched the room they shared in New Haven, finding a vast array of contraband, including the missing coat. This led the *Chicago Tribune* to note, "Housebreaking is a new accomplishment for ball-players, but Connecticut gets up many new ideas." The Elm City club finished the year at 7–40.

Plans to field an improved nine for 1876 were short-circuited with the formation of the National League, which limited its number to eight select clubs, New Haven not being one of them. After learning of their exclusion, New Haven immediately petitioned the National League for admission, explaining that the previous year's problem with stolen goods was behind them, the offenders having been replaced with players of good character. The *Boston Globe* summed up their argument this way: "The New Haven base-ballists say they want to come in. They won't steal anymore clothes or watches and they say it's a mean, nasty shame that Hartford should be let in and New Haven left out in the cold." The eight National League clubs voted on New Haven's appeal to become the league's ninth team. Unanimous approval was required, but two clubs voted against them so New Haven was out. The official reason for exclusion was that New Haven did not meet the requirement for a population of 75,000 residents, this despite the fact that the 1870 census showed New Haven and its 50,840 citizens to be significantly larger than Hartford with only 37,180. Although not a member in 1876, New Haven defeated several National League teams, including Hartford twice, leading many to conclude that New Haven should have been allowed into the league instead of the weak Cincinnati entry.

Connecticut's three major league clubs have not been forgotten. All three are currently represented by vintage baseball teams that adhere to the rules, customs, and uniforms of the 19th-century game.

NOTE

1. *New York Clipper*, April 20, 1872.

The 26-Inning Duel

by Norman L. Macht

On Saturday morning, May 1, 1920, Joe Oeschger looked up from the newspaper and laughed. "The weather forecast says fair today," the 6'1", 195-pound Boston Braves pitcher said to his roommate, outfielder Les Mann. They both glanced out the window. It was raining steadily, a cold, gray, wet, and windy morning, not unusual for the first day of May in Boston.[1]

They went down to the dining room of the Brunswick Hotel, where they shared a room when the team was home, ordered breakfast, and divided the newspaper. Oeschger read the *Globe*'s account of the Friday game. Braves pitcher Hugh McQuillan had shut out the Brooklyn Dodgers, 3–0. The game had taken just over an hour and a half.

"Who's pitching for the Dodgers today, if we play?" Mann asked.

"It looks like Leon Cadore. Golly," Oeschger said, "I'd like to get even with him." Ten days earlier the two had hooked up in an 11-inning duel, Cadore winning it, 1–0.

There was no mention of the Boston starting pitcher. Manager George Stallings liked to wait until just before game time to name his starter.

Oeschger checked the standings. Brooklyn, managed by Wilbert Robinson, was 8–4, in second place. They were fast, had some good hitters led by Zack Wheat, and a top-flight pitching staff. They had won the pennant in 1916 and some experts predicted they would give the favored Giants a run for it in 1920.

The Braves were 4– 5. They had gotten great pitching so far, were strong defensively, but weak at the plate. Nobody was hitting over .250. Since their miracle finish and upset sweep of the Philadelphia Athletics in 1914, they had slid into the second division.

"Looks like a day off," Mann said. "What do you want to do?"

"Guess we'll go to a show."

They finished a leisurely breakfast at noon and went out on the porch. The rain had stopped. The cold wind had not. Stallings had a rule: All players had to report to the clubhouse even if it was pouring. So Oeschger and Mann went up to their room for sweaters, then walked up Commonwealth Avenue to Braves Field.

Oeschger watched the trainer, Jimmy Neery, put a clean bandage on shortstop Rabbit Maranville's left hand. Maranville

had continued to play with a bruised, lacerated hand. He'd had a few shots of whiskey already; it was never too early in the day for the Rabbit to down a few. Then Oeschger had a rubdown.

At 2:30 there was a brief, heavy shower. Then the clouds scudded quickly out to sea. About 3,500 hardy fans had huddled in pockets scattered about the 38,000-seat stands. Just 15 minutes before the 3:00 game time, they decided to play the game. It was just one Saturday afternoon, early-season game , but it would put two sub-.500 pitchers into the record books forever.

George Stallings was very superstitious and given to playing hunches. Bats had to be placed in exact order and kept that way, especially during a rally. The drinking cup had to hang just so on the water cooler. Before the game, a Brooklyn player casually walked past the Braves dugout and scattered some peanuts. A few damp pigeons swooped down.

"Get those birds out of here," Stallings roared. He hated pigeons, and the other teams knew it. He wore out his benchwarmers' arms throwing pebbles to chase the birds. On the road—there was no Sunday baseball in Boston—he usually pitched Oeschger, a regular churchgoer, on Sundays.

A southern gentleman who had gone to Johns Hopkins intending to be a doctor, he usually wore street clothes in the dugout. Stallings held a meeting to go over the opponent's lineup before every game. Today he gave the ball to Joe Oeschger to pitch.

In the visitor's clubhouse Wilbert Robinson was entertaining the writers with stories of the good old Baltimore Orioles days. The popular, easygoing Uncle Robbie wasn't much for pregame meetings.

Both Joe Oeschger and Leon Cadore had been their teams' most effective hurlers in the early going. Oeschger, a power pitcher, had given up two earned runs in 35 innings. Cadore, a curveball artist, had pitched 35 scoreless innings against the Yankees coming north from spring training. He had shut out Boston in that 11-inning game on April 20, but had lost his last start against the Giants.

The umpires were William McCormick, a second-year man, behind the plate, and Robert F. Hart, a rookie, on the bases.

The temperature was 49 when Oeschger threw the first pitch.

They ran off four fast, scoreless innings. In the top of the fifth, Oeschger dug a hole for himself. He walked catcher Ernie Krueger. Cadore then hit a sharp bounder to the mound, a perfect double-play ball. In his rush to get two, Oeschger juggled the ball and had to settle for the out at first. With a two-strike count, Ivy Olson hit a broken-bat blooper over Maranville's head that scored Krueger.

When the inning ended, Oeschger stalked off the mound muttering to himself for his clumsiness. As if to make up for his misplay, he led off the bottom of the fifth with a long double, but was left stranded at second.

Outfielder Wally Cruise, first up in the bottom of the sixth, lined a triple off the scoreboard in left. Walt Holke then blooped a Texas Leaguer back of shortstop. Zack Wheat raced in and speared it off his shoe tops just beyond the infield dirt. Cruise, thinking it might drop in, was halfway to home plate. The third baseman had gone out after the ball, so there was nobody on third to take a throw from Wheat, and Cruise made it back safely. Tony Boeckel followed with a single to center, scoring Cruise with the tying run.

Maranville laced a double to right center. Wally Hood chased it down and threw home as Boeckel rounded third. Cadore cut off the throw and relayed it to the plate in time to nip Boeckel. The Brooklyn catcher, Krueger, was spiked on the play. Rowdy Elliott replaced him.

Joe Oeschger went out for the seventh inning even more angry with himself. But for his poor fielding in the fifth, he would have a 1–0 lead now, and the way he was going he was confident that would have been enough. He bore down and retired the side on three pitches.

Cadore had been hit hard, but was saved by several fielding gems. In the eighth, Mann led off with a single. Cruise sacrificed him to second. Holke lined one back through the box; Cadore instinctively knocked it down and threw him out. Twice more he stopped line drives that would have scored a run. Wheat and Neis were pulling off impossible catches.

Official Box Score of 1920 Record Game

(Box Score is reprinted from Oakland Tribune of May 2, 1920)

Joe Oeschger, Oakland boy and a product of St. Mary's College, was the hero of the world's record game played yesterday when the Brooklyn and Boston teams stepped twenty-six innings to a tie score. Joe pitched the entire game for Boston. Rowdy Elliott, former Oak, caught for the Brooklyn club. Here is the box score of the world's record game:

BROOKLYN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Olson, 2b	10	0	1	9	0	0
Neis, rf	10	0	1	6	9	1
Johnston, 3b	10	0	2	3	1	0
Wheat, lf	9	0	2	3	0	0
Meyers, cf	2	0	1	2	0	0
Hood, cf	6	0	1	8	1	0
Konetchy, 1b	9	0	1	30	1	0
Ward, ss	10	0	0	5	3	1
Krueger, c	2	1	0	4	3	0
Elliott, c	7	0	0	7	3	0
Cadore, p	10	0	0	1	13	0
Totals	85	1	9	78	34	2

x—Batted for O'Neil in ninth.

BOSTON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Powell, cf	7	0	1	8	0	0
Pick, 2b	11	0	0	5	10	2
Mann, lf	10	0	2	6	0	0
Cruise, rf	9	1	1	4	0	0
Holke, 1b	10	0	2	43	1	0
Borkel, 3b	11	0	3	1	7	0
Maranville, ss	10	0	3	1	9	0
O'Neil, c	2	0	0	4	3	0
Christenbury x	1	0	1	0	0	0
Gowdy, c	6	0	1	6	1	0
Oeschger, p	8	0	1	0	11	0
Totals	85	1	15	78	42	2

SCORE BY INNINGS:

Brooklyn	000 010 000 000 000 000 000 000 00—1	9	2
Boston	000 001 000 000 000 000 000 000 00—1	15	2

Summary: Two-base hits, Maranville, Oeschger. Three-base hits, Cruise. Stolen bases, Myers, Hood. Sacrifice hits, Hood, Oeschger, Powell, O'Neil, Holke, Cruise. Double plays, Olson to Konetchy, Oeschger to Gowdy to Holke to Gowdy. Left on bases, Brooklyn 11, Boston 16. Base on balls, off Cadore 5, off Oeschger 4. Struck out, by Cadore 6, by Oeschger 7. Wild pitch, Oeschger. Umpires, Hart and McCormick. Time, 3:50.

Reprinted October 6, 1966, by THE FERNDALE ENTERPRISE in a story about Joe Oeschger, Ferndale, California.

The Braves, too, were on their toes. Catcher Mickey O'Neil picked off two runners at first base.

Boston looked like they would win it in the ninth. Maranville led off with a base hit to left. Lloyd Christenbury pinch-hit for O'Neil and bunted down the first base line. Cadore fielded it, but the throw hit the runner in the back as he stepped on first. Oeschger sacrificed them to second and third. Ray Powell walked. With the bases full and one out, the Brooklyn infield played in. Charlie Pick hit a sharp hopper toward right. Second baseman Ivy Olson stabbed it, swiped at Powell coming down from first, and threw to first for the double play. Powell had gone out of the baseline to avoid the tag and was called out.

So they went to the 10th, the 11th, the 12th, the 13th, the 14th. Three up, three down for the Dodgers, little more for the Braves.

Hank Gowdy, one of the heroes of the 1914 world champ-

ions, replaced O'Neil behind the plate in the 10th. He had trouble holding on to Oeschger's pitches, boxing the ball, dropping it more often than catching it.

Gowdy went to the mound. "What the hell are you throwing?" he asked.

"Just a fastball."

"God almighty, it's breaking one way one time and somewhere else the next time."

"Well," Oeschger replied, "I don't know which way it's going to move either."

Despite the damp chill, nobody left the park. After the 18th inning they cheered each pitcher as he left the mound or came up to bat.

It began to drizzle in the 11th. The wind blew in from center field. It was getting colder. Necks, backs, and arms were chilled by the cold and dampness. Muscles tightened. Between innings, players on both benches put on heavy sweaters.

The Braves threatened in the 15th. Cruise walked. Holke hit a little dribbler toward third. Johnston's throw to second was too late. Two on, nobody out. Boeckel put down a bunt, but the ball stopped dead on the soggy third base line. Elliott picked it up and forced Cruise at third. Maranville hit a comebacker to Cadore, and Holke was forced at third. Gowdy flied out.

Oeschger led off the 16th determined to win his own game. He hit a shot that looked like it might clear the left-field scoreboard. Wheat, using the fence for a springboard, leaped up and caught it. Oeschger kicked at the dirt near second base as he headed back to the dugout.

As they took the field for the 17th, Rabbit Maranville, never silent at shortstop, chirped, "Just one more inning, Joe. We'll get a run for you. Hold on."

Oeschger was beginning to tire. Still, he thought, if Stallings asks if I want to come out, my answer will be an emphatic no.

Stallings never asked. "Hold them one more inning, Joe," was all he said. "We'll get them."

The Dodgers came close to winning it in the 17th. Zack Wheat opened with a single to right. Hood sacrificed him to second. First baseman Ed Konetchy grounded sharply to Maranville, who couldn't handle it. Base hit. First and third, one out. Chuck Ward bounced one to Maranville, who threw to third hoping to catch Wheat off the base. But Zack was wary and scrambled back ahead of the throw. Bases loaded, one out. Rowdy Elliott was up. The catcher hit back to the mound. This time Oeschger fielded it cleanly and threw home to force Wheat. Gowdy's throw to first was over Elliott's head and to the right of the base. Holke dove to his left and knocked the ball down as Elliott crossed the bag. Konetchy rounded third and bolted for home. The left-handed first baseman Holke threw home while going down to the ground. The throw was on the first base side of the plate. Gowdy reached out and caught it and lunged through the air across home plate, the ball in his bare hand, into the spikes of Konetchy sliding in. Koney bumped the ball with his shin, but Gowdy held on and the threat was over. It was the last one for the Robins.

Ordinarily fans like to see plenty of hitting and scoring. This day they were getting more than their money's worth of pitching and fielding thrills. Despite the damp chill, nobody left the park. After the 18th inning they cheered each pitcher as he left the mound or came up to bat.

In the Brooklyn dugout, veteran pitcher Rube Marquard, who had pitched plenty of long games himself, said to Cadore's roommate, utility infielder Ray Schmandt, "I hope Leon won't be affected by this strain. I hate to see him stay in this long."

"Caddy is pure grit," Schmandt said. "He'll win out."

Uncle Robbie didn't have the heart to take him out. And Cadore wouldn't have come out if he had been asked.

Cadore had been hit hard and often, and had at least one runner on base in each of the first nine innings. But now he was aided by the enclosing twilight and the soiled, discolored ball that remained in play.

Oeschger had allowed nine hits, all singles. He was tired, but he had been more fatigued in some nine-inning games when he had to pitch out of a lot of pinches. This was an easy outing. He seemed to grow stronger as the game went on. He figured he had the advantage in the deepening dusk and did not want the game to be called. He was a fastball pitcher, Cadore a curver. The hitters would have more trouble seeing his stuff. He saved his strength by bearing down only when he had to, which wasn't often. The Dodgers went out in order more often than not. After the 17th Oeschger pitched a nine-inning no-hitter, giving up a walk in the 22nd.

Neither pitcher was looking for strikeouts, which take a lot of pitches. And their control was good. Oeschger wound up walking three, striking out four. Cadore walked five, struck out eight. They wasted little time or motion, routinely taking only three or four warm-up pitches at the start of an inning. Every inning might be the last, would probably be the last, they thought.

The feeling grew on both benches that it would be a shame

The AL's Longest Games

by Norman L. Macht

There must be something in the air or the beans or the brown bread in Boston: In addition to the 26-inning NL game of May 1, 1920—major league baseball's longest—the first two record-length games in American League history that were completed in one afternoon also took place in Boston. As was true of the 26-inning job, every starting pitcher in those games went the route. And both games involved the Philadelphia Athletics.

On the afternoon of July 4, 1905, Rube Waddell started against Cy Young. At 38, Young had already won over 400 games.

Boston touched up Waddell for two quick runs in the first. The A's tied it in the sixth when Bris Lord singled and Harry Davis hit one of his league-leading eight home runs. At the end of nine it was still 2–2.

When fatigue set in, it was the Boston infield, not Young, who succumbed. Danny Murphy led off for the A's in the top of the 20th and hit a grounder to Jimmy Collins at third. Collins booted it. Young, who had not walked a batter, then threw his most erratic pitch of the day, a one-strike fastball that hit Jack Knight on the hand. Monte Cross ran for him. First and second, no outs. Ossee Schreckengost popped a bunt toward second.

for either pitcher to lose such a game. Even the home plate umpire, McCormick, later admitted that after the 22nd inning he hoped the game would end in a tie.

The fielders never flagged. Holke took away extra base hits by snaring foul-line-hugging smashes in the 21st and 24th.

At the start of the 26th, somebody in the Braves dugout wondered how long Oeschger could pitch. "He could pitch 126 innings without running any risk," said Dick Rudolph, the pitching hero of the 1914 sweep of the A's. "He's in great shape."

In the last of the 26th, with two men out, Holke beat out a bunt but Boeckel flied out. It was 6:50 by the clock atop the scoreboard as the Dodgers came off the field. Umpire McCormick took off his mask, stepped in front of home plate and looked up at the sky. It still looked light enough to play, but for how long? Another whole inning?

Cadore watched the umpire out of the corner of his eye as he walked toward the dugout. Ivy Olson ran toward the umpire, one finger high in the air. "One more. One more." His shrill voice carried all the way to the press box above the grandstand. Olson wanted to be able to say he had played the equivalent of three nine-inning games in one afternoon.

Both pitchers were willing and able to go one more inning.

But McCormick said no. The game was over. The fans booed.

The other players had had enough. Zack Wheat said, "I carried up enough lumber to the plate to build a house today." Charlie Pick's batting average had suffered the most; he went 0 for 11.

The darkness descended quickly at that point. Up in the press box there were no electric lights. The writers knew they were in for hours of work. In addition to the Boston writers, only Eddie Murphy of the *New York Sun* and Tommy Rice of the *Brooklyn Eagle* covered the game. As the innings had rolled by and other New York newspapers heard about it, the two writers were deluged with requests for special reports and stories. Somebody went out and bought a couple dozen candles. The official scorer, the writers, and the Western Union telegraphers worked into the night by candlelight.

James C. O'Leary typed out his lead for the *Boston Globe*:

> It was one of the greatest games ever played, but on account of the threatening weather only about 4,000 turned out. They stayed til the end. And saw the most wonderful pitching stunt ever performed, and some classy playing and thrilling situations. It was a battle of giants until both were exhausted practically, but neither gave a sign of letting up. There was glory enough for both and it would have been a pity for either one to have been declared the loser.

Cadore had pitched to 95 batters, an average of fewer than four an inning. Oeschger faced 90.

Cadore had 13 assists, a one-game record for a pitcher. Oeschger had 11.

Oeschger had set a record for consecutive scoreless innings in one game: 21. Cadore had 20.

Boston first baseman Walter Holke had 32 putouts and one assist.

Only three Dodgers had reached third: Krueger, who scored, and Wheat and Konetchy, who were erased in the double play in the 17th.

They didn't count pitches in those days. Cadore later estimated that he had thrown close to 300. Oeschger guessed about 250.

Game time was 3 hours and 50 minutes.

That evening Joe Oeschger and Les Mann went to a restaurant they frequented. Nothing posh, just a neighborhood place with good food. It was later than usual for them, and the staff

Second baseman Hobe Ferris hesitated, uncertain whether to stay on the bag and let Cy Young take it or go after it. When Young made no move for it, Ferris made a belated attempt. It fell at his feet. Bases loaded.

Rube Waddell hit a grounder. The throw went to third, forcing Cross, as Murphy scored. Danny Hoffman then singled in the second run. The A's won, 4–2.

Game time: 3:31.

A's catcher Ossee Schreckengost caught all 29 innings that day, still a major league record. Three days later both pitchers were in the box again in Philadelphia. Cy Young pitched for another six years, Rube Waddell another five.

Of the three record games played in Boston, the 24-inning battle on Saturday, September 1, 1906, was by far the most exciting. Although no baserunners crossed home plate from the seventh to the 24th, there were 31 hits—including two doubles and six triples hit into the overflow crowd of 18,000, eight walks, a hit batter, and seven stolen bases. Both pitchers spent the day working out of jams. Spectacular fielding plays helped to stave off defeat for both teams.

Twenty-four-year-old righthander Joe Harris started for Boston against Jack Coombs, a June graduate of Colby College.

The A's took a 1–0 lead in the third. With one out, Coombs hit a swinging bunt down the third-base line. Harris fell trying to pick it up. Coombs stole second, went to third on an infield out, and scored on a single by Topsy Hartsel. Boston tied it in the sixth. Fred Parent tripled into the crowd and scored on Chick Stahl's single.

From then on the tension built and broke with the regularity of ocean waves breaking on a beach. Every inning seemed to bring one or both teams to the brink of defeat.

It was getting dark as Harris began the top of the 24th by striking out Coombs. Hartsel singled and stole second. Lord struck out for the second out. Schreckengost singled over second and Hartsel scored. Joe Harris suddenly ran out of steam. Seybold and Murphy tripled into the outfield crowd for two more runs.

Coombs had no trouble retiring the weary Pilgrims in their last at-bats. Altogether he struck out 18; Harris fanned 14 and walked two.

Time of game: 4:47.

In 1910 and 1911 Jack Coombs won 59 games and pitched almost 700 innings. Illness, not arm injury, ultimately curtailed his career.

Joe Harris couldn't win before that game and couldn't win after it. He was 2–21 for the year and 0–7 in 1907.

had heard about the game. The waitresses brought out a special cake they had made for the occasion.

The Robins had to hurry back to Brooklyn for a Sunday game against the Phillies. They were due back in Boston to play on Monday. Cadore stayed in the hotel with Ray Schmandt, Sherry Smith, and Rube Marquard.

On Sunday morning both pitchers received a telegram from National League president John A. Heydler. He congratulated them and said he was particularly gratified because the pitching was done under the new rules: This was the first year the spitball, emery ball, shine ball, and other trick pitches were banned.

Zack Wheat said, "I carried up enough lumber to the plate to build a house today."

The Sunday Boston papers filled their front pages with big headlines, photos, and box scores of the game. It was the talk of the city, and the baseball world.

It has been written that, when the Dodgers returned on Monday, Cadore was still in bed, since Saturday night. But in fact he had kept pretty much to his hotel until Sunday afternoon, when he and his teammates went downtown to dinner, then to a picture show.

"I was a bit tired," Cadore later admitted in a classic understatement, "and naturally my arm stiffened. I couldn't raise it to comb my hair for three days. After seven days of rest I was back taking my regular turn. I never had a sore arm before or after the game. I suppose the nervous energy of trying to win had given me the strength and kept me going."

When Oeschger awoke Sunday morning, he was lame all over. His arm ached no more than his other limbs. His leg and back muscles had worked as hard as the arm ligaments. There was a little more soreness than usual around his elbow.

Oeschger stayed in the Brunswick Hotel all day. He knew the cold, damp winds would do more injury to his body than twice the innings he had worked Saturday.

There was much speculation at the time as to what effect the long game would have on the two pitchers. Rube Marquard said, "I've been lucky. I've been in a lot of overtime games without being much affected. But the physical and mental makeup of pitchers is not all the same. I pitched a 21-inning game against Babe Adams in 1914. . . . It didn't bother me. Three days later I shut out the Reds. But Adams was out of the big leagues the next year. He went to the American Association where he got his arm back, then came back with the Pirates and pitched until he was 43.

"It would be good judgment," concluded Marquard, "to have both men sit on the bench for at least 10 days. They should work out a bit but not get into a game before then."

Cadore felt he never had the same stuff again. He finished that year with a 15–14 record, then won 13, 8, and 4. At 33, he was finished.

It has also been written that Oeschger, too, was never the same. But the immediate aftermath doesn't support that.

"The 20-inning game with Brooklyn last year may have hurt my arm," he said the next day, "because I was not in the best of condition. I had passed the winter in the east and had not been able to enjoy hunting and fishing and working on my dad's ranch in California.. But I'm in good condition this spring and do not expect any ill effects from yesterday's game."

Oeschger won 15 games that year, and had his best season in 1921, winning 20 and losing 14 with a second-division team. He pitched 299 innings each year. He fell off to 6–21 and 5-15 the next two years, was traded to the Giants, then the Phillies, and ended his career with a 1–2 record in—of all places—Brooklyn.

Both pitchers were remembered for that one afternoon's work for the rest of their lives. Ironically, but for his own fielding error, Joe Oeschger would have gone home happy with a nine-inning 1–0 win and never been heard of again when his playing days were over. But for the next 66 years he continued to receive requests for autographs and interviews from all over the world. He had a box score of the game printed and signed them and mailed them out.

Cadore experienced his fame in unusual ways. "I'm in a San Francisco bar one day in 1931," he recalled, "and the guy next to me is chewing the fat with his pal about extra inning ball games.

" 'Yeah,' says the guy. 'Once a bum in Brooklyn pitched 26 innings. Cuddle or Coodoo or something like that.'

" 'You're nuts,' says his pal. 'Nobody could pitch that long.'

"I nudged the guy sitting next to me. 'You mean Cadore?' I said.

" 'Yeah, that was the bum. Cadore.'

"I took out my lifetime pass and let him look at it. 'I'm Cadore. I pitched that game.' He almost toppled off his stool."

When Cadore was in the hospital in 1958, the doctor told him they couldn't locate a vein. "A man your age," the doctor said, "should have a vein sticking right out, especially in that right arm that pitched those 26 innings."

"Doc," said Cadore, grinning, "I pitched that game with my head."[2]

NOTES

1. All quotations and references to Oeschger's actions and thoughts are from interviews by the author with Oeschger at his home in California in the early 1980s. Other details are from contemporary Boston newspapers.

2. Newspaper accounts at the time of Cadore's death, March 16, 1958.

The Old Hidden Ball Trick: No Longer Banned in Boston

by Bill Deane

As a researcher, I have been "collecting" successful executions of the hidden-ball trick for more than a dozen years.[1] One of them occurred on May 13, 1908, when the Tigers victimized the Red Sox. According to *Boston Globe* writer Tim Murnane, "About the meanest thing known to baseball occurred at this point.... This is one trick as old as the game that should never be allowed to go in baseball.... Hiding the ball is an ancient trick, and long since barred from the game by custom. No Boston player has been allowed to attempt the trick since Harry Wright declared it was unsportsmanlike and an insult to the spectators."[2]

Interesting words, coming from a man who—as an Athletics first baseman 33 years earlier—insulted some spectators himself! On September 20, 1875, Cincinnati's Emmanuel Snyder was nabbed to end a National Association exhibition game. According to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, "Murnan [sic], on first base, got the ball, and hid it under his arm. Snyder was told that the ball was in the pitcher's hand, and stepped off his base.... Murnan, quick as a flash, touched his man and the Reds were beaten."[3]

The Dickson Baseball Dictionary defines the hidden-ball trick as "a time-honored legal ruse in which a baseman conceals the ball and hopes that the runner believes it has been returned to the pitcher. When the runner steps off the base, he is summarily tagged out with the hidden ball."[4] The trick, said to date back to Harry Wright's own 1869 Red Stockings, has happened to end games and to complete triple plays. It cost a Hall of Famer a managing job, and it even occurred in a World Series. Today, with TV monitors in the dugouts and professional coaches at the bases, the play is still pulled off about once a year. SABR member Eric Sallee gives a good explanation of what is required for the play to be successful, saying

> The sun, the moon, and the stars all have to be in alignment in order for it to work:
>
> Play can not be "dead," i.e., time is not "out";
>
> The pitcher can not be touching or straddling the pitching rubber;
>
> The umpire has to be alerted or paying attention;
>
> A bonehead runner must be willing to take a lead off a bag before the pitcher toes the slab; and
>
> The bonehead runner's teammates and base coaches all have to be asleep, as well. [5]

How is the play done? Often, it follows a sacrifice bunt, where the second baseman covers first to retire the batter; he then keeps the ball and returns to his position, hoping to catch the advance runner, whose back had been to the play. Many a baserunner has been duped by the old "step off the base so I can kick the dirt off it" ploy. In the days before large gloves, the most common hiding place was the armpit.

As we might expect, since there is no coach at second base, and two fielders with the potential of pulling it, the play occurs there most often—more than half the time, in fact. Of the first 136 documented instances, 41 were completed by a second baseman, 34 by a shortstop. First base was the site 32 times and third base, 29. The pitcher has to be savvy, too, so as not to give the play away or be called for a balk.

Frequently the target is a rookie, but among the victims are more than a dozen Hall of Famers.

Among the acknowledged masters of the play were Dan Brouthers, Babe Pinelli, Willie Kamm, Tony Cuccinello, Billy Hitchcock, Joe Adcock, Gene Michael, and Boston's own Johnny Pesky and Marty Barrett. I've documented five tricks by Michael, four apiece by Pinelli, Cuccinello, and Hitchcock, and three each by Pesky, Adcock, and Barrett. Frequently the target is a rookie, but among the victims are more than a dozen Hall of Famers.

Following are documented tricks executed by Red Sox players, one of which occurred just three months after Murnane's "banned in Boston" editorial.

May 2, 1902 According to the *Detroit Free Press* (May 6, 1902), "The old concealed ball trick is having a new lease of life. [Red Sox first baseman Candy] LaChance is the latest to work it, catching [Billy] Gilbert, of Baltimore, napping the other day." Tim Murnane of the *Boston Globe* wrote, "LaChance deserves a medal for hiding the ball, and getting Gilbert off first. This is one of those old plays found in oil paintings, but not considered good sport in up-to-date ball."[6] Baltimore won, 14–6.

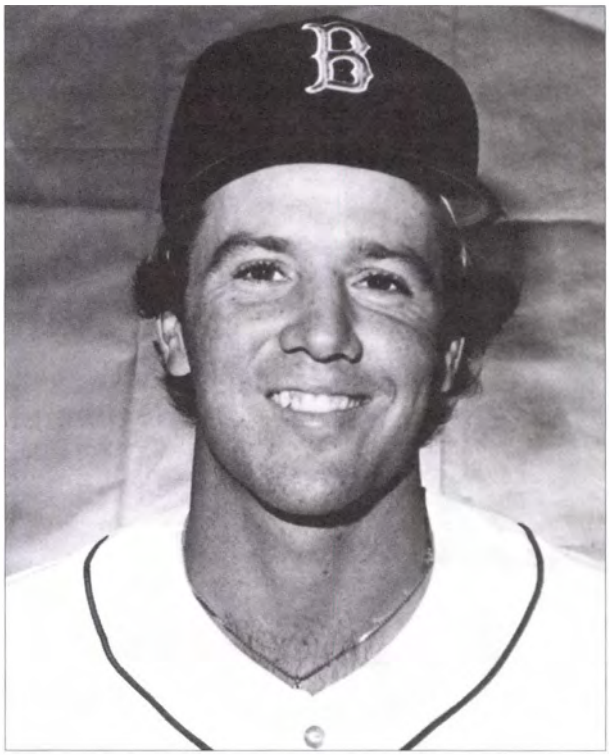
August 29, 1908 Tom Jones of the Browns was caught by Red Sox rookie third baseman Harry Lord to end the second inning.

June 24, 1922 In the first inning of the day's second game, Sox first baseman Tioga George Burns held outfielder Elmer Smith's return throw, then bamboozled the Yankees' Chick Fewster.

May 17, 1924 With White Sox manager Johnny Evers hospitalized following an emergency appendectomy, Ed Walsh finally got the dream job of managing his former team—but it lasted only three days. According to the *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, Chicago's "[Harry] Hooper singled to score [Ray] Schalk and to plant [Roy] Elsh on the far corner. There was a lull in the proceedings. Suddenly [Boston third sacker Danny] Clark fell on Elsh and tagged him with the ball, which he had concealed about his person, after it was returned from right field. Ed Walsh, acting as manager in place of Johnny Evers, was the coach involved.

Bill Deane, a SABR member since 1982, has written six books (including *Award Voting*, winner of the 1989 SABR-Macmillan Award) and more than 200 articles about baseball. He served as senior research associate for the National Baseball Library from 1986 to 1994 and has done consulting and research for many noted baseball authors and enterprises. Deane is believed to be the youngest "SABR Salute" honoree, earning the nomination last year at age 44.

The revival of this ancient trick cut the rally short and left the Sox in such shape that they never did tie the score."[7] Chicago lost, 5–4, and within 48 hours Walsh was replaced by Eddie Collins as interim manager. According to the *Tribune*, "Ed Walsh and Tom Needham will assist Collins in running the team. Among other things they can be on the watch for the hidden ball trick."[8]



August 21, 1933 In the sixth inning, the Indians' Earl Averill doubled to left and continued to third when Red Sox left fielder Smead Jolley's throw to second was wild. Marty McManus hid the ball in his glove and returned to third base, tagging Earl when he stepped off. Averill was the third Hall of Famer McManus had embarrassed with the trick; with the Browns in 1926, McManus tagged Detroit's Harry Heilmann while Ty Cobb coached just a few feet away.

"In order to make the play work, you've got to have a real sneaky type like Marty [Barrett] involved."
—Glenn Hoffman

August 22, 1935 Red Sox second baseman Oscar Melillo caught Detroit's Billy Rogell in the fifth inning, after Rogell had singled and been sacrificed to second. According to one account, "Melillo handled [pitcher Jack] Wilson's throw and merely held onto the ball. 'Skee' returned to his second-base position and Rogell pranced off the bag. Melillo raced over and planked the ball on him."[9] It was a critical play, as the Sox won, 10–9. In 1948 Melillo, by then an Indians scout, recalled the incident in *The Sporting News*: "Rogell used to deliver milk to me in Chicago during the winter, and he would rattle those bottles on the back porch about four every morning and yell, 'Here's your milk, Mr. Melillo.' I once threatened to take a shotgun to him, but I couldn't wait up all night for him to show up. Anyway, this day in Detroit … I palmed the ball inside my glove while [Rogell] was getting up and dusting himself off. I had to distract him, so I started talking about milk. 'Remember when you used to wake me up every morning, yelling, "Here's your milk, Mr. Melillo?" I asked him. 'Sure,' says Bill, laughing, 'I used to get your goat, didn't I?' And with that he steps off the bag. 'Well, Mr. Rogell,' I says stepping up to him real quick, 'here is the ball!' and I plunked it in his ribs. He didn't speak to me for two years."[10] According to Rogell's version in *The Baseball Hall of Shame* 4, Billy later got his revenge by leaving a dead sparrow in Melillo's glove between innings.

Marty Barrett. Photo courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.

May 31, 1942 According to *Baseball Digest*, Johnny "Pesky worked the hidden ball trick three times in his first season—on Bill Zuber of Washington, on [the Yankees' Tommy] Henrich, and on Glenn McQuillen of St. Louis."[11] The one on Zuber, a pitcher, occurred in the second game on this date, during a 4–3 loss to the Red Sox. According to the *Washington Post* (June 1, 1942), "Zuber was not only the losing pitcher, but he was the victim of the ancient hidden-ball trick that cost the Nats an important run in the fifth inning. After leading off with a two-bagger, Zuber was picked off second base by Shortstop Johnny Pesky on the hidden-ball ruse. Zuber was tagged out as he wandered off the bag, unaware that Pesky was holding the ball. A bit later, [Stan] Spence singled to center and there was nobody on base to drive home." The game was called after 7½ innings due to Boston's 6:15 p.m. Sunday curfew.

July 4, 1942 The Yankees' Tommy Henrich was nabbed by Sox shortstop Johnny Pesky in the eighth inning of the second game. According to *The Sporting News*, "Henrich's hit to right scored [Frank] Crosetti and, when [Red Sox right fielder Lou] Finney's throw home got away from [catcher Johnny] Peacock, [Buddy] Hassett also tried to score. [Pitcher Tex] Hughson took the ball from Peacock and went back to the hill. Standing behind the mound, he conferred with Pesky and slipped the ball to him while so doing. Pesky ran back to short with Hughson still standing behind the mound. Henrich stepped off second, Pesky leaped at him for the tag and Henrich was declared out. It was an unusual double-play which had to be scored—Hughson to Peacock to Pesky."[12] The Red Sox won, 6–4. Pesky recalled the incident for biographer Bill Nowlin: "The best one of all was when … Henrich was on second base, talking to [umpire] Eddie Rommel. The pitcher was off the mound somewhere. Rommel knew I had the ball. You had to alert the umpire. [Cleveland shortstop Lou] Boudreau had pulled the hidden-ball trick the week before, and Henrich had read about it. I was behind them and he gets off the base about four or five feet and says to Rommel, 'Eddie, that Boudreau's been pulling that hidden-ball trick. This is how far off I'm going to get, so they won't get me.' Just as he got it out of his mouth, I tagged him. Rommel was laughing, and Henrich wanted to kill me!"[13]

June 2, 1943 According to *The Sporting News*, "Bobby Doerr, Red Sox second sacker, pulled the old hidden ball trick on Brownie Pitcher Denny Galehouse in the eighth frame of the nightcap at Fenway Park."[14] Boston won, 3–2, in ten innings. According to Harold Kaese's *A Rooter's Guide to the Red Sox*, "Because the Red Sox first baseman didn't know Doerr had the ball, the second baseman had to keep edging over until he could pounce on the unsuspecting St. Louis pitcher."[15]

July 6, 1947 According to *The Sporting News*, "The Red Sox executed a unique double play against the Senators, July 6, with the aid of the ancient hidden ball play worked by Shortstop Johnny Pesky in the opening round of the lidlifter. With the bases loaded, Stan Spence skied to Dom DiMaggio, whose rifle throw to Catcher Roy Partee kept Eddie Yost glued to third. Instead of returning the ball to Pitcher Mickey Harris, Partee

tossed to Pesky, who returned to his position and tagged Buddy Lewis when he stepped off the bag."[16] The Sox won, 7–4. Lewis wrote me in April 2001: "I remember Pesky & the RED SOX very well and it would not surprise me that I was victim of such a sly & capable man as J PESKY." Pesky recalled the incident for biographer Bill Nowlin: "Mickey Harris was pitching and he had the bases full. No outs. I got the ball from the outfield and I think I'd already made an error in that inning—screwed up a ground ball or something.... Lewis was on second base [and] didn't even look to see where I was.... [The umpire] knew that I had the ball, but he didn't say anything. I was bluffing [Lewis] a little, getting him to go back to second, then I tagged him with the ball, and that took us out of the inning. The next batter, ground ball, double play, and the inning's over." [17]

September 18, 1968 According to *A Rooter's Guide to the Red Sox*, Orioles rookie "Merv Rettenmund was being complimented on his fine base-running by coach Billy Hunter, when third baseman Joe Foy interrupted, 'Hey, get me the bag, will you.' Rettenmund stepped off and Foy tagged him. It helped the Sox to a 4–0 defeat of Baltimore in 1968."[18] The play occurred in the fifth frame.

June 21, 1969 In the 11th inning of the first game, the Red Sox' George Thomas—playing first base for 1 of only 20 times in his 13-year career—nabbed Yankees rookie Jerry Kenney.

August 17, 1984 According to the *Red Sox Media Guide* (2001), Boston's Jackie Gutierrez nabbed Minnesota's Tim Teufel. The *Boston Globe* confirms it: "Leading off second as Minnesota was trying to build on its 6–1 lead in the seventh, Teufel was victimized by the ol' hidden ball trick. Shortstop Jackie Gutierrez pulled the surprise. 'Wade Boggs told me I ought to do it,' Gutierrez said. 'So I hid the ball and told (pitcher Steve) Crawford, "Let's go." I heard somebody yelling for him to get back, then I tagged him. I was really excited. It's the first time I've done that.' Teufel wasn't smiling. 'I'll talk with Jackie about it,' he said. 'It turned out to be a big play. But at the time, it seemed meaningless because the score was 6–1 [the Twins wound up winning, 6–5]. I was thinking they should have saved it for a closer game.'"[19]

July 7, 1985 According to the *Boston Herald*, Sox second baseman "Marty Barrett pulled the hidden ball trick on [California's] Bobby Grich in the second, tagging him when he stepped off second base while [first baseman] Bill Buckner was near the mound talking with [pitcher] Jim Dorsey. Barrett had covered first when Brian Downing beat out a bunt trying to sacrifice and held the ball in his glove. It was poetic justice since Grich has made a career out of pulling it on people."[20] Claimed Grich, "I knew Barrett had it all the time. I just had to go to the bathroom. I haven't seen the play for so long and my mind wasn't ready for it. It's kinda funny, now."[21] The Angels won, 8–3. One account claimed that Barrett had turned the trick against Toronto in 1984, but no evidence has been found and even Barrett denies it.

July 21, 1985 Barrett duped the Angels for the second time in two weeks, victimizing Doug DeCinces. Barrett hung on to the ball in the sixth inning after Dick Schofield flied to left fielder Jim Rice, and Rice relayed it in. Shortstop Glenn Hoffman, quoted in the *Boston Herald*, said, "In order to make the play work, you've got to have a real sneaky type like Marty involved. I saw Marty show the ball to the umpire and knew something was up. I waited for him to make a move but he kept walking further and further away from second base. Finally it dawned on me he wanted to throw the ball to me. So I ducked behind DeCinces and we picked him off and then I got out of there just as fast because I figured Doug wouldn't be very happy."[22] Boston won, 8–4. "That may be Barrett's best play; that's all I've got to say about it," Angels manager Gene Mauch fumed. Pitcher Al Nipper said, "I didn't get the ball back and knew something was up. I didn't want to give it away. I just stepped on the mound—didn't straddle the rubber—and just kind of stood there to bide my time and wait until things happened."[23] As the *Globe* pointed out, "Neither coach was looking. Nor was Mauch. 'I saw Nipper on the mound,' said DeCinces, 'and figured everything was normal. I'm at fault; I didn't know the rule. I know now the pitcher has to be right near the rubber. Barrett had left, there was no one around.... He just barely got me as it was.'" Barrett's version: "Jimmy [Rice] threw to me trying to get DeCinces out. I looked around to see if any of the base coaches were looking. They weren't. So I went back to my position. I yelled at Hoffman and showed it to the umpire [Nick Bremigan] real quick. With [lefty Rod] Carew up, there was no need for me to be close to second, so Hoffy started shifting over and when he [DeCinces] got off a little further Hoffy broke. I just flipped it to him and [DeCinces] didn't have time to react. ... I used to do it about 15 times a year in the minors."[24]

Earl Averill was the third Hall of Famer [Marty] McManus had embarrassed with the trick..

September 5, 1988 According to *The Sporting News*, "The Orioles were the victim of the old hidden ball trick in a Labor Day game with Boston. After Larry Sheets and Jim Traber opened the second inning with singles, Rene Gonzales bunted, forcing Sheets at third. [Third baseman] Wade Boggs threw to second baseman Marty Barrett, who was covering first, in an attempt to complete a double play. Gonzales was safe at first, but Barrett held on to the ball and walked back to his position at second. He waited a few seconds then tagged out Traber, who had led off the base, not realizing Barrett still had the ball."[25]

May 13, 1991 Fans who remember Steve "Psycho" Lyons dropping his pants on the field may think he had nothing to hide. But in the fourth inning on this day, the Boston second baseman conned Chicago's Ozzie Guillen on the old hidden ball trick—still not banned in Boston.

NOTES

1. My big breakthrough in this project was contact with Retrosheet, a nonprofit outfit run by David W. Smith and David Vincent and vitally assisted by dozens of other volunteers. Other individuals who have been particularly helpful include, alphabetically, Greg Beston, Charlie Bevis, Cliff Blau, Steve Boren, Jim Charlton, Clem Comly, John Gecik, Mike Grahek, Billy Hitchcock, Dave Lamoureaux, Joe McGillen, Peter Morris, Bill Nowlin, Marc Okkonen, Tom Ruane, Joseph St. George, Lyle Spatz, and Rich Thurston. To date, with considerable help from these and others, I have documented well over 100 successful executions of the HBT in the major leagues (with admittedly dozens, if not hundreds, yet to be found). Anyone with infor-

mation about or leads to successful hidden-ball tricks executed in the major leagues is asked to bring them to my attention at P.O. Box 47, Fly Creek, NY 13337; (607) 547-5786; DizDeane@USADatanet.net.

2. T. H. Murnane, *Boston Globe*, May 14, 1908.

3. *Cincinnati Enquirer*, September 1875.

4. Paul Dickson, *The Dickson Baseball Dictionary* (New York: Facts on File, 1989), 199.

5. Eric Sallee, e-mail to the author, November 24, 2000.

6. T. H. Murnane, "Baltimore Wins," *Boston Globe*, May 3, 1902.

7. James Crusinberry, "Sox Boners on Bases Give Win to Boston, 5–4," *Chicago Sunday Tribune*, May 18, 1924, sec. 2, p. 3.

8. "Notes of the Sox," *Chicago Tribune*, May 20, 1924.

9. Gerry Moore, "Red Sox Flare in a Six-Run Surge," *Boston Globe*, August 1935.

10. Tom Meany, "Bottled Up—Italian Style," *The Sporting News*, August 4, 1948, 12.

11. Harold Kaese, "He's Pesky All Right," *Baseball Digest*, July 1946, 39.

12. "Hub Fans High over BoSox' Box Showing," *The Sporting News*, July 9, 1942, 2.

13. Bill Nowlin, e-mail to the author, January 17, 2002.

14. *The Sporting News*, June 10, 1943, 8.

15. Harold Kaese, *A Rooter's Guide to the Red Sox* (Boston: self-published, 1974), 18.

16. "Double Play on Hidden Ball," *The Sporting News*, July 16, 1947, 38.

17. Bill Nowlin, e-mail to author, January 17, 2002.

18. Kaese, *Rooter's Guide*, 18.

19. Jeff Hardie, "Gutierrez Plays Mr. Hide," *Boston Globe*, August 18, 1984, 29.

20. Joe Giuliotti, *Boston Herald*, July 8, 1985, 50.

21. *Boston Globe*, July 8, 1985, 30.

22. Tim Horgan, "Baseball Version of Hide-and-Seek," *Boston Herald*, July 23, 1985, 63.

23. *Boston Globe*, July 22, 1985, 32.

24. Jeff Horrigan, "Again, Barrett Uses a Trick of the Trade," *Boston Globe*, July 22, 1985, 26.

25. "Red Sox," *The Sporting News*, September 19, 1988, 22.

Personal Encounter

A Brave New World: The Summer of 1943

by Guy Waterman

I talk of dreams / Which are the children of an idle brain / Begot of nothing but vain fantasy / Which is as thin of substance as the air / And more inconstant than the wind.

Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*.

They argue over which were the golden years of baseball. To me there's one obvious answer: the years when you were age 10 to 12. Before that you were too young to appreciate the grand sweep of the game and its traditions. After that came distractions like girls and other adolescent torments. But from age 10 to 12, for the fortunate, there is only baseball.

For me, in 1943, there was only Boston Braves baseball. I suppose I took in a few Red Sox games when the Braves were away, but Braves Field was closer to where I lived than Fenway, and I distinctly recall attending 53 of the NL entry's 77 home games that summer. These were the Braves who had, for four years in a row, avoided the cellar only by sagaciously playing in the same league as the Philadelphia Phillies, who had taken out a long-term lease on the NL basement. (The Phils had not finished as high as seventh since 1935—when the Braves finished last.) Not surprisingly, in a preseason poll, 96 percent of the 1943 sportswriters picked the Braves no higher than seventh.[1]

World War II was the central fact about the 1943 season. Many stars had left for military service, travel restrictions disrupted spring training and did strange things to the schedule: many five-game stands, lots of doubleheaders, fewer and longer road trips. Crowds were slim and silent. Except for doubleheaders or when the front-running Cards came to town (they won by 18 games that year), paid attendance showed figures like 1,707 (against the Cubs on August 12), 1,784 (against the Pirates on September 22), and 1,906 (against the second-place Reds on August 20).[2]

For me and my 10-to-12-year-old friends, there was magic in those wartime games. We'd stroll along the Charles River, throwing a baseball around all the way, across the bridge, and along the wide sidewalks of Commonwealth Avenue to the field. We'd buy unreserved grandstand for some reason, never the Jury Box—and be sure to arrive in time for infield and batting practice. I dimly recall the former might include high jinks like phantom routines, especially if the Cubs or the Cards were in town. With the crowd so thin, the ushers would let us move closer to the field by the fifth or sixth inning and even out on the field after the final out. I remember peering into the dugout once, after yet another loss, to see an unsmiling, unphilosophical Stengel still sitting there, his broken leg in a cast and propped up on the bench, long after the players had disappeared into the showers.

My lasting impression is of big (much bigger when you're only 11) near-empty stands, not much crowd noise, and of course no organ, mascot, exploding scoreboard, or commercial messages. Baseball in a quieter, gentler era. Servicemen in the stands, treated with every courtesy and respect, and the National Anthem taken very, very seriously. And wonderful baseball whatever the critics of wartime play may say.

Actually the early part of that season provided some unaccustomed rays of hope for Braves fans. They got off to a 4–3 start before moving into Braves Field for a 17-game home stand. To the amazement of the rest of the league and the delight of us and the dwindled faithful, Stengel's forces opened this home stand by beating the Giants 5–3. Jim Tobin's baffling flutterball limited the New Yorkers to six hits, while Big Jim himself rapped a two-run single to start the scoring in the second. A two-run homer by Chuck Workman, following a walk to Tommy Holmes, gave them all the margin Tobin needed.

In the next week, hosting the Giants, Dodgers, and Cards, they stumbled through two wins and five losses. But in the finale against pennant-bound St. Louis, Al Javery battled Max Lanier to a 3–3 draw for nine innings, whereupon Workman came through again, lashing a bases-loaded, two-out single in the tenth for a 4–3 win.

In the next six games, against the Reds and Pirates, we were thrilled to see them rack up six straight wins. Temporarily reformed drunk Nate Andrews bested Cincy's Johnny "Double

This article appeared in NINE: *A Journal of Baseball History and Social Policy Perspectives*, vol. 7, no. 1 (Fall 1998): 105-09.

No-Hit" VanderMeer in a 1–0 squeaker, again on a hit by Workman; then bested the Bucs 2–1 in eleven innings when Johnny McCarthy singled, stole, and romped home on a single by shortstop Whitey Wietelmann (my personal hero—I was a little guy too). Tobin won his third straight, coasting 6–1 this time. Javery hurled a shutout in which Workman and McCarthy each belted two-run homers into the Jury Box.

The win streak soon ended, but yet another Workman clutch hit—a two-out eleventh inning single driving in Eddie Joost from third—gave them a 4–3 win over the vaunted Cards to start a western road trip.

At that point we were all overjoyed to behold a sparkling 15–10 record and second place in the standings. Arthur Daley of that exalted foreign newspaper, the *New York Times*, wrote a column (May 24) quoting Reds manager, Deacon McKechnie, as saying: "They should break up the Braves too, while they're at it." Quoth McKechnie: "When Tobin takes you over, you really get mad. He's the most tantalizing fellow I ever saw."[3] Tim Cohane of the *World-Telegram* derided Tobin's "porpoise-like" knuckler:

> He could stand five feet from your favorite butcher's window, unleash the ball with all his might, and it's four meat ration coupons to one the butcher wouldn't even look up.... Batters frequently make a practice of seeing how many names of state capitols they can rattle off while Jim's pet delivery is winging its way plateward, fickle as a butterfly. The record, 47, is held by Dixie Walker, who couldn't remember Augusta, Me.[4]

In a feature story *The Sporting News* (May 27) marveled at the Braves' new prowess, crediting pitchers Tobin, Javery, Andrews, and Red Barrett, as well as the surprisingly solid infield of McCarthy, ex-Giant reserve Connie Ryan, Wietelmann, and Joost, who was playing third most of that season. McCarthy's name kept showing up in the Major League Leaders, unaccustomed company for such as Stan Musial, Billy Herman, and Stan Hack. In mid-May, McCarthy's .341 was fourth in the league. Workman wasn't hitting .300, but obviously some his hits were timely.

Of course, reality set in soon. They came home from that road trip 21–25. From then on through July, they stumbled along until resting in the familiar haunts of seventh place by early August, with a 43–52 record. Oddly enough it was the Giants in last place; the Phillies has surprised themselves and everyone else by a hot first half.

But then wonderful things transpired. On August 12, Al Javery duelled the Cubs' Hank Wyse to a 2–2 standstill in the regulation nine and beyond, until Tommy Holmes singled in the twelfth and rode home on Butch Nieman's triple.

The next day they went ten innings in a 3–3 deadlock, and this time the Cubs tallied one run in the eleventh—but Nieman came through again, this time with a homer, following Workman's timely double, for a 5–4 win, to the wild cheers of me and all of 1,538 other paying fans. Most marvelous of all, this win elevated our team past the Cubs into sixth place!

The very next day, as the Phillies dropped two to Pittsburgh, we gained fifth place—FIFTH PLACE IN AUGUST!—by beating the Cubs in yet another thriller. Big Manny Salvo held them to six hits and two runs. Down 2–1 in the fifth, Salvo himself led off with a single. Cavaretta threw away Connie Ryan's bunt, so Salvo lumbered to third and Ryan to second, whereupon dear old Tommy Holmes drove them both in with a single. No more scoring, so we won 3–2. Fifth place!

We stayed there too—for three more days. We split a pair with the Pirates, Tobin winning his tenth game in the opener, as Nieman slammed another homer, Workman another double. But then we lost three in a row to those Pirates, dropping back to sixth. More losses, and we were back in seventh place by the 19th.

But on August 20, Javery matched VanderMeer 2–2 for eleven innings. In the home twelfth, Clyde Kluttz singled, Masi went in to run for him and tore all the way home on a double by my hero, Whitey Wistelmann, and that put us back in sixth place.

There was more jockeying back and forth between us and the Phils and Cubs. We fell to seventh, climbed as high as fifth again (as late as September 25), but then somewhere out in Cincinnati and St. Louis, with me and my buddies not there to cheer them, they dropped six out of seven and had to settle for a sixth place finish. Still, that was the best we'd seen in five years.

That's the summer, incidentally, when I developed a lifelong love of pitchers' duels. With the Braves' good pitching and meager batting attack, we saw many low-scoring face-offs. To this day I treasure a vivid memory of consecutive games against the high-flying Cardinals on August 23 and 24. In the first, Javery and Mort Cooper both pitched shut-outs for nine innings; in the tenth, Harry Walker singled and scored on Musial's triple. I can see the 22-year-old Musial tearing past second and heading for third. The next day, Andrews and Brecheen pitched shutouts for eight innings; in the top of the ninth, Ryan booted a slow grounder, but Andrews got past Hopp and Marion, only to see Brecheen smash a double to left for one run and a moment later careen into the plate himself on Lou Klein's single. Again, I can still bring back the vision of Harry the Cat racing past Masi without even sliding. So, two beautifully played games in a row, 1–0 in ten, and 2–0 in the ninth. The tension would just build and build.

Yankee fans may remember all those pennants with Ruth, DiMag, and Mantle. Red Sox rooters can reflect on Williams and Doerr and Pesky in '46, later Yaz, later Fisk, later Vaughn. But for me the golden year of baseball was 1943—sunny afternoons along the Charles, the big, near empty stands, the National Anthem played straight, and then Chuck Workman and Butch Nieman and Big Kim Tobin and little Whitey Wietelmann—and SIXTH PLACE!

NOTES

1. "Cards are Picked in Writers' Poll," *New York Times*, April 14, 1943.

2. Details of all games described, including these attendance figures, have been resurrected from *New York Times* writeups and box scores.

3. Arthur Daley, "Some Shameless Eavesdropping," *New York Times*, May 24, 1943.

4. Tim Cohane, "Dodgers Due to Face Tobin's Flutterball," *New York World-Telegram*, April 27, 1944.

5. "Braves 7 Straight Best in Ten Years," *The Sporting News*, May 27, 1943.

Yearbooks Document Baseball in the Hub

by Maxwell Kates

Collectibles are an important aspect of any hobby, as they help underwrite a value that may be of financial, historical, or sentimental significance. Since the end of the Second World War, baseball yearbooks have fit each of these categories. For some, they evoke childhood memories of attending baseball games or meeting their heroes. For others, they have become valuable trade items in the lucrative sports memorabilia industry. And yet for others, yearbooks serve as primary source material for historical appreciation of baseball's past. This essay will explain the importance yearbooks have played in this regard, emphasizing those published by the Boston Braves and the Boston Red Sox baseball teams.

What constitutes a yearbook is often debated. Yearbooks are licensed team magazines which generally measure 8½ x 11 inches and are published once a year, usually at the outset of a season. Media guides, programs, and magazines are not yearbooks and are classified separately. Some early yearbooks, such as those issued by the Yankees from 1950 to 1954, were called sketch books.[1] More recently, the *Sports Collectors Digest* yearbook checklist considers certain photo albums to be yearbooks, provided the team has not already issued a conventional yearbook. In that respect, the 1977 Baltimore Orioles and Houston Astros photo albums are recognized as yearbooks, while those produced by the Philadelphia Phillies, the New York Mets, and the Los Angeles Dodgers that season are not.[2]

There are, of course, deviations from many of these standards. Some yearbooks, such as those printed by the Chicago White Sox from 1964 to 1968, are pocket-size.[3] Others, including Baltimore Orioles and Cleveland Indians issues from the early 1960s, are oversize.[4] The marketing rationale behind the supersize Indians yearbooks from 1962 to 1964 is quite interesting. When opened, the books spanned three seats at Municipal Stadium. Therefore, if every fan was observed to be reading a yearbook during a game, it would appear as though three times as many people were in the stands as the actual number.[5] That abstraction failed to translate into virtual reality.

Although most teams have issued one yearbook per season, some have released several revised editions, some of which been enclosed in different covers. From 1970 to 1972, the Montreal Expos printed four yearbooks each season.[6] The 1964 Houston Colt .45s and the 1965 Milwaukee Braves combined their yearbook and media guide editions; the *Sports Collectors Digest* guide treats both publications as yearbooks.[7] Although yearbooks are predominantly a postwar phenomenon, a few teams, including the 1934 Detroit Tigers, the 1941 and 1942 Brooklyn Dodgers, and several 1930s Cubs teams, issued yearbooks prior to the Second World War.[8] The *Sports Collectors Digest* guide is issued every three years, most recently in 1999, and serves as an excellent reference on the chronology of major league yearbooks.

It is understandable that yearbooks began to flourish as baseball collectibles during the years following the Second World War. Consumers had more disposable income than in any prior generation and thereby could afford to spend greater sums of money at major league souvenir and concession stands. The catalyst in the growing yearbook trend in 1946 was attributed to Billy Sullivan, promotional director for the Boston Braves.[9] His *Boston Braves Sketch Book* was considered to be the first modern-day yearbook.[10] A 48-page magazine measuring 8 ½ x 11 inches, the *Sketch Book* featured statistics, biographies, and photographs of each member of the 1946 Boston Braves roster and was priced at 35 cents at souvenir stands in Braves Field.[11] Featuring a monochrome photograph of manager Billy Southworth on the cover, the *Sketch Book* sold an estimated 22,000 copies.[12] Sullivan issued a revised edition of the *Sketch Book* in 1947, this time with a color photograph of Southworth on the cover. After a two-year respite, the Braves reintroduced the team yearbook to its marketing audience in 1950.[13] The five yearbooks issued by the Boston Braves are considerably scarcer than the analogous Red Sox editions, because the Braves' attendance figures were far inferior. The 1952 edition is particularly hard to find, considering that the highest per game turnstile total at Braves Field was 13,405, and the total on the season was approximately 282,000, roughly what the Red Sox now draw in nine games at Fenway Park.[14] According to Braves manager Charlie Grimm, "We were playing to the groundkeepers."[15]

The first Boston Red Sox yearbook was also issued in 1946. To commemorate the Red Sox' American League championship, the *Boston Globe* produced a 32-page souvenir booklet at the conclusion of the season.[16] Featuring pitcher Dave "Boo" Ferriss on the cover, Boston Red Sox, American League Champions remains the most elusive of the Red Sox yearbooks and is valued at $200 in near mint condition.[17] According to Baltimore newscaster Ted Patterson, if the centerfold insert poster is intact, the market value of the magazine could increase significantly.[18]

Five years elapsed before the Red Sox issued their next yearbook. The Red Sox, like many major league teams, retained the Jay Publishing Company of New York to produce their yearbooks. The 1951 edition featured a photograph of Fenway Park on the cover, and its format was similar to the *Boston Braves Sketch Book* issued in 1946.[19] The same year, the Red Sox also released a mid-season edition. Identical in format, the revised edition included a memorial tribute to Hall of Famer Eddie Collins. Employed by the Red Sox in his latter years, Collins had died on March 25, 1951.[20] It was the first of many revised editions the Red Sox would issue through 1980.

Apart from a hiatus in 1953 and 1954, when the yearbook

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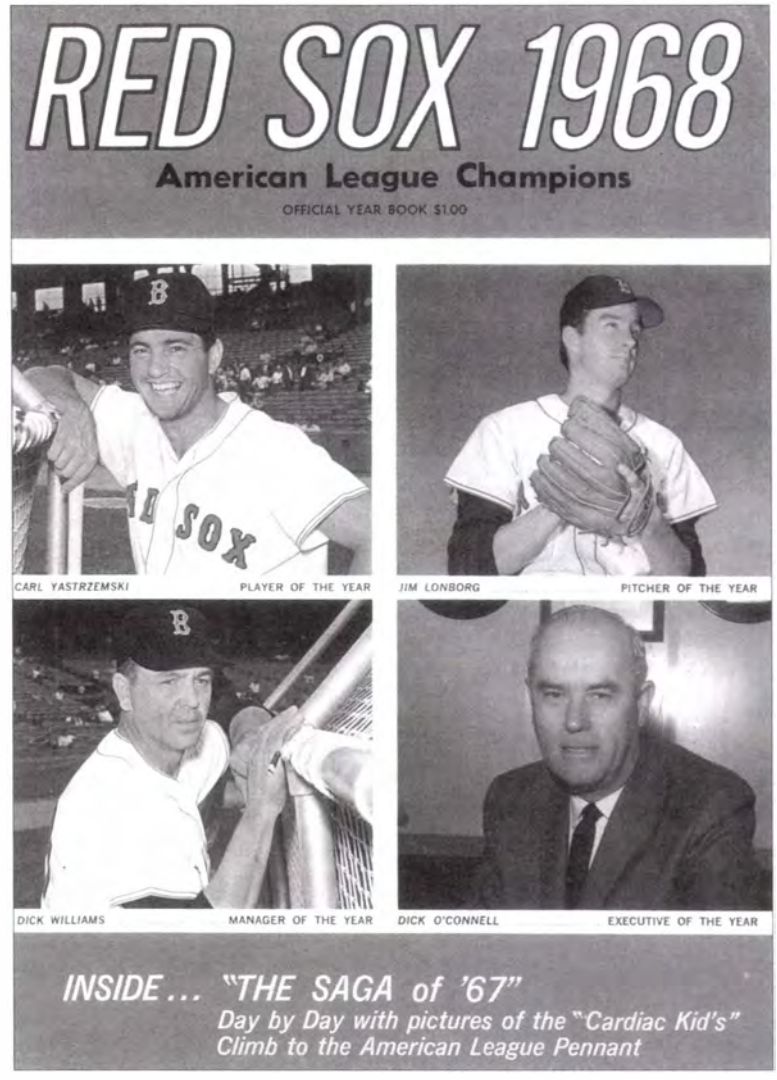
and media guide were combined into a pocket-size digest, the Red Sox have been selling yearbooks without interruption.[21] No American League team has enjoyed a longer consecutive streak except the New York Yankees. Although the Red Sox severed ties with the Jay Publishing Company after the 1961 season,[22] the format of their yearbooks remained unchanged during most of the 1960s. After a decade featuring primarily stadium artwork on the cover, the Red Sox depicted players for the first time on the cover in 1962.[23] Included among the five players depicted on its cover was a young left fielder named Carl Yastrzemski; it represented the first of his record 16 yearbook covers.[24] The 1966 yearbook signified the next marketing change, as it reserved an entire section for one player, Ted Williams, in honor of his induction into the Baseball Hall of Fame.[25] A year later, the yearbook was produced in a unique horizontal format and contained an 8-page "All Time Roster" center-spread.[26] Of course, the "Red Sox Nation" will remember the 1967 season for an entirely different reason, as that was when the "Cardiac Kids" embarked on their quixotic quest, taking them from ninth place to the World Series. The theme of the "Impossible Dream" season was preserved for future generations in the 1968 yearbook.[27] A collage of action photos graced the cover of the 1970 yearbook, and at least one contemporary Red Sox player has been the cover feature ever since. To commemorate their diamond anniversary, the Red Sox included a brief team history in their 1975 yearbook.[28]

The Red Sox 1976 yearbook marked a radical departure from previous issues. Gone were the statistics, monochrome photographs, and organization information of seasons past. In their place, the yearbook now included full-color photos of the players with brief biographical information. While traditionalists scorned this innovative product, management was delighted with the increased sales revenue it generated. No longer were the Red Sox saddled with production costs. Beginning in 1976, the Red Sox retained Sports Productions Inc., a division of the Shamrock Publishing Company, to publish their yearbooks.[29] From 1976 through 1980, the Red Sox issued two editions of its yearbook, complete with different color illustrations and interior photography. The last revised edition, issued in 1980, could not have been more prophetic. It featured Carlton Fisk and Tony Perez on the cover, both of whom would be simultaneously inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame twenty years later.[30] Among the special features in this new variety of Red Sox yearbooks were Carl Yastrzemski's 3,000th hit and his subsequent retirement, Red Sox Hall of Famers, uniform numbers, baseball cards, Red Sox fans, and flashbacks to the 1946 and 1975 World Series. Sports Productions Inc. continued to produce Red Sox yearbooks until 1986.[31]

In 1987, the Red Sox switched to the Dunfey Publishing Group. According to assistant editor Kenan Woods, "We had done a Souvenir Book after the `86 season. Their old publishers announced they weren't going to do them anymore after that, so we took over the Sox in `87, and we've been doing them ever since."[32] Under Dunfey, the Red Sox features became even more elaborate, including the 75th anniversary of Fenway Park, the "Crazy Eights" in Red Sox history, Red Sox outfielders, the Red Sox in the 1980s, and Red Sox pitching greats from Cy Young to Roger Clemens. Woods continued, "But then around `95, we discovered that people weren't reading."[33] Therefore, subsequent yearbooks ceased to include extensive historical features or biographical articles. The literary content, even in the 100th anniversary edition issued in 2001, was kept to a bare minimum.

Owners of vintage Braves and Red Sox yearbooks might often ask themselves by what standards they can evaluate their collections. In the cyber age, perhaps the best way to determine the value of one's collection would be to observe the price paid for similar items on eBay. Customers have purchased early Braves and Red Sox editions in excess of $100, while the widely circulated 1976 Boston Red Sox yearbook has even sold for under a buck.[34] Most of the Boston Braves yearbooks fetch at least $100 if in excellent to near mint condition, with the 1946 edition commanding as much as $300. The 1951 Red Sox yearbook has been valued at $250, and most remaining 1950s issues range in value from $75 to $125. Editions published in the 1960s are worth anywhere from $40 to $65, while the 1967 yearbook, bearing an added premium, is worth $75 in near mint condition. Virtually any Red Sox yearbook from the 1970s or thereafter may be purchased for $10 or less, and some can be acquired for under $5.[35]

Whether as historical documents, collectors' items, or investments, yearbooks have been an important aspect of baseball history since the Second World War.



Red Sox 1968 yearbook cover reprinted by permission of the Boston Red Sox.

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20. Jack Smalling, The *Baseball Autograph Collector's Handbook*, no. 11 (Durham, N.C.: Baseball America, 2001), 16.

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25. *Boston Red Sox 1966 Official Year Book* (Boston: Boston Red Sox, 1966), cover.

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29. *Boston Red Sox 1967 Official Yearbook* (Boston: Shamrock Publishing Company, 1976), 1.

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April 10, 1916: Harvard 1, Boston Red Sox 0

by Dick Thompson

When he finally took the mound for the first time since Game 6 of the World Series, Roger Clemens was facing...Harvard. Harvard. What a strange world this is.

—Dan Shaughnessy, *Boston Sunday Globe*, April 5, 1987

World War One loomed on the nation's horizon as winter turned to spring in 1916. Baseball's recent war, the one with the Federal League, had come to an end. Like Roger Clemens in 1987, Boston's top player, Tris Speaker, was involved in a bitter contract struggle. With the progress of the "Grey Eagle's" negotiations reported daily in the Boston papers, everyone in the Hub, including Speaker, was shocked when he was traded to the Cleveland Indians on the eve of the season's opener. Certainly nobody south of the Charles River was paying any attention to the Harvard baseball team.

The Crimson's baseball coach was Fred Mitchell. Forgotten today, Mitchell was a Boston baseball legend. A Cambridge native who lived to the age of 92, he played for both Boston major league teams, coached Harvard several times, managed the Boston Braves from 1921 to1923, and led the Chicago Cubs into the World Series against the Red Sox in 1918.

George Stallings will forever be remembered as "The Miracle Man" for upsetting Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics as Boston Braves manager in the 1914 World Series. Harry Davis of the Athletics felt otherwise. He gave the credit to Mitchell, who was coaching third base for the Braves that year. "Miracle man, my eye," Davis said in the October 21, 1926, issue of *The Sporting News*, "It was Fred Mitchell who beat us. Our club had been playing ball on a system no other ball club ever had used, and Mitchell found it out. He simply kept crossing us up. There's your miracle man."

The Red Sox, moving north as they concluded their spring schedule in 1916, pounded out 15 hits in Brooklyn on April 6. The 6–0 whitewash was the first of three games scheduled against Wilbert Robinson's National League entry, the same club Boston would meet in the World Series that autumn. The

Dick Thompson has been a SABR member since 1979. His chief interest is collecting biographical data on New England–born players.

Harvard squad, whittled down from 53 spring candidates on March 7, had yet to take the field against anyone.

On April 7, Speaker went 3 for 3 in his last game in a Red Sox uniform. With his team trailing 1-0, "Spoke" hit a two-run homer off Rube Marquard in the top of the ninth, but the Robins rallied to a 3–2 victory.

Red Sox Blanked by University

(Continued from page one).

The summary of yesterday's game follows:

HARVARD.

	a.b.	r.	b.h.	p.o.	a.	e.
Percy, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Wyche, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Coolidge, c.f.	2	0	2	1	0	0
Nash, 1b.	4	0	0	13	0	0
Abbot, 2b.	4	1	0	5	5	0
Harte, c.	4	0	2	3	2	0
Knowles, l.f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Fripp, 3b.	3	0	0	0	6	0
Reed, s.s.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Mahan, p.	2	0	0	1	3	0
Garritt, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Total,	32	1	5	27	20	0

RED SOX.

	a.b.	r.	b.h.	p.o.	a.	e.
Hooper, r.f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
*Scott, s.s.	3	0	1	3	6	0
*Hoblitzel, 1b.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Walker, c.f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Shorten, l.f.	3	0	0	5	0	0
Gardner, 3b.	3	0	1	3	2	2
Barry, 2b.	3	0	1	2	1	0
Agnew, c.	2	0	0	4	1	0
Gregg, p.	0	0	0	0	1	0
McHale, p.	1	0	0	0	0	1
†Henriksen,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	27	0	5	27	11	3

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Red Sox,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Sacrifice hits—Scott, Gregg. Stolen base—Hooper. Two-base hit—Coolidge. Bases on balls—Off Mahan, 2; off Gregg, 2. Left on bases—Harvard, 7; Red Sox, 4. Struck out—By Mahan, 2; by Gregg, 4. Hit by pitched ball—Fripp. Double plays—Fripp to Abbot to Nash, Reed to Abbot to Nash, Fripp to Abbot to Nash. Wild pitches—Garritt. Time—1h. 45m. Umpires—Barry and Hart.

*Janvrin ran for Scott in the ninth.
*McNally ran for Hoblitzel in the ninth.
†Batted for Gregg in the fifth.

The Boston–Brooklyn game of April 8 was canceled due to snow. Nobody cared because the Speaker-to-Cleveland deal had just been announced. The Red Sox had two remaining exhibition games, on April 10 and 11 with Harvard and Boston College, before their season opener on April 12.

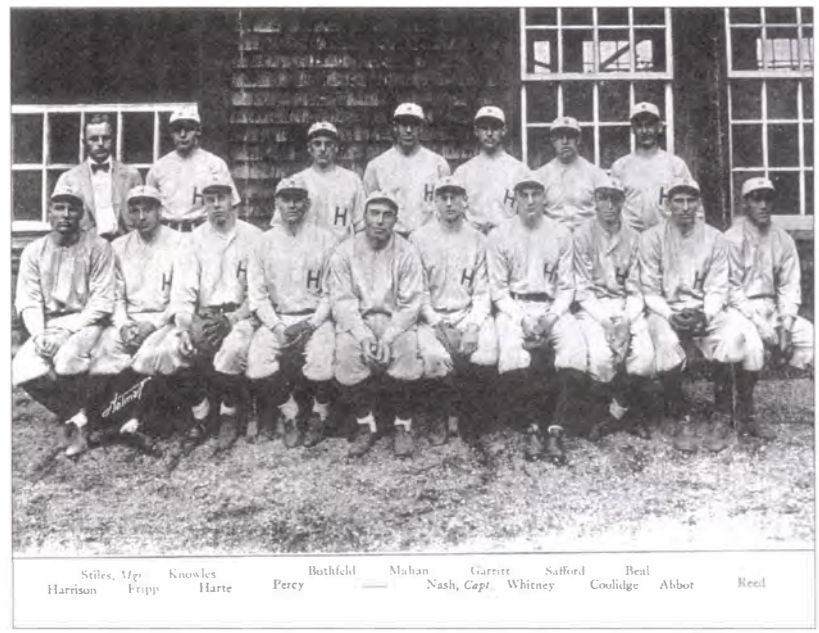
April 10 was a cold and damp day in Boston. Harvard's team captain, first baseman Henry Nash, called for the game to be canceled because of the poor field conditions. Coach Mitchell agreed with him. The university nine had been practicing outside for less than a week. The Red Sox decided the game would go on as scheduled.

The Red Sox used their regular lineup. As Speaker watched from the stands, Tilly Walker made his Fenway debut in center field. Vean Gregg, a sore-armed but once overpowering lefty who had fanned close to 400 batters in the Pacific Coast League in 1910, opened on the hill for Boston. Gregg struck out the side in the top of the first.

Harvard's starter was Eddie Mahan, probably best described as the Doug Flutie of his day. Both were natives of Natick, Massachusetts, and heroes on the local college gridiron, Flutie at Boston College in the early 1980s and Mahan for Harvard. While football was Mahan's forte, he definitely was no slacker when it came to baseball. Jim Thorpe once called him the greatest football player he ever saw. Both the Red Sox and the Chicago White Sox tried to ink Mahan to baseball contracts but World War I intervened.

Mahan always tried to downplay his role in the 1916 game. In a lengthy interview with the *Boston Globe*'s Roger Birtwell that appeared on January 19, 1967, Mahan said, "In the early innings, Bill Carrigan—the Red Sox manager, coaching on first base—called out to me, giving me the pitches to use against his own hitters." Birtwell replied, "I heard about that. About the third inning, Carrigan called out 'You're too good!' and stopped giving you the pitches."

Gregg held the Harvard batters hitless through the first three innings while Mahan allowed a single hit in both the second and third innings. The only run of the game came in the top of the fourth. With two down, Harvard's George Abbot reached first on a throwing error by Boston third baseman Larry Gardner. Catcher Dick Harte singled cleanly into right field with Abbot taking third and Harte moving to second on Harry Hooper's belated throw to third base. Jim Knowles hit a slow roller to Dick Hoblitzell and was able to beat the Sox first baseman down the line when Gregg failed to cover the bag. Abbot scored on the play.



Both starters went five innings. Marty McHale and Walter Garritt worked the last four innings for Boston and Harvard. Jack Barry opened Boston's fifth with a single but was erased on a Harvard twin killing.

The bottom of the ninth began with the Red Sox still trailing by a run. Manager Carrigan pulled out all the stops. Everett Scott led off with a bunt single. Hal Janvrin was sent in to run for Scott, and Hoblitzell dropped down a sacrifice bunt. Harte pounced on the ball and fired a strike to second to nail Janvrin. Mike McNally went in to run for Hoblitzell on first, but it didn't matter as Walker ended the game by hitting into a 5-4-3 double play.

Each team had five hits, but the Red Sox committed three errors. Harvard was perfect in the field and executed three double plays.

Boston went on to repeat as World Champions in 1916. The Harvard squad went 22–3 (with one tie) and is generally considered the greatest baseball team in the university's history.

The Harvard 1916 baseball team. Photo courtesy of the author.

Harvard did not field a baseball team in 1917 as the United States had entered the First World War. Jim Knowles, the Crimson's left fielder who drove in the game's only run with his infield hit, was one of America's leading fighter-pilot aces with five victories to his credit. Oliver Ames, a member of the team who did not appear in the game against the Red Sox, was killed in action in France in 1918. Collectively, the team won two Distinguished Service Crosses, two Navy Crosses and four Croix de Guerres. Apparently, as the Red Sox found out, the Harvard players were not easily intimidated.

The Harvard players held a reunion in 1958 to honor Mitchell on his birthday. In a story that appeared in an unidentified Boston paper on June 10, 1958, Mitchell told writer Bob Holbrook, "Well, I remember when I first came to Harvard to coach the ball team. I took one look at what I had and said to myself, Fred, you haven't got much here." Mahan began laughing when he recalled the Red Sox game. "I pitched five innings, no six [five is correct], and Walter Garritt here pitched the rest of it. I didn't have the hard job, Walter did. He was pitching when the Red Sox were bunting in the ninth trying to win."

"Bunting is right," said Mitchell. "I can still see them trying to bunt and I remember thinking what a thing it was for a major league team to be bunting twice in the ninth trying to beat a college team."

And let's not forget Roger Clemens. On April 4, 1987, Clemens ended his spring-long holdout and signed a two-year deal with the Red Sox for a reported two million dollars. Later that day he started an exhibition game in Winter Haven, Florida, against Harvard. The Rocket worked six innings, fanned ten batters, and allowed no hits. Everyone knew Harvard had no right being on the same field as the Boston Red Sox.

The Vermont Baseball Confederacy

by Richard Leyden

Imagine turn-of-the-century professional baseball players leaving even major league clubs to join a league in Vermont and the nation's top collegiate talent—players like Columbia Eddie Collins, Colby Jack Coombs, Harvard Eddie Grant, and Big Ed Reulbach—jumping from that same league directly to the majors. Doesn't it sound like something out of a W. P. Kinsella novel? But such a league actually existed. It was called the Northern League, and during its six-year existence, 1901–1906, nearly 100 confirmed major leaguers appeared in it (see Appendix B).

So why has this league been forgotten, even in the communities where it was based? Who were its organizers and where did it get its players? And how could towns with populations ranging from 3,000 to 20,000 hope to fill 3,000-seat ballparks on a daily basis? For answers to those questions, you need to have an understanding of the region's history, geographical setting, and economics.

Lake Champlain separates Vermont, New York, and Canada along a 125-mile valley, with the Green Mountains to the east and the Adirondacks to the west. At the advent of the 20th century, passenger railroads ran both north and south—up and down the valley—and east and west, connecting the urban centers of New York City, Boston, and Montreal with the small cities and towns of Vermont and upstate New York. Steamship lines, most controlled by the railroad companies, connected towns across the lake. Newly electrified trolley systems—"traction companies," as they were called—serviced outlying rural areas adjacent to towns and connected them with city centers. Roads were hardly suitable for the new "horseless carriages," but that didn't matter; at no time in history was the region's mass transit system as well developed as at the beginning of the 20th century.

With its pure air, sulfur water springs, large mountain hotels, lakeside resorts, health spas, sanatoriums, and abundance of cultural activities, the Lake Champlain basin wished to establish itself as a destination spot. It would have been unthinkable in 1901 not to make baseball an integral part of that plan. In the days before the existence of the ski industry, the most important travel period for "excursionists" to Vermont ran from Memorial Day to Labor Day—which coincided nicely with the summer vacation of college baseball players. Players like Jack Coombs of Colby College, Barre-Montpelier's outstanding pitcher in 1905, could not have afforded college but for money earned playing summer baseball. It was a perfect symbiotic relationship.

Thus was born the Northern League. Five or ten dollars bought a share of stock in the Malone or Rutland or Burlington Base Ball Association. Words like "Dividends shall be declared and paid out of the surplus profits of this corporation as often and at such times as the board of directors may determine"[1] appeared every year but always proved meaningless; a good season meant not having to issue new stock or form a new baseball association in mid-season. To raise money and excitement, most associations put on elaborate fairs or bazaars each June featuring music, dancing, and other diversions. "The ladies are taking an active interest in the fair," wrote the *Burlington Free Press* in 1903,[2] "and the booths will be attended by attractive young women, who will have all sorts of articles for sale."[3]

Those fundraising efforts had better be successful, for by that point the baseball men within the various associations had already recruited a team for the coming season. A typical recruitment letter (see Appendix A) is preserved in an article entitled "The College Athlete: How Commercialism Is Making Him a Professional," which appeared in the June 1905 issue of *McClure's Magazine*. According to the article, the letter, written by the president of the St. Albans, Vermont, Baseball Association was sent to a boy in preparatory school in an effort to subvert his amateur status and induce him to play under an assumed name. Actually, that particular letter was sent to far more experienced candidates for the St. Albans team, ranging from Pop

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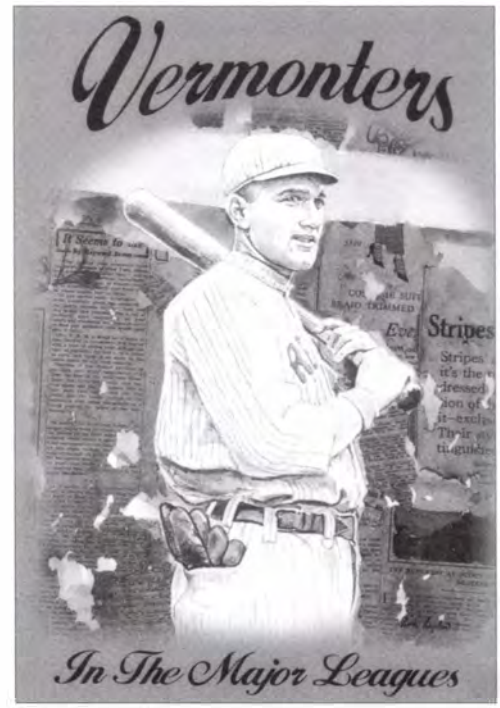
Williams of Bowdoinham, Maine, who had already compiled a 16–25 pitching record in parts of three seasons in the National League, to Harry Pattee, the crack Brown University shortstop who would play second base for the Brooklyn Superbas three years later. Prep school boys held no interest for the baseball associations of the Northern League.

The letter mentions the opportunity to play under an assumed name, giving college players still in school a chance to preserve their nonprofessional status. The national press assumed that most players chose that option. "College players are now flocking to the Vermont league, which is an independent organization composed of clubs in Burlington, Barre-Montpelier, Rutland, Vt., and Plattsburgh, N.Y.," wrote *Sporting Life*. "This league is a purely professional organization, playing on a regular schedule and having a season 10 weeks long, which began June 23. We presume that aliases are in favor with most of the players."[4]

But in actuality most collegiates played under their own names—and at great peril to their future careers. While schools like Brown, Fordham, Holy Cross, Georgetown, Manhattan, Syracuse, and the Universities of Pennsylvania and Vermont maintained a laissez-faire attitude, others denied their students who played in the Northern League the opportunity to resume their athletic careers when they returned to campus. Future major leaguers Jack Dunleavy of Amherst, Eddie Grant of Harvard, and Dike Varney of Dartmouth all were branded professionals after one season in the league and barred from further intercollegiate competition.

The case of Dunleavy, Amherst '04, is a particularly sad one. A 5'4" lefthander who aspired to play in the major leagues, he was the outstanding pitcher of the Northern League in 1901 and 1902 while playing for Malone, New York. Following his first season with Malone, the Amherst Athletic Committee declared him a professional when Dartmouth and Wesleyan alumni submitted evidence of his summer activities. In 1903 Dunleavy coached the Amherst team, taking his responsibilities seriously enough to turn down the St. Louis Cardinals when they invited him to join the team at the start of the National League season; he reported to the Cardinals only at the end of the semester. Jack did not return to the Amherst campus for the fall term—or ever again.

After three years in the majors as a pinch hitter, spare outfielder, and pitcher who batted at the top of the order, Dunleavy played out his career in the minors. In 1928 he was discovered selling hot dogs from a streetside cart in Danbury, Connecticut, by an Amherst classmate who refused to acknowledge him. The incredulous alum did report his find to the college, and the alumni office tracked down Dunleavy's address and asked if he wanted to correspond with any of the old boys. Jack replied that he remembered them all but doubted that they remembered him because he had left campus early. In an emotional appeal for forgiveness, understanding, and a "real" job, he wrote that his baseball career had ended long ago, that he had become "lost" after his wife died, and that he had failed as a hat salesman in Danbury (the hat manufacturing capital of America). In what must have seemed like a cruel joke, the next letter Dunleavy received from Amherst was an appeal to contribute to the next year's building fund. Jack Dunleavy died of a heart attack in 1944 while waiting for a train to take him to his parents' grave, a weekly ritual he had followed for the last 16 years of his life. Neighbors reported that he kept to himself but that he had once been a big-league pitcher—and had also played up north somewhere.



It was not the collegiate players like Dunleavy but the professionals, recruited to the Northern League from the major leagues or the 14 minor leagues covered by the National Agreement, who frequently used aliases. The American Association and the New York State, New England, Eastern, and National leagues all saw a number of their players with contract disputes wait for better offers while playing in the Northern League. When Tim Murnane of the *Boston Globe* wrote in 1904 that not a single man in the "outlaw" league was capable of earning a salary in the majors, the *Randolph* (Vermont) *Herald* took him to task: "Sir Timothy should remove the smoke from his spectacles before he allows anything like that to get abroad again. We know of a few big leaguers who are drawing a fair stipend among the kidnappers."[5]

For high-profile contract jumpers, aliases, though tried, proved pointless. Their movement north was too well documented in the national press to have been hidden by a mere change of name, and it was probably in reference to the jumping of players like Rube Vickers, Jack Warner, Art Brouthers, Dave Murphy, and Billy Lush that most fans first became aware of the Northern League. For one-game appearances such as those made by Buttons Briggs or Jack Taylor, however, an assumed name gave some measure of protection from the rules of organized baseball.

The most prominent of the one-gamers was Hall of Famer Jack Chesbro, a native of North Adams, Massachusetts, just

Amby McConnell (left) and Larry Gardner, depicted as Northern League players by Richard Leyden. The works are part of a collection of 35 paintings of Vermont-born major league players that Leyden produced under commission from the Vermont Historical Society. The portraits form the basis for a limited edition set of "Vermont Major Leaguers" baseball cards. Both McConnell and Gardner played for the Boston Red Sox in the early 1900s.

across the Vermont line. The Rutland Baseball Association hired the famous New York Highlanders spitballer for its July 9, 1903, game against Plattsburg, New York, which stood undefeated at 4–0 (including a 16–3 thrashing of Rutland) after the first week of the season. With a lineup of collegiate stars from Manhattan, Brown, and Cornell that included future major leaguers Phil Lewis, Tommy O'Hara, Eddie Zimmerman, and Paddy Duff, the "Burgers" threatened to run away with the league unless something drastic was done to stop them. Enter Chesbro, playing for Rutland under the alias "Bradfield." Starting the game in left field while his brother Dan pitched, the man who would set a modern major league record with 41 wins the following season contributed a double and a key ninth-inning single to Rutland's 10–9 victory.

The Chesbro game is illustrative of the sort of behavior on the part of team management that eventually led to the Northern League's demise. "The Northern league is said to be in a bad way financially, with all the teams losing money," reported the *Randolph Herald* in 1905. "There is not sufficient sporting clientele to back up the pace set. Too much anxiety for the pennant and too little thought for the purse."[6] That observation could have fairly characterized any of the six seasons of the league's existence. The salary cap, by which teams agreed to abide to ensure parity in the league, was continuously ignored in the desire to win. Despite all the effort that went into the preseason selection process, teams still frequently changed personnel, even on a game-by-game basis during the highly competitive seasons of 1904 and 1905.

Some attributed the league's financial trouble to its location. "The Northern league is putting up an excellent article of baseball but those who are backing it financially will at present outlook be obliged to take to the tall timber to keep out of the way of the sheriff, who may finally have the job of paying the bills," wrote the *Montpelier Argus* in 1905. "Baseball is good sport and where towns can afford to have a professional nine it is all right, but those towns are not on the map of Vermont."[7] But the *Rutland Herald* took a different view: "Professional ball is all right for Vermont cities as much as for those of any other state within a certain limit. It is not right for any baseball association to go far beyond its resources as has been done in this state before and as will, if some things are allowed to continue, be done again. This going to the extreme threatens the very life of baseball, the fans swinging back to the other extreme and vowing they will have nothing if they cannot have the best."[8]

As it turned out, Northern League fans got nothing after 1906. Plattsburg, despite a lineup that included Eddie Collins, Billy Lush, Cy Ferry, Snake Wiltse, and Libe Washburn, won only 2 of its first 15 games and disbanded. Ottawa, which included Shag Shaughnessy and Doc Hillebrand, disbanded when the team found itself in Burlington late in the season with insufficient funds for the train trip back to Canada. Rutland, with no chance of catching Burlington in the standings, disbanded at the same time. Only Barre-Montpelier battled vainly to the end. Thus, the 1906 championship won by Burlington owner George Whitney, racehorse owner, gambler, and heir to the Eli Whitney fortune, marked the end of the Northern League, at least until it reemerged three decades later, and many North Country fans claimed that in his triumph he killed it.

Still, consider what they had seen in the six years of the league's existence: William Clarence Matthews breaking the color line by playing the entire 1905 season for Burlington; night baseball against a barnstorming team of Sioux Indians; regular visits of the Cuban X Giants; a few local boys like Larry Gardner who were good enough to break into the lineup almost directly out of high school; and numerous contract, gambling, and bribery scandals. Most of all, they did it their own way. Not the way of Organized Baseball—just the way of "that neat little league" with "big" ideas and "fast" play (see Appendix C).[9]

NOTES

1. *Burlington Free Press*, June 17, 1904, 3.
2. *Burlington Free Press*, June 8, 1903, 4.
3. Ibid.
4. *Sporting Life*, June 30, 1905.
5. *Randolph Herald*, July 21, 1905, 4.
6. *St. Albans Daily Messenger*, August 17, 1905, 6.
7. *Montpelier Argos*, August 17, 1905.
8. *Rutland Daily Herald*, August 22, 1905.
9. *Sporting Life*, September 6, 1902, 12.

Appendix A

A Typical Northern League Recruitment Letter

Dear Sir:

I write thinking I might induce you to come to St. Albans to play summer ball on the league team here. I know both your school and league record and they are certainly very good ones. A gentleman who saw you work in the New York State League strongly advised me to get you, if possible. I think you will like this league far better than the one you played in last year, and will find the quality of ball played even better. If you come here, you will have two Harvard, two U of P., two Dartmouth, a Georgetown, and possibly, a Brown (not this year's team) or Princeton on the team with you. The circuit is composed of five towns, all within a radius of fifty miles and peopled with as hot baseball "fans" as there are under the sun. The players, being for the most part good, clean college men are taken into the social life of the town.

The salaries paid in this league compare very favorably with those paid in any minor or independent organization, and I think it will be well worth your while to write me your terms per week for playing here. You may play under an assumed name as you did last year, and nobody will be the wiser.

Awaiting the anticipated courtesy of an early reply, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
J.J. Thompson, Manager

From "The College Athlete: How Commercialism is Making Him a Professional," *McClure's Magazine* (June 1905) St. Albans, Vt., April 26,1904.

Appendix B

Confirmed Major Leaguers Who Played in the Northern League (1901-06)

1. Amole, Morris George "Doc"
2. Ball, Jim
3. Barberich, Frank
4. Bonner, Frank
5. Booth, Amos
6. Bowcock, Benjamin James
7. Boucher, Alexander Francis "Bo"
8. Broderick, Matt
9. Briggs, Herbert Theodore "Buttons" (played under the name "Carrick")
10. Brouthers, Arthur H.
11. Caldwell, Ralph
12. Camnitz, Harry
13. Carney, Pat
14. Carter, Conrad Powell "Nick"
15. Cotter, Dan
16. Chesbro, Jack (played under the name "Bradfield")
17. Coakley, Andrew James "Andy"
18. Collins, Eddie (played under his real name despite numerous citations to the contrary)
19. Cook, Jim
20. Coombs, John Wesley "Colby Jack"
21. Coveny, John
22. Daniels, Bert
23. Diehl, Ernie
24. Doscher, John Henry Jr. "Jack"
25. Donnelly, Ed "Big Ed" (born Edward O'Donnell)
26. Donovan, Thomas Joseph "Tom"
27. Dowd, Thomas Jefferson "Tom"
28. Dresser, Robert Nicholson "Bob"
29. Duff, Patrick Henry "Paddy"
30. Dunleavy, John Francis "Jack"
31. Dunn, Joseph Edward "Joe"
32. Fairbanks, James Lee "Smokey"
33. Ferry, Alfred Joseph "Cy"
34. Flynn, John
35. Gardner, William Lawrence "Larry"
36. Grant, Eddie Leslie
37. Hafford, Leo (played under the name "Lefty George")
38. Harris, Charlie
39. Hart, Hub (played under the name "Nash")
40. Hazelton, Willard Carpenter "Doc"
41. Krichell, Paul
42. Lamer, Pete
43. Lauder, Billy
44. Lauterborn, William Bernard
45. Lawson, Bob "Doc"
46. Leary, Frank
47. LeRoy, Louis Paul
48. Lewis, Phil
49. Lilley, John K. "Jack" (never made an appearance off a major league roster into an official game, but an important Northern Leaguer nonetheless)
50. Lindaman, Vive
51. Lush, William Lucas "Billy"
52. Lynch, Michael Joseph "Mike"
53. MacGamwell, Edward M. "Eddie"
54. McCormick, Michael J.
55. McConnell, Ambrose Moses "Amby"
56. McGovern, Arthur John
57. McIlveen, Irish
58. McLane, Edward Cameron
59. Mills, W.G.
60. Minnehan, E.J. "Cotton"
61. Moran, Charles Vincent "Charlie"
62. Mullins, James Henry "Jimmy"
63. Murphy, David Francis "Dave"
64. Noonan, Peter John
65. O'Brien, Thomas J. "Buck"
66. O'Hara, Thomas F.
67. Pattee, Harry Ernest
68. Reulbach, Ed (played under the name "Sheldon")
69. Rudolph, Richard "Dick"
70. Scanlon, William Dennis "Doc"
71. Shaughnessy, Francis Joseph "Shag"
72. Shean, David William "Dave"
73. Stankard, Thomas Francis
74. Taylor, Jack (played under the name "Jones")
75. Theilman, Harry
76. Tift, Raymond Frank
77. Tucker, Tommy
78. Varney, Lawrence Delano "Dike"
79. Vickers, Harry Porter "Rube"
80. Wall, Joseph Francis "Gummy"
81. Ward, Joseph A
82. Warner, Jack (played under his real name in defiance of the major leagues)
83. Washburn, Libeus "Libe"
84. Watson, Charles John "Doc"
85. Wheeler, George
86. Wiggs, James Alvin "Jimmy"
87. Williams, Walter Merrill "Pop"
88. Wiltse, Lewis DeWitt "Snake"
89. Wolfe, William F "Bill"
90. Yerkes, Stanley Lewis
91. Zimmerman, Edward Desmond "Eddie"

Plus Vermont born major leaguers (in addition to Larry Gardner & Amby McConnell):

92. Dubuc, Jean (a 16-year-old who was a roster player for Barre-Montpelier in 1905 and pitched batting practice but not in a league game)
93. Dupee, Frank (pitched one game for Rutland in 1905, but was listed as Duhee)
94. Kuhns, Charles B. "Charlie." (Not only did this former major leaguer play a variety of positions for Plattsburg in 1905, but he was also the "official" photographer for the Northern League. He sold his photos of players and fans for 60 cents apiece to both the press and private individuals.)

- Others who remained to be verified: Roy Clark, "Birdie" Cree, Ralph Glaze, Ike Van Zandt, Bob Vail, "Rube" Taylor, Fred Payne, Otto Deininger, Henry Cote, Doc Hillebrand (which one?), and Jake Livingstone.

Appendix C

First Northern League (1901-1906) Summary

1901 Final Standings
Plattsburg 15-6
Malone 15-7
Potsdam 9-10
Canton 7-13
Ogdensburg 4-14

- Known as the Northern New York League
- League championship disputed
- Malone assumes championship on the basis of a forfeited victory
- Key players: Jack Dunleavy, Libe Washburn, Doc Scanlan, Dike Varney, Charlie Moran, Jack Doscher, Harry Theilman, and Bill Lauterborn

1902 Final Standings
Plattsburg 21-12
Malone 21-14
St. Albans 15-20
Potsdam 12-23

- Still known as the Northern New York League
- League championship disputed again
- Malone awarded championship after a league meeting at end of season
- Key players: Paddy Duff, Mike Lynch, Jimmy Mullins, Harry Pattee, Jack Lilly, Jack Dunleavy, Tom Embleton (Hays), and Dave Murphy

1903 Final Standings
Plattsburg 21-12
St. Albans 21-12
Rutland 10-20
Burlington 10-17

- Becomes known as the Northern League with the addition of two Vermont teams
- League championship undecided when St. Albans refuses a playoff
- Key players include Amby McConnell, Eddie Zimmerman, Phil Lewis, Joe Cotter, Thomas F. O'Hara, Doc Hazelton, Paddy Duff, Bob Lawson, and Bob Dresser

1904 Final Standings
Burlington 26-14
Rutland 23-17
Montpelier-Barre 20-18
St. Albans 18-20
Plattsburg 9-27

- George Whitney, millionaire horse breeder and gambler, assumes control of the Burlington Baseball Association. With Doc Hazelton's hitting and player moves, they make a winner out of Burlington.
- Key players: Ed Reulbach (playing under the name "Sheldon"), Eddie Grant, Ralph Caldwell, Art Brouthers, Ben Bowcock, Rube Vickers, Andy Coakley, Dave Shean, and Libe Washburn

1905 Final Standings
Montpelier-Barre 33-22
Burlington 30-25
Rutland 27-28
Plattsburg 19-35

- Most competitive and expensive of all the seasons
- More games played
- Gambling by "backers" of the teams openly discussed in the press
- Burlington breaks the color barrier in professional baseball by using Mathews from Harvard all season
- Key players: William Clarence Mathews, Jack Coombs, Doc Hillebrand, Doc Amole, Rube Vickers, Shag Shaughnessy, Eddie Grant, Eddie MacGamwell, Cotton Minnehan, Frank Barberich, and Dave Shean

1906 Final Standings
Burlington 27-13
Ottawa 18-16
Rutland 17-18
Montpelier-Barre 19-23
Plattsburg 2-13

- Burlington and Montpelier-Barre continue as a two-team league after first Plattsburg, then Rutland and Ottawa are forced to suspend operations
- Key players: Eddie Collins (playing under his own name), Dick Rudolph, Larry Gardner, Cy Ferry, Snake Wiltse, Billy Lush, Bert Daniels, Shag Shaughnessy, Dave Shean, Dr. Tom Uniac, and Tom Donovan

Minor League Baseball in New England and Eastern Canada

by John F. Pardon and Dick Thompson

When a New Englander thinks of baseball it usually means he's thinking Red Sox. If you are older, it just may be the Braves—remember the Boston Braves?

But there is much more to be remembered about baseball in New England than the major leagues. Including the six New England states and the three eastern provinces of Canada, almost 90 cities and towns have had, or still have, a professional team.

In Canada the Montreal Expos have been in the National League since 1969. However, Montreal was in the International League for many years, and more than a dozen Quebec cities had pro teams since the 1920s.

These cities have seen many to-be-famous players come through their stadiums and perform on their fields. Perhaps the most famous was Babe Ruth. After the Baltimore Orioles signed the youngster in 1914, he was traded to the Boston Red Sox, who in turn shipped him to Providence (RI) for several months of additional seasoning.

From the Stamford Bombers of the Colonial League in southwest Connecticut to Calais in the New Brunswick-Maine League in northern Maine, New England has seen more than a century of professional performance. All classifications have been represented: from today's independent Bridgeport Bluefish to Pawtucket's Triple A Red Sox.

Professional minor league baseball gained its foothold in the 1880s. Frank Selee, who managed Boston to five National League flags before laying the foundation of the great Chicago Cubs teams of Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance fame, began his career in the Massachusetts State Baseball Association in 1884. Hugh Duffy was with Lowell (MA) in the New England League in 1887 and Jesse Burkett with Worcester (MA) in the Atlantic Association in 1889, both before embarking on major league careers that would end at Cooperstown.

The 1890s saw the New England League debuts of Nap Lajoie and Christy Mathewson. Lajoie hit .429 for Fall River (MA) in 1896. Three seasons later Christy Mathewson perfected his fadeaway pitch while hurling for Taunton (MA).

As the 20th century began, longtime National League stars like Roger Connor (Springfield, MA) and Orator Jim O'Rourke (Bridgeport, CT) were leading teams in the Connecticut League, while Jesse Burkett (Worcester) and Billy Hamilton (Haverhill, MA) were managing and winning batting titles in the New England League. Jack Dunn showed signs of his future managerial greatness at Baltimore by copping the 1905 Eastern League flag for Providence.

The 1914 Providence International League team was one of the greatest minor league teams ever assembled. In addition to the aforementioned Ruth and teammate Carl Mays, who won 24 games, almost the entire starting lineup eventually found their careers published in SABR's Minor League Stars series. Before becoming famous as the "Ty Cobb of the Federal League," Benny Kauff hit .345 for Hartford (CT) of the Eastern Association in 1913, where he was known as the "Ty Cobb of the Eastern Association."

The 1920s saw Lou Gehrig playing for Hartford in the Eastern League in 1924 (37 homers) and 17-year-old Jimmie Foxx catching for the Providence International League club in 1925. Billy Jurges was named MVP of the New England League in 1928 while playing at Manchester (NH). Wes Ferrell and Hank Greenberg got their starts playing semi-pro ball in the Blackstone Valley League on the Massachusetts-Rhode Island border at the end of the decade. Former major league stalwarts like Duffy Lewis and Stuffy McInnis were managing in the New England League, Lewis in Portland (ME) and McInnis in Salem (MA). Chief Bender and Rube Marquard managed Eastern League flag winners, Bender at New Haven in 1920 (he also won 25 games) and Marquard at Providence 1926.

The two greatest catchers of the 1930s were Greater Boston natives who were born about 30 miles apart, Mickey Cochrane in Bridgewater (MA) and Gabby Hartnett in Woonsocket (RI). Cochrane was a star football player at Boston University and Hartnett, whose hometown was Millville (MA), began playing for Worcester in the Eastern League in 1921. New Hampshire's Red Rolfe, a product of Dartmouth College, held down the hot corner for the great New York Yankees teams at the end of the decade, while the National League's best third baseman, Pie Traynor, was a native of Framingham (MA).

The 1940s saw a strong Brooklyn Dodgers influence in New England and eastern Canada. Jackie Robinson played in Montreal in 1946 and Walter Altson managed the Nashua (NH) New England League team. A year later Roy Campanella and Don Newcombe starred for Nashua. Jimmie Foxx managed briefly for Bridgeport (CT) in the Colonial League in 1949, and George Kissell, seen in uniform in the St. Louis Cardinals dugout for the 2001 National League Divisional Series, managed in the New England League. University of Michigan coach and Vermont native Ray Fisher, a driving force behind semi-pro ball in the Green Mountain State, induced Robin Roberts to play there in the summers of 1946 and 1947. Big leaguers Sal Maglie and Max Lanier, plus several other Mexican League jumpers, played in the Provincial League in eastern Canada in the late 1940s.

The 1950s and 1960s was the low point of professional baseball in the New England area. The New England League ceased operations after the 1949 season, the Colonial League a year later, the Canadian-American League in 1951, and finally the Provincial League in 1955.

In the early 1960s, college players started to show up on Cape Cod League rosters. The caliber of play in the summer amateur league would continue to grow from that point, attracting such budding superstars as Jeff Bagwell, Albert Belle, Frank Thomas, and Mo Vaughn. The Eastern League had an entry in Pittsfield (MA) where future Red Sox favorite George Scott won a Triple Crown in 1965. By 1970 the Eastern League had franchises in Waterbury (CT), Pittsfield, Pawtucket, and Manchester (NH).

Bobby Cox managed his first pennant winner for West Haven (CT) in the Eastern League in 1972. Jim Rice captured batting titles in 1973 and 1974, the first for Bristol (CT) in the Eastern League and then for Pawtucket in the International League.

The 1980s saw Roger Clemens and Wade Boggs work their way through the Red Sox farm system. Boggs, like Rice, played at Bristol and Pawtucket; Clemens played at New Britain and Pawtucket. Rafael Palmeiro and Mark Grace, two of the top major league first baseman of the 1990s, both came through the Cubs chain via the Pittsfield franchise. Palmeiro led the Eastern League in RBI in 1986 and Grace matched that feat a year later. Ken Griffey Jr.'s last stop before crashing into the big leagues was for the Seattle Mariners' Vermont franchise in the Eastern League in 1988. In 1990, a year before he was named the National League Rookie of the Year, Jeff Bagwell was the MVP of the Eastern League.

We could go on and on. We've just scratched the surface of the area's baseball history. Even the fella famous for saying "It ain't over till it's over," Yogi Berra, played in New England before his Yankee career. He played while stationed in Connecticut with the Navy during World War II.

You'll never know what you'll find when you start researching.

What stirs your interest?

John F. Pardon is a charter member of SABR and has had a lifelong interest in minor league history. He lives in Crugers, New York. **Dick Thompson** has been a SABR member since 1979. His chief interest is collecting biographical data on New England-born players.

UNITED STATES

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT
1885-1886 Eastern
1899-1912 Connecticut State
1913-1914 Eastern Assn.
1916-1932 Eastern
1941 Interstate
1947-1950 Colonial
1998-2001 Atlantic

BRISTOL
1899-1901 Connecticut State
1949-1950 Colonial
1973-1982 Eastern

DANBURY
1913 New York-New Jersey
1914 Atlantic

DERBY
1899-1901 Connecticut State

HARDWARE CITY
1995-1996 See New Britain, CT

HARTFORD
1886 Eastern
1889-1890 Atlantic Assn.
1896-1898 Atlantic
1899-1901 Eastern
1902-1912 Connecticut State
1913-1914 Eastern Assn.
1915 Colonial
1916-1932 Eastern
1934 Northeastern
1938-1952 Eastern

MERIDEN
1886 Eastern
1899-1905 Connecticut State
1908 Connecticut State
1910 Connecticut Assn.
1913 Eastern Assn.

MIDDLETOWN
1910 Connecticut Assn.

NEW BRITAIN
1908-1912 Connecticut State
1914 Eastern Assn.
1984-2001 Eastern[1]

NEW HAVEN
1889-1890 Atlantic Assn.
1891-1892 Eastern
1896 Atlantic
1899-1912 Connecticut State
1913-1914 Eastern Assn.
1915 Colonial
1916-1932 Eastern
1994-2001 Eastern

NEW LONDON
1899-1907 Connecticut State
1910 Connecticut Assn.
1913-1914 Eastern Assn.
1916-1918 Eastern
1947 Colonial

NORWALK
1889 Atlantic Assn.

NORWICH
1899-1907 Connecticut State
1910 Connecticut, Assn.
1995-2001 Eastern

STAMFORD
1947-1949 Colonial

TORRINGTON
1950 Colonial

WATERBURY
1885-1886 Eastern
1899-1902 Connecticut State
1906-1912 Connecticut State
1913-1914 Eastern Assn.
1918-1922 Eastern
1947-1950 Colonial
1966-1971 Eastern
1997-1998 Northeast
1999-2000 Northern

WEST HAVEN
1972-1982 Eastern

WILLIMANTIC
1910 Connecticut Assn.

MAINE

AUBURN
1919 See Lewiston, ME

AUGUSTA
1895-1896 New England
1901 New England

BANGOR
1894-1896 New England
1901 New England
1907 Maine State
1913 New Brunswick-Maine
1996-1997 Northeast

BIDDEFORD
1907 Maine State

CALAIS
1913 New Brunswick-Maine[2]

LEWISTON
1891-1896 New England
1901 New England
1908 Atlantic Assn.
1914-1915 New England
1919 New England[3]
1926-1930 New England

MAINE
1984-1988 See Old Orchard Beach

OLD ORCHARD BEACH
1984-1988 International[4]

PINE TREE
1907 Maine State

PORTLAND
1886-1888 New England
1891-1896 New England
1899 New England
1901 New England
1907 Maine State
1908 Atlantic Assn.
1913-1915 New England
1916-1917 Eastern
1919 New England
1926-1930 New England
1946-1949 New England
1994-2001 Eastern

MASSACHUSETTS

ATTLEBORO
1908 Atlantic Assn.
1928 New England
1933 New England

BOSTON
1871-1875 National Assn.
1883-1952 National
1884 Union Assn.
1886-1887 New England
1887 National Colored
1890 Players
1891 American Assn.
1893 New England
1901-2001 American

BROCKTON
1886 New England
1892-1899 New England
1901 New England
1901 Eastern
1903 New England
1907-1913 New England
1914-1915 Colonial
1928-1929 New England
1933 New England

CAMBRIDGE
1899 New England
1934 Northeastern

FALL RIVER
1893-1898 New England
1902-1913 New England
1914-1915 Colonial
1946-1949 New England

FITCHBURG
1895 New England Assn.
1899 New England
1914-1915 New England
1919 New England
1922 Eastern
1929 New England

GLOUCESTER
1929 New England

HAVERHILL
1886-1887 New England
1894 New England
1895 New England Assn.
1901-1912 New England
1914 New England
1919 New England
1926-1929 New England

HOLYOKE
1903-1912 Connecticut State
1913 Eastern Assn.
1977-1982 Eastern

LAWRENCE
1886-1887 New England
1892 New England
1895 New England Assn.
1899 New England
1902-1915 New England
1916-1917 Eastern
1919 New England
1926-1927 New England
1933 New England
1946-1947 New England

LOWELL
1887-1888 New England
1889 Atlantic Assn.
1891-1893 New England
1895 New England Assn.
1901-1915 New England
1916 Eastern
1919 New England
1926 New England
1933 New England
1934 Northeastern
1947 New England
1996-2001 New York-Pennsylvania

LYNN
1886-1888 New England
1891 New England
1901 New England
1905-1915 New England
1916 Eastern
1926-1930 New England
1946-1949 New England
1980-1983 Eastern
1996 North Atlantic[5]
1997-1998 Northeast[5]
1999 Northern[5]

MASSACHUSETTS
1996-1999 See Lynn, MA

NEW BEDFORD
1895-1898 New England
1903-1913 New England
1914-1915 Colonial
1929 New England
1933 New England
1934 Northeastern

NEWBURYPORT
1886 New England

NORTHAMPTON
1909-1911 Connecticut State

PITTSFIELD
1905 Hudson River
1913-1914 Eastern Assn.
1919-1930 Eastern
1941-1942 Canadian-American
194.6-1951 Canadian-American
1965-1976 Eastern
1985-1988 Eastern
1989-2001 New York-Pennsylvania

QUINCY
1933 New England

SALEM
1887-1888 New England
1891-1892 New England
1895 New England Assn.
1926-1928 New England
1930 New England

SPRINGFIELD
1893-1900 Eastern
1902-1912 Connecticut State
1913-1914 Eastern Assn.
1915 Colonial
1916-1932 Eastern
1934 Northeastern
1939-1943 Eastern
1948-1949 New England
1950-1953 International
1957-1965 Eastern

TAUNTON
1897-1899 New England
1905 New England
1908 Atlantic Assn.
1914-1915 Colonial
1933 New England

WALTHAM
1934 Northeastern

WATERTOWN
1934 Northeastern

WAYLAND
1934 Northeastern

WORCESTER
1888 New England
1889-1890 Atlantic Assn.
1891 New England
1894 New England
1898 New England
1899-1903 Eastern
1904 Connecticut State
1906-1915 New England
1916-1926 Eastern
1933 New England
1934 Northeastern

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CHARLESTOWN
1911 See Springfield, VT

CONCORD
1902-1905 New England

DOVER
1893 New England
1902 New England

KEENE
1911 Twin States

MANCHESTER
1887-1888 New England
1891-1893 New England
1899 New England
1901-1906 New England
1914-1915 New England
1926-1930 New England
1934 Northeastern
1946-1949 New England
1969-1971 Eastern

NASHUA
1895 New England Assn.
1901-1905 New England
1926-1927 New England
1929-1930 New England
1933 New England
1946-1949 New England
1983-1986 Eastern
1995-1996 North Atlantic
1998-2000 Atlantic

PORTSMOUTH
1888 New England

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT
1897-1899 New England
1908 Atlantic Assn.
2001 Northeast

PAWTUCKET
1892 New England
1894-1899 New England
1908 Atlantic Assn.
1914-1915 Colonial
1946-1949 New England
1966-1967 Eastern
1970-1972 Eastern
1973-2001 International

PROVIDENCE
1883-1885 National
1886 Eastern
1891-1911 Eastern
1912-1917 International
1918-1919 Eastern
1926-1930 Eastern
1946-1949 New England

RHODE ISLAND
1996 See West Warwick

WEST WARWICK
1996 Northeast[6]

WOONSOCKET
1891-1892 New England
1908 Atlantic Assn.
1914 Colonial
1933 New England

VERMONT

BELLOWS FALLS
1911 Twin States

BRATTLEBORO
1911 Twin States

BURLINGTON
1955 Provincial
1984-1988 Eastern
1994-2001 See Winooski
VERMONT
1994-2001 See Winooski
WINOOSKI
1994-2001 New York-Pennsylvania[7]

CANADA

NEW BRUNSWICK
FREDERICTON
1913 New Brunswick-Maine
SAINT JOHN
1913 New Brunswick-Maine
SAINT STEPHEN
1913 See Calais, ME
NOVA SCOTIA
DOMINION
1937-1938 Cape Breton Colliery
GLACE BAY
1937-1939 Cape Breton Colliery
NEW WATERFORD
1937-1939 Cape Breton Colliery
SYDNEY
1937-1939 Cape Breton Colliery
SYDNEY MINES
1937-1939 Cape Breton Colliery
QUEBEC
CAP DE LA MADELEINE
1922 Eastern Canada
DRUMMONDVILLE
1940 Quebec Provincial
1948-1954 Provincial
FARNHAM
1948-1951 Provincial
GRANBY
1940 Quebec-Provincial
1946 Border
1948-1953 Provincial
HULL
1924 See Ottawa
MONTREAL
1890 Eastern
1897-1911 Eastern
1912-1917 International
1922-1923 Eastern Canada
1924 Quebec-Ontario-Vermont
1928-1960 International
1969-2001 National
OUTREMONT
1924 Quebec-Ontario-Vermont
QUEBEC
1923 Eastern Canada
1924 Quebec-Ontario-Vermont
1940 Quebec-Provincial
1941-1942 Canadian-American
1946-1950 Canadian-American
1951-1955 Provincial
1971-1977 Eastern
SAINT HYACINTHE
1940 Quebec-Provincial
1948-1953 Provincial
SAINT JEAN-SUR-RICHELIEU
1948-1955 Provincial
SHERBROOKE
1940 Quebec-Provincial
1946 Border
1948-1951 Provincial
1953-1955 Provincial
1972-1973 Eastern
THETFORD MINES
1953-1955 Provincial
1974-1975 Eastern
TROIS RIVIÈRES
1922-1923 Eastern Canada
1940 Quebec-Provincial
1941-1942 Canadian-American
1946-1950 Canadian-American
1951-1955 Provincial
1971-1977 Eastern
1999-2001 Northern
VALLEYFIELD
1922 Eastern Canada

NOTES

1. Team listed as Hardware City in standings for 1995 and 1996.
2. Also represented St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada.
3. Also represented Auburn, ME.
4. Listed as Maine in standings.
5. Listed as Massachusetts in standings.
6. Listed as Rhode Island in standings.
7. Listed as Vermont in standings and is near Burlington.

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The Red Sox welcome SABR32 to Boston and Fenway Park