

The Inside Game

"Let's get this lumpy, licorice-stained ball rolling!"

Vol. 3, No. 1

The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

June '02

From the Chairman

A Deadballer Views Life

by Tom Simon

My wife and I live on a Deadball Era street. Our house was built in 1899 (pretty close), and our nextdoor neighbors' was built in 1906. Then there are two houses built in 1927 and 1932, respectively. Then there's a big, beautiful house built in 1908.

So every morning when I walk the dog, I think of Ned Hanlon merging the best of Brooklyn and Baltimore; then I think of Frank Chance's 116-game winners; then my mind goes blank for a minute or two or I continue to think of that "trio of bear cubs fleeter than birds"; and then I think of poor Fred Merkle.

This Deadball fixation doesn't only affect the way I see architecture. At an art museum I'll think, How could Picasso have done that painting at a time when pitchers were still ranked according to winning percentage? Reading a poem, I'll think to myself, Robert Frost wrote this in a year when the Red Sox won the World's Series — and he wasn't that far from Boston when he did it. And my wife has come home from a movie — I forget which one — and remarked, "You would have liked it. It was set in the Deadball Era."

I'll gladly take a train, pretending the whole time I'm sharing a Pullman with Ring Lardner, even if I could drive to the destination in the same amount of time. I'll buy bread at a downtown bakery, wine at a downtown wine store, and clothes at a downtown haberdashery, rather than picking up all of the aforementioned items conveniently — and undoubtedly for less money — at a suburban Costco. One of the things that drew me to Vermont is that a lot of people up here share these views.

Do I value an old-fashioned way of life because I love Deadball Era baseball, or do I love Deadball Era baseball because I value an old-fashioned way of life? I don't know the answer, but I do know that I've been this way for at least a quarter-century — since I first used a protractor to fashion an All-Star Baseball disc of Donie Bush.

The start of a biannual tradition

Hot Time in Hot Springs

by Gabriel Schechter

THURSDAY, MARCH 14. Like many of the Hot Springs Eight, I had a long day of travel just getting to the site of the first Deadball Era Committee Spring Training trip. I left for the airport at 5AM, flew all morning from San Jose to Dallas, and rented a car for what my Dallas friends said was a three-hour drive. It turns out that it was a

three-hour drive to the Arkansas border, past which my friends had not ventured, and I wound up with a 300-mile drive to Hot Springs. I entered Hot Springs at its unglamorous end and made the slow crawl up Central Avenue, past the Oak Lawn racetrack where

the horseracing season had just gotten under way. I could see big buildings ahead, built into the hills, and eventually I reached Bathhouse Row and the imposing Arlington Hotel, one of the most popular stopping places of the teams that had visited Hot Springs one hundred years ago. A block past the Arlington, just around the bend, stood the Majestic, where the Brooklyn team stayed during spring training in 1912, the year that Victory Faust foisted himself on Bill Dahlen's team so he could teach himself to pitch left-handed and make himself twice as valuable to John McGraw and his Giants. My personal

Faust quest began at the Majestic.

As soon as I pulled my little red Ford into the front circle of the Majestic at 5PM, I knew I'd come to the right place. The first thing I saw was two people playing catch on the front lawn — a man and a woman — using battered, flimsy gloves. I knew I had found our Peerless Leader, DEC chairman Tom Simon, staying loose with his wife Carolyn. "Nice glove!" I

called out, and so began a most excellent weekend. I checked in and met my roommate, R. J. Lesch, who had driven eleven hours from Des Moines and arrived a couple hours before I did. I didn't know any of these guys except as names on a computer screen, but I knew I had the right roommate for a Deadball Era outing when

he handed me a box of animal crackers. Indeed, R. J. provided animal crackers for the whole group.

Our little group of six assembled in the new lobby of the Majestic for dinner, and that's where I met Jan Finkel and Mike Lackey, the other Thursday arrivals. Our first group outing took us all the way across... the Majestic, through the lobby of the older part of the hotel, to their restaurant, where we had a great meal and our first of innumerable animated discussions. Although there were plenty of "events" throughout the weekend, organized outings between which different

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Four of the Hot Springs Eight at Fogel Field

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Deadballers: The American League

The Deadball Era Committee's biography project subcommittee has compiled the following list of Deadball Era subjects to be included in Volume II: The American League. Team editors are noted behind the team and its Deadball Era record.

Biographies will be assigned on a first-come, first-served basis. Please submit requests for subjects to Lyle Spatz at lspatz@att.net.

I. THE AMERICAN LEAGUE--Bill Lamberty

1. Ban Johnson, President 1901-27
2. Charles W. Somers, VP 1901-16
3. Tom Connolly, Umpire 1901-31
4. Silk O'Loughlin, Umpire 1902-18
5. Billy Evans, Umpire 1906-27

II. BOSTON (1548-1258, .552)--Mike Foster

1. Cy Young, Right-handed Pitcher 1901-08
2. Lou Criger, Catcher 1901-08
3. Jimmy Collins, Third Baseman 1901-07, Mgr. '01-06
4. Buck Freeman, Outfielder/First Baseman 1901-07
5. Freddy Parent, Shortstop 1901-07
6. Hobe Ferris, Second Baseman 1901-07
7. Chick Stahl, Outfielder 1901-06, Mgr. 1906
8. Bill Dinneen, Righthanded Pitcher, 1902-07
9. Jake Stahl, First Baseman 1903, '08-10, '12-13, Mgr. '12-13
10. Jesse Tannehill, Left-handed Pitcher 1904-08
11. Bill Carrigan, Catcher 1906, '08-16, Mgr. 1913-16
12. Tris Speaker, Center Fielder 1907-15
13. Larry Gardner, Third Baseman 1908-17
14. Joe Wood, Right-handed Pitcher 1908-15
15. Harry Hooper, Right Fielder 1909-20
16. Ray Collins, Left-handed Pitcher 1909-15
17. Dufy Lewis, Left Fielder 1910-17
18. Dutch Leonard, Left-handed Pitcher 1913-18
19. Babe Ruth, Left-handed Pitcher/Outfielder 1914-19
20. Carl Mays, Right-handed Pitcher 1915-19
21. Ed Barrow, Mgr. 1918-20

III. CHICAGO (1542-1267, .549)--R.J. Lesch

1. Charles Comiskey, President, 1901-31
2. Fielder Jones, Outfielder 1901-08, Mgr. '04-08
3. Nixey Callahan, Pitcher/Outfielder 1901-05, Mgr. 1912-14
4. Frank Isbell, Infielder, 1901-09
5. Billy Sullivan, Catcher 1901-12, 1914, Mgr. 1909
6. George Davis, Shortstop 1902, '04-09
7. Danny Green, Outfielder, 1902-05
8. Doc White, Left-handed Pitcher, 1903-13

9. Ed Walsh, Right-handed Pitcher, 1904-16
10. Frank Smith, Right-handed Pitcher, 1904-10
11. Patsy Dougherty, Outfielder, 1906-11
12. Jim Scott, Right-handed Pitcher, 1909-17
13. Ray Schalk, Catcher, 1912-28
14. Eddie Cicotte, Right-handed Pitcher, 1912-20
15. Buck Weaver, Shortstop/Third Baseman, 1912-20
16. Reb Russell, Left-handed Pitcher, 1913-19
17. Red Faber, Right-handed Pitcher, 1914-33
18. Happy Felsch, Outfielder, 1915-20
19. Lefty Williams, Left-handed Pitcher, 1916-20
20. Swede Risberg, Shortstop, 1917-20

IV. DETROIT (1473-1336, .524)--Trey Stecker

1. Jimmy Barrett, Outfielder 1901-05
2. George Mullin, Right-handed Pitcher 1902-13
3. Sam Crawford, Outfielder 1903-17
4. Wild Bill Donovan, Right-handed Pitcher 1903-12, '18
5. Matty McIntyre, Outfielder 1904-10
6. Ty Cobb, Outfielder 1905-26
7. Ed Killian, Left-handed Pitcher, 1905-10
8. Germany Schaefer, Infielder, 1905-09
9. Davy Jones, Outfielder 1906-12
10. Hughie Jennings, Mgr. 1907-20
11. Frank Navin, President 1908-35
12. Donie Bush, Shortstop 1908-21
13. Oscar Stranage, Catcher 1909-20
14. George Moriarty, Infielder 1909-15
15. Jim Delahanty, Infielder 1909-12
16. Bobby Veach, Outfielder 1912-23
17. Hooks Dauss, Right-handed Pitcher 1912-26
18. Harry Coveleski, Left-handed Pitcher 1914-18
19. George Burns, First Baseman 1914-17

V. PHILADELPHIA (1444-1342, .518)--Norman Macht

1. Connie Mack, Mgr. 1901-50
2. Benjamin F. Shibe, Owner 1901-21
3. Harry Davis, First Baseman 1901-11, '13-17
4. Eddie Plank, Left-handed Pitcher 1901-14
5. Socks Seybold, Outfielder 1901-08
6. Danny Murphy, Second Baseman/Outfielder 1902-13
7. Rube Waddell, Left-handed Pitcher 1902-07
8. Ossee Schreckengost, Catcher 1902-08
9. Topsy Hartsel, Outfielder 1902-11
10. Chief Bender, Right-handed Pitcher 1903-14
11. Rube Oldring, Outfielder 1906-16, '18
12. Eddie Collins, Second Baseman 1906-14

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The Official Newsletter of SABR's Deadball Era Committee

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All submissions to The Inside Game should be sent electronically, either as text of an e-mail message or in Microsoft Word, to blamberty@msubobcats.com.

Deadball Committee Dope

TALK ABOUT AN OMEN...

As The Hot Springs Eight checked in at the Majestic Hotel for the DEC's first foray into spring trainings past, the desk clerk was none other than Teri Turner. No word on whether she is a descendent of the Terry Turner, former Cleveland infielder whose career spanned nearly the entire Deadball Era, but it was a sign which portended good things to come. Details of the trip appear in this issue.

DEC MEETING

The Deadball Era Committee meeting at this year's SABR Convention has been moved to 7 pm Saturday to accomodate

those with Sunday travel plans.

RITTER AWARD ESTABLISHED

The proposal to establish the Larry Ritter Award, put forward by the DEC at last year's SABR Convention, has been ratified. The Ritter Award will be presented annually to the top Deadball Era-related book.

DEADBALL ERA APPAREL

Tee-shirts featuring the DEC's new "bunting Benny Kauff" logo, designed by Glenn LeDoux, will be distributed at the DEC Meeting at this year's SABR Convention. To order, contact Tom Simon at TPSimon@aol.com.

Forgotten Favorites

Moose McCormick, *Pinch-Hit Pioneer*

by Ralph Berger

In 1979, a man from Washington D.C. met a man from Philadelphia near an I-95 off-ramp to Rising Sun, Md., halfway between their hometowns. After exchanging pleasantries, one reached into his pocket and produced a medallion, while the other opened his wallet and counted out a stack of twenty dollar bills. The medallion changed hands. How much was paid for the medallion has never been revealed.

The original owner of that medallion was Harry Elwood (Moose) McCormick, a graduate of Girard College, a school for orphans located in Philadelphia, and an alumnus of Bucknell University. He was presented with the medallion by adoring fans following the 1908 season in appreciation for his superb pinch-hitting for the New York Giants.

The story of the medallion begins with McCormick's acceptance of the award in 1908. Ten years later, he received a paltry \$3 for it from William Tenn's pawnshop in Washington, D.C., McCormick returned frequently for his medallion, but the owner of the shop refused to give it back.

Eventually the medallion wound up in the hands of Moe Parzow for forty dollars. Parzow's wife put it on a chain and wore it on special occasions. A friend noticed it and suggested they contact the Baseball Hall of Fame, but the Hall was not interested. Maria Billhart, McCormick's daughter, was also contacted but negotiations broke down.

Frank Steele, a fanatic baseball memorabilia collector, overheard on chance a conversation between Parzow's son Howard and an auctioneer. One month later, the exchange off the I-95 ramp took place.

If there were a Hall of Fame for pinch-hitters, McCormick would be one of the first entries. NY Giants manager John McGraw was one of the first to recognize the importance and value of a pinch-hitter, a player who had the ability to deliver when the game was on the line. McCormick filled that role in an aggressive yet relaxed manner.

Born February 28, 1881, Harry McCormick entered Girard College in 1887 at the age of six. A solid student, he also conducted himself in a gentlemanly manner. He grew to 5' 11" and 180 lbs, a big man in those days. He excelled in baseball and football in high school, where he was tagged with his nickname due to his size. His easy-going, genial nature gave him the perfect disposition for what would become his vocation, and it was recognized at an early age.

McCormick entered Bucknell after graduating from Girard in 1898. He made an immediate impact, earning letters in baseball, football, track and basketball. In a showdown between gridiron powers Penn and Bucknell, McCormick capped off his career by scoring the winning touchdown on a rain-soaked Franklin Field. He carried a Penn defender the last five yards into the end zone on that play, and his exploits earned him induction into the Bucknell Sports Hall of Fame in 1979.

After graduating from Bucknell in 1904, he appeared in 59 games for the New York Giants, compiling a .266 average. Sent to Pittsburgh, the same year, he batted .290 in 66 games. After that season, McCormick dropped out of baseball for three years.

When McCormick asked McGraw for another shot in 1908, "Muggsy" shrewdly said, "Well, I guess you are no worse than you were a few years ago, so I'll give you the same salary you had before." When Moose saw New York's fleet outfielders during spring training, he told McGraw, "Damn, I don't think I can compete with those guys." McGraw replied, "Don't you worry, I'll find something for you."

That "something" was using McCormick's bat off the bench. McGraw was delighted with McCormick's ability to deliver in the pinch, and Moose became a key offensive weapon. It was intimated that the two became drinking buddies, which doesn't seem to have interfered with Moose's pinch-hitting duties.

McCormick was involved in some noteworthy baseball events. During one pinch-hit appearance, he lined a clean single to left while the home-plate umpire had his back turned. The pitch was disallowed, and Moose proceeded to strike out. On another occasion, lost in his thoughts in the on-deck circle, Moose is said to have looked up in time to see an errant throw from the outfield coming right into his wheelhouse. Instinctively, he swung and blasted it out of the park.

The clubhouse at the Polo Grounds was in deep right-center field. Players would rush there immediately after a game to avoid the crush of fans that ran onto the field. It was no different on September 23, 1908, a bright sun-splashed day. The Cubs and the Giants were locked in a tight pennant race. A band in right field played Sousa marches, vendors sold hot dogs, pennants and beer. It was a glorious day for a ballgame. The boisterous fans watched from the edge of their seats as the teams entered the ninth inning in a 1-1 tie. Chicago was set down in order in the top of the ninth, setting the stage for one of baseball's most historic half-innings.

With two outs, Moose McCormick was on first base.
Moose cont. on page 8



Moose McCormick

Bob Unglaub, *Park Rat to Big Leaguer*

by Marty Payne

Bob Unglaub was, at best, an average major leaguer. Nothing in his professional or personal life was out of the ordinary, and his career was typical of the players of the Deadball Era. One newspaper referred to him as a "meteoric rise," but in reality it was anything but. Unglaub was continuously at odds with organized baseball over his salary.

Bob Unglaub grew up three blocks from Oriole Park in Baltimore in the 1890s, where Ned Hanlon was building a club that would soon dominate the National League. The young "park rat" hung around the grounds, a member of the "knothole gang" that peeped through the boards to watch the games. He soon talked the groundskeeper into letting him do chores and run errands in exchange for admission. Unglaub later recalled that before long, "I had butted my way into being bat boy and mascot." His spare time was spent shagging batting practice balls for the likes of Joe Kelley, John McGraw, Hughie Jennings, Steve Brodie, and Wilbert Robinson. He learned his baseball from one of baseball's legendary teams.

After graduating from high school in 1897, he was approached about attending college. Unglaub said that he would rather play ball, but was told he could do both. He was offered \$75 a month for four months of the year to play baseball for the University of Maryland while attending classes. Unglaub played catcher for the university under his middle name, Alexander, and took up engineering. He claimed later that he completed his degree in three years.

Unglaub cont. on page 8

Diceball Fever Sweeps Hot Springs

by Gabriel Schechter

Without a doubt, the diceball tournament was one of the highlights of the Hot Springs weekend. Tom Simon created a terrific game using beautiful player cards featuring images from each player's T-206 card. True to Deadball tendencies, the games featured lots of sacrifice bunts and unearned runs; in eight games played, there were two home runs total, but Tom managed to sacrifice eight times in one extra-innings game. Five of us drafted teams on Thursday night, but Jan Finkel played only one game with his team. Retiring early before Saturday's concluding session, Jan turned the management of the team over to Richard Smiley.

In one Thursday game, I took my Giants on the road to play Tom's Mostly Dodes, a classic matchup between Christy Mathewson and Ed Reulbach. Matty pitched a strong game, but when you can't keep Bill Bergen off base you don't deserve to win. In the 2nd inning, Bergen singled in the first run of the tournament, and Nap Lajoie's RBI single gave Tom a 2-0 lead in the 3rd. Reulbach took a two-hitter to the 6th inning, when Fred Merkle doubled in a run, and the Giants tied it in the 7th on Art Fletcher's triple and a sacrifice fly by Chief Meyers. It stayed that way until the bottom of the 9th, when ugly history repeated itself with one out. Fred Snodgrass dropped a Bergen fly for a two-base error, and with two outs, Tommy Leach dropped a single into right field that drove in Bergen with the deciding run in the 3-2 victory.

Thursday saw another great pitching duel between Eddie Plank of Jan's team and Ed Walsh of R. J. Lesch's Chicago-heavy lineup. Jan got the jump on an early home run by Sherry Magee, but R. J. scored twice in the 2nd inning.

The first run scored on an error, and Walsh followed with a booming triple to give R. J. a lead he never relinquished. Another unearned run made it 3-1 in the fourth, and Walsh took care of the rest, scattering eight hits. Two of those came with two outs in the ninth when John Titus tripled and Roger Bresnahan doubled, but it couldn't save Jan.

Play resumed around midnight Saturday night, and to our amazement, the first two games were again 3-2 thrillers (yep, same score for the first four games played). Mike Lackey's Mostly Reds sent Bob Ewing to the mound against Bill Dinneen of the team Richard inherited from Jan. Mike grabbed a 2-0 lead in the 3rd inning thanks to a key error by Rube Oldring. Ewing was sailing along with a shutout until two outs in the 6th, when he walked Titus and Magee, gave up an infield hit to Honus

Wagner, and watched a parade around the bases as Art Devlin tripled into the right-field corner. That was the ballgame right there, as Harry Howell replaced Dinneen and shut Mike down over the final three innings to sew up the 3-2 win.

My Giants quickly bit the dust in this double-elimination tournament, falling to R. J. by that same damnable 3-2 score. Two great lefties squared off, Rube Marquard and Doc White, and they pitched tight 1-1 ball until the 7th inning. Once again my Giants were done in by a weak-hitting opposing catcher, this time Billy Sullivan. After Frank Isbell walked, Sullivan slammed a triple, then scored on a Marquard wild pitch that proved the game-winning run. Larry Doyle knocked in a run in the 8th but was thrown out stealing (one of two Giants gunned down by Sullivan) as the Giants' final threat.

It was around this time that Richard Smiley (I think) proposed the excellent idea of naming the American Tobacco Company Player of the Game (ATCPOG). The Thursday ATCPOGs were Leach and Walsh; the first two standouts on Saturday were Devlin and Sullivan. The remaining games were played after 1AM, when the participants were giddy enough to wish that we had some kind of telegraphic system set up for other DEC members to follow the game action on a big scoreboard set up in the street.

With my Giants safely out of the way, there were two undefeated teams left, and they did battle in the first game to break the 3-2 barrier. R. J. was the home team, pitching Deacon Phillippe against Frank Smith of Tom's Random Dodes. This game featured team captain Dode Paskert in the most outstanding ATCPOG performance of the tourney. Nap Lajoie drove in runs for Tom in the 1st and 3rd innings, and another

run scored on a double play to give him a 3-1 lead. R. J. quickly tied it on RBI hits by Otto Knabe and Danny Murphy, but Tom went ahead in the 4th when Paskert walked, stole second, went to third on a wild throw, and was knocked in by Donie Bush. That lead lasted all the way to the 6th, when Frank Isbell singled in Joe Tinker to tie it 4-4. Both teams scored unearned runs in the 7th, and Paskert took over in the 8th, starting on defense. First he leaped over the fence to bring back what would have been a Tinker home run (it was an unbelievable catch). Then, after a two-out double by Bill Bradley, Paskert fielded Isbell's single and threw Bradley out at the plate to keep the score 5-5.

The game went extra innings, and in the 10th Harry Lumley walked and scored on Paskert's triple, his second hit of the game and the game-winner. George McQuillan pitched the last two innings for the victory.

The "losers" bracket saw the best pitching duel of the night, between Jake Weimer of Richard's team and Vic Willis of Mike's team. Willis walked five men (including Roger Bresnahan three times) but never allowed a runner past second base. His closest call came in the 6th, when Red Dooin threw out Honus Wagner on a steal attempt just before Art Devlin doubled. The only run of the game came in the 3rd, when Willis (the clear ATCPOG) led off with a single, was bunted to second by Miller Huggins, and scored on a Bob Bescher double.

That was it. Willis got George Moriarty to ground into a game-ending double play after a walk and error with one in the ninth to preserve the 1-0 victory. That knocked Richard out of the tournament.

Mike and R. J. staged a 2AM battle to see who would advance into the title
Diceball cont. on page 5

Taking on Tinker: A Review

by Charles Crowley

John J. Evers and Hugh S. Fullerton. *Touching Second: The Science of Baseball*. Mattituck, N. Y.: Amereon House, 2001. 308 pp., \$24.95, hardcover (reprint of edition published by The Reilly & Britton Co., 1910).

Rob Neyer and Eddie Epstein, in their book *Baseball Dynasties: The Greatest Teams of All Time*, discuss the 1906 Chicago Cubs and lament that one of the central sourcebooks of that team, *Touching Second*, is out of print. Peter Golenbock, in *Wrigleyville*, based much of his research on the early Cubs on "Johnny Evers's rare book," which he had to borrow. But baseball fans and Deadball Era researchers can now buy their own copies, thanks to Amereon House. And they will not be disappointed. David Anderson, in *More Than*

Merkle, says that "*Touching Second* is as good a baseball book as any written in the twentieth century. ... Evers was an excellent player with an outstanding mind for the game."

Johnny Evers (whose name rhymes with "beavers") was immortalized by Franklin Adams' poem "Baseball's Sad Lexicon" as part of the Tinker to Evers to Chance double-play combination of the Chicago Cubs during their glory days, which lasted from 1906 to 1910, when they won four National League Championships and two World Series. He was also one of the heroes of the 1914 Miracle Braves, which went from last to first in the same season and won the World Series.

Touching Second cont. on page 10

American League Deadball Bios, *continued*

13. Jack Coombs, Right-handed Pitcher 1906-14
14. Jack Barry, Shortstop 1908-15
15. Frank Baker, Third Baseman 1908-14
16. Amos Strunk, Outfielder 1908-17
17. Stuffy McInnis, First Baseman 1909-17
18. Wally Schang, Catcher 1913-17
19. Tilly Walker, Outfielder 1918-23

VI. CLEVELAND (1440-1410, .505)--Steve Constantelos

1. Bill Bradley, Third Baseman 1901-10
2. Earl Moore, Right-handed Pitcher 1901-07
3. Nap Lajoie, Second Baseman 1902-14, Mgr. 1905-09
4. Addie Joss, Right-handed Pitcher 1902-10
5. Elmer Flick, Outfielder 1902-10
6. Harry Bay, Outfielder 1902-08
7. Charlie Hickman, Outfielder 1902-04, '08
8. Terry Turner, Shortstop/Third Baseman 1904-18
9. George Stovall, First Baseman 1904-11, Mrg. '11
10. Jack Graney, Outfielder 1908, '10-20
11. Cy Falkenberg, Right-handed Pitcher 1908-13
12. Joe Jackson, Outfielder 1910-15
13. Steve O'Neill, Catcher 1911-23
14. Vean Gregg, Left-handed Pitcher 1911-14
15. Ray Chapman, Shortstop 1912-20
16. Braggo Roth, Outfielder 1915-18
17. Stan Coveleski, Right-handed Pitcher 1916-24

VII. NEW YORK (1339-1451, .480)--Eric Enders

1. Jack Chesbro, Right-handed Pitcher 1903-09
2. Kid Elberfeld, Shortstop 1903-09, Mgr. 1908
3. Willie Keeler, Outfielder 1903-09
4. Wid Conroy, Third Baseman/Outfielder 1903-08
5. Jimmy Williams, Second Baseman 1903-07
6. Al Orth, Right-handed Pitcher 1904-09
7. Hal Chase, First Baseman 1905-13, Mgr. 1910-11

8. Birdie Cree, Outfielder 1908-15
9. Russ Ford, Right-handed Pitcher 1909-14
10. Ray Caldwell, Right-handed Pitcher 1910-18
11. Ray Fisher, Right-handed Pitcher 1910-17
12. Wally Pipp, First Baseman 1915-25

VIII. WASHINGTON (1235-1571, .440)--David Jones

1. Ed Delahanty, Outfielder 1902-03
2. Long Tom Hughes, Right-handed Pitcher 1905-09, '11-13
3. John Anderson, Outfielder/First Baseman 1905-07
4. Walter Johnson, Right-handed Pitcher 1907-27
5. Clyde Milan, Center Fielder 1907-22
6. George McBride, Shortstop 1908-20
7. Bob Groom, Right-handed Pitcher 1909-13
8. Doc Gessler, Outfielder 1909-11
9. Eddie Ainsmith, Catcher 1910-18
10. Clark Griffith, Mgr. 1912-20
11. Nick Altrock, Coach 1912-53
12. Chick Gandil, First Baseman 1912-15
13. Doc Ayers, Right-handed Pitcher 1913-19

IX. ST. LOUIS (1196-1613, .426)--Mark Armour

1. Bobby Wallace, Shortstop 1902-16, Mgr. '11-12
2. Jimmy McAleer, Mgr. 1902-09
3. Jack Powell, Right-handed Pitcher 1902-03, '05-12
4. Charlie Hemphill, Outfielder 1902-04, '06-07
5. Jesse Burkett, Outfielder 1902-04
6. Barney Peltz, Right-handed Pitcher 1903-12
7. Harry Howell, Right-handed Pitcher 1904-10
8. Branch Rickey, Catcher 1905-06, Mgr. 1913-15
9. George Stone, Outfielder 1905-10
10. Burt Shotton, Outfielder 1909, '11-17
11. Jimmy Austin, Third Baseman 1911-23, Mgr. 1913
12. Del Pratt, Second Baseman 1912-17
13. George Sisler, First Baseman 1915-22

Diceball cont. from page 4

game against the Random Dodes. This was the only game that wasn't a one-run decision, yet even here the score was 2-2 through seven innings. R. J., the home team, threw Lefty Leifield against Orval Overall, and Leifield escaped a big jam in the 2nd inning. After walking in a run with one out, he got a key double-play grounder from Overall, and Joe Tinker rewarded him by leading off the bottom of the 2nd with a home run. Mike Mitchell drove in a run for Mike in the 3rd, and another key spot came in the bottom of the 5th. Billy Sullivan tried to score on a Clyde Milan single but was thrown out at the plate, after which Milan stole second and tied the game on Otto Knabe's single. R. J. tested Tris Speaker's arm again in the 6th inning but had Bill Bradley thrown out at the plate, and he completed the futility trifecta by seeing Owen Wilson nailed at the plate in the 8th inning. Meanwhile, Leifield cruised along until the 8th, when Bescher singled, stole second, and scored the go-ahead run on (ATCPOG) Speaker's single. After Mitchell bunted Speaker over, Spoke scored on a Hans Lobert single, and that ended the scoring in Mike's 4-2 win that moved him into the finals.

Since it was very late and the participants were going only on adrenalin, it was decided to scrap the double elimination and declare this the championship game even though Tom had won both his games. This game was truly a thriller and a worthy climax to a great night of diceball. Mike was the home team, sending Wild Bill Donovan against Rube Waddell. Donovan started out shakily, giving up two runs in the 1st inning and another in the 2nd, at which point someone pointed out that the battery of Donovan and Larry McLean was bound to be struggling since it was now St. Patrick's Day. Mike had his misgivings, but Nap Lajoie, Harry Lumley, and Jimmy Sheppard had already driven in runs, and Donovan settled down a bit, lasting six innings. The game turned in the bottom of the 6th, when Donie Bush's error opened the door for Mike. Singles by Dick Hoblitzell and Mickey Doolan loaded the bases with one out. Waddell fanned McLean, but Jim Delahanty pinch-hit for Donovan and singled in two runs to tie the game at 3-3. On the throw to third, Delahanty took second, a key play as Miller Huggins followed with a single that drove in two more runs. Harry Coveleski came in to pitch for Mike but ran into trouble. In

the 7th, Frank Chance singled in a run, and in the eighth errors by Doolan and Lobert allowed Tom to tie the game 5-5. Mike should've won the game in the bottom of the ninth since he got three walks and a Bescher double, but the first runner was caught stealing and the other three were stranded when Jim Scott got Hoblitzell to pop up. Neither team threatened in the 10th, but both teams had scoring chances in the 11th. In the top half, Jimmy Sheppard led off by drawing a walk from Bob Ewing and was bunted to second but died there. In the bottom half, Huggins singled off Scott to start things, was bunted over by Bescher, hung around while Speaker received an intentional, and scored the winning run on Mike Mitchell's single.

And the crowd roared.

Final game starting lineup:

TOM: Sheppard, Leach, Lajoie, Chance, Lumley, Paskert, Bush, Bergen, Waddell.

MIKE: Huggins, Bescher, Speaker, Mitchell, Hoblitzell, Lobert, Doolan, McLean, Donovan.



Miller Huggins

combinations of people branched off to do things before assembling for dinner and the evening meetings, the heart of the experience was the continuity of baseball discussions. Like a floating crap game, the conversational action resumed any time two or more members of the group intersected, which meant almost nonstop in one way or another. The thing about meeting fellow SABR members is that you feel as if you've met lifelong friends for the first time; there's an easy familiarity in your first conversations, and you know a lot about each other just from the depth of your shared vocabulary. We speak the same shorthand, belong to our own chapters in the baseball-history fraternity, so it was that during this weekend different threads of conversation moved from one smaller group to another, then inevitably to the whole group, the process of continual sharing that is the best of SABR. In this account I will make no attempt to recount exactly what we talked about over the three-plus days of our Hot Springs adventure. We talked about everything. About two-thirds of all conversation was baseball-related, and at least three-quarters of that concerned Deadball matters. That's what made this weekend particularly special, and it wasn't simply that we had such a splendid group of fellows in attendance. It was that we got to spend enough time with each other to have more than our fill of baseball and still have a chance to discover other intersections in our lives. We started talking at breakfast and kept talking until we fell asleep at night. Apparently we couldn't get enough, because when the whole weekend was over and we had checked out of the Majestic, five of us hung out in the lobby for another three hours of conversation. No wonder we want to go back!

Thursday evening was the first of our nightly official gatherings, where each of us took a turn at presenting some research to the group, where Tom brought up committee business matters (mostly concerning the complications involved in getting our biography book published; at this writing we have found a publisher, so there's no point going into those complications here), and where we began our diceball tournament. I gave the leadoff presentation, on spring training in Hot Springs in 1912. I discussed the players who reported on their own to boil off, the antics of Victory Faust and Barney Reilly, the training methods, and the bad weather that limited baseball activity but didn't stop the New York writers from exercising their abilities. Second up was R. J. Lesch, who discussed Jimmy McAleer's

all-star teams that played against the Philadelphia Athletics just before the World's Series in 1910 and 1911. R. J. explained that Charles Ebbets coerced the National League into extending the regular season, so the Athletics had a week between the end of their season and the Series. McAleer assembled formidable all-star teams that played the Athletics during that week, keeping them sharp, a factor credited in aiding Philadelphia to two championships.

After those two talks, Tom brought out his Deadball diceball game cards, a set of 120 cards which he ought to market. Never mind that Tom invented the game. He made these beautiful cards! On the right side of each card is the listing of dice results and player traits. On the left is a high-quality reproduction of the player's T-206 card. Attaching those great faces and uniforms to these cards made this more than a dice game. When we picked our teams, these were "our guys" we were inviting along for the weekend tournament.

Tom had made enough cards for eight 15-man teams, but there were five of us, and we agreed to a quota of superstars per team to keep things level. The proof of that was that only one game that was played was not a one-run decision. I loaded up my team with Faust's 1911 Giants, making extra room for Mike Donlin and Heinie Zimmerman. Neither Ty Cobb nor Dick Egan was drafted.

FRIDAY, MARCH 15 - I was up early this morning, on the phone at 7:30AM for a radio interview on the USA Radio Network (on my new book, *UNHITTABLE! Baseball's Greatest Pitching Seasons*). The first thing the interviewer asked me about was my Little League career, a curveball that caused me to space out the fact that, like Faust, I pitched one complete game of baseball. The way I pitched, it was more like town ball, though I won a 19-11 squeaker. Downstairs, I ate breakfast with Jan Finkel, a retired English professor. I have a Master's in English, so Jan and I sprinkled literary talk in with our baseball rambling throughout the weekend, and we are definitely kindred spirits. Of course, I felt like kindred spirits with all these guys. After breakfast, all of us took a hike up one of the hills where the ballplayers use to hike, making up hypothetical Deadball lineups and chattering away as we climbed up to an observation tower from which we could look out over the valley and pick out the trails where Fred Clarke used to get his troops into championship shape 100 years ago. Between the hills and the baths, it was easy for us to see why

ballplayers and teams favored the area. Cy Young swore by it, and so did the Pirates. Now, the Deadball Era Committee adds its endorsement.

We were scheduled to take a tour at 1 pm on Friday, and that's exactly when we returned from our hike. Just arriving in the lobby were the last two members of our Fellowship of the (Jimmy) Ring: Rich Klein drove up from Dallas, and Richard Smiley traveled from Chicago. Tom arranged for a luxurious coach and driver to take us around town, and even more importantly, he arranged for Don Duren to be our guide. Don, a former and future SABR member, also drove up from Dallas to spend the afternoon with us before visiting family. A Hot Springs native, he has written a manuscript on baseball in Hot Springs, and he showed us just about every place where a major leaguer ever threw a baseball there. For me, the highlight was standing on the spot (now in a parking lot) where Victory Faust stood when he pitched his only game on February 29, 1912. I did my imitation of Faust's windmill motion and fired a very hittable lob to Jan Finkel. Later, Tom caught my Faustian heaves bare-handed. Don showed us the two different layouts there at Whittington Field, where part of the concrete stands remain, embedded in the hillside. Across the road, just above the alligator petting zoo (that's right), Don showed us Fogel Field, the only old field that is still a field, albeit one without a groundskeeper. Other former sites around Hot Springs are still being used as ballfields, currently by youth teams of boys and girls. Don saw Rogers Hornsby conducting his school on one of those fields, and the Dean brothers were from the area. So was Bill Clinton, and Don showed us some of the Clinton sights, too, on our two-hour tour of town. Although many of the Baths are still thriving and the springs above town show no signs of disappearing, many businesses around Hot Springs have fallen by the wayside, and as we drove around we saw entire blocks of abandoned store fronts. An alarming number of them were being offered for rent by Selig Real Estate. I kid you not.

The tour that afternoon was great for several reasons. We got to see every important site associated with baseball in Hot Springs. We had a very comfortable ride, and in between Don's talks, we listened to snippets of a CD Tom brought along of "The Glory of Their Times" (including Fred Snodgrass telling the Faust tale). At several stops, we got out the vintage gloves that Tom had brought and played catch, getting the feel of why fielding averages were

Hot Springs cont. on page 7

so spotty during the Deadball Era. Mainly, however, it was great because of Don Duren, who combined a wealth of knowledge with an innate affability that extended to a post-tour session in the lobby of the Majestic, where he answered questions, handed out lots of information on Hot Springs and Arkansas baseball, and expressed his own delight at being with a bunch of fellas who cared enough about his pet subject to invite him along. He had his dream audience, and we had the perfect host for our tour of Hot Springs past and present.

Dinner on Friday was a special one, the sumptuous seafood buffet at the Arlington, complete with live pianist. We sat at two separated tables of four and downed plate after plate of food (prawns, oysters, crab legs, salmon, escarol, and more, and I saved room for a slice of apple pie a la Victory Faust). As with every other meal, this one ended with one group of people reminding another group that we ought to interrupt this baseball discussion to go back to our meeting place at the Majestic to have our meeting where we'd talk more baseball. We were more than an hour "late" as it was, and this was the night we had three presentations instead of two. As a result, we didn't finish the presentations until midnight, and that meant no diceball, leaving the rest of the tournament for Saturday night. The presentations were great all weekend, and Friday's began with Mike Lackey talking about in-season exhibition games played by the Cincinnati Reds between 1901-1910. Mike examined the reasons why the Reds, like some other teams, filled in almost every open date on their schedule with games all over the Midwest, barnstorming in their spare time. The prime motivation was

money, as huge crowds generated revenue that paid a lot of the bills and kept the teams afloat. The Reds drew better in some of those little towns in Ohio and Pennsylvania than they did in Boston or Brooklyn. Next up was Rich Klein, who works in the memorabilia industry and led a lively discussion on cards from the Deadball Era. We discussed the popularity of tobacco in that period, the dominance of the American Tobacco Company, the role of money (big surprise) in Honus Wagner's disapproval of his T-206 card, and much more.

Last but not least was Richard Smiley's illumination of the infamous play from the 1917 World's Series where Heinie Zimmerman chased Eddie Collins across the plate with a crucial run. So far, Richard has found twenty different accounts of that play, and the key word is "different," with key disparities on many points. He provided a useful chart detailing the differences which focused on determining why Zimmerman was regarded as the goat at the time even though recent historians blame the teammates who should have covered the plate. Descriptions suggest that Zimmerman was not to blame on that play, but since his error put the runner on base he took the rap for the run. Richard's presentation was a great example of why you have to take old newspaper accounts with a hunk of salt.

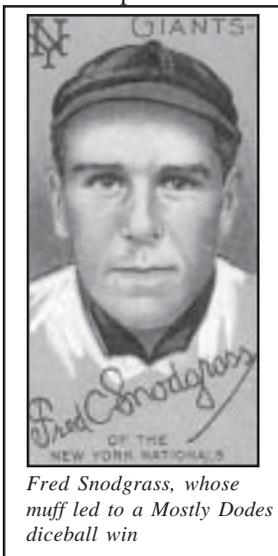
SATURDAY, MARCH 16 - After two days of pleasant weather, Saturday was cold and gray, and it was deemed too nasty for our scheduled afternoon ballplaying at Fogel Field (though Charles Ebbets would have made us play). That left people on their own until dinner, and there was plenty to do around Hot Springs. Some people went to the races that afternoon, and three of us actually did go out to Fogel Field to play catch for a while, though even that activity faded away into another baseball discussion. Almost everyone made it to the fascinating tour at the Fordyce Bath House, which I caught Saturday morning. It was like visiting the set of "The Road To Wellness," especially the hydrotherapy room, which housed a number of scary devices. The Fordyce was built in 1915, adorned with beautiful stained glass and tile-work and an elegant parlor which was the only place where men and women were allowed to mix, but if your doctor sent you there for treatment, watch out! "Nervous" patients were put in a bath in which electric current was introduced, an early form of electrotherapy. Other patients were put into what looked like a steam box, except the insides were lined with pow-

erful light bulbs to create the heat (and encourage good posture). And syphilis patients were treated there with direct applications of mercury. One of the displays included quotes from a 1915 book titled "Uncle Sam Bathes the World," which suggests that World War I was fought to make the world safe for hydrotherapy. Today, the bath house regimen is rigorous but humane.

Dinner was another three-hour affair, a festive evening at an Italian restaurant that left all eight of us unable to contemplate dessert. Then it was back to the Majestic's majestic old lobby with its ornate copper ceiling, tiled floor, comfortable couches for our meeting, and tables for our dice games. Jan Finkel read a paper titled "Ty Cobb: Poe in Flannels," which traced similarities between America's darkest poet and scariest athlete. Both men lost their fathers early, had unstable families, toiled with demonic intent that brought them many enemies, and in many ways expressed a similar alienation from their fellow men. Tom Simon gave the final presentation of the weekend, sharing with us Ring Lardner's "Pullman Pastimes," a series of articles published in the winter of 1910-11. Tom read two of the articles, hilarious accounts of the Chicago Cubs riding the rails from city to city during the previous season. Leave it to Lardner to turn a chat about babies into a clamorous bragging contest.

Once again, it was almost midnight when the presentations ended, but this time we weren't going to be kept from playing diceball with our Deadball heroes. A few spectators wandered past from time to time, heading for the elevator, but for the most part we remained undisturbed as we whooped it up over a succession of thrilling games. Despite varying states of fatigue and semi-consciousness, five of us hung in until the 3AM conclusion of the final extra-inning game that determined the champion, Mike Lackey's Mostly Reds.

The late night meant a short morning and nothing to do but have breakfast together (while the Simons went horseback riding), check out, and linger for more baseball talk in the hotel lobby until circumstances forced us to part. I think everyone would gladly have stayed in Hot Springs for another week or two, savoring the camaraderie, walking the hills, taking in the baths, sampling cuisine, and somehow finding another two or three hundred salient baseball subjects that required our dissection. Since that wasn't possible, we settled for endorsing a return to Hot Springs in 2004, when we hope to be joined by enough DEC comrades to run two or three diceball tournaments.



Fred Snodgrass, whose muff led to a Mostly Dodes diceball win

Unglaub cont. from page 3

In the summer Unglaub took up the job he was most qualified to perform, crossing Chesapeake Bay to play semi-pro ball for teams emerging in the rural Delmarva Peninsula. There the Baltimore native used his own name.

In 1897, Unglaub played in tiny Federalsburg, Md., with two others destined for the major leagues. The three teenagers with diverse backgrounds were pursuing their dreams of playing in the majors. Unglaub was the city boy with a taste of the big leagues. Federalsburg manager Raymond "Chappy" Charles was a scrappy young player who had changed his name from Charles Auchenbach after moving from New Jersey. Charles eventually spent three seasons in the majors as a utility player. The pitcher was carefree Jack "Happy" Townsend, also known as "Whirlwind" because of a blazing fastball of which he had little command. Townsend had grown up on his father's farm in nearby Delaware and soon became a starter for the Washington Club. He was known for imitating the deliveries of well-known pitchers of the day as a boy, and developed his speed by knocking apples from trees with rocks, a way of spicing up the otherwise mundane chore of feeding the pigs.

Unglaub and Townsend were battery mates at Millington, Md., later that

summer, as well. When Unglaub made a name for himself in the majors years later, newspapers of the area noted that he had also played on the peninsula for the Cambridge Club and Washington College during this time.

Unglaub honed his skills by playing constantly. After graduating from college he signed with Meriden, Conn. for 1900, hitting .321 as a catcher/first baseman. Toward the end of the season he was moved to Worcester of the Eastern League, and played third base there the following year. Establishing a pattern that soon became familiar, he encountered "trouble with the salary question" at Worcester and "jumped" to Sacramento of the outlaw California State League in 1902. He played first base and shortstop there before returning to organized ball with Milwaukee of the American Association in 1903. He hit .304 with the Brewers, playing primarily third base.

Whiling away some time on a road trip one day, Unglaub and some of his Milwaukee mates encountered a Salvation Army gathering on an Indianapolis street corner. As manager Joe Cantillon and his teammates watched in amazement, Unglaub stepped from the crowd to repent for his sins. "I am sorry to admit it," he said, "but I am a baseball player. I don't know how I ever got into

such a degrading, sinful business. It is an awful game and the men who play it are sinners, not fit for God-fearing people to associate with."

Cantillon reportedly had to restrain some of the players from going after their teammate as Unglaub finished his testimony. Years later, Cantillon was asked if Unglaub had quit baseball after his epiphany. "Hell no," snapped the manager. "He was the first man in line at the pay window on the first and fifteenth of every month." (From *Low and Inside*, Ira and H. Allen Smith, Doubleday, 1949, pp.78-79.)

At the end of the season Milwaukee sold his contract to the Boston Americans, but he was subsequently transferred to New York. Unglaub sat the bench as a Highlander utility player in 1904 until August, when he was returned to Boston. He played in only 15 games for both clubs that summer.

Unglaub's breakthrough came *Bob Unglaub* in 1905, when he played in 43 games for Boston, including *Unglaub cont. on page 9*



Moose, cont. from page 3

Young Fred Merkle came to bat. Merkle rifled a long single down the right field line and McCormick raced to third. The fans were salivating; ready to taste a victory that would bring the Giants closer to a pennant. The Giants players crowded the top step of the dugout shouting words of encouragement to Al Bridwell as he stepped to the plate.

Bridwell was getting set at the plate when he noticed that Merkle was straying far off the bag at first. That did not make any sense to him because the only run they needed was McCormick's on third. Bridwell stepped out and looked at Merkle. Merkle returned to first and stayed closer to the bag.

Bridwell dug in and lined the first pitch past the diving Johnny Evers into right centerfield. McCormick, jumping for joy, raced in with the apparent winning run as Bridwell ran to first.

Bedlam ensued as the fans jumped out of the stands to celebrate. Merkle, mindful of the manswarm, cut off halfway between first and second and made a beeline for the safety of the Giants clubhouse.

Things that go bump in the night also do it during the day. On September 8, 1908, Johnny Evers had complained to umpire Hank O'Day that Warren Gill, of the Pittsburgh Pirates, had failed to

touch second and that the run, which won the game, should be disallowed. O'Day claimed he did not see it and the game was over. However, O'Day said that he would be more alert the next time it happened and call the runner out if he failed to touch second base.

But the real credit goes to Johnny Evers who lived and breathed baseball 24 hours a day. His regimen after games was to curl up in bed with a few candy bars and study the Baseball Rule Book.

Evers' regimen paid off. Ironically, the home plate umpire and umpire in chief on September 23, 1908, was the same Hank O'Day. Evers saw that Merkle had not touched second base and immediately called for the ball to touch the base, thereby forcing Merkle out and negating the winning run. Whether it was the actual ball hit by Bridwell, we will never know. O'Day called Merkle out and the game ended in a 1-1 tie.

The usually calm McCormick was furious. Thinking Bridwell had failed to run to first base, he ran after him and kicked him in the ass, yelling, "Don't you know where first base is?" Actually, it was Merkle's mental error that did the Giants in.

Many years later, Bridwell's sympathy for his teammate extended to the

point where he said he wished he had struck out and saved the embarrassment Merkle had to endure. They crucified Merkle in the papers and the fans were just as bad. "Anyway, he's gone now; God rest his tortured soul," Bridwell said. "The only thing he did wrong was he got caught."

Playing three more years with the Giants, McCormick experienced no more bizarre happenings in his baseball career and he retired after the 1913 season.

Enlisting in the United States Army in 1917, McCormick saw action in France as a First Lieutenant and later as a Captain in the 167th infantry, 42nd division, during The Great War of 1914-18. After the war he coached at his alma mater, Bucknell, and later at West Point.

Harry McCormick died on July 9, 1962, at his home in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He was 81 years old. Obituaries in the *New York Times* and alumni publications of Bucknell University, West Point and Girard College lauded his athletic ability, service in the army, and coaching tenures. Life was rarely dull for Harry Elwood "Moose" McCormick. He rose from being a poor orphan to earn a measure of glory in the major leagues and as a soldier in the United States Army.

Unglaub cont. from page 8

ing the legendary 15-inning duel between Cy Young and Philadelphia's Rube Waddell. Unglaub accepted 32 chances at first base without an error that day. But Unglaub encountered a series of circumstances over the next few seasons that led to a situation faced by many major league players of modest stature. He soon earned less money than he had in the minor leagues, a reality of the day but a clear violation of the National Agreement and his Boston contract.

Unglaub's salary with Milwaukee was \$2000, and during his season split between Boston and New York it had remained the same, although he claimed to have been promised \$2400. In a letter to National Commission Chairman August Herrmann dated 3/15/06 from his winter residence in Crisfield, Md., Unglaub explained he felt "compelled" to accept the pay since the only alternative was to sit out another season as a contract jumper.

Unglaub then went public with a letter published in the *Sporting Life* on April 7, 1906 which spelled out the terms of his 1905 contract. He was to be paid a \$2000 base salary, with a \$500 bonus if he "made good" at first base, or \$250 if he appeared in one-third of the games as a utility player. Unglaub's letter did not explain how he had made good, whether as a first baseman or as a utility player, only that according to previous communications with Herrmann, he was entitled to a "substantial increase." Unglaub had written 12 letters to Boston owner John Taylor between November 14, 1905 and February 14, 1906 asking for his bonus. When no response came, he initiated contact with Herrmann. By the time the piece appeared in *Sporting Life*, Herrmann had apparently responded to Unglaub's letter stating he had been entitled to a raise all along.

National Commission member Harry Pulliam opined to Herrmann that Unglaub's was not the case of a new player entering the league, implying that Unglaub had defaulted on his raise by accepting his pay the previous year. Pulliam stated in a letter dated March 21, 1906, "I fail to see where we have any warrant for interfering in the matter." American League president Ban Johnson, who many believe controlled the Commission, also sided with Taylor, writing on March 26, "In my judgement he was handsomely compensated." (*All letters cited are from Unglaub's Hall of Fame file.*)

The Sporting Life would later allege (8/25/07) that Taylor might have instructed manager Jimmy Collins to

keep Unglaub out of games at the end of the season to prevent him from "making good" at first base. It also hinted that the Boston Club might have doctored official records to squelch the utility bonus.

The difference between Unglaub and most major leaguers at the time was that he had already made the jump from organized baseball to an outlaw league in a salary dispute. In 1906, the Tri-State League had gone outside the National Agreement, giving Unglaub the opportunity to do the same. As an outlaw league, the Tri-State was attracting quality, and Unglaub was angry enough that the prospect of rejecting organized baseball a second time did not seem to bother him.

Unglaub signed a 1906 Tri State contract with Williamsport, Pa.. There is no record of what Unglaub received that year, but his 1907 offer for "as long as he wanted to play" in Williamsport amounted to \$4500, more than double what he made in the American League. Herrmann, also owner of the Cincinnati National League franchise, tried to lure the renegade player from Williamsport, sending Mr. Heilbourne to offer him \$5000 a year to play for the Reds. Unglaub was determined to stand by his Tri-State contract, but the commission reinstated the Tri-State League for the 1907 campaign, and Unglaub's contract reverted back to Boston.

To rub salt into the malcontent's wound, Unglaub was informed on March 13, 1907, that he would be fined \$200 for not reporting to Boston the previous year, and that because the club had already paid the fine it would be deducted from his pay. This prompted an indignant letter from Unglaub to Herrmann, written from the Hotel Marion in Little Rock, Ark., on the following day, that indicates Unglaub may have actually signed the Cincinnati club's offer. In the letter, Unglaub disgustingly restates his case to the Commission and goes on to complain: "Again, you as Chairman & President of the Cincinnati Club sign me to a Cincinnati contract where I am the rightful property of the Boston Club and there after tampering with another club's player the National Commissioner has the audacity to fine a man \$200 for asserting his rights as a man. So far as I can see it is a case of pure blackmail to extort money from a man to let him make a living for himself & family and so far as I am concerned there will be no fine paid." Unglaub went on to threaten to publish "every bit of evidence" before being found guilty by the National Commission. That statement probably alludes to the allegations against Taylor and Collins that later ap-

peared in the *Sporting Life*.

Unglaub's "meteoric rise" came in 1907. He became Boston's starting first baseman, hitting .254 in 139 games, setting career highs of 13 triples, 62 runs and 49 RBI. Despite Unglaub's efforts, the team was in disarray. Chick Stahl, the team's manager in 1906, had committed suicide in the off-season. Cy Young replaced him, but stepped down six games into the campaign and was replaced by George Huff. When Huff abruptly resigned eight games later, Taylor turned to his former rebel utility man to take the helm. Unglaub later mused over his stint as manager: "After I was appointed the team went mad -- raving mad -- for some reason, winning four out of the first five games. The winning was done entirely by bunting. We didn't swing at the ball once an inning. We bunted to get on and bunted the happy ones all the way home. It was a great system all right. And the newspapers spent columns talking about our tapping. I was naturally puffed up like a toy balloon and dreamed of teasing our way to a pennant. Then, just to show what fans are made of when they get thinking too much, I began to get letters asking me why, if I had taught the team to bunt, I could not teach the men to drive the ball smartly on a straight line, over the heads of the infielders, when said infielders were playing in! What do you think of that! They were handing me a roast because I did not make the players turn off straight singles in these days when .300 hitters are so scarce you can count them on one hand! I have some of those letters yet." (*Undated clipping from HOF files quoted from Washington Times.*)

The fans may have been justified in handing him the roast. The bunting tactics began to fail, and Unglaub was 9-20 when he was replaced by Deacon Maguire. Only Washington kept Boston from the cellar.

Despite his problems with management, Unglaub was appointed team captain during this time. He became a target for Boston's fans and sporting press, who roundly blamed his shoddy fielding and weak hitting for the team's poor showing. One correspondent wrote in an article, "Wanted-A good first baseman, who can handle fast balls, occasionally stop bounders, who won't confuse base ball with bowling, and who won't draw back when at bat."

Maguire insisted Unglaub would remain as long as he hit, but it was known that the maligned captain now wanted out of Boston. In mid-season his wish was granted when he was dealt to the Washington Nationals, where he

Unglaub cont. on page 10

Unglaub cont. from page 9

rejoined Joe Cantillon, his former minor league manager. But days after the announced trade, Unglaub was still in Boston where he again pondered a foray into the outlaw leagues. "I have heard nothing from the Washington Club about my transfer to that city. I do not intend to go there unless I am to be paid the same money that I was to get from Boston, and when Cantillon was here he told me he would not give me as much as I was getting, so there can be no misunderstanding to the matter.

"I would be foolish to make a change without surely doing as well financially as I have been doing, and you may be sure I will not give myself the worst of it. I have been approached by the Stockton, Cal, club and have been offered a very good thing, and if the matter is not fixed up otherwise, I shall leave next Saturday night for California." (*Washington Post*, 7/15/1908)

In the same report, Cantillon stated that the salary-conscious player would receive the same money as in Boston. Unglaub soon reported to Washington, and energized by the change of scenery finished he hit .308 in the second half of the season. Unglaub became a valuable commodity in his two-and-a-half seasons as a Senator, and he reported for 1909 with a new attitude. "It's whatever Joe says," he remarked, "If the team needs me anywhere at all, it is sat-

isfactory to me, for I shall try and deliver the goods. I would, of course, prefer the infield, but if there is not room there, it is all the same to me." (*Washington Post*, 4/8/1909).

While in Washington, Unglaub was alternately praised and criticized as a batter and fielder. His managers (Cantillon and Jimmy MacAleer) thought enough of his offensive abilities that he often hit third or fourth, and he was considered a clutch hitter. A local reporter wrote, "There is not a man on the local team more dangerous to the opposing pitchers when there are men on the bases than Bob Unglaub. When it comes to wielding the ash he fits in mighty nicely with the local aggregation. Unglaub is a batter whom any pitcher must fear, for when he hits the ball it usually goes on a long journey." (*Washington Post*, 4/17/1909)

Unglaub's versatility made up for any defensive inadequacy. He played third and first when Bill Shipke and Jerry Freeman struggled, and plugged gaps at second and outfield when Jim Delahanty and Clyde Milan were hurt. He also saw significant playing time in right field. Despite perceived shortcomings, "Unglaub is a valuable man to coach the infield as well as the pitcher gives him the preference." (*Washington Post*, 4/26/09)

Unglaub's influence on the team may not have always been positive. In May 1909 he missed games with a rib

injury. It was reported that his ribs were broken during an altercation with batwielding team captain Bob Ganley. Despite denials, Ganley was conspicuously released a short time later.

Unglaub was sold to the minor leagues in 1911, serving as player-manager in Lincoln, Nebr. A year later he returned to his hometown when his contract was sold to Baltimore of the Eastern League. He finished the year in Minneapolis of the American Association. From 1913-16 he managed in the Northern League, and usually finished the season playing a handful of games.

During the off-seasons in this period, Unglaub typically put his engineering degree to use in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops in his hometown of Baltimore. On November 29, 1916, "while superintending repair work on a locomotive an accident occurred which crushed and mangled him so that all efforts to save his life failed."

His obituary called him "a strong hitter and a brainy player (who) combined with these qualities a masterful knowledge of the game that made him an ideal team manager. Personally he was always popular with players and fans alike. Bob Unglaub is a man who will be missed from the game that was better by his connection with it."

Touching Second cont. from page 4

The book was co-authored by Hugh Fullerton, an important early 20th century baseball writer who was one of the founding fathers of the Baseball Writers' Association of America. Fullerton is probably best known for his role in exposing the fix of the 1919 World Series. He was memorably played in the movie "Eight Men Out" by Studs Terkel.

The title of the book, *Touching Second*, is in reference to the most discussed play in American sports history, known simply now as "Merkle's boner." Evers was the Cubs second baseman who stepped on second in a crucial game in September, 1908, forcing out Fred Merkle, who instead of running out a hit for the New York Giants, ran for the clubhouse and into everlasting ignominy. The game ended in a tie, and in a replay at the end of the season the Cubs went on to win. In the book, Evers only makes a couple of references to the Merkle play and certainly does not sensationalize it.

The stated purpose of the book is to preserve the "science" of baseball for future generations. It is designed to be both history and a "high text book for the lovers of baseball, for players in

the amateur and school fields, and for the 'fans' generally." The book's 19 chapters cover topics such as catching, pitching, outfielding, batting, and base running. Five chapters were originally articles by Fullerton for *American Magazine*. The book's style is very readable, full of humor and actual examples using major league players of the era (Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins, Honus Wagner, Tris Speaker, Three-Finger Brown, and Christy Mathewson, among others), along with many photos and diagrams.

Evers' description of baseball's history includes some now-discredited notions, such as Abner Doubleday's role in the game's beginnings. The book's commentary includes some interesting notions. Evers comments, for instance, that it is difficult to find enough good players for only 16 teams. "The finding and developing of players is the greatest problem of the modern game." What would he think of modern expansion?

Evers' comments on the reserve clause are conservative: "Without the reserve, and the illegal agreements between owners, some players would receive high salaries for a few years, possibly bankrupt some clubs without much improving their playing strength, de-

stroy the power of owners and managers to discipline players, and, for a time at least, weak clubs would be weakened and strong ones strengthened." In light of the state of baseball over the last three decades, Evers seems prophetic.

Personally, my favorite chapters are those on "Creating a Winning Team," "The Inside Game," "Spring Training," and "Scoring." In "Creating a Winning Team," Evers endeavors to show that putting together a winning club involves more than just buying a few good ballplayers. He shows in detail how the championship Cubs were put together and "how hard it is to get together a championship team," taking the Cubs 18 years from the demise of Cap Anson to the rise of Frank Chance.

As with any player, Evers makes a few errors: Jimmy Slagle did not play in the 1907 World Series and Joe Tinker was not playing for Chicago in 1894. But citing a few errors is saying little for a book that is really closer to a perfect game. It is a wonderful history of the Deadball Era and still has many good baseball principles, comparable to Joe Morgan's *Baseball for Dummies*. We should be thankful to Amereon House for re-printing it.