THE

Baseball 19 Research

JOURNAL

THIS IS THE 17TH time (in 19 issues) that Al Kermisch's research notes have appeared in "BRJ." No one can match his output, and it's doubtful anyone can equal his dogged research habits either. Five days a week Kermisch, a 76-year-old resident of Arlington, Virginia, commutes to the Library of Congress to dig for gems and correct the record books. "Dig, dig, dig," he says. "Read, read, read until you find a note that triggers something. You not only have to read the boxes but the running accounts. And it helps to go to papers in cities where the event actually occurred."

The discovery that leads off this edition's notes—an ailment that nearly ended the career of a young Walter Johnson—was a classic Kermisch find. "When I was the unofficial Senator historian in 1966-71, I researched every game they played," he says. "I eventually discovered Johnson had been out a long time in 1908, and I started reading the California papers to find out what was wrong with him."

When Kermisch was 20 years old and apparently headed for a job at a Bethlehem steel mill, an old coach of his named Teddy Cox offered him a job with Baltimore's Daily Sports Bulletin. "'Keep the box score at the Oriole games, and I'll write the story,' he told me. In time I learned to handle the job. I used to write Ernest Lanigan, the information director of the International League, for information. He finally wrote, 'It wouldn't be bad for you to look up some things yourself.' The library was across from the YMCA where I spent a lot of time playing basketball. I went over there and began reading the old newspapers. That began my love for baseball history, and I impressed Lanigan so much with my findings that I became one of his protegés."

Kermisch began keeping voluminous notes. He worked on them wherever he went in his 23-year Army career—an Ordinance officer, he made lieutenant colonel after wartime tours in Germany and Korea—and he's kept going in 27 years of retirement. Kermisch has made 39 trips to the Orioles' spring-training camps. He delighted Manager Frank Robinson by producing a photostat of the final game of the 1950 American Legion championship in which a 15-year-old Robbie appeared as a pinchhitter for the winning Oakland, California team. Another time he astounded Earl Weaver with a photostat of a crewcut Weaver wore as a freshman manager in Knoxville, Tennessee. "I wish," Weaver muttered under his breath, "that crewcuts were back."

We're certainly glad Kermisch is back.

Editor's note: With a new printer (Coneco Laser Graphics) and our first-ever fact-checker (Bill Felber), this is truly a watershed issue. Thanks to all hands involved, including Publications Committee Chairman Richard Puff, associate editors Len Levin and Betty McGrail, and especially outgoing publications director Paul Adomites, as fine a professional as I've ever worked with. *Jim Kaplan*

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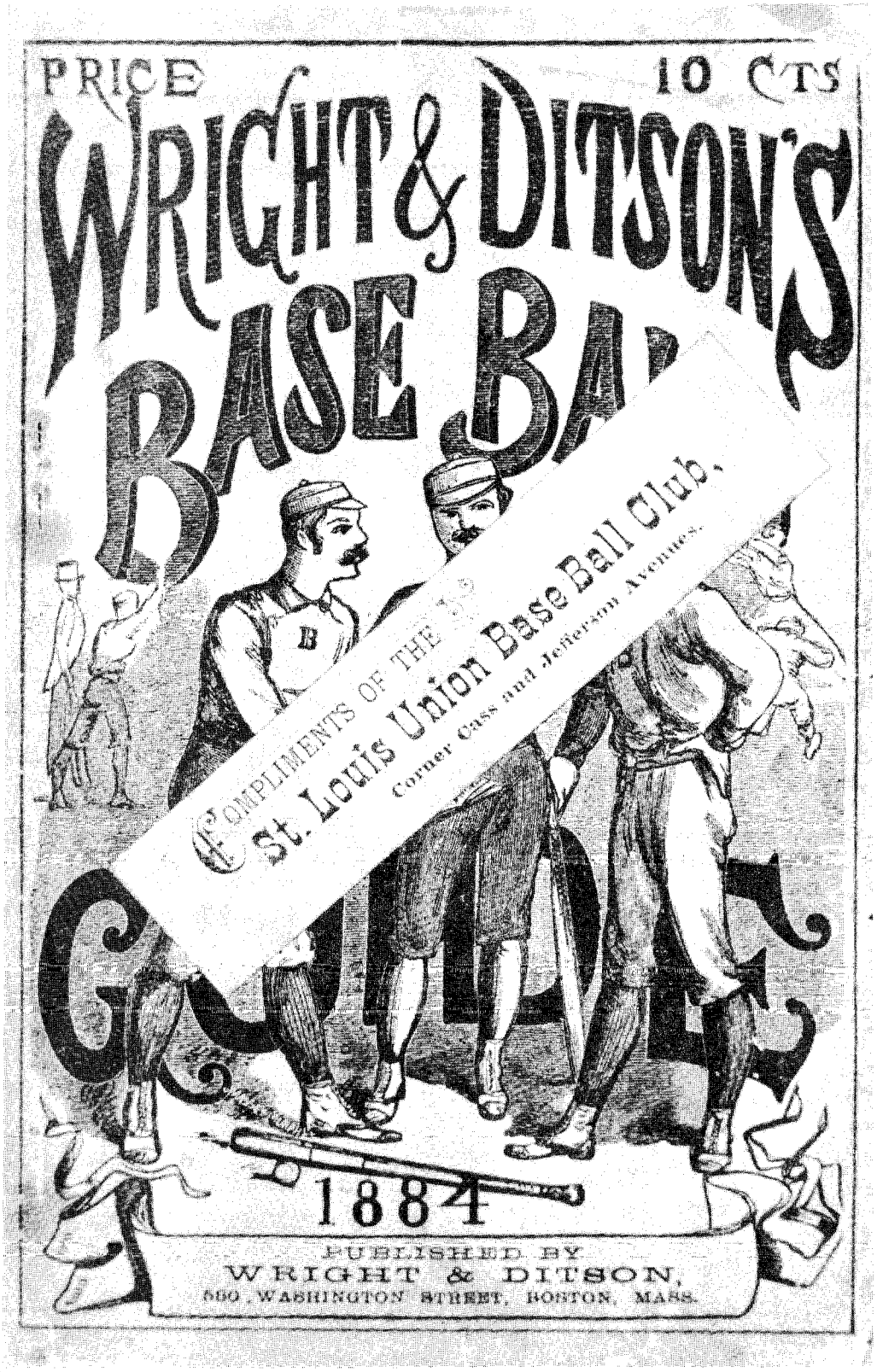
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The Union Association of 1884: A Glorious Failure

JOSHUA B. ORENSTEIN

Despite its dedication to saving "enslaved players," the new league lasted only one season and lost money. At least history honors the first attack on the reserve clause.

THE BATTLE FOR POWER between athlete and management is central to the history of professional sports. From the adoption of the reserve clause in 1879 until the birth of free agency in 1975, professional baseball players were legally subject to the complete control of team owners. Prevented from leaving a team for another, even after the expiration of his contract, a baseball player was restricted to a team until the owner chose to trade, sell or release him.

In 1884, one of the first major challenges to the reserve clause appeared in the form of a new professional league, the Union Association. Dedicated to the destruction of the rule, the league presented itself as the savior of "enslaved players." The Union Association was unsuccessful in its battle to terminate the reserve clause and largely unsuccessful as a league, surviving only a single season. However, the league played a significant role as a forerunner of the struggle against the reserve rule.

On September 12, 1883, in the midst of a very successful season for professional baseball, with public interest and profits running high, a group of businessmen led by H. B. Bennett, Thomas J. Pratt and William W. White, announced the formation of a new major league, "the Union Association of Base Ball Clubs." The founders, meeting at the Monongahela House in Pittsburgh, presented the new league as a rival to the two existing major leagues, the National League and the American Association, and declared, "The national game has attained such popularity with the masses that we can all survive, and under proper management there is no reason why the new association should not take a leading position in the base ball world."

At the meeting, the new league's organizers clearly expressed their position on the reserve rule. Secretary William W. White proposed a resolution concerning the treatment of players from the other major leagues, which received the unanimous approval of the delegates:

> Resolved, that while we recognize the validity of all contracts made by the [National] League and American Association, we cannot recognize any agreement whereby any number of ball-players may be reserved for any club for any time beyond the terms of their contract with such club.

In order to understand the significance of the new league's stand, as well as the variety of reactions to its position, one must understand the history of the reserve rule. On September 30, 1879, in a secret meeting in Buffalo, New York, a group of National League officials introduced the reserve clause. Suggested by Arthur H. Soden, president of the Boston club, the clause bound a player to his team beyond the period specified in his contract and permitted his team the exclusive rights to his service the following season. The clause would not actually be included in written contracts between players and management, but would be an agreement among the teams. Each club would post a list of its reserves, and the other clubs would respect the list. Soden and the other delegates argued that the practice of reserving players was necessary in order to permit the profitable operation of professional baseball by decreasing salaries. By preventing a reserved player from auctioning his services to the highest bidder, the rule forced him to accept the salary his team's owner offered him. Soden's chief motive, however, was to prevent player raiding, the practice of wealthier teams obtaining other teams' players who had not yet renewed their contracts.

In 1883, the National League, the American Association and the Northwestern League, a minor league, formed the National Agreement, or the "tripartite pact." The Agreement required all three leagues to accept the National League's reserve rule, and increased the number of

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uncontracted players a team could reserve from five to 11. Furthermore, the Agreement stated that a player expelled by a team could not be hired by any team and that an arbitration committee would be established to settle any disputes among the leagues.

Under the National Agreement, as it had been since its inception, the reserve rule was abused by owners to blacklist players. Citing drunkenness, absence or insubordination as the reason, owners often suspended players for salary disputes. By placing the suspended player on reserve, the owner could prevent the player from being employed by another team. The owner thus had the power to deprive the player of an opportunity to earn a living in his chosen field. The athlete could play professional baseball only if he were to succumb to the owner's demands.

THE ABUSE of the reserve rule, perhaps even more than the rule's existence, motivated the Union Association to ignore the reserved status of National League and American Association players and offer them contracts to join the new league. Henry V. Lucas, a 27-year-old St. Louis railroad millionaire who was the leading force in the new league's promotion and organization, argued that the rule "reserved all that was good for the owners, leaving the remainder to the players." In a letter to the New York Clipper, Secretary White wrote, "Whatever steps may be taken by us [the organizers of the Union Association] will be to further the best interests of baseball." In the same document, he reaffirmed the philosophy of the league's founders: "We do not believe in the 11-man reserve-rule; that is our cornerstone."

The reaction to the Union Association's formation and attitude toward the reserve rule was varied. Sporting Life printed editorials from newspapers throughout the nation on the league's goals and prospects. From the Chicago American Sports a brutal attack on the new league appeared:

> Believing firmly that a wide-open competition for players will force salaries up to a point where financial failure and insolvency are a certainty, and that in this way an injury will be inflicted upon players and upon the game of base ball, American Sports favors the reserve system as wise and judicious, and condemns the policy of the new association as mischievous and censurable.

An editorial from the Pittsburgh Times expressed sentiment in support of the new league's mission: "By declaring in favor of the abolition of the arbitrary eleven men reserve rule, it has secured the good will of every manly base ball player or patron of the National game in the United States." Sporting Life's own editorial position also provided a positive image of the league's object, but a pessimistic view of its success:

> The new association merits the sympathies of all ball players by its opposition to the odious and unjust Reserve Rule, but sympathy is not bread and butter, and no very large number of players will be drawn from the ranks of the older organizations until the Union Association has demonstrated its ability to pay its way.

In this prediction, Sporting Life proved prophetic, since the financial instability of the majority of the club's owners would contribute heavily to the failure of the Union Association to survive as a professional baseball league.

It would be invalid to present Lucas, White and the rest of the Union Association organizers as simply a group of humanitarians driven to terminating the subjugation of professional baseball players. That they were opposed in principle to the reserve rule is highly probable, but that their interest in the success of the league was primarily as investors appears undeniable. Lucas's obituary in Sporting Life says that he formed the Union Association "after his application for a National League franchise had been rejected." He was thus willing to become an "enslaver" of the players himself. In addition, baseball historian David Q. Voigt writes that White "suggested that if the two major leagues recognized the union circuit as a major league, it would affiliate with the reserve clause of the National Agreement. But if it came to war, the unions resolved to make their cause the abolition of the reserve clause."

IN EXAMINING the failure of the Union Association as an organization and as a liberator of the players, we should examine the league's financial situation. Lucas, who "supplied most of the ideas, enthusiasm, and money" for the league, invested very heavily. The owner of the St. Louis franchise, he had recently constructed a 10,000-seat stadium on the grounds of his suburban estate. Lucas had supported amateur and semiprofessional baseball teams in St. Louis, and he wanted to operate a successful professional team. He was far more willing and able to create a club that could perform at the same level of ability as the teams of the rival leagues than were the Union Association's other investors. Lucas was unable to foresee the league's struggle owing to the financial instability of his fellow owners.

Despite the questionable financial strength of the new league, the American Association and the National League did not take the league's birth lightly. After refusing to accept the Union Association as a league on equal terms, the two established leagues labeled the newcomer a "wildcat" and an "outlaw" league and declared that anyone who signed a contract with a Union Association team would be blacklisted for life. National League and American Association teams were ordered not to play exhibitions against the new league's clubs. Cap Anson, manager of the National League's Chicago franchise, wrote in his autobiography that for the 1884 season National League owners signed many more players

than they needed, "the object being to keep them away from the Union Association."

The National League and the American Association's concern over the threat posed by the Union Association was not undue. During the winter after its formation, Union Association team owners offered thousands of dollars in bonuses and advances to uncontracted but reserved players. Many players accepted the money and agreed to leave the established leagues to play for the Union Association. The newcomer was making its presence felt and posing a threat to the security of the older leagues.

With teams situated in Altoona (Pennsylvania), Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Washington, D.C., the league directly challenged the teams of the National League and the American Association. Of the eight cities, six were home to established major-league teams and a seventh, Washington, was the recipient of a new American Association franchise. Only Altoona would be free of major-league opposition.

THE SEVERITY of the Union Association's challenge was short-lived. When the Union Association season began on April 18, 1884 (the scheduled opening game on April 17 in St. Louis was rained out), the league's destiny was already apparent. The majority of the National League and American Association players who had accepted money from the new league had chosen to ignore their new contracts, and instead remained with their previous teams. Players had used the threat of leaving their teams in order to demand more money from their owners. This tactic was successful for numerous players, as they frightened their owners into offering them increased salaries. For others, the owners' reminder of lifelong blacklisting was sufficient to convince them not to pay heed to their commitments to the new league.

The lack of balance among the league's teams proved another damaging factor. The superior financial resources of Henry Lucas, as well as his intense devotion to the league and his franchise, led some to believe that his St. Louis Maroons would be far superior to the league's other teams. Sporting Life denied the validity of this view, stating that the "clubs are pretty evenly matched. The idea that St. Louis will have a walk-over for the pennant is erroneous and some very interesting contests may be expected." Sporting Life would prove absolutely wrong in this prediction.

Lucas's St. Louis Maroons won their first 21 games en route to a 94 - 13 record. Their .832 winning percentage remains today the highest in the history of major-league baseball. The second-place Cincinnati team finished 21 games behind them in the league's standings. As the Maroons' domination became evident, the team's attendance figures dropped. Furthermore, absence of an interesting pennant race discouraged fans, at that time called "kranks," from going to the league's ballparks.

Although the founders of the Union Association had unanimously agreed not to approach National League or American Association players under contract, and to attempt only to lure reserved players, this policy was changed in midseason by the league's managers. Enraged because the rival leagues had disregarded Union Association contracts and, through raises and threats, had raided the teams of many of their players, the managers of the Union Association's teams met in Baltimore on July 1 to devise a defense. The managers decided that they would no longer respect National League or American Association contracts. Lucas's response was that now "everything is fair in baseball as in war."

The increased attack on the National League and the American Association strengthened Union Association teams, but did not prevent the league's fall. In July, the Maroons obtained Charlie Sweeney, one of the top two pitchers on the Providence Grays. Sweeney had been expelled by the Grays, the National League's premier team, for leaving a game [see "The Radbourn and Sweeney Saga" next in this issue]. His name had also been placed on the league's blacklist. The Maroons signed Sweeney, and he proceeded to win 24 games for them. The following month three stars of the Cleveland (National League) franchise, Fatty Briody, Jim McCormick, and Jack Glasscock, defected to the Union Association's Cincinnati team.

BY THE TIME the Union Association season concluded, on October 19, only five of the original eight teams remained. In all, 12 teams had been members of the league, and six of them had withdrawn during the season because of financial difficulties. Lucas's Maroons survived the year, but he suffered a loss estimated as high as $100,000. The total league losses approached $250,000. At the end of the season, Americus V. McKim, the owner of the Kansas City club, which had joined the league in June to replace the folded Altoona team, announced that his club had "cleared about $7,000," but this claim's validity is doubtful. If his words were true, then his was the only Union Association team with a profit. The 1885 Spalding Guide states that in the previous year in the Union Association "only one club paid its expenses even during the season, and that was the National of Washington." Financially, the league had thoroughly failed.

At the second annual Union Base Ball Association meeting, on December 18 in St. Louis, the league's pennant was awarded to the Maroons and officials agreed to maintain the league for the 1885 season. Only four teams were represented at the conference, and because no delegates from either the

Boston or the Baltimore teams were present, the two clubs were dropped from the league. Decisions on the admittance of new clubs into the Union Association were postponed until January 15, 1885, when representatives were to gather in Milwaukee.

Before the Milwaukee meeting occurred, the Union Association received its deathblow. Following the National League's annual meeting, the Cleveland team suddenly resigned. National League officials held a special meeting on January 10 in New York to choose a replacement for Cleveland, and decided upon Lucas's St. Louis Maroons. Lucas accepted the offer, and the Union Association lost its best team and most capable official. Five days later, in Milwaukee, the Union Association was put to rest. Officials from two clubs attended the meeting, in which the only action taken was a vote to disband.

The Union Association had failed to establish a successful third major league and had proved a poor investment for all its officials. Although Lucas has been called "the chief beneficiary of the Union Association," since through the league he achieved his goal of owning a National League team, the damage of his investment far outweighed any gain. After spending two unsuccessful years in the National League, he broke up his team and retired from baseball, having lost more than a quarter of a million dollars.

The battle that the Union Association wielded against the reserve rule raged far beyond the league's death. That the rule placed the player in a position of unfair vulnerability to the owner, resembling that of a slave to his master, would be heard for more than 90 years after the Union Association's sole season of play. The reserve rule survived the attacks of Henry Lucas and William White and the rest of the league's leaders, but their rhetoric continued to be used by others who sought to strengthen the legal status of the professional baseball player. When the rule finally succumbed to severe modification nine decades later, when free agency came into existence, the goal of the Union Association founders was, at last, realized.

Summer of '45: Reds vs. Cubs

MIKE SCHACHT

IN AUGUST 1945 Americans celebrated the end of World War II. Every sentimental baseball fan knows that the Chicago Cubs won their last pennant that summer. What most forget is that they wouldn't have done it without their country cousins from Cincinnati.

The Cubs hadn't cracked .500 since 1939 while the 1945 Reds were coming off their finest season (89-65) since the 1940 World Championship year. Nonetheless, the Cubs tied a major-league record by winning 21 of their 22 games against the Reds to edge the Cardinals and prevent them from taking their fourth straight flag. In addition, the Cubs set another record that will never be broken: They won 20 doubleheaders, seven from Cincy. In 15 of the 22 games, Chicago scored in the first inning and took a lead into the second. Stan Hack always seemed to lead off reaching base. Then Don Johnson, Peanuts Lowrey, Phil Cavaretta, Andy Pafko and Bill Nicholson would join the merry-go-round. Most of the games were blowouts: Chicago won only twice on its last at bat and four times by one run. The Cubs averaged almost six a game to Cincy's 2.2; ten times the snakebit Reds scored only one run.

First baseman Cavaretta used his .460 hitting against Cincinnati to edge Boston's Tommy Holmes .355-.352 for the batting title. Against the Reds Lowrey hit .380, Hack .376, and Pafko .318; on the mound Hank Wyse was 6-0, Claude Passeau 5-0 and former Red Paul Derringer 4-0. Reds stopper Bucky Walters, whose 23-8 record topped the league in 1944, was bothered by arm troubles in '45. Limited to three starts against the Cubs he was shut out twice and lost a 2-1 decision in 10 innings.

Trivia questions: Who was the only Reds pitcher to beat Chicago in 1945? Answer: Ed Heusser, who beat Hy Vandenberg 4-3 in Game 16 before 1,377 at Crosley Field on August 4. Which team ultimately deprived the St. Louis Cardinals of winning a National League record five pennants in a row? Answer: the Cincinnati Reds.

Mike Schacht teaches History of Baseball in America at the New School in New York City. He is also a baseball painter and publisher and edits a baseball literary publication, "Tan," generated by his students.

The Radbourn and Sweeney Saga

JACK E. HARSHMAN

Obscured by Old Hoss's 60 wins, the 1884 Providence Grays' season reached new depths in off-field scandal, on-field controversy, and journalistic mudslinging.

THE PROVIDENCE BASEBALL season of 1884 is justly famous as the year of Charles (Old Hoss) Radbourn's 60 wins. That is a difficult figure to ignore. In fact, it tends to overshadow everything else about that particular season, and is so radically set apart from today's standards that it might make one think it was an entirely different ballgame they played then. That's a shame, because this was a thoroughly fascinating season in many regards, with more intriguing similarities to today's game than may be first apparent. With the Boggs and Rose scandals, it has been suggested that we have reached new depths in off-the-field indiscretions, controversy and, some would add, journalistic mudslinging and self-importance. But the 1884 Providence Grays' season had all of these elements.

The drama of the season centered on pitching, which was fitting for the Grays, who had the game's finest pitching in their eight years of existence (1878-85)—a period during which they had a 2.18 composite earned run average, almost a full run under the league average for those years. Radbourn's 60 wins didn't just come out of nowhere; they broke his own record of 48, set the previous year. In any case, it was clear from the outset of the 1884 season that the Grays had two special pitchers, the wily veteran Radbourn and the 21-year-old flame-thrower from California, Charlie Sweeney. They started the season in tandem, Sweeney pitching a bit more often in May when Radbourn was alleged to have a "rheumatic arm," and about half of June. Sweeney hit his zenith on June 7, when he struck out 19 Red Stockings for a new record, one that stood for 102 years until it was broken by Roger Clemens, against Seattle, in the same city of Boston.

The Boston Globe gave Sweeney's feat the biggest play, calling it "the greatest exhibition of pitching ever seen in Boston...ins and outs, drops and rises seemed to be all the same to Sweeney. He could give them all, and pitched some of the most deceptive curves imaginable." The Globe's headline was "Sweeney's Mysterious Curves Baffle Boston"—especially interesting in light of the fact that Sweeney was most renowned for his fastball. In his "Historical Abstract," Bill James mentions a reference from a Spalding Guide of the 1920s in which Sweeney's fastball was compared favorably with that of Walter Johnson. Sweeney continued to pitch strongly until July 1, when he suffered a strained forearm. The Grays' injury situation triggered some early salvos between the baseball columnists of the Boston Herald and the Providence Journal-Bulletin, with the Herald constantly accusing the Journal of falsely claiming injuries, and calling Sweeney and Radbourn "the healthiest injured pitchers ever seen."

Another early-season focus of acrimonious exchange between the Boston and Providence papers was over complaints about umpiring. The Herald was unmerciful in May and June, relentlessly sarcastic toward the Journal-Bulletin's criticism of some umpiring decisions in Grays' losses. A classic Herald entry in its column of baseball gossip entitled "Diamond Dust" or "Bunts and Basehits" was, "The Cincinnati papers have recently infringed on what has become the patent of the Providence press, namely blaming a loss on poor umpiring. Hands off there." The Journal-Bulletin was actually fairly even in its criticism of the umpiring, praising more often than calumniating, though it did often comment. The paper rarely retaliated against the Herald, which, on the other hand, baited its rival frequently. The Journal-Bulletin picked its spots; one shot referred to the Red Stockings as the "red-legged kickers from Kickersville," "kicker" being the popular epithet of the time for complainer. The Herald also accused the Journal-Bulletin of stirring up the fans, urging

Jack E. Harshman is a mental-health professional in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the son of former major league pitcher Jack Harshman. He made a presentation on the Grays at SABR's Rhode Island Regional Convention in March, 1989.

them to give the opposing teams "no show whatever," to try to confuse enemy fielders, etc. The Herald itself, however, was often critical of opposing players, while constantly gushing effusive praise for the Red Stockings, always referring to them as "The Champions." (Boston won the league championship in 1883.)

Things heated up and finally boiled over in July. Radbourn had been referred to as the "erratic, capricious and ill-tempered Lord Radbourn," but that was high praise compared to mid-July's commentary. The Journal-Bulletin sports headline July 14 was "Careless and Indifferent," applied to Radbourn. On the 17th, things got much worse. The Journal-Bulletin wrote: "To say that the 1,254 patrons of the Boston-Providence game at Messer Park yesterday afternoon retired with feelings of utter disgust at the exhibition of puerile peevishness by Charles Radbourn, the heavily-salaried pitcher of the Providence nine, in the 8th inning, would but faintly describe the bitter feeling that prevailed. Up to that inning he had twirled the sphere with old-time effectiveness..." Providence had argued that Boston pitcher Buffinton was balking, and then Radbourn was called for one himself. In the eighth inning,

> Radbourn promptly began to throw the ball with reckless haste and wildness, giving Gilligan false signs, and seemingly to "break up" the little fellow. The result was that called balls and a wicked wild pitch, with a wild throw and passed ball by Gilligan, Denny's fumble and Manning's single, gave three tallies and the victory, and hence the disgust alluded to. The Board of Directors held a consultation after the game, and the result has been a unanimous laying off of Radbourn for the present, and he has been served with a summons to appear before them today and answer certain pungent conundrums touching his "peculiar" conduct for the past three weeks. While there may be some dark insinuations afloat, the management do not intend to act with injudicious haste, but when every inducement, financial and otherwise, has been offered him to play ball to his best ability, and he has been coaxed and petted beyond all reason to seek to carry the nine to victory, it is high time that more compulsory measures were undertaken. The nine as well as the patrons have become greatly exercised over his deportment, and will await the outcome of the inquiry with keen interest.

The Herald's response to this was quite muted. It seemed to attack the Journal-Bulletin for criticizing its own player for "unspecified improper conduct." The investigation by Grays' Board of Directors into these alleged "pungent conundrums" was not reported upon. It has often been stated as common knowledge that Radbourn was a most intemperate drinker, at a time when temperance and appeal to female "crankettes" was held in new esteem. It was alleged in both the Boston and Providence papers that Radbourn was about to sign a contract with the St. Louis Maroons of the Union Association, the premier team of the new loop; owner and UA President Henry Lucas was in Boston from about July 15 to 25, during which time the Maroons played the Boston Unions.

Things seemed to be quieting down until July 23. Sweeney reported for his start that day the clear victim of immoderate celebration, yet he was not hit nearly as hard as the bottle he tippled liberally from between innings. He pitched creditably, in fact, and had a 6-2 lead going into the ninth. At this point, it seemed the Grays were prepared to try to preserve their good fortune, and rather than tempt fate any further, attempted to exchange Sweeney with rightfielder Joe "Cyclone" Miller. However, said the Journal-Bulletin, "At this Sweeney 'kicked,' and with abusive language positively refused to go into the field, retiring from the game altogether, obliging the home club to continue the game with but eight men." Despite spectacular effort by outfielders Paul Hines and Cliff Carroll, a ludicrous sequence of infield errors did in the Grays, by a 10-8 margin. "Action by the management of the home club in the matter of Sweeney's insubordination resulted in the expulsion of Charles Sweeney from the National League."

The Globe, also accusing Radbourn of throwing the game on the 17th, stated, "Providence management, after extraordinary efforts to get a good team together, and after having given the players every opportunity to make a record for themselves, allowing them full pay when disabled and providing surgical treatment when 'bunged up,' seem to have been sold out, and by men who have made their livelihood in the profession in their club. Everything seems to indicate that Sweeney has received an offer of better terms from some other quarter; besides, when told he would be laid off without pay, he sneeringly replied that he did not care, he could make more money by not playing." All the papers reported within a couple of days that Sweeney had signed a contract with the St. Louis Maroons that made him the highest-paid pitcher ever. The Globe reported, quoting from Providence sources, that the Association and the Grays' directors would decide whether to disband, insinuating doubt that the Grays would be able to field a team that would have the credibility of competitiveness and honest effort. The Herald judged this a likely consequence. A day later, however, the Globe reported, "The home management will not disband the Grays, but will finish the season if they have to put in cigar store Indians to represent the club." The Globe and Herald then attacked the Providence press for alleging disbandment to be imminent. The Globe stated, "There is not the best of feeling between the officers of the Association and the unfortunate newspapermen who sent the story of Sweeney's trouble over the country." The Herald even insinuated that the Journal-Bulletin was somehow fomenting the dissolution of the Grays for their own glory.

Though the team was not disbanded, it seemed all was lost for the Grays. Into the breach stepped Radbourn. Staring

opportunity in the face, Radbourn made the incredible offer of pitching every game the rest of the season, in exchange for being let out of his contract and becoming a free agent at season's end. As the League had expanded its schedule over the past few years to the new high of 112 games in 1884, teams had come to employ at least a "change battery" of a spare pitcher with his own catcher. But with no viable alternative, Grays management took Radbourn at his word, and he was true to it in spectacular fashion. It should be mentioned that Radbourn may have had some additional incentive; according to research by Frederick Ivor-Campbell, Radbourn also demanded Sweeney's salary for the games he would have pitched.

Radbourn made a triumphant return the very next game after Sweeney's indiscretions, with an 11-5 victory over the New York Giants. The newspapers made no great comment on the fact or circumstances of his return. The same umpire, Decker, who had presided over Old Hoss's tantrum before his suspension, was working the game, and was "determined to make him send the ball squarely over the plate to a fraction of an inch.... It was a gratifying exhibition to the spectators, who believe that his 'odd' turn has permanently disappeared and that he is determined to be independent of 'outside' influence, and abide by the terms of his contract."

Radbourn did not actually pitch every game the rest of the way; Cyclone Miller and Ed Conley pitched five games between them in July and August, Conley a few more, and Harry Arundel one in late September and October. Old Hoss did, however, pitch every inning from August 21 to September 25, covering the bulk of the Grays' 20-game winning streak. In September, the Journal-Bulletin marveled at Radbourn's resiliency—"Radbourn pitched with his old-time effectiveness, giving no indication of weakening, as might be looked for after his continuous work in the points.... Radbourn's strong right arm has not 'forgotten its cunning' despite the severe strain to which it has been subjected by continuous pitching." The fans, of course, also acknowledged Old Hoss's fabulous supremacy. It was not uncommon for gifts from fans to be presented to players before games or even between innings. Radbourn was the recipient of several, including baskets of flowers, money, and life-size crayon portraits of himself. When his catcher Barney Gilligan received one of himself late in the season, the newspapers suggested this may have been in part an expression of sympathy for so long putting up with Radbourn's arrogance and eccentricities.

It was not until the very end of the season that the Boston papers acknowledged the clear supremacy of the Grays; their reluctance to do so was sharply smacked by the Journal-Bulletin. The Journal had bided its time until then before defending itself against the charge of fomenting the disbandment of the Grays, which it summarily dismissed as spurious and absurd. The Grays went on to win the pennant by 10 ½ games, and then the first sanctioned World Series, against the New York Metropolitans, sweeping the three games, all pitched by Radbourn, of course. The games were treated by the press as more or less anticlimactic exhibitions. The Boston and Providence papers, however, took one last turn at charge and countercharge, the Herald accusing the Grays' management of trying to duck the challenge of the Mets, while the Journal-Bulletin argued that the original terms, with New York getting the larger shares, were unacceptable, and the Series was briefly held back pending renegotiation. In fact, Grays manager Frank Bancroft had challenged the Mets back in late August to meet them after the season, in October, for a winner-take-all series.

It was actually when the Grays returned triumphant to Providence after the regular season that they were the focus of the city's greatest civic celebration, opened by a 21-gun salute and a brass band at the train station. Then came a parade through the streets to the City Hotel, warehouses of firecrackers and, four days later, a special steamship voyage from dock to dock, commissioned for the Grays and open to the public, culminating in a clambake and party at the Vue d'Lean Club. The Journal-Bulletin called it "an opportunity for complete and unalloyed enjoyment," a bacchanalia where "with numberless inviting and toothsome dishes provided, the savory bivalve could hardly maintain its supremacy." Radbourn, however, ever the iconoclast, was the only member of the ballclub "unavoidably absent."

Sweeney went on to star with the Maroons, winning 24 to add to his 17 with the Grays, and helping St. Louis to an easy championship. Between them, Radbourn and Sweeney won 101 games in 1884, and struck out 778, with a composite ERA just under 1.50. Neither was ever quite the same again. Radbourn had several more good seasons with Providence and Boston, but nothing like 1884. He was, incidentally, given a blank contract by Providence for 1885, and he filled it in, in something of a surprise, with only a slight increase. Sweeney was reported by the Journal in October to be headed to a hot spring, courtesy of the St. Louis management, for a water cure for his rampant alcoholism, but this was quickly and gleefully contradicted by the Herald, which pointed out that he had just struck out 11 in a win over the Boston Unions. But Charlie drank himself out of baseball in another two years, suffering during that time from persistent arm trouble as well. Sweeney spent his latter days in San Quentin, convicted of manslaughter in a barroom brawl, and was paroled just before dying of tuberculosis in 1902. But the contributions of Radbourn and Sweeney to baseball history, sports controversy and newspaper warfare will never be forgotten. And baseball, which has survived scandalous controversy before, will surely do so again.

Slim Sallee's Extraordinary Year

A. D. SUEHSDORF AND RICHARD J. THOMPSON

He put 'em over and let 'em hit it, and long, tall Sallee helped the 1919 Reds win a world title. All that people remember, of course, is the Black Sox Scandal.

IT WAS 1919, when Slim Sallee led the staff of Cincinnati's pennant-winning Reds with a 21-7 record. The only 20-win season of a 14-year career, it included two other personal bests, a .750 winning percentage and 2.05 ERA that was second on the staff only to Dutch Ruether's 1.81. Yet his most remarkable statistics were season totals, in 227.2 innings pitched, of only 20 walks and 24 strikeouts. Both are modern-era low figures for 20-game winners.

Several pitchers have approached one or the other of these marks. Christy Mathewson had only 21 walks in 306 innings in 1913, when he won 25 games, and 23 in 312 innings in 1914, when he won 24. But he never had fewer than 80 Ks in a 20-win season. Babe Adams was extremely stingy with walks throughout his career. In 1919 he had only 23 in 263.1 innings pitched and tied Sallee for fewest walks per nine innings with a staggeringly low 0.79. Unlike Slim, however, he had only 17 wins. In his two 20-win seasons he gave up 42 and 49 walks, and scored more than 100 strikeouts.

A search of the records reveals only three other pitchers with fewer than 50 strikeouts in a 20-victory year: Sloppy Thurston of the White Sox, who had 37 in 1924; his teammate, Ted Lyons, with 45 in 1925, and Grover Cleveland Alexander with 48 at St. Louis in 1927. Pete's low mark for walks, incidentally, was 30 in 1923.

So, what was special about Harry Franklin Sallee in 1919? Hard to say. He was a veteran southpaw of 34, beginning the 12th season of a respectable but not distinguished National League career. In eight and a half seasons with St. Louis he had won 106 while losing 107, an average performance, yet a considerably better winning percentage than the Cardinals achieved in those second-division years. He was a willing worker and, over all, probably the club's best pitcher. He was also "convivial" and "frolicsome," as afterhours celebrants were described in those days, and had run-ins with management, particularly after tough little Miller Huggins came aboard in 1913. Halfway into the 1916 season, sitting out a suspension, he was sold to the Giants for $10,000. A splendid 1917 and one of the Giants' two World Series victories was followed by a disappointing 1918 and more managerial trouble, now with imperious John McGraw. Over the winter he was released and signed with Cincinnati.

Historically regarded as a modestly talented team, the 1919 Reds were rather better than that. They appear to suffer because of constant comparison with the melodramatic Black Sox, who could hit a ton and whose foolish and poignant stars sparkled like a gambler's pinky ring. Except for a weakness in left field and unexceptional, though better-than-average, catching, the Reds presented a pretty good lineup. Defensively, they topped the league in fielding average and in fewest opponents' runs allowed. Edd Roush was a first-class centerfielder and Greasy Neale was no slouch in right. Throughout the season both were applauded time and again by sportswriters for splendid running catches and smart, accurate throws. Roush also led the league with a .321 average and had top-five numbers for slugging average, hits, triples, total bases, and RBIs. The infield had two strong hitters at the corners—first baseman Jake Daubert, two-time former National League batting champion, and third baseman Heinie Groh, who had had a .310 season while also leading NL third basemen in putouts and double plays. Second baseman Morrie Rath and shortstop Larry Kopf were not great career players, but they got the job done in 1919. Rath, two years away from journey's end, led all NL second basemen in putouts, assists, double plays, and total chances per game.

Besides Sallee and Ruether, the pitchers were righthanders

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Hod Eller, Ray Fisher, Dolf Luque (page 28), and Jimmy Ring. Together these six accounted for 93 of the team's 96 wins and 39 of its 44 losses. They threw 23 shutouts, the majors' best mark, and their aggregate ERA of 2.23 was only a hair's-breadth behind Chicago and miles ahead of all others—NL and AL. Catchers Ivy Wingo and "Whoa Bill" Rariden evidently handled them well, as did Manager Pat Moran, an old catcher himself.

The Reds were the class of a not-very-classy league. Their 96-44 record gave them an impressive .686 winning percentage. The Giants, their closest pursuers, finished nine games behind them. The Cubs were 21 behind, Pittsburgh 24 1/2.

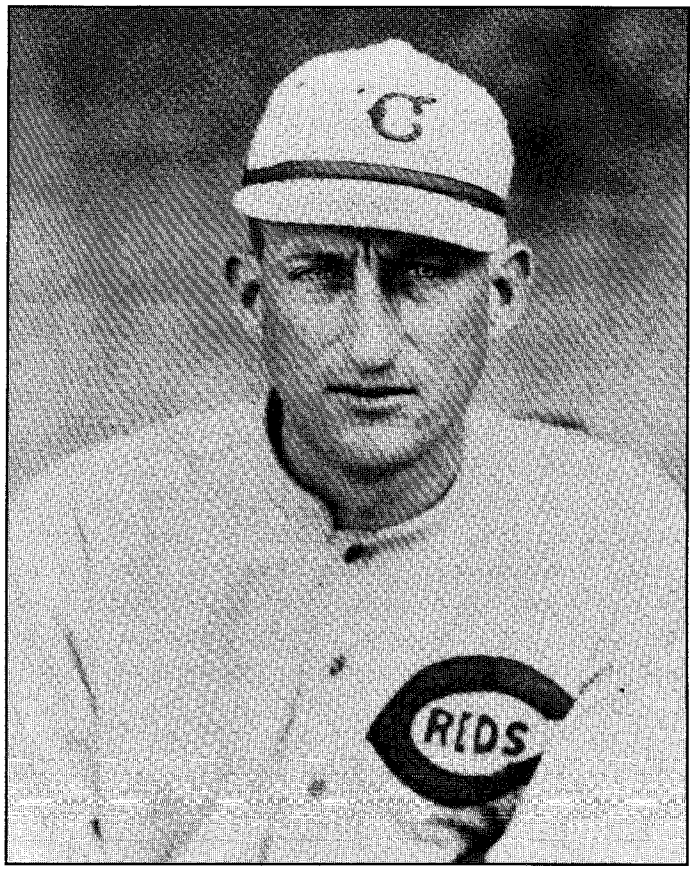
Sallee's season started several weeks late, on May 4. A seriously "lame back" had limited his spring training to three innings against Waco (Texas League). For a while he was so crippled it was feared his career might be at an end. In his May start at home against the Cubs, however, he pitched to form, winning easily, 8-1, and allowing only three singles. He walked one, struck out one. The run was unearned. Typically, the Reds fielded smartly behind him; typically, they got a commanding lead early—five runs in the first inning.

On the mound, Slim was oddly imposing. A tall man for his time at 6'3", he was long-armed and lanky, a shuffling, loose-jointed figure, fidgety, with his red-billed cap pulled low over his eyes. He had a contortionist's windup—"like an eight-day clock," someone said—and a sweeping crossfire delivery. His left foot was in contact with the left end of the rubber and his right foot even farther left. By the time he kicked, planted his right foot, and threw, the ball appeared to be coming from first base. That was the complaint, anyway. Evidently the pitch resembled Eddie Plank's, but was more exaggerated by Sallee's height and long reach.

No one seems to have thought him particularly fast or blessed with a variety of pitches. He had the standard repertoire—fastball, curve, and changeup—but in game after game the Cincinnati beat writers, Jack Ryder of the Enquirer and W. A. Phelon of the Times-Star, describe his principal pitch as "the floater." Ryder, in June, as Slim trounces Rube Marquard and the Dodgers, 7-2: "Sallee floated his southpaw slants up to Rariden in a very effective manner." Phelon, in July, as Slim trims the Pirates, 8-1: "...his well-known floater...cut the corners of the pan when it was necessary for [him] to tighten up." Ryder, in August, as Slim blanks the Giants: "The old floater, under perfect control and guided by [Slim's] long and skillful southern wing...was a deep and mysterious puzzle to the Giants."

Interestingly, he was always easy to hit. In 1919 he was rapped for 221 hits in his 227.2 innings. In seven of his 28 starts (and 22 complete games), he allowed 10 or more hits, yet he won five of them and issued no walks in four.

Although he never walked more than three, or fanned more than four, in any game, his walks/strikeouts performance had no correlation with wins and losses. In a string of six no-walk games he beat Sherry Smith of Brooklyn, 5-1, while allowing 13 hits; was blasted by the Giants, giving up six earned runs in 4.1 innings; downed the Pirates, 5-3, allowing 11 hits; edged Boston in relief; shut out the Giants on seven hits, and lost to Brooklyn and Leon Cadore in an inning and a third. He then gave the Phils two walks, and followed with two more no-walk complete games. In short: two walks in 61.2 innings of pitching, while winning six, losing three, and with no decision in one.



The highly controlled Slim Sallee.

If Sal rarely endangered himself with walks, he rarely rescued himself with strikeouts. In an early-season 3-1 win over the Pirates he allowed 11 hits and enjoyed only one inning in which he got the side out in order. But he showed his mettle in the ninth. With a man on first and the Pittsburgh fans crying for a rally, he got one batter on a fly to Neale and then struck out the next two on six pitches. Neither one even got a foul.

Usually, though, BBs and Ks tended to even out. In the nine victories in which he held the opposing team to one run he walked 11 and fanned 10. In five wins allowing two runs each he had four walks and six strikeouts. In his seven losses he passed four men and whiffed five. Of his four complete

games with no walks or strikeouts, all were victories and three were shutouts.

The secret seems to have been almost perfect control. Inning after inning he was consistently around the plate, never overpowering, yet almost always bewildering. Two games against the Dodgers and one against the Giants illustrate the range of his pitching efforts.

AT BROOKLYN on July 17, the Dodgers rattled him for 13 hits, had men on base in seven of the nine innings, and two or more in three. Score: Cincinnati 5, Brooklyn 1. As Jack Ryder explained, "Old Sal went along in his usual style, allowing a barrel of base hits, but walking nobody and cutting down the enemy whenever they assumed a threatening attitude. The Superbas ["Superbas" was still used, but "Dodgers" or "Robins" were the generally preferred nicknames.] slammed out no less than 13 one-base wallops off his floater, but they had to combine four of them in one round [the 8th] to escape a shutout.... The long southpaw fanned only one man, but his control was perfect and his mastery complete." Sal was now 10-3.

At New York on August 13, before 38,000, the biggest Polo Grounds crowd since the World Series of 1911, Sal outdueled Phil Douglas, 2-1, in the second game of a doubleheader. Ryder called his performance "a perfect demonstration of pitching skill.... Only 28 men faced him in the nine rounds. Only three got on. One of them [Mike Gonzalez] scored, while the other two [George Burns and Benny Kauff] were attended to by Ivy Wingo when they tried to pilfer second base. Not a Giant runner was left on the sacks." This was also one of the no-walk, no-strikeout games. It brought Sal's record to 15-5.

With Gonzalez on third, Sal took a long windup, Mike broke for home, and, to everyone's surprise, slid in under the throw to Wingo. Gonzalez had doubled after Sal retired the first seven Giants to face him, and advanced on what the New York Times called a wild pitch and the Times-Star a passed ball. The Enquirer waffled, calling it a wild pitch that "Wingo really should have blocked." The scorer, whoever he was, must have judged it a passed ball. Sal's official sheet, logged by the National League, shows no wild pitches for his 1919 season. [The official sheet conflicts with box scores in two other instances. It credits Sal with a strikeout against the Giants on May 18, which neither the Times nor the Cincinnati papers acknowledge. And it charges him with a hit batsman against the Braves on July 30, although Ryder's story says it was a walk. The Boston Herald's game story is explicit on this point, however. Sal plunked Buck Herzog, the first batter to face him, when he took over from Ruether in the seventh. Two runs put the Braves temporarily ahead, so that a last-of-the-ninth tally by the Reds (on a bases-full walk) gave Sallee the victory.]

At home four days later, Sallee tangled with Brooklyn and Sherry Smith again. This time they had his number. Ryder thought he would have liked another day of rest, but the "used-up condition" of the Reds' staff forced Moran to pitch him out of turn.

"Sal was hit hard from the start," Ryder reported, "but fought along with his usual skill and nerve until the fifth inning, when he was slaughtered." Said the Times: "Ten hearty clouts," including four doubles, leaped off the bats of "Uncle Robbie's warriors." Phelon wrote: "Bang, boff, bing went the hits, crash, crash, kazoom!"

It sounds like a rout. Actually, Sal held the Robins runless until the fifth and eventually lost—to "Sergeant" Sherry Smith, who threw a three-hitter—by 3 to 0. His record was now 15-6.

It also sounds like combat. Indeed, the country had just emerged from World War I, and sportswriters made much of the rank and unit of ballplayers who had seen service, while describing baseball games in terms of onslaughts, bombardments, and the vanquishing of foes.

TO MODERN TASTE, the writing of both Ryder and Phelon seems cliché-ridden and laboriously humorous. They had fun with Sal's farm background, his height, his mild eccentricity, and his role as sheriff of his tiny home town of Higginsport, on the Ohio River, some 40 miles east of Cincinnati. Yet the liking and respect shine through. As with all athletes over 30 he was "venerable," but agreeably so, for with age came skill, shrewdly applied. He was admirably "foxy," "crafty," and "clever." After one game Phelon wrote: The Giants "had no business scoring off the venerable sheriff, for he was present with everything a wise old pitcher ever owned." Similarly, Ryder: "A good deal of the old boy's effectiveness is above the neck."

The stats bear out his rocking-chair consistency. Home or away? No difference. Eleven wins, three losses at home, 10 wins, four losses away. With Rariden catching: 11-3. With Wingo, 10-3. (Third-stringer Nick Allen caught one loss.) He had one winning streak of six games, another of five.

Of the 63 runs scored against him, 52 were earned. Of 221 hits allowed, 25 were doubles, seven triples, and four home runs. Two were by certified sluggers Ross Youngs (still "Young" in most box scores) and Rogers Hornsby. Pitcher Rube Benton's was the only one of his career. Charlie Pick's first-ball leadoff blast for the Braves was the first of his.

The Reds averaged one error every time Sallee pitched, and turned only 20 double plays, but, as Ryder noted, "The boys always field well behind the great lefthander, who has a vast amount of confidence in them." On another occasion: "Sal knew just where every ball he served was going and it was always in the right place.... So carefully accurate

was his work that the nimble Reds...did not have to extend themselves. They simply devoured the comparatively easy chances that came their way and asked for more."

Further, in 19 of his victories the Reds got a lead as early as the second inning and held it.

Sal's own best statement of his pitching style appeared in a long interview with Baseball Magazine's F. C. Lane six months after the 1919 season. In what Lane called "a pleasant, easy drawl," Slim explained that a pitcher with control "needs very little else, except to know the batters. Every batter has his weakness and the pitcher's cue is never to give him the kind of ball he wants.... On my best days I can put the ball just about where I want to.... I haven't as much speed as some pitchers and...my pitching is pretty easy to hit, for I never try to put the ball by the batter.... There is an old saying in baseball, 'As soon as you have them swinging, you have them beat.'

"Of the first three men up [in an inning] not more than one, on average, will hit safely.... I had rather the first man would not hit, but if he does the next two will generally go out advancing him and most of the time he won't get beyond second base.... Then I can put a little extra beef into getting the next fellow and the inning is over.

"With two hits...you have to play pretty close to keep a score off the rubber...Three hits are pretty sure to score, though not always. But if they do score that is nothing to get excited about. No pitcher can expect to pitch shutout ball all the time. So long as you can hold them down to a few runs, you can count on your own team to supply one better."

Heinie Groh adds: "Batters find it a cinch to hit Sal with no one on bases, but he's the toughest proposition in the world to hit with a man on third."

Good control saves work. "It doesn't take any more exertion to put the ball over the plate," Sal believes, "than it does to miss it by a foot." Control pitchers who can get batters swinging at the first ball they see will end up throwing a lot less than their scatter-arm colleagues.

"My whole system," Sallee sums up, "is to make them hit, keep them hitting, and try never to give the batter what he wants."

A GOOD EXAMPLE of this was a 3-1 triumph over the Pirates in June, when the Reds trailed the first-place Giants by only a game. As usual, the Reds got him a lead—two runs in the first—which was one less than the final score, but one more than he needed. "Sal," wrote rhapsodic Jack Ryder, "bent the Pirates to his will as the wind waves the dry grass on the hillside." It was one of the no-walk, no-strikeout games. The "completely helpless" Pirates got four singles. Three came after two were out, and all were stranded. Carson Bigbee took an extra base when Sal fumbled his bunt and was the only runner to reach second. Edd Roush had seven putouts, Morrie Rath seven assists. An easy day at the office.

In August, in a 10-1 trouncing of the Phillies, Slim was a touch wild in the early going. He allowed two (of a total of six) hits and gave up an astonishing two walks, one with the bases full. After that he tightened up. Having thrown 41 pitches in the first two innings, he needed only 46 to finish the last seven. The Phils' three hurlers threw 147.

PERHAPS MOST remarkable was his final loss to Brooklyn at home in September. With the pennant safely won, Moran gave several regulars a rest. Roush, Groh, Kopf, and Rath were benched. Pitcher Luque played third. Nick Allen caught. The Robins also substituted freely. Nothing was at stake, yet the game was not a sham or a farce. Sherry Smith and Sal, meeting for the third time, pitched with pride. Three scratch hits, awkwardly handled by the makeshift Cincinnati infield, plus a walk, gave Brooklyn three first-inning runs. Thereafter, Sallee was in command. Over the next eight innings, no Dodger got as far as second base. Too late: Brooklyn won, 3-1.

Remarkably, the game was completed—a full nine innings—in 55 minutes, a major-league record as far as anyone in the press box knew. By an odd coincidence, Grover Alexander and the Cubs beat Boston, 3-0, this same day in 58 minutes.

And most remarkably, Slim did the job with only 65 pitches, besting Christy Mathewson's record of 69 set "years ago." Since the first inning required 15 Sallee pitches, the remaining eight were accomplished with 50. By inning, the pitches were 15, 7, 7, 8, 4, 7, 6, 8, and for the ninth 3! It was his seventh loss.

His 21st triumph, in a doubleheader on the last day of the season, tied him with Hippo Vaughn of Chicago for second-most wins. (Jesse Barnes of the Giants had 25.) His .750 winning percentage was only a fraction behind Ruether's league-leading .760. It was in all ways his best year and a level of achievement he would never again attain. He won the second game of the tainted World Series and lost the seventh, and near the end of an unsuccessful 1920 season was waived back to New York. His major-league career ended in 1921.

Let Bill Phelon have the last word: "He's not a picture of grace as he stands out there upon the hill....The batsmen advance to batter this ancient bird, who, swinging the ball with surprising ease, leans far over to one side and throws the leather. It comes up temptingly; just as the delighted batsman swings it lopes away from him and falls into the padded mitten with a chug. Some mistake about it. The batsman shakes the war club and awaits the next one. And the next one falls the other way—turns inward and evades the eager hickory.

"Keen of eye and deeply indignatious is that batsman. He does not miss the third one. He hits it—but there is a lack of

hearty crashfulness in the sound as wood meets horsehide. The ball arises feebly and flutters to a waiting hand. Another furious foe advances—and again the long, lean eagle of the pitching hill most cruelly deceives him. The day goes on. The batsmen swing and swat and grind their teeth. Night comes, and Slim Sallee has won another victory."

Slim Sallee's Pitching Record - 1919

Date	H/A	Team	GS/CG	IP	AB	R	H	ER	BB	SO	Cum. W	Cum. L	Opp. Pitchers	Score
My 4	H	Chi	1/1	9	32	1	3	0	1	1	1	0	Weaver/Martin/Carter	8-1
My 18	A	NY	1/	6	24	4	8	4	1	1/0	1	1	R. Benton	0-5
My 29	A	Pit	1/1	9	38	1	11	1	2	4	2	1	Mayer	3-1
Je 4	A	StL	1/1	8	32	4	9	0	1	0	2	2	Goodwin	3-4
Je 9	H	Bkn	1/1	9	35	2	6	2	2	1	3	2	Marquard	7-2
Je 13	H	NY	1/1	9	35	2	9	1	0	1	4	2	Causey/R. Benton	3-2
Je 19	H	Phi	1/1	9	31	1	3	1	1	1	5	2	Rixey	4-1
Je 24	H	Chi	1/	8	36	6	13	6	1	0	5	3	Bailey/Douglas	2-6
Je 28	A	Pit	1/1	9	32	0	4	0	0	0	6	3	F. Miller/Mayer	3-0
Jy 2	A	Chi	1/1	9	32	2	8	2	1	1	7	3	Vaughn/Bailey	5-2
Jy 6	H	Pit	1/1	9	35	1	8	0	1	0	8	3	Cooper/C. Hill	8-1
Jy 9	A	Bos	1/1	9	35	1	8	1	3	0	9	3	McQuillan/Cheney	3-1
Jy 17	A	Bkn	1/1	9	38	1	13	1	0	1	10	3	S. Smith/Mamaux	5-1
Jy 23	A	NY	1/	4.1	22	6	8	6	0	2	10	4	R. Benton	1-6
Jy 27	H	Pit	1/1	9	37	3	11	3	0	1	11	4	Ponder/Mayer	5-3
Jy 30	H	Bos	0/0	3	13	2	4	2	0	1	12	4	McQuillan/Cheney	7-6
Ag 2	A	NY	1/1	9	31	0	5	0	0	0	13	4	R. Benton/Dubuc	6-0
Ag 6	H	Bkn	1/	1.1	10	4	7	3	0	0	13	5	Cadore	1-6
Ag 9	H	Phi	1/1	9	35	1	6	1	2	1	14	5	Meadows/Hogg/Murray	10-1
Ag 13	A	NY	1/1	9	28	1	3	1	0	0	15	5	Douglas	2-1
Ag 17	A	Bkn	1/	7	31	3	10	3	0	1	15	6	S. Smith	0-3
Ag 21	A	Bos	1/	1+	7	4	4	3	0	0	15	6	Oeschger/Rudolph	7-6
Ag 23	A	Phi	1/1	9	34	1	5	1	1	2	16	6	Cheney/M. Cantwell	6-1
Se 1	A	Chi	1/1	9	40	2	14	2	1	2	17	6	Vaughn/Carter	4-2
Se 6	A	StL	1/1	9	37	2	8	1	1	0	18	6	Schupp/Woodward/ May/Tuero	5-2
Se 10	H	Phi	1/1	9	32	0	7	0	0	1	19	6	Hogg	2-0
Se 15	H	NY	1/1	9	31	0	7	0	0	0	20	6	R. Benton/Dubuc/Ryan	3-0
Se 21	H	Bkn	1/1	9	34	3	6	2	1	1	20	7	S. Smith	1-3
Se 26	H	Chi	1/1	9	36	5	13	5	0	1	21	7	Carter	6-5
Totals:			28/22	227.2	893	63	221	52	20	24	21	7		

'Wuz You Born in Poland?' The Grover Powell Story

ALAN SCHWARZ

The Mets' first pitching phenom and quickest burnout, Powell left a trail of laughter and one-liners. "You can't expect me to talk and make sense," he said.

GROVER POWELL was lying exhausted in his hospital bed in May, 1985 when he got up and walked toward the window. The previous week had been especially excruciating for him. He had spent every moment watching his 14-year-old son recover from a near-fatal automobile accident. Now, Powell found himself in the hospital for his chronic stomach pains. Doctors thought he had an ulcer, but they conducted further tests just in case.

Meanwhile, Powell was getting steadily worse. He knew it when he solemnly left his bed against doctors' orders. "My God, I'm going to die," Powell said. "Are you ready?" asked a friend in the room. "Yes," he said. "I am." Two days later, Powell died of acute leukemia. He was 44.

It was a tragic end to a life that had, in a way, come to a close over 20 years earlier when a serious arm injury cut short his promising pitching career with the New York Mets.

Powell's headstone, near his home of Wyalusing, Pennsylvania, reads, "He achieved his dreams." And permanently embedded above that message is his lone baseball card, which depicts a young, good-looking lefthander—just two years out of the University of Pennsylvania—ready to take the baseball world by storm.

"Wuz you born in Poland?"
—Former Met manager Casey Stengel

That was the standard gag line heard around the Mets clubhouse during their early years. It was christened one exciting night in August 1963, when the incomparable Stengel, pencil and paper in hand, joined the crowd of newspapermen and asked a probing question of his own to the Mets' first overnight star.

This virtually unknown player, listed as Grover D. Powell, had just shut out the Philadelphia Phillies 4-0 in his first big-league start. Powell's performance—a four-hitter to break Philadelphia's eight-game winning streak—was refreshing for the woeful Mets, the laughingstocks of baseball since they had joined the National League the previous season. And Powell was young, just 22, a sign that this team of mostly over-the-hill veterans had a promising future after all.

But even more refreshing was the kid's personality. "He was a typical lefthander," said Craig Anderson, one of Powell's teammates in the Mets organization. "He was always fooling around, and was kind of a hot dog, but everyone liked him. I can still see him joking around in the clubhouse."

"Besides baseball, comedy is my life," Powell once told The Sporting News. "I like to laugh." For the three months he spent with the Mets, Powell made everyone laugh with him. His teammates have forgotten many of his antics, but the press captured some of them in print—especially after he became a sudden media darling.

Was he nervous before his start against the Phillies? "I always get nervous before my first major-league start."

Why did he wear number 41? "Five's my lucky number. Get it?"

And wuz he born in Poland? No, but "Wyalusing, Pa. That's beautiful dairy country about 180 miles northwest of Philadelphia. Marie Antoinette was going to settle there before she had an accident with a knife."

"He was the life of the team," remembered Maury Allen, who covered the Mets that year for the New York Post.

After his masterpiece against Philadelphia, Powell was asked what he would do for an encore. He said he'd probably get bombed.

Yes and no. Against Pittsburgh in his next start, he had

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another shutout through four innings. But in the fifth, the Pirates' Donn Clendenon screamed a line drive off Powell's cheek. The ball rebounded toward shortstop Al Moran, who threw Clendenon out. Powell, shaken and suffering double vision, faced two more batters to finish the inning before leaving the game.

"I saw the ball," Powell said later of Clendenon's liner. "I kept telling it to go back."

"Eccentric? I would say I'm more incongruous. After all, how many guys dig Archie, Superman, and Greek gods?"
—Powell, in 1964

Incongruity had its place among the 1963 New York Mets. That roster included Jimmy Piersall (who trotted around the bases backwards after stroking his 100th career home run), Marvelous Marv Throneberry, and Casey Stengel, whose antics and baffling one-liners set the tone for a kooky clubhouse. Powell was tailor-made for this atmosphere; in fact, he helped perpetuate it.

Fittingly, Powell's presence on the Mets resulted directly from his quirkiness. In 1961, as a junior at the University of Pennsylvania, Powell was one of the Quakers' biggest characters, but his audience wasn't the New York media yet. It was often Penn coach Jack McCloskey, who didn't appreciate the young man's eccentricity and kicked him off the team.

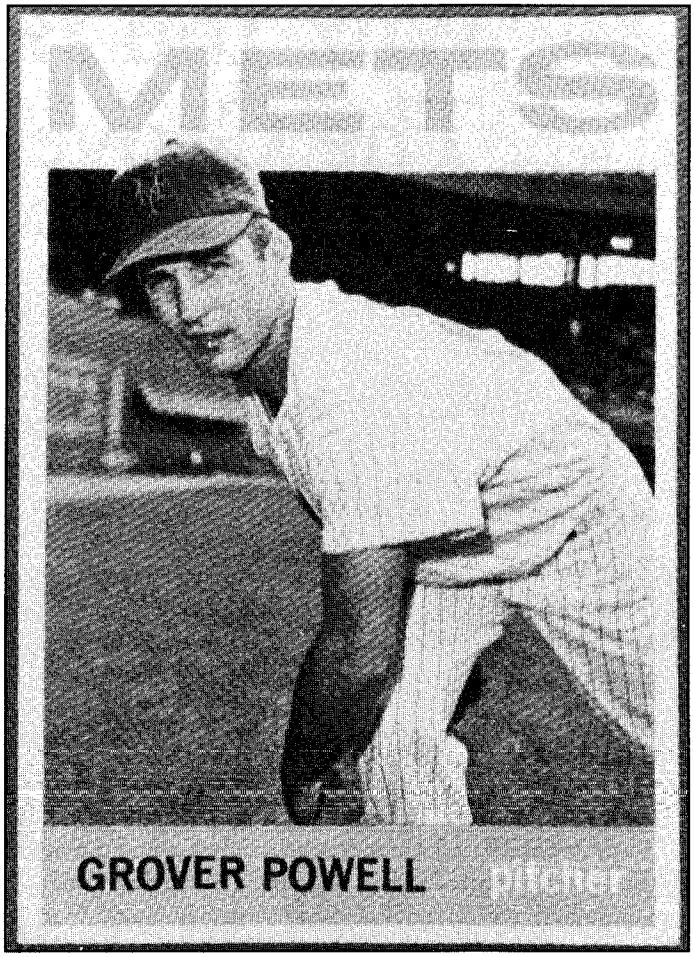
"Grover made life interesting," said McCloskey, now the general manager of the National Basketball Association's Detroit Pistons. "He was always loud, overbearing to a point, and somewhat unusual—in a way that I had to drop him off the team.

"It was just an accumulation of things that Grover did that weren't related to a good team atmosphere. At Brown once, he wanted to come out of the game because he said he was cold. One day, he swore a lot at the equipment guy and threw clumps of grass all around the equipment room. Then he missed a team bus for a trip up to Army. I finally said, 'Enough is enough.'"

"The baseball team was scheduled to play at West Point," Powell once told a hometown paper of his sleeping through the Army trip. "And as I am the world's greatest crammer, I had studied all night for an upcoming test. I just dozed off for a moment and woke up three hours after the bus left.

"I'm not a very serious person. As a student, I would have made a good set of bookends."

POWELL TOOK the punishment in stride—and all the way to the bank signing with New York for a $2,500 bonus in February 1962. When several reporters asked what he did with the money, Powell told them, "I bought a new glove and three ink pens."



Grover Powell's only baseball card.

Ink pens? What other kind was there? "Hey, you can't expect me to talk and make sense, too."

He pitched in the minors for one year before the Mets assigned him to Triple A Raleigh in 1963. After striking out 87 batters in 83 innings there, Powell got the call from New York just before the All-Star break. He appeared sparingly in relief during July, usually when the Mets were characteristically behind by several runs. He fared rather well in those outings, posting an earned run average of under two in his 14 innings of work. Stengel, strapped for pitchers for a doubleheader against the streaking Phillies August 20, gambled on Powell in the opener.

Nine innings later, the Mets had their first pitching phenom. He had stifled Philadelphia on four hits and four walks; the media, drooling for a young messiah to christen as the Mets' savior, knew nothing of this young man who insisted his middle name was Demetrius (it was actually David). Reporters peppered Powell with questions.

What was he going to do with the ball? "I'm going to get

it signed by the whole team and put it in my window at home with a sign that says 'Grover Powell lives here.'"

Everyone wanted a piece of the precocious, instant Ivy League star who read mythology in the clubhouse and baffled writers with historical references even they couldn't understand. "Not bad for a 14-year-old pitcher," Stengel gloated. "Just imagine what he'll be like when he's 16."

"Merciful Christ, am I stiff...I can't pick my arm up yet, the muscles in my chest are sore, and I've got a blister from dragging my back foot off the rubber. I suppose I'll recover in a few days, though."
—Powell, in a letter home, December 1963

He never recovered. Clendenon's liner did more than just knock Powell out of the game. The experience altered his delicate motion and caused him to slump the rest of 1963, which he finished with a still-impressive 1-1 record and 2.72 ERA in 50 innings.

THE WORST came that winter while pitching in Venezuela, when Powell's arm blew out under the strain of his refined delivery. Diagnosed as having tendinitis, he never made it back to the major leagues. He struggled in the minors for six years, pitching well at times. He finished 16-6 for Asheville in 1968 for manager Sparky Anderson, but was considered too old by then to be given another chance in the majors.

"He wasn't that wacky when I knew him," said Steve Mingori, a fellow Knoxville pitcher in 1967. "He took that year very seriously. He knew it was his do-or-die year."

"I saw him from time to time after he hurt his arm," said Larry Bearnarth, Powell's teammate in the Mets' chain. "He just said, 'It's not going to get any better. It hurts so bad.'"

Powell retired in 1970 at the age of 30, no longer the happy-go-lucky kid who had spent four days in the spotlight in 1963—and whose dream, like most, had vanished overnight. After he realized that his shutout against Philadelphia would be his sole major-league victory, Powell couldn't succeed outside of baseball as everyone thought the Ivy League graduate would. He had trouble holding jobs, finally working for 10 years in a bank until he was fired in 1984. Why was he let go? Because he had helped several foreign students by letting them in after closing time.

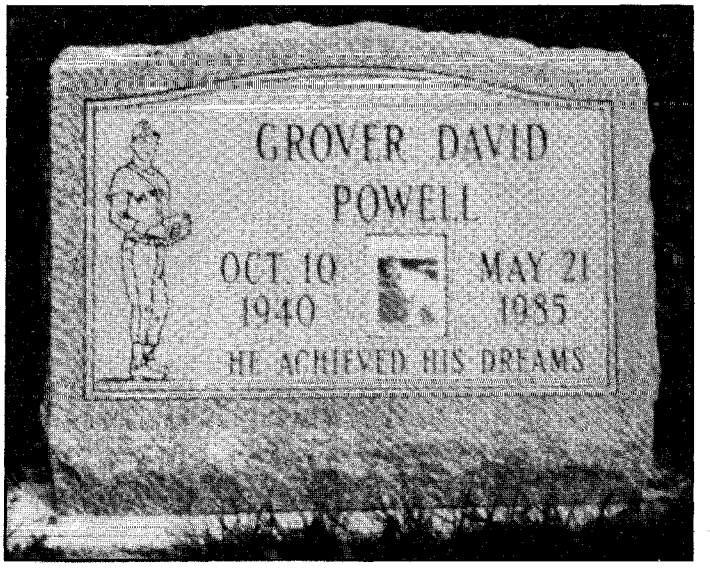
"Grover tended to make bad decisions," said Mary Brittain, his wife of 10 years before they divorced in 1975. "If it was more important to help someone than to follow rules, Grover would help him out. It was because he was unconventional. He just wouldn't stay in the mold.

"I think baseball played a far more central role in his life than we realized. His ambition began and ended with baseball. He was hard-working and driven to make the major leagues, but beyond that, he tended to be passive."

"I don't think he ever really accepted losing his arm," Powell's son, Grey, said.

In 1985, Powell never really accepted that he was desperately ill. He often complained of severe stomach cramps, and diagnosed himself as having an ulcer. He said he could handle it himself. But he was especially dizzy after the ordeal of watching Grey recover from the car accident. Powell drove himself some 30 miles back to the hospital and arrived white, shaking, and with no blood pressure. He had just two conscious days left, long enough to see his son for the last time.

"It all happened so quick," Grey said. "All I really remember is that he made me laugh." That's all, it seems, anyone remembers.



Powell's Tombstone.

Peak Career Average

CLAY DAVENPORT

AT THE END of the 1989 season Wade Boggs had a career .352 batting average, the fourth best of all time. It is not likely that he will remain there, because batting average, like other ratios, tends to peak in the middle of a player's career and decline towards the end.

The following is a list of batting averages that do not decline with time. I did not measure a player's average at the end of his career, when it has been corrupted by playing out the string. Instead, I measured his career average at its highest point at the end of any season, assuming the player had at least 4,000 at bats. This "peak" batting average serves to show just how great some players, like George Sisler, really were; after all, shouldn't greatness be remembered by how high they reached, and not simply where they finished?

The majority of the players on this list reached their peak average in their first year of eligibility. Roberto Clemente had 9,076 at bats before peaking; Cobb and Speaker each had over 8,000 at bats and 3,000 hits; Sam Crawford and Zach Wheat also had 8,000 at bats.

Peak Rank	Batter	Peak Career Avg.	Year Of Peak	Final Avg.	Final Rank
1	Willie Keeler	0.3809	1900	0.3413	13
2	Ty Cobb	0.3726	1922	0.3665	1
3	Rogers Hornsby	0.3635	1925	0.3585	2
4	Al Simmons	0.3633	1931	0.3342	20
5	Nap Lajoie	0.3630	1904	0.3381	18
6	George Sisler	0.3605	1922	0.3401	15
7	Jesse Burkett	0.3589	1901	0.3384	17
8	Joe Jackson	0.3558	1920	0.3558	3
9	Ted Williams	0.3525	1949	0.3444	6
10	Wade Boggs	0.3522	1989	0.3522	4
11	Billy Hamilton	0.3514	1898	0.3443	7
12	Paul Waner	0.3511	1932	0.3332	21
13	Tris Speaker	0.3493	1925	0.3443	8
14	Babe Ruth	0.3493	1931	0.3421	10
15	Stan Musial	0.3473	1951	0.3308	24
16	Chuck Klein	0.3463	1935	0.3201	43
17	Ed Delahanty	0.3463	1902	0.3460	5
18	Honus Wagner	0.3456	1908	0.3274	29
19	Pete Browning	0.3454	1891	0.3415	12
20	Dan Brouthers	0.3449	1889	0.3421	9
21	Lou Gehrig	0.3443	1937	0.3401	16
22	Harry Heilmann	0.3436	1927	0.3416	11
23	Cap Anson	0.3436	1888	0.3291	27
24	Bill Terry	0.3431	1932	0.3412	14
25	Jimmie Foxx	0.3393	1935	0.3253	31
26	Riggs Stephenson	0.3388	1932	0.3361	19
27	Hugh Duffy	0.3379	1895	0.3241	35
28	Joe Kelley	0.3378	1900	0.3169	51
29	Joe Medwick	0.3376	1939	0.3236	36
30	Heinie Manush	0.3372	1934	0.3298	26
31	Eddie Collins	0.3362	1915	0.3327	22
32	Kiki Cuyler	0.3347	1931	0.3210	41
33	Sam Thompson	0.3345	1895	0.3307	25
34	Rod Carew	0.3345	1977	0.3278	28
35	Joe DiMaggio	0.3336	1946	0.3246	33
36	Babe Herman	0.3322	1933	0.3245	34
37	Tony Gwynn	0.3320	1989	0.3320	23
38	Johnny Mize	0.3318	1946	0.3121	64
39	Earle Combs	0.3311	1931	0.3247	32
40	Edd Roush	0.3305	1925	0.3227	38
41	Goose Goslin	0.3304	1929	0.3160	56
42	Arky Vaughan	0.3286	1939	0.3176	48
43	Charlie Gehringer	0.3286	1937	0.3204	42
44	Fred Clarke	0.3280	1903	0.3119	66
45	Jim Bottomley	0.3275	1929	0.3096	84
46	Cecil Travis	0.3269	1941	0.3142	59
47	Roger Connor	0.3268	1890	0.3165	53
48	Pie Traynor	0.3260	1930	0.3196	44
49	Tip O'Neill	0.3257	1892	0.3257	30
50	Lloyd Waner	0.3252	1934	0.3164	54
51	Earl Averill	0.3248	1936	0.3178	47
52	Sam Rice	0.3245	1926	0.3223	39
53	Frankie Frisch	0.3243	1930	0.3161	55
54	Hank Greenberg	0.3240	1945	0.3135	60
55	Ross Youngs	0.3236	1925	0.3222	40
56	Joe Sewell	0.3233	1927	0.3119	65
57	Don Mattingly	0.3232	1989	0.3232	37
58	Bill Dickey	0.3228	1937	0.3125	63
59	Bing Miller	0.3221	1929	0.3118	68
60	Mickey Cochrane	0.3215	1933	0.3196	45
61	Ginger Beaumont	0.3212	1907	0.3108	74
62	Cupid Childs	0.3209	1898	0.3043	
63	Chick Hafey	0.3203	1935	0.3170	50
64	Hank Aaron	0.3203	1964	0.3050	
65	Ken Williams	0.3201	1930	0.3192	46
66	George Van Haltren	0.3198	1897	0.3157	57
67	Elmer Flick	0.3196	1905	0.3130	62
68	Jackie Robinson	0.3186	1954	0.3113	71
69	George Brett	0.3183	1981	0.3103	80
70	Mel Ott	0.3182	1936	0.3041	
71	Zach Wheat	0.3178	1925	0.3167	52
72	Hugh Jennings	0.3178	1900	0.3114	69
73	King Kelly	0.3178	1888	0.3076	91
74	Roberto Clemente	0.3175	1971	0.3173	49
75	Fred Lindstrom	0.3175	1932	0.3114	70
76	Bob Meusel	0.3175	1927	0.3092	86
77	Willie Mays	0.3172	1960	0.3017	
78	Jack Fournier	0.3171	1925	0.3132	61
79	Elmer Smith	0.3171	1899	0.3104	79
80	Bill Madlock	0.3170	1983	0.3045	
81	Baby Doll Jacobson	0.3169	1925	0.3112	72
82	Joe Vosmik	0.3159	1938	0.3074	94
83	Luke Appling	0.3158	1940	0.3104	77

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Single-Season Wonders

JAMIE SELKO

I WAS ALWAYS struck by Sparky Anderson's major league playing career: one year, 152 games. If you look through any record book that shows career stats, you quickly see that there are basically two types of short-career players: those whose careers consist of the proverbial "cup of coffee" in the bigs, and those who got a real chance and just didn't cut it. But you don't see many who played a single, full season, then vanished. Of more than 13,000 men who have played ball, I wondered, how many more Sparkys were there?

The answer: precious few. In the entire history of major-league baseball, fewer than 40 players appeared in at least half of their team's games one year and never played again. Concentrated in the three-league season of 1890 and the war years, one-year regulars surrendered to changing times and better-qualified teammates. What follows is a position-by-position review of the top three one-year players and notable others.

1B

1. **146 games**—Dutch Schiebner. Dutch, who was born in Charlottenburg, Germany, was the fill-in for the Browns during the year George Sisler was out. He hit .275, which was not that good in the 1920s, and certainly not good enough to replace Mr. Sisler.
2. **145 games**—Art Mahan, 1940 Phillies. Art hit two home runs for the futile Phils with only 39 RBIs. He also pitched in one game.
3. **124 games**—Johnny Sturm, 1941 Yankees. He fell between Babe Dahlgren and Buddy Hasset in the Yankee search for a replacement for Lou Gehrig. Had only 23 extra-base hits and 36 RBIs.

OTHERS:

Monk Sherlock. He hit .324 in 92 games—70 at first—as a 1930 Phillies replacement for injured Don Hurst.
Bill Hart—a .311 hitter for the 1901 Orioles.
Skyrocket Smith—Was only 20 when he got his shot in 1888. He hit .238.

2B

1. **152 games**—Sparky Anderson. An outstanding fielder for many years in the Dodger minor-league chain, he finally got his shot with the '59 Phillies. He held the record for fewest total bases and lowest slugging percentage, 150-plus games.
2. **114 games**—Moon Mullin. He had only 13 extra-base hits for the 1944 Phils.
3. **97 games**—Ace Stewart, 1895 Chicago. Hit .241, fielded .911.

OTHERS:

Scooter Kell—George's brother.
John Sipin—went on to long-time stardom in Japan.

3B

1. **147 games**—Jack Boucher, 1914 St. L. Feds. Hit .231 before disappearing.
2. **126 games**—Buddy Blair, 1942 A's. Hit a respectable .279 with 66 RBIs and 26 doubles.
3. **124 games**—Bob Maier. Third baseman for the champion Tigers in 1945, lost his spot to George Kell.

OTHERS:

John Tobin, brother of good-hitting pitcher Jim. Hit .252 for '45 Red Sox.

SS

1. **95 games**—Gair Allie, who played in 121 games for the '54 Pirates. Hit .199 and has one-year-career strikeout record of 84.
2. **94 games** Harvey Aubrey. Hit .212 for the 1903 Boston National League entry.
3. **74 games**—Ben Conroy. In 117 games for Philadelphia's 1890 A.A. team, he hit a pathetic .174.

OF

1. **117 games**—Goat Anderson. He hit a lowly .206 for the 1907 Pirates. Although he scored 73 runs and had 27 steals, he managed only 12 RBIs and five extra-base hits.
2. **105 games**—Ernie Sulik, who hit a respectable .287 for the 1936 Phillies.

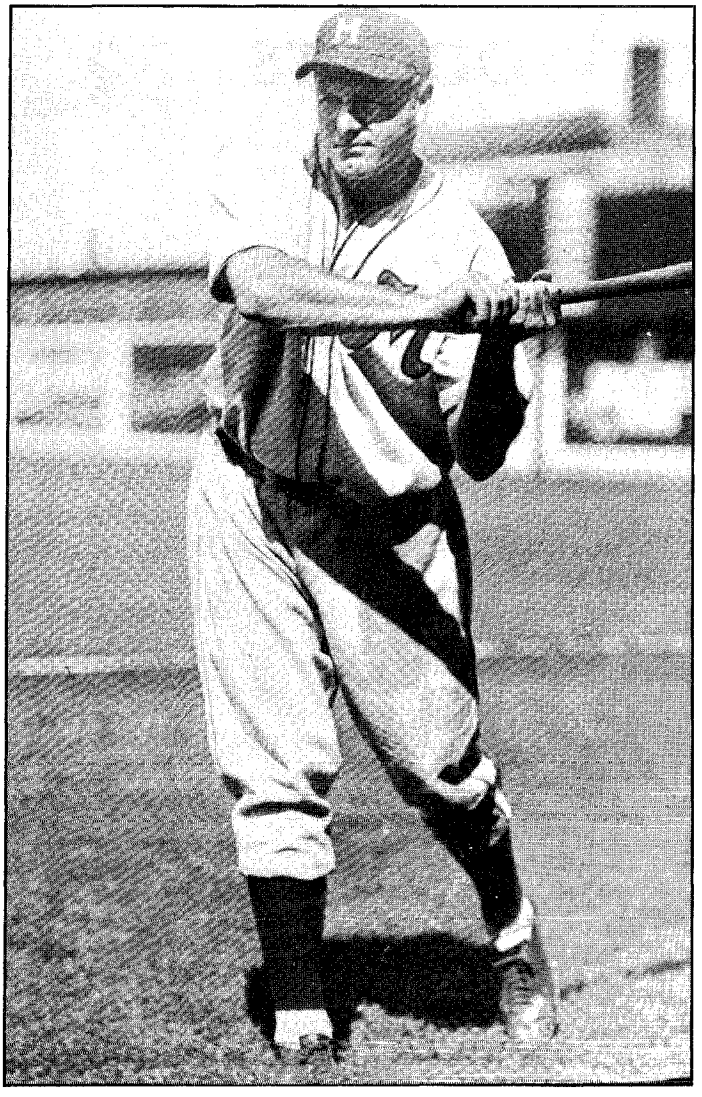
3t **101 games**—Larry Murphy, .265 hitter for the 1891 AA Washington team.

3t **101 games**—Rasty Wright, who split the 1890 season between the Cleveland NL and the Syracuse AA teams. He hit .282 and set two one-year records with 89 runs and 81 walks.

OTHERS:

Buzz Arlett—had the best one-season career of all time: 26 doubles, seven triples and 18 home runs to go with a .313 average and a .538 slugging percentage for the 1931 Phils. Alas, the minor-league legend couldn't field.
Tex Vache—Hit .313 in 110 games (53 as an outfielder) for the 1923 Red Sox. He hit .340 in non-pinch hitting roles.
Carlos Bernier—eight triples and fifteen stolen bases for '53 Pirates.
Pete Gray—probably the most famous one-yearer ever.

Jamie Selko is an award-winning Army intelligence linguist in Germany.
He thanks Bill Carle for his assistance on this story.



The best one-season career ever: Buzz Arlett.

C

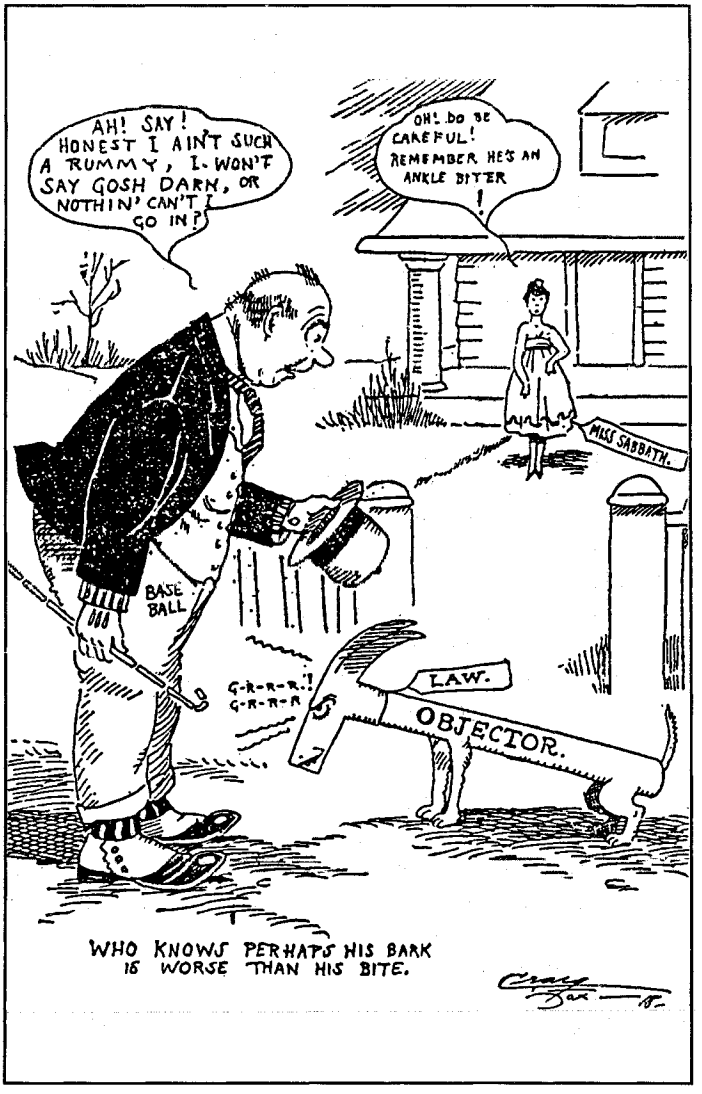
1. **80 games** Harry Sage. Anemic hitting (.144) for Toledo in 1890.
2. **76 games**—Paul Florence, 1926 Giants. Hit .229.
3. **62 games**—Bill Ludwig. 1908 Cards. Hit .182.

P

1. **62 games**—Bill Wakefield, best pitcher on the '64 Mets, he was 3-5 with a team-leading 3.61 ERA.
   57 games—Rich Thompson. 3-8 reliever for the 1985 Indians. He had a 6.30 ERA.
   48 games—Parke Swartzel. He was 19-27 with 45 complete games and 410 innings pitched for Kansas City's 1889 AA team. He holds one-year records with 117 walks and 147 strikeouts.
   47 games—Henry Schmidt, a 21-game winner for the 1903 Dodgers, he had 29 complete games, 301 innings pitched and a 3.83 ERA.

Among other one-year players who played over 100 games but not predominantly at one position are Scotty Ingerton of the 1911 Boston Braves, who hit .250 in 521 at bats. He played 58 games at third, 43 in the outfield, 12 at first, 11 at second and four at short. There was also Tom Cahill of the American Association Louisville Club in 1891. In addition to two games at third, six at second and 12 in the outfield, he also played 49 games at short and 56 behind the plate.

Baseball on the Sabbath — Part 1



Two Lefties, Home and Abroad

BILL DEANE

Did Lefty O'Doul unduly benefit from the friendly confines of his home parks? Well, yes and no. Did Sandy Koufax blossom in pitcher-oriented Dodger Stadium? For sure.

FOR THE BOOK TOTAL BASEBALL, I was hired to research and compile the home and road performance of ten notable National League players. Intrigued with the results, I did the same research for several other players. Two whose records were not included in the book are Lefty O'Doul and Sandy Koufax.

It seemed logical that O'Doul's breakdowns would show the same lopsided home park advantages as enjoyed by Chuck Klein (.397 at Philadelphia's Baker Bowl, .277 at all other parks). Indeed, in O'Doul's two seasons with the Bowl as his home park, he compiled Kleinian stats, batting .432 there in 1929-30. But O'Doul proved he could hit at any park with his .347 career average in road parks. Lefty's home-run totals did benefit from the short right-field foul lines at the Polo Grounds (257 feet), Baker Bowl (280 1/2), and Ebbets Field (296). O'Doul had exactly the same number of career games and plate appearances at home as on the road.

Koufax is remembered as a wild, fireballing southpaw who suddenly matured at 25. My theory is that Koufax's "maturity" was really the product of two important environmental changes: first, the Dodgers' 1962 move from hitter-oriented Los Angeles Coliseum to Dodger Stadium, one of the best pitchers' parks in baseball history; second, the 1963-68 rule change that increased the height of the strike zone by approximately eight inches. This research pretty much confirms that theory (Koufax had a career ERA of 1.37 at Dodger Stadium, 3.38 at all other parks), but also shows Sandy to have been a .650-pitcher both at home and on the road.

Bill Deane batted .400 at home and .586 on the road in his slow-pitch softball league last year.

Lefty O'Doul

Year	Lg	Club	G	AB	R	H	TB	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	BB	HB	Avg.	OBA	Slg.
Home																	
1919	AL	NY	10	8	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	.250	.250	.250
1920			8	7	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	.143	.143	.143
1922			4	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	.333	.333	.333
1923		BOS	18	18	1	3	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	.167	.167	.167
1928	NL	NY	59	201	35	58	88	9	0	7	27	4	15	0	.289	.338	.438
1929		PHI	76	318	86	144	219	18	0	19	80	1	41	1	.453	.517	.689
1930			69	244	65	99	162	22	1	13	51	2	34	2	.406	.482	.664
1931		BKN	61	229	42	69	113	11	6	7	36	2	22	2	.301	.368	.493
1932			71	276	57	99	161	13	5	13	46	7	28	3	.359	.423	.583
1933			23	89	6	23	36	2	1	3	12	1	5	1	.258	.305	.404
		NY	41	124	18	38	63	7	0	6	20	1	17	1	.306	.394	.508
1934			45	105	16	34	59	2	1	7	31	1	15	1	.324	.413	.562
TOTAL HOME			485	1622	326	571	908	84	14	75	308	20	177	11	.352	.419	.560
Road																	
1919	AL	NY	9	8	2	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	.250	.333	.250
1920			5	5	2	1	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	.200	.333	.400
1922			4	6	0	2	3	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	.333	.333	.500

(Lefty O'Doul, continued)

Year	Lg	Club	G	AB	R	H	TB	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	BB	HB	Avg.	OBA	Slg.
1923		BOS	18	17	1	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	.118	.211	.118
1928	NL	NY	55	153	32	55	76	10	4	1	19	5	15	0	.359	.417	.497
1929		PHI	78	320	66	110	178	17	6	13	42	1	35	3	.344	.413	.556
1930			71	284	57	103	157	15	6	9	46	1	29	3	.363	.427	.553
1931		BKN	73	283	43	103	134	21	5	0	39	3	26	1	.364	.419	.473
1932			77	319	63	120	169	19	3	8	44	4	22	4	.376	.423	.530
1933			20	70	8	17	26	3	0	2	9	1	10	0	.243	.338	.371
		NY	37	105	13	32	45	2	1	3	15	0	12	1	.305	.381	.429
1934			38	72	11	22	34	2	2	2	15	1	3	0	.306	.333	.472
TOTAL ROAD			485	1642	298	569	828	91	27	38	234	16	156	12	.347	.407	.504

Sandy Koufax

Home

Year	Park	G	IP	W	L	PCT.	SO	BB	H	R	ER	ShO	ERA
1955	Ebbets Field	7	24	2	0	1.000	22	10	16	6	6	2	2.25
1956		8	18	0	2	.000	8	11	28	19	15	0	7.50
1957		18	57	3	1	.750	68	23	48	26	24	0	3.79
1958	L.A. Coliseum	17	62.2	2	6	.333	53	49	55	45	39	0	5.60
1959		16	80.1	5	2	.714	98	41	64	29	28	1	3.14
1960		19	70	1	7	.125	71	49	63	45	41	0	5.27
1961		21	132.1	9	8	.529	145	51	119	69	62	0	4.22
1962	Dodger Stadium	13	102.2	7	4	.636	118	25	68	26	20	*2	1.75
1963		17	143.2	11	1	.917	144	23	83	22	22	*6	1.38
1964		15	127.2	12	2	.857	124	18	82	16	12	6	0.85
1965		20	170	14	3	.824	208	31	89	32	26	*6	1.38
1966		21	171.1	13	5	.722	160	45	124	36	29	3	1.52
(55-57) Ebbets Field		33	99	5	3	.625	98	44	92	51	45	2	4.09
(58-61) L.A. Coliseum		73	345.1	17	23	.425	367	190	301	188	170	1	4.43
(62-66) Dodger Stadium		86	715.1	57	15	.792	754	142	446	132	109	23	1.37
TOTAL HOME		192	1159.2	79	41	.658	1219	376	839	371	324	26	2.51

Road

1955	5	17.2	0	2	.000	8	18	17	9	8	0	4.08
1956	8	40.2	2	2	.500	22	18	38	18	17	0	3.76
1957	16	47.1	2	3	.400	54	28	35	23	21	0	3.99
1958	23	96	9	5	.643	78	56	77	44	40	0	3.75
1959	19	73	3	4	.429	75	51	72	45	41	0	5.05
1960	18	105	7	6	.538	126	51	70	38	35	2	3.00
1961	21	123.1	9	5	.643	124	45	93	48	38	2	2.77
1962	15	81.2	7	3	.700	98	32	66	35	32	0	3.53
1963	23	167.1	14	4	.778	162	35	131	46	43	5	2.31
1964	14	95.1	7	3	.700	99	35	72	33	31	*1	2.93
1965	23	165.2	12	5	.706	174	40	127	58	50	2	2.72
1966	20	151.2	14	4	.778	157	32	117	38	33	2	1.96
1955-57	29	105.2	4	7	.364	84	64	90	50	46	0	3.92
1958-61	81	397.1	28	20	.583	403	203	312	175	154	4	3.49
1962-66	95	661.2	54	19	.740	690	174	513	210	189	10	2.57
TOTAL ROAD	205	1164.2	86	46	.652	1177	441	915	435	389	14	3.01

*includes no-hitter.

The Original Baltimore Byrd

JOHN B. HOLWAY

Bill Byrd threw a nasty spitter among many tricky pitches. Too old for the majors, the Negro-league model and mentor made other players big-league material.

The first time I faced Bill Byrd, I went 5-for-5. I don't ever remember getting another hit off him. I used to say, "I know he's gonna throw a curve, I'm not gonna pull away." But I couldn't hit a thing.

—Monte Irvin

IF BILL BYRD had said, "Don't look back. Something may be gaining on you," it's just possible that he, and not Satchel Paige, might be in Cooperstown today.

But Bill didn't say funny things. He just threw funny pitches. For 19 years (1932-50), most of them with the Baltimore Elite Giants, Byrd kept the best hitters in the old Negro leagues grumbling and cussing and dragging their bats back to the dugout.

Now 83 and living quietly in his Philadelphia apartment, Byrd compiled one of the best records of any hurler in the black leagues. He won 115 games, just seven fewer than the renowned Paige. Bill's winning percentage was higher, even though Satch's teams were better. Paige joined the league at the age of 21; Byrd was 25:

	W	L	Sv	Pct
Paige	122	78	8	.610
Byrd	115	72	7	.615

"The Baltimore Elites had five pitchers could pitch in any league—*any* league," their catcher, Roy Campanella, declares. "There was Robert Griffith, Andrew Porter, Bill Byrd, Jim Willis, and a lefthander, Tom Glover. I would take those five pitchers, put them right on the Dodgers, and all of those fellows would be starters in the big leagues. And that was only one of the pitching staffs in the colored league when I was there."

Byrd would have been "a consistent 15-20 game winner" in the majors, Campy says. Bill may have been North America's last legal spitball pitcher. "He was a tremendous spitball pitcher," Campanella says. "Tremendous control." After catching Byrd, Campy had no problem catching Preacher Roe's spitters on the Dodgers.

Bill (Ready) Cash, catcher for the old Philadelphia Stars, says that when he swung at Byrd's wet one, "that spit went all over me." Adds Hall of Famer Buck Leonard: "I wouldn't watch the ball, I'd watch the spit."

Actually, Byrd insists, "I hated the spitter," but "they made me throw it." His first manager, Candy Jim Taylor, told him, "If you're gonna throw it, fake it. He made me start faking it." The fear that Byrd *might* use his spitter, as Gaylord Perry demonstrated later, made his other pitches more effective.

"Do you really throw the spitter?" Newark infielder Clarence (Half a Pint) Israel once asked. Bill smiled his Buddha smile. "Well," he replied, "If you thought I did, I did."

"We used to spit on the bat," Israel said. "We tried to psyche him as much as he would us. But if you beat Byrd, it was always pretty close. You didn't get many runs. He made you work for everything you got."

Byrd didn't load up often, says Buck O'Neil, Paige's teammate on the Kansas City Monarchs. But "with two strikes, in a certain situation, you just might see it."

Outfielder Gene Benson of the Stars insists that Bill didn't need the pitch. The two played together in Puerto Rico, where the pitch was outlawed, "But I didn't see no difference. He still blinded us—he threw the ball right past us. He had everything else he needed: threw hard, good curveball. Shoot, very few teams beat Bill."

In Puerto Rico "Byrd was cutting heads right and left with that spitter," says Leonard. In the winter of 1940-41, with Leonard and Campanella tied for the home run crown, Buck

John B. Holway is a leading historian of the Negro leagues, a frequent contributor to BRJ, and the author of "Blackball Stars" (Meckler).

says, Byrd would throw a high pitch over the batter's head, and while everyone watched the ball, Bill hastily put his fingers to his mouth. "Man, I raised *Sam* with the umpire!" To no avail. Byrd shut Leonard out while Campy got his homer to take the trophy.

"I threw most everything," Bill says—"knuckler, slow knuckler, fast knuckler, curve, slider. I had good control." He considers his best pitch "a good fastball overhand. I'd get a guy set up and then throw it." Indeed, he ranks fourth lifetime in Negro league strikeouts.

BYRD REMEMBERS pitching relief against the powerful Homestead Grays of Josh Gibson and Buck Leonard. "I threw nine pitches, all strikes. I could push on the ball, especially when I wanted to." But "they had no guns to time me" back then.

In addition, Byrd "threw a roundhouse curve around a barrel." In one game against the white major-league all stars, Yankee second baseman Joe Gordon just stared. "Bill, what was *that*?" he asked. Byrd could also throw a "cut" ball. He wouldn't scuff it himself, but if the opposing pitcher did, "I could use it too." As for his slow knuckler, his wife Hazel said, "it didn't look like he threw the ball, it looked like he handed it to the catcher."

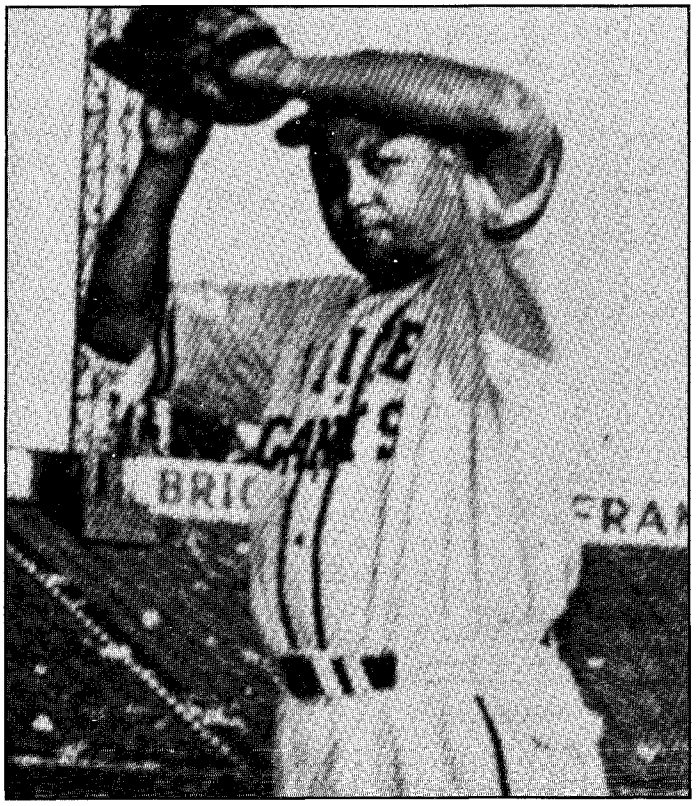
The Puerto Ricans loved Byrd and called him "el maestro Beely" (Billy). The Byrds loved the island too. In contrast to the States, the Puerto Ricans warmly welcomed the American blacks, and Byrd spent happy winters there in 1939-42.

Like many other black pitchers, Bill was a threat at bat as well. He pitched righthanded but batted left or right. The left side was his strong side. "They always played me in Yankee Stadium," he remembers, "because I could drop that ball in there. I think I hit six or seven homers in Yankee Stadium." He just missed another. "They used to have a sign 470 feet. I dented that thing for a triple, five-six inches from going over. Hit the sign and dented it."

The Elites played their home games in the Orioles' old International League park, and Bill remembers swatting "a record homer, over the fence, over the building in the next block—went in the window."

Byrd played outfield between pitching starts. (He even played one game at shortstop—and started a triple play.) The Elites' power hitter was Burnis (Wild Bill) Wright, who was build like an NFL running back. Once, when Wright was rested, Byrd played for him. But after Bill slugged four homers, Wright hustled back into the lineup. "You won't play no more—not in *my* position," he said.

Bill learned to hit in the woods of Alabama, swinging at sticks as a kid. He was born July 15, 1907 in Canton, Georgia, but spent his early years near Birmingham endlessly hitting sticks with a broomstick. "I never had any training, never had a teacher," he says.



Bill Byrd with the Elites.

Centuries ago, scholars say, the first baseball game may have been played in Europe almost exactly as the young Bill played it. He laid one stick on a rock as a lever and put a smaller stick on it, then stepped on the first stick to shoot the little one into the air, sort of like a fungo. Bill called it "moma peg." "You gotta hit quick because it don't stay up long," he says. That's how he developed bat speed.

When Bill was 12, his family moved to Columbus, Ohio. He played sandlot ball and was 25 before he joined the black big time, with the Columbus Blue Birds, in 1932.

VETERAN PITCHER Roosevelt Davis was the man who taught him the spitter. Catching was the loquacious Ted (Double Duty) Radcliffe, so-named by sportswriter Grantland Rice because he both pitched and caught.

Duty was behind the plate when Bill pitched one of the best games of his life, against the famous Chicago American Giants. He took a no-hitter into the ninth, and with two strikes on first baseman Walter (Steel Arm) Davis, Radcliffe put down one finger for a high fastball. But "I got it outside, and Davis extended those arms and picked that ball up over the fence." Davis rounded the bases taunting him, while "me and Duty almost fell out [fainted]." He should have thrown something else, "but of course that's history."

Bill ended with a 3-6 record that year, then bounced around Depression baseball. After the Blue Birds folded that

autumn, he went to the last-place Cleveland Red Sox. His record for the year: an unimpressive 1-6. Back in Columbus with the Elites in '35, Bill went 2-3.

The team moved to Washington in 1936, and though they finished next to last, Byrd had his first winning record, 8-4, in the short 45-game season. (The rest of the time they barnstormed against white semipro teams.) Bill held the other league teams to only 2.96 runs per game—those are total runs; earned runs weren't given in the box scores. He was also picked to pitch in two all-star games, the East-West Games in Washington's Griffith Stadium and Chicago's Comiskey Park. The East won the first game 5-3, and Byrd was the winning pitcher. The West won the second game 4-1; Byrd took the loss.

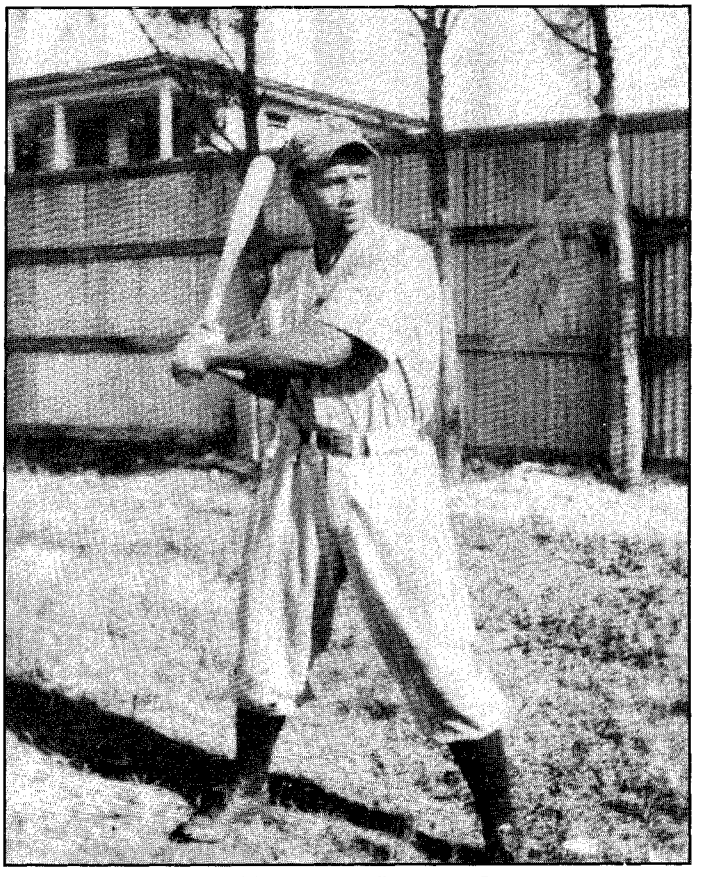
Playing for a second-division team in '37, Bill dropped to 5-3, not counting a 4-2 victory over the Brooklyn Bushwicks, a strong white semipro team. The losing pitcher was George Earnshaw, one of the stars of Connie Mack's great 1929-31 Athletics.

In '38 the Elites settled in Baltimore, where they would remain until the Negro leagues folded in 1950. They finished in the second division again, but Byrd enjoyed his best season so far, 9-4.

The Elites had a powerful lineup in '39. Little shortstop Tom (Pee Wee) Butts came from Indianapolis and hit .485. Wright hit .404, Sammy T. Hughes, a gangling second baseman, batted .345, 17-year old Roy Campanella took over as catcher and hit .283.

The Elites finished third and faced the great Homestead Grays, the first-place winners with the slugging Hall-of-Famers Buck Leonard (.319) and the legendary Josh Gibson (.333). Josh had an amazing year. He hit 16 home runs in only 27 games, which figures to about 120 for a 161-game schedule. In all, he had 16 homers, two doubles, two triples—and only four singles! (A third Grays star was Sam Bankhead, who hit .333 and would become the model for Troy Maxson in the hit play, "Fences.") It was the third straight pennant for the formidable Grays, who would eventually win nine in a row in 1937-45.

IN A SPECIAL PLAYOFF among the top four teams, the Elites and Grays squared off in the finals. How did Byrd pitch to Josh? "He gets paid to hit," Bill shrugs, "I get paid to pitch. I just gave him something to hit and see if he could hit it." But Bill tried to trick Josh in the pinches and make him pop up "because he's looking for something else." The righthanded Gibson was strong enough to reach for outside curves and hit them over the right-field fence. He had done just that to Byrd in Pittsburgh once. It had been raining, and Josh one-handed a drive down the right-field foul line, where it stopped in the mud, while Josh legged it home. "I've never seen him hit one with a full



A youthful Roy Campanella in Puerto Rico.

cut," Byrd says. "He'd just push it. What in the world would happen if he took a good swing at it?"

As for the lefthanded Leonard, "he was smart. I'd have to outsmart him a little bit. Never seen a man hit a ball so hard. The way I pitched, he didn't swing, he just pushed. But he got his hits."

In the opening game, Byrd stopped the Grays' two big bats—Leonard got one hit, Gibson none—but lost 2-1 to Roy Parlow, the big Philadelphia pitcher who later played in the Dodger organization. The next day, Gibson walloped a homer off Jonas Gaines, but Josh's wild throw to second let in the Elites' winning run.

A week later Byrd faced the Grays again at Yankee Stadium. Gibson walloped a home run and two singles, but Byrd coasted to a 10-5 victory in the opening game. The Elites wrapped the pennant up in the second game, 2-0, as Wright caught one of Gibson's blasts 467 feet from home and Campy drove in another run. It was the only time in nine years the Grays did not win the undisputed championship of the League.

The winter of 1939-40 Byrd and Gibson were teammates in Puerto Rico. Another teammate was Perucho Cepeda, Orlando's father and in the opinion of some the greatest player ever produced by Puerto Rico—yes, greater than

Roberto Clemente. A six-foot 200-pound righthander, Cepeda was "the biggest man I ever saw play second base," Byrd says.

Bill roomed with Benson, though the two played on different teams. Bill kept Gene awake pacing the floor and rubbing his arm. His arm was sore, he told Gene. "The next day," laughs Benson, "he'd throw the ball out of sight." Monte Irvin, then with the Newark Eagles and later with the New York Giants, nods and smiles: "'I got a little twinge here,' he'd say. That meant he was going to be tough." Byrd ended with a 14-9 mark that winter.

The next summer Byrd and Gibson listened to the lure of South America and sailed to Venezuela. No records have yet been found, but Byrd recalls that Josh "didn't hit much." Bill himself hit well enough to play two games each Sunday. He'd pitch the first game, then, after a siesta, play outfield or first base in the nightcap.

That winter he returned to Puerto Rico, taking Campanella with him. Roy's parents agreed to let him go only if Bill would promise to look after him. "I made him toe the line," Byrd smiles. Young Roy called the 33-year old Byrd "Daddy" and hit .263.

It was a honeymoon trip for Bill and Hazel, who had both married for the second time; he had two children and she had three. The happy bridegroom won 15 and lost five to pitch his team, Caguas, to the pennant. He remembers striking out Irvin four times in one game. "You're going to run me right back to the states," Monte complained.

Byrd and Campanella returned to Baltimore in '41, and Bill compiled a 6-4 record. Again he was picked to pitch in the all-star game, in Chicago, and he had a no-decision in the East's 8-3 win.

In '42, Byrd was 9-2 while hitting .339 and lifted the Elites to second place for their highest finish ever. After the regular season, the black and white all stars regularly met in Baltimore to make some extra money barnstorming every Friday and Sunday until the weather got too cold. "We had a good draw, white and black. We all had a good time, no arguments, no fussing, nothing like that. Just nice baseball, friendly. I enjoyed playing them."

The Yankees' Joe Gordon and Charlie (King Kong) Keller played one year. Bill says:

> They didn't hit me very well. You couldn't blame them; they weren't used to my kind of pitching. I was doing so many tricks with the ball, it was kind of hard for them to handle. I never lost to the major leaguers, only one time. Early Wynn beat me 1-0. They got the run the first inning. Bob Clark, my catcher, had a broken finger. We had a young boy had never caught me, and he couldn't handle me. A man got on by a passed ball. The ball went through him again. And again. Had a man on third without a hit. Clark came out, told the boy to take the equipment off. He caught with one hand.

But it was too late. The run scored, and Wynn made it stand up. "I hit one pretty good, says Byrd, but that park's so big in Baltimore, it's hard to get it out there in right field." Gordon told him, "You old son of a gun, you can still hit. Loan me some of that [power], I could make a million dollars next year."

In 1943 a hard-throwing 19-year-old shortstop, Joe Black, joined the team and was converted to a pitcher. "I was just a thrower, a muscle-ball player," Black says, but Byrd studied the hitters. If Joe were getting hit hard, Bill would sidle up to him and quietly suggest that, "When I pitch to that guy, I usually throw him so-and-so." He also explained about setting a batter up.

BYRD WAS QUIET, neat but not flashy, Joe says. Off the field he didn't look like a ballplayer but "more like a guy would be a supervisor some place."

Byrd was 9-4 and batted .357 in '43 and topped all pitchers in total run average at 2.85. The Elites staggered without him; they won only five and lost 17 when he wasn't in the box. "He was our money pitcher," Black says. "You had a big game, you had to give the ball to Bill."

Byrd won ten games in '44 and 11 in '45, at the age of 38, as the Elites rose to second both years.

That winter the news was out: The Dodgers' Branch Rickey had signed Jackie Robinson, and he was soon followed by Campanella.

After a slump to 3-5 in '46 Bill came back in '47 with nine wins at the age of 40. Black, 22, also won nine. It was Jackie Robinson's first year on the Dodgers, but the scouts naturally considered Byrd too old.

Instead of feeling sorry for himself, Byrd, as he had with Campanella and Black earlier, took another promising kid under his wing—Jim (Junior) Gilliam. The Elites "practically raised them both," Bill says. "We wouldn't let them just go out there and run around to suit themselves, we had to keep tabs on them." Gilliam hit only .253, but after the Elites taught him to switch-hit, gradually overcame his fear of curveballs.

"Bill was one of the few ball players who praised Jackie without asking 'why not me?'" Black says. Instead, he called his two youngsters, Gilliam and Black, and said, "This won't mean too much to me, because I'm too old. But you two guys are young and you can think about going up to the big leagues and making the money like all the rest of us hoped would happen." He emphasized that "the main thing you gotta do is take care of yourselves. There are many temptations. Both of you are nice-looking guys, women will be after you." Looking straight at Black, he added: "Joe, you can lose your fastball in bed."

In 1948 Bill led all pitchers with 11 victories. Black had nine. In '49 Byrd topped that with the best season of his life—

12-3 at the age of 42. Black was 11-7, and the Elites won the pennant. Admittedly most of the black stars had already been grabbed by the white majors.

Deserted by their stars, and then their fans, one by one the black teams folded. Byrd knew it was time to retire. There was no pension, so he moved to Philadelphia to work for General Electric. After 20 years as a stockman, he retired.

Bill used to go out to old Shibe Park, home of the Phillies, to see his boys Campanella, Black and Gilliam play with the Dodgers. In July 1989 he and Hazel traveled to Atlanta for a big old-timers' reunion as guests of the Braves. A hip operation forced him to use a cane or wheelchair.

Is he bitter that he missed the big chance that others got? "No," he says simply, "I just said, 'Well, I did the best I could."

BYRD, BILL

BLR TR 6'1" 200 lbs. B. July 15, 1907, Canton, Ga.

Year	Team	W	L	Pct	ERS	G	GS	CG	IP	H	BB	SO	ShO	Sv	BA
1933	Nash Elites	3	6	.333	3.34	13	9	7	70	60	4	13	0	3	
1934	Cle Red Sox	1	6	.143	4.95	7	6	3	40	43	4	9	0	0	
1935	Wash Elites	2	3	.400	3.24	8	4	2	25	14	3	11	0	0	
1936	Wash Elites	8	4	.667	2.96	11	8	6	79	54	4	14	2	0	
1937	Balt Elites	5	3	.625	6.91	12	9	6	65	48	4	8	0	0	
1938	Balt Elites	6	3	.667	5.07	7	6	3	46	45	1	7	0	0	
1939	Balt Elites	9	4	.692	4.86	14	13	13	98	103	11	25	0	0	
	Puerto Rico	14	9	.609		24			212		106	140			
1940	Venezuela														
	Puerto Rico	15	5	.750											
1941	Balt Elites	6	4	.600	3.50	11	9	7	72	52	8	19	2	1	
	Puerto Rico	10	9	.526											
1942	Balt Elites	9	2	.818*	4.27	14	11	8	91	66	16	36	1	1	.339
1943	Balt Elites	9	4	.692	2.85*	15	11	10	114	102*	29*	57*	1	0	.357
1944	Balt Elites	10	7	.588		19		13	124	103	20	75	2		
1945	Balt Elites	11	6	.647		17		12	123	117	20	79	0		
1946	Balt Elites	3	5	.375	3.95	12	6	6	73	67	4	19	0	2	
1947	Balt Elites	9	6	.600	(2.80)	18		13	134	124	-	68	0		
1948	Balt Elites	*11	6*	.647		20				124*	23	82			
1949	Balt Elites	12	3	.800*	4.19	25		11	144	145	30	57	0		
1950	Balt Elites	0	0	.000		1		0	2				0	0	
TOT	Negro Lg	115	72	.615					1300		177	579	8	7	
	Puerto Rico	39	22	.639					212		106	140			
	Post Season	1	1	.500											
	All Star	1	1	.000	0.00				9	10	4	5			
		156	96	.618					1521		287	724			

First Hispanic Star? Dolf Luque, of Course

PETER C. BJARKMAN

Known as hot-blooded, ill-tempered, and who knows how many other ethnic insults, the Cuban righty was a pioneer, a performer, and, possibly, a Famer.

In race-conscious North America, at a time when dark-skinned Latinos had trouble breaking into baseball, Luque's light skin was to his advantage. A newspaper story of the period describes him as "looking more Italian than a full-blooded Cuban."

—Jill Barnes

PERHAPS THE MOST SPURIOUS of apocryphal tales within the ample catalogue of legends that often substitute for serious baseball history is the one surrounding the fiery-tempered Cuban hurler Adolfo Luque, who pitched a dozen seasons for the Cincinnati Reds. Legend has it that Luque, after taking a severe riding from the New York Giants bench, stopped in mid-windup, placed both ball and glove gingerly alongside the mound, then charged straight into the New York dugout, to thrash flaky Giants outfielder Casey Stengel within an inch of his life.

This tale always manages to portray Luque within the strict perimeters of a familiar Latin American stereotype the quick-to-anger, hot-blooded, and addle-brained Latino who knows little of North American idiom or customs of fair play and can respond to the heat of combat only with flashing temper and flailing fists. The image has, of course, been reinforced over the long summers of baseball's history by the unfortunate (if largely uncharacteristic) real-life baseball events surrounding Latin hurlers. Juan Marichal once brained Dodger catcher John Roseboro with his Louisville slugger when the Los Angeles receiver threw the ball to his pitcher too close to Marichal's head. The Giants' Ruben Gomez was infamous for memorable brushback incidents involving Carl Furillo and Frank Robinson. He once plunked heavy-hitting Joe Adcock on the wrist, released a second beanball as the enraged Brave first sacker charged toward the mound, then retreated to the safety of the dugout only to return moments later wielding an unsheathed switchblade.

The oft-told story involving Luque's kamikaze mission against the Giant bench seems, in its most popular version, either a distortion or an abstraction of real-time events. Neither the year (it had to be between 1921 and 1923, during Stengel's brief tenure with McGraw's club) nor circumstances are often mentioned when the legend is related, and specific events are never detailed with any care. This story always seems to receive far more press than those devoted to the facts and figures surrounding Luque's otherwise proud and productive 20-year big-league career. He was a premier pitcher of the lively-ball era, a winner of nearly 200 major league contests, the first great Latin American ballplayer ever, and the first among his countrymen to pitch in a World Series, win 20 games in a single summer or 100 in a career, or lead a major-league circuit in victories, winning percentage, and ERA. Dolf Luque was—indeed!—far more than simply the hot-tempered Latino who once, in a fit of temper, silenced the loquacious Charles Dillon Stengel.

For the record, the much ballyhooed incident involving Luque and Stengel does have its basis in raw fact. And like the Marichal-Roseboro affair four decades later, it appears to have contained events and details infrequently if ever properly reported. The setting was actually Cincinnati's Redland Field (later Crosley Field) on the day of a rare packed house in midsummer of 1922. The overflow crowd—allowed to stand along the sidelines, thus forcing players of both teams to take up bench seats outside the normal dugout area—added to the tensions of the afternoon. While the Giant

Peter C. Bjarkman ("Dr. Baseball"), chairman of SABR's Latin America Committee and editor of the Encyclopedia of Major League Baseball Team Histories (Meckler), is completing the first full-scale history of Latin American baseball, to be published by Meckler in 1991.

bench, as was their normal practice, spent the early innings of the afternoon disparaging Cincinnati hurler Luque's Latin heritage, these taunts were more audible than usual on this particular day, because of the close proximity of the visiting team bench, only yards from the third-base line. Future Hall-of-Famer Ross Youngs was reportedly at the plate when the Cuban pitcher decided he had heard about enough from offending Giant outfielder Bill Cunningham, a particularly vociferous heckler seated boldly on McGraw's bench. Luque did, in fairness of fact, at this point leave both ball and glove at the center of the playing field while he suddenly charged after Cunningham, unleashing a fierce blow that missed the startled loudmouth and landed squarely on Stengel's jaw instead. The unreported details are that Luque was at least in part a justified aggressor, while Stengel remained a totally accidental and unwitting victim.

THE INFAMOUS ATTACK, it turns out, was some thing of a humorous misadventure and more the stuff of comic relief than the product of sinister provocation. While the inevitable free-for-all that ensued quickly led to Dolf Luque's banishment from the field of play, the now enraged Cuban soon returned to the battle scene, again screaming for Cunningham and brandishing an ash bat like an ancient lethal warclub. It subsequently took four policemen and assorted teammates to escort Luque from the ballpark yet a second time. The colorful Cincinnati pitcher managed to foreshadow both Marichal and Gomez all within this single moment of intemperate action. Yet what passed for comic interlude had dire consequences as well. Luque had suddenly and predictably played an unfortunate role in fueling the very stereotype that has since dogged his own career and that of so many of his countrymen. Yet like Marichal, he was in reality a fierce competitor who almost always manifested his will to win with a blazing fastball and some of the cleverest pitching of his age. He was, as well, a usually quiet and iron-willed man whose huge contributions to the game are unfortunately remembered today only by a diminished handful of his aging Cuban countrymen. So buried by circumstance are Luque's considerable and pioneering pitching achievements that reputable baseball historian Lonnie Wheeler fully reports the infamous Luque-Stengel brawl in his marvelous pictorial history of Cincinnati baseball " The Cincinnati Game," with John Baskin, (Orange Frazer Press, 1988)—then devotes an entire chapter of the same landmark book to "The Latin Connection" in Reds history without so much as a single mention of Dolf Luque or his unmatchable 1923 National League campaign in Cincinnati.

It is a fact now easily forgotten in view of the near tidal wave invasion of Latin players during the '80s—especially the seeming explosion of talent flooding the majors from the tiny island nation of the Dominican Republic—that before Castro shut down the supply lines in the early '60s, Cuba had dispatched a steady stream of talented players to the big leagues. The first and perhaps least notable was Esteban Bellan, an altogether average infielder with the Troy Haymakers and New York Highlanders of the National Association in the early 1870s; the first National Leaguers were Armando Marsans and Rafael Almeida, who both toiled over a few brief seasons with the Cincinnati club beginning in 1911. After the color barrier was bashed in 1947, the '50s ushered in quality players from Cuba as widely known for their baseball abilities as for their unique pioneer status—Sandy Amoros of the Dodgers, Camilo Pascual, Pete Ramos, Connie Marrero and Julio Becquer with the Senators, Minnie Minoso, Mike Fornieles and Sandy Consuegra of the White Sox, Chico Fernandez of the Phillies, Roman Mejias with the Pirates, Willie Miranda of the Orioles, and stellar lefty Mike Cuellar, who launched his illustrious pitching career with Cincinnati in 1959.

The best of the early Cubans, beyond the least shadow of a doubt, was Luque, a man who was clearly both fortunate beneficiary and ill-starred victim of racial and ethnic prejudices that ruled major-league baseball of his era. While dark-skinned Cuban legend Martin Dihigo was barred from the majors, the light-skinned Luque was welcomed by management, if not always warmly accepted by the full complement of southern boys who staffed most big league rosters. Ironically, Havana-born Luque had been raised only a decade and a half earlier and less than fifty miles from Dihigo, who himself hailed from the rural village of Matanzas. Yet while Luque labored at times brilliantly in the big leagues during the second, third and fourth decades of the century, his achievements were always diminished—in part because he pitched the bulk of his career in the hinterlands that were Cincinnati, in part because his nearly 200 big-league victories were spread thinly over 20 years rather than clustered in a handful of 20-game seasons (he had only one such year). And in the current Revisionist Age of baseball history writing—when Negro leaguers have at long last received not only their rightful due, but a huge nostalgic sympathy vote as well—Martin Dihigo is now widely revered as a cult figure and enshrined in Cooperstown for his Cuban and Mexican League play, while Luque himself lies obscured in the dust and chaff of baseball history.

THE MEMORABLE PITCHING career of Dolf Luque might best be capsulized in three distinct stages. First were his early years of pitching in two different countries. Beginning professional play in Cuba in 1912 as both a pitcher and hard-hitting infielder, Luque displayed considerable talent at third base as well as on the mound. A mere six months later the talented youngster was promptly recruited by Dr. Hernandez Henriguez, a Cuban entrepreneur residing

in New Jersey and operating the Long Branch franchise of the New Jersey-New York State League. A sterling 22-5 record that first New Jersey summer, along with a strange twist of baseball fate, soon provided the hotshot Cuban pitcher with a quick ticket to big-league fame. Professional baseball was not played in New York City on the Sabbath, and visiting major-league clubs often supplemented sparse travel money by scheduling exhibition contests with the conveniently located Long Branch team on the available Sunday afternoon dates. It was this circumstance that allowed Luque to impress Boston Braves manager George Stallings sufficiently to earn a big-league contract late in the 1914 season, the very year in which Boston surprisingly charged from the rear of the pack in late summer to earn lasting reputation as the "Miracle Braves." In his debut with Boston, Dolf Luque became the first Latin American pitcher to appear in either the American or National League, preceding Emilio Palmero of the Giants by a single season and Oscar Tuero of the Cardinals by four campaigns.

Brief appearances with Boston in 1914 and 1915 provided little immediate success for the Cuban import, who soon found himself toiling with Jersey City and Toronto of the International League and Louisville of the American Association. A fast start (11 wins in 13 appearances) in the 1918 campaign, however, brought on stage two for Luque: a trip to Cincinnati. Luque was an immediate success in the Queen City, winning 16 games in the combined 1918-1919 seasons, throwing the first shutout by a Latin player, and playing a major role out of the bullpen when the Reds copped their first-ever National League flag in 1919. Luque himself made history in that fall as the first Latin to appear in World Series play. He threw five scoreless innings in two Series relief appearances, while the underdog Reds beat Charles Comiskey's Chicagoans in the infamous Black Sox Series.

IT WAS LUQUE'S 1923 campaign that provided his career hallmark. It was, indeed, one of the finest single campaigns ever enjoyed by a National League hurler. Luque went 27-8 and led the league in wins, winning percentage (.771), ERA (1.93) and shutouts (6). The six shutouts could well have been 10: he had four scoreless efforts erased in the ninth inning. His 1.93 ERA was not matched by a Latin hurler until Luis Tiant registered an almost unapproachable standard of 1.60 in the aberrant 1968 season. That same summer Luque also became the first pitcher among his countrymen to sock a major-league homer, while himself allowing only two opposition homers in 322 innings, the second stingiest home run allowance in the NL and close on the heels of the 1921 standard of one in 301 innings, recorded by Cincinnati Reds teammate and Hall-of-Famer Eppa Rixey.

Dolf Luque would never again enjoy a 20-game season. He did come close with a 16-18 mark (and league-leading 2.63 ERA) during the 1925 campaign. He did win consistently in double figures, however, over a ten-year span extending through his first of two brief seasons with Brooklyn at the outset of the next decade. It is one of the final ironies of Luque's career that while he was not technically the first Latin ballplayer with the Cincinnati Reds (following Marsans and Almeida in that role), he did actually hold this distinction with the Brooklyn Dodgers team he joined in 1930. And while he made his historic first World Series appearance with the Reds he made a truly significant Series contribution for the Giants by winning the crucial fifth and final-game victory of 1933 Series with a four-inning relief stint against the Washington Senators.

THE THIRD AND final dimension of Luque's lengthy career is the one almost totally unknown to North American fans, his brilliant three decades of seasons as player and manager in the winter-league play of his Caribbean homeland. As a pitcher in Cuba, Luque was legendary, compiling a 93-62 career mark spread over 22 short seasons of wintertime play, ranking as the Cuban League's leading pitcher (9-2) in 1928-29 and its leading hitter (.355) in 1917, while also managing league championship teams on eight different occasions.

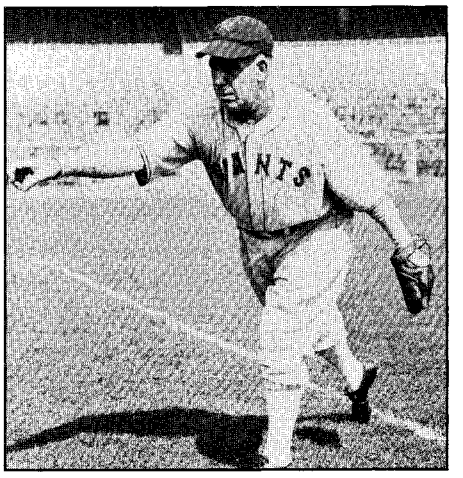
Perhaps Luque's most significant contribution to the national pastime was his proven talent for developing big-league potential in the players he coached and managed over several decades of winter-league play. One of Luque's brightest and most accomplished students was future New York and Brooklyn star hurler Sal (the Barber) Maglie, who learned his tough style of "shaving" hitters close from his famed Cuban mentor. Luque was Maglie's pitching coach with the Giants during his 1945 rookie season, as well as his manager with Cienfuegos in the Cuban League that same winter, and at Puebla in the Mexican League in the summer seasons of 1946 and 1947. Maglie has often credited Luque above all others for preparing him for the major leagues. So did Latin America's first big-league batting champion, Bobby Avila, who played for Luque in Puebla during the Mexican League campaigns of 1946 and 1947. It was this very talent for player development, in the end, that perhaps spoke most eloquently about the falseness of Luque's popular image as an emotional, quick-tempered, and untutored ballplayer during his own big-league playing days.

When it comes to selecting a descriptive term to summarize Luque's career, "explosive" has often been the popular choice. For many commentators, this is the proper phrase to describe his reputed temperamental behavior, exaggerated onfield outbursts, infrequent yet widely reported pugilistic endeavors (Luque never shied away from knocking down his share of plate-hugging hitters, of course, but then neither did

most successful moundsmen of his era). For these others, it characterizes a career that seemed to burst across the horizon with a single exceptional year, then fade into the obscurity of a forgotten journeyman big-leaguer. But both notions are wide-of-the-mark distortions, especially the one that sees Luque as a momentary flash on the baseball scene. "Durable" would be the far more accurate description. Luque was a tireless warrior whose pitching career seemed to stretch on almost without end. His glorious 1923 season came at the already considerable age of 33; he again led the Senior Circuit in ERA (2.63) two summers later at age 35; he recorded 14 victories and a .636 winning percentage in 1930 while pitching for the Dodgers at the advanced age of 40; his two shutouts that season advanced his career total to 26, a mark that was unsurpassed among Latin pitchers until the arrival of Marichal, Pascual, Tiant, and Cuellar in the decade of the Sixties. Referred to widely as the rejuvenated "Papa Montero" by 1933, he recorded eight crucial wins that summer and the clinching World Series victory at age 43. His big-league career did not end until he was 45 and had registered 20 full seasons, only one short of the National League longevity standard for hurlers held jointly by Warren Spahn and Eppa Rixey.

LUQUE'S UNIQUE CLAIM on durability and longevity is even further strengthened when one takes into consideration his remarkable winter-league career played out over an incredible 34 summers in Cuba. Debuting with Club Fe of Havana in 1912 at age 22, the indefatigable righthander registered his final winter-season triumph at age 46 in 1936, then returned a full decade later to pitch several innings of stellar relief work in the 1945-46 season at the unimaginable of age of 55. Luque's combined totals for major league and winter-league baseball—stretching over almost 35 years—total 284 wins, a figure still unrivaled among all his Latin countrymen. And for those critics who would hasten to establish that longevity alone is not sufficient merit for baseball immortality, it should also be established that Luque's 20-year ERA of 3.24 outstrips such notable Hall-of-Famers as Bob Feller, Early Wynn, Robin Roberts, and Lew Burdette.

Perhaps the greatest irony surrounding Luque's big-league career is the misconception that he was a cold, laconic, and hot-tempered man, either on the field or off. When he died of a heart attack in July 1957 at age 66, legendary sportswriter Frank Graham provided the final and perhaps most eloquent tribute: "It's hard to believe. Adolfo Luque was much too strong, too tough, too determined to die at this age of 66...he died of a heart attack. Did he? It sounds absurd. Luque's heart failed him in the clutch? It never did before. How many close ball games did he pitch? How many did he win...or lose? When he won, it was sometimes on his heart. When he lost, it was never because his heart missed a beat. Some enemy hitter got lucky or some idiot playing behind Luque fumbled a ground ball or dropped a sinking liner or was out of position so that he did not make the catch that should have been so easy for him."



The Durable Dolf Luque.

NEW FOCUS ON Latin players has also brought Luque's name (if not full memory of his career) back into our collective baseball consciousness. Any proper list of all-time Latin American hurlers reveals him as surpassed in accomplishment only by Marichal and by his own modern-day alter-ego and fellow countryman, Tiant. Even today Luque still far outdistances all other Latin hurlers, including such memorable figures as Mike Cuellar, Camilo Pascual, Juan Pizarro, Dennis Martinez, and Fernando Valenzuela. In the now-forgotten category of hitting by pitchers, Dolf Luque led the Cuban winter circuit in batting, posting a career .252 average in winter-league play, and batting over .227 during 20 major-league seasons. For the educated fan who has poured religiously over the game's rich archives, Dolf Luque is a presence unmatched by all other Hispanic heroes of sport's golden decades between the two great wars.

It would surely be an exaggeration to argue for Luque's enshrinement in Cooperstown solely on the basis of his substantial yet hardly unparalleled big-league numbers, though some have grabbed immortality with far less impressive credentials. It would be equally absurd to dismiss him as a journeyman pitcher of average talent and few remarkable achievements. Few other hurlers have enjoyed his dominance over a short span of seasons. Fewer still have proved as durable or maintained their dominance over big-league hitters at so hoary an age. Almost none have contributed to the national pastime so richly after the door slammed shut upon an active big-league playing career. And almost no other major-league pitcher did so much with so little fanfare.

LUQUE'S WINTERBALL STATISTICS

The following Cuban winter league statistics for Aldolfo Luque are provided with the assistance of reputable Cuban baseball scholar and journalist Angel Torres and have previously appeared in their most complete form (including yearly batting statistics omitted here) in Torres' own self-published, heavily illustrated, and little-circulated book entitled "La Historia del Beisbol Cubano, 1878-1976" (Los Angeles, 1976).

Year	Team	G	CG	W-L	Pct.
1912	Club Fe	7	2	0-3	.000
1913	Club Fe	2	0	0-2	.000
1913-14	Habana	6	3	2-3	.400
1914-15	Almendares	16	6	7-4	.636
1915-16	Almendares	20	11	12-5	.706
1917	Orientales	9	6	4-4	.500
1918-19	None	Did not play			
1919-20	Almendares	15	9	10-4	.714
1920-21	Almendares	10	6	4-2	.667
1921	Almendares	Did not play due to injury			
1922-23	Habana	23	12	11-9	.550
1923-24	Habana	11	5	7-2	.778
1924-25	Almendares	3	3	3-0	1.000
1925-26	None	Did not play			
1926-27	Alacranes	16	13	10-6	.625
1927-28	Almendares	13	6	6-4	.600
1928-29	Cuba-Habana	17	9	9-2	.818
1929-30	Habana	15	7	4-8	.333
1930-31	None	Did not play			
1931-32	None	Did not play			
1932-33	Almendares	6	2	2-2	.500
1933-34	Season cancelled				
1934-35	Almendares	10	6	6-2	.750
1935-36	Almendares	7	5	4-2	.667
1936-37	Almendares	7	1	2-2	.500
1937-38	Almendares	1	0	0-1	.000
1938-39	Almendares	1	0	0-1	.000
1945-46	Cienfuegos	1	0	0-0	.000
Totals	22 years	210	99	93-62	.600

During approximately the same period (the 19 seasons he pitched between 1923 and 1947) Negro League Hall-of-Famer Martin Dihigo compiled a comparable pitching record in the same Cuban Professional Baseball League, recording 262 game appearances, 120 complete games, and a slightly superior won-lost record of 106-59.

LATIN AMERICAN BIG-LEAGUE PITCHERS

Eleven pitchers below comprise a select list of Latin American-born hurlers who have won a minimum of 100 big-league games through 1989. This listing of all-time greats among Latin pitchers is arranged on the basis of total wins, with career leaders in other statistical categories indicated by boldface. While the all-time leader in career losses, Luque ranks well up in all other statistical categories, standing third in victories, fourth in ERA, and third all-time in innings pitched.

Pitcher	W-L	Pct.	ERA	IP	SO	BB
Juan Marichal (Dominican) 1960-75	**243**-142	**.631**	**2.89**	**3509**	2303	709
Luis Tiant Jr. (Cuba) 1964-82	229-172	.571	3.30	3486	**2416**	1104
Dolf Luque (Cuba) 1914-35	194-**179**	.519	3.24	3220	1130	918
Mike Cuellar (Cuba) 1959-77	185-130	.587	3.14	2808	1632	822
Camilo Pascual (Cuba) 1954-71	174-170	.506	3.63	2930	2167	1069
Dennis Martinez (Nicaragua) 1976-	153-123	.554	3.90	2485	1267	755
Juan Pizarro (Puerto Rico) 1957-74	131-105	.555	3.43	2034	1522	888
Fernando Valenzuela (Mexico) 1980-	128-103	.554	3.19	2144	1644	838
Joaquin Andujar (Dominican) 1976-88	127-118	.518	3.58	2154	1032	731
Pedro Ramos (Cuba) 1955-70	117-160	.422	4.08	1643	1415	629
Mario Soto (Dominican) 1977-88	100-92	.521	3.47	1731	1449	**657**

LATIN PITCHERS AS HITTERS

Among hard-hitting Hispanic pitchers, Luque led in almost all lifetime batting categories, including runs scored, hits, triples, RBIs, and batting average. Luque also won a Cuban League batting title in 1917 (.355 during a 25-game season) and compiled a lifetime .252 average over 22 seasons of Cuban winter-league play (in 671 career at-bats).

Pitcher	AB	Runs	Hits	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
Dolf Luque (1914-35)	1043	**96**	**237**	31	**10**	5	**90**	**.227**
Camilo Pascual (1954-71)	977	71	198	**32**	5	5	81	.203
Juan Pizarro (1957-74)	658	72	133	18	2	8	66	.202
Ruben Gomez (1953-67)	477	58	95	11	1	3	22	.199
Fernando Valenzuela (1980-90)	672	37	130	15	1	**7**	55	.193
Jesse Flores (1942-50)	304	18	55	7	2	0	22	.181
Sandy Consuegra (1950-57)	218	15	37	2	0	0	18	.170
Mike Fornieles (1952-63)	308	25	52	7	1	1	16	.169

When Immortals Returned to the Minors

LAWRENCE S. KATZ

Today's players speak of returning to the minors as "dying." When the bushes weren't so bush, many a Hall-of-Famer found that there was life after The Show.

WHEN THE SKILLS of stars like George Brett, Don Mattingly and Wade Boggs have diminished, they will undoubtedly be eyeing positions in private industry, broadcasting, management, and even ownership. They would no more return to the minor leagues than to the womb.

There are several reasons. First, big leaguers of this stature are well aware of the marketability of their identities and skills, and the lucrative pastures that lie beyond in business and industry. Secondly, the minor leagues of today exist almost exclusively as training grounds for future major league prospects.

At one time, however, the minor-league system comprised a world unto itself. Long before urbanization, expansion, and the electronic media focused mass attention on the big leagues, the minors formed the core of baseball activity in cities and towns throughout the nation.

As "Minor League Baseball Stars," (volume 1), pointed out:

> [T]he major leagues have hardly been representative of America over most of the last century. Big league clubs were concentrated primarily in the Northeast and Middle West... Major expansion to [the west and south] did not come until 1957 in California and in 1962 in Texas.

"The Bill James Historical Abstract" has noted:

> While the major leagues were, as a whole, the best baseball going, there was not, as there is today, a one-to-one relationship between a ballplayer's abilities and major league status. A conservative assessment is that some of the players who made their living in the minor leagues were just as good as some of those who played for years in the majors.

In an earlier era it was without shame that so many greats of the game closed out their careers by taking that bumpy road down to the minors. Those familiar only with major league record books might be surprised at the list of Hall of Famers who closed out their careers this way.

Some made the trip back down for just one last "cup of coffee," despite its sometimes bitter taste. Each time this happened, fans in some of the country's remotest regions were treated to the sights of stars they had only read about.

Some were making fleeting final encores. Others were building second careers as minor-league stars long after their niches in baseball history were secured.

The reasons for their return were varied. Undoubtedly, some played to earn a shot back to the bigs. Some became playing managers. Others simply returned to their home towns and continued playing the game they loved.

In any event, none of the Hall of Famers listed here ever played in the majors again.

Hall of Fame regulars who went down for a short bow include Earl Averill, Home Run Baker, Dave Bancroft, Jim Bottomley, Roger Bresnahan, Jimmy Collins, Kiki Cuyler, Bill Dickey, Hugh Duffy, Elmer Flick, Jimmie Foxx, Goose Goslin, Gabby Hartnett, Billy Herman, Harry Hooper, Rogers Hornsby, Willie Keeler, Joe Kelley, George Kelly, King Kelly, Ernie Lombardi, Al Lopez, Heinie Manush, Rabbit Maranville, Joe Medwick, Orator Jim O'Rourke, Ray Schalk, George Sisler, Enos Slaughter, Tris Speaker, Joe Tinker, Arky Vaughan, Paul Waner, Zack Wheat and Hack Wilson. Pitchers include Grover Cleveland Alexander, Chief Bender, Pud Galvin, Lefty Gomez, Burleigh Grimes, Walter Johnson, Rube Marquard, Robin Roberts, Warren Spahn, Ed Walsh and Mickey Welch.

A surprising number of players, with their bronze plaques in escrow, hit that dusty trail in a big way.

Lawrence S. Katz, a lawyer in Sterling Heights, Michigan, is chairman of a hearing panel of the State Attorney Discipline Board, an actor in local TV commercials, and member of a choral group that sang the national anthem at a Tigers game.

Slugging first baseman **Jake Beckley**, 40 years old and 70 hits short of 3,000, left the St. Louis Cardinals in the middle of the 1907 season, never to return. Beckley went on to establish a more-than-respectable career as a player-manager before retiring at the age of 44:

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1907	Kansas City	A.A.	1B	100	378	65	138	10	4	1	12	.365
1908	Kansas City	A.A.	1B	136	496	66	134	19	5	1	13	.270
1909	Kansas City	A.A.	1B	113	428	41	120	16	3	1	12	.280
1910	Bartlesville	W.A.	1B	70	249	21	64	15	0	0	13	.257
1910	Topeka	West.	1B	63	233	19	60	11	0	1	1	.258
1911	Hannibal	C.A.	1B	98	355	50	100	7	4	0	22	.282

Dan Brouthers.

In 1906, **Jesse Burkett**, a .342 lifetime hitter with three seasons over .400 and 2,872 major league hits, returned to Worcester, Mass., where he had played in 1889. He promptly won the batting title and led the team to four consecutive New England pennants.

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1906	Worcester	N. Eng.	OF	98	363	59	125	21	7	1	-	.344
1907	Worcester	N. Eng.	OF	52	195	23	66	8	1	1	9	.338
1908	Worcester	N. Eng.	OF	97	375	49	110	11	5	1	8	.293
1909	Worcester	N.Eng.	OF	75	218	30	71	10	1	1	6	.326
1910	Worcester	N. Eng.	OF	38	72	3	24	3	0	0	1	.333
1911	Worcester	N. Eng.	OF	76	243	42	83	8	1	1	1	.342
1912	Worcester	N. Eng.	OF	28	60	6	21	4	0	0	1	.350
1913	Worcester	N. Eng.	OF	19	42	4	10	3	0	0	0	.238
1916	Low.Law.Hart.	East.	OF	24	38	5	8	-	-	-	0	.211

Big **Dan Brouthers,** hitting .330 with Philadelphia in 1896, left in mid-season to join Springfield of the Eastern League at age 38 and hit an even .400. The next year, he won the Eastern League batting championship.

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1896	Springfield	East.	1B	51	205	42	82	-	-	-	9	.400
1897	Springfield	East.	1B	126	501	112	208	44	13	14	21	.415
1898	Spring. Toro.	East.	1B	50	189	42	63	10	2	4	2	.333
1899	Spring. Roch.	East.	1B	45	170	27	40	5	4	3	2	.235

Following a four-year retirement, Brouthers returned to the majors in 1904 at the behest of his friend, John McGraw. After going 0-for-5 with the New York Giants in 1904, he returned to the minors and closed out his career at the age of 47:

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1904	Poughkeepsie	Hud. R.	1B	-	424	-	158	-	-	-	-	.373
1905	Poughkeepsie	Hud. R.	1B	-	308	-	91	-	-	-	-	.295

Twenty-two games into the 1897 season, slugging first baseman **Roger Connor** left the St. Louis Browns and began a seven-year descent into the minors. Purchased by Waterbury of the Connecticut League the following year, he served as the club's manager-first baseman while his wife worked in the box office and his adopted daughter sold tickets. The next year, he led the league at the age of 42 with a .392 average:

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1897	Fall River	N. Eng.	1B	47	171	32	49	-	-	-	9	.287
1898	Waterbury	Conn.	1B	95	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	.319
1899	Waterbury	Conn.	1B	92	347	79	136	28	2	5	18	.392
1900	Waterbury	Conn.	1B	83	286	54	82	9	3	2	20	.287
1901	Water. N. Hav.	Conn.	1B	107	411	58	123	-	-	-	-	.299
1902	Springfield	Conn.	1B	62	224	25	58	7	1	1	15	.259
1903	Springfield	Conn.	1B	75	279	28	76	12	3	0	12	.272

Thirty-six hits short of 3,000, **Sam Crawford** departed the major leagues in 1917 for his adopted state of California. At 38, he joined the Pacific Coast League Los Angeles Angels and played four seasons, including 535 games in his last three years:

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1918	L.A.	P.C.	1B/OF	96	356	38	104	14	7	1	8	.292
1919	L.A.	P.C.	OF	173	664	103	239	41	18	14	14	.360
1920	L.A.	P.C.	OF	187	719	99	239	46	21	12	3	.332
1921	L.A.	P.C.	OF	175	626	92	199	40	10	9	10	.318

Batting star and base stealer extraordinaire **Billy Hamilton** left the majors in 1902 at age 35 with a .344 lifetime mark and 937 steals. Among the three minor-league batting titles won by this player-manager during the next decade was a .412 mark in 1904, leading all of organized baseball:

Sam Crawford.

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1902	Haverhill	N. Eng.	OF	66	243	67	82	23	2	2	26	.337
1903	Haverhill	N. Eng.	OF	37	132	37	60	15	2	4	27	.446
1904	Haverhill	N. Eng.	OF	113	408	113	168	32	8	0	74	.412
1905	Harrisburg	Tri. St.	OF	(No record available)								
1906	Haverhill	N. Eng.	OF	14	51	1	10	1	0	0	-	.196
1906	Harrisburg	Tri. St.	OF	43	155	33	43	5	1	0	16	.278
1907	Haverhill	N. Eng.	OF	91	324	50	108	16	4	0	29	.333
1908	Haverhill	N. Eng.	OF	85	300	63	87	19	0	1	39	.290
1909	Lynn	N. Eng.	OF	109	376	61	125	17	2	0	23	.332
1910	Lynn	N. Eng.	OF	41	112	14	28	1	2	0	5	.250

The first of **Nap Lajoie's** two post-major league seasons opened with a glorious tour around the eight-city International League circuit in which the Toronto player-manager was showered with gifts and ovations. The season closed with a batting title and a pennant.

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	SB	BA
1917	Toronto	Int.	1B	151	581	83	221	39	4	5	4	.380
1918	Indianapolis	A.A.	1B	78	291	39	82	12	2	2	10	.382

Several Hall-of-Fame pitchers made the transition and became productive minor leaguers.

At the age of 40, **Mordecai (Three Finger) Brown** returned to the minors for four years. After the first two, Brown returned to the Terre Haute club he broke in with 18 years earlier. He spent the rest of his playing career as a pitcher-manager:

Year	Club	League	G	IP	W	L	Pct	H	SO	BB	ERA
1917	Columbus	A.A.	30	185	10	12	.455	167	61	51	2.77
1918	Columbus	A.A.	12	50	3	2	.600	49	13	9	2.70
1919	Terre Haute	I.I.I.	33	175	16	6	.727	161	72	20	2.88
1919	Indianapolis	A.A.	6	34	0	3	.000	39	9	11	-
1920	Terre Haute	I.I.I.	13	80	4	6	.400	74	42	13	2.59

Billy Hamilton's counterpart on the mound was undoubtedly **Iron Man McGinnity**, who "retired" at the age of 37 to a minor league career as a player-manager that lasted until he was 54:

Year	Club	League	G	IP	W	L	Pct	H	SO	BB	ERA
1909	Newark	East.	55	422	29	16	.644	297	195	78	-
1910	Newark	East.	61	408	30	19	.612	325	132	71	-
1911	Newark	East.	43	278	12	19	.387	269	77	53	-
1912	Newark	Inter.	37	261	16	10	.615	293	62	43	-
1913	Tacoma	N.W.	68	436	22	19	.537	418	154	66	-
1914	Tacoma	N.W.	49	326	20	21	.488	295	105	73	-
1914	Venice	P.C.	8	37	1	4	.200	42	7	5	-
1915	Tacoma	N.W.	45	355	21	15	.583	291	58	39	-
1916	Butte	N.W.	43	291	20	13	.606	340	95	63	-
1917	Butte-Gr. Fls.	N.W.	16	119	7	6	.538	119	28	25	-
1918	Vancouver	P.C.-I.	9	-	2	6	.250	47	31	14	-
1922	Danville	I.I.I.	16	79	1	6	.143	117	12	12	-
1922	Dubuque	Miss. V.	19	91	5	8	.385	94	19	19	-
1923	Dubuque	Miss. V.	42	206	15	12	.556	268	41	44	-
1925	Dubuque	Miss. V.	15	85	6	6	.500	119	22	18	-

Rube Waddell's great career ended with a four-year stint in the minors:

Year	Club	League	G	IP	W	L	Pct	H	SO	BB	ERA
1910	Newark	East.	15	97	5	3	.625	73	53	41	-
1911	Minneapolis	A.A.	54	300	20	17	.541	262	185	96	-
1912	Minneapolis	A.A.	33	151	12	6	.667	138	113	59	-
1913	Virginia	North.	15	84	3	9	.250	86	82	20	-

Waddell only lived another year, dying of tuberculosis in 1914 at the age of 37.

The minor leagues have been an integral part of organized baseball since 1877, when, one year after the formation of the National League, the International Association was established. Seven years later, the oldest minor league still in existence, the International League, was created. It was then known as the Eastern League.

The minors experienced their most dramatic growth in the first half of the 20th century. From 1903 to 1913, the number of minor league clubs grew from 13 to 40. Three decades later, there were over 50 minor leagues in existence.

But social forces were already at work by this time, and the scope and stature of minor league baseball began a steady decline. By 1947, a "bonus baby" named Joe Tepsic quit baseball altogether rather than report to the farm club after spending all of one year with the Brooklyn Dodgers!

John Tener's Brilliant Career

ROBERT C. GALLAGHER

Bank president, league president, congressman, and governor, "der ball spieler" used his short baseball career as a springboard to success in public life.

ALTHOUGH THEY BOTH make pitches and play hardball, few major league hurlers wind up as Congressmen. Two who come to mind are Jim Bunning (R., Ky.) and Wilmer "Vinegar Bend" Mizell (R., N.C.).

Prior to them was John K. Tener (R., Pa.) who pitched for Chicago in the late 1880s and became governor of Pennsylvania and National League president.

An Irish immigrant, Tener arrived in Pittsburgh at age nine with his widowed mother and nine siblings in 1872. A month later his mother died. Nonetheless, Tener achieved success in several fields. Blessed with size (6'4", 240 pounds), intelligence, and personality, he gained fame in athletics, politics, and business.

Throughout his baseball career he was friendly with many famous people. In the minors, at Haverhill, Massachusetts of the New England League, his team owner was W. M. Moody, a future Supreme Court Justice. His catcher and close fried was Wilbert Robinson, a member of the Hall of Fame.

Signed in 1888 by the legendary Hall-of-Famer Cap Anson for the Chicago White Stockings of the National League, Tener had an inauspicious debut. He lost his first game 14-0 and his only hope (he thought) was that Anson would give him enough money to return to Pittsburgh. But Tener wasn't released and went on to win seven straight games.

The highlight of his four-year baseball career was his participation in Albert G. Spalding's World Tour of Baseball in 1888-89. After playing some exhibitions in the United States to raise money, the teams set sail from San Francisco on November 18, 1888. During the next four and a half months the players performed in Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, Egypt, Italy, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Despite his modest 4-9 record, Tener thoroughly enjoyed the experience and referred to it throughout his life. The games were played before the pyramids and the Sphinx and before unlikely fans like the Prince of Wales.

Besides playing, Tener was involved in the business and political details of the trip. He served as the players' treasurer, and became acquainted with John Montgomery Ward, a future Hall of Famer and lawyer with whom he helped organize the National Brotherhood of Professional Players.

The Brotherhood began as a benevolent association to aid needy members. In response to what the players felt was unfair treatment by the owners, they formed a new circuit, the Players' League, in 1890. Most National Leaguers joined it. Although the new league had the athletes, the national League owners had the money, and the league folded after one season. All the players rejoined their original teams without penalty.

After the season, Tener retired from baseball with a lifetime 25-31 record and a .263 batting average. In a Baseball Magazine article in 1918, Tener, who had by then been a bank president, congressman, governor, and National League president, looked back fondly on his baseball career. He described it as his "good fortune" to have entered professional baseball and said he was "...convinced that I have made more progress because of those years spent in baseball than I could reasonably have expected to make had I spent that time in any other pursuit."

Tener entered the banking business and became involved in civic organizations upon his retirement from baseball. He lived in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, and was head cashier and then president of the First National Bank. In 1904 he was elected Grand Treasurer of the Elks Club and three years later Grand Exalted Ruler.

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In Tener's first campaign, the 1908 Republican nominee defeated seven-term incumbent Democrat E. F. Acheson to win a seat in Pennsylvania's 24th Congressional District.

During his single term in Congress Tener served on the Rivers and Harbors Committee and participated in the votes to strip Speaker Joseph Cannon (R., Ill.) of his power over the Rules Committee. On each occasion Tener voted with the Republicans to uphold the Speaker. They lost on the Rules Committee resolution but won the vote to keep Cannon as Speaker. Tener's most lasting contribution as a Congressman, however, was organizing the first Congressional baseball game, which is still played.

Two weeks after being renominated for Congress he instead accepted the GOP Convention's draft for governor. During the campaign he was called "Popular John" or in the Pennsylvania Dutch area, "der ball spieler."

He was the 89th Governor of Pennsylvania and the last foreign-born. Historians credit Tener with improving the road system, establishing the State Board of Education, the Department of Labor and Industry, and the State Historical Commission, and promoting workman's compensation.

TENER CONTINUED to use his fame as a baseball player even after he became governor. In the book, "Shelter for His Excellency," LeRoy Greene wrote, "...the ball playing Chief Executive went on a junket to a benefit game between the Harrisburg and Steelton teams, and the Governor, unable to resist the old urge, wound up by walking to the mound and pitching the Harrisburg team to a 10-0 shut-out victory."

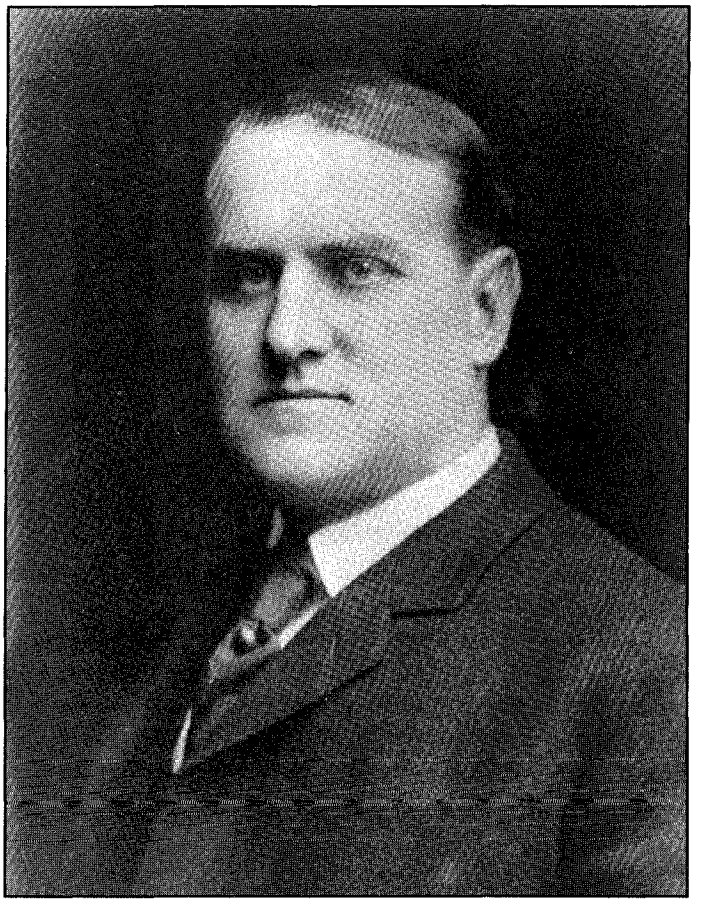
On another occasion, at a Harrisburg bill-signing ceremony, a Philadelphia politician anxiously waited for the Governor to sign three bills which he supported. When they were signed the Philadelphian said, "Governor, that is the greatest thing you have ever done. This is the landmark of your career." Tener responded, "Don't forget I once shut out the New York Giants."

In his last message to the Pennsylvania legislature the Governor stated his political philosophy, which sounds similar to Republican Party slogans of today: "Remember that too much legislation is frequently worse than not enough."

When he died in 1946, Pennsylvania Governor Edward Martin declared a 30-day mourning period, stating Tener's administration was "marked by some of the most important legislation in the history of the Commonwealth."

Unable by Pennsylvania law to succeed himself, Tener was the unanimous choice of the National League owners in 1914 to be league president. He served one year as both NL prexy and governor, but took no salary from the league.

Today former players are presidents of both the National and American leagues, but Tener was the first of the breed.



John Tener

During his tenure he lived in Philadelphia and commuted to the league office in New York City.

His administration was responsible for several innovations. In those days before public-address systems, he ordered the umpires to announce the batting lineups to the crowd. He limited rosters to 21 players; previously they were unlimited, favoring the richer clubs. Limits were placed on spring-training schedules—once again to aid the less affluent teams.

During this period players were rowdier than today. The president announced, "Every act of rowdyism hereafter will be met with severe punishment. I don't want baseball to degenerate into a pink tea affair, but there is a vast difference between aggressiveness and rowdyism." He ordered the ejected players banished to the clubhouse. Players could also be fined and possibly suspended.

During Tener's presidency there were controversies involving the eligibility of Federal League players, the conduct of future Hall-of-Fame Manager John McGraw, and owners' proprietary rights over players as demonstrated by the Scott Perry case.

On April 29, 1915 McGraw of the New York Giants inserted Benny Kauff, "The Ty Cobb of the Federal League," into his lineup. Since Federal players were banned in the

National League, the opposing Boston Braves objected and refused to take the field. The umpire awarded a forfeit victory to the Giants. Tener overturned that ruling and was upheld by the National Commission, which ruled baseball then.

TENER FELT THAT many people in baseball were too quick to blame the Federals for problems. He said, it reminded him "very much of the Democrats of Pennsylvania. It seems that every time a Democrat in Pennsylvania has a toothache he blamed it on the Republican Party."

Tener's biggest confrontation with McGraw came after the manager punched umpire Bill (Lord) Byron. Tener suspended Little Napoleon 16 days and fined him a then-record $500. The controversy grew when McGraw criticized Tener and was quoted by sportswriters. McGraw denied the quote and the Baseball Writers Association of America demanded an investigation. The fiery manager was then fined an additional $1,000.

The Scott Perry case precipitated Tener's resignation on August 6, 1918. The National Commission awarded the pitcher to the NL Boston Braves. Connie Mack and the AL Philadelphia Athletics went to court and obtained a restraining order allowing Perry to pitch for Philadelphia.

Tener was angered by what he felt as continued losses by his league and ineffectiveness of the National Commission. He suggested the National League break relations with the American League and not participate in the World Series. The pragmatic owners balked and Tener resigned.

In an April 1916 Baseball Magazine article Tener stated, "I have never sought the limelight and personally know little of press agentry methods which are sometimes employed in baseball. I have always been content to let my administration speak for itself, knowing well that if it did not do so no words of mine could make it a success."

A significant difference between baseball in Tener's day and now is the game's attitude toward gambling. In a June 1918 article in Baseball Magazine Tener described with relish winning $300 betting with a "sporting man." Included was a $50 bet on himself at two to one odds.

The former president returned to the business world and became an insurance salesman in Pittsburgh. He died at 82 on May 19, 1946.

The Philadelphia Record obituary noted, "John K. Tener, who rose from obscurity of the Pittsburgh sand lots to big league fame and served as president of the National League from 1913-18, died yesterday in Pittsburgh after a two week illness." In the second paragraph, the article mentioned that he had also served as governor.

Baseball on the Sabbath — Part 2

Stealing First and Fielding With Your Head: Germany Schaefer and Babe Herman As Fools

PETE WILLIAMS

In their endless search for stereotypes, baseball writers slotted Schaefer and Herman as fools. Strange titles for an accomplished strategist and a botanist.

CLASSIC PSYCHOLOGISTS like Jung and Ranke, as well as more recent social scientists like Joseph Campbell, have emphasized the importance of archetypes in human culture and in the human mind. If humans think in terms of archetypes, as these and other thinkers contend, we are likely to demand, era by era, individual manifestations of universal types. To borrow terms from sociology, the archetypes are general "slots" into which we feel a continuing need to place individual "fillers." We "fill" archetypal "slots" with real individuals, whether or not the process is completely fair to the individual—was Gerald Ford really an inept klutz? was Helen of Troy really much more than a chubby little Greek girl?—and we do it in sport as surely as in any other area of public life.

There is no orthodox number of categories, or archetypal "slots," in sport, but the three most usually discussed are hero, villain, and fool, to which might be added trickster. Thus, baseball's wily managers (Stengel, Weaver, Martin, Herzog) are tricksters; Yogi Berra, though the judgment is very unfair, is a fool; Ruth is a hero, some of his unsavory behavior unreported in the press, and Joe Jackson, who led all batters and made no errors in the 1919 World Series, is a villain, no matter what Gropman or Kinsella try to do about it.

There are secondary categories, too: Heroes can be Apollonian (noble souls, like Walter Johnson), Dionysian (revelers of large appetite, like Ruth) or Adonic (martyrs, like Lou Gehrig). Fools can be either jesters or dolts, the distinction here being one of intent (the term "fool" itself can denote either stupidity or the wisdom of the Fool in "Lear"). It's probably best to use a separate terms for the fool who knows what he's up to and to call him a clown. Germany Schaefer's image is that of a clown, while we look at Babe Herman as a fool, despite the fact that both players deserve to be taken a good deal more seriously.

Take Herman. Do you know that until he got sidetracked by baseball, he was set on going to college, and that his choice was Berkeley? That he was, like his neighbor and friend Casey Stengel, a very good businessman? That one of his sons ran a large opera company, and that Herman himself was an accomplished botanist who developed new varieties of orchids? In fact, Herman's intelligence was recognized, if not emphasized, throughout his career. A biographical sketch dated March 9, 1933, concludes with this:

> Handles money carefully and he is shrewd salesman of own talents. In this depression year, he will be one high-salaried player who will draw higher wage than ever before. And yet there are fellows around who call him dumb.

Much later, in a column called "So Babe Herman's Smart," Harry Robert says Herman "must have been the greatest genius at camouflaging intellect who ever lived." The problem with Robert's witticism, of course, is that he's got it backwards. It was the writers who camouflaged Herman's intellect. There was an opening for an archetypal fool, a slot to be filled, and Babe Herman, once he was given that position, was never allowed to quit it.

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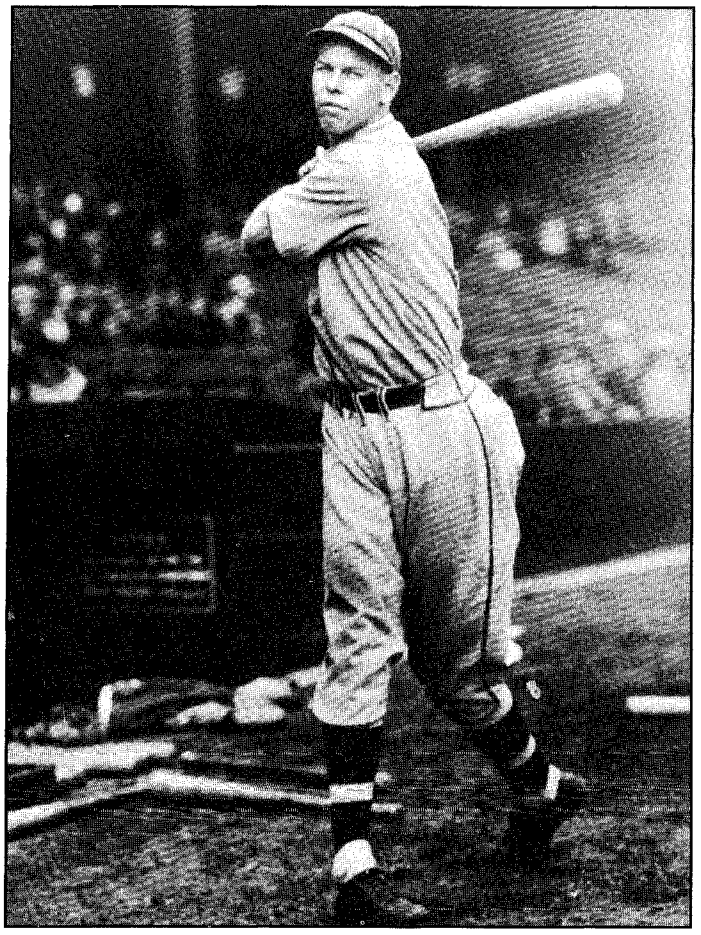

Floyd "Babe" Herman

Why was he chosen in the first place? Probably for three reasons: He was certainly guilty of being absent-minded, and his mental lapses were not infrequent; he was, when he was starting out, a lousy fielder, although he improved quickly (and he was always a fine runner), and he had a gift for making dumb remarks.

OF THE REMARKS Herman made, some are undoubtedly apocryphal, inventions of the writers embellishing the legendary figure they'd created; others are probably genuine. In this, we can't fail to see the resemblance between Herman and that contemporary "fool," Yogi Berra. Here, for example, is a Hermanism which was probably devised by some writer desperate for good copy:

> A Herman yarn that gained wide circulation involved Babe bragging to his teammates about the "smartness" of his five-year-old son Bobby. To prove his point to the fellows on the bench, Babe subjected Bobby to a quiz program.
>
> "How much is six times two?" asked Babe.
>
> "Ten," answered Bobby.
>
> "See that," exclaimed Babe triumphantly, "He only missed it by one."

Some others, however, sound as though they could be genuine:

> The fey quality of the Babe's utterances contributed not a little to his "image." There was the scorching day he stepped out of the elevator in a St. Louis hotel clad in a crisp ice cream suit.
>
> "My, but you look cool, Mr. Herman," the young lady at the cigar counter observed admiringly.
>
> Herman tried a bit of gallant repartee.
>
> "You," he replied with a courtly nod, "don't look so hot yourself."
>
> There are so many Babe Herman stories. Like the time a book salesman tried to sell him an encyclopedia. "It will help your children get to college," pleaded the salesman. Said Babe: "Nothing doing. They can walk to school."
>
> A few days before the season ended, a reporter asked Herman what he was going to do in the off-season. "A rich friend of mine invited me to go on a trip around the world with him, but I told him I'd rather go somewhere else," replied Herman.

Herman was a bad fielder early in his career, but always denied ever being hit on the head by a fly ball, although the writers never let that accusation drop. Maury Allen's obit gives Herman's side:

> His image was fixed on a sunny afternoon in Brooklyn when a fly ball struck him and cost the Dodgers a game.
>
> "The ball actually hit me in the shoulder," he said, "but the writer reported it hit me in the head. It made a better story, so I let it go."

In that obit, by the way, Allen adds that "despite his image, Herman was a bright and articulate man."

Herman's fielding improved rapidly, however, and by 1930 he was better than average. "Lank" Leonard wrote a column with the heading, "'Babe' Herman Rapidly Rounding Out Into Dependable Outfielder," in which he said this:

> Last year [1929] he made more errors than any other outfielder in the National League. The year before he made more than any outfielder in either major league. That gives you an idea of how much he has improved.... They once called him "Boob" Herman, but not today.

In 1931, writing in *Baseball Magazine*, F. C. Lane said that "Herman's antics in the outfield were once the butt of ridicule. They are so no longer"—and Herman himself was fond of pointing out that his lifetime fielding average was ten points higher than Cobb's. John Drebinger even went so far as to say that Herman made one of the three greatest catches he ever saw. But the archetype always takes precedence in these things; the image always supersedes the man, as it does in this interview with Jim Murray in 1973:

> "Now, the fielding was another thing they got all mixed up. Here I was playing first base all those years and, one day, Bizzy Bissonette gets sick and can't play right field. So I say, 'Hell, I'll play it.' You see, it was this awful sun field out there, the toughest sun field in the league, and, the sunset, which came

through the opening of the roof there, made it worse. So, we didn't have flip glasses in those days and, when it got dark enough, the sky was murder, and when the ball was hit up, there was this black spot you had to pick out of the sun. What? Oh, the black spot was the ball and you can see sometimes how you could camp under the wrong spot."

Like, the Babe sometimes found himself waiting for a mosquito to come down and while waiting he would feel this Thunk! on the back of his head.

HERMAN was, however, frequently guilty of mental mistakes. He was prone to bouts of absent-mindedness or daydreaming. Dazzy Vance was referring to this when he cracked that Herman was "a great hitter because he never thinks up there, and how can a pitcher outsmart a guy who doesn't think?"

Once at the Polo Grounds, the Dodgers were leading the Giants by a run in the bottom of the ninth with two on and one out. Hank Leiber hit a long fly to Herman. Herman caught it, but he thought there were two out, so he turned immediately, stuffed the ball in his hip pocket and started trotting to the clubhouse in center field. Meanwhile two runs scored and the Giants, not the Dodgers, won the game.

And then there was the first game of the doubleheader on August 15, 1926, a day that will live in Kings County infamy. The newspaper account is straightforward:

While both exhibitions were listless at first the 15,000 fans got a kick out of a boob play pulled by the Robins in the seventh inning of the opening encounter. With three on base, Babe Herman delivered a double that scored but one run and eventually developed into a double play, the like of which has seldom if ever been seen in the major leagues.

Butler opened with a single to left and scored on DeBerry's double to the left field corner of the park. Vance beat out a bunt, putting his battery mate on third and "Chick" Fewster was struck by a pitched ball, filling the bases.

Johnny Wertz was yanked and George Mogridge, veteran portsider, relieved him. After Jacobson sent up a puny fly to Mogridge, Herman lashed his double against the right field wall scoring DeBerry. Vance, who was on second, thought that Jimmy Welsh was going to catch the ball and tarried close to the bag before he started to run.

He attempted to score, and seeing the throw to the plate had him trapped started back for third. Fewster and Herman kept tearing around the bases before they realized what had happened and Chick and Babe both pulled in to third as Vance managed to get back safely in the run down. The ball was put on both Fewster and Herman, thereby completing an exceedingly unusual twin killing.

Please note that the chief culprit is Vance. In fact, if you accept Herman's own version from "The Glory of Their Times," Herman made the right decision when he lit out for third:

Everybody blames me for three men winding up on third base, but it wasn't my fault. Actually, it was Dazzy Vance who caused

Herman "Germany" Schaefer

the whole mess... I hit a line drive to right field and slid safely into second with a double. But while I'm on the ground I looked up and saw a run-down between third and home. Naturally, I figure Chick Fewster is caught in a run-down, so I get up and sprint for third, like I'm supposed to. That way we'll have a man on third even if Chick is tagged out.

But when I got to third, Fewster was already there, which surprised me. And then here comes Vance into third from the other side. That really surprised me....

Anyway, there we were all on third at one and the same time. Vance was declared safe and Fewster and I were both out. If there was any justice, Vance would have been the one declared out because he's the one caused the traffic jam in the first place. But down through history, for some reason, it's all been blamed on me.

Poor Herman. The "strange reason" was that he, not Vance, was the archetypal fool. He drove in the winning run on that play, just as he drove in the winning runs in the first game he played when he came back to the Dodgers in 1945 at age 42. Then he tripped on first and fell down, and the headlines, ignoring the fact that he'd won the game for the Dodgers, said, "SAME OLD HERMAN, TRIPS OVER FIRST BASE."

Herman Schaefer's stunts were all intentional. Herman was a man of many nicknames, starting out his career as

"Middles," and then "Noodles," before being given the one that stuck, "Germany"—although, after the start of World War I, he dropped "Germany," first for "Prince" (possibly because he was, along with his cohort Nick Altrock, one of the first players to be called a "clown prince"), then for "Liberty." Like Herman, he is remembered chiefly as an eccentric, not as a quality player, and like Herman, he was a lot smarter than people thought.

Some of Schaefer's jokes were just that, the pranks of a compulsive laugh-seeker, like the time he caught an ump asleep at a table in the back room of a Chicago bar. The Detroit writer Malcolm W. Bingay was Schaefer's main chronicler, and he tells the story in the voice of his Lardneresque character, Iffy, the Dopester. The back room in question, a summer kitchen, had been added to the building, and a drainpipe that used to be outside remained on what now was an interior wall:

> Now into the place one night came old Jack Sheridan, famed in song and story as an umpire. In the winter months when the season was over, Jack worked in Chicago as an undertaker. He called 'em in the summer and he buried 'em in the winter. And he did something else. As soon as the baseball schedule had run its course, Jack would settle right down to catch up on his fall drinking.
>
> Well, this night Schaef found Jack back in that summer kitchen sound asleep, sitting on a hard-bottomed kitchen chair. His ear was nestled against the rough and rusty edge of the old drainpipe, just as comfy as though it were a silken cushion. That was enough for Schaef. He climbed up through the hole in the ceiling to the old roof and found the other end of the drainpipe.
>
> Pouring into his ear Jack heard a terrible voice. "Jack Sheridan," it roared, "your time has came!"
>
> Jack Sheridan got right up out of that chair and made the distance to the bar in nothing flat. He downed a couple and stood there waiting to determine, in his own mind, whether it was just something he had et.
>
> After a while he went back to the summer-kitchen seat—and fell sound asleep once more, with his ear again resting on the drainpipe. For the second time Schaefer climbed the ladder and for the second time there came into Jack's ear the voice from the tomb: "Jack Sheridan, your time has came!"
>
> Jack went right out onto Clark Street in such a hurry he went through Joe Cantillon's Japanese screen, which Joe prized very much as a work of art.

RUTH MAY NEVER have done it, but Germany Schaefer called his shot at least once, and maybe twice. The less reliable of the two stories involves the tight 1907 pennant race in which Schaefer's Tigers finally finished first, but only 1-1/2 games ahead of the A's. In a key game, Rube Waddell twice struck out Schaefer, who was never much of a hitter. The next time Schaefer came up, Rube got two quick strikes on him. Ossee Schreckengost was catching, and he started needling Schaefer:

> "What's the matter, Herman? Didn't you see the last one go by?" asked Schreck.
>
> "Well, have him pitch another like it and I'll ride it right out of the park," said Schaefer.
>
> "I think we can oblige," said Schreck. Calling to Rube, he said, "Another one just like the last one, Rube."
>
> Waddell r'ared back and let go one of his fastest pitches...Schaefer, who occasionally connected for the long ball, swung with might and main. He met the ball perfectly and drove it over the left field fence for one of the longest homers ever seen at Philadelphia's Columbia Park. Herman carried his bat with him as he ambled around the bases. About every five paces he stopped and lifted the bat to his right shoulder as though it were a gun and "shot" the discomfited Rube.

ON AN EARLIER occasion, in 1906, Schaefer faced Doc White of the White Sox, and this "shot" is pretty well documented, since everybody in the park heard Schaefer bellow his "call." Schaefer was out of the lineup because, according to Bingay, he "had a sore thumb from using it to take off the cap of a bottle of beer," but he could still pinch hit. Davy Jones tells the story in "The Glory of Their Times":

> Well, Schaefer walked out there and just as he was about to step into the batter's box he stopped, took off his cap, and faced the grandstand.
>
> "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "you are now looking at Herman Schaefer, better known as Herman the Great, acknowledged by one and all to be the greatest pinch hitter in the world. I am now going to hit the ball into the left field bleachers. Thank you."

It goes without saying that Schaefer, swinging on White's second pitch, did exactly that. Jones goes on:

> Boy oh boy, you should have seen him. He stood at that plate until the ball cleared the fence, and then he jumped straight up in the air, tore down to first base as fast as his legs would carry him, and proceeded to slide headfirst into the bag. After that he jumped up, yelled "Schaefer leads at the quarter!" and started for second.
>
> He slid into second—yelled "Schaefer leads at the half!"—and continued the same way into third and then home. After he slid into home he stood up and announced: "Schaefer wins by a nose!" Then he brushed himself off, took off his cap, and walked over to the grandstand again.
>
> "Ladies and gentleman," he said, "I thank you for your kind attention."
>
> Back on the bench everybody was laughing so hard they were falling all over themselves.

McGraw, who was of substantial help to Schaefer when Germany was stricken with TB, was very fond of the prince, and when he took the Giants on a world barnstorming tour in 1913 he arranged to put Schaefer on the opposing White

Sox squad (Germany played in an infield that included Buck Weaver and Hal Chase). Before they sailed for Japan in November, their train went from Ohio to California, stopping along the way in small towns where, according to McGraw's syndicated (and obviously ghosted) column, the local kids all clamored for a glimpse of Matty. Matty, a shy man, refused to come out, so a stand-in was found:

> "Germany" Schaefer...was little Johnny-right-out-on-the-platform, and, of course, the crowd, not knowing Matty, except from his pictures, thinking Schaefer was Big Six, would set up a howl.
>
> "Oh, you, Matty! Yea, Matty! How are you, Big Six?"
>
> Then the inimitable Schaefer would spread his hands for silence.
>
> "Ladies and gentlemen," he would begin, "I see here before me the flower of the society in this town, and I don't see how such grand specimens could be raised in this cold climate except in a conservatory. (Cheers.) I want to compliment you on your wonderful health and beauty giving climate, on your pretty girls, your beautiful women and your well-paved streets."
>
> As a rule, the streets would be ankle-deep in mud. But "Germany" always got the big hand and left a trail of oratory clear across the continent to Matty's credit. I'll bet William J. Bryan has nothing on Big Six's reputation as a speaker in the towns both Mr. Bryan and Schaefer have played.

On the trip back from Japan, the athletes were getting rusty, so Schaefer and some others devised some shipboard exercise:

> Several of the players—Thorpe, Magee, Slight, Weaver, Lobert...Schaefer...—have invented some new indoor training stunts...
>
> Perhaps the most novel of the strange stunts, certainly the most amusing, is the "horse" racing in the dining salon. The game is played with any number of "horses" and riders. The favorite "horses" are Thorpe [and] Schaefer.... The "horses" have to go on their hands and knees and the riders are not allowed to touch their feet on the floor. The races take place along the various aisles in the dining salon, which are about sixty feet in length.... Jim Thorpe has won a good share of the contests because of his great strength and his ability to excel in all athletic exercises.

AND THERE WAS the time Schaefer unsuccessfully tried to get Billy Evans to call a game the Tigers were losing:

> With Detroit playing the Indians, Schaefer tried to induce the ump to call the game on account of rain. It was the first half of the fifth. At the time, Cleveland was winning 5-1. If the game were called before 4 1/2 innings had been played, the game would have been declared no contest. But the umpires insisted that the game go on. When Detroit took the field in the fifth, Schaefer with great dignity strode to his place at second base wearing a long raincoat. He played through the inning dressed just like that. At the end of the fifth inning, the game was officially washed out with the Indians in the lead 6-1.

I wonder if Stengel was thinking of Schaefer when he came out of the dugout carrying a flashlight in an effort to get a game called on account of darkness some years later. At any rate, Schaefer's humor here certainly served a legitimate strategic purpose, as it did when he committed his most renowned stunt: stealing second, then first, then second again. Davy Jones was watching this remarkable performance from third. Here's how he tells it:

> It was during those years...that I saw Germany Schaefer steal first base. Yes, first base.... I saw him do it....
>
> We were playing Cleveland and the score was tied in a late inning. I was on third base, Schaefer on first, and Crawford was at bat. Before the pitcher wound up, Schaefer flashed me the sign for the double steal.... Well, the pitcher wound up and pitched, and sure enough Schaefer stole second. But I had to stay right where I was, on third, because...the Cleveland catcher.... refused to throw to second, knowing I'd probably make it home if he did.
>
> So now we had men on second and third. Well, on the next pitch Schaefer yelled, "Let's try it again!" And with a blood-curdling shout he took off like a wild Indian back to first base, and dove in headfirst in a cloud of dust. He figured the catcher might throw to first—since he evidently wouldn't throw to second—and then I could come home same as before.
>
> But nothing happened. Nothing at all.... Everybody just stood there and watched Schaefer, with their mouths open, not knowing what the devil was going on. Me, too. Even if the catcher had thrown to first, I was too stunned to move, I'll tell you that....
>
> So there we were, back where we started, with Schaefer on first and me on third. And on the next pitch darned if he didn't let out another war whoop and take off again for second base. By this time the Cleveland catcher evidently had enough, because he finally threw to second to get Schaefer, and when he did I took off for home and both of us were safe.

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT when he stole first Schaefer was after runs, not laughs, and it's also obvious that his strategy worked. It should be added that the umpires checked the rule book before allowing the play to stand, and that nothing was found forbidding running the bases backwards. Schaefer undoubtedly knew this. The rules were changed shortly afterward, as a direct result of this play.

Schaefer was an aggressive ballplayer (he and Cal Griffith were once suspended for protesting a bad call) who knew the game. He was a good coach who once even wrote an article on coaching. Had he not died young, this player/coach who had John McGraw's respect might well have ended up managing a major-league club. Still, his obit in the New York Times on May 17, 1919, has this sub-head: "Baseball Comedian Passes Away." Once you've been assigned an archetypal

Babe Herman gets serious with Hack Wilson.

"slot," it's very difficult to get the public to view you in any other way.

Babe Herman knew this, and he knew where the blame should be placed. The writers are fans like any others, and they need to view players as archetypes, too; the writers also need good copy, which gives them an additional motive to exaggerate the characteristics of individual players. One of the Herman obits points out that the Tales of Herman "were embellished and embroidered by imaginative New York newspapermen until the boundary between fact and fiction became fuzzy," and Arthur Daley himself admitted that Herman "has been victimized by some base canards." When asked why the Dodgers were called "daffy" if they were really less loony than, say, Frisch's Cardinals, Herman said, succinctly, "Well, mostly it was the writers. They gave us the image." When Herman talked to the writer who'd written that the fly ball had bounced off his head when the writer knew it had only hit him on the shoulder, Herman asked him why he'd written that. The writer was succinct, too. "It made a better story," he said.

HERMAN RECOGNIZED that his image would probably keep him out of the Hall, even though contemporary writers have often supported his candidacy, making statements like, "he was a lot more ballplayer than clown," and "evidence doesn't support the myth that he was a dumb baseball player." A couple of years before he died, Herman gave an interview that concluded with these comments. They illustrate how neither Babe Herman nor Germany Schaefer, world without end, can ever be taken seriously:

> "In 1944 I was talking to Casey [Stengel]," recalls Herman, "and he told me that some writers were going to put me into the Hall the next year.... [But] all the people who had truly seen me and knew the legends were just legends, were gone—dead or retired.... there were a bunch of guys who had never seen me at my peak. So all they can go on is records, which don't tell I never got hit on the head with a fly ball, and the legends are stronger than the records."

Four Teams Out: The NL Reduction of 1900

BOB BAILEY

Forget about expansion: At the turn of the century the overweight, overburdened, and overpopulated 12-team NL actually had a Circuit Reduction Committee.

PHOENIX, DENVER, TAMPA, WASHINGTON, perhaps a dozen cities are all hoping to be tapped by major-league baseball's magic wand and be initiated into the fraternities of American and National League clubs. Expansion has been a topic of discussion for at least 40 years, ever since weak franchises in two-team towns began looking for salvation outside the shadow of their more dominant cousins.

In baseball's more distant past the question was not expansion, but reduction of teams. Back in 1899 the National League went from 12 teams to eight as Baltimore, Cleveland, Louisville and Washington left the majors. Within two seasons all but Louisville had landed in Ban Johnson's American League. Cleveland is still there. Washington spent many decades in the AL. Baltimore's franchise shifted to New York in 1902 and the Maryland city remained beyond the pale until 1954. Louisville is the only city of the group that was out and stayed out.

This is the story, from the perspective of the almost forgotten Louisville Colonels franchise, of how the National League dropped four teams after the 1899 season.

The seeds for the reduction in 1899 were sown in the Brotherhood war of 1890. With the advent of the Players' League in that year, the fans found three major leagues on the field. The venerable National League and the eight-year-old American Association had been battling for years. But the competition with three leagues caused a massive reorganization in the early 1890s. The Players' League folded after one season and the magnates believed it expedient to merge the Association and National League into one "Big League." The new 1892 National League had 12 teams, with Boston, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, and Columbus of the American Association dropping off the baseball map.

The 12-team arrangement had trouble from the start. Now 11 teams had a chance to be disappointed at not winning a pennant. Several franchises, including Louisville, were thinly capitalized and could not adequately compete for players. This led to several teams being chronic second-division dwellers, often out of the pennant race by the Fourth of July. Even the strong teams struggled. The expense of traveling to additional cities, fewer home games and a deepening national recession all cut into the teams' revenue.

By 1895 rumors appeared that teams were either folding or moving to lower leagues that year. The League meetings began to discuss reducing the number of franchises.

The embers of reduction glowed softly for several seasons and burst into flame at the close of the 1898 season. Reports began to circulate that Washington, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New York, and Brooklyn had lost money for the year. The most desperate appeared to be New York, which had major problems drawing fans to the Polo Grounds. Some blamed the Spanish-American War for curtailing attendance as people gave little thought to entertainment while their thoughts were on that conflict.

The Sporting News had time to think about it, and in November 1898, one of the paper's correspondents spoke what many others believed: that the 12-club league had outlived its usefulness and some adjustments were necessary. He suggested not reduction but expansion. He proposed two eight-team leagues, a return to the pre-1890 status quo.

There can be no doubt that the league was in trouble. Only Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago consistently made money. Neither the New York nor Brooklyn franchise drew well in the nation's largest city and both were in danger of going under. Baltimore always fielded a competitive, contending team, but the fans did not show up at the ballpark in sufficient numbers to prevent financial losses. St. Louis was

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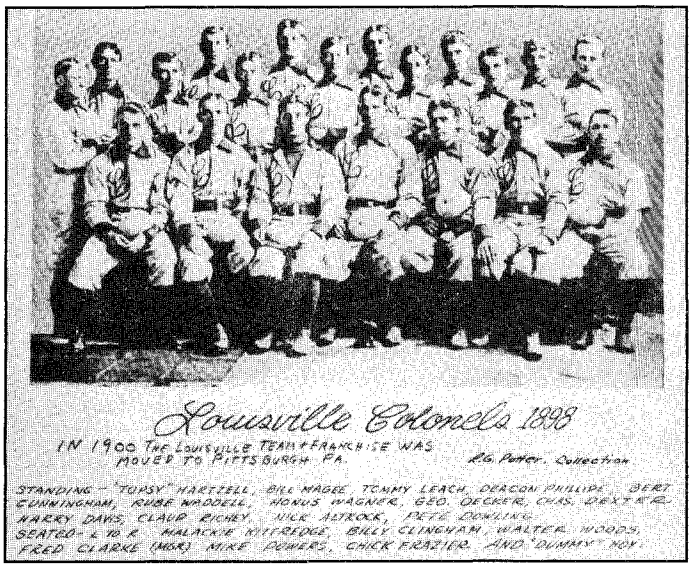
tied up in a court case that would cost Chris Von der Ahe his franchise. Louisville and Washington were perennial losers on the field and at the box office.

On top of this, another phenomenon developed in the 1890s that gave rise to thoughts of reducing the number of teams in the League. It was the development of common ownership of several teams. This practice began in 1892, when A. G. Spalding, owner of a large block of the Chicago franchise, invested in the New York club. He did this more or less as the banker of last resort for the financially troubled Gotham franchise, but nevertheless, he ended up owning stock in both clubs. By 1898 seven of the 12 teams were involved in such arrangements to some degree. Arthur Soden of Boston, John Brush of Cincinnati, and F. A. Abell of Brooklyn had small holdings in the New York club. Abell, H. R. Vonder Horst, Ned Hanlon, and Charles Ebbets jointly owned the Brooklyn and Baltimore franchises. The Robison family owned both Cleveland and St. Louis. These arrangements led to some strange dealing. The Robisons transferred the best players of their two franchises to St. Louis, leaving the woeful Cleveland Spiders of 1899 to achieve the lowest winning percentage in major-league history. Brooklyn and Baltimore engineered the "trade" of nine players with Hughie Jennings, Willie Keeler, and Joe Kelley moving to Brooklyn in 1899 for a mess of pottage and bringing a pennant to the Flatbush faithful. During the 1899 pennant race, anti-syndicatist Arthur Soden got a return on his New York investment when pitcher Jouett Meekin came to Beantown free of charge.

IN ANY EVENT, the dual ownership of several teams by now had led to the idea of consolidating those teams and moving to an eight-team league. The general idea was to merge Baltimore into Brooklyn and Cleveland into St. Louis, and to buy out two teams from among the poor-performing Washington, New York, and Louisville. When the League meeting was held in December 1898, the reduction plan was discussed but so was the idea of two eight-team leagues. The magnates ended up adjourning with instructions for the League office to prepare an 1899 schedule for 12 teams.

As winter turned to spring in 1899 the owners left the 12-team structure as it was. Not because they wanted to, but rather by the default of uncertainty. However, by July it was clear that something had to be done. By that time Cleveland was playing most of its home games on the road. In August the Louisville ballpark burned down. Makeshift bleachers were erected, but the club's inability to collect an insurance settlement in a timely fashion prevented construction of covered grandstands. With Louisville's summer heat the fans decided to remain home rather than sit in the sun to see a bad ballclub.



In September The Sporting News commented that financial problems might lead to Louisville, Cleveland, Baltimore, and Washington dropping from the League. But Louisville signed ten players in early October to 1900 contracts and Ned Hanlon in Baltimore was having no part of any league reduction if his team was a target.

Finances for the clubs in 1899 had improved over 1898, but still only pennant-winning Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis were more than marginally profitable. Something would have to be done to return the owners to steady profits.

Three clubs, Louisville, Pittsburgh, and Washington, were for sale. The syndicate clubs of Baltimore-Brooklyn and Cleveland-St. Louis were searching for ways to make both clubs pay.

Publicly, NL President Nick Young was optimistic that the 12-team league would continue. His basic argument was that the National Agreement that emerged after the Brotherhood Wars had two years to run. But it was this looming deadline that encouraged the weaker clubs to seek new owners. They believed, probably rightly, that once the National Agreement expired, their franchises would have little value.

HERE WAS THE CRUX of the problem. The powerful clubs of Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia wanted to reduce the League to eight teams. But they hoped the four clubs, whoever they might be, would be willing to leave quietly. The targeted clubs had no intention of going gently into the night without substantial compensation. All sorts of posturing began. Soden of Boston was adamant that he would not contribute to a buyout. Frank DeHaas Robison of Cleveland announced that he was ready to field a team for 1900. Louisville was staying but planned to run on the cheap.

The owners announced that they were looking for ballplayers who would play for $100 per month or less.

The stage was set for the struggle to reduce the League to eight clubs. The four targets were identified (Louisville, Baltimore, Cleveland, and Washington). These clubs were willing to discuss dropping from the League but wanted to be bought out. The powers of the League were split on the issue of payment. Soden proposed arranging a schedule for the four that would ensure financial disaster. President Young continued to make silly statements that no reduction was contemplated.

The president of the Louisville club at this time was Barney Dreyfuss, a local businessman. The club was in debt to several of the club directors, including Dreyfuss, and had no real prospects of improvement on the field or on the financial ledgers. The club had several solid players—Honus Wagner, Fred Clarke, Rube Waddell among them—but was given to poor starts and strong finishes. Unfortunately the strong finishes never got Louisville out of the second division. Dreyfuss wanted to stay in baseball but saw no future in Louisville. He wanted to sell. But there were no buyers. So Barney looked for greener pastures. He cast his eye about 400 miles up the Ohio River to Pittsburgh. W. W. Kerr of the Smoky City club wanted to sell. Dreyfuss began negotiations with Kerr. The negotiations were difficult.

Arthur Soden of Boston saw this as a great opportunity to bring about the league reduction. He foresaw Louisville combining with Pittsburgh, Cleveland with St. Louis and Baltimore with Brooklyn. That would leave just Washington to deal with. But things are never that easy.

LOUISVILLE BASEBALL circles were in an uproar. The city still held an NL franchise and intended to play in 1900. Essentially the same line was taken in Baltimore by Ned Hanlon, who was pushing the idea of two eight-club leagues.

To complicate things further, two new figures entered the drama. One was Ban Johnson and his Western League, recently renamed the American League. Johnson was beginning his campaign to create another major league and the NL owners did not wish to cede any territory to him. The other was a group including Francis Richter, the Spink family of St. Louis, and other investors who began to organize a new American Association. So the National League faced another baseball war on one front while trying to trim teams from its loop on another.

On December 6, 1899, directors of the Louisville club confirmed that Dreyfuss had purchased Pittsburgh and had immediately effected a trade between the two clubs. Dreyfuss sent $25,000 and pitcher Jack Chesbro, catcher Paddy Fox, and infielders John O'Brien and Art Madison to Louisville. In return Pittsburgh received Rube Waddell, Deacon Phillippe, Tommy Leach, Honus Wagner, Fred Clarke, Claude Ritchey, Mike Kelly, Tacks Latimer, Chief Zimmer, Walt Woods, Conny Doyle, and Patsy Flaherty. In addition Dreyfuss announced Clarke as the new Pittsburgh manager and said he was leaving Louisville to establish a permanent residence in Pittsburgh.

The local reaction in Kentucky was strange. Within a few days of the big deal, local papers reported that the "general impression is that Louisville got much the best of the deal." Apparently the Louisville franchise owners did not agree, for the following day they embarked for the league meeting in New York intent on selling the team. The local press became manic-depressive, assuring people that Louisville would have a big-league team in 1900 in one paragraph and bewailing the loss of the team a few columns later. The Courier-Journal on December 12, 1899, displayed these swings by reporting, "Louisville is not going to be wiped off the baseball map." Rather, it went on, the club would either be sold to the NL or join the American League. "At the present time," it reported, "the indications are that the circuit will not be reduced." So, either the team was to be sold to the National League, which was not in the market to add squads, or it was about to join a league which would compete with the baseball establishment.

The truth of the situation was that the NL was going to reduce but had two situations to confront: to keep the buyout price for the targeted four down; and to position itself in such a way as to not harm itself in comparison to the American League or the new American Association.

On the first front, problems for the National League arose immediately. The December league meeting had set up a Circuit Reduction Committee to negotiate the terms of a buyout of Louisville, Washington, Cleveland and Baltimore. It was rumored that Louisville was looking for $20,000, Baltimore $60,000, Washington $55,000, and Cleveland wanted whatever Louisville got. Nobody expected the league to pony up over $150,000 to become an eight-team circuit. As the new century opened, the NL was faced with the problems of inflated expectations of the four designated departees and the maneuverings of Ban Johnson and the new American Association. The general strategy of the National League was to lengthen the process so that when the four teams were bought out, the other leagues would have insufficient time to reorganize to occupy those cities. John McGraw, years later in his autobiography, "My Thirty Years In Baseball," confirmed part of the strategy, writing, "The league heads hesitated to act openly (on circuit reduction) for fear that the new American League, then expanding, would grab the territory." True enough as far as it went. From press reports of the day it appears the established league was even more concerned about the newly proposed American Association. This latter group had promoted Cap Anson as its president and had interested McGraw enough to consider

jumping. From the AA's plans to go head-to-head with the NL in most major cities, the League had more to fear from them than from the AL, which still inhabited cities like Minneapolis and Milwaukee and had no real Eastern base.

A GROUP OF Louisville businessmen then entered the picture to save major-league baseball for Louisville. They organized quickly and raised about 30 percent of their goal of $20,000 in capital. Their intent was to find a league—any league—that would have Louisville as a member. They negotiated with the NL, which offered to make Louisville a charter member of their own reincarnation of the American Association. The NL version of the AA was to be a sort of junior varsity to the big clubs. It was really a brilliant tactical move. While it is doubtful that the NL had any real intention of following through with this venture into a new AA, it gave potential rival financial backers pause to consider that they might be starting a venture that would be in local competition with a team backed by the powerful National League. This effectively froze the Louisville contingent, which continued to flirt with the American League and American Association but wanted no part of any baseball war. By mid-February the AA bubble had burst because of a lack of funds and the inability to secure substantial owners in several cities. That left just the American League to deal with.

The game for the NL owners was still the same: reduce the League at the lowest cost without giving any rival league an opening. As one owner put it, "It is not so much a question of buying out Washington and Baltimore as it is of keeping a tight grip on territory slated for abandonment that is keeping the leaders guessing.... The League, therefore, is practically forced to decide between two alternatives—either continue the present twelve-club league or pacify the 'little four' by reasonable cash appropriations and then place them in another eight-club league which would work in harmony with the National." This last notion of "harmony" was uppermost in the NL owners' minds. With the purpose of circuit reduction being to return the NL to prosperity, the shadow of another war cast a pall over their plans.

BUT NOW TIME began to run against the older league. It was March and the teams were making plans for spring training. Negotiations continued with the "little four." Earl Wagner at Washington said his franchise was not for sale. Ned Hanlon of Baltimore was starting to push for a 10-team circuit. Louisville and Cleveland were just looking for as much cash as they could get to cover their debts. Meanwhile, Ban Johnson was preparing another thrust into NL territory. He announced plans to move the St. Paul franchise, held by ex-St. Louis manager Charles Comiskey, to Chicago. The National League owners were aghast and Jim Hart of the Chicago (NL) club announced that a baseball war would erupt if Johnson came into Hart's territory.

As the battle heated up the Circuit Reduction Committee finally had to make its move.

On March 9, 1900, the report of the National League Circuit Reduction Committee was released. The National League would be reduced to eight teams. Washington received $39,000 for its franchise but retained its player contracts. Cleveland received $25,000, $10,000 for the franchise and $15,000 for its stadium, grounds and equipment. Louisville got $10,000 for its franchise. The NL had achieved one of its goals. It had shed four clubs and saved about $50,000 from the original asking price. But the specter of the American League remained.

Ban Johnson immediately began plans to put franchises in Washington, Baltimore and Cleveland. The NL countered with renewed reports of starting an American Association of its own. Johnson correctly divined that "it is a bluff to scare us out."

As far as Louisville was concerned, the bluff worked. A chronically weak franchise with little extra capital to risk had no business in the new league. Although the Louisville committee and Ban Johnson exchanged several sets of telegrams and the local papers reported the securing of an AL franchise as a done deal, the dispute over the Chicago territory scared off the Bluegrass delegation. In all probability, even if they had thrown in with Johnson, they would not have received a franchise. Louisville was well down the AL's list of potential cities and was used by Johnson to keep the NL off balance.

On March 21, 1900, it was announced that there would be no war between the American and National Leagues, with the AL consigned to Chicago's South Side as the terms for entry into that city. But it was too late for Louisville. Insufficient capital, population and support left Louisville on the outside of the major-league candy store looking in. The Kentucky city moved to the minor leagues, where its baseball history continues today.

Good vs. Poor Starts and Won-Lost Records

GUY WATERMAN

It's not whether a pitcher won or lost that measures his effectiveness—or predicts a "surprise" stopper in the future—it's how well he played the game.

ON AUGUST 17, 1989, 1988 Cy Young winner Orel Hershiser seemed en route to another superlative season. His record was 14-8; his ERA ranked second in the league. Of those eight losses, some were undeserved. He dropped a 1-0 heartbreaker to the Cubs in April, in which he yielded three hits and one walk. In July San Diego beat him 2-1. Once he gave up only two earned runs while his teammates scored three; arithmetic gives him a win on this occasion, but this time his mates also committed two costly errors, and Hershiser lost 4-3. With just a little luck, he might have stood at 17-5 with more than six weeks to play. He also did get lucky a couple of times, with early wins of 7-4 and 9-4.

After August 17 Hershiser was even sharper. His ERA, 2.41 before that date, was just 2.05 thereafter, so he finished at 2.31, a close second to Scott Garrelts' 2.28. In his last nine starts, he allowed no more than one run on six outings, two or three earned runs on the others. So one would expect to find that, from 14-8 in August, he went on to another impressive 20-game season.

Destiny had other plans. As everyone knows, Hershiser tailed off to 15-15, victim of a spectacular display of bad luck. His Dodgers scored no runs at all on four of those last nine starts, only one on two of them, two on another two, and three once. He dropped 1-0 decisions three more times (for a total of four such miseries in 1989), as well as losses of 3-2 twice, 3-1 once, and 4-0 (just two earned). For one stretch of 34 innings with him on the mound, the Dodgers produced not a single run.

The Yankees' Andy (No-Hit) Hawkins had the same 15-15 won-lost record as Hershiser. But while Hershiser pitched 21 games in which he allowed fewer than two runs and lasted at least six innings, Hawkins did that only 12 times. Only four times did Hershiser pitch poorly (yielding four or more earned runs and/or lasting fewer than five innings); Hawkins did *that* 18 times. For identical won-lost records, their good-vs-poor-start records were 21-4 (Hershiser) and 12-18 (Hawkins).

It was that kind of year for Hershiser. The Dodger ace's record seemed a let-down compared with the Cy Young season. Yet his ERA was almost the same (2.26 in '88, 2.31 in '89). If you look closely at the number of well-pitched starts, you find the following comparison:

Table 1. Hershiser's effectiveness, 1988 and 1989

Year	Starts	2 ERs or less in 6 innings or more	4 ERs or more, or less than 5 innings
1988	34	23	6
1989	33	21	4

So a better standard of a pitcher's effectiveness than his won-lost record may be an accounting of his "good," and "bad," starts (see Table 2). "Good" means a minimum of six innings pitched and a maximum of two earned runs. "Bad" is at least four ER allowed or fewer than five innings worked.

The celebrated Hershiser ills were noted in the baseball press, but what of Bryn Smith? He pitched as consistently well as anyone in baseball through Labor Day. None of the game's regular starters had fewer "poor" starts at that point.

Table 2. Most consistently good starters through Labor Day (pitchers with 5 or fewer "poor" starts and 15 or more "good")

Pitcher and club	Starts	"Good" Starts	"Poor" Starts
Smith, Mon	27	17	3
Saberhagen, KC	29	17	3
Hershiser, LA	27	18	4
Smiley, Pit	25	16	4
Reuschel, SF	27	15	5

Guy Waterman is an outdoors writer and homesteader from East Corinth, Vermont. He and his wife Laura recently co-authored the 888-page "Forest and the Crag: A History of Hiking, Trail-Blazing, and Adventure in Northeast Mountains."

Like Hershiser, Smith at first seemed on his way to a good season. By July 4 his record was 8-3. But then things began to go wrong. On July 8 he allowed the Astros only three hits and one walk before being lifted for a pinchhitter in the home sixth because the score was tied; his relievers lost the game. On July 14 he won his ninth game, but had to go 1-0 to earn it. In his next seven starts he allowed two runs or fewer three times, three runs three times, and was bombed only once. Yet for those seven starts his record was 0-5. So by Labor Day he was down to 10-8. In September he gave up two earned runs or fewer three games in a row, only to record an 0-2 line for those three games. He finished a lackluster 10-11, despite pitching 20 games in which he allowed no more than two earned runs, and only four in which he allowed more than three.

Surely Smith was one of the three or four most consistent and effective starters in the National League that year, yet who would know it from his W-L record or from any attention paid by the sporting press. [Although the owners seemed to recognize it when they began throwing around their TV money that winter.]

That won-lost records often are a poor measure of pitching worth is well known to baseball fans. It's nothing new. When Red Ruffing went from perennial 20-game loser with the lowly Red Sox of the late 1920s to perennial 20-game winner with the mighty Yankees of the late 1930s, he was probably much the same pitcher. When the Pittsburgh Pirates were always last (1952-1954), Bob Friend had losing records (7-17, 8-11, 7-12); when the team soared to second in 1958 and then won in 1960, Friend's W-L marks were 22-14 and 18-12—but the loyal Pittsburgh fans knew he had always been good.

To take a more precise look at the difference between starting pitchers' effectiveness and their won-lost records, this writer kept a day-to-day account for the 1989 season of each starter's "good starts," "neutral starts," and "poor starts."

The results, for all ERA qualifiers (162 innings pitched), are shown in Table 3.

One point registers from this analysis: Bret Saberhagen richly deserves all the praise that has been heaped upon him in postseason discussions. All season long he pitched well, game after game. In 32 of his 35 starts, he allowed no more than three runs. No one else in baseball had even 30 such starts. In 23 starts he held the opposition to two runs or fewer; no one else managed more than 21 such good starts. While his official won-lost record of 23-6 looks very good, his ratio of good-to-poor starts (23-3) is even better.

The only other 20-game winner in the AL had an entirely different kind of year. Dave Stewart proved himself such a tough competitor in postseason play that one hesitates to say anything critical of such an outstanding young man. But despite his third consecutive 20-win season, Stewart barely ranked in the top ten in the league in terms of effective starts. He had seventeen "good," and 10 "poor" starts, contrasted with his 21-9 W-L mark. Teammate Mike Moore (21-10 in "good" versus "poor" starts) was much more reliable, finishing second to Saberhagen as the only other Junior Circuit hurler with more than twenty "good" starts.

Table 3. Starting pitchers' rankings, based on number of "good" starts, contrasted with Won-Lost records (qualifiers for ERA title only: 162 innings pitched)

Rank based on G v. P.	Name & Club	Starts	"Good" versus "Poor" starts	Conventional Won-Lost	Rank based on W-L
1	Saberhagen, KC	35	23-3	23-5*	1
2	Moore, Oak	35	21-10	19-11	4
3	Bankhead, Sea	33	19-8	14-6	18
4	McCaskill, Cal	32	19-8	15-10	13T
5	Bosio, Mil	33	18-10	15-10	13T
6	Clemens, Bos	35	18-11	17-11	10
7	Tanana, Det	33	18-12	10-14	34
8	Blyleven, Cal	33	17-7	17-5	6
9	Candiotti, Cle	31	17-8	13-10	21
10	Stewart, Oak	36	17-10	21-9	2
11	Ballard, Bal	35	17-10	18-8	5
12	Steib, Tor	33	17-11	17-8	7T
13	Milacki, Bal	36	17-15	14-12	19
14	Black, Cle	32	16-9	11*-11	28T
15	Ryan, Tex	32	16-10	16-10	12
16	Finley, Cal	29	15-6	16-9	11
17	Cerutti, Tor	31	15-8	11-11	28T

Rank based on G v. P.	Name & Club	Starts	"Good" versus "Poor" starts	Conventional Won-Lost	Rank based on W-L
18	Brown, Tex	28	15-9	12-9	25
19	Welch, Oak	33	15-10	17-8	7T
20	Anderson, Minn	33	15-12	17-10	9
21	Gubicza, KC	36	15-13	15-11	15T
22	Flanagan, Tor	30	15-13	8-10	37
23	Swindell, Cle	28	14-9	13-6	20
24	Dopson, Bos	28	14-11	12-8	24
25	Key, Tor	33	14-14	13-14	22
26	Viola, Minn-NY(NL)	36	14-15	13-17	23
	AL team only:	24	7-10	8-12	
27	Boddicker, Bos	34	14-16	15-11	15T
28	Abbott, Cal	29	13-9	12-12	26
29	Hough, Tex	30	13-13	10-13	32T
30	Hawkins, NY	34	12-18	15-15	17
31	Davis, Oak	31	11-9	19-7	3
32	Farrell, Cle	31	11-11	9-14	35
33	Smith, Minn	26	11-8	10-6	31
34	Witt, Cal	33	11-15	9-15	36
35	Perez, Chi	31	10-13	11-14	30
36	Alexander, Det	33	9-11	6-18	40
37	Gordon, KC	16	8-6	7*-7*	38
38	Witt, Tex	31	8-19	12-13	27
39	Morris, Det	24	6-13	6-14	3
40	Schmidt, Bal	26	6-15	10-13	32T
National League					
1	Hershiser, LA	33	21-4	15-15	14
2	Hurst, SD	33	21-7	15-11	12
3	Smith, Mon	32	20-4	10-11	30
4	Whitson, SD	33	20-7	16-11	7T
5	Maddux, Chi	35	19-10	19-12	2
6	Langston, Sea (AL)-Mon	34	19-10	16-14	10
	NL team only:	24	16-6	12-9	
7	DeLeon, St L	36	19-14	16-12	9
8	Browning, Cin	37	19-15	15-12	13
9	Magrane, St L	33	18-5	18-9	4
10	Perez, Mon	28	18-6	8*-12*	3
11	Darling, NY	33	18-8	14-14	20
12	Bielecki, Chi	33	18-10	18-7	3
13	Cone, NY	33	18-12	14-8	17T
14	Fernandez, NY	32	17-4	14-5	15T
15	Garrelts, SF	29	17-6	14-5	15T
16	Smiley, Pit	28	17-6	12-8	24
17	Reuschel, SF	32	17-7	17-8	5
18	Scott, Hous	32	17-8	19*-10	1
19	Ojeda, NY	31	16-7	13-11	22
20	Drabek, Pit	34	16-8	13*-12	23
21	Belcher, LA	30	16-10	14*-10*	19
22	Howell, Phi	32	16-11	12-12	27
23	Smoltz, Atl	29	15-6	12-11	26
24	Deshaies, Hou	34	15-7	15-10	11
25	Valenzuela, LA	31	15-8	10-13	31
26	Leary, LA-Cin	31	15-10	8-14	35
27	Mahler, Cin	31	15-12	9-13	32

Rank based on G v. P.	Name & Club	Starts	"Good" versus "Poor" starts	Conventional Won-Lost	Rank based on W-L
28	Robinson, SF	32	15-14	12-10*	25
29	Martinez, Mon	33	14-9	16-6*	6
30	Hill, St L	33	14-10	7-15	36
31	Gross, Mon	31	14-13	11-12	28
32	Sutcliffe, Chi	34	13-8	16-11	7T
33	Glavine, Atl	29	13-12	14-8	17T
34	Walk, Pit	31	13-15	13-10	21
35	Rasmussen, Cin-SD	33	11-9	10-10	29
36	Lilliquist, Atl	30	10-12	8-10	33
37	Knepper, Hou-SF	26	6-11	6*-12	37

*Excludes decisions earned in relief appearances. Rank based initially on number of "Good" starts and Wins; in event of ties, based secondarily on number of "Poor" starts and Losses; in event of continuing ties in "G v. P" rank, based thirdly on number of "Neutral" starts.

Eight times Stewart failed to pitch a truly effective game, yet was awarded a victory. The major-league leader in this category was teammate Storm Davis, who enjoyed nine such tainted victories en route to a 19-7 season with a woeful 4.36 ERA. Obviously it helped a lot to have that potent Oakland offense behind them, just as in the NL Cubs' starters benefited from Chicago's offense. See Table 4.

Table 4. "Luckiest": pitchers with most number of wins in games where they failed to last six innings and/or hold opponents to two earned runs

American League		National League	
Davis, Oak	9	Martinez, Mon	8
Stewart, Oak	8	Sanderson, Chi	7
		Sutcliffe, Chi	7

Scott Bankhead of the Mariners and the Angels' Kirk McCaskill were two whose starting performances (both 19-8) were outstanding, and much better than their 14-6 and 15-10 W-L records suggested.

Several of the Detroit Tigers pitched far more effectively than their official records show. Frank Tanana looked bad with that 10-14 record, but if you look at how well he pitched in each game his year was far better. He yielded two runs or fewer in eighteen starts, was ineffective in only twelve, ranking him seventh in the league on our chart. Doyle Alexander, though recording a disastrous 6-18 record, actually was a more reasonable 9-11 in good-vs-poor starts.

Perhaps the most frustrated of the luckless Tigers was late-season rookie Brian DuBois. Five times he started: twice he surrendered no earned runs at all; on the other three starts he gave up two, two, and three earned runs. But his teammates scored no runs at all while he was on the mound for his first two starts, just one in his third, three in the fourth, and none at all in the fifth. Meanwhile their defensive miscues let in no fewer than seven unearned runs in three different games out of the five. So for five very fine starting efforts, the rookie came away with a 0-4 record for his first year's work.

Another ill-starred warrior was Cleveland's Bud Black. Seven times he pitched effective games only to lose by a one-run margin, including four 2-1 decisions and one 1-0 loss to the Angels in which he yielded just three hits and walked none.

In the National League, Hershiser and Smith ranked with two from San Diego's fine staff as the front four in terms of effective starting performances. Bruce Hurst registered a 21-7 record, while Ed Whitson went 20-7, to supply the Padres with the only tandem of 20-game good-starters in either league. Others who came close to the magic 20-game circle were the Cubs' Greg Maddux (19-10) and the travelling Mark Langston, who was 3-4 at Seattle before moving to Montreal, where he was for awhile unbeatable, finishing at 16-5 for the Expos, and an overall 19-10 record. Between July 3 and August 16, Langston turned in eight superb performances in nine starts; in those eight good ones he averaged a yield of precisely one run per game, striking out 10 or more in three games.

Several NL hurlers deserved much better records than they got. Smith's eccentric moundmate at Montreal, Pascual Perez, wound up with a W-L record of 9-13 (8-12 in starts). Yet in 28 starts Perez hurled eighteen good performances and was hit hard only six times. He lost decisions of 1-0 in April, 2-1 in May, 2-0 in July, 2-1 in August, and 3-2 in September. On August 23 he went head to head against Hershiser for eight scoreless innings in a game which the Dodgers finally won in the 22nd, 1-0.

The vagabond Mike Morgan, pitching for his sixth major league team though not yet 30, has yet to compile a winning record in nine campaigns. He was 8-11 (6-11 in starts) for the Dodgers. Yet in nineteen starts he pitched well twelve times, poorly only three times. In June alone he dropped four games in which he never allowed more than two runs per *game* while his teammates produced a *total* of two for all four games.

Zane Smith started the year at Atlanta where he recorded the calamitous record of 1-12 in sixteen starts through June

30. But he pitched quite well in half of those starts. He was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Fernando Valenzuela has read many obituaries on the loss of his once-formidable skills. Yet his 10-13 record masks a reasonably creditable season: fifteen good starts and only eight really poor ones. Five times he pitched very well but still was stung with a loss—for example, a 1-0 loss on June 2, a 2-1 heartbreaker on July 4, 2-0 on July 15.

On the other side of the ledger, Houston's Mike Scott, the Senior Circuit's only 20-game winner in 1989, was a less impressive 17-10 in good versus poor starts. Pittsburgh's Bob Walk, a winning 13-10 starter in conventional terms, was a losing 13-15 in good-poor starts. Walk started seven games in which he was rocked for four or more runs—yet somehow escaped without being charged for the loss in any of those seven. On three of the seven he even received credit for the win: a 7-5 victory over the Cards in April, 6-4 over the Expos in August, and 7-4 over Montreal again in September.

While Walk was granted victories for such efforts, Hershiser was being tagged with losses in seven starts in which he allowed two runs or fewer. The AL leader in that hard-luck department was the Tiger Tanana with five such losses. Morgan dropped five such heartbreakers before July 1, which says that if it was tough to pitch for the Tigers in 1989, it was even worse to have the Dodgers behind you—ask Hershiser, Morgan, or Fernando.

One interesting record is that of the Cub Scott Sanderson. Sanderson was among the luckiest NL hurlers, with seven victories in starts where he was not pitching especially well. Yet on five other occasions he pitched brilliantly but lost, a figure exceeded only by Hershiser's seven, though tied by Tanana and six other NL unfortunates.

Table 5. "Unluckiest": pitchers with most losses in starts where they held opponents to 2 or fewer runs in at least 6 innings pitched

American League		National League			
Tanana, Det	5	Hershiser, LA	7		
		Sanderson, Chi	5	Smith, Mon	5
		Mahler, Cin	5	Darling, NY	5
		Morgan, LA	5	Hill, St L	5
		Valenzuela, LA	5		

Another oddity was the performance of Walt Terrell. With the Padres through most of July, Terrell was a hard-luck pitcher: While posting a miserable 5-13 won-lost record, he actually pitched well in ten of nineteen starts. His ERA at San Diego was 4.01. Transferred to the Yankees, Terrell suddenly turned into one of the luckier men around—a characterization not normally applied to exiles to the Steinbrenner workhouse—posting a winning record (6-5) despite turning in only two effective starts in 13 tries, and sporting a monstrous 5.28 ERA. At San Diego, he had lost games in which he yielded only one earned run (e.g., April 13, June 18); at New York he won games by scores of 11-3, 6-4, 11-5, and 5-3.

Is this kind of analysis useful in predicting next year's performances? Does the law of averages catch up with the lucky or reward the unlucky? Does a trade from a weak-hitting to a power-laden team promise a major turnaround for pitchers who hurled a strong portion of "good" starts though showing a mediocre W-L record?

MORE POINTEDLY, will veterans like Bryn Smith or Bud Black blossom forth at last? Will talented young artists like Scott Bankhead or Mike Morgan, who have never had an impressive year, but who have shown in 1989 that they can be consistently effective, finally win big? Will unsuspected talents among newcomers suddenly shine—like Cardinal Ken Hill (7-15 in Won-Lost, but 14-10 in good-vs-poor)? Or Bob Milacki, who pitched as many good starts as (and is a year younger than) the more publicized Oriole Jeff Ballard? Or John Smoltz, who is younger than Tom Glavine, and who pitched more effectively, though his W-L record was less handsome? How about the ill-starred DuBois of Detroit?

For all these and others, it will be interesting to look at 1990 performances in light of these records compiled in 1989.

In the winter of 1987-1988, SABRmetrician Bill James showed that Danny Jackson's 9-18 record at Kansas City masked a very high proportion of well-pitched games. On that basis, James hinted that 1988 might be a significantly better year for Jackson, who had been traded to Cincinnati. Sure enough, Jackson went 23-8 for the Reds in 1988, making both himself and James look good. But—lest we put too much faith in the predictive value of the foregoing analysis—be it noted what happened to Jackson last year: back down to 6-11.

So, while this new look at pitching effectiveness may be worth some attention, prediction is a hazardous game, as Wally Pipp, Thomas E. Dewey, and Louis XVI will be glad to tell us.

The Yankee-California Connection

ED GOLDSTEIN

Though young men were reluctant to go east before World War II, the Yankees mined a Golden State lode that helped them dominate baseball for 40 years.

THEY STOOD on opposite coasts of our continent, and stood also for two ways of life. One, the sun-drenched land of endless opportunities and freedoms, where everything grew in lush abundance and shopgirls became stars overnight. The other, the gray monolith within the gray monolith, the team that could not lose inside the city that dictated the cultural and economic destiny of the country. If one were to do a free association during the span of the New York Yankees' 40-year dominance of the sport, an association with the state of California would not be readily expected. But upon investigation, a surprisingly large number of ballplayers sprang from the Golden State to patrol the green fields of the Bronx in their glory days.

Currently, of course, Californians are sprinkled liberally throughout the rosters of major-league clubs, owing to simple demographics and climatic conditions. Since the end of World War II, California's population has exploded, making it far and away the most populous state, while its mild weather allows for almost year-round baseball playing. In the first half of the century, when the ballplayers of the Yankee dynasty were being born, California's population, while never small, was less than that of the industrial centers of the North and East. The Californian was a comparative rarity on a major-league roster. Further, the Pacific Coast League was considered by many who lived within its boundaries to be almost a third major league. Certainly, it was able to match salaries and facilities with the less-well-off major-league clubs. Many Californian ballplayers, faced with the prospect of joining the Boston Braves, preferred to remain in Los Angeles or San Francisco. It was therefore remarkable for any club to tap into the Californian vein with consistency before 1945.

While much has been made of the farm systems that other clubs, notably the Cardinals, maintained at the same time, the Yankee dynasty is usually portrayed as having been bought, or at least finagled in some vaguely sinister manner. The Rape of the Red Sox, the Henrich free agency and the mind-bogglingly sleazy relationship of the Yankees and Kansas City A's in the 1950s are frequently cited by those who wish to deflate the Yankee image. Nonetheless, the core of the great Yankee teams from 1920 to 1964 were home-grown products who came to the major leagues in pinstripes first. The Yankees maintained a vigorous and knowledgeable scouting staff that kept the flow of talent pouring into the Bronx. Led by Paul Krichell, Joe Devine and Bill Essick, it mined California ballplayers as the '49ers had done with California's gold generations before, and sent them on to the Stadium.

Here is a position-by-position list of the most notable players from California who started their careers with the Yankees before the dynasty crumbled in 1964. A few are immortals, but mostly they are precisely the kind of efficient day-to-day player that keeps a dynasty alive for four decades.

First Base - Consult almost any baseball book written before 1930 that lists a positional all-time all-star team and his name is included. Those who saw him play write with awe of his ability to move with feline quickness around the bag, cutting off bunts in front of the pitcher's mound to tag the batter and wheel and throw out the lead runner. In a time of tiny gloves, dirty misshapen balls and rocky infields, he invented the way first base should be played. He was idolized as few were in his time, his picture appearing daily in the papers and emblazoned on memorabilia of all kinds. Why then, has the name of **Hal Chase**, who sparkled at first for the Yankees from 1905 to 1913, faded from the memories of all but the most ardent fans? Alas, the Nijinsky of the diamond was about as crooked a ballplayer as has ever laced his spikes. The fancy footwork that enabled him to field bunts

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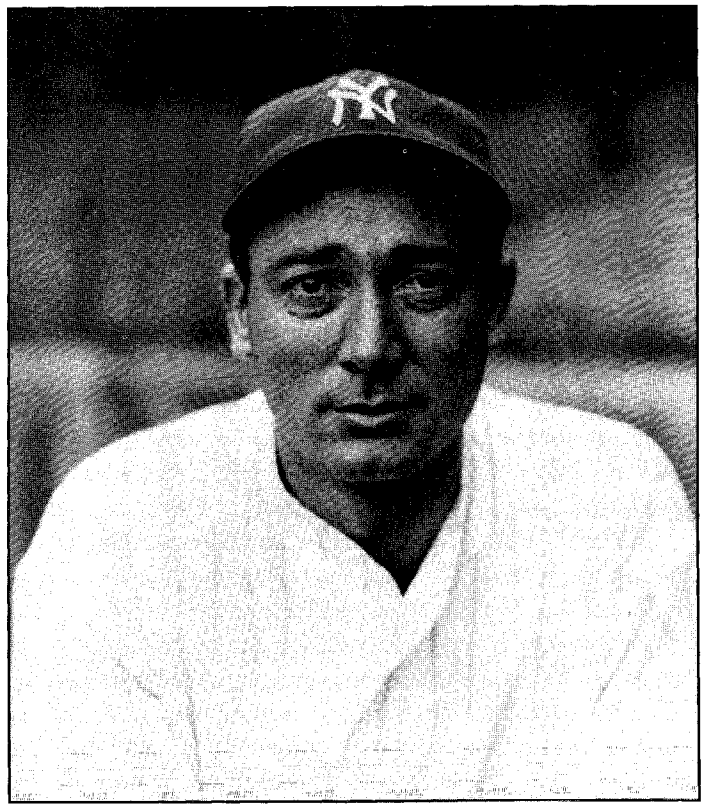
before they touched the ground also enabled him to purposely tangle his feet so well-thrown balls from the other infielders would go as errant tosses. When the mood was upon him, especially when that mood was nourished by a gambler's payoff, Chase's play would suffer, or he would refuse to play entirely. In a move that defies explanation, Chase was appointed manager of the team in the 1910-11 period. Released to the White Sox in 1913, he drifted to the Federal League, joined the Reds for four seasons that included a batting championship and finished with the Giants in 1919. The cloud of suspicion continued to hang over him all of this time, but no charges were ever brought. He never worked in baseball again, though, not surprising in light of the Black Sox scandal coming to light at the same time.

No other Californian has had the same impact at first base as Chase did in the ensuing years. **Babe Dahlgren** did not begin his career as a Yankee, but deserves mention as the man who succeeded (not replaced) Lou Gehrig after the Iron Horse succumbed to ALS in 1939. **Fenton Mole** played 10 games in 1949 and deserves mention for being named Fenton Mole.

Second Base - The most remarkable episode of the Yankee-California connection is to be found at second base. From 1926 to 1957, with a gap of only two years after the war, the Yankees' regular second baseman was a native Californian whose only affiliation to that time was with the New York club. **Tony Lazzeri** held the spot for twelve seasons, 1926-37, and helped the team to the World Series in half of those years. That he is most remembered for striking out at the hands of Grover Cleveland Alexander in his rookie season fall appearance is a disservice to this essential piece of the great Yankee machine. Only the brilliance of the rest of the team has hidden his talents and probably kept him from Cooperstown. Lazzeri was immediately succeeded by **Joe Gordon,** who held the post from 1938 to 1946, with a service interruption in 1944-5. In his seven Yankee seasons he appeared in five World Series. A power hitter who usually drove in close to 100 runs a season, Gordon was the winner of the Most Valuable Player award in 1942, the season in which Ted Williams won his first Triple Crown. While this is usually portrayed as a gross miscarriage of justice, Gordon's .322 average and 103 RBIs are not exactly a poor performance. Gordon was traded to Cleveland for Allie Reynolds after the 1946 season, and starred for three more seasons. After two years the second sack became the home of the slick-fielding **Jerry Coleman** in 1949. While never a slugger of the Lazzeri-Gordon mold, Coleman made himself into a competent hitter, and won the baseball writers' Babe Ruth Award as the MVP of the 1950 World Series. Military obligations called Coleman away in 1952, but as usual there was a Californian ready to take his place. Alfred Manuel Pesano, known to all as **Billy Martin**, held the position, on and off with Coleman, 1950-57. Bluster, pugilism, alcohol and now death have forever blurred the truth about this ardent competitor, but there is no denying his burning need to compete or the fact of his stellar play in the 1953 World Series, going 12 for 24 with eight RBI and winning the Series MVP. The one year, 1954, when both Martin and Coleman were in the service, their place at second was taken by Gil McDougald, yet another Californian, but his story lies elsewhere. Rounding out the position are two substitutes from the Coast, **Jimmy Reese**, who once roomed with Babe Ruth's luggage, and **Gerry Priddy**, who played briefly before World War II.



Californian Tony Lazzeri

Shortstop - From 1926 through early 1930 the middle of the Yankee infield was patrolled by native San Franciscans, when Tony Lazzeri was joined by **Mark Koenig**. Koenig arrived in 1925 and served as the hit-and-run man behind Earle Combs in the Murderer's Row lineup. Joining the Cubs in 1932 to face the Yankees, he was the focus of the intense bench jockeying in that Series, owing to his alleged monetary mistreatment by Chicago, which culminated in Babe Ruth's Called Shot. Another San Franciscan made Koenig's departure possible, as **Frankie Crosetti** held the spot as a regular from 1932 to 1939 and continued with the club as a player through 1948 and as a coach through 1965. Never a spectacular player, Crosetti was a reliable part of the club for many seasons, and a setup man for the power hitters who followed him in the lineup.

Third Base - Where do you put **Gil McDougald?** The statistics say he was mostly a second baseman—599 games there, 508 at third and 284 at short. But anyone who followed the Yankees in the '50s knows that this talented infielder was equally at home at any of the positions, and might as well be listed at third, especially in light of the Californian log-jam already at second. The 1951 Rookie of the Year was especially prized by Casey Stengel, who knew that no matter how he platooned and juggled his lineup, there was always a place for the versatile Gil. **Andy Carey** also served under Stengel, and was the regular third baseman in 1954-56. In Don Larsen's perfect game in the 1956 World Series Carey and McDougald combined for the game's most spectacular play, when a hard liner by Jackie Robinson caromed off Carey's glove to McDougald, who threw Robinson out by a step.

Outfield - Bob Meusel is one of the more puzzling figures in Yankee history. The regular leftfielder for the entire decade of the 1920s, he possessed one of the truly legendary arms in baseball history. He could be counted on for a typical season of .300, with 40 doubles, 10 triples, 15 home runs and 100 runs batted in. And yet, there was always something missing, a seeming reluctance to care very much about what was happening, a lack of hustle. Perhaps it was laboring in the immense Ruthian shadow, out of which he emerged only in the Big Bellyache season of 1925 to lead the league in home runs and RBIs. Perhaps it was just temperament. In any event there is the feeling that his was a somewhat wasted career.

No such feeling surrounds **Joe DiMaggio**. There is little more to say here about the man voted the greatest living baseball player. He arrived in New York in 1936 after electrifying the Pacific Coast League with the San Francisco Seals. From then until 1951 he became, and remains, the epitome of the New York Yankees, a ballplayer of incomparable grace, and at the same time almost ruthless (no pun intended) efficiency. Suffice it to say he probably is one of the few ballplayers to be held in awe not only by his colleagues, but by the working press as well.

Myril Hoag also patrolled the Yankee outfield in the 1930s, mostly as the right-handed platoon. Usually playing about 100 games, he would produce a steady average close to .300 and 35 to 45 RBIs. He hit .320 in three World Series. **Jackie Jensen** was groomed to be a great Yankee outfielder upon his arrival in 1950. In fact, Opening Day 1951 found him flanking DiMaggio in left field. But on Joe's other flank was Mickey Mantle, whose superior talent, coupled with Jensen's inconsistency, led to Jackie's departure to Washington in 1952. He went on to Boston, where he starred for seven seasons, including a 1958 MVP.

Catcher - Great Yankee catchers come from Little Rock, St. Louis and Akron. **Charlie Silvera** spent ten seasons watching Yogi Berra from the bullpen. **Gus Triandos** was slated for the same fate until he was part of the legendary 18-man trade with Baltimore that made him the recipient of Hoyt Wilhelm's knuckler and more passed balls than he deserved. **Lou Berberet** caught four games for the Yanks before becoming a semi-regular for Washington and Detroit. Yes, folks, this is a thin position.

Pitcher - Ernie Bonham starred briefly in the early World War II years. He peaked at 21-5 in 1941 and 15-8 the next year before tailing off to a .500 pitcher and off to Pittsburgh in 1947. Hall of Famer **Lefty Gomez** spent all but one year in a Yankee uniform. From 1930 to 1942 he was a starter, a four-time 20-game winner, and holder of a perfect 6-0 record in World Series play. **Tom Morgan** was a versatile starter-reliever in 1951-56. He was 11-5 in 1954 and saved 11 in 1956. **Wild Bill Piercy** was a contributor to the early dynasty. He was 5-4 for the 1921 AL champs. **Butch Wensloff** was a contributor to a wartime pennant, going 13-11 for the 1943 club, then returning in 1947 to go 3-1 and relieve in the Series. And finally, under the heading of The One That Got Away, the 1919-22 Yanks couldn't figure out what to do with a pitcher who gave them 24 innings and couldn't stop the opposition from scoring. They sent him to Boston, which gave up on him, too. So **Lefty O'Doul** went back to the Coast League, became a full-time outfielder, and returned to the National League, where he won two batting crowns, one of them with the Phils in 1929 when he batted .398.

The Yankee Dynasty, along with Yankee dignity, is but a memory. California dreams are still available, but at a steep price, and Los Angeles is the drug capital of the United States. But in a happily remembered, if not happier, time, they combined in a remarkable partnership the like of which we will not see again.

Californians who debuted as a Yankee before 1964.

Player	Hometown	Player	Hometown
Lou Berberet	Long Beach	Eddie Bockman	Santa Ana
Ernie Bonham	Ione	Andy Carey	Oakland
Hal Chase	Los Gatos	Jerry Coleman	San Jose
Frank Crosetti	San Francisco	Joe DiMaggio	Martinez
Lefty Gomez	Rodeo	Joe Gordon	Los Angeles
Myril Hoag	Davis	Jack Jensen	San Francisco
Bob Keefe	Folsom	Mark Koenig	San Francisco
Tony Lazzeri	San Francisco	Billy Martin	Oakland
Gil McDougald	San Francisco	Bob Meusel	San Jose
Fenton Mole	San Leandro	Tom Morgan	El Monte
Lefty O'Doul	San Francisco	Bill Piercy	El Monte
Gerry Priddy	Los Angeles	Jimmy Reese	Los Angeles
Art Schallock	Mill Valley	Charlie Silvera	San Francisco
Gus Triandos	San Francisco	Roxy Walters	San Francisco
Butch Wensloff	Sausalito		

Yankees Score In 308 Consecutive Games

L. ROBERT DAVIDS

Many baseball historians argue that the Yankees were even stronger in the 1930's than they were in the '20s. You wouldn't get much of an argument from the pitchers who faced them.

THE NEW YORK YANKEES established one of the greatest team batting records when they scored at least one run in 308 consecutive games from August 3, 1931 through August 2, 1933. No team ever came close to that mark; in fact, only two other teams completed one season without being shut out. They were Philadelphia and Boston of the National League in 1894, the biggest hitting season in major-league history. The 12-team league had a batting average of .309, with the Phillies hitting an all-time high of .349 and Boston .331. Though the National League was playing a 132-game schedule in 1894, Boston, with Hugh Duffy hitting .438, scored 1,221 runs for the all-time season high. Even so, the Phillies' scoring streak ran longer: 182 games, from August 17, 1893 through May 10, 1895.

In 1931 Ruth and Gehrig were having another of their classic seasons. They tied in leadership with 46 home runs and Lou broke his own league RBI record with 184. Even so, former teammate Wilcy Moore of Boston shut out the Yankees 1-0 on three hits in Boston August 2, 1931, beating George Pipgras when a Red Sox runner scored on an error in the ninth. This shutout, which would grow in significance as time passed, was played before a record crowd of 40,000 at Braves Field. (At that time there were Sunday religious restrictions on the use of Fenway Park.) The Yankees started their consecutive-game scoring streak the next day with a 9-8 win over the Bosox.

The accompanying chart includes all the Yankee games in the streak when they scored only one run. We will discuss some of those contests, as well as games in which the Yankees were scoreless going into the ninth inning.

On August 14, 1931, with the streak only nine games old, Willis Hudlin of Cleveland had the Yankees down 9-0 entering the ninth. However, Gehrig walked, moved to second on a single by Ben Chapman, and scored on another single by Lyn Lary. On August 19, Walter Stewart of the St. Louis Browns had New York blanked through eight innings. In the ninth Gehrig singled, Chapman doubled, Lary and Bill Dickey went out, Tony Lazzeri singled, and Myril Hoag doubled. The rally ended with three runs on the board, but the Browns won with seven.

The Yanks were in a similar situation on September 12 when Vic Frasier of the White Sox had them down 3-0 in the ninth. Then Lary walked and Lazzeri doubled. Ruth was brought in to pinch hit for Ruffing but popped up, leaving the team still scoreless with two out in the ninth. However, Sam Byrd knocked in two runs and Joe Sewell drove in another to tie the score. New York still lost 8-5 in 13.

On several occasions, the Yankees scored only one run but won as a result of outstanding pitching. On May 6, 1932, George Pipgras beat Earl Whitehill of the Tigers 1-0 on Chapman's RBI single scoring Gehrig. On June 19, 1932, Johnny Allen outdueled Sam Jones of Chicago 1-0 as Chapman singled in Combs. On August 13, 1932, the Yankees and Senators were scoreless through nine. In the 10th, pitcher Red Ruffing hit a home run to beat Al Thomas 1-0.

The Yankees struggled against Lefty Grove on May 22, 1932, and the Philadelphia southpaw held them scoreless into the ninth. Then Ruth singled and Gehrig bounced a triple off the wall. After Chapman singled in Gehrig, Grove settled down and retired the next three batters for a 4-2 win.

The Yankees had back-to-back scares with Washington hurlers on September 1 and 2, 1932. In the first game Al Crowder had the Bombers blanked with one out in the ninth. Then he walked Chapman and Lary. Ruffing, pinch hitting, singled in Chapman, and Lary scored on an infield out by Combs. The final score was 6-2. This was one of 20 games when the Yankees scored two runs; they won four of them. The next day, Firpo Marberry had the Yanks shut out

L. Robert Davids, a writer and historian, is the founder of SABR.

through eight. This time Ruth walked in the ninth and Gehrig batted him in with a triple to the flagpole to make the score 7-1 Washington. Newspaper coverage indicated that both teams were aware of the streak and New York was obviously relieved to get on the scoreboard. When the Yankees completed the 1932 schedule they became the first team to avoid the whitewash in a 154-game season.

There were no cliff-hangers for the Yankees in 1933 until late July. They got only one run off Cleveland's Monte Pearson in a 2-1 loss July 22. On July 26 they broke up a scoreless game with the Red Sox when they scored once in the eighth and once in the ninth to give Lefty Gomez a 2-0 victory. The next day they again could not score until the eighth and lost to the Senators 3-2 in 10 innings.

The end finally came in early August. After being drubbed 16-3 by the Athletics on the second, Lefty Grove ended the Yankees' long streak by shutting them down 7-0 on August 3. This game had several dramatic moments. The Yanks got two men on in the fourth, but the hard-throwing southpaw fanned Gehrig and retired Chapman on a groundout. In the sixth Combs singled and Joe Sewell walked but Grove fanned both Ruth and Gehrig. Then New York loaded the bases in the eighth with one out, but Grove fanned Ruth for the third time and got Gehrig on a fly to center. Combs got three of the five hits off Grove, who also walked five. The streak stoppage was headlined in newspapers across the country. John Drebinger wrote in the New York Times, "Never was Grove more brilliant then when he turned back these great hitters on three occasions when it seemed almost certain the Yanks would count." It was appropriate that the streak should be stopped by the greatest pitcher of that era.

In the 308-game scoring streak, the Yankees won 203 games and lost 102 for a percentage of .666 (there were two tie games and a protested game where the runs counted). The club scored 1,986 runs (6.5 per game) to 1,434 for the opposition. New York hurlers shut out the opposition 22 times, including four straight May 11-16, 1932, while the Yankees continued to score in each game. The accompanying chart, which cites the players who were instrumental in putting crucial runs on the board, indicates a generally balanced team effort. Gehrig scored the most runs during the streak, 284, and also knocked in the most, 310. Ruth, Chapman, Lazzeri, and Combs were the next biggest contributors.

Yankee One-Run Games During Streak

On Aug. 2, 1931(2), Wilcy Moore of the Red Sox shuts out the Yankees 1-0.

Aug. 5 1931	Lost 5-1 to Boston (MacFayden);	Gehrig double scores Ruth in 1st
Aug. 14 1931(2)	Lost 9-1 to Clev (Hudlin);	Lary single scores Gehrig in 9th
Sep. 6 1931	Lost 4-1 to Wash (Crowder);	Sewell drives in Combs in 6th
Sep. 11 1931	Lost 3-1 to Chi (Lyons);	Combs hits home run in 6th
Sep. 21 1931	Lost 5-1 to Clev (Ferrell);	Chapman singles in Sewell in 6th
May 6 1932	Won 1-0 over Det (Pipgras over Whitehill);	Chapman singles in Gehrig in 2nd
May 28 1932(1)	Lost 5-1 to Wash (Lloyd Brown);	Ruth hits home run in 6th
June 15 1932	Lost 2-1 to Chi (Jones/Faber);	Gehrig hits home run in 2nd
June 19 1932	Won 1-0 over Chi (Allen over Jones);	Chapman singles in Combs in 1st
July 16 1932	Lost 8-1 to Clev (Harder);	Crosetti GDP scores Lazzeri in 4th
July 27 1932(1)	Lost 2-1 to Clev (Hildebrand);	Crosetti singles in Combs in 2nd
Aug. 13 1932	Won 1-0 over Wash (Ruffing over Thomas);	Ruffing hits homer in 10th
Aug. 22 1932	Lost 5-1 to StL (Hadley);	Sewell drives in Combs who tripled in 1st
Sep. 2 1932	Lost 7-1 to Wash (Marberry);	Gehrig triple scores Ruth in 9th
Sep. 9 1932(2)	Lost 4-1 to Det (Marrow 5-inG);	Byrd singles in MacFayden in 3rd
Sep. 18 1932(2)	Lost 2-1 to StL (Gray in 10);	Hoag singles in Gehrig in 4th
May 14 1933(1)	Lost 5-1 to StL (Wells);	Ruth's out scores Combs in 5th
July 22 1933	Lost 2-1 to Clev (Pearson);	Chapman singles Ruth home in 3rd

On Aug. 3, 1933, Lefty Grove of the Athletics shuts out the Yankees 7-0.

George Hausmann Recalls The Mexican League of 1946-47

GERALD F. VAUGHN

A crack Giant second baseman and bunter, Hausmann went south for better pay and play. He returned with memories of an important chapter in baseball history.

MEXICANS LOVE BASEBALL, and the Mexican League is one of the top minor leagues in existence. Affiliated with Organized Baseball since 1955, it began as an independent league in 1925. By the early 1940s its quality of play reached that of a Class B or C minor league.

In 1946 and 1947 Mexican millionaire businessman Jorge Pasquel and his family, on behalf of the Mexican government, undertook the herculean task of upgrading the league to the point where it could compete with the majors. The Pasquels made a valiant effort and succeeded in temporarily raising the league's performance to perhaps equal that of Double-A, with one or two teams capable of competing in the Triple-A.

The Pasquels subsidized the Mexican League from their family fortune. They paid big salaries and offered other inducements such as free housing, medical and dental care, and use of a car, to lure players from the U.S. In 1946 and 1947 about one-fifth of the Mexican League's 150 or more players had played in the U.S. major leagues or high minors.

One of the star major leaguers attracted by the Pasquels—and a key contributor on the 1947 Monterrey championship team—was former New York Giants second baseman George Hausmann. George was born in St. Louis, and came to the Giants as a 28-year old rookie in 1944. He quickly established himself as a fielder comparable to stars like Eddie Stanky, Emil Verban, Don Johnson, and Pete Coscarart.

Hausmann also was an expert bunter and an adept contact hitter noted for advancing runners. In 1944 he led the National League with 27 sacrifice hits.

The record books show George at 5'5" and 145 pounds, though he was 5'4½" and closer to 135 pounds when he came to the Giants. His memories of the big leagues include his first home run, an inside-the-park blow to right center in a 5-4 loss to the Cincinnati Reds circa August 1, 1944. He scampered around the bases so fast there was no play at the plate.

Hausmann's best offensive day came in a doubleheader win against the Pittsburgh Pirates on June 27, 1945. In the first game, which the Giants won 10-4, he had four hits off Al Gerheauser. In the second game Hausmann already had two hits off Preacher Roe when, in the ninth inning, he hit a two-out two-strike double off Roe to knock in two runs and win the game 3-2.

This came after a doubleheader against the Philadelphia Phillies where George was three for four in each game. He went 13-for-16 over these four games. George led the Giants in hits and runs scored in 1945.

The Giants substantially improved their won-loss records both seasons and set a new home attendance record in 1945. Yet George had been sent (and reluctantly signed) a 1946 contract for the same amount he got in 1945, $7,000, even though he "did a $10,000 job as a regular second sacker for the Giants in '45," as one teammate was quoted in the press.

Moreover, despite his aggressive and steadily improving play in 1944-45, George was not assured of the second-base job in spring training of 1946. Manager Mel Ott wanted to take a good look at returning servicemen Buddy Blattner and Mickey Witek. For the first five weeks of spring training, Hausmann was scarcely given a chance at the job. After six weeks Ott was still undecided.

Hausmann was 30 years old, with a wife and children, and his situation with the Giants was tenuous. When the Pasquels were willing to pay him $13,000 a year for three years in Mexico, plus a $5,000 bonus for signing and all the perquisites, how could he refuse? For breaking his Giant contract and playing in Mexico, George and others who did likewise

Gerald F. Vaughn is a member of SABR's Latin America Committee. *He wishes to thank George Hausmann and SABR members Peter Bjarkman, Jack Dougherty, Bob Hoie, and Jorge Menendez for their assistance in preparing this article.*

were banned from organized baseball for five years by Commissioner Happy Chandler on April 26, 1946.

The Mexican League was quite different from today's modern version and equally dissimilar from the major leagues of the time. The ballparks were rickety wooden structures, usually without rooms for dressing and showers. The stands seldom had aisles, so spectators climbed over each other to reach their seats. The fans were noisy, demonstrative, and occasionally hostile, since money rode on every umpire's decision.

The infields were all dirt. Railroad tracks came across the outfield at Tampico. The hot climate and high elevations were uncomfortable. Hotel and travel accommodations left much to be desired. Language was a barrier, and the spicy food and unsafe drinking water plagued many an American player.

"I joined the Torreon club in Mexico City early in April, a few games into the season," recalls Hausmann who is now 74 and living in Boerne, Texas. "When I arrived at the park, a photographer wanted to take a picture of me with Martin Dihigo, our manager. Martin [pronounced 'Mar-teen'] was very considerate. I would have been greatly honored to have a picture taken with Martin Dihigo. But he wanted me to get the star treatment, and he stepped aside and told the photographer to take the picture of me by myself."

The Torreon team of 1946 went 50-47. It probably should have won more, but most of George's teammates had off-years. Torreon's best hitter was former major leaguer Rene Monteagudo, a short stocky white Cuban outfielder who had been a fine lefthanded pitcher before hurting his arm. With Torreon in 1946 he hit .339 and led the team in RBIs. The other two regular outfielders were Manuel (Popeye) Salvatierra and Jesus (Chanquilon) Diaz, both Mexicans. They were good hitters in other seasons but fell off in 1946.

Around the infield Torreon had Woody Bell at first base, George Hausmann at second, Avelino Cañizares at short, and no regular third baseman. Hausmann hit .306, led the league in triples, and paced the team in runs scored and sacrifice hits. His fifteen triples tied the league record that had been set by James (Cool Papa) Bell in 1940 and equalled by Bell in 1941.

Torreon's catcher was Myron (Red) Hayworth, who had played in the American League. Red was a steady, dependable catcher and good clutch hitter.

The team's main weakness seemed to be power. "We didn't have any consistent longball threats except Dihigo, and he wasn't an everyday player anymore," George says. "Our pitchers were under constant pressure to keep the runs down so we had a chance to win."

Dihigo, a member of halls of fame in the U.S., Mexico, and Cuba, was Torreon's best pitcher. A righthanded, black Cuban, he was 41 years old in 1946, his last year as a regular player. Mostly he pitched and pinch-hit; he managed from the bench when he wasn't pitching. Still one of the best pitchers in the Mexican League, he won 11 and lost only four to lead the league in winning percentage. His ERA was 2.83. He also hit .316.

Dihigo was the team's biggest winner. Torreon also had Wilfredo Salas, a black Cuban righthander who gave up few runs but got little hitting support, and Homer Gibson, a fine pitcher from the Texas League.

George had a good year and was a mainstay on the team. However, the Torreon franchise folded and his future in the Mexican League became uncertain. Because the entire league was in serious financial trouble, the Pasquels were under pressure to cut the big salaries and perquisites of the major leaguers. The infusion of talent, while upgrading the quality of play, had not boosted attendance enough to cover the costs.

Moreover, there was understandable jealousy among Mexican players toward the Americans. Many of the major leaguers were paid over $10,000 a year. A top U.S. Negro leaguer like Ray Dandridge got around $10,000 in Mexico. The average native Mexican player, by contrast, was paid perhaps $2,500. Some of the best Mexicans made $5,000-$6,000, with a top star such as Roberto Avila getting a reported $7,500. Furthermore, the Mexicans got no perquisites.

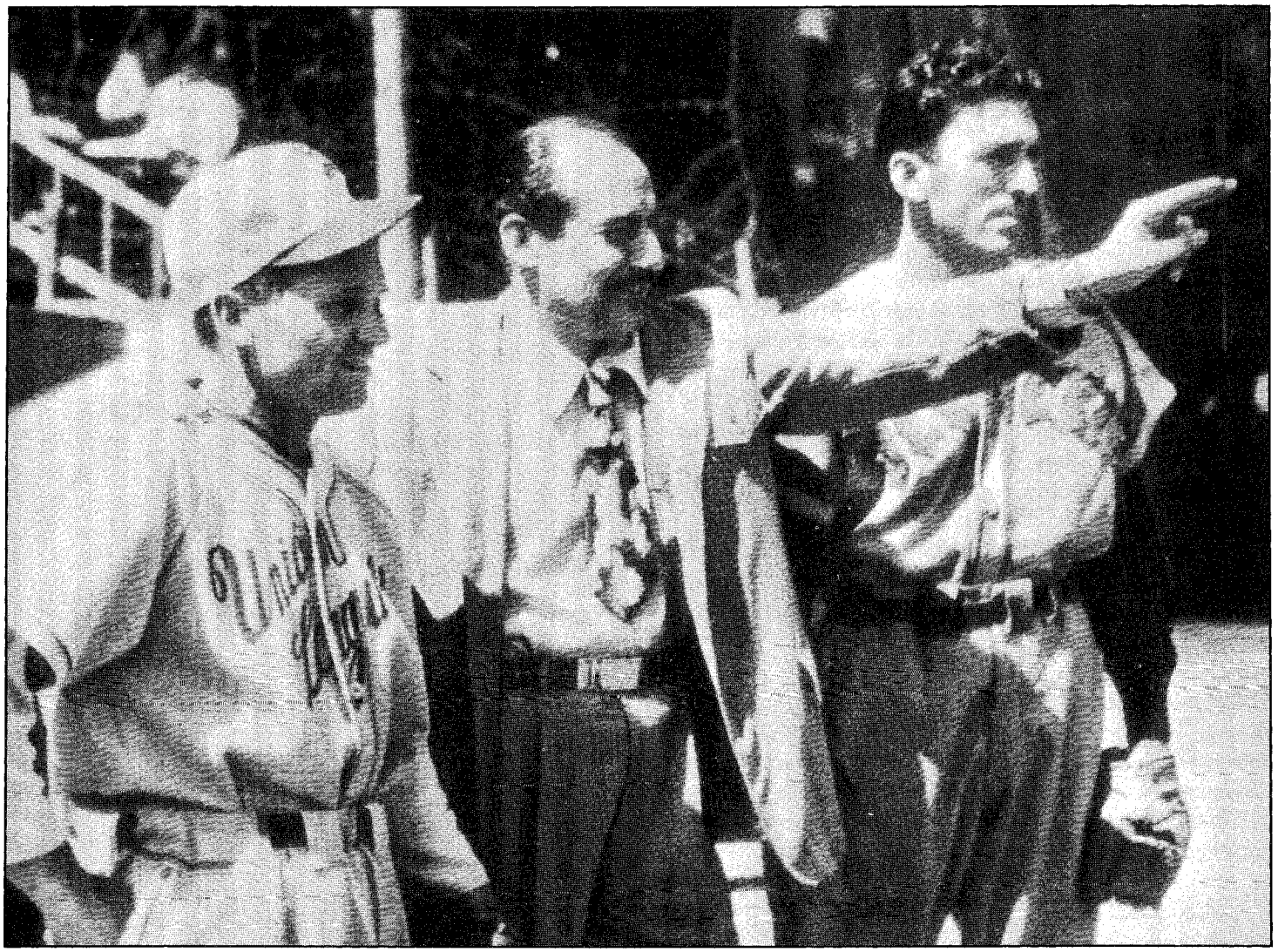
As the 1947 season neared, Hausmann called the Pasquel family and asked where he stood. He was told he would play for Mexico City in 1947, but his salary would be cut. He wasn't happy about the situation. About that time, Guillermo Ferrara, the general manager for Monterrey, called him and said he could get George's assignment changed if he wanted to play for Monterrey instead.

"One of the things Monterrey agreed to let me do was live at home in Texas and drive into Mexico when the games were played," Hausmann says. "We only played on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. There was a practice early in the week, and I asked permission to skip the practice so long as I was playing well. The club agreed. My salary, however, was cut to $9,000."

Monterrey had a strong team in 1947, the best in the Mexican League during the two years of rivalry with the U.S. majors. Monterrey led the league in hitting and fielding, winning 70 and losing 47 to take the league championship in a 120-game season. They clinched the pennant on October 13 by beating Vera Cruz 5-4 in ten innings.

The Monterrey infield had Carlos Blanco, a black Cuban at first base. He was the team's leading hitter at .321 and led the league's first basemen in fielding. He had played in the U.S. Negro leagues. At third base was Pablo Garcia, a black Cuban who hit well and led the team in steals. Lou Klein, the former St. Louis Cardinal, was at short and George Hausmann at second.

"Lou and I were disillusioned, or at least I was, but we played hard just like the first season," George says. A recent



George Hausmann, Bernardo Pasquel and Sal Maglie.

While playing in Mexico in 1946-47, George had the pleasure to watch future major leaguers such as Roberto Avila and Hector Rodriguez and was impressed by their skills. There also were a number of Mexican League players George played with or against who never played in the major leagues, but probably could have. His observations about some of them follow.

Woodrow Bell: "Woody was a lefthanded outfielder and first baseman, a natural line-drive hitter. But his line drives didn't rise and they didn't sink. They seemed to hang up there just long enough for fielders to catch them. I thought, if Woody could have been taught to change his wrist action, he could have put different spin on those line drives and gotten more hits. He had played in the Texas League, but at Torreon he hit over .300, had an outstanding year, and really showed his potential. He hit a grand slam home run in the Mexican League All-Star Game of 1946."

Ramon Bragaña: "Ramon, a righthanded black Cuban, was a great pitcher. He was the Mexican League's only 30-game winner; it came during World War II. He threw a major league fastball and slider. We played against each other in Mexico but on the same team in Cuba. He was a tough competitor."

Avelino Cañizares: "Avelino was a black Cuban shortstop who had starred in the Negro leagues. He was a fine fielder and consistently hit around .300. Avelino and I worked very well together around second base, and I feel he could have played in the major leagues."

Angel Castro: "Angel was a native Mexican first baseman. He hit with a lot of power and led the league several times in homers and RBIs. He also was a good fielder."

James (Buzz or Bus) Clarkson: "Buzz was a hard-hitting infielder from the Negro leagues, lots of power, hit for good average and lots of RBIs. He played shortstop and third base in the Mexican League and was a good fielder. Buzz later played in the American Association and led the Texas League in homers. I thought he'd become a big-league star, but his age was against him and all he had was a cup of coffee in the majors."

Ray Dandridge: "Ray was a super Negro leaguer and also played for years in Cuba and Mexico. I liked him immediately because he was short like me. Ray could play excellent shortstop and third base, make

book celebrating the 50th anniversary of Monterrey's operation in the Mexican League reported:

> The double-play "key" that Hausmann, at second, and Klein, at shortstop, formed, worked marvelously. Many think that this key is one of the best of all-time. They played like two major leaguers!

Harry Donovan, who umpired in the Mexican League at that time, told the Sporting News: "Monterrey won the championship last year strictly on the fielding play of Lou Klein and George Hausmann around short and second base." To which George replies: "That was nice of Mr. Donovan to say but an exaggeration of course...we had good offense and good pitching and were strong up the middle from catcher out to center field."

According to George, manager Lazaro Salazar liked to play for one run at a time, so the team bunted a lot to advance runners. As usual, bunting was Hausmann's specialty. He led the league with 27 sacrifice hits, and the team led the league as well with 114—both league records despite the unusually short season.

In the outfield Monterrey had rightfielder Epitacio (La Mala) Torres, a Mexican; centerfielder Agustin Bejerano, a black Cuban; and leftfielder Eduardo Reyes, a Mexican. Torres and Bejerano were longtime stars of the Mexican League. The team had a very capable utility player, Hector Leal, a Mexican who was versatile and a good hitter. The catcher was white Cuban Andres Fleitas, who had played in the International League and was one of the Mexican League's better catchers in George's estimation.

Monterrey's top winning pitcher was Daniel Rios with seventeen victories, including five shutouts and an eleven-inning no-hitter. The team also had Armando (Indian) Torres, a black Cuban righthander and former Negro leaguer who was 14-6 for the best winning percentage in the league. He threw two shutouts.

Alejandro (Alexander) Carrasquel, the former major league righthander from Venezuela, was with Monterrey as both a starter and reliever. He pitched in 51 games and led the league in appearances. He also paced the team's pitchers in ERA with 3.03. "I batted against Alex the year before when he pitched for Vera Cruz and Mexico City," George recollects. "I never could hit that guy."

In 1947 when Monterrey won the championship, they were leading the league when Sal Maglie shut them out 3-0 on one hit, a single by Carlos Blanco. "Sal Maglie was the best pitcher in the Mexican League those two years," George states. "You know, Sal's approach to pitching was high inside and low outside, which Dolf Luque taught him. Hitters didn't appreciate Sal's throwing high inside so much; that's why he was called 'The Barber.' He and I were teammates on the Giants and came to Mexico together, and he and I and our wives got together whenever we could in Mexico. I think Sal may have taken it a little easy on me when I batted against him. He kept the ball around the plate on me. One game I got a triple off him. When I was standing on third base, I heard his manager or coach or somebody on his team get on him about it. But otherwise he was always tough on us at Torreon and Monterrey."

"Sal learned from Dolf Luque at Puebla," George continues. "Their relationship went back to when we were all together on the Giants. Dolf was pitching coach and very good at working with the pitchers. He was so knowledgeable about the game that he was able to help Ott in a lot of ways. Dolf was almost an assistant manager to Mel." (See the feature on Luque by Peter C. Bjarkman in this issue.)

Hausmann was selected to play in the Mexican League

all the plays. He was a great contact hitter. He didn't get to play in the big leagues, but he's in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown and definitely deserves the honor."

Martin Dihigo: "I respected Martin greatly as a player and manager. He spoke real good English, so we communicated easily. He was firm yet he had a nice personality and was well-liked by his players.

"The fans respected him too. One game the fans started to come on the field after an umpire made a call they didn't like. It was getting real nasty, almost a riot. When they came toward the umpire, Martin stepped out in front and just held up his hand signalling 'Stop!' to the crowd. Just like that the people calmed down and went back to their seats, such was their respect for Martin Dihigo."

Agapito Mayor: "Agapito was a white Cuban lefthander, who sort of pitched like Whitey Ford. He had a good curve and good screwball. I played against him in Mexico and with him in Cuba. He was a 20-game winner in Mexico. I thought that with instruction he could have made the major leagues."

Booker McDaniels: "Booker was another real good righthanded pitcher from the U.S. Negro leagues. In Mexico he led the league in strikeouts in both 1946 and 1947. He threw very fast but didn't have much control. Booker probably could have played in the majors with good coaching.

"The first time I ever batted against Booker was in Mexico, and I hit a line drive right between his legs. The next time up I hit a triple. So I'm standing on third base and I heard Booker ask one of his teammates, 'Who's that little fella on third?' The other guy said, 'That's the New York Giants' second baseman George Hausmann.' Booker shook his head and replied, 'Why doesn't somebody tell me these things?'"

Daniel Rios: "Danny was of Mexican ancestry though born in Texas I think. He pitched effectively many seasons in Mexico. He was a 20-game winner there. He was a righthander with good stuff and probably could have made the majors. My last time at bat in Mexico in 1949, I hit a homer off Danny; I was real proud of that."

All-Star games in both 1946 and 1947. He had performed well in Mexico and enjoyed two winters playing in Cuba, but the end was near. In 1946 George and the other major leaguers had received just about everything they were promised. However, the subsidized Mexican League was financially unsound, and salary commitments were not fully honored in 1947. In 1948 the major leaguers were asked to accept a monthly salary cap of $1,000 for the six-month season. Most of them decided not to play in Mexico under those terms.

Max Lanier organized a 14-player barnstorming all-star team to return to the U.S. The players included Lanier and Sal Maglie, who both played in the outfield when they didn't pitch, Harry Feldman, Homer Gibson, Red Hayworth, Jim Steiner, Roy Zimmerman, George Hausmann, Lou Klein, Stan Breard, and Danny Gardella. Lanier bankrolled the venture and bought a big comfortable old bus for the team to travel in. Unfortunately the tour was a financial disaster.

In 1949 the players scattered. Many went to Canada. Hausmann returned to Mexico and started the season with Nuevo Laredo in the Mexican League, where he was playing for $5,000 salary when Commissioner Chandler lifted the ban and offered to reinstate those who had gone to Mexico. George applied and was reinstated June 10, 1949. He signed with the Giants for the major-league minimum salary of $5,000 and was the first player to rejoin his former team.

George reported to the Giants on June 14. He soon wished he had waited until the next spring as Maglie had, so he could have reported in better shape. He was not ready to resume major-league play and did not play often or well. Released by the Giants at the end of the season, George was a part-time player for Houston and Dallas in the Texas League in 1950. He didn't hit well but fielded sensationally, setting a Texas League record with 50 consecutive errorless games at second base. In 1951 he was the regular second baseman for San Antonio in the Texas League. From 1952 through 1956, he was player-manager for several Class A and B teams. He left the game after 1956 and worked at various jobs and business interests until retiring several years ago.

Hausmann is a friendly, congenial man who loves to reminisce about his days in baseball. He holds generally positive feelings about his excursion to Mexico, as well as the reforms in major-league player contracts and benefits that resulted.

Major league club owners, fearful that more players might head south of the border, made important concessions, including the establishment of a $5,000 minimum salary. (When George left the Giants in April, 1946, a number of major leaguers had been making $2,000 or less.) Salaries no longer could be cut more than 25 percent from one season to the next. The two-month spring training, which benefited only the owners through revenues from more exhibition games, was shortened. The baseball pension plan was adopted in 1947 and became effective in 1952. How ironic that in leaving the major leagues George Hausmann and other enterprising Americans helped to improve the lot of every major leaguer.

Lazaro Salazar: "Lazaro was amazing. He pitched, played first base and outfield, and also managed. He was a lefthanded black Cuban, who played in the Negro leagues in the 1930s. Surely he could have been a major-league star. The only question is whether he should have pitched or played in the field; he was so good at both. He was a very good hitter most of his career, though by 1947 he wasn't playing enough to hit consistently well. I think I'm correct that he managed more championship teams in the Mexican League than any other manager. He was nearly as popular as Dihigo."

William (Barney or Bonnie) Serrell: "Barney was an excellent second baseman, good hitter and fielder. I heard he left the States because he felt overlooked when Jackie Robinson and others were selected to integrate baseball first. He played in Mexico for years and still lives there. It's too bad he didn't stay in the U.S. or come back, because eventually he'd have made the majors."

Theolic Smith: "Theolic was a fireballing righthanded black pitcher from St. Louis, Missouri, I think same as me. He was tough in both the Negro leagues and Mexico, a 22-game winner with Mexico City in 1947. He also played outfield and first base, a good hitter, switch-hitter. He could get real upset over an umpire's call, but he had the talent to play in the big leagues."

Epitacio (La Mala) Torres: "Mala turned down several major-league offers. He was actually signed by the Washington Senators around 1943 or 1944 but didn't report, I understand. Mala impressed me as a shy person and may not have had the desire or confidence to come to the States, I don't know. But he was an exceptionally fine all-around ballplayer and led our team in RBIs in 1947."

Burnis (Wild Bill) Wright: "Bill was a big man, very good hitter, a free swinger...fine outfielder. I think he was past his prime when I saw him but a sure major leaguer when he was younger. He had played many years in the Negro leagues as well as in Mexico."

Does the Career Year Exist?

ROBERT A. MURDEN

What is a career year? Do many players have them? Do winning teams have more than their share of career years? Here's a study—with some surprising answers.

THE CONCEPT of the "career year" is one that is mentioned often in baseball discussions. Sportswriters and broadcasters frequently invoke the career year as a method of explaining why certain teams finished first. After all, these supremely knowledgeable baseball mavens couldn't possibly have been wrong in their judgments of the teams' talents, so it must have been a phenomenon such as the career year which caused some teams to win. But does the career year really exist? This research attempts to answer that question: if they do, do winning teams have more than their share of players having such seasons?

This research addresses only batters and whether they have career years. To resolve this issue, the career year must first be defined. Since any one such definition must be quite arbitrary, 27 different definitions, ranging from very exclusive to relatively inclusive, were examined. These definitions evaluated performance in five offensive categories for each year.

The five batting categories chosen were runs, runs batted in, total extra base hits (EBH), batting average (AVG), and stolen bases (SB). These were chosen to reflect importance to the team (runs, RBIs) and to reflect variations in categories related to the batter's primary accomplishments (EBH-sluggers, SB-speed, AVG-reaching base). These five also include or reflect virtually every major batting category except walks. Stolen bases were only examined for players having at least one season of 21 or more, so that differences between three and six stolen bases (100 percent) wouldn't describe a career year. Only years in which players had at least 300 at bats were examined for AVG. The study included all players who had at least five years of 300 or more at bats, or four years of 400 or more at bats and a fifth year of fewer than 300 at bats between the years of 1901 and 1989. Players who were still active at the end of the 1989 season were not included. A total of 996 major league batters fulfilled these criteria and were examined for this research.

The most exclusive definition of a career year that was used required a batter to have had one year in which his numbers in three of the five categories were more than 20 percent better (25 percent for SB, 20 points better for AVG) than the player's second-best performance in each category. The least exclusive definition required one year in which the performance in one of the five categories was more than 20 percent better than the player's third best in that category, while in the other categories the year in question was his best or second best ever, though usually only minimally better. The other 25 definitions fell between these two extremes.

If the most exclusive definition is used, 18 percent of players had a career year, while with the least exclusive, 83 percent of players had a career year. Thus no matter how one envisions the career year, it clearly does exist. But not everyone has one. Furthermore, although these percentages certainly varied with the definition used, all trends remained unchanged regardless of definition. For clarity, therefore, during the remainder of the discussion all statistics reported represent utilizing an intermediate definition in which 41 percent of players were found to have career years. An example of such an intermediate career year is shown for Johnny Temple in Table 1.

Most career years were similar to the one Temple had in 1959, with his EBH total better, and runs and RBIs being much better, than in any other year, though not so much better as to be out of sight. Some players did, however, have extraordinary seasons that far outstripped their performances in other years. The top 30 career years, the ones most

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superior to a player's next best effort, are listed in Table 2. The two most outstanding performances both occurred in the National League in 1970 when Jim Hickman of the Cubs and Cito Gaston of the Padres nearly doubled their next-best year's effort in runs, RBIs, and EBH, while batting 40-60 points higher. In individual categories among the top 30, Johnny Hodapp led with 60 runs more in his career year than in his second best year. Tommy Davis had the greatest RBI differential with 65. Ed Morgan led in EBH with 36 better, and Norm Cash in 1961 hit 82 points higher than in his next best overall season.

In order to better characterize the career year, several factors were examined to see who was most likely to have had one. The length of a career was found to be a factor, as players with at least 10 seasons of 300+ at bats were much less likely than players with only five such seasons to have had a career year. Only 22 percent of 10-year players had a career year as opposed to 64 percent of five-year players who did so. The 89 Hall of Fame position players among the 996 who were examined were similar to the group of 10-year players as a whole, with a slightly lower 21 percent having had a career year.

Career years were clustered in certain seasons but not in specific decades. The seasons with the most number of players having career years were 1911, 1921, 1936, 1953, 1962, and 1977. Many of these are not surprising, coinciding with the end of the dead-ball era in 1921 and expansion in 1962 and 1977. On the other hand, 1918, 1942, and 1968 had the fewest players having career years, coinciding with the dead ball, the war, and the year of the high mound. It might also be expected that players who move to teams playing in hitter's parks would be more likely to have a career year while playing in that park. This appeared to be the case since there was a variation from 31 Cubs to 18 Yankees who had career years.

This issue of teams brings up the second question of whether pennant winners tend to be teams with players having career years. The years 1901-1980 were examined for this analysis. During that interval, 184 of 1414 teams (13 percent) were division or pennant winners. Teams having one or two players with a career year were slightly more likely (15 percent) to finish first. Having at least three players with career years in the same season increased the chances to 17 percent (up to 27 percent with another definition of a career year, but 73 percent of teams with three or more batters having career years did not finish first). A total of 38 percent of all division or pennant winning teams had no players with *any* type of career year using all definitions.

Furthermore, despite the fact that almost half of all players had career years under the intermediate definition, over two-thirds (40 of 59) of teams with more than 100 wins in a season had no players having career years (Table 3). At the top of this list, three-fourths (nine of twelve) of the teams with at least 107 wins had no one with a career year in that season. Many exceptional teams, such as the 1927 Yankees and 1975 Reds, had no players having any type of career year, yet set franchise winning records and demolished the competition. On the other hand, seven of nine teams with three members of their starting eight having intermediate career years failed to win, including the 1961 Indians and 1973 Braves, who finished fifth, and the 1962 KC Athletics, who finished ninth. Three teams had four members of their everyday lineup having career years, yet the 1930 Cubs and 1950 Tigers finished second and the 1930 Dodgers came in fourth. In that year seven of eight starting Dodgers were having some type of career year yet they barely reached the first division, although that was an improvement from sixth place in 1929. The Dodgers of 1988 did considerably better with a decidedly non-career year look.

IN SUMMARY, the career year does exist. Not every player has one, with the percentage varying from 18-83 percent depending on the definition of a career year. Players for certain teams in hitter's parks are somewhat more likely to have a career year, but the more years a player is in the majors the less likely he is to have had one year that stood out. The career hitting year seems to have only a minimal impact on winning pennants, and most of the great teams included no players having career years. Clearly, career pitching years could have an additional impact and need to be examined. However the career year is probably used much too often as an explanation for a team's finish. Having several good, solid, 10-year players is the real key to grabbing a title. Give me a team with a couple of those consistent Hall of Famers any time. That is the team that will win it all.

Table 1
Johnny Temple—career year example

	RUNS	RBI	EBH	AVG	SB
Career year-1959	102	67	49	.311	14
Next best year-1958	82	47	40	.306	15
Best in other years	94	50	28	.307	21

Table 2
Most Outstanding Career Years Since 1901
(Player's 2nd best season below in parentheses)

	Player	Year	RUNS	RBIS	EBH	AVG	SB
1	Jim Hickman	1970	102	115	69	.315	0
			(65	64	34	.272	3)
2	Cito Gaston	1970	92	93	64	.318	4
			(51	57	38	.250	0)
3	Johnny Hodapp	1930	111	121	68	.354	6
			(51	73	39	.323	2)
4	Tommy Davis	1962	120	153	63	.346	18
			(69	88	38	.326	15)
5	Tommy Holmes	1945	125	117	81	.352	15
			(93	73	61	.309	4)
6	Jigger Statz	1923	110	70	51	.319	29
			(77	34	25	.297	16)
7	Joe Gedeon	1920	95	61	39	.292	1
			(57	27	17	.254	4)
8	Howard Shanks	1921	81	69	51	.302	11
			(52	47	27	.250	12)
9	Hank Leiber	1935	110	107	63	.331	0
			(68	86	43	.302	1)
10	Walt Dropo	1950	101	144	70	.322	0
			(69	97	57	.276	2)
11	Norm Cash	1961	119	132	71	.361	11
			(98	93	53	.279	2)
12	Lee Maye	1964	96	74	59	.304	5
			(67	34	40	.271	14)
13	Hank Majeski	1948	88	120	57	.310	2
			(62	67	40	.277	0)
14	Carl Reynolds	1930	103	100	65	.359	16
			(81	67	47	.317	19)
15	Jim Gentile	1961	96	141	73	.302	1
			(80	87	55	.251	1)
16	Jim Delahanty	1911	83	94	47	.339	15
			(56	60	38	.285	16)
17	Bernie Allen	1962	79	64	46	.269	0
			(52	43	30	.240	0)
18	Wally Post	1955	116	109	76	.309	7
			(94	83	64	.249	6)
19	Lew Fonseca	1929	97	103	65	.369	19
			(86	85	44	.312	7)
20	George Foster	1977	124	149	85	.320	6
			(97	120	73	.281	4)
21	Solly Hofman	1910	83	86	43	.325	29
			(66	70	41	.252	30)
22	Mike Lum	1973	74	82	48	.294	2
			(56	55	28	.269	0)
23	Tony Horton	1969	77	93	56	.278	3
			(57	59	46	.249	3)
24	George Stone	1906	91	71	51	.358	35
			(77	59	28	.320	26)
25	Ed Morgan	1930	122	136	84	.349	8
			(87	86	48	.351	4)
26	Buck Herzog	1911	90	67	48	.290	48
			(72	47	31	.263	37)
27	Zoilo Versalles	1965	126	77	76	.273	27
			(94	64	63	.259	14)
28	Roger Bresnahan	1903	87	55	42	.350	34
			(70	54	29	.283	14)
29	Charlie Neal	1959	103	83	60	.287	17
			(87	65	37	.254	7)
30	Don Demeter	1962	85	107	56	.307	2
			(63	83	44	.258	1)

Table 3
Players with Career Years in Teams with 101+ Wins

Team	Wins	Batters with Career Years
1906 Cubs	116	0
1954 Indians	111	1
1909 Pirates	110	0
1927 Yankees	110	0
1961 Yankees	109	1
1969 Orioles	109	2
1970 Orioles	108	0
1975 Reds	108	0
1986 Mets	108	0*
1907 Cubs	107	0
1931 Athletics	107	0
1932 Yankees	107	0
1904 Giants	106	0
1939 Yankees	106	0
1942 Cardinals	106	0
1905 Giants	105	0
1912 Red Sox	105	2
1943 Cardinals	105	0
1944 Cardinals	105	1
1953 Dodgers	105	2
1909 Cubs	104	0
1910 Cubs	104	1
1929 Athletics	104	1
1942 Dodgers	104	0
1946 Red Sox	104	0
1963 Yankees	104	0
1984 Tigers	104	0*
1902 Pirates	103	0
1912 Giants	103	0
1942 Yankees	103	0
1954 Yankees	103	0
1962 Giants	103	2
1968 Tigers	103	0
1980 Yankees	103	0
1910 Athletics	102	0
1930 Athletics	102	0
1936 Yankees	102	1
1937 Yankees	102	1
1962 Dodgers	102	2
1965 Twins	102	1
1970 Reds	102	3
1974 Dodgers	102	0
1976 Reds	102	0
1977 Royals	102	1
1979 Orioles	102	0
1911 Athletics	101	0
1913 Giants	101	0
1915 Red Sox	101	0
1928 Yankees	101	0
1931 Cardinals	101	1
1934 Tigers	101	3
1941 Yankees	101	0
1961 Tigers	101	2
1967 Cardinals	101	1
1971 Orioles	101	0
1971 Athletics	101	0
1976 Phillies	101	0
1977 Phillies	101	0
1985 Cardinals	101	0*

*-Too soon to be certain of no career years

All-Time All-Star Teams

ROBERT C. BERLO

Ever pondered your favorite team's all-time greatest lineup? Sure you have. Here, to the special delight of Red Sox and Giant fans, it's done scientifically

PICKING ALL-STAR TEAMS is an old baseball recreation that now can be subjected to sabermetric analysis. More than 25 years ago Earnshaw Cook's "Percentage Baseball" introduced me to what we now call sabermetrics, and I wasted no time applying analytical techniques to rating players, picking the best for some kind of all-star teams, and playing the teams against one another. My principal interest has been in selecting full 25-man teams for each baseball franchise and for each decade of baseball history.

In choosing the mix of players for each team I usually used modern criteria; this typically resulted in nine pitchers, eight infielders, five outfielders, and three catchers. When someone other than a regular catcher could serve as a third-string catcher, I would go with two catchers. If most of the team's pitchers were accustomed to light duty, I selected 10 pitchers (this happened only for the Yankees). In the case of 19th-century teams, many of whose pitchers could and did pitch every third or second day, I selected only eight pitchers. The tables give the starting lineups, including four starting pitchers and a relief pitcher, for the franchise all-star teams. The full lineups for all franchise and decade teams are available on request.

As Bill James has noted, it can make quite a difference whether one selects players by career value or by peak value. I tried a number of selection methods: entire career, career for one franchise, best 800 games for one franchise, and best 500 games for one franchise. My emphasis is on picking a league of all-star teams for one or more full seasons of play, so I prefer some version of peak value. Since I'm not a great fan of two- or three-season wonders, I've opted for selecting position players according to their best 800 consecutive games for the franchise. (For starting pitchers the criterion is the best 200 consecutive games—350 games for relievers.) These criteria, which cover about six full seasons, reward consistency and some longevity without making it an endurance contest.

Then one has to decide eligibility criteria. Again, I've tried several choices: 500 games, 800 games, and five seasons for the franchise. The criterion here is five seasons. (Federal League players are eligible for the Other Leagues team if they played in both FL seasons.) To avoid penalizing 19th-century pitchers who pitched 250 or 300 games for one team in four seasons and then moved on, I used five seasons or 200 games, whichever was fewer for pitchers.

Can the same player be on more than one team? Here too I've done it both ways. The tables allow players to play on more than one team, but for those of you who want to build your own leagues I've noted how the teams would change if each player were restricted to one team.

Franchise All-Star Teams—Starting Lineups
Selected according to the player's best 800 consecutive games for the franchise (200 games for starting pitchers, 350 games for relievers), as rated by Thorn & Palmer's Total Player Rating (TPR). Minimum five seasons with the franchise. Expansion franchises are grouped into a single team for each league to create a player pool about the same size as that of each of the 16 long-term franchises. Defunct 19th-century NL franchises are similarly grouped into one team, as are the teams from all other major leagues (mostly the American Association). Data include 1989 season.

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National League

	Boston-Milwaukee-Atl.		Brooklyn-Los Angeles		Chicago		
1b	Fred Tenney	14.2	Gil Hodges	13.6	Frank Chance	14.1	1b
2b	Glenn Hubbard	15.0	Jackie Robinson	25.5	Billy Herman	22.3	2b
ss	Rabbit Maranville	16.5	Pee Wee Reese	14.4	Bill Dahlen	24.3	ss
3b	Eddie Mathews	16.5	Pedro Guerrero	20.9	Ron Santo	29.4	3b
rf	Hank Aaron	29.1	Duke Snider	17.9	Bill Nicholson	17.4	rf
cf	Dale Murphy	14.7	Mike Griffin	13.4	George Gore	14.9	cf
lf	Wally Berger	13.8	Jimmy Sheckard	14.1	Hack Wilson	16.0	lf
c	Joe Torre	17.3	Roy Campanella	18.6	Gabby Hartnett	19.2	c
sp	Kid Nichols	26.6	Dazzy Vance	22.6	Mordecai Brown	23.4	sp
	Warren Spahn	17.6	Sandy Koufax	19.0	Clark Griffith	21.4	
	Phil Niekro	16.3	Don Drysdale	16.8	Grover Alexander	19.6	
	Jim Whitney	16.3	Don Newcombe	14.9	Ferguson Jenkins	18.8	
rp	Gene Garber	5.7	Ron Perranoski	5.9	Bruce Sutter	9.9	rp
	Cincinnati		**New York-San Francisco**		**Philadelphia**		
1b	Tony Perez	15.0	Willie McCovey	23.7	Dick Allen	20.1	1b
2b	Joe Morgan	32.3	Frankie Frisch	17.0	Juan Samuel	-0.8	2b
ss	Dave Concepcion	18.4	George Davis	26.9	Dave Bancroft	8.8	ss
3b	Heinie Groh	19.0	Art Devlin	14.2	Mike Schmidt	34.9	3b
rf	Frank Robinson	25.8	Mel Ott	24.1	Chuck Klein	21.4	rf
cf	George Foster	20.8	Willie Mays	35.5	Billy Hamilton	21.6	cf
lf	Pete Rose	17.9	Bobby Bonds	18.0	Ed Delahanty	31.5	lf
c	Johnny Bench	17.8	Buck Ewing	22.4	Jack Clements	12.6	c
sp	Bucky Walters	23.0	Christy Mathewson	27.7	Grover Alexander	22.8	sp
	Dolf Luque	18.1	Carl Hubbell	25.6	Steve Carlton	19.6	
	Noodles Hahn	16.5	Juan Marichal	24.9	Robin Roberts	12.5	
	Jim Maloney	14.2	Amos Rusie	23.9	Al Orth	9.6	
rp	John Franco	7.8	Frank Linzy	7.1	Ron Reed	5.5	rp
	Pittsburgh		**St. Louis**		**Old NL Franchises**		
1b	Willie Stargell	20.0	Johnny Mize	18.5	Dan Brouthers	18.9	1b
2b	Bill Mazeroski	20.5	Rogers Hornsby	36.8	Cupid Childs	20.3	2b
ss	Honus Wagner	35.1	Ozzie Smith	20.6	Jack Glasscock	24.1	ss
3b	Pie Traynor	12.0	Ken Boyer	15.3	John McGraw	13.6	3b
rf	Roberto Clemente	21.9	Stan Musial	28.9	Joe Kelley	16.7	rf
cf	Max Carey	14.2	George Hendrick	7.1	Paul Hines	16.1	cf
lf	Ralph Kiner	21.9	Joe Medwick	18.5	Hardy Richardson	21.4	lf
c	Manny Sanguillen	11.8	Ted Simmons	18.4	Charlie Bennett	17.8	c
sp	Jesse Tannehill	17.6	Bob Gibson	27.3	Cy Young	27.0	sp
	Wilbur Cooper	13.4	Harry Brecheen	18.8	Charley Radbourn	23.1	
	Babe Adams	13.0	Bob Caruthers	17.8	Nig Cuppy	19.5	
	Sam Leever	11.3	Dizzy Dean	15.3	Monte Ward	10.6	
rp	Al McBean	8.3	Al Brazle	7.0	(none)		rp

NL Expansion Teams			Other Major Leagues		
1b	Keith Hernandez	18.3	Dave Orr	16.0	1b
2b	Joe Morgan	17.1	Bid McPhee	15.9	2b
ss	Dickie Thon	9.8	Frank Fennelly	9.7	ss
3b	Tim Wallach	8.4	Denny Lyons	14.5	3b
rf	Jimmy Wynn	21.2	Harry Stovey	18.9	rf
cf	Cesar Cedeno	19.6	Henry Larkin	12.1	cf
lf	Tim Raines	24.3	Pete Browning	20.5	lf
c	Gary Carter	23.3	Jocko Milligan	14.8	c
sp	Tom Seaver	26.6	Guy Hecker	25.6	sp
	Dwight Gooden	15.2	Silver King	25.0	
	Steve Rogers	14.1	Bob Caruthers	21.7	
	Jerry Koosman	9.2	Dave Foutz	18.4	
rp	Jesse Orosco	6.8	(none)		rp

American League

Boston			Chicago		Cleveland		
1b	Jimmie Foxx	18.7	Jiggs Donahue	5.1	Andre Thornton	10.3	1b
2b	Bobby Doerr	21.2	Eddie Collins	18.9	Nap Lajoie	35.2	2b
ss	Joe Cronin	16.3	Luke Appling	16.0	Lou Boudreau	25.1	ss
3b	Wade Boggs	27.3	Bill Melton	10.7	Bill Bradley	14.8	3b
rf	Ted Williams	41.5	Joe Jackson	13.9	Joe Jackson	22.5	rf
cf	Tris Speaker	30.6	Chet Lemon	10.2	Tris Speaker	22.9	cf
lf	Carl Yastrzemski	23.1	Minnie Minoso	15.3	Elmer Flick	15.3	lf
c	Carlton Fisk	22.6	Carlton Fisk	9.0	Johnny Romano	11.5	c
sp	Cy Young	24.1	Ed Walsh	27.1	Addie Joss	21.2	sp
	Lefty Grove	22.7	Ted Lyons	18.3	Bob Feller	20.4	
	Joe Wood	22.0	Eddie Cicotte	16.9	Bob Lemon	20.3	
	Mel Parnell	19.1	Billy Pierce	16.3	Wes Ferrell	18.4	
rp	Bob Stanley	12.1	Wilbur Wood	12.5	Steve Gromek	7.2	rp

Detroit			New York		Phila.-Kans. City-Oakland		
1b	Hank Greenberg	19.6	Lou Gehrig	27.7	Jimmie Foxx	24.9	1b
2b	Charlie Gehringer	25.0	Joe Gordon	20.1	Eddie Collins	29.5	2b
ss	Alan Trammell	14.3	Roger Peckinpaugh	12.2	Eddie Joost	10.6	ss
3b	George Kell	9.5	Gil McDougald	16.7	Frank Baker	21.8	3b
rf	Al Kaline	18.8	Babe Ruth	41.0	Reggie Jackson	21.9	rf
cf	Ty Cobb	33.6	Joe DiMaggio	24.6	Al Simmons	19.0	cf
lf	Harry Heilmann	17.9	Mickey Mantle	31.8	Rickey Henderson	26.2	lf
c	Bill Freehan	19.7	Yogi Berra	19.2	Mickey Cochrane	18.8	c
sp	Hal Newhouser	28.1	Spud Chandler	21.2	Lefty Grove	25.8	sp
	Dizzy Trout	22.0	Red Ruffing	20.7	Rube Waddell	15.2	
	Tommy Bridges	17.9	Whitey Ford	19.0	Chief Bender	12.3	
	Fred Hutchinson	13.3	Lefty Gomez	16.3	Eddie Plank	10.3	
rp	John Hiller	11.3	Rich Gossage	9.8	Eddie Rommel	13.8	rp

St. Louis-Baltimore			Washington-Minnesota		AL Expansion Teams		
1b	George Sisler	28.9	Harmon Killebrew	17.0	Cecil Cooper	12.0	1b
2b	Bobby Grich	21.4	Rod Carew	28.7	Bobby Grich	20.3	2b
ss	Cal Ripken	23.0	Joe Cronin	21.4	Robin Yount	21.8	ss
3b	Harlond Clift	18.5	Buddy Lewis	10.3	George Brett	22.8	3b
rf	Frank Robinson	23.3	Bob Allison	13.2	Jesse Barfield	11.8	rf
cf	Paul Blair	4.4	Kirby Puckett	12.6	Amos Otis	10.4	cf
lf	Ken Williams	17.7	Tony Oliva	16.7	Frank Howard	14.1	lf
c	Rick Ferrell	3.9	Muddy Ruel	6.8	Darrell Porter	12.1	c
sp	Jim Palmer	20.2	Walter Johnson	34.4	Dave Stieb	22.3	sp
	Urban Shocker	15.4	Bert Blyleven	18.1	Bret Saberhagen	14.4	
	Harry Howell	15.3	Camilo Pascual	17.8	Charlie Hough	13.2	
	Ned Garver	13.6	Jim Kaat	12.8	Jimmy Key	11.1	
rp	Dick Hall	7.3	Firpo Marberry	5.8	Dan Quisenberry	12.9	rp

Rating The Teams

If sabermetrics can rank the players, it can rank the teams. For each team I calculated the average TPR of its starting eight position players, the average TPR of its bench, and the average TPI of its pitching staff. For the pitchers I weighted the top four starters heaviest, with weighting declining through the rest of the pitchers.

As for combining the starting lineup, bench, and pitchers, Thorn and Palmer estimated that pitching is 44 percent of the game. For the position players, whose TPR includes both offense and defense, I assumed that the starting lineup contributed 80 percent and the bench 20 percent. Thus, to come up with each team's rating I combined 44 percent of the starting lineup's TPR, 11 percent of the bench's TPR, and 45 percent of the pitchers' TPI.

If one puts the Other Leagues team (which covers mostly the American Association) with the American League, the standings for each league would look like this:

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
New York-San Francisco	Boston
Chicago	New York
St. Louis	Cleveland
Cincinnati	Detroit
Old Franchises	Philadelphia-Kansas City-Oakland
Brooklyn-Los Angeles	Other Leagues
Boston-Milwaukee-Atlanta	Washington-Minnesota
Pittsburgh	St. Louis-Baltimore
Philadelphia	Expansion Franchises
Expansion Franchises	Chicago

The Giants and the Red Sox finish first both in starting lineup and pitching. The Cubs and the Yankees have the strongest benches. In the National League the most unbalanced teams are the Pirates (fourth in starting lineup, tenth in pitching) and the Reds (second in starting lineup, seventh in pitching). The Braves and the Dodgers rank much higher in pitching than in offense/defense. In the American League the most unbalanced team was the White Sox, whose starting lineup ranked last but whose pitching was third. The A's starting lineup ranked third, but their pitching was seventh.

How one selects the teams does make a difference in the standings. For example, all the other selection criteria I tried best 500 games, franchise career, no two-team players, etc.—result in the Yankees outrating the Bosox. Much of the reason is that Boston had major players like Young, Foxx, and Grove who played more elsewhere; their shorter careers with the Sox give them lower ratings, and they don't show up on the Sox at all if players are restricted to one team. If career (for the franchise) records are used, the Tigers would also outrank the Red Sox, and the lowly White Sox would rise to sixth place (the Browns-O's would fall to last). In the NL the Giants are on top no matter what criteria are used, but the Cards or the Braves would sometimes rate second.

As one can see, the expansion teams aren't ready yet to take their place with the established franchises. Even putting all of each league's expansion-team players together didn't produce a strong expansion-franchise team for either league, though the number of available players was about the same as that for any of the established franchises.

Over all, the National League outrates the American League no matter how the teams are selected. By the criteria here, the AL pitchers outrate the NL pitchers, but the NL position players—starting lineups and benches—finish first. Under the other selection criteria I tried, the only other times the AL finished on top was for the franchise career starters and bench.

An Interview with Glenn Wright

WALTER LANGFORD

Step aside, Marty Marion and Phil Rizzuto: Another old shortstop has a case for Cooperstown. Wright could hit, field, and as our author discovered, talk up a storm.

Glenn Wright (1901-84) is one of the finest shortstops not yet enshrined in baseball's Hall of Fame. In 11 seasons (Pittsburgh, 1924-28; Brooklyn, 1929-33; Chicago AL, 1935) he hit .294, batting .300 or better and driving in 100 runs or more four times each.

Wright played in an era when the pay was minuscule, travel was by train, and St. Louis represented the westernmost point in the majors. In five stellar seasons with the Pirates he helped put Pittsburgh in the World Series in 1925 and 1927. An off-season shoulder injury in a handball court caused him to sit out practically the entire 1929 season, but he came back in 1930 with a career year for the Dodgers (.321, 22 home runs, 126 RBIs). Nevertheless, the bad shoulder unquestionably shortened his career by several years, thereby dimming his Hall-of-Fame chances.

I was born in Archie, Missouri, a little town of about 500 souls some 50 miles south of Kansas City. My father and mother, my brother and my sister made up the family. My brother was seven years older and my sister four years older. My father had a hardware and lumber yard and we all worked there.

Our town team was made up of farmers and what few there were in town who could play. I was the youngest on the team. I could throw hard, but no telling where. That's the reason they called me "Buckshot" later in Kansas City. My brother wasn't athletic. He was a big man over six feet and weighed over 200 pounds. He kind of sponsored our team, because he could get our equipment through the hardware store. We played teams from all around, including Kansas City.

After high school I went to the University of Missouri in Columbia. There I joined the Delta Tau Delta fraternity and tried out for the football, basketball, and baseball teams. In football I was a halfback, and just before the regular season opened for the Tigers—that's the varsity—they played our freshman team. I happened to catch a pass that was intended for somebody else and ran about 60 yards for a touchdown. I couldn't help it, really, everybody was taken out on the play.

After my freshman year I had an offer from the Kansas City Blues of the American Association. They were owned then by George Muehlebach. They offered me $250 a month, while most of the young players were being offered up to $100 or $125. My father left it up to me as to whether I should take the offer. My mother didn't want me to go. I went to spring training with Kansas City and later they sent me to Independence, Kansas, in the Southwestern League.

Kansas City recalled me when the season was over. They played me right away and said they wished they had had me all year, because I apparently looked all right to them. I was still a big country kid, you know, and my teammates played jokes on me. But if the opposition tried to play any jokes, my teammates took care of them.

In 1923 we won the pennant in Kansas City and played Baltimore in the Little World Series. At that time it was a nine-game Series, and we beat them finally in the ninth game. We beat Lefty Grove in the last game. That was quite a team they had. Practically all of them went up later to Connie Mack's Athletics and helped them win three straight pennants in '29 to '31.

The first ball Lefty Grove threw to me, he threw it behind me. Like to scared me to death. Years later, sitting in the lobby of a hotel in Oakland during the World Series, I asked him if he remembered that. "Why, yes," he said, "I threw behind you, but I didn't mean to." Of course, if I'd known that

Walter Langford is a retired modern-languages professor at Notre Dame. He has been writing about baseball for 15 years, and spoke with Wright in 1982.

Glenn Wright as a Dodger.

at the time I would have been more scared than ever. In those days hitters were knocked down a lot, you know.

Pittsburgh had some kind of option on me and eventually I think they gave Kansas City $40,000 and two players for me. I told Pittsburgh I wouldn't sign with them unless they gave me some of the purchase price. Barney Dreyfuss was the Pittsburgh owner and Bill McKechnie was the manager. Finally Dreyfuss told me on the phone he would give it to me in cash when we came back from spring training. I said all right and hopped a train for Paso Robles, California, where the Pirates trained in those days, and sure enough when we got back Barney Dreyfuss gave me an envelope with $7,500 cash in it. Then a rather odd thing happened. I left that envelope in my locker overnight. I forgot all about it. But it was still there the next day.

When I got out to Paso Robles, Bill McKechnie told me, "You're my shortstop. I don't care whether you ever pick one up or ever hit one." Of course, that gave me a lot of confidence. Rabbit Maranville had been the shortstop but he moved over to second base, and he had a good year too.

A funny thing comes to mind. Once I got a double-play ball hit deep in the hole and I threw it to Rabbit, but he threw it right back at me. He said, "Don't throw it so blooming hard!" Imaging something like that in a regular ball game!

I think McKechnie was the best manager I ever played for. He got the most out of his team. And I know he always gave me lots of confidence. He was a kindly man. And I didn't hear him swear hardly ever. [McKechnie was known as "Deacon"-Ed.] So, I think overall he was the best manager I played for, and Wilbert Robinson of the Dodgers was the most lovable.

I remember my first game in the majors real well. We played the Cincinnati Reds and Wilbur Cooper, a lefthander, was our pitcher. It seems like I booted one and he gave me the deuce, too. I took it and then later I happened to get the hit that drove in the winning run. I was always fortunate that way. I've made a lot of errors, but even in Kansas City when I'd pull a booboo we'd eventually win the game and they would forget about it.

I had a good year at the plate that first season of 1924, hitting .287 and driving home 111 runs. We finished third, only three games behind the Giants. But 1925 was really our year. We took the pennant, beating the Giants by 8 1/2 games. I raised my figures to .308 with 121 RBIs.

That was a mighty good team we had. Every one of our

eight regulars hit over .300 except Eddie Moore, our second baseman, and he finished at .298. Pie Traynor at third was the greatest, and Kiki Cuyler and Max Carey were terrific at everything. None of our pitchers won 20 games, but we had five guys who won between fifteen and nineteen each.

In the Series we faced the Washington Senators. They were a fine team, too, and in '24 had won the Series from the Giants in seven games. They had a might fine lineup with the likes of Joe Judge, Bucky Harris, Roger Peckinpaugh, Ossie Bluege, Sam Rice, and Goose Goslin. Their main pitchers were the great Walter Johnson, Stan Coveleski, who had been a hero of the '20 Series with three wins, Dutch Reuther, Tom Zachary, and Firpo Marberry.

Let me tell you that I get requests for autographs even now, maybe 10 or 15 a month. A lot of them ask me about my biggest thrill, and I tell them it was standing at attention before the first game of that '25 Series in Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra was out in center field and some huge Italian lady was singing our national anthem. Both teams were standing along the first and third-base lines. Cold chills ran up and down my back, and it was just wonderful to be in America and to be in that spot.

Another of my best thrills came two or three weeks earlier in that same season. We were ahead 2-1 in the ninth inning and I think Tom Sheehan was pitching for us in relief. There was one out and a man on third. Somebody hit a pop fly down the left-field line. I gave it my best and just managed to catch it, then turned and threw a strike to the plate. Johnny Gooch was our catcher and he tagged the man coming home to end the game—and clinch the pennant for us. The miracle is that I missed the runner with the throw, for he was going down the line and I was right on the line as I threw. It was one of my best plays and it gave us the pennant.

Anyway, in the '25 Series it looked like the Senators were going to put us away pretty fast. After four games they were ahead of us three games to one. And up to that time no team had come back after being behind that much. Walter Johnson had beaten us 4-1 in the first game and 4-0 in the fourth one. It didn't look like we could ever beat him. Our win came in the second game when Vic Aldridge edged out Coveleski, 3-2. I contributed to that win with a solo homer in the fourth. Then Aldridge came back to beat Coveleski again in the fifth game, and Ray Kremer won the sixth one for us, 3-2.

The final game found us looking at Johnson again. Aldridge was our pitcher, and before the first inning was over it seemed that we were already beaten. Vic gave up three walks, two wild pitches, two hits, and four runs. It was a real nightmare. After he had already won two games in the Series, this collapse almost made us think he was throwing the game. And of course he wasn't. I shouldn't even have said that. Vic just hated to let a batter hit a pitch that was a strike.

Anyway, we didn't know how we were ever going to get more than four runs off Walter Johnson. But he was getting old for a pitcher, he was tired, and later in the game it rained steadily and Johnson had trouble working on the muddy mound. So, we picked up three runs in the bottom of the third, they scored two off Johnny Morrison in the fourth, then we got one more in the fifth to make the score 6-4 in their favor.

In the seventh inning we got to Johnson for two more runs to tie the score. Ray Kremer had come on for us in the fifth and in four innings he gave up just one hit. But that one was an eighth-inning home run by Roger Peckinpaugh, who up to that time had made a bunch of errors that surprised all of us, for he was a fine shortstop and had just been voted the MVP in the American League for 1925. One of his errors helped us win the third game.

In our half of the eighth I led off and fouled out. Stuffy McInnis flied to center. Things looked bad. But Earl Smith doubled and Carson Bigbee, batting for Kremer, also doubled to tie the score again. After Johnson walked the next batter, Max Carey bounced to Peckinpaugh. It was an easy force play at second which would have ended the inning, but Roger's throw was wide for another error which left the bases filled. Then Cuyler doubled to score two and give us the win, 9-7. A wild game.

I DON'T KNOW if we could have won it without Peckinpaugh's last error and Manager Bucky Harris's unwillingness to lift Johnson and bring in Marberry, who was quite a relief pitcher. He had come in late in the third game, and he struck me out so fast it seemed like five miles back to the bench.

Anyway, that Series win has to be one of my best memories. As it turned out, it was my only chance to enjoy being a winner. We won the pennant again in 1927 but the Yankees wiped us out in four straight. We never could get untracked. They weren't really such outlandish games. In fact, the first and last games were one-run affairs that we could have won but didn't.

In my years with the Pirates I had some great teammates. I think Pie Traynor was the best third baseman there ever was. There wasn't anything he couldn't do, except he couldn't hold a ball and wait for the first baseman to get to the bag. He had to throw it when he caught it. If he held it he would throw it away. And his glove was felt-lined, about the only player who had one like that.

Kiki Cuyler was a great player and a great person, but he had his peculiarities. Cuyler didn't drink or smoke, but he thought he was pretty—and he *was* good-looking. He'd spend a lot of time in front of the mirror, kind of combing his hair and fixing himself up, which was all right, I guess. But he

really produced. I always liked to watch Cuyler get a three-base hit. He was the prettiest runner I ever saw.

Max Carey and Carson Bigbee were nearing the end of the line when I came up with Pittsburgh. But Max had been the base-stealing champ of the league for some years, and Carson was a good, solid player—good to have around. They were buddies, you know. Carson had a Marmon touring car and one day some of us were going out to a golf club in Pittsburgh. We're driving along and here comes a tire just by itself down this hill. Carson didn't know where in the world to go, since he couldn't tell where that tire was going. But he finally pulled off to the side when he got even with it and it didn't hit us. But it hit somebody else's car and just wrecked it. It was a big old tire and was going pretty fast.

Ray Kremer was a wonder, a wonderful pitcher. It's surprising he didn't come up earlier than he did. He was 31 years old when he reached the majors. We had meetings before the games and the pitchers would tell how they were going to pitch to the hitters. You could bank on Ray pitching right where he said he would. Mighty easy to play behind.

Lee Meadows was the same way. I mean they didn't hem and haw and stew around. He probably had more stuff than Ray, and he wore glasses. Another of our pitchers, Carmen Hill, wore glasses too, but I believe Meadows was the first one to do it. We called him Specs.

With Vic Aldridge you stood on one foot and then on the other. He was three-and-two on everybody. But he was a tough competitor. Later he lived in Indiana and I think he was a senator or something in public office.

Burleigh Grimes joined the Pirates in 1928 and won 25 games for us. Everybody said he'd knock down his own grandmother if it meant a game, and I think he would have. You know, I got hit one time in St. Louis by Vic Keen. And he was the one pitcher on their club that didn't knock you down. I don't know whether I just didn't see it or whether I froze. It hit me here on this big cheekbone and cracked like a rifle. I was unconscious for some thirty hours or more.

I WAS OUT about six weeks and when I got back in who was pitching but Burleigh Grimes. And the first pitch knocked me down. I went down but while I was still in the dirt I thought, "Well, if I can get out of the way of that, I can get out of the way of any pitch." And I got up and was all right again. If he hadn't done that, I might have stayed scared. Naturally, I don't think that's why he threw at me. We really were good friends off the field, but he was tough to hit against. He went to his mouth on every pitch. Sometimes it wasn't a spitter, but you never knew. And when you were in the field and a spitter was hit at you, you had to handle it.

Lloyd Waner was the best centerfielder I ever played with, and his brother Paul was a wonder. Paul would take a drink and sometimes come out to the ball park after having a few. I remember one time we got to Chicago and Pat Malone was pitching for the Cubs. Paul told him, "Don't pitch too close to me today. I can't see too well." Well, Pat agreed, and then that day Paul only hit four blue darters, three of them doubles.

After the 1928 season I was traded to the Brooklyn Dodgers for pitcher Jesse Petty and infielder Harry Riconda. It was kind of a surprise to me. It was after one of my arguments with Donie Bush, who became our manager in 1927. Donie was a good fellow and a great manager too, but we had our fights. When he played with the Detroit Tigers for many years, he was a shortstop like I was. Anyway, Donie loved the lefthander Petty, and Wilbert Robinson wanted me because I always hit pretty good against them. He loved hitters like Babe Herman, Lefty O'Doul, Rube Bressler, and Johnny Frederick.

I HAD HURT my shoulder that winter, and I told Robby about it. But he said, "Well, it doesn't make any difference. I'd rather have you than Petty anyway." I injured myself playing handball at the Athletic Club in Kansas City. I was going after a ball against the back wall. It was rather low and in trying to get it I just crashed into the concrete wall. I was lucky to be able to come back at all after that. I had a doctor, a kind of chiropractor, work on me, but that didn't help. Then they had me strapped up for a month or two, and that didn't work. Finally Dr. Quitman and his son Armitage operated on me.

They had to bore holes in the clavicle and the scapula and tie them together with a bit of muscle covering which they took out of my left leg. Then I was in a cast holding my arm up like this for about six weeks. I missed nearly all of the '29 season. I could throw just as hard—that is, I would go through the same motion and everything, but it took the ball longer to get there.

When I went to the Dodgers, Robby made me his captain. Of course, I got a little raise. At that time the captain got an extra $500 for taking the lineup to the umpire, and the umpires would listen to him a little bit more in an argument. My voice didn't carry too well, but I knew all the words and got on plenty of umpires. They got to know that if I kicked I had a right to do so.

We didn't win any pennants at Brooklyn while I was there, but we always had an interesting ball club. Lefty O'Doul was one in a million, I say. He played left field and every ball that was hit out there, I would have to go way out to take the throw from him, because he had hurt his arm as a pitcher a long time before. But nobody hit like him. He had a kind of open stance with his back foot in closer to the plate. When I think of lefthanded hitters I always think of him and Babe Herman and Cy Williams.

Hack Wilson was with us for a while, too. There was nobody like Hack, either. He was pudgy and had a lot of power in his arms, but he had little hands and used a bat with the smallest handle he could get. He could really hit and was a pretty good outfielder, too, but he never felt good. One night he drank a lot of gin and whiskey and some beer and then went out to get a couple of hamburgers. The next morning he said, "I'll be damned if I ever eat any more of those hamburgers. Made me sick as a dog."

I got a questionnaire one time asking my opinion about the greatest feat in baseball, like DiMaggio's hitting in 56 straight games and Van der Meer's two straight no-hit games. I wrote back saying that Hack Wilson's feat of driving in 190 runs in one season was the greatest. Nowadays they go crazy about a guy who drives in 80 runs or so.

DAZZY VANCE was one of the better pitchers in the league at that time. But I always thought he was more of a thrower than a pitcher. He got on me one day because I didn't get a ball that was hit past me. He said, "If Thurston had been pitching you'd have caught that ball." Thurston was one of my close friends. So I told Dazzy, "Yes, I probably would because I would have been playing over there, since Hollis throws where he says he's going to. You don't even know yourself where you're going to throw the ball." But Dazzy was tough to hit, with his fastball and one of the best curves anybody ever had.

Thurston—they called him "Sloppy"—and Babe Herman and Al Lopez and I used to stick pretty close together. I think Al was the best catcher I ever saw, and Herman was one of the most likeable guys you could hope to find. I always said he could hit with his eyes closed. They said he was a poor fielder, but he was pretty good in the field, and he could run with anybody and throw with anybody.

I couldn't play hardly at all in my first season in Brooklyn, but in 1930 I came back and had my very best season. I think I hit .321 with 22 home runs and 126 RBIs. Actually, I hit 23 homers, but once I passed Herman on the base path. Babe was on first and somebody else on second when I hit the ball out to left center. I wasn't sure it was going to go out, and I guess they weren't, either. I was running at full speed because I wanted to get at least a double out of it if it wasn't caught. But when I stepped on first base I almost stepped on Babe's foot and with my next stride I passed him. So I just went on around the bases anyway.

When I came in to the bench I started cussing Robby out about his pet and everything, and I was thinking up all I was going to say to Babe when he got back to the dugout. But he said right off the bat, "Cap, you always told me to watch that runner in front of me." What could I say then?

Branch Rickey wasn't with the Dodgers while I was there, but I came to know him quite well later. For a time after retiring I was general manager of the Spokane club in the Pacific Coast League, and we had a working agreement with Brooklyn. Branch came out now and then, and I considered him a good friend. He could make the greatest speeches, and I wouldn't hardly know one word he was talking about. But I just loved to hear him talk, like Franklin Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan.

In later years some guys used to kid with me, asking how I hit against Cy Young. Well, I knew Cy Young, though he was long out of the majors before I ever got there. I used to talk with him at World Series games. And somehow or other my World Series tickets used to be alongside Connie Mack. I enjoyed sitting next to him. One time there were a number of balls that he and some other notables had been asked to sign. Well, it seemed like it took him a half hour with each ball, and I said to him, "Connie, would you like me to sign the balls for you? I can imitate your style of writing." He said, "That's mighty nice of you, Glenn, but I think they would prefer to know that I signed them."

I'm often asked who were the easiest pitchers for me to hit and who were the toughest. Well, Willie Sherdel, the little lefthander of the Cardinals, used to say he was my cousin, and I hit him real well, yet all the pitchers were tough as far as I was concerned. I have to say that Grover Alexander was the best pitcher I ever faced. He didn't have quite as much stuff as Walter Johnson or Lefty Grove, but he could thread a needle with every pitch. He and Lee Meadows got in a throwing match one day. You know, somebody gets knocked down and then the other side retaliates. Alexander told Meadows, "You might hurt 'em more when you hit 'em, but I'll hit more of 'em."

Alexander would have a fit on the bench once in a while, and that's what they were, fits. We used to think it was because he was drinking, but he was an epileptic and we didn't know it. And you hear he'd been drinking the night before he struck out Lazerri in the last game of the '26 Series. Well, if he had, it sure didn't bother him any out on the mound.

THERE'S ONE THING that comes to my mind which got me a good deal of publicity. That's the unassisted triple play that I made back in 1925. The Pirates were playing the Cardinals, who had Jimmy Cooney on second base and Hornsby on first. Jim Bottomley hit a line drive at me and all I had to do was catch it, step on second base, and then I was about to throw to first, but Hornsby was right there in the way and I went over and tagged him. He said, "Nice work, kid."

Rogers wasn't too well liked by baseball people. But he was the best righthanded hitter I ever saw. And he helped me more than anybody else did, just sitting around the hotel lobby and talking about hitting. Hornsby stood farther away

from the plate than anybody else, so he was farther away from first base. But he could run and he was still tough to throw out on a grounder.

You know, there's one thing about baseball today that sure is different from my time. And I'm not talking about the money. It's the desire to play every day and give all you've got. Nowadays a player with a hangnail, you might say, is apt to try to sit out. We were afraid to get out. If we did, somebody else might take our job.

One time while I was playing for Kansas City a fellow cut my knee open sliding into second. It was bleeding and kind of flabby. Our trainer poured a bottle of iodine on it and then pinned it together with a safety pin. And I finished the game. Afterwards a doctor put some new skin on it and stitched it up.

You know, I've spent more than half a century in baseball. After my playing days were over, I stayed in the game. As a scout or general manager or something. I'm still associated with the Red Sox as a consultant. And it has meant an awful lot to me. I would say that baseball gave me a mighty good life and it doesn't owe me anything.

Baseball on the Sabbath — Part 3

N. Y. Evening Sun.

Requiem for a Good Idea: China Basin R.I.P. 1989

ETHAN CASEY

An attractive financing package and an energetic political campaign failed to persuade voters to build a nifty new home-without-a-dome for the Giants in San Francisco.

We are truly on the verge of a great municipal achievement.

—San Francisco Giants owner Bob Lurie

A downtown stadium for the Giants with a view of the Bay, near public transportation, requiring only $30 million in city investment—and most of that to be paid back, with interest?

It's all too perfect. Which means it will never work.

The stadium proposal needs the approval of the San Francisco electorate.

—San Francisco Examiner columnist Art Spander

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1989, the voters of the city of San Francisco rejected Proposition P, a referendum initiative whose passage would have authorized city money to be used to help finance a new $115-million baseball-only stadium in China Basin on San Francisco Bay, just south of the Oakland-Bay Bridge. The city investment in the end would have been approximately $40 million over 10 years, to be taken from the city's hotel tax fund, and to be repaid with interest or recovered in profit by the end of the developer's 40-year lease. The vote was 86,732, or 50.58 percent, against Proposition P, to 84,755, or 49.42 percent, in favor.

The ballpark would have been semi-urban in design, bounded on one side by a city street and, according to San Francisco director of planning Dean Macris, with "the look and feel of a city building." A long right-field home run would have landed in the Bay, and "85 percent of the spectators [would have been] able to watch it splash, while viewing the Bay Bridge and Oakland." The park would have been accessible to several forms of public transportation, including possibly a ferry from Oakland or Berkeley across the Bay.

The political campaign in favor of Prop. P, led by Mayor Art Agnos, and the civic controversy it inspired, were a case study in the political anatomy of a stadium proposal in today's context of public financing. It was also an illustration of the architectural choices—that is, the choices about civic values and prioritiesthat face would-be builders and financiers of stadia.

The Campaign

Prop. P was a substantial improvement on its predecessor, Prop. W, which lost by a wider margin (53-47 percent) in November 1987 than did P two years later. Prop. W had been vaguely worded, and then-mayor Dianne Feinstein had given it only lukewarm support. Agnos, who at the time was an assemblyman running for mayor, had opposed Prop. W. *San Francisco Chronicle* sports columnist C. W. Nevius, during the campaign for Prop. P, facetiously paraphrased the wording of Prop. W:

> Yes! Rush a sparkling, brand-new ballpark to my city without delay! I understand that although new stadiums require hundreds of millions of dollars, the cost to me, the taxpayer, will be absolutely nothing—honest!

Prop. P was much more specific and explicit: It had the energetic support of Mayor Agnos and a coalition of supporters, and it reflected a tough stance taken by Agnos on the city's behalf in negotiations with the developer. Aside from the proposal's merits, there were a number of sound political reasons it should have passed.

Though technically it raised only the question of whether municipal bonds should be issued to help finance the stadium, Prop. P was widely understood to be a referendum on the continued presence of the Giants in San Francisco. Giant owner Bob Lurie had made clear that city voters would have the final say on the new stadium. And since Lurie had made clear as well that he would not renew the team's lease at wind-plagued and remote Candlestick Park after 1994, a

Ethan Casey survived the Bay Area earthquake of 1989. His review of George Will's "Men at Work: The Craft of Baseball" appeared in the 1990 SABR Review of Books.

defeat for Prop. P meant a defeat for the Giants. Lurie, who had rescued the Giants from the clutches of a Toronto brewer by purchasing the team in 1976, was prepared to go to great lengths to ensure that they would stay in San Francisco. But there was one thing he would not do: stay at Candlestick Park after 1994.

IN JANUARY OF 1989 the mayor's Ballpark Task Force chose Spectacor Management Group of Philadelphia over two competitors to develop a new 45,000-seat baseball-only stadium for the Giants at Second and King streets in China Basin, along with a 20,000-seat arena at Seventh and Townsend. On January 31 a Chronicle editorial enthused about the possibility not only of saving the Giants, but also luring professional basketball and hockey back to the city. From then until the vote in November, the ballpark became one of the biggest and most controversial local news stories.

Three obstacles had to be overcome before construction could begin. First, Bob Lurie had to choose between the city's China Basin proposal and a rival offer from Santa Clara, a suburb of San Jose, 50 miles to the south. Next, a deal had to be struck that would be acceptable to all three interested parties: the city, the Giants, and Spectacor, the developer. Finally, the voters had to approve a bond issue—what became Proposition P.

Before the Giants' owner had made his decision, Examiner sports columnist Joan Ryan outlined his plight. "Lurie," she wrote on March 26, "no longer has confidence in San Francisco. After four years of banging his head against the granite of City Hall, he's less willing to embrace a ballpark proposal by San Francisco, even one as attractive as Mayor Agnos' China Basin plan."

Faced with the frustrating political atmosphere of the city and the undeniable attractions of the South Bay, how could Lurie resist Santa Clara? "The Peninsula," wrote Ryan, referring to the affluent suburban area between San Francisco and San Jose, "anchors the Giants' fan base, and the way the San Jose area is growing, only a fool would deny this is where the future is.

"Santa Clara has warmer weather...which some say will encourage higher attendance. And Santa Clara has the land for 15,000 parking spaces, each of which will add a chunk of change to Lurie's pocket."

An article in the Chronicle in May quoted Lurie as having said, after the defeat of Prop. W in 1987, "The [the voters] are saying, 'We don't want a stadium, we don't want the Giants.' The bottom line is the Giants will not be playing baseball in San Francisco." Now, though, the city led by Agnos was assertively picking up the ball that Feinstein had dropped and was challenging Lurie one last time to live up to his promise that if San Francisco built a new stadium, he would not move the team.

The target date for Lurie's decision was the end of June. On June 9 Lurie made it clear to Chronicle writer Glenn Dickey that he had not already decided in favor of Santa Clara—despite widespread rumor. "Hopefully," he told Dickey, "they'll both be such good plans that it will be a tough decision." He made clear that he was not seriously considering leaving the Bay Area. "If I wanted to move the club [out of the Bay Area], I could do that very easily. I still get calls from people in other cities, with some fantastic offers. The franchise is always going to be worth more in another city. But I want to keep it here." The end of June came and went without a decision from Lurie. A Chronicle editorial on July 9 invoked San Francisco's important tourist industry: Lurie's decision "strikes us as easy, if only because we know that a lot of the nearly three million visitors who come to the city each year like to take in a ball game or two. But not many of them would be willing to make a 100-mile round trip to do it." How many tourists, in other words, come all the way from Dayton or Little Rock to see the sights of San Jose?

ON JULY 25, the Examiner front-page headline read: LURIE NEAR S.F. DEAL ON BALLPARK. The story quoted "sources close to the negotiations" as saying that the deal was, from the Giants' point of view, all but done, and that "only details remain[ed] to be worked out." Examiner reporters learned that Giants representatives had met that day with members of the Santa Clara County Stadium Task Force, "at an undisclosed Santa Clara restaurant" to inform them of their decision in favor of China Basin.

Lurie's decision was confirmed the next morning in the Chronicle. Left to come to terms at that point were the city and Spectacor. An all-concerned-parties press conference was scheduled for 2 p.m. that day, but the drama that unfolded behind the scenes over the next 24 hours delayed the announcement.

By the time the deal was provisionally final the next afternoon, it had come close to falling apart. The sticking point, according to published reports, was Agnos's stubbornness on two points. First, who would own the stadium at the end of Spectacor's 40-year lease: the developer or the city? Second, would the provisions of the necessary referendum allow Spectacor to build the proposed arena, even if the voters rejected the stadium?

Agnos felt that the package would be very difficult, perhaps impossible, to sell to voters if he could be portrayed as having caved in to pressure from Spectacor. He told the Chronicle that he believed "the campaign can be won with a 'smart' proposal in which voters know the full terms of the agreement and the city's financial liability." Agnos felt that allowing a "smart" proposal on the ballot required the proposal's being as advantageous to the city as possible. For

the sake both of the city itself and the political viability of the proposal, he felt he had to stand firm on certain points in the negotiations with Spectacor. He insisted on "a major distinction—retaining title to an extremely valuable piece of property instead of giving it away." A city source told the Chronicle that "Art played a very, very tough hand, and it was risky business, but he got what he needed."

Likewise the question of the arena. "Thirty minutes after Thursday's 2 p.m. press conference was to have begun," reported the Examiner on July 28, "Agnos rushed from his car to a back room at the Hyatt Regency Hotel and coolly rejected what was termed a final non-negotiable demand" by Spectacor.

"We were ashen-faced," one source told the paper.

Spectacor backed down, and at three o'clock—an hour later than scheduled—the long-awaited press conference began. "Agnos declared that The City would get 'a signature baseball park that will delight fans and attract visitors,' and called the pact 'a smart deal for The City.'" Deputy mayor for finance Carol Wilkins told the Examiner: "Spectacor walked away knowing that The City was not willing to sell its soul to keep the Giants...The mayor was very clear that if it was a lousy deal, we weren't going to take it." In the end, the arena was dropped completely from the agreement. The deal outlined in the city newspapers included the following provisions:

—$50 million in tax-exempt development bonds would be issued. The bonds would be backed by Spectacor, which would be liable for default of payments. Spectacor would pay off the bonds from its half of revenue from ticket sales, advertising, concessions, luxury boxes and souvenirs. These revenues would be split with the Giants.

—The city would invest $20 million over ten years toward the ballpark's operations. It would receive in exchange 20 percent of stadium net profits over 20 years, estimated by the mayor's office at $80 million.

—The city would lend Spectacor $10 million over the same ten years. This loan would be repaid at 7.5 percent interest after 30 years.

—The city would be liable for half of cost overruns on construction, up to a maximum of $10 million.

—The city would be required to build a 1,500-stall parking garage next to the stadium, estimated to cost between $8 million and $15 million.

Opponents of the plan came out swinging. On the same day (July 28) that the deal was announced as final, a group called San Franciscans to Improve Candlestick Park submitted 16,000 signatures to the registrar of voters to include an "advisory measure" on the same ballot as the ballpark initiative "to explore ways to improve Candlestick Park with private money." This initiative, according to China Basin supporters, was either naive or cynical: It ignored, either willfully or wishfully, Bob Lurie's repeated assertion that he would not keep the Giants at Candlestick after 1994. These opponents asked, in the words of former city supervisor Jack Morrison, chairman of the anti-Prop. P group San Franciscans for Planning Priorities, "Why build another cold and windy ballpark four miles away from the old one?" They opposed the mayor's plan to sell a piece of city property near Fisherman's Wharf to help finance the deal, and they claimed that the new ballpark would "create havoc in the parking and traffic situation in the South of Market [Street] area."

Chronicle sports columnist Bruce Jenkins had some thoughts the same day about what he considered the irrelevance of the entire proceedings. "The first thing we should remember," he wrote,

> ...is that the Giants won't go anywhere as long as Bob Lurie (bless him) runs the club. How'd you like to be the native San Franciscan who let the Giants leave town? It won't happen with Bob; it would ruin his social life...the Giants will play in S.F. forever—even if the November vote goes against them...San Francisco doesn't need the Giants, the 49ers or any other sport to be "major league." Take it from someone who spent the better part of the '80s careening from one big city to another: San Francisco makes 'em all look sick.

Examiner columnist Art Spander stated the obvious: "There are more special interest groups per capita in San Francisco than any place in the Western world." At the celebratory press conference, wrote Spander, "We had Agnos thanking the gays and lesbians, the ethnic groups, practically everyone except Elvis."

The campaign was off and running, and success was anything but assured: It was in the hands of the San Francisco voters.

City Board of Supervisors President Harry Britt, a leader in the gay community and a strong supporter of the ballpark, had been quoted as having "touched on progressive themes in describing the stadium as 'environmentally sensitive' and 'transit-oriented.'" An interesting question arose during the following months: To what extent would the city's large homosexual population support Proposition P? The matter was more than usually relevant in 1989 because another measure on the same ballot, Proposition S, was of particular interest to homosexual voters. Known as the domestic-partners initiative, it would have allowed unmarried couples, homosexual or straight, who were living together to register with the city and to qualify for some of the privileges accorded to married couples, including hospital visitation rights and leave from city jobs for bereavement. Proposition S had overwhelming support among homosexuals.

"Some of the most rabid Giants fans I know are politically active gays and lesbians," Maurice Belote, president of the influential Harvey Milk Gay and Lesbian Democratic Club, told the Chronicle. The Examiner on September 1 thought it saw evidence of an alliance between supporters of Propositions S and P. The poll, paid for by the Yes on S committee,

found that straight voters opposed the ballpark by the same margin as the overall sample—47 percent to 43 percent—but that homosexuals supported Prop. P, 43 percent to 41 percent. Though Bob Lurie was "out of town...and unavailable for comment" on the matter, he was discovered to have donated $5,000 to the Yes on S campaign. Since the election was in an "off year," it was expected that more conservative than liberal voters would turn out. Support for Prop. S was expected to induce homosexuals and some other liberals to vote in greater numbers than usual. Since conservatives seemed overall to oppose the ballpark, Agnos and his staff were "waging an energetic campaign to win gay-lesbian support for the ballpark, evidently"—according to the Examiner poll—"with some success."

THE QUESTION was raised in the Chronicle at the end of September, as the Giants prepared to meet the Cubs, whether the team's presence in the playoffs might affect the vote. An article on September 30 suggested that "some observers believe that a strong showing in postseason play could be enough to decide what all sides see as a close campaign." "The key to passing [Prop. P] is getting people who are unlikely to vote to show up at the polls," said a local political consultant. "And there is no better way to generate that excitement than the prime-time coverage and ink that goes along with the World Series." Agnos told the Chronicle that the Giants' postseason presence "underscores all of the sports reasons and financial reasons why the Giants are so important to San Francisco."

Ballpark opponents questioned two things: the motives of Agnos and other supporters, and the sincerity of Lurie's promise to move the team if Prop. P was voted down. "This election is not about saving the Giants," said No on P co-chairman Jim Firth, "and I think the voters are smart enough to figure that out." One reader expressed her suspicion in no uncertain terms in a letter to the Chronicle: "I can only conclude from Mayor Art Agnos' unrelenting campaign for the China Basin stadium that he is willing to stoop to any tactic and lie about the true financial impact of such a project."

On October 11 both newspapers carried drawings of the proposed stadium, released by the city and prepared by HOK Sports Facilities Group, the Kansas City-based architect. (HOK declined to allow the author to reprint the drawings here, citing that China Basin is a "dead project.") City planning director Dean Macris gushed, "If there's a more spectacular place to watch a sporting event in the United States, I don't know where it is." One sketch looked from the bay toward home plate over a marina for private boats, with a ferry docked to the picture's left, behind the right-field bleachers. The other offered an impressive view from the upper deck of the bay and the hills behind Oakland on the other side. Agnos, no doubt mischievously, "denied that he unveiled the sketches now to take advantage of the postseason excitement." The first game of the World Series was scheduled to be played in Oakland on October 14. "We're going to win," Agnos told Glenn Dickey of the Chronicle, referring not to the Giants but to the ballpark proposal. "I've got that gut feeling you get when you've been in politics for a long time."

On October 17, 1989, at 5:04 p.m. local time, an earthquake later found to have measured 7.1 on the Richter scale—the largest since 1906—occurred on the San Andreas fault. The epicenter was 70 miles south of San Francisco, near the town of Watsonville.

More than 62,000 fans were in Candlestick Park at the time; Game Three of the World Series was scheduled to begin in half an hour. At least one fan in the upper deck got a bird's eye view of the parking lot, as the concrete in front of his or her seat cracked apart.

Suddenly the new ballpark was no longer the biggest local news story.

HUNDREDS DEAD IN HUGE QUAKE, screamed the banner headline in the Chronicle the next morning. That there was a Chronicle at all was a small miracle: Both San Francisco newspapers were printed across the bay and edited without benefit of computers for several days after the quake.

The Yes on P campaign staff was diverted to the devastated Marina District, to help run relief efforts there. On October 23, when the Chronicle judged it no longer tactless to bring up the election, now only two weeks away, Agnos aide Richie Ross told the paper: "There will be no ballpark campaign...until the mayor decides it is worthy of either his or the public's attention." Some Yes on P strategists were suggesting either pulling the initiative from the ballot, or ignoring a negative vote and resubmitting it in June 1990.

On October 27 an Examiner poll showed the ballpark to have become "a long shot"; a follow-up poll on November 1 confirmed the finding. A Chronicle poll on November 2 found the stadium getting "new support."

On November 6 both papers carried a story, the Examiner prominently on the front page, about alleged illegalities in the funding and mailing of a last-minute flyer by a mysterious new group called No on P/Yes on V. (Proposition V was the initiative submitted by ballpark opponents to explore renovating Candlestick Park.) "Now Is Not the Time," read the flyer; it featured a photograph of earthquake wreckage in the Marina District. Mayor Agnos accused Gregg Lukenbill, a prominent developer in Sacramento who had been responsible for bringing the Kings basketball franchise from Kansas City, of trying to "loot" San Francisco. "After the earthquake," he told the Examiner, "there was no looting until now...Gregg Lukenbill (is attempting) to loot San Francisco

of its baseball team so that he can build a stadium for them in Sacramento." A spokesman for Lukenbill categorically denied the charge. San Francisco District Attorney Arlo Smith prepared to investigate the mailing for possible campaign-law violations.

The Chronicle, consistent with its longtime support of Agnos's China Basin plan, printed a special editorial on its front page on November 7, the morning of the election. The editorial called the flyer "a contemptible, inflammatory hit piece" that "stands exposed as a scheme by Sacramento promoters who want to hijack the Giants."

The next morning, the Chronicle announced the narrow defeat of Proposition P. Prop. S, the domestic partners initiative, also lost narrowly. Prop. V, the advisory measure to explore improving Candlestick Park, passed.

Post-Mortem: Why Did The Ballpark Lose?

Barbara Bagot is a private citizen who has made it her business, since moving to San Francisco in 1976, to be politically active on behalf of affordable housing in the city. She also is an unusually diligent Giant fan: she attends 50 or more games at Candlestick Park each year. In September of 1988 she founded the San Francisco Ballpark Alliance, a grass-roots organization whose purpose was to establish what she good-naturedly calls a "rainbow coalition" to show support for a new ballpark across a broad spectrum of the community.

She sees the campaign for a downtown ballpark in San Francisco as an "affordability" issue. Baseball, she says, is "the last form of affordable family entertainment in this city." She invokes the diversity of cultural assets that a major city should be able to provide its citizens: "Opera, ballet, the libraries, city-league softball, Forty-Niner football, Giant baseball—they're all part of our rich cultural fabric." Her words echo those of Mayor Agnos, with whom she worked closely on the campaign for Prop. P, who said during the campaign: "There's room for everyone...there's room for baseball, there's room for the opera, and there's room for everything in between."

In February of 1988, after the defeat of Prop. W, Bagot attended a city meeting at which consideration of the "final" option of a ballpark at Third and Mission streets, across from the Marriott Hotel, was tabled. After agreement was reached that the Third-and-Mission site was not viable politically, and just as Agnos (who did not strongly support a downtown ballpark at the time) was about to make the expected suggestion that the city cooperate with Santa Clara's efforts to build a stadium, Bagot stood up to address the meeting. "Art," she pleaded, "give it one more chance." And she entered on a passionate plea that was later credited by an Examiner writer with having "almost singlehandedly rescued the play [for a downtown ballpark] from certain demise." She carried the torch for China Basin from then until the defeat of Prop. P and, as of this writing, still holds to a shred of hope that the Giants might stay. But a new ballpark remains a prerequisite: Bob Lurie "is not going to keep the Giants at Candlestick," she said. "And I don't blame him; I wouldn't either."

Barbara Bagot is the right person to answer the operative post-mortem question: Why did Proposition P lose?

First, she says, and most obviously, there was the earthquake. After October 17, the Yes-on-P campaign closed for a week, with the staff diverted to the Marina District. There was no mail campaign, and volunteer telephone solicitors were no longer reaching 1,500 to 2,000 voters each night. In the meantime, says Bagot, ballpark opponents took photographs in the Marina District to use in their own campaign. The earthquakes' damage to the campaign, she says, was not only physical but spiritual or emotional as well. There was a period of at least several days after the quake when nobody wanted to hear about a new ballpark: it would have been not only counterproductive but inappropriate to be making telephone calls on its behalf. When there was time and inclination once again to consider the campaign, a meeting was held. Volunteers urged campaign leaders to continue. And continue they did, but at the eleventh hour. In the post-quake emotional climate, it was too little too late.

SECOND, THERE were what Bagot considers the deceitful and underhanded tactics of ballpark opponents. Most notoriously, there was the flyer from the mysterious No on P/Yes on V committee. Did that flyer damage the ballpark cause measurably? Or did it possibly help the cause with the flurry of indignant coverage given to it, and to the possibility that it was funded by interests in Sacramento?

"You can't measure the number of votes we lost because of that exploitative flyer. And without the Sacramento money, they couldn't have produced the flyer."

Then there was the presence of Prop. V on the same ballot as Prop. P. Prop. V "was a fraudulent proposition on the ballot put there to fool the voters into thinking that improving Candlestick was a viable option to keep the Giants in San Francisco. And it worked." Bagot cites as evidence of Prop. V's deceitful influence the fact that Prop. P lost overwhelmingly in the Hunter's Point neighborhood near Candlestick Park, while Prop. W two years earlier had passed there.

Last, Bagot cites what she calls The Big Picture. Why, she asks, did the ballpark lose, when it would have been "so clearly economically and socially beneficial to San Francisco and the entire Bay Area?" Would such a ballot measure not have passed by a landslide in any other city? Not necessarily, says Bagot, citing the difficulties in building Dodger Stadium. The complacency of a city with a healthy sense of its own importance and appeal—a sense having more to do with things like ballet, opera, and cable cars than with baseball—

was a factor. "Baseball is and always has been primarily a blue-collar sport," began one reader's smug letter to the Examiner, "and San Francisco is a white-collar city. That is the basic reason why, besides being a better team, the Oakland A's have better attendance than the Giants." It's all well and good, that is, for the unwashed masses of Oakland to go to baseball games; we've got the symphony. San Francisco, says Barbara Bagot, is not a sports town. And many voters in San Francisco will not easily be persuaded to vote for a new baseball stadium that looks as though it will cost a lot of money. "People are snobs; they're *selfish snobs*. Joe Blow might say, 'I've got my opera, I don't go to the ballpark, I don't care.'"

ANOTHER ASPECT of The Big Picture was the concept of an urban ballpark as opposed to a suburban stadium. "People don't get it," says Bagot. "They just don't get it. For me the beauty of an urban ballpark is that it is *accessible, affordable* family entertainment. It attracts people of all income levels, all cultures, all races, all ages, and brings them together for a very simple, common cause."

"People would say to me, 'It's only 45,000 seats.'" Bagot would remind them that the Oakland Coliseum has only 48,000. "Oh," they would say. "But there's no parking!" at China Basin.

"People don't get the public transit issue," says Bagot. "In ten years they will, because they won't have a choice." She points out that there were and still are, independent of the ballpark, "plans paid for, in progress, to build a Muni [light rail] extension to China Basin."

New Yorker writer Roger Angell, in response to an inquiry, wrote to the author of this article in December of 1989 that he thought the promotion for the Yes on P campaign "seemed pathetic." He had been "in San Francisco for a period of weeks in the late summer and early fall, and...saw nothing *anywhere* beyond a few of those little orange placards [reading "Yes on the Ball Park," with the "P" enlarged]." Had the campaign been vigorous enough?

The campaign "had a lot of money to spend," says Barbara Bagot, "and I wish they had spent some of it on television."

Why hadn't they?

She shrugs. Television is expensive. And it wasn't her decision. But there was no question that the telephone and mail campaigns suffered irreparable damage from the physical and emotional effects of the earthquake. The campaign, once it resumed, was forced to send several flyers and brochures together in one large envelope. Bagot believes that more than the usual percentage of these materials went directly into the wastebasket. The rules of the game changed after the earthquake. After October 17, in any case, the campaign had no chance to be waged fulltime.

Bagot's Ballpark Alliance and the Yes-on-P campaign had large numbers of children working enthusiastically for the cause. She does not believe there were kids working for No on P. "On election night, I had to console sobbing children. I wish the people who had voted No could have been there. It was devastating." After the defeat San Francisco was on the verge of becoming an even less affordable place for ordinary families, and to having its name disappear from the nation's sports pages during seven months of every year. Yes, Bagot responds to a question, after the Giants leave—if they leave—she will become an Oakland A's fan. After the experience of the ballpark campaign, she has drawn a pessimistic lesson about democracy: "All the cities that are building new ballparks—Baltimore, Chicago, St. Petersburg—none of them put it to a vote. Here we let the people decide, and of course it loses."

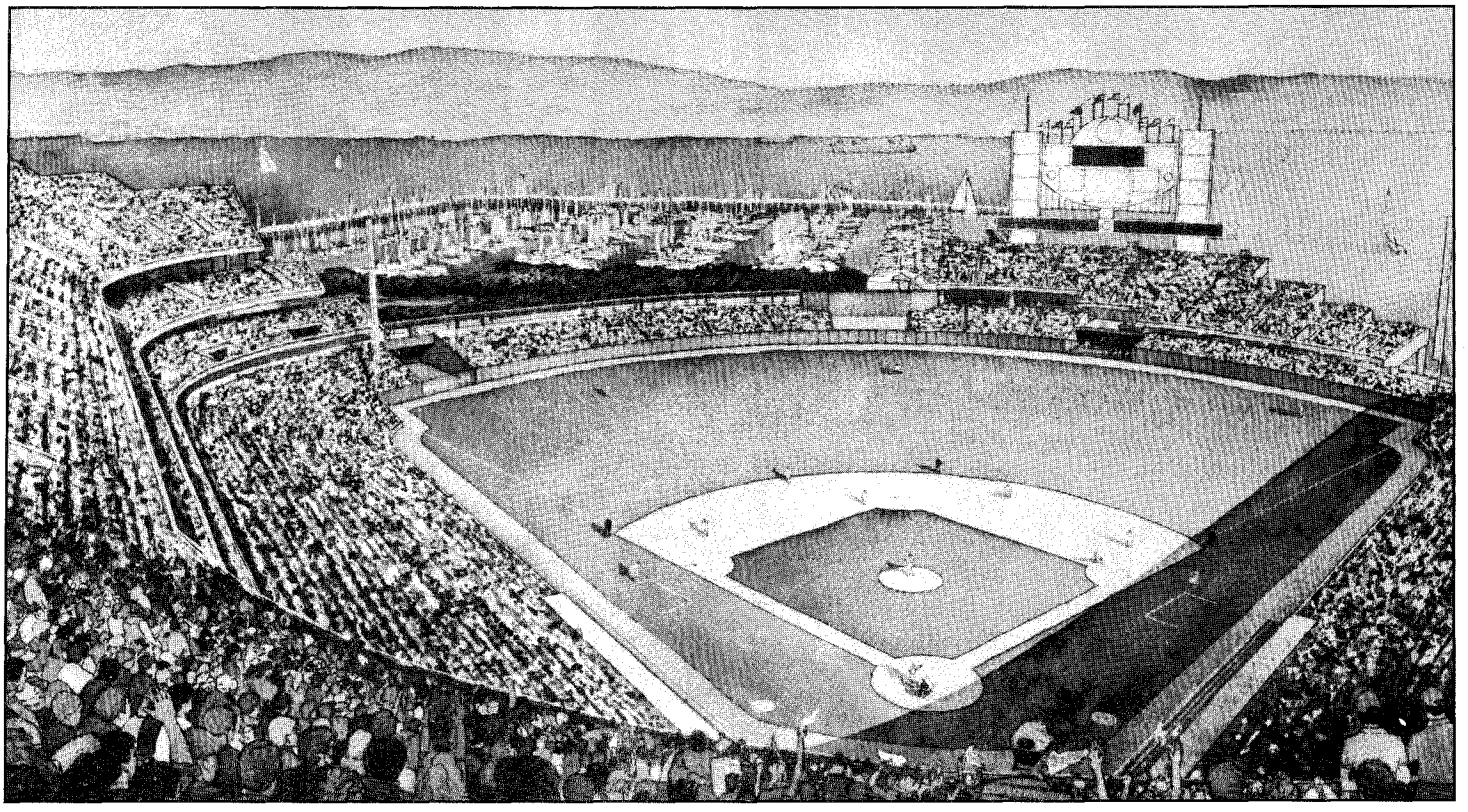
China Basin as an Urban Ballpark

In the fall of 1989, the SABR Ballparks Committee and the Minneapolis Review of Baseball published a booklet called "City Baseball Magic." Written by committee member Philip Bess, a Chicago architect, it is an entertaining and provocative polemic in favor of urban designs for new baseball parks. By an "urban" ballpark, Bess means a relatively small, intimate, baseball-only park, accessible by public transportation, whose architectural design is constrained by the shape of the city block it occupies, and whose presence is part of a diverse local area that includes retail business as well as residences. Bess demonstrates that most older ballparks, including a few still extant like Wrigley Field and Fenway Park, fit this definition. Most baseball facilities built since the 1950s he calls "suburban"—that is, unconstrained, usually larger stadia, surrounded by parking lots, remote from other development, and often intended for both baseball and football.

To what extent did China Basin fit Bess's strict urban model? How "intelligent and dutiful" were San Francisco officials in considering potential adjacent development?

The question of China Basin versus Santa Clara would seem to be a clear case of urban versus suburban. The stadium in Santa Clara, while relatively small (45,000 seats) and for baseball only, would be built between two freeways on suburban land near the Great America amusement park. The park in China Basin would have been within walking distance of the financial district, readily accessible to several forms of public transportation (including possibly a ferry), and bounded on one side by a city street and on one other by the bay.

But just how urban would the China Basin park have been? HOK Sports Facilities Group, the plan's architect, designed several of the most noted recent stadia, including New Comiskey Park and new ballparks in Buffalo and Baltimore. Bess contends that Buffalo's Pilot Field and Baltimore's



Artist's intepretation of China Basin park.

Camden Yards are only "modest design successes" and that what limited urban character they may possess "must be credited largely to client insistence." He noted that the "Maryland Stadium Authority chose HOK in spite of the Orioles' preference" for a competitor's more urban preliminary design, and believes that the semi-urban nature of the ultimate building will result largely from pressure brought to bear on HOK by the team. Other observers have noted that from all indications the San Francisco park would have been, in effect, a facsimile of Royals Stadium with part of the grandstand truncated on the right field side. By Philip Bess's strict standards, China Basin would not have been an urban ballpark.

THIS CAVEAT notwithstanding, thought seems to have been given to making the park an attractive addition to the city's landscape and culture. Newspaper coverage and comment by public officials during the campaign seemed coordinated to give the strong impression that the ballpark would have been urban at least in intention and a landmark, in a city more interested than most in landmarks.

Joan Ryan of the Examiner, playing the role of civic booster early in the public discussion, wrote in March that the preliminary design was "beautiful" and would have "the feel of another era, when ballparks were built into the fabric of a city." A Chronicle profile of Don Crosby, a local architect working with HOK, noted that Crosby envisioned "an elegant brick baseball park on the waterfront" and called his plan "a signature piece of architecture, what the Opera House is to Sydney." A view from the East Bay of the San Francisco skyline would have featured the ballpark prominently in the foreground. Crosby told the paper that the ballpark "should become as easily definable as representing San Francisco as the Transamerica Pyramid or Coit Tower."

In July, Joan Ryan wrote that the ballpark would have been "connected to the rest of The City, the Peninsula and the East Bay by several forms of mass transit." The in-progress light-rail extension to China Basin would have made the ballpark directly accessible by all lines in the city. Fans in Oakland, Berkeley, and other cities across the bay could have taken BART, the metropolitan train system, or AC Transit buses to within a mile of the park. Any bus system, including those of San Mateo (the Peninsula) and Marin (north of the Golden Gate Bridge) counties, that currently provides service to the Transbay Terminal near the end of Mission Street would have dropped fans within walking distance. A ferry from the East Bay or North Bay might have docked directly behind the right-field wall.

King Street, one of the streets adjacent to the ballpark, would have been expanded to a six-lane boulevard to accommodate bus and automobile traffic. Up to 13,000 parking

spaces would have been available either at the stadium or within a 15-minute walk. At least according to proponents of the plan, the China Basin park would have been not only eminently accessible by public transit, but also served by adequate parking.

The park might have been urban in the sense of constrained by adjacent streets if the stands had been designed parallel to King and Third streets. Instead, according to all published descriptions and graphics, the southeast corner of the intersection would have been occupied by the city-financed VIP parking garage, which would have partially obscured the facade behind the stands on the first-base side. The right-field stands would have been shortened because of the bay. The playing field would have been symmetrical, with dimensions the same as at Candlestick Park.

The Toronto Blue Jays set an American League attendance record in 1989 in their new, state-of-the-art, multi-use stadium, the SkyDome. The Buffalo Bisons became the only minor-league team in history to draw one million fans two years in a row thanks to their new, old-style baseball-only ballpark, Pilot Field. Which of the two represents the trend of the future?

In a sense, the question is misleading. Both parks are downtown; both draw a large proportion of their fans via public transportation. Still, despite HOK's apparent hesitancy to propose strict urban models to clients (HOK is the leading firm in the field of stadium architecture), it seems apparent that the trend in baseball facilities is toward smaller, single-use ballparks. This seems to reflect public sentiment and ownership's belated realization that public transportation brings out the fans as effectively as large parking lots—(Bob Lurie was converted by a game he attended in St. Louis). Another lesson: Bigger is not necessarily better. Philip Bess notes tellingly that "the Boston Red Sox, playing in Fenway Park, the smallest park in baseball, have over the past 20 years drawn more fans than any other in the [American] league."

In any case, the reality of shrinking resources and decreased dependence on the automobile will force cities to make not only ballparks but other civic institutions more accessible by public transportation. Hence, all things considered, usually downtown. The aesthetics of the actual structures may be another matter. No one ever went broke, said P. T. Barnum, underestimating the taste of the American public. San Francisco's China Basin plan, imperfect as it may have been architecturally and politically, represented a step (albeit hypothetically), into the future. Candlestick Park, built in the early 1960s, represented what people then thought was the future: the suburbs and the automobile. San Francisco Mayor Art Agnos saw the future as it looked in 1989: "My biggest problem," he said, "is getting people to forget the 40 years that have preceded this and look to 40 years down the line. This stadium is going to be here in 2035. What's the world going to be like then?"

Postscript

In April of 1990 Sacramento developer and sports promoter Gregg Lukenbill and four others—the so-called "Ballpark Five"—were indicted for alleged campaign-law violations in connection with last-minute flyers opposing the China Basin ballpark. Allegations were raised that the probe, led by San Francisco District Attorney Arlo Smith, who was running for state attorney general, was politically motivated.

In May of 1990 the San Francisco Giants outlined plans for a new stadium in Santa Clara. In October of 1989, as a good-faith gesture, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors voted to allow the Giants to end their lease at any time, if Proposition P were defeated. If efforts in Santa Clara fail, the Giants could be playing outside the Bay Area entirely as early as 1991.

Casey Stengel and the 1948 Oakland Oaks

RICHARD E. BEVERAGE

Why was Stengel hired by the Yankees? By winning a minor-league title with "nine old men," he really strutted his stuff—and showed it was the right stuff.

The career of Casey Stengel is well-documented in several biographies. His record as manager of the New York Yankees, where he won ten pennants during a twelve-year period that ended in 1960, is unsurpassed and resulted in Casey's election to the Hall of Fame. Usually, his success with the Yankees is prefaced by a brief mention that Stengel was hired after managing the Oakland Oaks of the Pacific Coast League to the league championship in 1948. That pennant was the first enjoyed by the Oaks since 1927, and the city of Oakland was captivated with its manager and its ballclub. The Oaks of that year were popularly known as The Nine Old Men and are one of the legendary clubs in Pacific Coast League history. Stengel did his best managing up to that time in leading a relatively unimpressive group to a surprising first-place finish. The managerial style that was later so publicized in New York had its roots in Casey's Oakland experience. Many of the same tactics he employed with great success in Yankee Stadium were developed in Oakland.

The Pacific Coast League was founded in 1903 and was generally regarded as the best of the high minor leagues. After an early period of instability, the league solidified itself in the period immediately after World War I with strong franchises in the major cities of California and the Pacific Northwest. Oakland was a charter member of the PCL. The original franchise was owned by J. Cal Ewing, one of the early pillars of the league, who served as its president for three years in the first decade of the century. Oakland won its first pennant in 1912 and another in 1927, but for the most part the club finished regularly in the second division. The Oaks were overshadowed by the cross-bay rival San Francisco Seals, who won frequent PCL pennants along with the Los Angeles Angels. Yet the strong rivalry between the cities of Oakland and San Francisco carried over to the playing field, and games between the Oaks and Seals were fiercely contested. Relations between the two clubs were a West Coast version of the Giant-Dodger rivalry in New York.

Control of the Oakland club passed from Ewing to Vic Devincenzi just in time for the Great Depression, when the club almost collapsed from lack of finances. In 1942 two local theater entrepreneurs, Brick Laws and Joe Blumenfeld, purchased the franchise. It was under their ownership that the Oaks enjoyed their greatest prosperity.

The Oaks played their games in a wooden park in Emeryville, an industrial enclave wedged between Oakland and Berkeley on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay. Oaks Park was built in 1912 and seated about 12,000 fans. By 1948 the park had become somewhat dilapidated in spite of $250,000 that Laws reputedly had spent in maintenance and repairs, but it remained a good place to watch a game. The fans were very close to the action, the sight lines were good, and a fresh paint job every year kept the splinters in the seats from being a greater problem. The park had dimensions that created playing conditions similar to those of Yankee Stadium. The distance to the left-field fence was 335 down the foul line but increased sharply to 395 feet in center. A high wooden fence in left topped by a clock tended to cut down the number of home runs in that direction. Bleachers began in dead center field and went all the way around to the right-field line, which was a short 300 feet from home plate. A small group of gamblers sat in the bleachers for most games, betting on virtually every pitch. Across the street from the park was a California Packing Company plant, and the smell of cooked tomatoes often filled the air.

Richard Beverage is chief financial officer for Perrin Manufacturing Company in Industry, California. He saw his first Pacific Coast League game in 1946 and has written histories of two PCL teams, the Los Angeles Angels and the Hollywood Stars.

Right field in Oakland was the cheapest home run in the Pacific Coast League. To be successful in Oaks Park, a club needed to have a strong lefthanded power hitter and good lefthanded pitching. Rarely had the Oaks had such a combination, which may explain their infrequent success. But in 1948 they were well supplied with both.

As the name Nine Old Men would imply, the distinguishing characteristic of the 1948 Oakland team was age. The Oaks were very old by baseball standards. The regular catcher was Billy Raimondi. A fixture in Oakland since 1933, Raimondi was 34 years old and would continue to play in the PCL until he was almost 40. Ex-Yankee Nick Etten, 34, was the first baseman, and 32-year-old Dario Lodigiani was at third base most of the time. His backup was Cookie Lavagetto, 35, and back in the PCL after many years with Brooklyn. Outfielders included Brooks Holder, 34; Les Scarsella, 34; Maurice Van Robays, 33. Other important Oaks, outfielders Mel Duezabou and Lloyd Christopher, and infielder Merrill Combs, were close to 30. Only infielders Billy Martin, 20 and Ray Hamrick, 26, and outfielder George Metkovich, 26, could be considered youthful.

The pitchers were even older. Southpaws Charlie Gassaway and Earl Jones were the aces of the staff at the relatively young ages of 30 and 29, respectively, but Lou Tost, Jack Salveson, Les Webber and Aldon Wilkie were all past 33. The bullpen was manned by the venerable Floyd Speer, 35, and the even older Ralph Buxton, 37. Befitting their ages, all of the pitchers with the exception of Will Hafey, the youngest member of the staff, had enjoyed major-league experience.

1948 was perhaps the last year that the Pacific Coast League enjoyed true prosperity as an independent minor league. Only the Los Angeles franchise was not locally owned, and working agreements with major-league teams were limited in scope. There was an abundance of skilled players available in 1948 as well. A great surplus of players at the end of World War II, and those players whose skills had declined somewhat during years of military service, found a demand for their services in the high minor leagues. The Pacific Coast League was an especially desirable place to play because of the mild summer climate and the fact that the independent owners were generally willing to pay higher salaries than elsewhere in the minors.

Casey Stengel was hired to manage the Oaks in 1946. The club had had two successive fifth-place finishes in 1944 and 1945, but in 1946, Casey guided Oakland to a strong second-place finish behind the Seals. Fans turned out in droves that first year to set an all-time attendance record for the franchise, 634,311. The Oaks fell back to fourth in 1947, but they defeated the archrival Seals in the playoffs only to lose to the championship Angels in the finals. Much of the player support was provided by the Yankees during those two years under a limited working agreement, but the arrangement was terminated at the close of the 1947 season. The Oaks were on their own for 1948.

Brick Laws was a good procurer of talent, however, and he was able to fill in the blanks ably. Over the years the Oaks had relied heavily on local talent. The East Bay was a hotbed of baseball activity, and there were many good young players available. A promising player would be signed out of high school, farmed out to a lower classification league for a few years, and then brought up to the Oaks. If he was successful at Oakland, he would be sold to the highest major-league bidder. That formula had worked well over the years, providing the financial lifeblood of the Oakland franchise and keeping the ballclub in business when times were bad.

Many times after an Oakland boy had ended his major-league career, he would come back home for a few years with the Oaks. Of that 1948 team, Lodigiani and Lavagetto had followed that pattern, and Ernie Lombardi, who joined the team in May in a trade with Sacramento, felt right at home after 20 years away. These men had grown up in north Oakland, along with Scarsella, Raimondi, and Martin, not far from the Emeryville ball park. With the exception of Scarsella, each had been originally signed by the Oaks. Will Hafey and Mel Duezabou were other local players who made important contributions to the Nine Old Men.

The Oaks were not considered to be of pennant-winning caliber when the 1948 season began. San Francisco was the favorite, and the Seals broke out to an early lead. Oakland was a good distance behind, in third and fourth place, during the first two months. However, the Oaks had been strengthened by two important trades in May. Young Will Hafey, a promising pitcher and probably the best athlete on the team, was sold to Cleveland for 1949 delivery. This was a Laws trade at its best. The Oaks received $50,000 in cash along with pitcher Les Webber and outfielder George Metkovich. Then a little later, pitcher Jack Salveson was acquired from Sacramento.

These two trades gave Stengel the flexibility he wanted. He had platooned players wherever he could in years past but never really had sufficient manpower. This Oakland team was especially well-suited to platooning. Casey could put an all right-handed or left-handed outfield in the lineup on any given day, and he frequently did just that. On days when there was a lefthander on the mound for the opposition, Stengel would play Lloyd Christopher in center field, flanked by Mel Duezabou and Maurice Van Robays. The righthanders would see Metkovich in center, with Brooks Holder and Les Scarsella on either side. In the infield Stengel would alternate Lodigiani and Lavagetto at third; Lodi hit righthanders better than Cookie. Only big Nick Etten was immune from platooning.

The Oaks used many pinchhitters in Casey's time, more than any other club in the league. On April 13 Stengel used

four pinchhitters in the ninth inning as the Oaks fought back at Seattle, only to lose 5-3 with the winning run on base. On August 12 he used four pinchhitters again, this time to deliver six runs in an 11-9 win at Seals Stadium in San Francisco. Catcher Eddie Fernandes, another home-town Oakland boy, was one of his best, and Casey had great faith in his clutch-hitting ability. During that August 12 game Fernandes was called upon to bat for Billy Raimondi, who had already socked three hits. Eddie hit the first pitch he saw for a single to drive in the winning run.

Stengel used his pitching staff effectively. There was no dominant hurler on the club, but Casey did have three very able lefthanded starters: Gassaway, Wilkie, and Jones. When Lou Tost joined the club in August, the Oaks could go through an entire seven-game series with southpaws. This was very important for games with San Francisco. The Seals' main batting strength was provided by Gene Woodling, Mickey Rocco, and Joe Brovia, all lefthanded hitters, and the Oaks were able to limit their power very effectively. In the 28 games between the clubs, Oakland started 17 lefties and coincidentally won 17 times. Jack Salveson was the only righthander to start a game during the most critical series of the year, in mid-August.

The Oakland bullpen was manned exclusively by Ralph Buxton and Floyd Speer during the late-season drive. Buxton was the short man, and Casey didn't hesitate to use him when the game was on the line. In one stretch Buxton appeared in seven consecutive games and picked up three wins. His "out" pitch was a fine screwball, which was particularly deadly to lefthanded batters. Buxton enjoyed a 13-3 season with a fine ERA of 3.19. A bit of a prankster, the veteran pitcher was the central character in the most-discussed game of the 1948 season, the famous "pine tar incident" of August 14.

After their early sluggish start, the Oaks rallied in June and took over first place on July 11. The addition of Metkovich in May gave the club some power behind Nick Etten, who had not been getting good pitches to hit. His home-run pace increased considerably, and he finished with a club-leading 43. Metkovich proved to be a fine centerfielder and added 23 home runs to go along with a .335 average These two spearheaded the Oakland drive to the top of the standings.

By July it was clear that the Oaks and Seals were the best clubs in the league, and they took turns occupying the top spot. San Francisco owned a three-game lead when the last series of the year between the two clubs opened at Seals Stadium on August 9. Oakland won three of the first four games to cut the margin to one game as play began on August 14. In that contest the Oaks carried a 4-3 lead into the ninth inning behind Lou Tost. Buxton came on to start the last inning. After retiring the first hitter, Buxton threw a ball that seemed to have a strange, black stubstance on it—pine tar! The pitcher confessed to his deed. "It's just a joke," Buxton said. The ball was promptly removed from play, and the Oaks' reliever proceeded to retire the side with no scoring. The Oaks were now tied with the Seals for first place.

But wait! Seals manager Lefty O'Doul entered a protest. Pacific Coast League rules explicitly stated that the pitcher must be ejected for "applying a foreign substance of any kind on the ball for any reason." There could be no question that pine tar qualified as a "foreign substance." The protest was allowed by PCL President Clarence "Pants" Rowland, who ruled that the last half of the ninth inning must be replayed. Buxton was suspended for 10 days for his "joke."

The decision presented a problem for the league. Since the two clubs were not scheduled to meet again during the regular season, the replay must take place on a date when each was at home or, at least, near the Bay Area. There was little air travel in 1948, and it would not be possible to make the appropriate travel arrangements. The only available date was September 21, just five days before the end of the season. On that day the Oaks had an open date in a home series with Sacramento, while the Seals were at home against Seattle. The protested game—or inning, as the case happened to be—would be replayed before the regularly scheduled game of that night.

By the time that all parties could come to an agreement on the date, the Oaks had apparently faded from contention, dropping to five and one half games behind on August 25. But a big series at San Diego during which Etten drove in 16 runs on seven home runs turned the pennant race around. Oakland was back in the thick of things and regained the lead on September 11. The Oaks and Seals took turns in the lead for the next week, and at the end of play on Sunday, September 19, the two clubs were tied. San Francisco was idle the next day, and Oakland moved a half-game in front with a 6-1 win over Sacramento. The stage was set for the pine-tar replay.

On the evening of September 21 the Oaks rode a bus over the Bay Bridge to Seals Stadium, where Floyd Speer was given the task of taming the Seals. The inning was a breeze. Speer retired the Seals in order on 10 pitches without a ball hit out of the infield. The dejected Seals then lost the regular game to Seattle, 6-0. Oakland was now two games ahead with only seven to play.

Stengel was jubilant on the bus ride back home. He brought dinner for the entire ball club out of his own pocket, and the party lasted into the early hours of the morning. The Oaks maintained their lead, clinching the pennant on Saturday, September 25, and finished two games ahead of the Seals. That pine-tar game may have meant the pennant for the Oaks and may have led to Casey's long career with the Yankees. Maybe he thought so himself, for in 1949 he

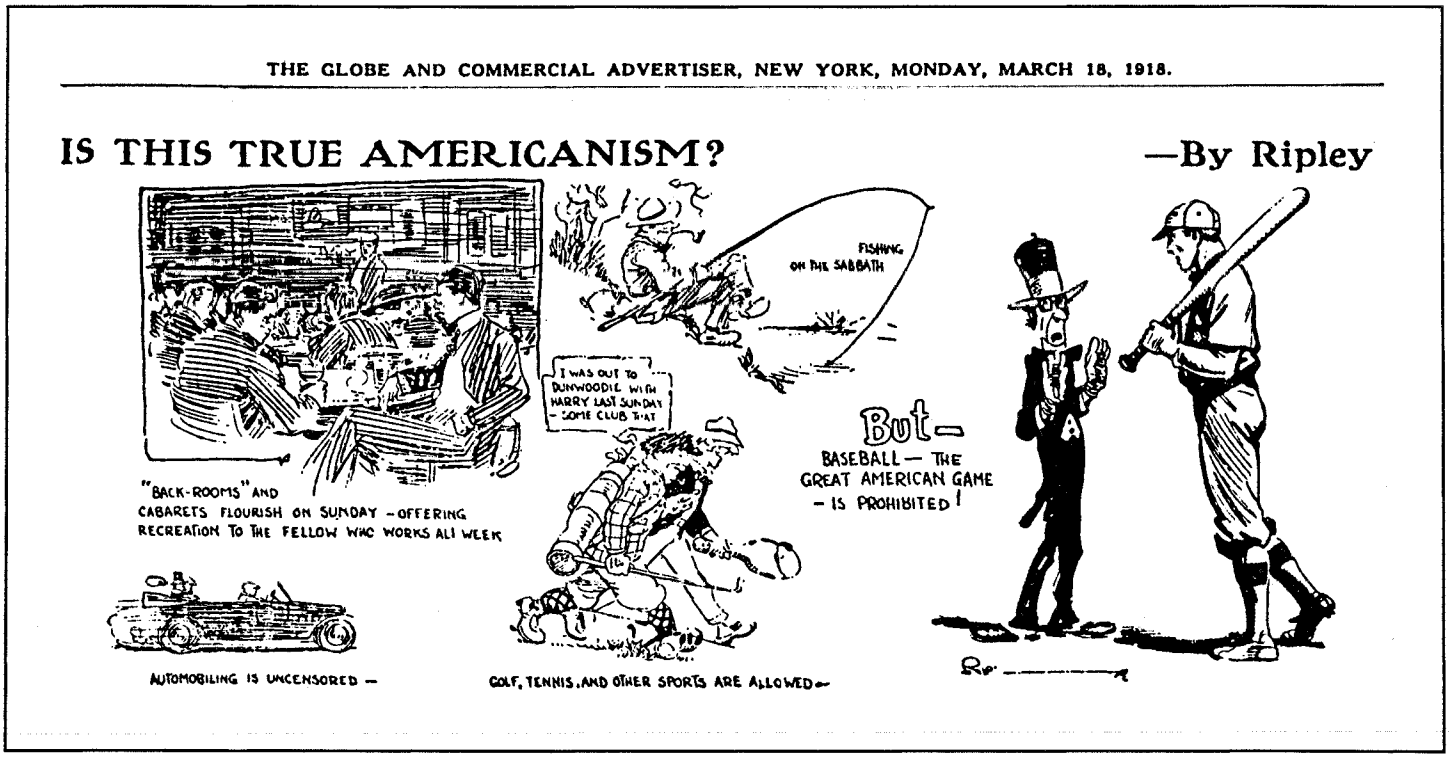
brought Buxton up to New York for two weeks in August while the Yankee bullpen was struggling and needed some help. A little pine tar, perhaps?

Oakland Oaks Season Statistics
1948—1st Place 114-74
Manager—Casey Stengel

		G	AB	H	AVG.	HR	RBI
1B	Nick Etten	164	578	181	.313	43	155
2B	Billy Martin	132	401	111	.277	3	42
3B	Dario Lodigiani	162	581	176	.303	7	72
SS	Merrill Combs	175	580	157	.271	10	69
1NF	Ray Hamrick	101	243	63	.259	1	26
1NF	Cookie Lavagetto	86	286	87	.304	3	38
LF	Brooks Holder	148	482	143	.297	10	57
CF	George Metkovich	134	500	168	.336	23	88
RF	Mel Duezabou	132	389	118	.303	7	52
OF	Lloyd Christoper	124	352	112	.318	14	61
OF	Les Scarsella	111	329	89	.271	14	72
OF	Maurice Van Robays	87	192	60	.313	2	25
OF-P	Will Hafey	75	131	37	.282	3	34
C	Bill Raimondi	126	302	86	.285	0	31
C	Ernie Lombardi	102	284	75	.264	11	55
C	Eddie Fernandes	62	91	27	.297	1	21

		G	IP	W	L	ERA
P	Earl Jones	39	196	13	6	2.98
P	Charlie Gassaway	43	198	15	8	3.09
P	Ralph Buxton	34	96	13	3	3.19
P	Aldon Wilkie	41	185	11	6	3.79
P	Will Hafey	30	183	13	10	4.47
P	Jack Salveson	22	131	10	9	4.05
P	Floyd Speer	49	108	12	3	5.17
P	Les Webber	32	131	8	5	5.50

Baseball on the Sabbath — Part 4



Relative Performance Measurement

RON SKRABACZ

Who finished among the top five in 15 offensive categories most prominently? It wasn't the Babe. A new standard of achievement and longevity is unveiled.

THIS RESEARCH was born out of my daily ritual of studying the morning sports pages over the last 25 years. For years, after fully digesting every piece of information in every box score, I have then turned my attention to my security blanket, the list of league leaders. This list shows at a glance the top five leaders of each of the major statistical categories. It is this small section of the sports page that has always helped me to determine if my favorite players were having a good year.

If all was going well, Pete Rose would be among the leaders in hits, doubles and runs scored in the National League. In the American League Carl Yastrzemski would also be among the leaders in doubles and runs scored. Lately I expect to see Wade Boggs leading in hits and batting average.

It has never mattered to me whether they led a category by one or 21. In the same way that it doesn't matter whether you win a ballgame by a score of 1-0 or 21-0: The bottom line is, a win is a win. If my favorite players appeared among the leaders that was all I needed to know. At least I knew they were dominating their league in something.

The countless number of hours I have spent poring over these lists helped me reach what is basically a very obvious conclusion: If you are among the league leaders, at least for that year and in that particular category, you have been a dominant player. It really doesn't matter whether you win the home run crown by a dozen homers or a single homer, because number one is number one.

This concept of dominance can be easily quantified and, over the course of a career, can be quite useful in comparing players with their peers or with players from other eras. The statistic I have developed to make such comparisons is called the Relative Performance Measurement (RPM). It is not intended to determine the "best" player, but I believe it will show which players were most dominant over an extended period during their careers. The research for this article deals only with batting, or offensive, performances, However, RPM can be used just as well to show dominance in pitching and fielding.

RPM is nothing more than the measurement of a player's performance relative to his peers within his league. It ultimately measures how dominant a player was or is during his era, and then allows comparisons with other players, regardless of era.

Can you really compare Babe Ruth against Hank Aaron based on seasonal numbers or even career statistics? They both hit against different pitchers and fielders, played with different equipment and had different advantages and disadvantages unique to their eras.

However, you can compare how Ruth measured up against his peers and how Aaron stacked up against his. Once this comparison with peers has been quantified for each then a comparison can be made against those numbers. By neutralizing era-specific factors, you can judge the players on how well they dominated their peers. That is what RPM is all about.

In devising the RPM statistic I had to make some assumptions. First and foremost was the notion that being in the top five of any category constitutes dominance. Obviously this is an arbitrary decision, but my reasoning is that if the daily sports pages see fit to list the top five leaders throughout the season who am I to break that tradition. I could have just as easily gone with the top 10 but as you will see, that would have been much too cumbersome.

Secondly, I was interested only in the relative placement of the leaders, not in the disparity between their totals. Babe Ruth won the 1920 home-run title by 35 homers. With RPM, Ruth's achievement was no different than Fred McGriff's

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1989 home-run title by just one homer over Joe Carter.

Calculating the numbers requires nothing more than simple arithmetic. A point system awards the top player five points, the next player four points, and so forth, down to the fifth spot, which receives one point. Ties are handled by dividing the available points equally. In the 1970 example below, the points for the first and second spots, five and four, respectively, are added together and divided by two. Each player receives 4.5 points. These points, based on seasonal rankings, are called **placement points.**

1970 NL Hits Leaders

1st tie	Pete Rose	205	4.5 pts.
	Billy Williams	205	4.5 pts.
3rd	Joe Torre	203	3.0 pts
4th	Lou Brock	202	2.0 pts.
5th	Bobby Bonds	200	1.0 pts.

In addition, players receive a bonus point for each year they finish in the top five. This acts as a reward just for making it into this elite group and gives credit to those who are among the league leaders on a regular basis. The combined total of placement points plus bonus points equals RPM. Thus, the maximum number of RPM points a player can receive in any year for any category is six.

To illustrate the need for adding in the bonus points, consider the following example. If a player finished first in hits for just one year he would be given five placement points. If another player finished fifth in hits three years in a row he would receive one placement point each year for a total of three points.

Who has been more dominant, the one-year phenom or the player consistently among the league leaders? By combining these two players' placement points with their bonus points they each have an RPM of 6.00 (5 + 1 and 3 + 3). In this way the consistent hitter is given as much recognition as the short-term phenom.

In the example below I have shown the RPM compiled by Mickey Mantle for his five years finishing in the top five in batting average.

Mickey Mantle's Batting Average RPM

1952	.311	3rd	3.0 pts.
1956	.353	1st	5.0 pts.
1957	.365	2nd	4.0 pts.
1961	.317	4th	2.0 pts.
1964	.303	4th	2.0 pts.
5 years			16.0 pts. + 5 = 21.00
			Placement Pts. + Yrs. = RPM

Mantle's RPM of 21.00 ties him for 40th place in the batting average category. Not surprisingly, Ty Cobb ranks first, compiling 75.00 Placement Points with an astonishing 17 years in the top five for an RPM of 92.00. Cobb's batting-average RPM of 92.00 is the highest RPM attained by anyone in any category. So while Mantle was no slouch in the batting average category it certainly was not the part of his game that led to his popularity.

I have selected 15 statistical categories to calculate the RPM for all players since 1900. Besides the obvious hitting categories I have included games played and at-bats which I consider to be presence factors. Although these two items do not directly relate to productivity, they do indicate a needed presence. A manager will not pencil in a player's name on the lineup card every day if he is not needed. Likewise, a player will not amass enough at-bats to lead his league if he isn't doing something right. For these reasons I consider these two categories worthy of consideration when defining dominance.

With RPM you can determine who were the most dominant players in a particular category over a career. There is no real debate because there is only one way to score high on the RPM scale—a player must finish in the top five of a particular category for several seasons. The longer he can do that, the higher the RPM. The list below shows the career leader in each of the 15 categories I have researched. Only statistics from 1900 through 1989 are included:

Category	Player	Pl.Pts.	Yrs. in Top 5	RPM
Games	Pete Rose	37.21	13	50.21
At-Bats	Pete Rose	41.50	12	53.50
Runs	Babe Ruth	49.00	11	60.00
Hits	Pete Rose	58.50	15	73.50
Singles	Ty Cobb	50.50	14	64.50
Doubles	Tris Speaker	54.50	12	66.50
Triples	Sam Crawford	47.25	13	60.25
Home Runs	Babe Ruth	73.50	16	89.50
Extra-Base Hits	Hank Aaron	53.00	15	68.00
Total Bases	Hank Aaron	58.00	14	72.00
Batting Avg.	Ty Cobb	75.00	17	92.00
Slugging Pct.	Babe Ruth	72.00	15	87.00
RBI	Babe Ruth	50.50	13	63.50
Walks	Mel Ott	65.00	16	81.00
Stolen Bases	Max Carey	64.50	15	79.50

If RPM shows dominance in a particular category, it seems only logical that by combining the RPM of all 15 categories an overall all-around dominant player will stand out. From looking at the preceding list one might be led to believe that the most dominant player in history was Babe Ruth. Actually, according to RPM, he was only the third most dominant with a combined RPM of 569.83. While the Babe was by far the leader in power and productivity, he did not fare as well in some of the other speed-oriented categories such as triples and stolen bases.

Consequently, the most dominant player overall, with a combined RPM of 724.33, was Ty Cobb. While Cobb led in only one category, batting average, he ranked fifth or better in eight different categories. His lowest RPM was a 9.00 in bases on balls. His next lowest RPM was a 12.00 in games played.

Right behind Cobb was Stan Musial with a combined RPM of 618.66. As you can see from the chart, The Man did not lead in any category but he did finish fifth or better in seven of the 15 categories researched.

The list below shows the 25 most dominant players in major league history based on their combined RPM scores.

Rank	Player	Combined RPM	Total Top 5 Finishes
1.	Ty Cobb	724.33	151
2.	Stan Musial	618.66	135
3.	Babe Ruth	569.83	112
4.	Hank Aaron	543.91	130
5.	Honus Wagner	542.64	118
6.	Lou Gehrig	537.27	120
7.	Rogers Hornsby	518.25	107
8.	Ted Williams	507.25	104
9.	Sam Crawford	489.39	120
10.	Willie Mays	470.83	111
11.	Tris Speaker	429.16	111
12.	Pete Rose	415.96	97
13.	Mike Schmidt	365.83	81
14.	Mickey Mantle	360.33	78
15.	Mel Ott	350.53	84
16.	Joe Medwick	334.75	81
17.	Jimmie Foxx	325.50	75
18.	Frank Robinson	314.19	82
19.	Johnny Mize	313.67	71
20.	Napoleon Lajoie	312.43	67
21.	Paul Waner	301.75	74
22.	Joe DiMaggio	299.16	75
23.	George Sisler	294.64	70
24.	Sherry Magee	284.93	71
25.	Eddie Collins	284.86	75

There are several ways a player can make the preceding list. He can be a dominant player in just about every category, as in the cases of Hank Aaron, Ty Cobb, or Stan Musial. These players are few and far between and, as expected, appear high up on the list.

Or he can be extremely dominant in only a few of the 15 categories—someone like Mel Ott. Of his 350.53 total points, Ott attained 81.00 in bases on balls, 77.33 in home runs and 51.00 in slugging percentage. Those three categories alone accounted for nearly 60 percent of his total RPM.

A player can also be fairly dominant in many different categories and end up with a high cumulative RPM. An example of this is Sherry Magee. Magee never scored more than 38.00 in any category but he did well in 14 out of 15 categories, thus compiling a cumulative score high enough to be in the top 25.

It should be pointed out that of the 25 players in the above list all but three are in the Hall of Fame. And two of those, Pete Rose and Mike Schmidt, are not yet eligible. Only Sherry Magee, who saw his best years in the National League in the early 1900s, has cracked the RPM top 25 and remained outside the halls of Cooperstown.

Another indication of dominance that comes from the RPM research is the number of times a player actually finishes among the top five in various categories throughout his career. As you can see from the RPM top 25 list only 11 players have accumulated 100 or more league-leading, or top five, finishes. To reach those totals a player has to be not only consistent but consistently dominant.

If these are the elite players, what constitutes just a good RPM, one that distinguishes the fairly dominant players from the thousands of average players? Any cumulative RPM over 100.00 would put a player in the dominant class. To achieve an RPM of 100.00 or better a player has to have been among the top five of various categories at least 17 times during his career. In other words, in a 10-year career that player would have had to have made his presence felt among various league leaders almost twice a year.

Since 1900 there have been 1,281 players who have had a top five finish at least once in their career in one or more of the 15 offensive categories researched. Only 139 of them have achieved an RPM of 100.00 or more. Sixty of them are Hall of Famers. Another 18 of them—Wade Boggs (189.93), George Brett (198.33), Bill Buckner (108.50), Andre Dawson (152.53), Dwight Evans (137.65), Tony Gwynn (126.17), Rickey Henderson (151.83), Keith Hernandez (101.13), Don Mattingly (150.50), Dale Murphy (202.67), Eddie Murray (118.20), Dave Parker (195.00), Kirby Puckett (146.98), Tim Raines (127.20), Cal Ripken (105.60), Juan Samuel (108.95), Willie Wilson (136.72) and Robin Yount (156.89)—were still active at the start of the 1990 season.

Admittedly RPM is not the definitive measurement for comparing players across different eras, but it does make more sense than comparing straight numbers. In any given year, or era, conditions are relatively the same (home ballpark factors excluded) for all players active at that time. They all have the same environmental and era-specific factors to contend with and they each have virtually the same chance to be the "cream" that rises to the top in his particular league.

As with any baseball statistic, luck plays an important role. For example, in home runs, Mel Ott finished second with a lifetime RPM of 77.33 behind Ruth's 89.50. Ott was fortunate enough to have played in the National League at the time that he did. Had he been in the American League during the same years and compiled the same yearly totals he would have finished in the top five only 13 times (instead of 16) with an RPM of 48.50. This would have dropped him from second to ninth place.

Lou Gehrig, on the other hand, finished second to Babe Ruth four times and tied him another. A dominant player in his own right, Gehrig still couldn't dominate a league and era owned by Ruth. Had Gehrig played in the National League and amassed his same home-run totals, he would have

finished in the top five a total of 13 times (instead of 12) and upped his RPM from 54.50 to 60.00, good for fourth place (instead of seventh) on the all-time list.

The RPM is not a highly complex mathematical formula that strains the mind trying to follow all the numbers. It is simple enough for almost anyone to compute yet powerful enough to bring every statistical category of every season to a lowest common denominator—you either were or were not among the league leaders.

While the RPM is an excellent gauge for comparing players from different eras, it still does not answer all the "What if..." questions. What if Ted Williams had not lost more than four seasons to military service? What if Lou Gehrig had not developed his career-shortening disease? What if Josh Gibson had not been confined to the Negro leagues? These types of questions will never be answered. Nor should they be. Debate is as much a part of baseball as hitting and pitching.

It has been my desire, however, to lessen this debate somewhat by creating a measurement with the capacity to make cross-comparisons between players from different eras. I believe RPM does this.

The Dream Seasons

Although RPM is better suited for career performances it does give an interesting perspective to single-season performances.

With a maximum RPM of 6.00 possible in any single statistical category (5.00 placement points plus one bonus point) it follows that the maximum RPM possible for a single season in the 15 offensive categories researched is 90.00 (6.00 x 15).

Who then has come the closest to a "perfect" RPM in a single season? Five individual performances stand out since 1900. Ty Cobb's 1909 and 1911 seasons, Joe Medwick's 1937 season and Stan Musial's 1946 and 1948 seasons are the five best all-around performances according to RPM.

A summary of those five season by offensive categories follows:

Offensive Category	Cobb 1909	Cobb *1911	Medwick *1937	Musial 1946	Musial 1948
Games Played	—	3.5	5.0	4.5	3.0
At-Bats	3.0	3.0	5.0	5.0	4.0
Runs	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Hits	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Singles	5.0	5.0	2.5	5.0	1.5
Doubles	5.0	3.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Triples	5.0	—	—	5.0	5.0
Home Runs	3.5	5.0	4.5	0.5	3.0
Extra-Base Hits	5.0	4.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Total Bases	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Batting Average	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Slugging Percentage	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Runs Batted In	5.0	5.0	5.0	3.0	5.0
Bases On Balls	—	—	—	—	—
Stolen Bases	5.0	5.0	—	—	—
Placement Points	61.5	58.5	57.0	58.0	56.5
Bonus Points	13.0	13.0	12.0	13.0	13.0
TOTAL RPM	74.5	71.5	69.0	71.0	69.5

*-Indicates Triple Crown Winner

From a Researcher's Notebook

AL KERMISCH

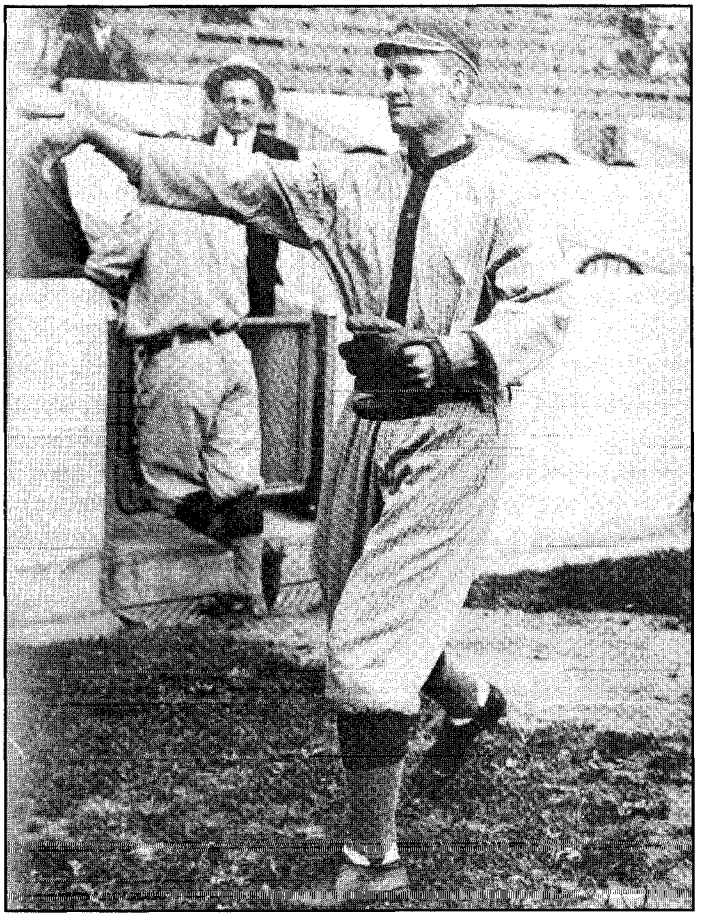
Of all the pitchers whose careers began after 1900, Walter Johnson is the only one to reach the 400-win plateau. Johnson pitched from 1907 through 1927, but it is not generally known that his career was almost nipped in the bud after his fine rookie season.

Following the 1907 season, Johnson returned to his home in Olinda, California, and kept in shape by pitching semipro ball.

His health quickly began to deteriorate because of an abscess that had formed behind his right ear—possibly the result of being hit by a pitched ball. Reluctant to submit to an operation for the removal of the abscess, Johnson hoped it might be cured by other means so that he could join the Senators for their spring-training trip to Texas. But Walter's condition grew worse and he had to be hospitalized in nearby Fullerton. On Thursday, February 27, just two weeks after he entered the hospital, he was operated on for acute mastoiditis and a piece of bone was removed from behind his right ear. He was put to sleep for the operation and did not awaken until noon Friday.

Johnson's recovery from the life-threatening operation was very slow and he was not able to join the Senators until June 6. Washington had already played 46 games. He pitched for the first time on June 11 at St. Louis, lost 5-3, and was knocked out in the fourth inning. His record deteriorated to 1-7.

Johnson began the road back on July 28 by defeating the Browns 2-1 in 16 innings at St. Louis. The only run he gave up was unearned and he fanned 13. By September Johnson was stronger than ever. In an eight-day period—from Friday, September 4 through Friday, September 11—he threw five complete-game victories, including his famous three shut-outs in three consecutive games over four days against the Yankees in New York. Johnson finished with 14 wins and 14 defeats and his record of 36 games and 257 innings pitched was second among the Washington pitchers, exceeded only by Long Tom Hughes with 43 games and 276 innings.



"The Big Train."

Was Bobby Clack Majors' First Pinch-Hitter?

Unlimited substitution in major-league baseball was not authorized until 1891, but in the early days injuries often necessitated a substitute hitter. No trace can be found in the box score. Nonetheless, the majors' first emergency batsman may have surfaced in the very first month of the first National League season in 1876, in a game played at St. Louis on Saturday, May 13. The home club defeated the Cincinnati Reds 11-0, behind the two-hit pitching of George Washington Bradley. In the very first inning Dave Pearson, the Cincinnati catcher, hurt his hand and was shifted to shortstop, with

Al Kermisch is an original SABR member who contributed to the first 15 issues of "BRJ."

Amos Booth moving from short to third base and Will Foley going from third base to catcher. In the second inning it was determined that Pearson could not continue and after a delay of 10 minutes, Bobby Clack was sent up to bat for Pearson and struck out.

Two Players Named McGann Played In Majors

Baseball encyclopedias list only one player named McGann in the long history of major league baseball—Dan McGann. But there was another McGann who played briefly in the big leagues. He was Ambrose J. McGann of Baltimore, Maryland. Ambrose played with Louisville of the National League in 1895. For all these years his record has been incorporated into the record of Dan McGann. The latter did not reach the majors until 1896 when he joined Boston of the National League.

It was easy to confuse the players in the old days, since the averages did not include the first names of the players. Both McGanns had played in the Virginia League before advancing to the majors, and both had played frequently at second base before moving up. But that's where the similarity ends. Dan was six feet tall while Ambrose was about 5'7". Dan eventually found his niche when he moved to first base.

Mickey Mantle's Frustrating Day As Rookie

In Mickey Mantle's rookie season with the Yankees in 1951, the future Hall of Famer had one extremely frustrating day at Fenway Park in Boston. In a doubleheader on Memorial Day, Mantle fanned all five times he came to bat—three times in the first game and twice in the nightcap. Moreover, Manager Casey Stengel sent in pinchhitters for the rookie in both games. Believe it or not, both emergency batters hit home runs—Jackie Jensen with one on in the opener and Cliff Mapes in the second. Since both Jensen and Mapes stayed in their respective games, no trace of Mantle being batted for can be found in the box scores of the games. The Red Sox won both games, 11-10 in 15 innings and 9-4.

The Day Babe Ruth Conquered Redland Field

Redland Field in Cincinnati was opened in 1912, and the dimensions of the park were a challenge to long-ball hitters. Most of the home runs hit there in the early years were of the inside-the-park variety or were drives that bounded into the stands. It was also at Redland Field that the Reds and Chicago Cubs played an entire game on June 29, 1913, using only one ball despite the fact that the game produced 15 runs. Cincinnati won 9-6.

Redland Field was in the 10th year of its existence before a fair ball was hit over the left-field fence on the fly in a National League game—by Pat Duncan of the Reds on June 2, 1921. The center-field fence and the right-field bleachers weren't cleared until July 21, 1921, when Babe Ruth and the New York Yankees came in for an exhibition game. The Babe had electrified the baseball world with 54 home runs in 1920 and thus far in 1921 had a total of 35 on his way to another record of 59. An enthusiastic Monday crowd of 16,367 showed up to get a glimpse of the Sultan of Swat. With the Reds ahead 7-0 in the fifth inning, the Yanks got two men on with shortstop Johnny Mitchell as the next batter. Although Mitchell was not much of a threat with the bat, the crowd pleaded with pitcher Fred Coumbe to pass him so that the Babe could come to the plate with the bases full. Coumbe complied and the mighty Babe did not disappoint the onlookers. He crashed a colossal drive over the center-field fence with the ball landing on the far side on Western Ave. Perhaps Coumbe had joined into the festivities by grooving the ball for the Babe. But remember that only two years earlier Ruth, then with the Red Sox, had hit a grand slam off the lefthander, then pitching for Cleveland, that led to the resignation of Manager Lee Fohl. That game took place at Cleveland on July 18, 1919. The Indians had beaten the world champion Red Sox nine straight times and went into the ninth inning of that game with a four-run lead. But Boston rallied to win with five runs, four on Ruth's grand slam off Coumbe, who had been brought in specifically to face the Babe. The Cleveland fans were so critical of Fohl's handling of pitchers in that game that Fohl resigned the next day.

In the seventh inning against the Reds, Ruth came up with Mitchell on base. This time he crushed a tremendous liner that sped to that portion of the right-field bleachers farthest from the home plate and landed about 15 feet from where the stands joined the center-field fence. Cincinnati won the game 9-8, even though it was only an exhibition game, the local fans were thrilled by Ruth's two record-breaking home runs in Redland Field. After its dimensions were cut down Redland later was known as Crosley Field, a home-run haven.

Parson Nicholson Tumbled From Lofty Height

Thomas C. Nicholson, who earned the nickname "Parson" because he refused to play on Sundays, played in 168 games in three major-league seasons before 1900 without distinction. In recent years, however, Nicholson, who died in 1917, gained a bit of notoriety because he is listed in the baseball encyclopedias as being six feet six inches tall. Since he played 10 games as shortstop for Washington in 1895, he took on the mantle of being the tallest shortstop ever to play in the majors.

In attempting to find any supporting evidence of Nicholson's height, I discovered instead that he was closer to being 5'6" than 6'6". Following are excerpts from several 1888 publications referring to Nicholson's size:

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of March 18, 1888:

"Nicholson arrives, He is quite a good looking fellow,

quiet and unassuming, and much the build of Caruthers."

From the Detroit Free-Press of September 14, 1888:

"Nicholson played second base for Detroit. He is of medium size and active in movement."

From The Sporting News of September 22, 1888:

"Detroit bought Nicholson from Wheeling for $400. He is twenty-five years of age, five feet six inches in height."

Billy Maharg Was Joke As Ballplayer

Billy Maharg, whose revelations to a Philadelphia reporter in September, 1920, provided the clue that definitely linked certain White Sox players with the gamblers in the 1919 Black Sox scandal, appeared in two major-league games but was a joke as a ballplayer. Maharg, who had been a popular club fighter in the lighter weights around Philadelphia, got into the two games on the strength of whom he knew rather than his playing ability.

Maharg played a total of four innings in his two games. He was one of the amateurs who made up the Detroit team on May 18, 1912, when the Tigers went on strike after Ty Cobb was suspended for hitting a fan a few days earlier in New York. It was none other than Bill Burns, one of the striking Tigers and Maharg's future gambling partner, who recommended Billy for the job. Maharg started the game at third base and after two innings gave way to Ed Irwin, who played seven innings and hit two triples to set a record for most triples by a player in his first (and only) major-league game. The Athletics won that farce 24-2. The Detroit Free-Press evaluated Maharg's performance as follows:

"The game might have been closer in the early stages but for a misconception on the part of Detroit's Billy Maharg. Bill, who formerly graced the prize ring, wasn't quite sure if he was playing third base or left field, so he compromised and lurked between the two positions. Seeing his dilemma, the Athletics resorted to bunting and beating the ball so far that nobody bothered to throw to first at all."

The second time Billy got into a game was on October 5, 1916, in the season finale between the Boston Braves and Phillies at Philadelphia. With the Braves ahead 4-1 in the eighth inning, Manager Pat Moran put Maharg into the game more as a lark than anything else. At that time Maharg was a pudgy 35-year-old who spent a great deal of time at the ballpark as a chauffeur for Bill Killefer, the Phillie catcher. Billy entered the game in the eighth as a pinch hitter for Wilbur Good and after grounding out went to left field. The Philadelphia Press best described Maharg's performance:

"A warm sun lent down upon the stout Maharg, who looked the part of a ball player as far as a perfectly good uniform was concerned. But this did not prevent 'the big leaguer for a day' from keeping in the shade. He discovered that the flag at the top of the pole cast its shady shadows near the right-field foul line and a riot call would have failed to attract Mr. Maharg from the cool spot. He remained there as if glued to the lawn. 'Back to the minors,' yelled the fickle crowd but Mr. Maharg did not agree with them. He said it was back to the automobile for him, and he was right for last night he performed his usual chauffeur bit for Bill Killefer."

There has been some speculation that Maharg's real name was Graham, which is Maharg spelled backwards. But Maharg himself set the record straight when he testified at the Black Sox trial in 1921. When asked by the prosecutor whether the intimation by the attorney for the defense that he was "Peaches Graham" was true, Maharg, under oath, replied: "I have never been known by anything but Billy Maharg. I know Peaches Graham but I am not he."

Young Kiner Impressed Toronto Fans in 1943

Ralph Kiner played only 43 games for Toronto of the International League in 1943 before leaving to join the United States Air Force. The 20-year-old Kiner hit .236 with just two home runs for the Leafs. But the future Hall of Famer impressed the home town fans by hitting both of his home runs in Toronto and in spectacular fashion. Toronto started the season on the road and did not play its first home game until May 6. In Kiner's first at-bat before the home folks, he led off the second inning by hitting the first pitch thrown by Red Bartleson high over the left-field fence. The ball landed on the roof of the Royal Canadian Air Force barracks. The Leafs routed Syracuse 12-3.

In true Frank Merriwell fashion Kiner saved his second home run for his final time at bat in this farewell game at Toronto June 3. He came up in the eighth inning with Al Rubeling on base and hit Jack Tising's first pitch off the Toronto Globe and Mail sign for an inside-the-park home run that clinched Toronto's 5-2 victory over Buffalo.

Back-To-Back Home Runs In Consecutive Innings

On May 26, 1930, in a game at Yankee Stadium, Goose Goslin and Joe Judge, of Washington, both lefthanded batters, hit back-to-back home runs in successive innings off rookie southpaw Lefty Gomez. The youngster had held the Nats scoreless for three innings, but in the fourth Goslin led off with a drive into the right-field bleachers and Judge followed with another into the same sector. In the very next frame, the Senators drove Gomez out of the box when Goslin touched him for a three-run homer into the right-field bleachers and Judge followed with a smash into the same stands. Washington won the game 10-7.

An Umpire Who Accepted "Foul Tips"

T.B. Jevne signed on as an umpire in the Southern League in 1898. He arrived in Atlanta on April 16 and immediately

proved a favorite with the local fans. Within three weeks, however, Jevne returned to his Chicago home in disgrace.

Several weeks into the season the Atlanta management was puzzled about the inconsistency of the gate receipts compared to the number of patrons. The management decided to investigate the matter and discovered that a large number of people were often entering the grounds without passing through the regular gate.

Further investigation noted that Umpire Jevne was seen entering the ballpark about an hour and 15 minutes before the game. This aroused the suspicions of the management. The umpire was watched closely and was observed allowing people to enter the grounds upon the payment of a small cash fee that he pocketed. Confronted by the management, Umpire Jevne confessed and promised that he would not do it again. But he was told that he would have to resign and never umpire in the Southern League. Yet when it was time to call the game between Atlanta and Mobile, he boldly stepped into the center of the diamond and called "Play Ball." Trying to impress the management so they wouldn't prosecute him, Jevne gave the home club every close decision while Atlanta won 15-11. Nonetheless, he was arrested for larceny following the game. After spending the night in jail, Jevne finally agreed to resign and return home. The warrant was dismissed.

Managers O'Rourke And Ruel Were Lawyers

Tony LaRussa of the Oakland Athletics is often referred to as the fifth major-league manager with a law degree. The other four mentioned—John Montgomery Ward, Branch Rickey, Hugh Jennings and Miller Huggins—are all in the Hall of Fame. But there are at least two other managers who also possessed law degrees—Hall of Famer Jim O'Rourke, who managed Buffalo for four years, 1881-1884, and Herold (Muddy) Ruel, who piloted the St. Louis Browns in 1947.

Ward and O'Rourke were teammates on the New York Giants, who won back-to-back National League pennants and World Series in 1888 and 1889. Ruel played for the New York Yankees under Huggins in 1918-1920. Incidentally, lawyer Ruel had the unusual distinction of receiving, on May 27, 1929, a scroll from the clerk of the Supreme Court signifying his admission to practice before the highest court in the country.

Gillespie Hit Home Run In First At-Bat For Cubs

Paul Gillespie, a lefthanded hitting catcher who joined the Chicago Cubs from Tulsa of the Texas League in 1942, should be added to the list of players who hit a home run in their first at-bat in the majors. Gillespie, who hit only two home runs in 78 games with Oklahoma City and Tulsa that year, made his debut behind the plate at the Polo Grounds on September 11, 1942. After Jimmie Foxx opened the Chicago second inning by striking out, Gillespie homered into the lower tier of the right-field stands off righthander Harry Feldman. The Giants won the game, however, 4-3.

Fournier's Great Spree Against Walter Johnson

The great Walter Johnson gave up only 97 home runs in his long major-league career and only twice gave up two home runs to one player in a game—to Jacques Fournier of the Chicago White Sox in 1914 and to Lou Gehrig of the Yankees in 1926. Ironically, both were hit in consecutive times at bat. In Gehrig's case the home runs came in consecutive innings. Fournier's spree against Johnson came under unusual circumstances. The White Sox were playing at Washington on Monday, August 31, 1914. Johnson came into the game in the eighth inning with the Senators clinging to a 3-2 lead. Jim Shaw, the Washington starter, had given up six hits and two runs in seven innings, and Fournier had not hit the ball out of the infield in three at-bats.

Fournier hit the first ball Johnson threw to him in the eighth to the center-field fence for a home run to tie the score and send the game into extra innings. He came to bat again in the 10th, and with the count two and two, homered to center to give the Sox a 4-3 victory. Fournier's two home runs were the only hits off Johnson. The home runs completed an amazing two-game assault on Johnson's pitching by Fournier. The game previous to that one, on Saturday, August 29, the White Sox nipped Johnson 2-1 and Fournier was 3-for-3 against the Big Train, including two triples. So in five times at bat against Johnson in the two games, Fournier was 5-for-5, including two triples and two home runs.

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