

TNP

Baseball intrigues its followers on many different levels. Its statistics lend themselves to endless interpretations and speculations, spawning SABRmetrics, the Baseball Research Journal and numerous offspring. In this journal we examine not the statistics but the lives and careers of players and teams of the past and the game and times in which they performed.

In an uncertain and changing world, there is comfort in the timeless patterns of baseball. When a team like the Hitless Wonders can upset an apparently invincible squad like the 1906 Cubs, underdogs can forever take heart. And with the right formula and attitude, surprise teams like the 1894 Orioles and 1961 Reds can leap from the second division to the pennant. Whole communities can come together in support of the local ball club in times of need, as happened in Amsterdam, N.Y., in 1942, but the pressures of the pennant race can also cause some performers to do strange things, like Flint Rhem's allegations of kidnapping in 1930. Promising youngsters like Christy Mathewson and Rube Waddell often struggle before emerging as stars, while proven performers like Hack Miller may find their careers derailed by changing managerial strategy. But even after their fabled skills have faded, some old heroes are able to stay in the game as managers, executives, or, like Harry Heilmann, as broadcasters.

Although baseball's continuity is vital in explaining its stature as our national pastime, the game is constantly, if subtly, changing. It took pioneers like Dickey Pearce to define how the game is played both on offense and defense. And an examination of the 1901 Boston Americans reveals differences in nearly all aspects of the game. Yet not all apparent innovations are new. Indeed, the first midget pinch-hitter was used in 1905, not 1951 as generally believed.

At its best, baseball teaches us larger lessons of life. Batboys take their clubhouse experiences into the outside world with a greater understanding of humanity. And one former batboy and amateur club organizer had gone on to world renown as an historian of the game. Bobo Newsom's brilliance in the face of personal tragedy in 1940 aroused the admiration of the entire nation, not just that of the fans. Andy Cohen and Jackie Robinson had to overcome social prejudices as well as the normal pressures to establish themselves as big league performers.

This journal owes a great deal to John Thorn, editor of its first nine editions, who bequeathed a boxful of articles and a wealth of ideas and details; to Richard Puff for supervising the covers and critiquing the proofs; to Ralph Horton for proofreading; to the staff at EBSCO Media, the printers; and especially to publications director Paul Adomites for gently leading a rookie editor through the myriad steps required in production.



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Editor: Robert L. Tiemann
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PICTURE CREDITS: Stuart Leeds, front cover. Chicago Historical Society, 25, 57. Flash Back Pictures, Inc., 47 (bottom). National Baseball Library, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46 (middle and bottom), 48, 55, 62, 70, 73, 80, 81, 85. Joseph Overfield, 71. Professor Harold Seymour, 67. The Sporting News, 35, 59, 76. David Zeff, 46 (top). Thanks to The Sporting News for permission to reprint "Dizzy Dean at the Mike."

THE NATIONAL PASTIME (ISSN 0734-6905, ISBN 0-910137-40-4), Number 10. Published by The Society for American Baseball Research, Inc., P.O. Box 93183, Cleveland, OH 44101. Postage paid at Birmingham, AL. Copyright 1990, The Society for American Baseball Research, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited. Printed by EBSCO Media, Birmingham, AL.

From Ragamuffins To Hall-of-Famers

THE '61 REDS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

ON THE DAY ROGER MARIS hit his 60th home run, Cincinnati Reds' outfielder Jerry Lynch hit lucky number 13.

With the Reds and the Cubs tied 3-3 in Chicago, Lynch hit an eighth-inning home run deep into the rightfield bleachers. The Reds went on to win the game 6-3 and clinch at least a tie for the National League pennant. It was the afternoon of September 26, 1961.

Reliever Jim Brosnan, who pitched the last three innings for the Reds, was the winning pitcher. "In the seventh inning I had a feeling that this was it," Brosnan said in a recent interview. "I wanted to strike them out. I had goosebumps up and down my arms. Hutch came out after the game and said, 'That'll do it, Bros.'"

When their plane landed at Cincinnati airport, the Reds were mobbed by fans who were hungry for a pennant. One loss by the Dodgers would mean the Reds would be in the World Series for the first time since 1940. Downtown, where loudspeakers had been set up at both ends of Fountain Square, an estimated 30,000 people gathered to celebrate and to listen to a broadcast of the Dodger-Pirate game that night.

On orders from manager Fred Hutchinson, who decided to let his team join the celebration, the Reds took a bus down to Fountain Square. It was a bus ride that none of them would ever forget.

"Everybody was partying," remembers Gordy Coleman, who played first base on the '61 team and who now directs the Reds Speakers' Bureau. "When the bus pulled into Fountain Square, I thought they were going to tip the bus over. I mean, there were enough people pushing and rocking the bus that it actually was weaving from side to side sitting still!

People were jumping in the fountain and the whole bit. It was a real carnival atmosphere."

When the Dodgers lost, bedlam broke loose. The celebration at Fountain Square continued into the early hours of the morning, and the next day all Cincinnati woke up to the news that the Reds had won their first pennant in 21 years.

"Frank Robinson was the best hitter on the '61 team. Wherever he played he was the best hitter."

—Pat Brosnan

The Reds were not supposed to win the pennant in 1961. In a pre-season poll of 234 baseball writers, not one picked the Reds to win the pennant. A total of 168 writers picked Cincinnati to finish sixth; only one picked them as high as second.

But the Reds surprised the experts, winning 93 games that year and finishing four games ahead of a highly regarded Los Angeles team. John Murdough, the Reds' business manager in 1961, remembers all the sportswriters who referred to the Reds as "misfits" and "ragamuffins." "Stories kept coming out during the season, 'Are the Reds for Real?' " Murdough said recently. "So on our press pins that we issued for the

This article was produced as an Oral History project of the English Department of the University of Cincinnati during the 1987 Spring Term. The contributors were: Andrew Bloch, Brenda Dangerfield, Jaylynn Leslie Gray, Anne M. Hudson, Wayne A. Marks, Kristina M. Neuhausser, Kathleen A. Ringel, Robert N. Rolfes, Richard D. Rutman, Diana M. Stroyls, Howard R. Torch, Kathleen A. Wilson, James C. Wilson, and B.R. Wright.



1961 CINCINNATI REDS

Front Row: Kasko, Post, Otero (Coach), Turner (Coach), Hutchinson (Manager), Sisler (Coach), Whisenant (Coach), Bell, Robinson, Edwards.
 Center Row: Blasingame, Chacon, Gernert, Zimmerman, Lynch, Coleman, Cardenas, D. Johnson, Pinson, Freese, Rohde (Trainer).
 Top Row: Brosnan, K. Johnson, Henry, Purkey, Hunt, Maloney, S. Jones, Jay, Hook, O'Toole.

writers at the end of the year, we put, 'The Reds are for Real.'"

The 1961 Reds were led by Frank Robinson, who hit .323 with 37 home runs and 124 RBIs. For his performance on the field, Robinson won the National League's Most Valuable Player award, one of many awards in a long and illustrious career.

Sharing the outfield with Robinson were Vada Pinson, Wally Post, Jerry Lynch, and Gus Bell. The starting infield had Gordy Coleman at first, Don Blasingame at second, Eddie Kasko or Leo Cardenas at short, and Gene Freese at third. The Reds pitching staff, which led the league in shutouts, included starters Joey Jay (21-10), Jim O'Toole (19-9), Bob Purkey (16-12), and Jim Maloney (6-7). The bullpen was equally strong, with both right-hander Jim Brosnan and left-hander Bill Henry earning 16 saves. Brosnan finished with a 10-4 record, while Henry finished with a 2-1 record and a 2.20 E.R.A.

In addition to Frank Robinson, the offensive leaders of the team were Vada Pinson (.343 with 16 home runs and 87 RBIs); Gordy Coleman (.287 with 26 home runs and 87 RBIs); and Gene Freese (.277 with 26 home runs and 87 RBIs). But Frank Robinson was the superstar, the one player that the others looked up to as the leader on the field.

Jim Brosnan, who today makes his living as a sportswriter in the Chicago area, remembers a player's meeting that Robinson called was the "key point" of the

entire season. The Reds were in a mid-season slump, and tensions, some of them racial, were running high in the clubhouse.

"Robinson called the meeting and ran it," Brosnan recalls. "He had his say, and then he opened the meeting to everybody else. Four or five other people spoke out, and they shook up the club a little bit. From then on Robinson was looked upon as the leader of the team, and he responded very well. We wouldn't have won the pennant without him."

"Fred Hutchinson was as fine a man as the game ever had. He reminded you of a typical first sergeant in the Army. It was his ballclub. There were no ifs, ands, or buts about it — if he told you to do something, that's the way it was going to be done."

—Gordy Coleman

The '61 Reds started the season slowly. By the end of April they looked like the sixth-place team so many sportswriters predicted they'd be. They lost eight straight games and found themselves in last place in the National League.

But suddenly the Reds caught fire. They won nine straight early in May, and by the end of the month they had climbed into first place. By the All-Star break on July 11, the Reds had a five-game lead on the Dodgers. They surrendered the lead in mid-August, but only momentarily. After sweeping a three-game series from the Dodgers in Los Angeles on August 15-16, the Reds

were back in first place to stay. They never looked back.

Down the stretch, when every game mattered, Reds manager Fred Hutchinson made all the right moves. Hutchinson was in his second full season as Cincinnati skipper, a position he held until his death in 1964. His former players remember Hutchinson as a man who demanded — and got — the best out of his players.

“He was like my surrogate daddy,” Jim Brosnan said recently. “Psychologically, he built me up to the point where I could do the job he gave me to do in the bullpen. He chewed me out properly when I needed to be chewed out, and otherwise showed me how I could do just exactly what he wanted me to do.”

Jim’s brother Pat, who threw batting practice for the ’61 Reds and who still lives in Cincinnati, remembers Hutchinson as a “bear.” “Hutch was known to break a chair or two,” Brosnan says. “But Hutch succeeded. He got good years out of people who really had no reason to suspect they were going to have them. He made the right moves at the right time.”

Gordy Coleman tells the story of a practice Hutchinson called after an afternoon game in Los Angeles. The Reds had just been shut out 1-0 by the Dodgers — their eighth straight loss. “After the game, Hutch was so upset with the way we had performed, not only that day but for about a week, that he made us go back on the field after the game was over and everybody had cleared out of the stands. And we participated in a scrimmage game. We just divided the squad into two teams and played. We played until it got so dark you couldn’t see.”

Back at the hotel Hutchinson, who generally only enforced curfews when the team was losing, did a room check on his players about midnight. “I think he got 13 of them that night, and he immediately got their attention,” Coleman recalls.

Bernie Stowe, Reds’ equipment manager, remembers Hutchinson as the ultimate baseball man. “Around Hutchinson there was a different atmosphere,” Stowe says. “It was strictly baseball — all the talking on the bench during the game. It was baseball in the clubhouse. They would sit after the game and drink a few beers and talk about what happened that day or the week before. Or even what was coming up next week. He was always ahead of everybody.”

“It seemed to me that in 1961 there was more togetherness than there is today. Players would sit around in the clubhouse longer after a ball game. They’d be having a beer and talking about baseball. Today, after ball games the guys take a shower and boom they’re gone.”

—Ray Shore

The ’61 season had its lighter side. There were a number of players on the team who, with their sense of humor and their practical jokes, helped their teammates cope with the pressures of a pennant race. The name most frequently mentioned is that of Eddie Kasko, the Reds’ shortstop.

Bernie Stowe remembers one of Kasko’s ploys to loosen up the players in pressure situations. “Kasko was getting bald at the time, and he used to paint pictures on the top of his head,” Stowe says. “He would take a tube of his wife’s lipstick and hide in the bathroom and paint a face on the top of his head, and nobody knew it was on there except him. Then during the game, when a tough situation would come up, he would take off his cap and try to boost morale. He would have a player’s name on the face, and he would get as many people to notice as possible.”

Pat Harmon, sports editor of the Cincinnati Post, tells one of the most famous Kasko anecdotes. “One time Jack Moran was doing a pre-game show, a live television broadcast in front of the home team dugout,” Harmon says. “He was standing there with a microphone interviewing players, managers, and so on. Then Kasko comes out of the dugout on his hands and knees, goes over behind Moran and rolls up Moran’s pants above his knees. And Moran can’t do anything about it because he’s on the air in front of a crowd of 26,000 people with his pants rolled up over his bare knees.”

Jim Maloney and Gene Freese were also known for their sense of humor. Bernie Stowe remembers the time, during a road trip, that Maloney nailed catcher John Edwards’ shoes to the floor of the clubhouse. “Johnny Edwards got even with him by cutting his pants short, and Maloney had to wear them two times on that road trip,” Stowe says.

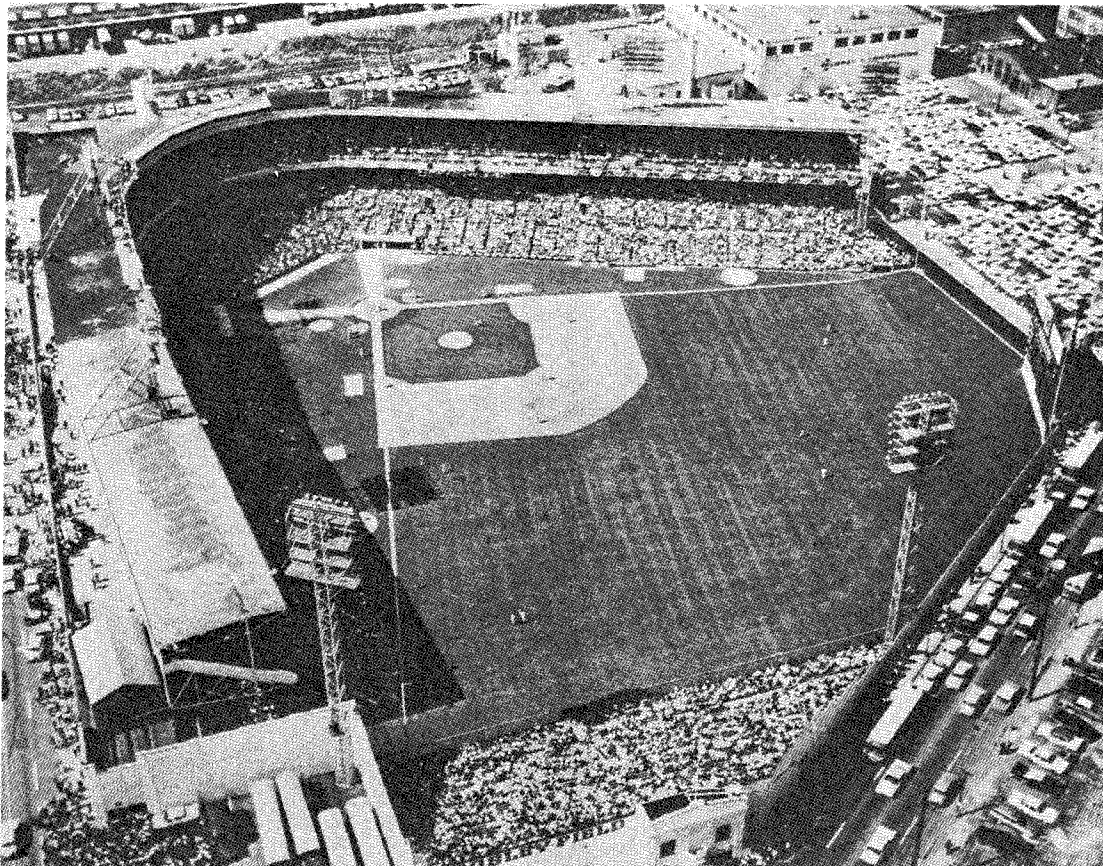
But no one ever figured out who put a bat — a live bat — in Vada Pinson’s shoes, according to relief pitcher Bill Henry. Pinson was not amused. “He was real particular about his shoes,” Henry says.

“Crosley was a place for kids, families, and camaraderie. Not where you had to be afraid of someone dumping a beer on you.”

—Dick Miller

In 1961 the Reds played their home games at Crosley Field, occupying a site on Western Avenue that the club had used since 1884. The park had undergone numerous rebuildings and renovations and had been called “The Palace of the Fans” and “Redland Field” before Powel Crosley bought the club in 1934. When the Reds moved to Riverfront Stadium in 1970, Crosley Field became a memory.

Players on the ’61 team remember Crosley differently. To sluggers like Gordy Coleman, it was a



Crosley Field decked out for the 1961 World Series.

“hitter’s paradise.” Its short fence — 328 feet to left, 387 to center, and 366 to right — were a dream come true for power hitters like Coleman, Robinson and Lynch.

To pitchers, Crosley could be a nightmare. More often than not, the pitcher who failed to keep the ball down and away would end up with an early shower. Short fences were bad enough, but when the wind was blowing the wrong way, the men in the bullpen could almost feel their earned run averages climbing.

Pat Brosnan remembers riding to the ball park with his brother Jim during the ’61 season. “When we would make the turn up Dalton, we could see the flags on Crosley and which way the wind was blowing,” Brosnan says. “If the wind was blowing out, Jim would say, ‘Oh, my God, it’s blowing out.’ On days like that, if a ball was hit in the air, it would sail right out of the park.”

Those who played the outfield had to contend with Crosley’s infamous outfield terrace. The terrace, an incline of several inches, stretched from foul line to foul line about 15 feet in front of the fence and often proved embarrassing for visiting outfielders. “We used to sit in the bullpen and laugh at the outfielders who had never played the terrace before,” Ray Shore remembers, “because we knew they were going to fall

the first time a ball was hit over their heads.”

Cincinnati fans also have different memories of Crosley. Dick Miller, now writing a book on historic baseball fields, describes Crosley as one of the great old neighborhood parks — like Wrigley Field in Chicago, or Fenway Park in Boston. “These were kids’ parks, family parks where you went for an outing,” Miller says. “You walked in with a big basket like the kind Little Red Riding Hood carried, full of groceries, sandwiches, and fried chicken. Then you sat down in your seat and had a picnic.”

“I liked being much closer to the players in Crosley,” says Harry Plump, a lifetime Reds’ fan who remembers the ’61 season. “You felt a part of the game in old Crosley Field. You could hear the umpires yelling and the ballplayers talking. I don’t think you can hear that kind of chatter at Riverfront.”

But Tom Louis, athletic director at Seton High, remembers the parking problems at Crosley. “I always parked my car in what I considered a safe place,” says Louis, who has been a Reds fan since the 1950s when he worked as an usher at Crosley. “But actually, there was no safe place to park. The neighborhood kids always watched my car for a quarter. The one time I did not pay the kid a quarter, I came back to my car and found four flat tires.”

"What happened in the World Series? They found out the Yankees were as good as they were supposed to be, and that was that."

—Pat Brosnan

The Reds played the New York Yankees in the 1961 World Series. The Reds lost, four games to one, but they lost to a great baseball team. The Bronx Bombers boasted the likes of Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, Elston Howard and Bill Skowron. The team had 180 double plays that year, and Yankee pitching ace Whitey Ford was 25-4.

The Yankees were 12-5 favorites when the Series opened in New York on October 4. The standing joke in the New York media was that the Yankees would win in three games. Gordy Coleman remembers that first game in Yankee Stadium, where the Reds came face to face with what is known as Yankee mystique.

"There I was standing at first base where Lou Gehrig had stood," Coleman says, "and I looked out to right field where the ghost of Babe Ruth was. And I saw all those monuments in center field. I was about three feet off the ground."

When the game started, the Reds ran into a "buzz-saw," Coleman says. Whitey Ford shut out the Reds 2-0 in a game that Hutchinson described later as "a clean incision."

But the Reds came back to win the second game 6-2 on the strength of Joey Jay's four-hit pitching. Gordy Coleman contributed a fourth-inning home run that many Reds fans still remember — it was the first thing they had to cheer about in the Series.

Cincinnati John Perrin, who was in high school at the time, remembers the excitement. "I was in school, and they had the game piped into the lunchrooms," Perrin says. "And when Coleman hit the home run, everyone was yelling. It was really neat."

The Reds were optimistic when they came back to Cincinnati. With the next three games at Crosley Field, it looked as though they might be on the brink of a major upset. Then disaster struck in game three, the game that Reds' starting pitcher Bob Purkey still has nightmares about.

"I had two men out and the Yankees beat 1-0 in the seventh inning," Purkey says. "Yogi Berra was the hitter — he was batting sixth — and he hit a little pop fly to right field. Elio Chacon, our second baseman, was running out, and he ran into Frank Robinson and knocked the ball out of Robinson's hands."

Reds' fan Fern Deatherage watched the collision from her seat in Crosley. "I remember thinking, 'Oh, there goes the World Series!'" she says. "It was just like when you stick a pin in a balloon and all the air goes out. The Reds collapsed after that."

Berra scored before the inning ended, and the Yankees went on to win the game 3-2 on an eighth-

inning home run by John Blanchard and a ninth-inning home run by Roger Maris.

"The turning point in the Series was that ball Chacon knocked out of Robinson's hands," Purkey says. "Had I beat the Yankees that third game, I think it could have ended up differently."

The fourth game was no contest, as Yankee pitchers Whitey Ford and Jim Coates combined to shut out the Reds 7-0. Ford ran his streak of scoreless innings in World Series play to 32, breaking Babe Ruth's record of 29²/₃ innings. The next day, October 9, the Yankees came back to beat the Reds 13-5 and take the Series four games to one.

Though the Reds lost, they had achieved much more than anyone thought they could. "The Series was anticlimactic," as Jerry Lynch says. "It was just like icing on the cake. Our pitching was good, but we didn't score enough runs. We were disappointed, but not down, because we had won the whole package in the National League. We were very happy to be National League champions."

To a Cincinnati sports fan, 1961 was a golden year. It began back in the spring when the University of Cincinnati won the NCAA basketball championship, and it came to an end that fall when the Reds brought the World Series to Cincinnati.

Reds' players and fans had enjoyed a taste of victory — a taste of what it would be like a few years down the road during the reign of the Big Red Machine of the 1970s.

From Baseball Profiles by Michael Schacht



Rickey Planned to Sign Several Blacks At Once.

Jackie Robinson's Signing: The Real, Untold Story

JOHN THORN and JULES TYGIEL

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IT WAS THE FIRST WEEK OF October, 1945. In the Midwest the Detroit Tigers and Chicago Cubs faced off in the final World Series of the World War II era. Two thousand miles away photographer Maurice Terrell arrived at an almost deserted Lane Field, the home of the minor league San Diego Padres. Terrell's assignment was as secretive as some wartime operations: to surreptitiously photograph three black baseball players wearing the uniforms of the Kansas City Royals, a Negro League all-star team. Within three weeks one of these players would rank among the most celebrated and intriguing figures in the nation. But in early October 1945, as he worked out with his teammates in the empty stadium, Jackie Robinson represented the best-kept secret in sports history.

Terrell shot hundreds of motion-picture frames of Robinson and his cohorts. A few appeared in print but the existence of the additional images remained unknown for four decades, until unearthed in 1987 at the Baseball Hall of Fame by John Thorn. This discovery triggered an investigation which has led to startling revelations regarding Brooklyn Dodger President Branch Rickey's original plan to shatter baseball's longstanding color line; the relationship between these two historic figures; and the still controversial issue of black managers in baseball.

The popularly held "frontier" image of Jackie Robinson as a lone gunman facing down a hostile mob has always dominated the integration saga. But new information related to the Terrell photos reveals that while Robinson was the linchpin to Branch Rickey's strategy, in October 1945 Rickey intended to announce the signing of not just Jackie Robinson, but several stars

from the Negro Leagues at once. Political pressures, however, forced Rickey's hand, thrusting Robinson alone into a spotlight which he never relinquished.

The path to these revelations began with Thorn's discovery of the Terrell photographs in a collection donated to the Hall of Fame by Look magazine in 1954. The images depict a youthful, muscular Robinson in a battered hat and baggy uniform fielding from his position at shortstop, batting with a black catcher crouched behind him, trapping a third black player in a rundown between third and home, and sprinting along the basepaths more like a former track star than a baseball player. A woman with her back to the action is the only figure visible in the vacant stands. The contact sheets bore the imprinted date October 7, 1945.

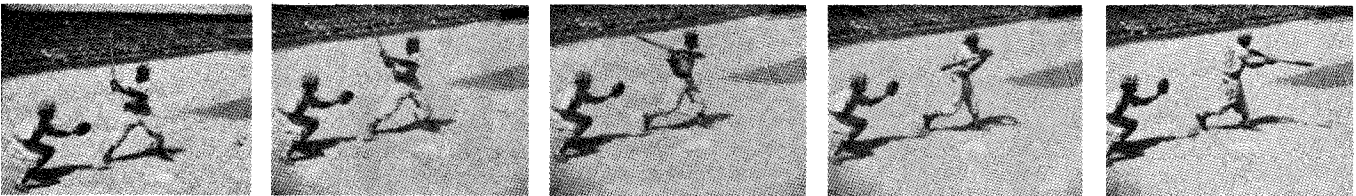
The images perplexed Thorn. He knew that the momentous announcement of Jackie Robinson's signing with the Montreal Royals had not occurred until October 23, 1945. Before that date his recruitment by Brooklyn Dodger President Branch Rickey had been a tightly guarded secret. Why, then, had a Look photographer taken such an interest in Robinson two weeks earlier? Where had the pictures been taken? And why was Robinson already wearing a Royals uniform?

Thorn called Jules Tygiel, the author of "Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy," to see if he could shed some light on the photos. Tygiel had no knowledge of them, but he did have in his files a 1945 manuscript by newsman Arthur Mann, who fre-

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quently wrote for *Look*. The article, drafted with Rickey's cooperation, had been intended to announce the Robinson signing but had never been published. The pictures, they concluded, had doubtless been shot to accompany Mann's article and they decided to find out the story behind the photo session. Tygiel set out to trace Robinson's activities in early October 1945. Thorn headed for the Library of Congress to examine the Branch Rickey papers, which had been unavailable at the time Tygiel wrote his book.

The clandestine nature of the photo session did not surprise the researchers. From the moment he had arrived in Brooklyn in 1942, determined to end baseball's Jim Crow traditions, Rickey had feared that premature disclosure of his intentions might doom his bold design. Since the 1890s baseball executives, led by Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, had strictly policed the color line, barring blacks from both



Jackie Robinson bats in actual photos taken from the secret San Diego workout.

major and minor leagues. In 1943 when young Bill Veeck attempted to buy the Philadelphia Phillies and stock the team with Negro League stars, Landis had quietly but decisively blocked the move. Rickey therefore moved slowly and deliberately during his first three years in Brooklyn. He informed the Dodger owners of his plans but took few others into his confidence. He began to explore the issue and devised elaborate strategies to cover up his attempts to scout black players.

In the spring of 1945, as Rickey prepared to accelerate his scouting efforts, integration advocates, emboldened by the impending end of World War II and the recent death of Commissioner Landis, escalated their campaign to desegregate baseball. On April 6, 1945, black sportswriter Joe Bostic appeared at the Dodgers' Bear Mountain training camp with Negro League stars Terris McDuffie and Dave "Showboat" Thomas and forced Rickey to hold tryouts for the two players. Ten days later black journalist Wendell Smith, white sportswriter Dave Egan and Boston city councilman Isadore Muchnick engineered an unsuccessful audition with the Red Sox for Robinson and two other black athletes. In response to these events the major leagues announced the formation of a Committee on Baseball Integration. (Reflecting Organized Baseball's true intentions on the matter, the group never met.)

Amidst this heated atmosphere Rickey created an elaborate smokescreen to obscure his scouting of black players. In May, 1945 he announced the forma-

tion of a new franchise, the Brooklyn Brown Dodgers, and a new Negro League, the United States League. Rickey then dispatched his best talent hunters to observe black ballplayers, ostensibly for the Brown Dodgers, but in reality for the Brooklyn National League club.

A handwritten memorandum in the Rickey Papers offers a rare glimpse at Rickey's emphasis on secrecy in his instructions to Dodger scouts. The document, signed by Chas. D. Clark and accompanied by a Negro National League schedule for April-May 1945, is headlined "Job Analysis," and defines the following "Duties: under supervision of management of club":

1. To establish contact (silent) with all clubs (local or general)
2. To gain knowledge and abilities of all players.
3. To report all possible material (players).
4. Prepare weekly reports of activities.

5. Keep composite report of outstanding players . . . To travel and cover player whenever management so desire.

Clark's "Approch" [sic] was to "Visit game and loose [sic] self in stands; Keep statistical report (speed, power, agility, ability, fielding, batting, etc.) by score card"; and "Leave immediately after game."

Curiously, Clark listed his first "Objective" as being "to cover Negro teams for possible major league talent." Yet according to his later accounts, Rickey had told most Dodger scouts that they were evaluating talent for a new "Brown Dodger" franchise. Had Rickey confided in Clark, a figure so obscure as to escape prior mention in the voluminous Robinson literature? Dodger superscout and Rickey confidante Clyde Sukeforth has no recollection of Clark, raising the possibility that Clark was not part of the Dodger family, but perhaps someone connected with black baseball. Had Clark himself interpreted his instructions in this manner?

Whatever the answer, Rickey successfully diverted attention from his true motives. Nonetheless, mounting interest in the integration issue threatened Rickey's careful planning. In the summer of 1945 Rickey constructed yet another facade. The Dodger President took Dan Dodson, a New York University sociologist who chaired Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia's Committee on Unity, into his confidence and requested that Dodson form a Committee on Baseball ostensibly to study the

possibility of integration. In reality, the committee would provide the illusion of action while Rickey quietly completed his own preparations to sign several black players at once. "This was one of the toughest decisions I ever had to make while in office," Dodson later confessed. "The major purpose I could see for the committee was that it was a stall for time . . . Yet had Mr. Rickey not delivered . . . I would have been totally discredited."

Thus by late August, even as Rickey's extensive scouting reports had led him to focus in on Jackie Robinson as his standard bearer, few people in or out of the Dodger organization suspected that a breakthrough was imminent. On August 28 Rickey and Robinson held their historic meeting at the Dodgers' Montague Street offices in downtown Brooklyn. Robinson signed an agreement to accept a contract with the Montreal Royals, the top Dodger affiliate, by November 1. Rickey, still concerned with secrecy, impressed upon Robinson the need to maintain silence



Robinson chases a liner to demonstrate his fielding range.

until further preparations had been made. Robinson could tell the momentous news to his family and fiancée, but no one else.

For the conspiratorial Rickey, further subterfuge was necessary to keep the news sheltered while continuing the arrangements. Rumors about Robinson's visit had already spread through the world of black baseball. To stifle speculation Rickey "leaked" an adulterated version of the incident to black sportswriter Wendell Smith. Smith, who had recommended Robinson to Rickey and advised Rickey on the integration project, doubtless knew the true story behind the meeting. On September 8, however, he reported in the *Pittsburgh Courier* that the "sensational shortstop" and "colorful major league dynamo" had met behind "closed doors."

"The nature of the conferences has not been revealed," wrote Smith. "It seems to be shrouded in mystery and Robinson has not made a statement since he left Brooklyn." Rickey claimed that he and Robinson had assessed "the organization of Negro baseball," but did not discuss "the possibility of Robinson becoming a member of the Brooklyn Dodgers organization."

Smith hinted broadly of future developments, noting that "It does not seem logical (Rickey) should call in a rookie player to discuss the future organization of Negro baseball." He closed with the tantalizing thought that "it appears that the Brooklyn boss has a plan on his mind that extends further than just the

future of Negro baseball as an organization." But the subterfuge succeeded. Neither black nor white reporters pursued the issue further.

Rickey, always sensitive to criticism by New York sports reporters and understanding the historic significance of his actions, wanted to be sure that his version of the integration breakthrough and his role in it be accurately portrayed. To guarantee this he expanded his circle of conspirators to include freelance writer Arthur Mann. In the weeks following the Robinson meeting, Mann, Rickey's close friend and later a Dodger employee, authored at the Mahatma's behest a 3,000 word manuscript to be published simultaneously with the announcement of the signing.

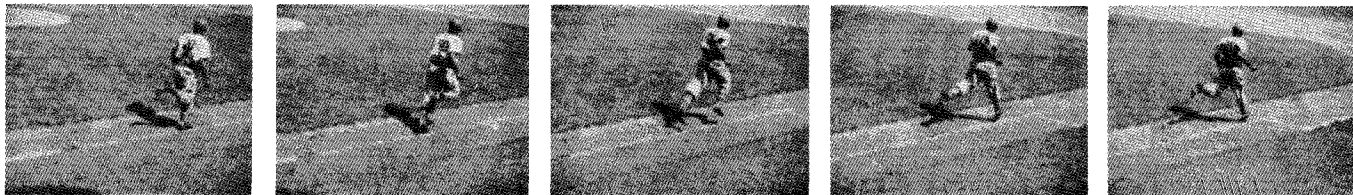
Although it is impossible to confirm this, it seems highly likely that Maurice Terrell's photos, commissioned by Look, were destined to accompany Mann's article. Clearer prints of the negatives revealed to Thorn and Tygiel that Terrell had taken the pictures in San Diego's Lane Stadium. This fit in with Robinson's

fall itinerary. In the aftermath of his meeting with Rickey, Robinson had returned briefly to the Kansas City Monarchs. With the Dodger offer securing his future and the relentless bus trips of the Negro League schedule wearing him down, he had left the Monarchs before season's end and returned home to Pasadena, California. In late September he hooked up with Chet Brewer's Kansas City Royals, a postseason barnstorming team which toured the Pacific Coast, competing against other Negro League teams and major and minor league all-star squads. Thus the word "Royals" on Robinson's uniform, which had so piqued the interest of Thorn and Tygiel, ironically turned out not to relate to Robinson's future team in Montreal, but rather to his interim employment in California.

For further information Tygiel contacted Chet Brewer, who at age 80 still lived in Los Angeles. Brewer, one of the great pitchers of the Jim Crow era, had known Robinson well. He had followed Robinson's spectacular athletic career at UCLA and in 1945 they became teammates on the Monarchs. "Jackie was major league all the way," recalls Brewer. "He had the fastest reflexes I ever saw in a player." With Brewer's Royals, Robinson was always the first in the clubhouse and the first one on the field. "Satchel Paige was just the opposite," laughs Brewer. "He would get there just as the game was about to start and come running on the field still tying his shoe."

Robinson particularly relished facing major league all-star squads. Against Bob Feller, Robinson slashed two doubles. "Jack was running crazy on the bases," a Royal teammate remembers. In one game he upended shortstop Gerry Priddy of the Washington Senators. Priddy angrily complained about the hard slide in an exhibition game. "Any time I put on a uniform," retorted Robinson, "I play to win." The fire in his playing notwithstanding, Robinson maintained his pledge to Rickey. Neither Brewer nor any of his teammates suspected the secret that Robinson faithfully kept inside him.

Brewer recalls that Robinson and two other Royals journeyed from Los Angeles to San Diego on a day when the team was not scheduled to play. He identified the catcher in the photos as Buster Haywood and the other player as Royals third baseman Herb Souell. Souell is no longer living, but Haywood, who, like Brewer resides in Los Angeles, has vague recollections of the event, which he incorrectly remembers as occur-



The flowing stride of the young and lanky Robinson.

ring in Pasadena. Robinson had befriended Haywood the preceding year while coaching basketball in Texas. He recruited the catcher and Souell, his former Monarch teammate, to "work out" with him. All three wore their Royal uniforms. Haywood found neither Robinson's request nor the circumstances unusual. Although he was unaware that they were being photographed, Haywood still can describe the session accurately. "We didn't know what was going on," he states. "We'd hit and throw and run from third base to home plate."

The San Diego pictures provide a rare glimpse of the pre-Montreal Robinson. The article which they were to accompany and related correspondence in the Library of Congress offers even rarer insights into Rickey's thinking. The unpublished Mann manuscript was entitled "The Negro and Baseball: The National Game Faces A Racial Challenge Long Ignored." As Mann doubtless based his account on conversations with Rickey and since Rickey's handwritten comments appear in the margin, it stands as the earliest "official" account of the Rickey-Robinson story and reveals many of the concerns confronting Rickey in September 1945.

One of the most striking features of the article is the language used to refer to Robinson. Mann, reflecting the blind racism typical of postwar America, insensitively portrays Robinson as the "first Negro chattel in

the so-called National pastime." At another point he writes, "Rickey felt the boy's sincerity," appropriate language perhaps for an 18-year-old prospect, but not for a 26-year-old former army officer.

"The Negro and Baseball" consists largely of the now familiar Rickey-Robinson story. Mann re-created Rickey's haunting 1904 experience as collegiate coach of black baseball player, Charlie Thomas, who, when denied access to a hotel, cried and rubbed his hands, chanting, "Black skin! Black Skin! If I could only make 'em white." Mann described the search for the "right" man, the formation of the United States League as a cover for scouting operations, the reasons for selecting Robinson, and the fateful drama of the initial Rickey-Robinson confrontation.

Other sections, however, graphically illustrate which issues Rickey deemed significant. Mann repeatedly cites the financial costs incurred by the Dodgers: \$5,000 to scout Cuba, \$6,000 to scout Mexico, \$5,000 to establish the "Brooklyn Brown Dodgers." The final

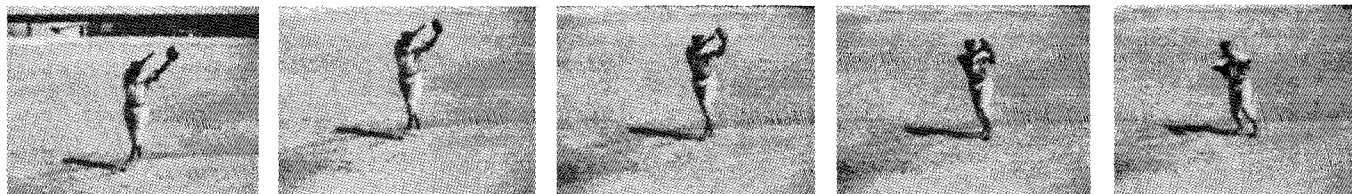
total reaches \$25,000 a modest sum considering the ultimate returns, but one which Rickey felt would counter his skinflint image.

Rickey's desire to dispel the notion that political pressures had motivated his actions also emerges clearly. Mann had suggested that upon arriving in Brooklyn in 1942, Rickey "was besieged by telephone calls, telegrams, and letters of petition in behalf of black ball players," and that this "staggering pile of missives were so inspired to convince him that he and the Dodgers had been selected as a kind of guinea pig." In his marginal comments, Rickey vehemently objected to this notion. "No!" he wrote in a strong dark script, "I began all this as soon as I went to Brooklyn." Explaining why he had never attacked the subject during his two decades as general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, Rickey referred to the segregated conditions in that city. "St. Louis never permitted Negro patrons in the grandstand," he wrote, describing a policy he had apparently felt powerless to change.

Mann also devoted two of his twelve pages to a spirited attack on the Negro Leagues. He repeated Rickey's charges that "They are the poorest excuse for the word league" and documented the prevalence of barnstorming, the uneven scheduling, absence of contracts, and dominance of booking agents. Mann revealingly traces Rickey's distaste for the Negro Leagues to the "outrageous" guarantees demanded by New York

booking agent William Leuschner to place black teams in Ebbets Field while the Dodgers were on the road.

Rickey's misplaced obsession with the internal disorganization of the Negro Leagues had substantial factual basis. But in transforming the black circuits into major villains of Jim Crow baseball, Rickey had an ulterior motive. In his September 8 article, Wendell Smith addressed the issue of "player tampering," asking "Would (Rickey) not first approach the owner of these Negro teams who have these stars under contract?" Rickey, argued Smith in what might have been an unsuccessful preemptive strike, "is obligated to do so and his record as a businessman indicated that he would." As Smith may have known, Rickey maintained that Negro League players did not sign valid contracts and became free agents at the end of each season. The Mahtma thus had no intention of compensating Negro League teams for the players he signed. His repeated attacks on black baseball, including the Mann article, served to justify this questionable practice.



More fielding efforts from the workout two weeks before Jackie became a Dodger.

The one respect in which *The Negro and Baseball* departs radically from common perceptions of the Robinson legend is in its depiction of Robinson as one of a group of blacks about to be signed by the Dodgers. Mann's manuscript reveals that Rickey did not intend for Robinson, usually viewed as a solitary standard bearer, to withstand the pressures alone. "Determined not to be charged with merely nibbling at the problem," wrote Mann, "Rickey went all out and brought in two more Negro players," and "consigned them, with Robinson, to the Dodgers' top farm club, the Montreal Royals." Mann named pitcher Don Newcombe and, surprisingly, outfielder Sam Jethroe as Robinson's future teammates.

As Mann's report indicates, and subsequent correspondence from Rickey confirms, *Rickey did not plan to announce the signing of just one black player.* Whether the recruitment of additional blacks had always been his intention or whether he had reached his decision after meeting with Robinson in August is unclear. But by late September, when he provided information to Mann for his article, Rickey had clearly decided to bring in other Negro League stars.

During the first weekend in October Dodger Coach Chuck Dressen fielded a major league all-star team in a series of exhibition games against Negro League standouts at Ebbets Field. Rickey took the opportunity to interview at least three black pitching prospects,

Newcombe, Roy Partlow and John Wright. The following week he met with catcher Roy Campanella. Campanella and Newcombe, at least, believed they had been approached to play for the "Brown Dodgers."

At the same time Rickey decided to postpone publication of Mann's manuscript. In a remarkable letter sent from the World Series in Chicago on October 7, Rickey informed Mann:

We just can't go now with the article. The thing isn't dead,— not at all. It is more alive than ever and that is the reason we can't go with any publicity at this time. There is more involved in the situation than I had contemplated. Other players are in it and it may be that I can't clear these players until after the December meetings, possibly not until after the first of the year. You must simply sit in the boat . . .

There is a November 1 deadline on Robinson,— you know that. I am undertaking to extend that date until January 1st so as to give me time to sign plenty of players and make one break on the complete story. Also,

quite obviously it might not be good to sign Robinson with other and possibly better players unsigned.

The revelations and tone of this letter surprise Robinson's widow, Rachel, forty years after the event. Rickey "was such a deliberate man," she recalls, "and this letter is so *urgent*. He must have been very nervous as he neared his goal. Maybe he was nervous that the owners would turn him down and having five people at the door instead of just one would have been more powerful."

Events in the weeks after October 7 justified Rickey's nervousness and forced him to deviate from the course stated in the Mann letter. Candidates in New York City's upcoming November elections, most notably black Communist City Councilman Ben Davis, made baseball integration a major plank in the campaign.

Mayor LaGuardia's liberal supporters also sought to exploit the issue. Professor Dodson's Committee on Baseball had prepared a report outlining a modest, long range strategy for bringing blacks into the game and describing the New York teams, because of the favorable political and racial climate in the city, as in a "choice position to undertake this pattern of integration." LaGuardia wanted Rickey's permission to make a pre-election announcement that "baseball would shortly begin signing Negro players," as a result of the committee's work.

Rickey, a committee member, had long ago subverted the panel to his own purposes. By mid-October, however, the committee had become "an election football." Again unwilling to risk the appearance of succumbing to political pressure and thereby surrendering what he viewed as his rightful role in history, Rickey asked LaGuardia to delay his comments. Rickey hurriedly contacted Robinson, who had joined a barnstorming team in New York en route to play winter ball in Venezuela, and dispatched him to Montreal. On October 23, 1945, with Rickey's carefully laid plans scuttled, the Montreal Royals announced the signing of Robinson, and Robinson alone.

The premature revelation of Rickey's racial breakthrough had important ramifications for the progress of baseball's "great experiment." Mann's article never appeared. Look, having lost its exclusive, published two strips of the Terrell pictures in its November 27, 1945 issue accompanying a brief summary of the Robinson story. The unprocessed film negatives and

Organized Baseball foreshortened what should have been a stellar career. To this day, Jethroe remains unaware of how close he came to joining Robinson, Newcombe and Campanella in the pantheon of integration pioneers.

Beyond these revelations about the Robinson signing, the Library of Congress documents add surprisingly little to the familiar contours of the integration saga. There is one letter of interest from Rickey to Robinson, dated December 31, 1950, in which the old man offers some encouragement to Jackie's budding managerial ambitions. But by the time he retired in 1956, Robinson's personal ambition to manage had faded, though he never flagged in his determination to see a black manager in the majors. The Rickey Papers copiously detail his post-Dodger career as general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, but are strangely silent about the critical 1944-48 period. Records for these years probably remained with the Dodger organization, which claims to have no knowledge of their



With baggy uniform flapping, Jackie Robinson seems to enjoy the tryout.

contact sheets were loaded into a box and nine years later shipped to the National Baseball Hall of Fame, where they remained, along with a picture of Jethroe, unpacked until April 1987.

Newcombe, Campanella, Wright and Partlow all joined the Dodger organization the following spring. Jethroe became a victim of the "deliberate speed" of baseball integration. Rickey did not interview Jethroe in 1945. Since few teams followed the Dodger lead, the fleet, powerful outfielder remained in the Negro Leagues until 1948, when Rickey finally bought his contract from the Cleveland Buckeyes for \$5,000. Jethroe had two spectacular seasons at Montreal before Rickey, fearing a "surfeit of colored boys on the Brooklyn club," profitably sold him to the Boston Braves for \$100,000. Jethroe won the Rookie of the Year Award in 1950, but his delayed entry into

whereabouts. National League documents for these years remain closed to the public.

In any case, Robinson's greatest pioneering work came as a player. Though Rickey apparently intended that Jackie be just one of a number of black players signed at one time, the scuttling of those plans laid the success or failure of the assault on Jim Crow disproportionately on the capable shoulders of Jackie Robinson, who had always occupied center stage in Rickey's thinking. While this greatly intensified the pressures on the man, it also enhanced his legend immensely. Firmly fixed in the public mind as the sole pathfinder, rather than group leader, he became the lightning rod for supporter and opponent alike, attracting the responsibility, the opprobrium, and ultimately the acclaim for his historic achievement.

From the Ashes...

DAVID PIETRUSZA

IT'S NOT A VERY COMMON practice nowadays, but in decades past the Yankees, like all baseball teams, would stage numerous exhibition games against local squads. In spring and fall and even in mid-season, major league clubs and even All-Star squads would play against similar outfits, against Negro Leaguers, against bush leaguers, in fact against just about anyone possessing gloves, spikes and a fenced-in place to play.

This is the tale of one such contest lost in the mists of time and of the struggle waged by a tough little mill town to keep its dream visit from the Bronx Bombers from literally "going up in smoke."

The town was Amsterdam, New York, proud home of the "Rugmakers," a Yankee farm in the Class C Canadian-American League. The team was an integral part of the George Weiss-designed chain of squads such as the Newark Bears, Kansas City Blues, Binghamton Triplets, and Norfolk Tars. In 1942, the year our drama unfolds, Amsterdam was good enough to cop its third pennant in five years.

The Rugmakers, christened after the then-booming local carpet industry, were obviously a pretty productive farm. Over the years they produced such future big league notables as Vic Raschi, Johnny Blanchard, Lew Burdette, Spec Shea, Gus Triandos, Joe Collins, and Bob Grim, not to mention pennant-winning managers Eddie Sawyer and Mayo Smith.

But back in 1942 all excitement in town was centered on a mid-season contest against the parent pinstripers. The Yankees featured DiMaggio, Henrich, Keller, Rizzuto, Gordon, Selkirk, and Rolfe in their lineup. But the game itself was hardly the unusual part of the story. The real drama began barely over one week

before the champions were scheduled to come to town.

"In '42 (manager) Tom Kain and I, we were in Three Rivers," recalls Rugmakers' road secretary Spencer Fitzgerald. "Morel, he was a sportswriter for Three Rivers, came down the street. I hollered to him, 'Paul. C'mon over!' I said, 'He's talking about 'Stadium de Baseball pfoof!'"

"And they talked in French, and, that's when our ball park burned down ..."

Mohawk Mills Park had been incinerated. It was just a small fire when the groundskeeper's wife first saw it and her husband rushed out to battle it with a garden hose, but just as he completed the several-hundred-yard run from his home to the ballpark, the sputtering blaze became a conflagration. The fire department was hastily called in but soon discovered there wasn't enough water pressure to adequately fight the rapidly growing inferno. Four hours later, the entire 900-seat grandstand, and adjoining fences and the concession areas were a sodden pile of charred, smoldering wood. Luckily, the first and third base bleachers had been saved.

"I was called on a Sunday morning in the middle of the night," says John Pollard. "The park had been set on fire. It was arson."

That should have been the end of the story. Instead, it was only the beginning.

"We went back to the hotel," continued Fitzgerald, "and called up (Business Manager) Wally (McQu-

DAVID PIETRUSZA was a member of the Organizing Committee for the SABR Convention in Albany in 1989. This article is an excerpt from his book on the Can-Am League.

atters), and he told us. Tom Kain said, 'Are we gonna play the Yankees?'

" ' Oh yeah. We're going to play the Yankees.' "

It was hard to see why McQuatters should be so sanguine. With just eight days to go before the Yankees' arrival, disaster was staring the franchise in the face. Insurance would not cover all of the \$15,000 loss. Arch-rival Gloversville offered the use of its park for the game, but the Rugmakers replied, "No, thanks," rolled up their sleeves, and set to work.

Before the weekend ended, the club's directors had awarded a contract to rebuild the ruined grandstand. Favoring them was the fact that the team was on the road the next week. Debris was hauled away. Hammers and saws replaced bats and balls at the site, and a miracle happened. By the time the Yankees had arrived, not only had every barbequed seat been replaced, but the total capacity of the park had been increased by two hundred seats.

Not that everything was restored to its former "grandeur." No roof had yet been installed over the new grandstand. That would have to wait. Part of the delay was due to the war-time shortage of supplies. Otherwise, there's no telling what wonders the contractor might have accomplished. Also missing was a coat of paint on the new construction. There was no use risking the chance of several hundred pairs of freshly painted trousers.

And the effort was aided by forces beyond human control.

"When the stands burned, with the heat from the fire and the weight of the lights, the poles bent over to the ground," recalls Herb Shuttleworth, "just like the snow on the branches of a tree.

"We put everyone we knew to work on the stands. They were back (up) in a few days, but what do we do with the lights? That was the biggest problem.

"Absolutely miraculous, but as those poles cooled, they went right back, straight, and we never had to touch 'em."

"I never saw anything like it."

And the Yankees had never seen anything like their welcome to Amsterdam, either.

The town was in a mood to celebrate when the World Champions made a special stop on the State Express at 12:35 p.m. on a beautifully sunny Monday, July 20, 1942. Amsterdam went wild. Thousands of ecstatic fans met the Yankees at the station. Hordes of autograph seekers hemmed their Big Apple heroes in. Even Marse Joe McCarthy, notorious for his aversion to signing, caught the spirit. The bands played and

brightly-colored crepe paper rained down on the cavalcade that took the players to a luncheon at the ornate local Elks Club. Businesses were shuttered, and signs proclaiming, "Welcome Yankees — Closed for the Afternoon" sprouted on each storefront. Seven-year-old heart patient Johnny Martuscello got to meet his idol, Joe DiMaggio. Miniature commemorative carpets marking the afternoon's contest (one of which can now be found in the Hall of Fame) were bestowed on the visitors. Even the normally hard-bitten New York scribes travelling with the team were impressed.

"I felt like a red corpuscle the other day," wrote an amazed Jack Smith of the New York Daily News, "or perhaps it was a white one. My travels with the Yanks carried me through the bloodstream of baseball and finally into the City of Amsterdam, N.Y. (pop. 35,000), pumped me into the heart of the game itself. Rising industriously on the banks of the Mohawk River, the city is deep in the Class C minors. But for sheer love of baseball, enthusiasm and support it outstrips major league owners, officials and fans. It reflects the pure, wholesome attachment of American people for the game and contrasts with the blase 'give us a winner' attitude of the big cities."

When the team bus left the Hotel Thayer for Mohawk Mills Park, two Yankees weren't on board: Joe DiMaggio and Lefty Gomez. They were wandering around Division Street. Fan George Sandy pulled up in his 1937 Buick and gave the two Bronxites a lift. "The first thing DiMaggio said when he got in the car," recalls Sandy, "was, 'Where the hell are all the girls in this town?' " A question male Amsterdamians have been asking ever since.

The game itself, played before 4,034 delirious fans, was a beauty. The Rugmakers pulled ahead 2-0 in the third, then New York came back to tie it in the top of the fourth on a two-run homer to right by none other than Joltin' Joe DiMaggio ("Thanks, George!"). The Ruggies promptly went up again by one in the bottom of the frame, then added another run in the fifth to go up 4-2.

The Yanks chipped away with runs in the seventh and eighth (that one on a four-bagger by Joe Gordon), and then finally exploded for four tallies in the tenth inning to put it away.

Nearly beating the World Champions would have been glory enough for any team and any town. But for the rugmaking community of Amsterdam, New York, it was the culmination of a courageous chapter of civic pride and purpose.

Not once, not twice, but . . .

Did He Really 'Call His Shot'?

DON BELL

(Forty years after Babe Ruth's death, a unique home movie of his famous 1932 called shot home run surfaced in Louisville, Kentucky. The film was shot by a Chicago printer, Matt Kandle, who was sitting behind home plate at Wrigley Field with a 16 mm Kodak box camera during the third Yanks vs. Cubs World Series match when Ruth apparently signalled his intention, then hit the ball out of the park. Now in the possession of his great grandson, Kirk Kandle, an advertising copywriter with the Louisville Courier-Journal, the film, which had been stored over the years in the family film archives and more or less forgotten, has been seen by only a handful of people.)

Don Bell, a Canadian writer and baseball buff who heard about the film, flew to Kentucky to look at the rare footage, the only visual record known to exist of Ruth hitting his controversial homer. This is an excerpt, with a few added details, from his story which appeared in the New York Village Voice.)

I MUST CONFESS, MY FIRST viewing of the film on the WAVE-TV control room monitor was a disappointment, and for a brief panicky moment I thought that the trip to Louisville would end up as a strike-out. Fanned with the bases loaded. Great expectations — then *whiff!* Mired in some drought-stricken wasteland, miles from home plate. Kentucky is for horses and asses, not baseball smurfs.

Yes, Ruth is seen pointing in the batter's box, a wonderful, sweeping theatrical gesture, once, simultaneous, as Cubs' catcher Gabby Harnett scoops up a low outside pitch, and again as Hartnett fires the ball back to

Charlie Root. Bat in his left hand, resting on his right shoulder, and his right hand extended, very distinctly, pointing, not once by *twice*.

Problem is, this is followed by another pitch, a called strike, and it's only on the third of the three pitches we see in the sequence that Ruth homers. If this is the case, then it would, technically, destroy the legend that Ruth pointed just before his swing. Back to the boon-docks, kiddo, no story.

"Uh . . . Kirk . . . I . . ."

"Didn't you see it?"

"What?"

"He pointed just before he creamed the ball. But it happened so fast."

We asked technician Steve Prince if he could put the film through again.

"There. You see."

"He did something . . . but it's so quick. It's too bad we can't watch it in slow motion."

"That would be interesting," Kirk said. Up to now, nobody had ever seen the film in slow motion. On his home videocassette, he could stop the film completely, but it produced a fuzzy, streaky image, hard to evaluate. Steve said that if we dubbed the old print onto videotape and watched it on the station's Tektronix color monitor, we'd be able to slow it down, watch it at our own pace, frame by frame if so desired.

So Kirk, setting the condition that the videotape be erased immediately after the screening, told Steve to go ahead, and in a few minutes we're watching it on the

DON BELL is a freelance writer and world traveler from Sutton, Quebec.

color monitor, and, by God, it's like connecting for a game-winning homer on a tricky curve ball that seemed just out of reach.

What the film shows (It runs two minutes and 25 seconds) in this — let's take it from the top:

It opens with scenes of a band marching on the field. There are atmosphere shots of players, fans, and the temporary outfield bleachers, which validates this as a World Series. Bunting hangs all around the grandstand decks. Then there's a burst of patriotism as players troop across the infield holding the edges of an enormous, undulating Stars and Stripes.

Eventually, we see Ruth, the game's third hitter, standing at the plate; the film doesn't record it but it is known that every time Ruth came to bat, he was met with hoots, catcalls, and lemons that were thrown on the field. We see him reacting by clouting his first homer, a three-run shot deep into the right-center-field bleachers.

Next comes a bit where Matt, always the funster, ran footage of a player circling the bases backwards: home plate, third, second, first, batter's box. It may be Gehrig who also hit two homers in the game.

The next thing on the film is the called-shot sequence. Now let's watch very carefully what happens:

First, we see the outside pitch, most likely a ball, which Harnett drops. This is the sequence we already mentioned. Ruth points twice, defiantly, like an animal; you can almost feel his growling, though there's a bit of horseplay in the gesture as well. More than anything, he looks like a wrestler expressing exaggerated theatrical savagery. It's hard to believe he's only calling the count, which has often been suggested: he's pointing with his right hand, but in the language of baseball, a left hand or no hand at all signifies a ball, the right hand a strike. Yet there doesn't seem to be any concrete meaning to the gesture. Maybe he's just brusquely replying to the Cubs bench jockeys and the fans who are berating him.

The next pitch is a called strike. Then there seems to be an in-camera edit. Of course. Matt's style wouldn't be to run the film continuously. According to the literature of the called shot, Ruth stepped out of the box before the crucial pitch; most likely he did step out and Matt, intent only on capturing Ruth's at bat and not wanting to waste any film, stopped the camera. He also changed the angle just slightly, resuming his shooting over the left shoulder of the fan seated in front of him rather than the right. But everything else is in place: Ruth, the catcher, and the umpire are exactly where we left them.

Now watch closely. The film is slowed down. Slow, slow . . . Charlie Root is starting his wind-up.

And then Ruth points!

Very quickly — his right hand off the bat for just an instant. But he *points!*

And then he points *again*, just before Root pitches.

not as he pointed after the first pitch, not an extended, arm-sweeping motion.

Rather, he points like he's cocking a gun, like he *means* it, a killer gesture; his arm levered, then a staccato wrist movement, like a marksman aiming a pistol, or a duelist! The arm up in the air, then down. Then pumped up and down once more, blindingly fast, the instant before Root releases the ball. *Bang, bang, bye-bye. . .*

A split second later—this is all part of the majestic arithmetic of the movement—the pitch is made and the Babe lifts up his leg and pounds the pitch with every drop of juice he has, twisting around after he connects. Oh, what a sublime, consummate swing! He just remains there for an instant in baseball heaven, corkscrewed up and frozen, and Charlie Root too is still, paralyzed, shoulders slumped (yup, he should have brushed him back). And then the Bambino is off and running toward first base. Halfway, we lose him for a second—the spectator in front of Matt has stood up—and then we catch him again as he rounds first. But now everyone is standing and all Matt can catch on his little camera are backs, plenty of backs. End of movie.

What can we conclude? My feeling after watching the film some 20 times at various speeds and stopping it at will is that Ruth, in fact, called his shot *four* times. Twice in the first sequence, which was more a flamboyant, general statement of intent than anything telepathic. But more definitely, more precisely, in the two cocking-the-gun-and-shooting gestures just before Root hurled the ball.

There is an interesting irony in the fact that baseball's most celebrated home run should be termed the called "shot." The word *shot*. The Yankees' Murderers' Row. *Bang*. Okay, fellas, this is Babe offering you his Saturday Night Special and you'll never forget it.

Babe was pure beast, "the most uninhibited human being I have ever known," as the New York Times' John Drebing described him. His home run was nonverbal, a no-mind *action*. A supernal celebration, an electrifying, pure event. A summation of everything the Slambambino stood for.

The only other at-bat that rivals Ruth's for sheer drama and mythmaking is Casey's. But the fictional slugger of Mudville let everyone down in the crunch by biting the dust—he didn't live up to expectations. Ruth did. Forty-one years after his death, 57 years after his homer, we still remember him as arch-hero, not loser. The world is full of Caseys, but there was only one Ruth.

As the Babe himself often replied when asked what he would have done if he'd whiffed on the pitch, "I'd surely have looked like an awful ass, wouldn't I?"

“Pinhead” Christy Mathewson

JOHN McCORMICK HARRIS

A THREE-DAY HEAT WAVE had already killed seventeen people in New York, and the afternoon of July 17, 1900 would prove hotter yet. The temperature reached ninety-four degrees by one o'clock, and the sunny side of Broadway was deserted. In Brooklyn, a breeze off the East River provided some relief — but not much — to the hundred people watching the Giants and Dodgers.

Even on a comfortable day this rivalry attracted little attention. The Giants were anchored in last place, and the New Yorkers long ago had given up on their pitiful ball club. Those who did show up in Washington Park on that blistering afternoon came to see the Dodgers, the best team in baseball.

The Giants jumped ahead 5-2, but Brooklyn tied the score in the fifth, and New York manager George Davis decided to replace his starter with rookie Christy Mathewson. The listless crowd probably paid little attention as the nineteen-year-old strode to the mound for his first big league appearance. “It was no novelty in those days to see new (Giant) players,” said sportswriter John B. Foster. “They dropped in and out like manikins...” The only thing to distinguish this new pitcher was his size. At nearly 6-foot-2 he was the tallest player on the team, and though he had yet to fill out, his shoulders seemed broad enough for two men’s jerseys.

Mathewson faced Brooklyn’s left fielder and captain, Joe Kelley. His first pitch was high and outside. Kelley walked, loading the bases, and the next batter flew out to center, sending home the go-ahead run. Another run scored before Mathewson struck out Joe McGinnity to end the inning. He pitched four innings, gave up three

hits and six runs, and Brooklyn won 13-7. His debut rated a line in *The New York Times*: “Mathewson [sic] has lots of speed and gives promise of making his way.”

He had come to New York from Norfolk of the Virginia League, where he’d won twenty games and pitched a no-hitter in the first two months of the season. Both the Giants and the Phillies offered to buy him, and the Norfolk management let Mathewson decide. “At first I wanted to go to Philadelphia because it was nearer my home,” he said, “but after studying the pitching staffs of both clubs I decided that the opportunity in New York was better. The Phillies looked strong in the box, and Amos Rusie had just quit the Giants. So I selected New York.”

The Giants paid \$1,500 for him, but the deal was contingent on his making good. He pitched five more times that summer and failed to win; the Cubs beat him 6-5 in his only start. He pitched thirty-four innings, gave up thirty-five hits, and had an earned run average of 4.76. (Macmillan.)

New York owner Andrew Freedman had until October 15 to pay for him or give him back. But Freedman did neither; he released Mathewson in December without telling Norfolk, and Cincinnati immediately claimed the young pitcher for the \$100 draft price. Cincinnati then traded Mathewson back to New York for Rusie, who’d sat out the past two years in a salary dispute with Freedman. The deal cost Cincinnati \$100, which bought Rusie, and it saved Freedman \$1,400.

JOHN MCCORMICK HARRIS *is working on a Mathewson biography.*

Norfolk naturally cried foul, but Freedman, a Tammany Hall conniver, said he'd failed to read the contract before he accepted it. He agreed to pay Norfolk \$750, but only if Mathewson reported to New York by April 1, and then only if he stayed with the team for at least two months. Norfolk vowed to fight and sold Mathewson's contract to Toronto, but the Norfolk management was no match for Freedman and his lawyers. "This," noted a reporter, "evidently is the method to become a successful New York businessman."

The trade of Rusie attracted more attention than Freedman's machinations with Mathewson. The old pitcher had been the Giants' guiding star for nearly a decade; three times he won thirty or more games; eight times he won twenty or more. But following his 20-11 1898 season, Freedman cut his salary from \$3,000 to \$2,000, and Rusie sat out the next two years. His trade to Cincinnati was trumpeted as the return of one of the game's best players. "Nobody knows the terms of the transfer," one writer said. "Nobody seems to care."

Uncertain of his future in New York, Mathewson had signed to play for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics of the new American League. Mack offered \$1,200 for the upcoming season, but Mathewson said he wanted to finish the spring term at Bucknell College. He asked for \$700 to play during summer vacation, and Mack agreed. Mathewson then asked for an advance. "I told him I thought I ought to have \$50. I owed some money for books and a few other items, and wanted to get square with the world," he said. Mack sent the advance promptly. "Later I reproached myself for not asking for more," Mathewson recalled.

When Freedman heard about the deal he ordered Mathewson to New York. "You belong to me," he raged at the startled player, "and you'll either play in New York or not at all."

Mathewson explained that he'd already signed with Mack. "That doesn't make any difference," Freedman barked. "The American League won't last three months, and then where will you be? Every player who goes with that league will be blacklisted; he won't be able to play anywhere else as long as he lives. And furthermore, you are the property of this club, and if you refuse to live up to your agreement I will bring suit against you myself."

Mathewson was convinced. But what about the \$50 advance he'd accepted from Mack? He asked Freedman to repay it, and Freedman said he would. Mathewson then wrote Mack, explaining the situation, and asked if Mack was willing to support him in a lawsuit. There was no reply. And the \$50? Freedman never repaid it.

Mathewson dropped out of Bucknell and reported to New York in April, as ordered. Although most teams

had headed south for spring training, the Giants were practicing in wind and rain at the Polo Grounds or, more often, inside on a handball court. Freedman felt a southern trip was a waste of money.

The blustery weather slowed the progress of the Giants' young pitching staff, considered the team's chief weakness. Called "lamentably weak" by one writer, it consisted of Mathewson, Luther "Dummy" Taylor, Ed Doheny and a few "manikins." The deaf and dumb Taylor was twenty-six and, like Mathewson, starting his second year in the big league. He'd won four games and lost three in 1900. Doheny was also twenty-six but was in his seventh year with New York. He'd managed to lose fourteen games and win only four the previous year. Not much was expected from any of them. "Mathewson [sic] is no more than a raw amateur," *Sporting Life* reported.

Taylor lost the season opener in Boston, and Mathewson started against Brooklyn the following day in the Polo Grounds. On a clear and warm Friday afternoon a crowd of 10,000 watched him beat the defending champs on a four-hitter.

He pitched a three-hitter in each of his next two starts, and got just two days' rest before facing Philadelphia in the Polo Grounds. The fans cheered as he headed to the mound in the first inning, and after he struck out the leadoff batter on three pitches they jumped to their feet howling and slapped each other on the back. The new kid was for real. He beat the Phillies 4-0 and contributed three singles in four at bats. Fans scrambled out of the stands after the game and trailed after him shouting congratulations as he headed to the clubhouse in center field.

He blanked the Dodgers on two hits before Brooklyn's largest crowd of the season in his next start, and the Giants moved into first place with six straight wins. Manager Davis said he'd stake his job on the team he'd assembled for 1901. Weekday games began attracting relatively large crowds of nearly 10,000 to the Polo Grounds, and office workers thronged at outdoor bulletin boards on Park Row to learn the score. "Have you seen Mathewson [sic]?" is a question that is on many lips in this big town," wrote Nick Koelsch of *Sporting Life*.

The pop of the rookie's fastball reminded people of Amos Rusie's better days, but Mathewson wasn't a hard-drinking tough like Rusie and many of his mates. He was articulate and soft-spoken, had a gentleman's manners, and was a bright college lad. The hyperbolic writers portrayed him as a prince, and the fans, disgusted with Freedman and his manikins, were willing subjects. Sure, they'd had nothing to cheer about for five years, but "in this instance," Koelsch said, "they were indulging in a little hero worship of a real star."

Mathewson won eight games in a row, including four shutouts, before St. Louis beat him on May 28. But

even in defeat he did not diminish his growing celebrity. He faced only thirty-one batters, allowed one run, and he made "some lightning throws on first" on bunts. But his effort was wasted, the press pointed out, because his teammates had let him down by failing to score. It was a refrain that would be repeated often, and Mathewson would come to believe it himself.

The Giants still held first place in early June when they traveled to the league's four western cities, and Hearst's Journal hired Mathewson to write about the trip. The news was bad as the team lost seven of twelve games and came home in second place. Mathewson pitched in all four cities and attracted large crowds, but he lost each time. Reporters speculated that his writing distracted him from his pitching, a story they picked up from his grousing teammates. Even his writing was knocked: "For a college man," one reporter said, "Mathewson....uses about as poor language in his reviews of the Giants' games as any respectable newspaper will stand." Those with a better understanding of baseball began hinting that he was overworked.

The Giants remained in the race until July 4, but they soon nose-dived toward the second division. The fans gave up on them, and even a no-hitter by Mathewson on July 15 in St. Louis failed to appease them. Freedman made a spectacle of the team by marching it downtown to the club's headquarters, where he berated the players and threatened to release them unless they provided a better return for their salaries. Davis became desperate as abuse was heaped on him by writers, fans, and even opposing players. He tried more pitchers than anyone else in the league, and he used "Piano Legs" Hickman, his slowest player, at every position but catcher. But his main ploy was to pitch his young ace as often as possible — preferably every other day.

Mathewson was primarily a fastball pitcher in those days. He had yet to master his famous "fadeaway," and he knew little of the batters' strengths and weaknesses; he simply tried to blow the ball by them. He got his strikeouts, but he also was wild and threw lots of pitches. Late in July he lost four games in a row, and the papers reported he had a sore shoulder. His teammates said he was "learning something every day." His arm throbbed so painfully he couldn't sleep at night, but he kept pitching, and a pattern developed: some days he couldn't be hit, some days he was clobbered. On September 21 he pitched in Cincinnati and won his twentieth game on a three-hitter. He was at his sharpest.

The Giants headed to Pittsburgh from Cincinnati, and Mathewson got off the train in Columbus to get a sandwich. The train left him behind, nearly broke and in his shirtsleeves. He had to wire the club for train fare and enough money to buy a coat and pay his hotel

bill. His next start was nearly as embarrassing. The champion Pirates scored ten runs in the first six innings — the hits coming "as easily as from a less famous artist."

The Giants lost two doubleheaders in the final days of the season but managed to avoid last place by one game. Mathewson finished with a 20-17 record and he was widely credited with keeping the Giants out of the cellar. The New York Sun reported that as baseball's top attraction he'd meant an extra \$100,000 to the National League in 1901. "The attendance in all the other cities was usually twice as large when Mathewson pitched," the paper noted.

Stories about his arm trouble continued throughout the off-season. Danny Green, an outfielder for the Cubs who went on a barnstorming tour with him, told the Chicago papers that Mathewson was afraid he'd permanently injured his arm. "All he could do when pitching was lob them over," Green said. News came from Mathewson's hometown of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, that he was getting massage treatment, and after he returned to New York he was said to be baking his arm in a sauna at a gym on 125th Street.

Mathewson's health was considered the most important factor in New York's attempt for respectability in 1902. Davis and a handful of other starters had deserted the team for the American League, and Freedman had shocked New York by choosing Horace Fogel, a Philadelphia sportswriter, as the new manager. Fogel had never played in the major leagues and had managed only seventy games, fifteen years earlier. Fogel tried to deflect criticism by quickly signing a new batch of manikins. "I have six players' contracts in my pocket now... and they will be crackerjacks, too," he said. Nobody was fooled. "Surely," wrote Koelsch, "our Fogel is a sweet singer."

The spectacle of Opening Day attracted 24,000 to the Polo Grounds, and they stood and roared as Mathewson's first pitch was called a strike by umpire Hank O'Day. Any doubts about the health of his arm were dismissed after he shut out Philadelphia on four hits. He pitched another four-hitter in his second start, and after losing to Boston, came back with a two-hit shutout of the Phillies. He also lined a pitch to the ropes in right field and raced home ahead of the throw. As Fogel watched him sprinting around the bases he got an idea: why not play the kid every day?

A few weeks later Mathewson scored the winning run by galloping home from first on a double. On Saturday, June 28, new manager Heinie Smith started Mathewson at first base and got two hits and scored a run. He had thirteen putouts, made an error, and New York lost 9-8. He was on first again two days later in an 8-0 loss to Boston and committed two of the Giants' seven errors. The papers now referred to him as "the former pitcher."

The last-place Giants lost thirteen straight, averaging less than two runs per game, and even when Mathewson pitched well he lost. His record fell to 5-7 in the first week of July, and he began pouting on the field and in the locker room. "Christy Mathewson feels bluish green these days," *Sporting Life* reported. "It is tough on a former popular idol to be coldly forgotten by the fans."

The worst insult came when a former Giant manikin, Johnny Hendricks, called him a "pinhead" in the *Chicago Journal*. A native of Joliet, Hendricks had played in eight games with New York and was asked by the *Journal* to provide the inside story of the Giants. "Hardly anyone on the team speaks to Mathewson," Hendricks said. "He deserves it. He is a pinhead and a conceited fellow who has made himself unpopular."

The other players were tired of Mathewson's whining and purposely made misplays behind him, Hendricks said. " 'I can't win, I can't win,' wails Matty after every defeat, and the others snarl at him, 'To the woods, you big stiff'..."

"I see he's getting a lot of errors now that he is playing first," Hendricks said. "Cinch they are throwing the ball on the ground or trying to knock him dizzy."

The Giants arrived in Chicago on the night of July 7, and learned that John McGraw, the feisty manager of the Baltimore Orioles, had announced he was coming to New York. McGraw said he had sole charge of the team and offered as proof Freedman's imminent departure on a European vacation. He also claimed to have an unlimited bankroll and orders to buy all the players he needed. Control was the key issue. If Freedman kept it, the team would go nowhere. But McGraw was a real baseball

man, one of the best in the game.

The day after McGraw's announcement Mathewson broke a personal four-game losing streak with a shutout of the Cubs. He may have been inspired, but he wasn't convinced; he'd seen too many strange things happen during his two years with the Giants. And so he planned his desertion to the American League, agreeing to deal with St. Louis for 1903. He accepted a \$500 advance in the bargain.

But McGraw had no intention of allowing him to get away. He pointed out that Mathewson had signed a two-year contract with New York in 1901 and remained the property of the Giants. In addition, McGraw must have convinced him that Freedman was on the way out and a new order was preparing to take over the Giants. Mathewson balked until McGraw offered him the deal he wanted, and on September 15 he signed a \$4,000 contract for the 1904 season. It made him one of the highest paid pitchers in the league. (He repaid the \$500 advance to St. Louis before the 1903 season, on McGraw's orders.)

Two weeks later Freedman announced that he'd sold controlling interest in the club to John T. Brush, the ex-Cincinnati owner and a top official of the National League. The new regime was in place, and with Brush and McGraw in charge, New York would become the league's most successful franchise.

As the team's ace, Mathewson would win 373 games (Total Baseball has him with 372) — tops in the National League, along with Grover Cleveland Alexander — and become one of baseball's first national superstars.

From Baseball Profiles by Michael Schacht



The Greatest World Series Upset of All Time

PETER M. GORDON

ALTHOUGH THE 1980S HAVE produced a number of surprises in the World Series and some commentators labeled the Dodgers' 1988 victory over the Athletics the greatest upset in World Series history, the triumph that actually deserves that title occurred more than four score years ago: the victory of the White Sox over the Cubs in 1906.

In that bygone era between the Spanish-American War and World War I, major league baseball teams played in wooden parks for the most part, and overflow crowds stood behind ropes on the outfield grass. The peace between the American and National Leagues, like the airplane, was only three years old. And independent professional and amateur leagues proliferated throughout the country. These leagues were so numerous that the popular Spalding and Reach Base Ball Guides covered their exploits as well as those of the majors. Henry Chadwick, writing in the Spalding Guide in 1906, even felt compelled to defend the "merits of organized base ball" in order to justify the greater space devoted to major league coverage.

Despite the official peace between the leagues, in Chicago the rivalry between the National's Cubs and the junior circuit's White Sox grew more intense each year. The Cubs, as the National League heirs to Cap Anson's White Stockings, claimed the loyalty of many traditional fans. The White Sox, owned by former star player Charles Comiskey, won over many Cub adherents with their success in the young American League. While the Cubs languished in the second division, the Sox won the AL's first two pennants in 1900 and 1901, always remained in contention, and missed by just two games the opportunity to play the Giants when the

World Series resumed in 1905.

Not having won a pennant themselves since 1886, the Cubs hired Frank Selee, who had won five flags with Boston in the 1890s, to manage the team in 1902. Also arriving that year were rookie infielders Joe Tinker and Johnny Evers and center field Jimmy Slagle. All three were excellent fielders, and the development of young Johnny Kling into an outstanding defensive catcher gave the Cubs the best up-the-middle defense in baseball. Selee also shifted former catcher Frank Chance to first base, where he blossomed into a team leader and all-around star. The acquisition of hard-hitting Frank Schulte in late 1904 boosted the offense.

To build his pitching staff, Selee brought two college stars with little or no professional experience to the Cubs, Carl Lundgren (U. of Illinois) and Ed Reulbach (Notre Dame). But his boldest move was trading his 1903 ace Jack Taylor to the Cardinals for a raw rookie named Mordecai "Three Finger" Brown.

The Cubs rose to second place in 1904, but ill health forced Selee to resign in mid-season in 1905. Frank Chance took over as manager and over the winter traded his best veteran pitcher, Jake Weimer, for third baseman Harry Steinfeldt. Feeling that he needed one more key piece to complete his lineup, Chance then convinced new owner Charles Murphy to trade four players to Brooklyn for left fielder Jimmy Sheckard. Sheckard filled the number two slot in the batting order to perfection, setting the National League record

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for sacrifices in a season in 1906, giving the Cubs the best lineup in the league.

Further strengthening his pitching with mid-season trades for Orval Overall and Jack Taylor, Chance's team rode roughshod over the rest of the league. They took over first place for good on May 28 and edged the second-place Pirates twice by 1-0 scores on the Fourth of July to boost their lead to 4½ games. Exactly one month later they still led by 4½ but then launched the hottest sustained streak in history, winning 37 of their next 39 to end the race.

Winning by a final margin of 20 games, the Cubs dominated the league statistically, leading in runs scored, fewest runs allowed, batting average, and fielding average, all by wide margins. They set new records for fewest errors made (194), runs allowed (2.5 per game), and shutouts (31). Steinfeldt led the league in hits, Chance in runs and stolen bases, and Schulte in triples. And in the single most important indicator of a team's superiority — games won — the 1906 Cubs rank as the greatest of all time with 116 victories.

Across town, meanwhile, the White Sox were not even in the American League pennant race for much of the summer. They trailed by 9 games on July 28 while the Philadelphia Athletics, New York Highlanders, and Cleveland Naps battled for the league lead. But starting on August 2, the White Sox ran off a 19-game winning streak that catapulted them into first place by 5½ games. The Highlanders won 15 in a row and passed the Sox in early September, but Chicago won 14 out of 21 on a long homestand in the final month and clinched the pennant with four games left to play.

Managed by their fiery centerfielder, Fielder Jones, they were a group of tough, veteran ballplayers (average age: 30) who knew how to win. Shortstop and cleanup hitter George Davis was in his 17th year in the majors and was the team's best clutch hitter. Third-place hitter Frank Isbell's .279 average was the team's best, although his defense at second base was not outstanding. Lee Tannehill at third base and Jiggs Donohue at first gave the Sox outstanding defense at the corners, although Tannehill hit only .183 for the season. Billy Sullivan was the leader during the games and considered the best defensive catcher in the league. Bill O'Neill led the outfielders with a .248 average but lost his job in left when the Sox acquired veteran Patsy Dougherty from New York. Center fielder Jones and right fielder Eddie Hahn could not top the .230 mark, but both were outstanding baserunners, and Jones was a superior flyhawk.

What was particularly amazing about their pennant was the fact that the White Sox finished last in the league in batting with a .230 average which earned them their famous nickname, "The Hitless Wonders." But they had the best pitching and defense in the league, going the Cubs one better by posting 32

shutouts for a mark that still stands today. Their pitchers, righties Frank Owen and Ed Walsh and southpaws Nick Altruck and Doc White, were all capable of brilliant performances. And manager Jones squeezed every last drop of ability out of his players. It seemed to contemporary observers like Henry Chadwick that the team "won on generalship alone."

Everyone expected the immensely powerful Cubs to demolish their crosstown rivals in the World Series. Indeed, the disparity between the two teams, on paper,



Umpire James Johnston, Managers Chance and Jones.

was the greatest in World Series history. The Cubs won 23 more games than the White Sox. By instructive contrast, in 1988 the A's had won just 10 more games than the Dodgers, the Orioles in 1969 had only won eight more games than the Mets, and in 1914 the Athletics had won just five more games than the "Miracle Braves." While the Sox pitching and defense were impressive, most observers believed that the Cubs' were even better. And of course the Cubs could hit. The Cubs scored 135 more runs than the Sox, allowed 79 fewer, and out-hit them by 32 points. The Cubs dominated the Sox in every offensive and defensive category except walks allowed. As if the mismatch between the two teams wasn't enough to favor the

Cubs, the White Sox received word on the eve of the Series that George Davis, their best (indeed, some would say only) hitter, would be out indefinitely with a bad cold. Although the Cubs would also be missing leadoff man Jimmy Slagle, oddsmakers still favored them as much as 3 to 1.

To no one's surprise, Manager Chance confidently predicted victory. "Every man [on the team] is fit to play the game of his life. I believe we will win." However, Fielder Jones also anticipated a win, saying "I expect the Cubs to meet their Waterloo." Chance probably dismissed Jones' prediction as posturing, but Fielder Jones had seen his team beat the odds all year. He also expected that because the Cub batters weren't used to seeing lefthanders and spitballers in the National League, Altrack, Walsh, and White could nullify the Cubs' hitting advantage. The Chicago Daily News felt this was a strong enough possibility to spend an entire article refuting it.

The likelihood of a Cub sweep could not diminish the "Base Ball Fever" that gripped Chicago in anticipation of the day of the first game on October 9. Employers complained that no one would work or buy; employees and patrons only wanted to discuss the game. The morning dawned clear but bitterly cold. Despite the below-freezing temperature, fans began to arrive at the West Side Grounds, the Cubs' home park at the corner of Lincoln and Polk, by 12:45 for the 3:00 p.m. game. The West Side Grounds had a wooden grandstand and pavilion behind the plate and was encircled by a wooden fence. Those lucky enough to get a seat paid the impressive sum of \$1.50 for the grandstand, \$1.00 for the pavilion, or 50¢ for the bleachers. One could also pay 50¢ for the privilege of standing behind ropes along the foul lines. As game time approached many stores stopped doing business altogether, and the entire town went "Base Ball mad."

For the first game, the Cubs replaced Slagle with utilityman Solly Hofman, and the Sox moved the slick fielding Tannehill to shortstop, placing George Rohe at third. Otherwise, the teams played their regular lineups throughout the series. Manager Chance warmed up both Brown and Lundgren, but no one was surprised when he started Brown, his ace all year. Fielder Jones never had any doubts who his first starter would be: lefthander Nick Altrack. Remembered today (if at all) as a famous baseball clown with the Senators in the '20s and '30s, his 20 wins in 1906 marked the third straight season the dark, thin, gutsy southpaw had won 19 games or more. Monte Cross had intimated to Fielder Jones earlier in the season that, while the Sox staff was strong, it lacked a pitcher "steady enough to do justice to himself and his team" in an important game. Jones replied that in any clutch situation "I would send Nick Altrack to the slab, and show me any pitcher in the league who is better acquainted for just such an emergency."

By 3:00 p.m. the temperature had dropped below freezing, and snow flurries began to fall. While the cold may have led the less hardy to forsake the ballpark for the comfort of McVicker's Theatre or the First Regimental Armory downtown, where the Chicago Tribune arranged a play-by-play broadcast, the West Side Grounds still filled with 12,693 fans. The enthusiastic crowd appeared equally divided between Cub and White Sox fans, as they screamed and waved multicolored pennants on almost every pitch.

Altrack justified Jones's faith by matching Brown out for out at the start of the game. The cold appeared to bother batters from both teams, as the hurlers threw no-hit ball for the first three innings. "Wildfire" Schulte broke up the dual no-hitter with two out in the bottom of the fourth by beating out a Baltimore chop to Isbell at second. Although Schulte was safe stealing second when Isbell dropped Sullivan's throw, Altrack got Chance to tap back to the mound to end the inning.

In the top of the fifth, replacement George Rohe became the hero of the game by pulling a Brown fastball down the left field line and into the bottom of the bleachers for a triple. With Rohe on third, Brown bore down and struck out Jiggs Donohue, and got Patsy Dougherty to tap an easy roller back to the mound. However, in his anxiety to get Rohe at the plate, Brown threw wide to Kling, thus letting Rohe score the first run of the game. The Sox added an insurance run the next inning, when Altrack walked and moved to second on a sacrifice by Hahn. Nick was out at the plate trying to score on Jones' single, but Jones took second, moved to third on a passed ball, and came in on Isbell's single.

Altrack tried to finesse the Cubs in the sixth, and began by walking Kling. Three Finger Brown helped himself by bouncing a single up the middle. Following the accepted baseball practice of the time, Hofman sacrificed Kling and Brown up a base. Altrack, a bit nervous, threw a fastball over Sullivan's head back to the screen behind home plate, scoring Kling, but then the Sox defense saved the game. Jimmy Sheckard hit what appeared to be a game-tying Texas leaguer over short, but Tannehill, despite playing in on the grass, went back and caught the ball over his head in short left. Rohe almost went from the hero to the goat on the next play, when he threw Schulte's grounder wide of first, but Donahue stretched his full six feet, one inch and barely caught the ball for the third out. Given a reprieve, Nick steadied and disposed of the Cub machine handily over the last three innings. After Steinfeldt fled to Jones in center for the last out, the deliriously happy Sox fans rushed onto the field and carried off their heroes on their shoulders.

The teams moved to the White Sox' home, South Side Park, for Game Two the next day. (Because both teams were from Chicago, there were no days

off for travel.) The Sox kept the grass high and the ground soft in their infield to slow the ball down and make it easier to field. Many sportswriters felt that the South Side Park helped the Sox win the pennant by greatly reducing the hitting ability of visiting teams. Indeed, the Sox had a .701 winning percentage at home, compared to .527 on the road. The Cubs topped both marks with a good .727 percentage at the West Side grounds, and an amazing .800 on the road.

The mercury dropped even farther before Game Two, and the cold wind blowing off Lake Michigan led the Chicago Daily News to recommend that fans wear fur coats. The game figured to be another pitching duel, matching Ed Reulbach, who led the NL in winning percentage, against southpaw Doc White, who led the AL in ERA. Doc White (who actually had a dental degree) held the record for most consecutive shutouts until Don Drysdale broke it in 1968. The 12,500 fans that turned out despite the freezing weather saw a pitcher's duel — for the first inning. The cold made it difficult for White to grip the ball, although it did not seem to bother Reulbach very much. After retiring the side in order in the first, White struck out Chance to start the second, but gave up a hard single to left by Steinfeldt. As expected, Tinker bunted for a sacrifice down the third base line, but unexpectedly beat out Rohe's throw. The field did slow down Evers' grounder to Isbell, but the second baseman's hurried throw to force Steinfeldt at third went wide of the bag and Steinfeldt scored. White walked Kling to load the bases and pitch to Reulbach. Reulbach laid down a perfect suicide squeeze to score Tinker, and then Hoffman drove in the third run by beating out an infield hit. White, unstrung, allowed another run in the third and was replaced by Frank Owen in the fourth. Reulbach, on the other hand, pitched a one-hitter, winning easily, 7-1.

The weather warmed up on October 11 as the teams returned to the West Side Grounds. After their easy victory the day before the Cubs confidently expected to roll over the Sox. But they hadn't counted on 24-year-old spitballer (and future Hall of Famer) Ed Walsh pitching one of the greatest games in World Series history. Both Walsh and the Cubs Jack Pfiester baffled opposing batters early on, striking out at least one hitter each inning.

The pitchers strung goose eggs until the seventh, when Tannehill got his first hit of the series, a single just past Steinfeldt at third. Pfiester pitched around Walsh to keep him from sacrificing and ended up walking him. Disconcerted by his failure, Pfiester hit Hahn with the next pitch to load the bases. Pfiester took a deep breath and went back to his best pitch, the curve ball. He got manager Jones to swing at a sweeping curve and foul out to Kling for the first out. He then

threw three straight curves past Isbell, who flung his bat down in frustration. With bases loaded with two down, the Sox had to rely on Game One hero George Rohe. The White Sox fans in the crowd began to despair; it was too much to expect the utilityman to save the day again. However, Rohe had watched Pfiester throw four straight curve balls, and guessed correctly that he would start him off with a fastball. Rohe pulled that pitching down the left field line and into the temporary bleachers for a bases-clearing triple. That was all the scoring as Walsh fanned 12 to win 3-0 and give the White Sox a 2-games-to-1 lead in the series.

The Sox received a big lift for Game Four when they learned that George Davis could play; Davis took over his customary place at short and cleanup, with new hero Rohe staying at third. Altrock and Brown locked horns again at South Side Park in a replay of their pitcher's duel in Game One. However, this time Brown got the better of it. Altrock's stuff was not quite as overpowering as in the first game, but he compensated with a canny pitch selection that kept the Cubs off balance. Meanwhile, Brown overwhelmed the Sox, pitching a no-hitter through 5²/₃ innings. The hurlers matched each other out for out until right fielder Hahn lost Frank Chance's fly ball in the sun in the top of the seventh, allowing it to drop for a single. Steinfeldt and Tinker sacrificed Chance to third, and he scored on the only hard blow of the game, Evers' crisp single to left. That ended the scoring; the 1-0 victory tied the Series again.

The young, cocky Cubs had expected the Series to be over after four games, so suddenly Game Five became the most crucial game. The day dawned bright and warm, perfect for baseball. By noon the streets leading to the West Side Park were clogged with fans waiting to get inside, and over 23,000 fans pushed their way into the park before they had to lock the gates at 1:40. Eager fanatics outside offered the fabulous sum of \$20 for a seat. Spectators climbed telephone poles and packed the roofs of the houses surrounding the park. Despite the locked gates, Cub and Sox supporters kept pressing forward and their weight collapsed the left field bleacher fence. Fans spilled onto the field, and it took a squad of police with clubs 20 minutes to restore order. Finally, with the overflow crowd standing behind ropes in the outfield as well as along the sidelines, the game began.

In an effort to benefit from his team's success in road games, Chance dressed the Cubs in their traveling gray uniforms, despite their being the home team. To further fire up the Cub hitters, a live bear cub was paraded in front of the team bench before the game. At first all of the mumbo jumbo appeared to have worked, as the Cubs took advantage of "rank" fielding (errors by Isbell and Walsh) to score three runs off Walsh in

the bottom of the first. With Ed Reulbach on the mound set to repeat his Game Two mastery of the Sox, it looked like the Series might, indeed, be over.

But the Sox, who had beaten the odds all year, were not ready to die. Isbell led off the third with his second double, and then George Davis made his presence felt by doubling into the crowd in right, driving in Isbell. Manager Chance, perhaps overreacting, replaced

for baseball, and while the crowd jostling for space in South Side Park was more orderly than the day before, the stadium was still absolutely jam-packed, as 20,000 fans kept up a constant din of horns, bells, and hollers. Their efforts were aided by the thousands of fans who stood in the streets surrounding the park, listening avidly.

The Cubs appeared jittery during infield practice;



Jones bats against Pfister with the bases loaded in Game 3.

Reulbach with Pfister, who started well by striking out Rohe, but then hit Donahue with a pitch. Dougherty then grounded slowly to Tinker, who had to settle for erasing Donahue at second, while Davis took third. On Pfister's second pitch to Sullivan, Davis and Dougherty pulled off a perfect delayed double steal to tie the score.

In the top of the 4th, the Sox teed off on Pfister and his replacement Overall, scoring four runs on doubles by Isbell, Davis, and Dougherty. After the first inning, Walsh held the Cubs off through six, but gave way to Doc White who redeemed his Game Two performance by shutting out the Cubs the rest of the way. Their 8-6 victory in what many observers call "the greatest game of all time" put the Sox ahead in the series three games to two.

Chicago shut down for the sixth game. No one could believe the Cubs were on the brink of elimination, least of all the Cubs themselves. The day was again perfect

even Evers looked flat. The Sox, on the other hand, went through a spirited practice to the delight of their fans. Manager Chance, his back to the wall, sent Three Finger Brown to the mound. Although Brown had had only one day of rest after a complete game, such a pitching choice was not unknown back then, when pitchers did not have to throw hard for an entire game. Fielder Jones started Doc White, even though he had hurled three innings in relief the previous day.

Because he had worked the day before, White didn't have his good fastball and relied upon his curve and change. The Cubs reached him for a run in the first, but White steadied and disposed of Chance and Schulte to keep the deficit from growing.

The Sox came out swinging in the bottom of the first, determined to eliminate their "hitless" reputation. Hahn beat out a smash to second, but Jones forced him for the first out. Isbell singled hard to right, sending Jones to second. Davis, batting cleanup, hit a high fly

to deep right. It looked as if Schulte would catch it, but at the last second it bounced into the crowd surrounding the outfield for a double. The game was held up while Schulte hotly contended that a policeman holding back the crowd interfered with his attempt to catch the ball. No policeman could be found at that point in the crowd. Neither umpire saw any interference, nor would any of the fans back Schulte's claims. The double stood, leaving runners on second and third with one out.

Chance brought the infield in, and Rohe grounded to Tinker who cut off Isbell at the plate. However, after Rohe stole second without a throw from Kling, who did not want to chance a repeat of the previous day's double steal, Jiggs Donahue put the Sox ahead with a double into the crowd in left. Brown managed to end the scoring there, but after he got the first two Sox batters out in the bottom of the second the game completely unraveled for the Cubs.

First Ed Hahn lined a single to left. Brown got two quick strikes on Fielder Jones, but then lost his control and walked him. He managed to induce Isbell to hit an easy roller to second. However, in his eagerness to field the ball, Tinker cut in front of Evers, missed the ball, and also managed to obscure Evers' view so that by the time Johnny made the play Isbell was on first, loading the bases for George Davis. Davis swung at the first offering and hit a hard, high liner to short. Tinker leaped and just tipped the ball with his glove, deflecting its flight enough that Sheckard couldn't reach it until Hahn and Jones had scored, Isbell stopping at second. The noise from the crowd drowned out the brass band playing in the box seats as Rohe hit a grounder to short and beat Tinker's throw to load the bases again. Brown, despairing and completely unstrung, was replaced by Overall.

The umpires threw in a fresh ball for the new pitcher, and Donahue promptly hit it over second for a single and the third run. Overall walked Dougherty to force in the fourth run before he steadied and struck out Sullivan to end the inning. White started the second leading by six runs, and although he gave up a run in the 5th, the lead was never in any danger. The Sox kept adding to the score for a final tally of 8-3. As soon as the game ended, the White Sox fans swarmed onto the field just as they did after Game One, and again hoisted their heroes on their shoulders. After parading around the field, the crowd congregated in front of the Cubs' owner's box until Mr. Murphy made a charming concession speech, admitting that the best team won.

From the North to the South Sides Chicago was one big party that night. A crowd of 2,000 fans made the rounds of all of the White Sox' houses to cheer the ballplayers again. Even Frank Chance admitted that the Sox had "fairly won," although he still said he had the better team. Chance was right, which just made the

Sox' upset victory even greater.

Fielder Jones correctly anticipated that his pitchers could nullify the Cubs' hitting. The White Sox hurlers held the mighty Cub attack to a miniscule .196 average, enabling them to win despite their own low team average of .198. By the time the Cub batters began to adjust to the Sox staff's unorthodox deliveries, the Series was over. None of the famous Cub stars hit well at all, sub Solly Hofman leading the club with a .304 average.

Without the Cubs' offensive advantage, the teams were nearly equal, and the teamwork and experience of the White Sox enabled them to get the edge over their powerful crosstown rivals. The Sox hit poorly as a team, but got the clutch hits when it counted from Rohe (.333), and veterans Davis (.308), Isbell (.308, four doubles), and Donahue (.333). The Cubs kept taking themselves out of rallies by getting caught stealing, while the Sox, in contrast, tied the crucial fifth game with a perfect double steal. In the crucible of the fifth and sixth games the Cub fielding fell apart, while the Sox fielding remained steady. Although the White Sox' victory surprised every contemporary observer, with the possible exception of the team itself, in retrospect perhaps no team in a World Series should be favored by odds as outlandish as 3 to 1. After all, in professional baseball it's not uncommon for last-place teams to take 4 out of 6 from first-place teams. The Sox, after all, had won the pennant against very tough competition. The Cubs' great successes blinded the sportswriters and commentators of the time as to how good the Sox really were.

The Cub juggernaut was just getting rolling, however. The team won three of the next four pennants, and finished second in 1909 despite winning 104 games. Tinker, Evers, Chance and Brown would go on to the Hall of Fame, and the team's double plays would be immortalized by Franklin P. Adams in baseball's second-most-famous poem. However, despite their achievements you rarely see the team ranked among the greatest of all time, nor do you read much about their surprising loss to the White Sox in 1906.

Their great upset victory was the pinnacle of the White Sox early years. Although the team would win over 90 games in 1907 and 1908, they would finish behind the pennant-winning Tigers. Most of the team would be out of baseball — retired or released — within a couple of years. Altrock's arm went bad in 1907, and he was never again the same hurler who matched outs with Three Finger Brown. Walsh, of course, would go on to a Hall of Fame career, and White would have his record, but most of the Hitless Wonders would fade into obscurity. Still, no one could take away the fact that in 1906 they staged the biggest World Series upset of all time.

The 1901 Boston Americans

CHARLES W. BEVIS

IT HAS BEEN SAID THE game of baseball has changed so little that if a person went to sleep at the turn of the century and awoke today, he would still be able to follow the game. This may be true, certainly in contrast to football or basketball which have changed more dramatically during this time, but this observation neglects the many, many changes that have occurred which refined the game to its present day standards.

If our sleeper-in-suspended-animation were in Boston, he might be able to *follow* the game but he surely wouldn't be able to *recognize* it. Much has changed in major league baseball since 1901, the first year of existence for the Boston Red Sox franchise in the first year of the American League.

From 1901 to the present day, the Boston franchise has grown and prospered as the game of baseball itself has matured and changed, many times subtly but sometimes climactically.

Many of the events during Boston's initial season help to illustrate those many changes which have occurred in major league baseball since 1901. Perhaps the first and foremost change from 1901 to today is that the 1901 Boston team was not named the Red Sox. Nicknames were usually unofficial back then and were often merely inventions of the press. The Boston American League team was sometimes referred to as the Somersets, coined after team owner Charles Somers, or the Plymouth Rocks, but they were more commonly known simply as the Americans. Later the team was known as the Boston Pilgrims until December 1907, when it officially adopted the name Red Sox.

That moniker was lifted from the Boston National League franchise nickname in the 1870s, Red Stockings, which had been abandoned many years before. The actual red stockings and red uniform trim were discarded by the National League team after the 1907 season, because the dye in the socks was causing infections when players got spiked. The use of the white "sanitary" socks was yet to come in 1901.

In early April of 1901, the Boston team gathered for "Spring Training" in Charlottesville, Virginia (Florida pre-season workouts did not come into vogue until around 1910). The weather was not that great and the team played only a few exhibitions against the University of Virginia before facing the 140-game American League schedule, 14 games short of the 154-game schedule which went into effect in 1904.

Boston's player-manager was future Hall of Famer Jimmy Collins. He had jumped to the new club from the Boston National Leaguers when the AL began raiding the NL for players in its bid to gain equal status in 1901. Five other jumpers were in camp with Collins, pitchers Nig Cuppy and Ted Lewis, catcher Lou Criger, first baseman Buck Freeman, and outfielder Chick Stahl. Outfielders Tommy Dowd and Charlie Hemphill and backup catcher Ossee Schreckengost were with American League clubs in 1900 but had been assigned to Boston when the league reorganized for its eastern "invasion." And the starting shortstop and second baseman, Freddie Parent and Hobe Ferriss, respectively, were minor-

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league recruits. With his lineup pretty well set, Collins had to choose a four-man pitching staff and a couple substitutes to complete the 15-man squad.

As was customary until the late 1960s, teams had until May 15 to cut down to the prescribed roster size, so Collins took 16 men with him from Charlottesville to Baltimore for the season opener. There they were to be joined by pitching star Cy Young, who had been allowed to get himself into shape at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Like Boston, the Baltimore club was new to the AL in 1901, as were the Washington and Philadelphia franchises. The western half of the circuit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Cleveland, was made up of clubs that had been in the league in 1900, when it had changed its name from the Western League to the American League but had not yet claimed "major league" status.

Rain postponed the scheduled opener in Baltimore on April 24 and muddy grounds postponed the game the next day, as the practice of covering the fields with tarpaulins did not become commonplace until around 1915.

When the weather finally cleared on April 26, the Boston players were one of the features in a street parade from downtown to the ballpark. There were no visitors' dressing rooms at the parks in those days, so the players had to change into their uniforms at their hotel and ride carriages to the ballpark. Boston lost the opening game 10-6 as Baltimore's "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity outpitched Boston's Mitch Kellum. Player-manager Collins collected Boston's first hit with a double in the fourth inning and scored the first run when Freeman singled.

Freeman would have had Boston's first recorded run batted in if such a statistic had existed in 1901. RBIs were popularized by Philadelphia sportswriter Ernie Lanigan in 1907 and didn't become official league statistics until 1920. When RBIs were reconstructed for the 1901 season in the development of the first edition of the Baseball Encyclopedia, Freeman was found to have had the second highest total that season (114), topped only by Nap Lajoie's 125.

Young was on the mound the next day and showed that he wasn't really in shape as Boston lost 12-6. Things were so bad that Collins replaced Young in the seventh inning with a relief pitcher, Fred Mitchell, then a rare occurrence.

It was even a rarer event for Young himself, as Cy finished 38 of 41 games he started for Boston in 1901, and was the American League's premier pitcher. Not bad for an "old" ballplayer. Cy was 34 years old during the 1901 season, in an era when 30-year-old ballplayers were not common and a 10-year career a lengthy one. Infielders and outfielders were expected to play

every game, and pitchers generally worked with just two or three days of rest.

At 6'2" and 210 pounds, Cy was also much bigger and taller than players of his day, although today such measurements are relatively common. It was not unusual for most players to be approximately the size of Fred Patek, one of the smallest ballplayers in expansion-era baseball.

After Boston lost again on the 29th, Young pitched the club's first victory on April 30th in Philadelphia, winning 8-6 in 10 innings. Freeman hit Boston's first home run in that game in the top of the ninth inning off lefty Bill Milligan. Oddly from today's perspective, the home run was not a major part of the game in 1901. More craftsman-like modes of scoring runs were far more popular with managers: hit-and-run plays, stolen bases, and sacrifice bunts.

An inside-the-park home run was the epitome of the best of baseball in 1901. When Stahl hit such a drive against Washington in Boston later in the season, that club's president remarked to the press, "Baseball cannot be played on small grounds. You want plenty of room for the outfielders to move in and the batsman to get the full value of a hit. It is not baseball to see a man leisurely walk the bases on a hit. Wasn't it a sight the way Stahl tore around the bases in Saturday's game! That's what the people want. They got their money's worth in that one drive." The Washington grounds had the shortest fences in the league, and their owner obviously preferred the spaciousness of the Boston ballpark.

It wasn't easy for a batter in 1901. Only one or two balls were used *per game*. A ball hit into the stands wasn't a souvenir for the fan who retrieved it. It was required to be returned and put back into play. It wasn't until the 1920s that the practice was generally followed of allowing fans to keep balls hit into the stands, following a famous lawsuit by baseball fan Reuben Berman against the New York Giants. With one ball consistently in play, it became softened and discolored as the game went on, making it more difficult for the batter to see. Wet weather would make the ball heavier as it absorbed water. The practice of immersing the ball in sawdust would only partially dry the ball before it went back into play.

The construction of the ball also worked against the batter during this, the so-called "dead ball era." Not only was the yarn inside the ball not wound as tightly, the center was made of rubber. The more-resilient cork center was not introduced until 1910.

But the batter had some advantages over his latter-day counterpart. Fielder's gloves were much smaller than today with little padding and only a rudimentary strap between the thumb and forefinger. With no real "pocket" to hold the ball, one-handed catches were difficult and had to be made with the ball in the cen-

ter of the palm. Furthermore, field conditions were much worse. Infields were not raked in mid-game, and bad hops were common. Grass was not well maintained, and artificial turf was generations in the future, so many balls that were hits in 1901 because of missed pickups or bad hops would be turned into routine outs by today's fielders. Another extra element of the fields long ago was the practice of players leaving their gloves on the outfield grass during their team's turn at bat, something that was not outlawed until 1954.

The condition of the diamonds and the "pancake" style of gloves made errors much more numerous. The Boston team averaged three errors per game in 1901 and played only 15 errorless games all season, which was still good enough to tie for the best in the league. Second baseman Hobe Ferris set a league record that still stands by making 61 errors at his position, just one of many AL records for most errors and lowest fielding average that still remain on the books from 1901.

Another advantage the American League batter had in 1901 was that a foul ball did not count as a strike. The pitcher had to put three pitches past the batter for him to strike out, and walks were therefore easier to draw. The National League adopted the current rule in 1901, but the American League waited until 1903.

Boston played its first home game on May 8 against Philadelphia, after taking an all-night train ride from Washington scheduled to arrive at 2:00 in the afternoon. Although day games today generally begin at 1:30 or 2:00, games in 1901 began at 3:30 or 4:00 since they were concluded on average in one and a half hours, unlike today's two-and-a-half to three-hours. Patrons could still be home for supper after a 3:30 start.

The new club played at a new park at the corner of Huntington and Rogers Avenues, then on the edge of the urban part of the city, although conveniently located at the end of a trolley line. The automobile had barely come into use as the horse and carriage was still the predominant mode of individual transportation. Only public transportation could provide the means for significant numbers to attend a ballgame.

Like all parks of its day, the Huntington Avenue Grounds contained an expansive playing field surrounded by stands constructed of wood and a wooden fence at the outfield perimeter. With no stands in the outfield, the fences were far from the plate, and a ball hit to deepest center field could go more than 600 feet. The park had been nailed together in just two months, which was a typical construction period for a wooden ballpark. Advertising on the outfield fence was sold to local businessmen to defray the cost of running the team, so parks were reminiscent of

today's minor league and college fields.

An impressive number of spectators, 11,500, attended the first American League baseball game in Boston. As was typical in those days, if there were paying customers at the gate, they were let in long after all seats were taken. The grandstand seated 2400, the bleacher sections 6500. The overflow spectators were allowed to stand on the field in foul territory or in front of the outfield fence.

This gave rise to the term "ground-rule double" which today applies to a ball which bounces in the stands. In 1901 "ground rules" were needed for balls hit into the spectators on the field. Usually the ground rule was a double, but at some fields there was no ground rule so the player had to chase into the crowd to retrieve the ball to make a play on the batter.

When there were large crowds, the start of a game would sometimes be held up since it would take some time for spectators to funnel through a singular gate. Then as now, attendance was recorded by turnstiles, although official figures were seldom given out to the press. It cost \$1.00 for a box seat, 50 cents for a grandstand seat, and 25 cents to sit in the bleachers on the first and third baselines. This was an expensive proposition in those days for the common working person, who needed to save Indian-head pennies and liberty dimes from his weekly pay envelope to afford admission to a ballgame.

Once in the park, a fan could purchase a scorecard or food from the Harry Stevens Company, which controlled the concessions at most ballparks. Peanuts were freshly roasted by a vendor and could be washed down by a *bottle* of Coca-Cola, which might eventually become a missile hurled at an opposing ballplayer or umpire.

It's been said that the fan of the era would have known almost as much about the details of the game if he had stayed home and read about it in the newspaper the next day. There were no public address systems, and the umpire announced the lineup and substitutions to the crowd through a megaphone.

Even with the megaphone, it was still difficult to follow a game in 1901 from the stands. Player uniforms were not numbered (and would not be until the late 1920s), balls and strikes were not signaled by the umpire, and where the play was in doubt, hits and errors were not indicated. By this time, scoreboards were installed in every park so at least the game score could be known if a fan looked over the right field fence. However, the Huntington Avenue Grounds did not post out-of-town game scores as it lacked telegraph service that other parks used to provide this information.

Travel around the American League was not nearly as easy in 1901 as it is today. It would be two years before Wilbur and Orville Wright became the first

humans to fly. Commercial aviation was a distant dream.

Except for the hop from Cleveland to Detroit, which was often made by boat, teams traveled by train between cities, Pullman cars being popular so the players could sleep during the lengthy rides. Trains were powered by burning coal in those days, causing passengers to endure smoke and cinders during warm weather that necessitated open windows.

Because of the difficulties of travel, a road trip normally lasted two to three weeks, sometimes as long as four so that a team could make a series of shorter trips between cities. This was a bit less tiring for the players, although the quality of sleeping accommodations in hotels was only slightly better than on the trains. It was not unusual for players to share not only a room but also a bed!

Three teams made appearances at the Huntington Avenue Grounds on the initial home stand. After the Philadelphia Athletics lost two in Boston, the Washington Senators came to town and won on Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Was Sunday's game rained out? No, in 1901 it was against the law to play baseball on Sunday in Boston (and the other major league cities east of Cincinnati), due to the influence of the clergy. Sunday ball was not permitted in Boston until 1929.

Being a baseball umpire in 1901 did not command the level of respect it does today. It was not easy for an umpire for many reasons, particularly since there was only *one* umpire assigned to a game by American League President Ban Johnson. It wasn't until 1909 that the American League even used *two* umpires on its way to today's usage of four for every game.

The game's one umpire would call balls and strikes behind the plate when no one was on base and then move behind the mound when runners were on base, to be closer to make calls at the bases. Often this left him in poor position for certain calls.

In the May 14 game with Washington, umpire Haskell got into the bad graces of the crowd when, with two outs in the bottom of the ninth and Boston trailing 3-2, Schreckengost drove the ball over first base for an apparent triple. However, Haskell, who was behind the pitcher's mound, declared the ball foul. Schreck was recalled to bat and made the third out. As the game ended, the crowd surged onto the field and surrounded Haskell, who had to push his way through the crowd to escape injury.

After splitting two games with the Baltimore Orioles, Boston left for the first of three "western" road trips during the season to visit Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and Milwaukee. The limited roster size of 15 players was a particular problem on road trips. If a player was injured or ejected from a game, pitchers often needed to play field positions and regu-

lars had to fill in temporarily at other positions to accommodate the pitcher pressed into service.

Collins took all the regulars, reserve catcher Schreck, and pitchers Young, Lewis and Cuppy. He left behind Kellum, who was unimpressive with a 1-3 record, and reserve Larry McLean to make room for two pitchers for tryouts, Fred Mitchell and Charlie [listed as Clarence Benjamin (Ben) in Total Baseball] Beville.

Mitchell pitched his way onto the squad by defeating Chicago 10-5 to salvage the last game of one four-game series and by beating Milwaukee 7-4 to capture a split in another four-game series.

Beville was less impressive. He lost the finale at Detroit 3-0 and was bombed in the opener at Chicago, needing to be relieved by Cuppy in the second inning. Although almost lost in the annals of baseball history, because of the abbreviated batting records for pitchers in the modern encyclopedias, Beville's biggest contribution to the Boston season was in the opening game at Milwaukee as a substitute first baseman.

Collins and Freeman had been tossed out of the game in the fifth inning after "kicking" at umpire Haskell's decision to rule Dowd out after oversliding second base on his attempted steal. Dowd switched from left field to third base, Cuppy went to left and Beville took over at first base. In the ninth inning, he hit two doubles as the Bostons made 10 consecutive hits and nine runs with two out to cap a 13-2 victory.

With Mitchell's victory on June 5 on the last day of the road trip, Boston possessed a 14-16 record, as Chicago led the league with a 25-12 mark. Then came an extremely successful home stand during which Boston took 15 of 17 games to overtake the White Sox for the league lead. A rookie pitcher named George Winter joined Boston from the campus of Gettysburg College and proceeded to win his first game on June 15 as well as his next six in a row! College graduates were rare in baseball in 1901. Many players had only rudimentary educations.

Boston literally swept Chicago from first place by taking a five-game series during the June homestand. The series featured morning and afternoon games on June 17, Bunker Hill Day, then a popular Boston holiday that is less observed today. League rules then permitted doubleheaders only on holidays, except to make up games lost to rainouts.

Scheduling was a little loose in 1901. Boston had traveled to Philadelphia for a June 26 game, unaware that the schedule had been changed and they were expected to play in Baltimore. The Orioles and 4,500 fans waited for one and a half hours in 90 degree heat for the visitors' arrival before the owners issued rainchecks. You couldn't blame Boston entirely. The umpire assigned to the game had traveled to Philadelphia also!

Besides being made of flannel instead of today's knits, the 1901 Boston uniforms hardly resembled current day Red Sox togs except in saying "Boston" across the front. The jersey had a high collar lying flat around the neck, with long sleeves down to the wrist. There were no buttons, only a string that laced part way down the front of the jersey.

Pants were the proverbial "knickers," full cut. The stirrup in the stockings of today were non-existent in 1901, as stockings, usually dark, covered shins from pants to the usually high-top shoes. Hats were light-colored with two stripes encircling and a dark button on top. The visor, less protruding than today, protected from the sun. Warm-up "sweaters" were the vogue when the weather was nippy, rather than today's snappy warm-up jackets.

With the exception of RBIs, today's common batting statistics were already formalized in 1901. Pitching statistics were less developed. Much less. Earned run averages were not even conceived of in 1901, not being compiled by the American League until 1913 (the National League began a year earlier).

Wins and losses were not determined by rule when more than one pitcher was involved in a game, but rather by an odd set of procedures whereby the official scorekeeper of the game "recommended" to the league president the pitcher to receive the decision. The league president's decision was not always made public during the season, which led to several sets of "official" statistics.

Boston's July 1 game at Baltimore exemplifies the confusion that could happen. Boston was leading 5-2 going into the bottom of the sixth inning. The Orioles scored two runs off Cuppy to close the gap to 5-4 and with two runners on base, Lewis came in to pitch. A ground out and a single led to two more runs before the inning ended with Baltimore ahead 6-5 on route to a 7-5 victory.

Under the practices of the day, runs were usually charged to the pitcher who "allowed" them while on the mound. Therefore Lewis received the game's loss, since he yielded the winning run. This practice wasn't changed until Ban Johnson decided in 1913 that runs should be charged to the pitcher who had put the runners who scored on base.

However, the league president could have decided that Cuppy pitched so badly as to "cause" the defeat and thus could possibly be charged with the game's loss. Scoring practices were not standardized until 1920, and were not formally codified until 1950. Statisticians and newspapers could only guess at how the league president would decide, in order to construct periodic player statistics.

These relief pitcher decisions led to various publications showing different results, as illustrated by the following three sets of win-loss records in major publications for Boston's pitchers in 1901:

	Encyc.*	Reach	Spaulding
Young	33-10	31-10	32-10
Winters	16-12	16-12	17-10
Lewis	16-17	16-17	17-16
Cuppy	4-6	4-5	4-6
Mitchell	6-6	5-7	6-9

(*Macmillan and Total Baseball)

There were several other win/loss scoring practices that seem peculiar in light of today's system. In the inning that a pitcher was lifted for a pinchhitter, he did not get any credit for runs his team scored to go ahead — instead the relief pitcher would get the victory if he pitched decently. A starting pitcher could go less than 5 innings and still get the victory if his team was ahead when he left, in contrast to today's five-inning minimum standard for starters. If a relief pitcher in 1901 pitched extraordinarily well in a tight game, he could be awarded the victory when today he would simply get credit for a save, an invention of the very modern era.

Boston held first place as late as July 17, but during a three-and-a-half-week road trip from July 13 through August 7, the team began to unravel. The magic of Winter gave out, Young's winning streak ended at 12 games when he lost two extra-inning games in a row, and Mitchell's arm pooped out.

In the trip's first game at Philadelphia, Collins needed to relieve Mitchell with a local semi-pro chap, not on the roster, named Deacon Morrissey, a somewhat common practice in 1901 when the visiting manager ran out of healthy pitchers.

Injuries the following week put a real crimp in the Boston lineup, with a limited roster size not permitting sufficient quality reserves. Freeman injured his foot with a foul ball on July 18, so Criger moved to first base and Schreck became the full-time catcher.

On July 24, however, Criger was hit by a pitch served by Milwaukee's Pink Hawley and reportedly lay unconscious for five minutes. Batting helmets were decades away. Dowd moved to first and Cuppy was pressed into service in the outfield for three games.

Playing with injuries was not only a macho thing in 1901; it also had monetary reasons. In these pre-workers' compensation days, an injured player was often suspended from the team without pay for the days when he wasn't capable of playing. A day's work for a day's pay was taken literally in 1901!

Compared to the average wage-earner, who brought home about \$500 per year, players were relatively well-paid in 1901. Rookies started at over \$1,000 and established players made up to \$2,500. The contract raids by the AL brought top stars like Cy Young salaries of \$3,000 or more.

It was especially tough for Criger, the team's catch-

er, to remain healthy, as he was constantly subjected to potential injury. The "tools of ignorance" were rudimentary at best in 1901, consisting of a wire mask, a thin chest protector, and a glove providing minimal padding. Shinguards did not come into use until Roger Bresnahan popularized them in 1907. Bumps and bruises were therefore easy to come by, and often fingers were split by foul tips. To cut down on such injuries, catchers often stood far behind home plate until there were two strikes or runners on base. They were not required to stay close behind the batter until 1902.

As if Boston pitching weren't stretched enough on the road trip, the ensuing three-week homestand was not of much aid as Boston played 14 games in the span of 10 days in August in the form of six doubleheaders and two single games.

After going 6-8 during this stretch of doubleheaders, Boston rattled off a seven-game winning streak to stay neck and neck with Chicago. In two games with Chicago, Young and Lewis did defeat White Sox aces Clark Griffith and Nixey Callahan to stay close in the pennant race. As late as August 24, Boston's 62-41 record was only a half game behind Chicago's 63-41, although "games behind" was not used in the papers until later in the decade.

Newspapers provided very complete game coverage in 1901. Seven Boston papers competed for readers, unlike today's two-paper battle between the Globe and the Herald. This in a day where the press was lucky to get a seat at the back of the grandstand, as there were no plush press boxes.

Players were not media stars by any stretch of the imagination. Television and radio were decades away. There were not even any baseball cards in 1901. The day of the tobacco card issues had been dropped as the American Tobacco Company monopolized the market and the lack of competition made it unnecessary to offer cards to entice people to buy their products.

Boston fell out of the pennant race from August 26 through September 9, when they lost 12 out of 17 decisions climaxed by four consecutive losses in Chicago, and the White Sox virtually sealed the pennant.

On Saturday, September 7 Lewis lost 4-1 to Callahan at South Side Park. But the key loss was a rare Sunday game (not prohibited in Chicago) in front of the league's largest crowd of the season, estimated at 20,000. With Boston ahead 3-2 in the bottom of the

ninth, Dummy Hoy singled in two runs off Cy Young to push Chicago to a 4-3 victory.

The next day in a doubleheader, Chicago edged Boston 4-3 and 6-4, to increase its record to 75-46 while Boston's record fell to 67-52.

With all pressure off, Boston ran off a 13-5 record the remainder of the season, including winning the last six games. Several "recruits" or local players were tested in the last two days, much as minor leaguers from today's farm systems (decades away in 1901) are called up to major league squads.

Boston bought pitcher George Wilson from Albany at the end of the New York State League season, and he looked good on September 27 in a 7-2 victory over Milwaukee. Don't look for him in the Baseball Encyclopedia, however. His name isn't listed there. He played under the name George Prentiss in future years, and his record is listed under that surname.

A youngster from Manchester, New Hampshire, named Jake Volz hurled the season finale the next day, walking nine en route to a 10-9 victory in the second game of a doubleheader. Manager Collins hit two home runs in the contest and Ferris won the game with a two-run triple in the bottom of the seventh inning, after which the game was called due to darkness. Even though doubleheaders started earlier in the afternoon than single games, darkness halted play in the Bostons' last three twinbills. There were no stadium lights (the first American League night game in Boston took place June 13, 1947) and no daylight saving time in 1901, so it got dark much earlier than we are used to today.

Boston finished the season with a 79-57 record, second to Chicago's 83-53. The club drew 289,448 for the season, second-best in the AL and fourth-best in the majors. The whole eight-team American League had a combined attendance of 1,683,548, a figure exceeded by 10 of its 14 individual clubs in 1989.

Post-season play? With the AL and NL at war, the modern World Series would have to wait for the peace settlement of 1903. But the Boston Americans did play a series of games against teams from nearby towns after the season ended. This enabled the players to supplement their income and gave fans a chance to see the "Big Leaguers."

The difference between baseball in 1901 and baseball today is in some respects like night and day. But it's also just simply the addition of a little cork in the ball, knit material in the uniforms and some artificial turf. Subtle maturity and climactic change.

From Slugger to Beloved Announcer,

Harry Heilmann, Voice of the Tigers

MARC OKKONEN

ONE OF THE SADDEST memories of my teen years in Western Michigan occurred in July 1951 when the radio voice of the Detroit Tigers, Harry Heilmann, succumbed to cancer at age 56. We all knew that Harry had been ill — he was suddenly hospitalized while with the team in Spring Training. When the season opened veteran Detroit area broadcaster Ty Tyson had come out of retirement to pinch hit till Harry could return to the microphone. Harry came back for a few innings now and then but was not able to resume full broadcasting duties. The serious nature of his illness was not publicized at first and many of us faithful listeners were not aware that his days were numbered. We were all anxiously awaiting his return; Tiger baseball over the radio was not the same without the genuine article, Harry Heilmann.

But Harry's family, close friends and baseball insiders knew it was the end of the road and a concerted effort to get Harry elected to baseball's Hall of Fame was under way. Everyone agreed Heilmann's career credentials guaranteed his eventual entry, but the next election committee was not scheduled to meet until the following January and time was running out. A movement spearheaded by former teammates Fred Haney and Ty Cobb and veteran Detroit News baseball scribe H.G. Salsinger resulted in a special election meeting scheduled for August to get Heilmann entered while he was still alive. Ty Cobb wrote to Harry prematurely assuring him of entry in the next selection, and even though Heilmann passed away before it became official at least he went to his deathbed knowing he was to join the select group of baseball's immortals.

The loss of Heilmann was only one of a series of

events that marked 1951-52 as a low point in the club's history. Legendary superscout Wish Egan died in April 1951 and club owner Walter O. Briggs expired in early 1952. Team fortunes also plummeted as Red Rolfe's pennant contenders of 1950 finished fifth in 1951 and dead last (for the first time ever) in 1952. The city of Detroit was observing its 250th birthday in 1951 and Briggs Stadium was awarded the All-Star Game out of turn to help celebrate the occasion. The death of Heilmann only two days before the game cast a pall over the festivities. Commissioner Happy Chandler had previously declared that Harry would be one of the game announcers had his health permitted. Appropriately, a moment of silence preceded the contest out of respect for the voice of the Tigers.

His career statistics speak for themselves, but to all Detroit Tiger fans (especially in outstate Michigan) during the thirties and forties Harry Heilmann was more than just an ex-Tiger immortal — he was literally the voice of the Tigers, both present and past. Heilmann's steady authoritative voice with a sprinkling of humor and masculine, nasal quality was a soothing, familiar feature of summer days in Michigan from 1934 to 1951. In southwestern Michigan, Chicago stations were also clearly received and the games of the Cubs and White Sox were always available on the radio dial. Followers of the Windy City teams, who can be forgiven for their biases, were not so enamored with Harry's style. Cub fans had become accustomed to the more

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animated and sometimes hysterical delivery of Bert Wilson (“we don’t care who wins, as long as it’s the Cubs!”) and White Sox fans had settled for the dreary, monotonous drone of radio veteran Bob Elson, who had trouble keeping Detroit fans awake. Oddly, at least in the early years, Harry Heilmann’s voice was probably better known outside the Detroit area since the radio coverage of Tiger baseball had a “dual” personality in those years. Fans in the Motor City had developed their own attachment to local station WWJ where Ty Tyson (an ex-journeyman ballplayer himself) had established himself as the city’s voice of the Tigers. Heilmann, after a brief career of selling insurance and an unsuccessful campaign for City Treasurer, was signed on by rival Detroit station WXYZ with the idea that Tiger ball games could be fed to member stations throughout Michigan via a statewide network. Harry needed no introduction to Detroit baseball fans and quickly overcame his lack of formal training and inexperience behind the mike. His thorough knowledge of the game and his enthusiasm to share his baseball experiences soon created legions of loyal listeners.

The thirties were a golden age for radio as the fifties were for television. In spite of the hard times, radios were commonplace household appliances and listening to them had become a way of life in America. Some baseball owners were concerned that radio would reduce patronage (indeed the St. Louis Cardinals cancelled radio coverage in 1934) but Detroit adopted the opposite philosophy. They were confident that radio coverage would only stimulate attendance. Before radio, the popularity of baseball outside the major league urban areas was focused on local teams and big league baseball was followed only in newspapers and periodicals. Radio broadcasts brought major league baseball directly into the home in “real time” — not the following day. The informative and entertaining style of Harry Heilmann sold the product of Detroit Tigers baseball to the entire state of Michigan during the years of depression and world war. Pennant-winning teams in 1934-35, 1940 and 1945 were an added bonus, but it was the unique appeal of Heilmann’s radio personality that made the Detroit Tigers “Michigan’s team.”

Probably no other baseball player-turned-announcer was more suited for the role of team broadcaster than was Heilmann. Harry was already a baseball idol in Detroit, supplanting the legendary Tyrus Cobb as the Tigers’ top batsman in the twenties. Heilmann played 15 seasons for Detroit and he drew generously from his playing days in the Motor City. He reminisced daily about long-time Tiger favorites like Jennings, Cobb, Veach, Fothergill, etc., as well as the many personalities he played against. Harry cultivated the fans’ thirst for knowledge not just of the Tiger heroes of the day but of all those Tigers of days gone by. Harry knew he

was once a superstar but he never belabored his own accomplishments. He would readily profess that he was no great shakes as a fielder and included himself when recalling the heavy-hitting but terrible fielding Detroit teams in the twenties. “We’d bat in six runs and boot in eight,” he’d chuckle.

Heilmann, despite his lack of radio training, had a big advantage over many well-schooled “textbook” style announcers in that he was already a pure product of baseball, the game he loved and devoted his career to. With his pleasant, likeable disposition and established baseball reputation, he mixed easily with the players, managers, and even umpires. He was one of them and he carried this familiarity into the broadcast booth. He knew most of the players on the field and shared that intimacy with the audience — and always in a generous, positive way. The players respected him and confided in him, and he could talk about them as though they were still his teammates. He was a combination philosopher, humorist, and student of the game — never missing the drama or comic relief that the game provided. He would often utter the phrase that has since become a cliché: “baseball is a game of inches” when describing a close play. Or he would borrow from Shakespeare with the phrase “consistency, thou art a gem!” when praising the day-in, day-out performance of a solid performer such as George Kell.

Short rain delays or pitching changes gave Heilmann the opportunity to do his specialty: story telling. Harry’s favorite subject was the Georgia Peach, Ty Cobb, his manager and mentor during the early twenties. Tyrus was not a lovable man, and Harry would often reveal his flawed character along with insights into his fierce combative spirit and Southern code of chivalry. Once in Boston, Harry related, after the Red Sox fans were exceptionally hostile and hurling insults his way, Cobb calmly walked up to face his tormentors in the stands and shouted in a loud clear voice, “So this is cultured Boston!” Harry once gave a lengthy account of how Cobb, feeling he could win at any athletic endeavor he set his mind to, bet a fellow Georgian and world-class broad jumper that he could outjump him. The track star easily outdistanced the Peach in a jumping match, and Ty was humiliated and furious. The track man was content to let it go at that but Cobb was determined to back up his boast and embarked on a gruelling practice schedule to improve his jumping skills. All the while he pestered his victor for a rematch. Finally, the track star consented to the rematch and Cobb managed to outjump the man by a fraction of an inch. Tyrus felt redeemed, but Harry suggested that the match was probably “thrown” by the track star just to get Cobb off his back.

In another story, Heilmann blamed Cobb for making a lifelong enemy of teammate Bobby Veach. Manager Cobb discovered that the reticent Veach was a much

better player and competitor when he became angered, so he persuaded Heilmann and other Tigers to deliberately taunt him to light the fires of resentment in the mild-mannered outfielder. Harry reluctantly agreed to go along with the ruse with the understanding that Cobb would take Veach aside at season's end and explain the whole scheme, thus restoring the friendship and respect between teammates. Sure enough, Veach began to carry a chip on his shoulder and proceeded to tear up opposing pitchers. Unfortunately when the season was over, Cobb made a hasty exit for his native Georgia without fulfilling his promise to exonerate Heilmann and the others. Harry attempted to convince Veach on his own that the harassment was instigated by manager Cobb, but Veach would not hear of it and was unforgiving for the rest of his career. In spite of Heilmann's often candid portrayal of Cobb's shortcomings as a human being, Harry always added a footnote of respect for the Georgian's skills and a debt of gratitude for forging him into a .400 hitter. Heilmann's batting averages in the years before Cobb became manager in 1921 clearly support this. He hit about .280 from 1914-1920 and over .350 for the balance of his career.

One of Heilmann's unique grammatical idiosyncrasies was his use of "We" in place of the first person "I." He once told of White Sox pitcher Charley Robertson's perfect game against the Tigers in 1922 and described how Robertson doctored up the baseball in numerous ways (legal or otherwise) to frustrate the Detroit batters. In summing up the story, Harry would say, "We know, Charley...we were there!" as if relating the tale directly to Robertson himself. Another characteristic speech pattern in Harry's delivery was to drop the "R" at the end of words or names. When catcher Sherman Lollar of Cleveland first came up to the big leagues, Harry would compensate for this quirk by the phrase "Sherman Lollah...rhymes with DOLLAH!" when referring to the Indians' catcher. Tiger fans in the late forties would take particular delight in the many occasions that ace Tiger lefthander Hal Newhouser would pitch against the great fire-baller from Cleveland, Bob Feller ("Fellah"). Heilmann's accounts of these classic duels were high points in his broadcasting career. He verbally created a larger-than-life regal image of Prince Hal, never referring to him as Hal, but as "Harold Newhousah." He likewise lionized Tiger pitching great Tommy Bridges, whose playing career roughly paralleled Harry's radio career. Harry would marvel over Bridges's remarkable curve ball and would often refer to him as "Little T from Tennessee."

Heilmann could paint a word picture of "beautiful Briggs Stadium" that most certainly enticed fans in more remote areas of the state to come and see it for themselves. He often praised veteran groundskeeper

Neil Conway, whose tenure went back to Heilmann's Navin Field years, and his expertise at keeping the playing field finely manicured. The Briggs Stadium ground crew was the first to have the infield tarpaulin made from parachute silk and Harry would make much of the speed at which they could get the infield protected when the rains came. When night baseball finally arrived in Detroit in 1948, Heilmann described the new system as the finest in baseball and told how it virtually turned "night into day" at the old ballyard. Through Harry's radio descriptions and newspaper photos, most of us already had a mental picture of green "billiard table" outfield grass and the contrasting red clay warning track before we ever set eyes on the actual playing field.



Heilmann at the mike.

With the broadcast booth practically hovering over home plate (to this day it is the closest of any in major league baseball), Harry could often pick up on what was being said on the field and he would frequently comment on the high-pitched voice of catcher (hence the nickname) Birdie Tebbetts. Heilmann would laughingly describe the antics of some of the more animated players like Dizzy Trout and Bobo Newsom and lament over the misfortunes of pitcher Art Houtteman. "Hard Luck" Houtteman, as Harry called him, suffered through a 2-16 season in 1948 and also had a near-fatal auto accident that threatened his promising career. Harry knew a good hitter when he saw one and when outfielder Hoot Evers was mired in a prolonged slump,

Heilmann would say “batting averages are like water — they seek their own level. Hoot’s a .300 hitter and he’ll pull out of it!”

Mobilgas was a sponsor for Heilmann’s broadcasts in the early forties and one of their advertised by-products was a fly spray called *Bugaboo*. Although the idea probably didn’t originate with Heilmann, the reaction “Bugaboo!... another dead fly!” was a regular comment on Harry’s broadcasts whenever a fly ball was caught by a fielder. The best-remembered sponsor in Heilmann’s later years was the Goebel Brewery and Harry identified himself to the radio audience as “your Goebel reporter.” Harry himself was not known as a teetotaler and was reputed to consume his fair share of suds. Some say he personally endorsed his sponsor’s product by imbibing a quantity of Goebels during the broadcasts. To me he always sounded the same at the end of a game account as at the beginning, but I remember a friend once swearing that he heard Heilmann utter “Well, fans, this ballgame is thirteen innings and seven Goebels along” as he began another extra inning of a drawn-out contest. Harry was known to be a heavy smoker and very likely the habit helped shorten his life since he died of lung cancer.

Personal habits notwithstanding, Harry was as good a salesman for his sponsors’ products as he was for Tiger baseball, and Goebel beer was the popular choice among Tiger fans in the late forties. They also sponsored Detroit Lions football and had Heilmann as the color man. His familiar voice was welcome enough in the off-season, but what did Harry know about professional football? Many Detroit fans old enough to remember the forties could, I am sure, repeat from memory Heilmann’s standard introduction to his broadcasts of Tiger home games: “Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, this is your Goebel reporter Harry Heilmann speaking to you from beautiful Briggs Stadium in Detroit...”

Up to the last years of Heilmann’s tenure, radio accounts of road games were simulated eye-witness descriptions re-created from teletype reports, and this became an art form of sorts. Harry, along with many of his contemporaries, mastered this technique and even convinced many casual listeners that he was reporting directly from the scene. The only obvious giveaways were the absence of crowd noise in the background and the steady “tickety-tick” of the teletype machine. I remember listening to Heilmann’s account of the 1945 pennant-clinching victory from St. Louis when Hank Greenberg hit his dramatic grand slam homer in the ninth. We knew it was being reported off the ticker but it was almost the same as a live report from Briggs Stadium. For Tigers fans huddled over their radios, it

didn’t matter all that much — the Tigers had won a pennant and Harry Heilmann was telling us about it. His standard introduction to road games can also be recalled from memory: “Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, this is your Goebel reporter Harry Heilmann speaking to you from the radio lounge of the Telenews newsreel theater in downtown Detroit...” Some of the re-created road games were broadcast from the various cities in the Tiger network, as Heilmann would occasionally embark on statewide tours.

By Harry’s last years, road games were often being carried direct from the parks and more and more games were being simulcast on television. Booming post-war attendance made major league baseball a profitable business once again and the sponsors saw fit to send announcers on the road with the team, especially for crucial series. Two-man radio teams were also the trend, and in 1949 Harry shared the mike with Van Patrick, who would eventually replace him as the Tigers’ voice of the fifties. Heilmann went solo again for his final season in 1950, an exciting year for Tiger fans with Detroit leading the league most of the summer only to fade badly at the end and yield the flag to the Yankees. It would have been a fitting “last hurrah” for the voice of the Tigers to report a pennant and World Series, but at least it was a season of high hopes and Harry Heilmann was on the air to describe every pitch. Almost two million fans went through the Briggs Stadium turnstiles (a new attendance record) to root for the 1950 Bengals.

When Harry Heilmann died, for many of us the spirit of the ballclub died with him. Indeed the team stumbled badly in 1951, with age finally catching up to many of the Tiger regulars of Heilmann’s final seasons. Things went from bad to worse in 1952.

To many die-hard Tiger fans, the memories of the original Goebel reporter would never die out completely. Not even Van Patrick’s eventual successor, Hall of Fame announcer Ernie Harwell, already a legend to current generations of Tiger fans, could make us forget Harry Heilmann. I only hope that before I die, by some remote circumstance, from someplace out there will surface a recording of Harry’s account of a Tiger baseball game — any game, radio or TV. That would be treasure enough, but the ultimate nostalgic thrill would be for such a recording to include Harry delivering his most memorable and most poignant line, which he would occasionally utter after an outstanding play. Harry would remain silent for a few moments and turn his microphone toward the noise of the crowd. Then he would quietly intone “...listen...to the voice of baseball!”

Dizzy Dean at the Mike

Heilmann was among the first wave of retired ballplayers who took up broadcasting as a career. Among those who soon followed was Dizzy Dean, whose inimitable style and fractured grammar became known nationwide. At the height of a controversy over Dean's disregard of the rules of proper English, the August 7, 1946, edition of The Sporting News reprinted a transcript of Dizzy's broadcast of the game between the Browns and Red Sox on St. Louis radio station WIL on the evening of July 27, 1946. Here are some excerpts.

DEAN'S BROADCASTING partner John OHara, introduces him as "a man who's right at home in the locker room or on the pitching mound—the same as he is in the broadcasting booth up here."

FIRST INNING—"Thank you, Johnny . . . Moses steps up there...Muncrief has his signal . . . Moses swings on the first pitch. It's a bounder toward second base . . . he's out on a throw to first.

"Pesky's up an' he shore was pesky last night. Last time the Red Sox played here, Muncrief shut 'em out. The first pitch is in there . . . strike one. Now another signal, the pitch—there goes a drive—it's going past the outfielder, there's Pesky rounding first, he stops at second with a double. They was playin' Pesky for a pull hitter . . . I don't believe in playin' guys like that.

"There's Williams comin' up an' they're gonna walk him for his 104th base on balls. Yep, Williams gets his free ticket to first. Ya know, the Brownies did the same thing last night an' York followed with a hit. Course, it's good baseball to set the stage for a double play.

"York's up. Muncrief goes into his stretch. Ball one. They're playin' York straight-away. Strike one . . . evens the count, one an' one. Muncrief has a new baseball. York fouls the next pitch. Pesky started for third . . . he had the base stolen easily. Pitchers warm them base-balls up because they want 'em to feel just right in their hand; otherwise it takes a lot of stuff away from 'em . . . three and two . . . one out. What do you guess they'll do, Johnny? Everybody runnin'? There's the pitch but time was called before Muncrief delivered. Those runners had to go all the way back to their respectable bases. There goes a drive into right field. It drops out there for a hit. Here comes Pesky across the plate . . . Williams is gonna score also. And York pulls up at second with a double and the Red Sox leads, two-nothin', with only one out . . .

"Rip Russell's up . . . Muncrief goes into that pump-handle windup . . . fast ball, inside—almost hits Russell . . . drove him out of the box. But you can't call it a

'duster' cuz in the American League they're not supposed to throw 'dusters.' But they throw 'em clost oncet in awhile. He's out on a smash to Stephens. Four runs, three hits, one error and they have nobody left on bases.

FIFTH INNING—"Williams is up, an' they're gonna walk him intentionally . . . Williams gets a free ticket to first base . . . and that brings up Rudy York . . . he's driven in six runs and scored two himself. . . they's only one out . . . which goes to show ya how deesastrious a sitoashun can change to be.

"York's up there now . . . two strikes and one ball . . . Shirley goes to the rosin bag, moves up dirt around the ole pitchin' rubber, finally gets a toe-hold on it, gets his signal, here's the pitch—there's a drive—oh boy—it's gone, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye! . . . it's in the left field bleachers . . . that's the second time he's done that . . . a homer with the hassocks filled . . . how many runs is that he's driven in now? . . . ten. An' he scored two hisself . . . let's see . . . lemme count all them runs . . . four an' five is nine, an' four more is 13. An' here comes Ferens in to pitch. Well I'll say he can come in out of a hole . . . he has nothin' to worry him.

"Johnny, you just as well make up the bed, for we're gonna be here for a spell . . . up until tomorrow. Say, that guy York's havin' a night for hisself . . . I don't see why they walk Williams to get to that guy. An' that ball with Will Harridge's name on it is shore taking a ride in the night air . . . haw, haw, haw.

"Only two other players ever hit two homers in the same game with the bags loaded . . . one was Lazzeri and the other feller we'll get later . . . it was Jim Tabor. An' the third is York. Ferens hits a ground ball down there to Doerr an' he's out . . . well, I imagine Mr. York will be very proud of those records.

"The most runs batted in by any one player in a ball game was Tony Lazzeri, and that was 11. Rudy York has ten tonight.

SEVENTH INNING—Hal Wagner, the catcher, is gonna have a little meetin' out there with Charley Wagner. They're givin' that feller Johnson time to warm up out there in the bullpen . . . I know, cuz I used to do that—Frankie Frisch'd come out an' say: 'Let's take it easy now; give this bird time to warm up.'

"Here we go again . . . Wagner's arm is in the air . . . ball three . . . ball four . . . Dillinger is on first base an' that's all for Pitcher Wagner . . . Yep, Johnson, a left-hander, is comin' in to do the pitchin' for the Red Sox. Ya know, he was a guy who won the Purple Heart in the service . . . Well, we're certainly glad to see this hero out there on the mound . . . I wisht every one of them heroes could be back . . ."

Dickey Pearce: Baseball's First Great Shortstop

DUANE A. SMITH

WITH THE HOME TEAM DOWN 2-0 in the bottom of the first inning, partisan fans roared when their hero, Dickey Pearce, led off for the Brooklyn Atlantics with a soft fly ball just out of the reach of the shortstop, "... one of his peculiar hits—a ball flying in a tantalizing manner." Unfortunately, the next batter forced Pearce at second, and there the inning's promise died. The crowd, estimated at 20,000, groaned.

They knew and appreciated their favorite, Pearce; a century later he has been almost forgotten. Dickey, all 5 feet 3-1/2 inches, 161 pounds of him, played the game as few others of his generation. He was one of baseball's most famous early stars. Although a pesky hitter and the inventor of the bunt, his lasting contribution came from his innovative creation of the modern position of shortstop. A sure-handed fielder (in this day before gloves), and blessed with relatively good speed (considering his pudgy physique), a competitive nature, "unflappable coolness," and a baseball sense, Pearce played shortstop with natural grace and developed strategies and techniques that revolutionized play at the position. Others would copy, but few would equal him during his lifetime.

Those developments, however, came on other days. On this day, June 14, 1870, the fans who crowded around the field only wanted Pearce to lead the home team to victory. He had done it many times since he started playing back in the 1850s, but even Pearce had never been in a game quite like this one. The man and his legend had literally come together.

In the fourth, his team now trailing 3-0, Pearce singled again, this time igniting a two-run rally. This was no run-of-the-mill baseball game. It was destined to

become the most famous one in the early annals of baseball. The visiting Cincinnati Red Stockings had won 89 games in a row over the past two years, the Atlantics outranked all others as the 1860s' most famous team. They had handed the Red Stockings their last defeat way back on October 1, 1868. At stake stood both prestige and money; the odds favored the visitors 5-1 before the game.

Odds such as those did not deter one of the game's "old timers." Dickey Pearce led off the sixth with a hit and scored the tying run. The two teams battled to a 5-5 draw at the end of nine innings, which satisfied the Atlantics. But Cincinnati insisted that the game be "played out." Not until the bottom of the eleventh did the Atlantics score three runs to snatch an 8-7 victory from what seemed certain defeat.

Never before had a game generated so much attention. One spectator likened it in "interest equal to that manifested" during the Civil War when people stood around newspaper offices by the hundreds awaiting war news. Now they wanted the baseball score. "The most exciting game on record" made the Atlantics the champion nine of the United States once again, cheered the Brooklyn Union the next day.

It was Brooklyn and New York's finest baseball moment to date. The state and its two neighboring cities were the birthplace of American baseball, which had started in the urban environment and spread throughout the state and west across the Mississippi River. The Atlantics and the city of Brooklyn had dominated baseball for most of the 1860s, but this game was

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justly called "the most brilliant victory known in the history of their organization."

Dickey Pearce had risen to the challenge once more, his efforts being instrumental in the victory. He had either two or three hits, depending on which account one reads. The fourth-inning infield roller was scored as an error by some reporters. Despite that little difference of opinion, they unanimously praised Dickey, who had just returned to the team after some now unknown disagreement, "Pearce's nerve and judgment, and his skillful, scientific play at bat was of valuable service to the Atlantics." "Pearce appeared again in the nine and contributed not a little to victory." "Pearce again played his old position, and greatly strengthened the Atlantics."

The day after the game, a reporter for the Brooklyn Union averred, "A fact made plainly apparent by the contest of yesterday is, that baseball has become permanently established as the most popular and exciting sport of the American people." Pearce had done a great deal to create that popularity.

This 34-year-old veteran Brooklyn-born player, the son of English immigrants, had started playing baseball in 1856. Pearce told early baseball historian Henry Chadwick that his first game came on September 18 for the Atlantic nine, when they challenged and defeated the Baltics of Yorkville, then a New York suburb. Pearce played center field.

"That was Dick Pearce's advent in a match. Dick told me that when he first went out to play ball he knew nothing of the game."

The next year he played regularly for the Atlantics at shortstop, the position that gave him his fame and the one that he molded into its present form. Chadwick continued, "When a hit was made and the runner ran for a base the fielders nearby would try to hit the runner with the ball—that was the way base runners were then put out—and this Dick thought was the life of the game, and he soon learned to plunk the fellows real easy when he went to short field." He played in all eight match games that year and the next, and in 12 games out of 15 in 1859 for the "champion" Atlantics.

Baseball, almost exclusively an urban sport at birth, was centered in New York/Brooklyn, then known as the "base ball capital." Here it had grown rapidly, replacing cricket as the most popular sport. The "New York game" prevailed over various other versions played in different locales. Out of the amazing number of teams competing, the Atlantics won the Brooklyn championship in 1857 and the metropolitan championship the next year.

In this atmosphere Pearce gained notoriety, even though the reporter of the New York Clipper insisted for a while on spelling his name Pierce. "Among the more noticeable features of play by the Atlantics was the fielding of Pierce" [Sept. 12, 1857]. "... good catch-

es on fly made by Pierce. Pierce's short quite up to his usual, effective style" [July 16, 1859].

The game was catching on, and Pearce was riding a crest of popularity. Feverish excitement reached its pre-war peak in 1858 in a series of three "all-star" games played between those arch rivals, New York and Brooklyn. New York won two of the three, the first time that admission was charged to watch a baseball game. Dickey played in only the last two games, totalling seven runs scored, a 29 to 8 victory and a 29 to 18 defeat. After both games, the players and their friends sat down to a "sumptuous collation" and were royally entertained. Although his team lost, Pearce maintained the outstanding caliber of his play in these games and for the next decade.

September 10, 1858											
NEW YORK						BROOKLYN					
	Outs	Runs	Left		Outs	Runs	Left		Outs	Runs	Left
Gelston, ss	2	5	0	Pidgeon, p	3	3	0				
Wadsworth, lb	5	2	0	Manolt, cf	4	1	1				
Benson, cf	3	4	0	Grum, rf	2	2	2				
Pinckney, 2b	3	3	1	M. O'Brien, 3b	4	1	0				
Thorne, p	2	5	0	P. O'Brien, 1f	5	1	0				
Tooker, 1f	2	3	1	Price, lb	3	1	1				
De Bost, c	5	2	1	Boerum, c	2	3	0				
Burns, rf	2	3	1	Pearce, ss	2	3	0				
McCosker, 3b	3	2	1	Oliver, 2b	2	3	0				
	27	29	5		27	18	4				
New York	7 0 0 3 3 2 5 3 6 = 29										
Brooklyn	2 0 0 2 0 2 4 4 4 = 18										

Passed Balls - Boerum 8, De Bost 3. Struck Out - M. O'Brien, P. O'Brien, Boerum. Run Out between Bases - M. O'Brien by Gelston. Fly Catches Missed - P. O'Brien, Price, Pearce, Burns 2, Gelston, Pinckney, Thorne 2. Umpire - Dr. Adams, Knickerbockers.

Pearce gave the Atlantics an aggressive hitter, who often led off, and an exceptional fielder regardless of what position he played. In 1869 a reporter for the Boston Chronicle praised his batting prowess, "I cannot better give you an idea of skillful batting than by describing the style of batting of Pearce and Chapman of the Atlantic nine, the former being what I consider one of the most 'scientific'—if I may use the term—batsmen in the country. Pearce in an important match comes to bat, views the position of the field and finds an open spot or weak point on the field and aims to send the ball there. . . . When he takes his bat in hand he has a special object in view . . . this is in fact, the great end of skillful batting."

He showed some flashes of power, but Pearce became legendary largely because of his "tricky hit," now known as the bunt. In his time, if a ball hit in fair territory it was fair no matter where it rolled and Dickey used this to advantage better than any of his contemporaries. Pearce counted on surprise and his speed to reach first base before a play could be made.

Of his fielding, it was said, "There are few who equal him, and in regard to coolness, nerve and judgment in critical positions of a game there are none to surpass him even in these days [1870] of skillful ball players. [Last season] but few errors were charged to him while the good plays were numerous.

"A point of Dick's play is his deliberate style of throwing—it is a rare thing for him to overthrow a ball to a base. No man knows better when a throw to first is useless or not." Moreover, Pearce had "pluck in facing hot balls."

Baseball expanded throughout the 1860s, even with the loss of some of the star players to military duty during the war. Pearce, who did not serve in the Union army, continued to play for the Atlantics, a champion club during most of these years. From the 1855 season through 1869, it ran up a 225-34 record, with five ties. Dickey played in 211 of those games, scoring 907 runs while being put out 720 times.

The versatile Dickey not only played shortstop, he also caught, patrolled left field, and in emergencies could hold down second or even pitch. The only player to surpass him in popularity was James Creighton, the best pitcher of his generation. To circumvent strong reservations about paying players, Brooklyn sponsored a benefit game for both of these men on November 16, 1861. The lateness of the season and the "free contests" that were the "order of the day" kept the crowd small.

Creighton and Pearce led the charge as baseball passed from the amateurism of earlier years to professionalism. Eagerness for top-notch teams that could win with regularity meant that gentlemen and local players would be supplemented by the best athletes available. Evasion of the rule against paying players seems to have occurred at least as early as 1860, when "battling" fast-ball pitcher Creighton reportedly received money.

Some protests against "ringers" naturally surfaced, but team backers and spectators generally supported the idea of beating bitter rivals with whomever they could get. In order to keep the home team competitive, payments had to be made just to stay even with other nines who were doing the same thing. The skill of the local team also improved when players of the caliber of Pearce anchored the infield. Considering the materialistic character of America in this generation, it was not surprising that Pearce, Creighton, and others were willing and happy to be paid to play. Thus the sport

evolved, and Dickey helped bring on the new era and the professionalism that soon came to be a baseball hallmark.

The game was not always fun. Cold weather in those late days of October and November often made "playing ball a very disagreeable task." A "sudden wind, dust and rain storm" complicated a June 23, 1860, game. On one occasion, when Pearce was catching, a "severe blow to the face from a foul ball nearly broke his jaw" and forced him to leave the game in the first inning.

His temper occasionally got the best of him. On August 26, 1865, a reporter felt compelled to reprimand him for "forgetting himself in one instance in a manner we trust never to see again." Chadwick remembered that temper and wrote in 1870, "Dick used to be a first class growler, and that, too, in the model growling nine of the country. But he has wisely seen the error of his ways in this respect, and since then he has got that temper of his under excellent control."

Pearce obviously could not maintain his high level of play all the time. When the Atlantics lost in early November, 1860, the report of the game said Pearce "was not playing well." After a 40-14 victory in September, 1868, a reporter expressed surprise, "Pearce indulged in a little loose play, something new for Dick by the way."

Pearce and four others temporarily "seceded" from the Atlantics in 1866 over a matter not fully understood publicly even then. He played briefly for the Excelsior club but rejoined the Atlantics in August in time to star in some of the year's best games. He remained with that team throughout the rest of the decade.

In June and July, 1868, the "famous Atlantic Club of Brooklyn" took a western tour that started in Syracuse and went as far west as St. Louis. They had traveled before and each time they toured, the team members exported the game and their skills to the fans and younger teams.

On this particular 1868 tour, the Atlantics won 17 and lost one. Their one loss came in Buffalo, 19-15, showing that upstate New Yorkers had learned their lessons well. The "Atlantics took the defeat good naturedly" and "fraternized" with the victors after the game. With the help of Pearce's fielding, they turned four double plays in defeat. Another hard fought contest came in Rockford, Illinois, where they ran up against the Forest City nine with Albert Spalding pitching. Trailing 24-16, the Atlantics "got their backs up and showed their country cousins how to play an uphill game." They rallied to win 31-29 with Pearce leading off and scoring three runs.

Most of the games ended in routs, with scores like 66-11, 31-7, and 103-8. The defeat of its best team notwithstanding, the St. Louis Times applauded the

Atlantics' star, "Pearce has been noted as a superior shortstop for ten years, and to-day has no equal in the base ball field. He bats with great judgment and safety, and, place him anywhere in the field, he is equally reliable."

In addition to the regular games, Pearce also played in bizarre versions of baseball. Winter baseball on ice skates was popular for two decades. The February 4, 1861, contest between the Atlantics and Charter Oaks for a silver ball drew an estimated twelve to fifteen thousand people to Brooklyn's 8th Ward, where a ten-acre field had been flooded. "Of the Atlantics, we noted fine play on the part of Pierce [sic], who proved himself as good a short stop on ice, as he is on a summer's day. He made several splendid fly catches, and for an inning or two caught capitably behind."



Dickey Pearce

The popular Pearce warranted a longer write-up than any other player in his team's 36-27 victory. The only modifications to the game were that each team played with ten men, a second catcher being added, and skaters did not have to stop at the base. Although the winners received praise for "Atlantic play" (a great compliment in those days), both teams were "obliged to substitute" their second nine players who were more proficient skaters.

But it was the summer game that became the national pastime. And the Cincinnati Red Stockings of 1869

and 1870 pioneered the idea of hiring professional players to play for the glory of an entire city. Their success not only ended New York and Brooklyn's domination of the sport, it stimulated the launching of professional nines to represent many other cities.

This change helped bring about the demise of the mighty Atlantics. Pearce played for the team through the 1870 season, taking the mound in relief again in November, and baffling the opposition with his "slow pitching." His effort went for naught, as the Atlantics lost that contest. The 1870 season marked the last hurrah for this Brooklyn team, which disintegrated that winter over the question of professionalism vs. amateurism. Pearce and five others left, Dickey joining the New York Mutuels.

One more time that winter, Pearce played a game on ice skates, this time for the Capitoline nine. The "Caps" won a five-inning massacre 37-1, with Dickey getting four hits and scoring four runs. Pearce attracted more attention, though, when the pitcher failed to appear on time. "Pearce took his place, and it was really a treat to see how cleverly Dick played his points on the village batsmen. In the whole five innings but four first-base hits were made."

Now 35 years old, Pearce served as a bridge between the early days and the new decade. Only six of the professionals listed in "Beadle's Base-Ball Player" for 1871 were over thirty, and two of those had just barely reached that plateau.

Pearce played two years with the Mutuels, including being captain (field manager) in 1872. Managing took its toll, as evidenced by his batting average, which sank to .188. The Mutuels, meanwhile, went 17-18 in the professional championship season and 34-20 overall.

The next year Dickey returned to his old Atlantic team and played two more seasons with them. His hitting rebounded, and he was still capable of playing a great game. On October 21, 1874, he hit three singles against the Boston pitching star Al Spalding, in leading his team to victory. "Veteran Dick Pearce bore off the palm in handling the ash."

Dickey Pearce went west to St. Louis in 1875 to captain and play for that city's first professional team. Fans perhaps hoped that some of that spirit and skill they had observed on the Atlantics' team during its earlier western tour would rub off on their team through the leadership of the old pro. The veteran brought his team home in fourth place, with a record of 39-29. Henry Chadwick, who that year criticized all the teams except Boston's champions, tersely wrote that in St. Louis it "would have been a more successful [season] than one that it was . . . with better management."

When the St. Louis club joined the new National League in 1876, Pearce was retained as shortstop but not as captain. He appeared in only 25 games and batted .206, a far cry from his earlier days.

Still Dickey played on. In 1877 he captained the Rhode Island club of Providence before returning to St. Louis at the end of the season. The rule change that eliminated the "fair foul" that he had used so well did not enhance his average any. Although the local professional club folded at the end of the season, Pearce stayed in St. Louis for three more summers, playing on Sundays for the semi-professional Browns before retiring back to Brooklyn in 1881.

His days as a baseball player, spanning three decades, were finished. Pearce had shaped the shortstop position in his own image. "Spalding's Official Base Ball Guide" for 1878 explained how each position should be played. Its description of a shortstop paid anonymous tribute to Dickey.

Backing up other players when the ball is thrown is part of the short-stop's duty which too many neglect. The weak point in the play in this position last year was the failure to run out after short flies. The player who hopes to fill the position well should practice making that class of catches known as "running with the ball," where it appears as if the ball went over the player's shoulder. The short-stop . . . should put his whole mind on getting the ball to the ground "choking it down," as it is called. If he cannot get his hand fairly on it the first time, he will often have time enough to make the play if he can made it bound down in front of him anywhere.

Pearce had done all that for twenty-two years, and this pioneer was the game's best at shortstop.

Back home in Brooklyn, Pearce was not forgotten. The Atlantics, now a minor league club, staged a 25th anniversary benefit game for him on July 29, 1881, giving Dickey one last chance to play the position he had

made famous for the club he had done so much to make even more famous. The proceeds from the game helped Pearce, a married man, to set up a "wine saloon" in Brooklyn named "Atlantic Shades."

Still hoping to maintain a place in the game he loved, he also tried umpiring. But this could be a thankless job, even for an old baseball star. In 1885, he was struck by a player who disputed a call. The owners, reluctant to take strong action, accepted the player's apology and thereby excused his actions. One wonders if Pearce remembered his own playing days and his flashing temper, which had gotten him into trouble back in the long-ago 1860s. As late as 1889, Dickey occasionally "was seen on the field in the capacity of umpire."

A combination of Bright's disease and a severe cold, caught during his attendance at the Old Timers' day at Peddock Island in Boston Harbor, laid Dickey low in September, 1908. By then, the sport that he had so nourished had grown to become the national pastime. His role in it had been nearly forgotten, as new players and new stars took the field where he had played so brilliantly decades before. When his cold became pneumonia, the end was near, and he died on September 18 in Onset, Massachusetts.

Nearly a month later, on October 13, the Brooklyn Eagle carried an obituary, appropriately in the sports section. It described Pearce as very "active for a man of his years," and one who was very popular with old-time lovers of the game. Pearce, the writer noted, was "undoubtedly the greatest shortstop of his day," and the first man to introduce the bunt hit. Appropriate, too, was the statement on his death certificate, which listed his occupation simply as "Professional Base Ball Player."

'50s FIGURES: 90,751

90,751 is the largest crowd ever admitted to a National League game. That was the number of people passed through the turnstiles for the Ladies' Night game on Saturday night, August 8, 1959, to see the Dodgers play the Braves. Milwaukee and Los Angeles were locked in a tight pennant race along with San Francisco, creating a late crush for tickets and free passes as hordes of Angelenos decided to take their dates to the ballgame. Over 23,000 females were admitted free along with 67,312 paying customers. Thousands more were turned away. Don Drysdale starred on the mound for the home team, winning a five-hitter, 4-2, while the ensuing traffic jam made local headlines.

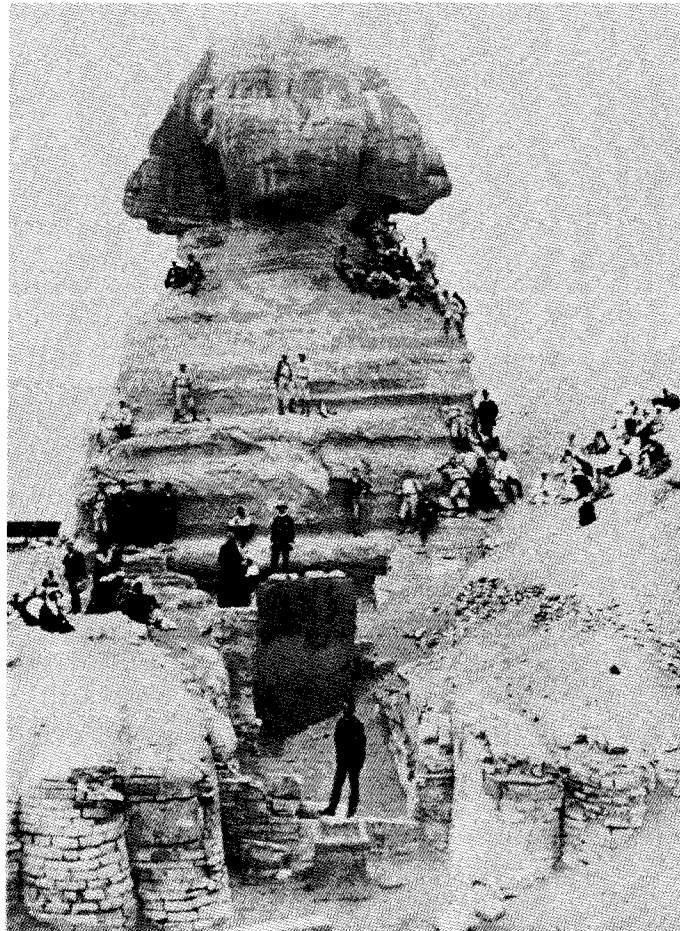
'50s FIGURES: 86,653

86,653 is the number that turned out in Cleveland to see the first-place Indians play the second-place Yankees in a Sunday doubleheader to set the American League attendance record on September 12, 1954. After chasing New York pennant winners for five years, Cleveland was finally on the way to a pennant of its own, and with local television blacked out, the record crowd converged on the stadium to glory in the sweetest sweep in Indian history. Bob Lemon won the first game 4-1, then Early Wynn nailed down the nightcap 3-2 by striking out Slaughter, Mantle, and Berra in the ninth inning as ecstasy spread over Cleveland. The double victory virtually clinched the pennant, boosting the Indian lead to eight and a half games with just 10 left to play.

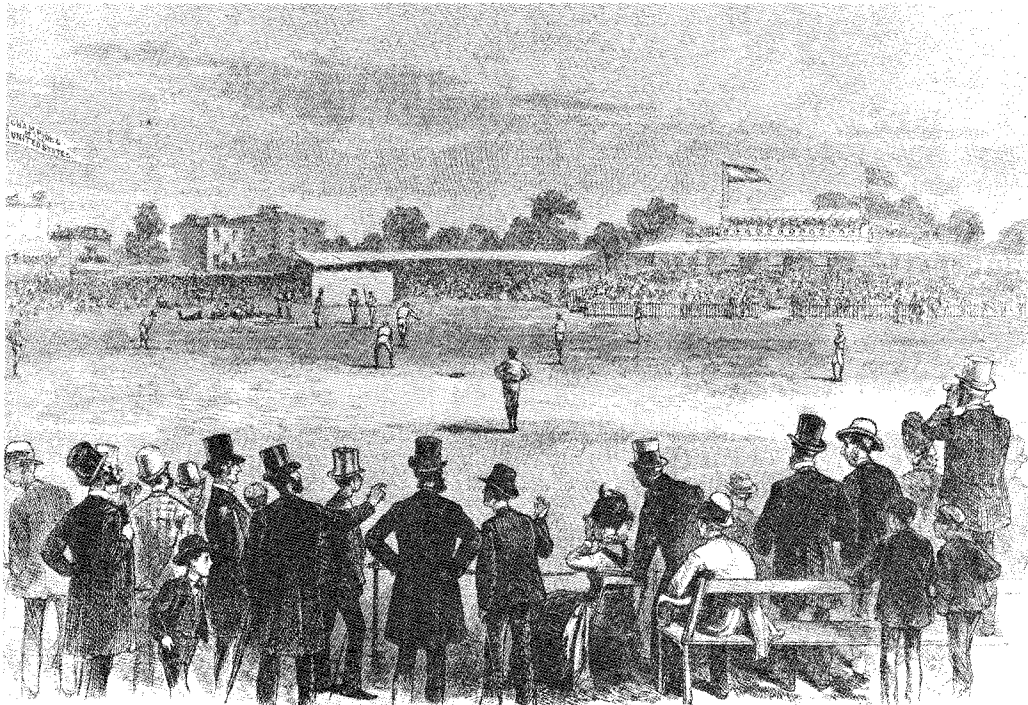
Baseball on Tour

Join the Majors, See the World

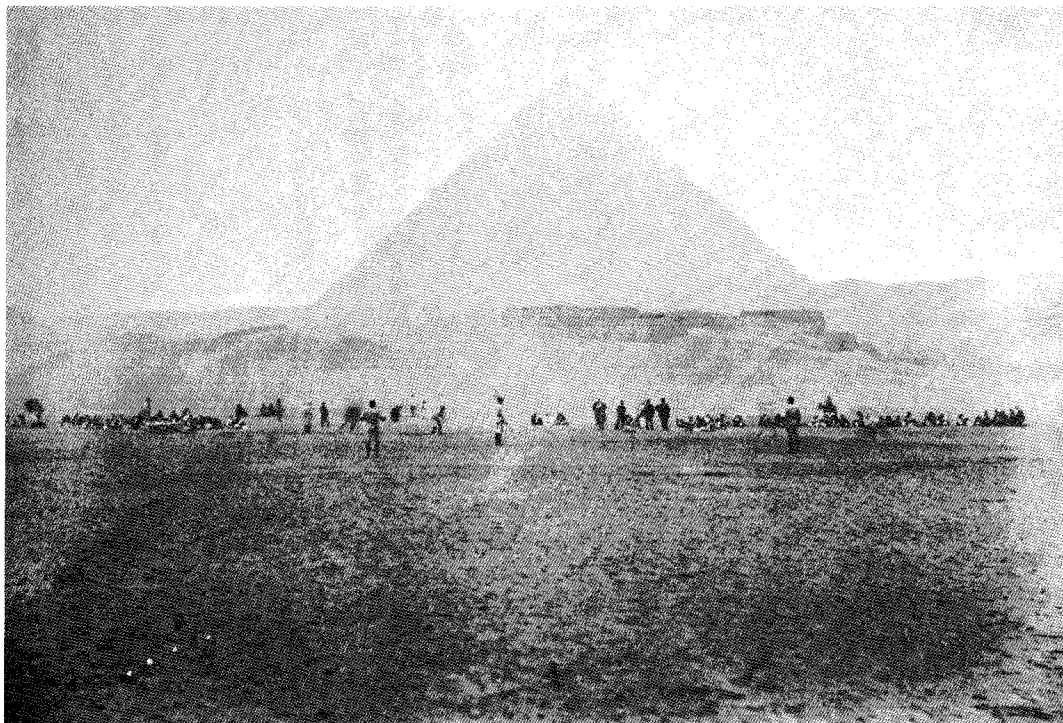
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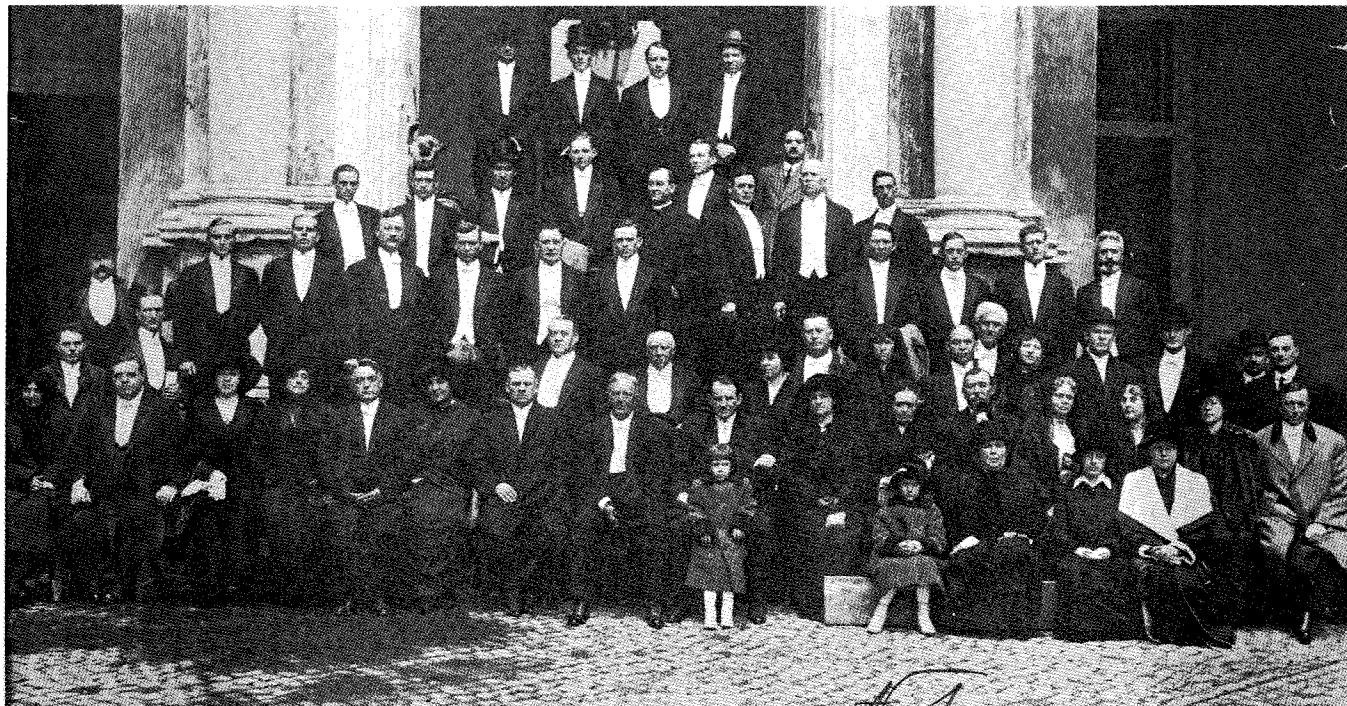
Since shortly after the organization of the first professional league in the United States, big league players have traveled the globe to showcase our national pastime in other lands. The tours have had varying degrees of success in popularizing baseball overseas, but all have afforded the tourists unique opportunities to see the world. Above, members of the 1889-90 tour pose on the Sphinx while visiting Egypt.



Albert Spalding's missionary zeal to spread the gospel of baseball throughout the world was the impetus for the first major tours. He made the arrangements for the Athletic-Red Stocking baseball-cricket excursion to the British Isles in midseason 1874. In 1889 he took his Chicago club and a squad of All-American big leaguers on a trip to Australia that was expanded into an around-the-world journey. Baseball fit comfortably enough on a London cricket ground in 1874 (above), but the game did not impress that country's sportsmen. The Around-the-World tourists even played in the shadow of the Pyramids (below) but made precious few converts.



As ambitious as the great Spalding tour was the 1913-14 trip around the world by the Giants and White Sox. Led by John McGraw and Charlie Comiskey and managed by Ted Sullivan, this group (dressed for dinner below) played in Japan, the Philippines, China, Australia, Egypt and Europe over the course of four months. Players from other clubs, such as Tris Speaker and Sam Crawford, went along, as did many wives and Sox manager Nixey Callahan's two small daughters.

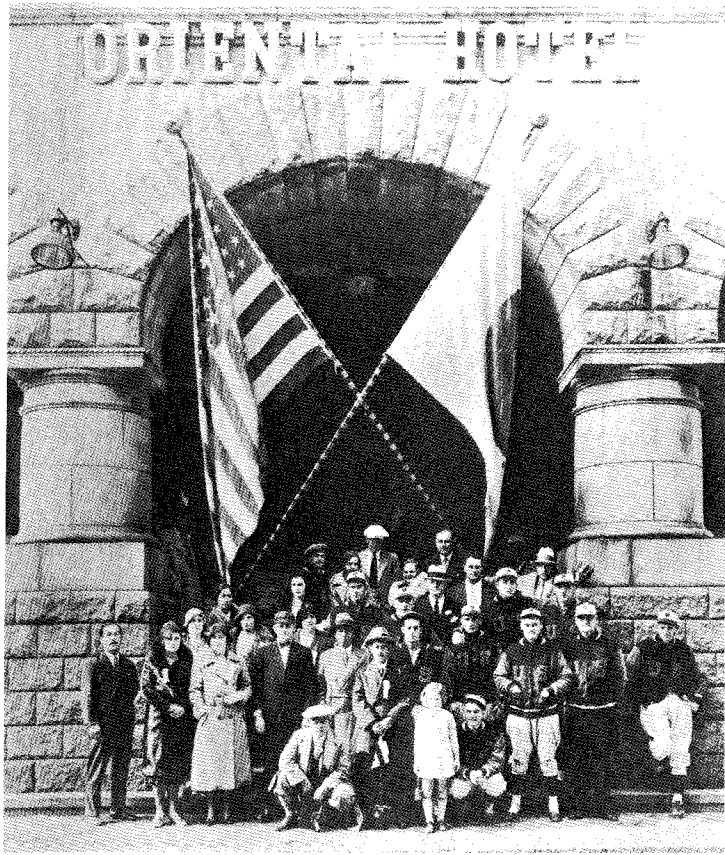


Players have even gotten the chance to meet royalty on some tours. The Spalding group was feted at a reception given by Hawaii's King Kalakau in 1889, and King George V of England chatted with the Giants (below) during a 1923 visit.

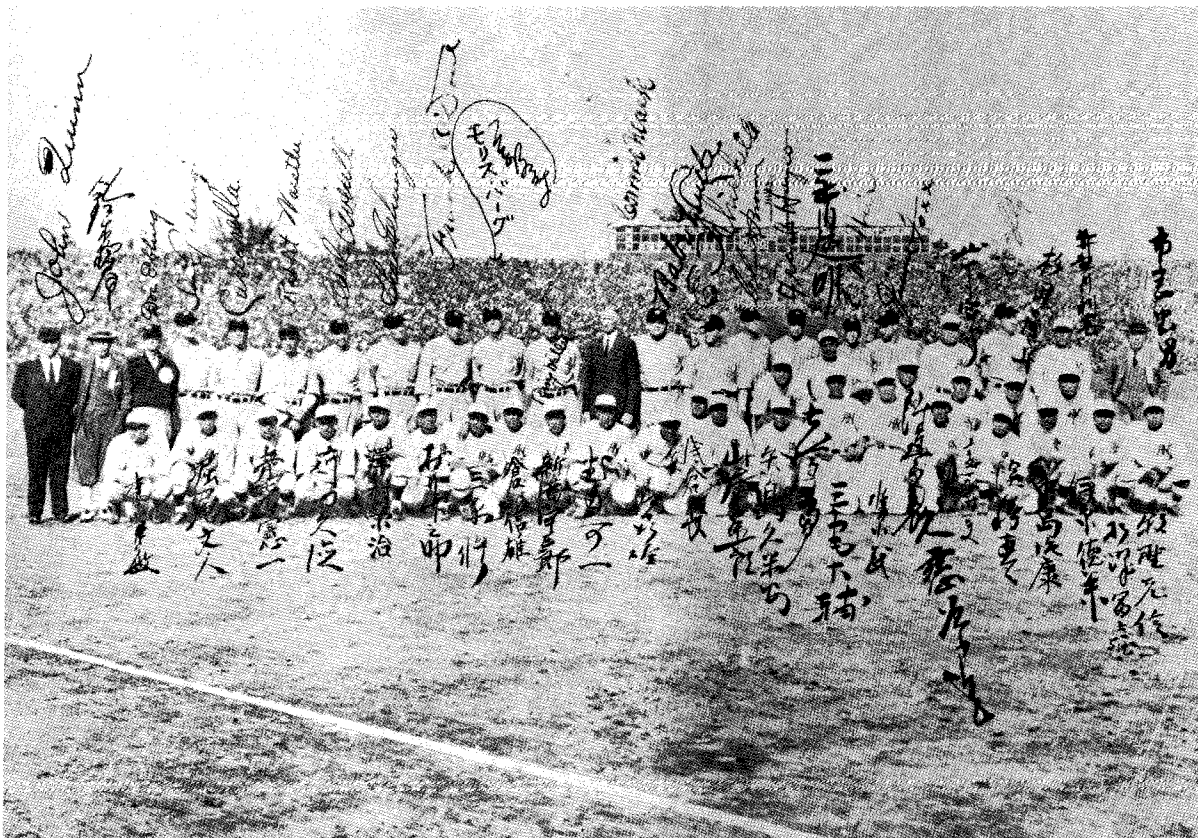


Big Leaguers get a chance to broaden their perspectives by meeting the locals, be they Hawaiian hostesses (top, with Hank Bauer and Yogi Berra), a Berlin border guard (middle, with dapper Robin Roberts, Maury Wills and Jerry Lumpe), or legend Sadaharu Oh (bottom, with Tom Seaver).





The most fertile field for overseas touring has been Japan. The first big league group was taken there by Al Reach in 1908. Herb Hunter (left, in rear behind Lou Gehrig) brought groups in 1922 and 1931. Perhaps the most successful of all expeditions was the 1934 American League All-Stars led by Connie Mack and featuring Babe Ruth (below). Their drawing power helped spur the formation of Japan's first professional league in 1936.





Although no major league squad has ever had a losing record in Japan, the competition has frequently been stiff. Nevertheless, the spirit of good will pervades. Above, Bowie Kuhn prepares to take his cut at a ceremonial first pitch delivered by Japanese cabinet minister Keiwa Okuda in 1984. Below, Stan Musial draws an admiring crowd for some 1958 batting practice.



Hanlon Revamped the Entire Pitching Staff

The Old Orioles' First Pennant

JIM MILLER

THE OLD ORIOLES.

John McGraw said they were the equal of the '27 Yankees. They were reputed to have invented the hit-and-run, the pickoff, the bunt, the cut-off and myriad other strategies that came under that revolutionary new style called "head baseball."

Their manager, Ned Hanlon, was said to be an extraordinary judge of talent, who picked up such castoffs as Willie Keeler, Hugh Jennings, Joe Kelley and Steve Brodie because he spotted qualities that other managers had overlooked.

And, most notorious of all, they were said to have been the rowdiest, dirtiest, most vile conglomeration that ever spat in an opponent's eye or threw a ball at an umpire.

But going into 1894, the season Hanlon put all the ingredients together, they were simply another second-division team (in 1893) with a raft of unproven youngsters and a pitching staff that begged for new arms.

Much has been written about the sudden emergence of Keeler and Jennings, about Dan Brouthers' magnificent swan song, of John McGraw's grit, Wilbert Robinson's leadership or the dependability of Kelley and Brodie.

But Hanlon's brilliant performance as manager in 1894 should not be judged solely on the coalescence of six future Hall of Famers (Brodie the exception). Hanlon successfully overcame a moundful of pitching problems, the like of which never has been experienced by a pennant-winning club.

Baltimore started the season with six pitchers, a high number even for the Nineties. By September, three had been released, two traded, and the ace of the

staff, Sadie McMahon, sat out the final month with a sore elbow.

The 1894 Baltimore Orioles are unique as the only club in major league baseball history that completely turned over its pitching staff from opening day to season's end and still won the pennant!

A Baltimore & Ohio train pulled out of Camden Station at 7:40 Saturday evening, March 24, 1894, headed for Brown's Hotel in Macon, Ga. The Baltimore Base Ball Club party included Hanlon, Treasurer Harry Vonderhorst, D. Dorsey Guy of the Baltimore Sun, John Anderson of the Baltimore Morning Herald and 14 ballplayers. Among them were five pitchers: Sadie McMahon, Tony Mullane, Bert Inks, Kirtley Baker and Jack Horner. Young Stub Brown would not join the club until their return because Hanlon did not think him much of a prospect.

Willie Hawke was an unexpected absentee. The 23-year-old right-hander had not signed his contract and decided to sit at home in Wilmington, Del.

The year before, Hanlon had rescued Hawke from St. Louis' tyrannical Chris Von der Ahe and was counting on him to ease McMahon's burden in '94. Hawke won 11 games in '93, but flashed brilliantly on August 16 when he pitched the League's first no-hitter from the 60-foot, 6-inch distance, in a 5-0 victory over Washington.

Of the five who traveled south, McMahon, 26, was the only reliable starter. The apprentice carpenter was building a notable record at Norristown when he was

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signed by the Philadelphia Athletic club of the American Association in 1889. There, he was first paired with his long-time batterymate, catcher Wilbert Robinson. In 1890, the faltering Athletics released most of their players, and McMahon and Robinson found their way to Baltimore.

McMahon won 36 games between the two teams in '90 and followed up with 34 more for the third-place Baltimores in '91. Consolidation of the National League and Association in '92 did not agree with the Baltimores, who fell to last in the 12-team "big league." But after a 1-14 start, brewer and principal stockholder Harry Vonderhorst hired injured Pittsburgh outfielder Ned Hanlon to manage the Orioles.

McMahon still finished with a credible 20-25 mark, which improved to 23-16 in '93 as the team adapted to Hanlon's hustling style to rise into eighth place.

In 1894, McMahon reported for the southern trip at 160 pounds, an achievement for a man who normally bunched 185 pounds on a 5-9 frame. In Macon, Robinson told the reporters that McMahon was showing better strategy and much more control of the ball than at any time during their careers together.

McMahon's opposite number was Tony Mullane, the veteran who had compiled more victories to that time than all but three other pitchers, John Clarkson, Tim Keefe and Jim Galvin. Called "The Apollo of the Box," the handsome Mullane was 35 years old in 1894, the last year of a major league career that saw five seasons of 30 or more victories between 1882 and 1887, but nearly as many episodes of ribaldry, insubordination and club-jumping. As has been the case for more than a century, a club will forgive the extracurricular peccadilloes of a talented player who produces. By 1894 however, Mullane's declining talents made Hanlon less forgiving.

The very week the Baltimores began their southern trip, Chicago's Captain Adrian Anson told *The Sporting News*, "Mullane has always been remarkably erratic. Year before last, he was pretty near the best pitcher in the League. Last season, he was below the average. He is a made of such queer disposition that the least thing, in the eyes of others, will make the greatest difference in his work."

The third pitcher on the southern trip was Bert Inks, a lanky Indiana southpaw whose best passes came with the damsels in the grandstand. A companion distinction that Inks held was his selection by *The Sporting News* as one of the "dandies of the diamond." He was said to take a trunk of clothes on road trips, where the other men took merely a clean change.

Baker and Horner were Hanlon's other hopefuls in Macon. Baker had split time between Baltimore and New Orleans of the Southern League in 1893, and the season before had led Chattanooga of the Southern League in...batting.

Horner was 30 years old and never had pitched in the big leagues, which indicated Hanlon's desperation. Horner's only notoriety during the practice trip came in another competition: he and backup catcher Bill Clarke reigned as team champions at whist.

Hanlon had acquired authority to build his team in 1893, when he agreed to relieve the financial problems of Harry Vonderhorst, the club's founder and principal stockholder. The Baltimore Base Ball Club had lost money in 1892, and Hanlon offered to loan Vonderhorst \$7,000 in exchange for full authority. On March 14, 1893, Edward Hanlon, at age 35, became president of the board of directors and controlled 30 of the 120 shares comprising BBC stock.

With any interference eliminated, Hanlon set about building a team that would take advantage of the longer 60-foot, 6-inch pitching distance that would be introduced for the 1893 season. Hanlon reasoned that the additional five feet that the batsman now had to judge a pitch would provide more hits, which would require able batsmen, deft infielders and swift outfielders.

When the BBC party traveled to Macon a year later, all the moves Hanlon had made to achieve his goals appeared to have worked.

The speed of Billy Keeler, who had failed as an infielder with New York and Brooklyn, made him a natural outfielder. Big Dan Brouthers, at 36, was playing like a pup and trying to erase the charges of dissipation leveled by his former employer, Charles Byrne of Brooklyn.

John McGraw, the regular shortstop in '93, was making a brilliant transition to third base. Even the sure-handed Hughie Jennings, who had gone to Macon as a substitute, hit strongly and took the shortstop job away from Frank Bonner, the overweight and underdedicated rookie from Wilkes-Barre.

Joe Kelley and Walter "Steve" Brodie provided solid hitting and outfielding, and Robinson's generalship was unquestioned.

Keeler hit safely in all 16 of the southern games. "Little Willie" as his mates called him, batted .523, followed by Kelley at .440, Robinson .435, Brouthers .387, Jennings .360, McGraw, .333, Brodie .321, and the adroit second-baseman Henry Reitz at .318. Hanlon had said in January that he wanted a lineup of .300 hitters, and he was on his way to getting it.

From Macon to Mobile to New Orleans and back to Atlanta, then northward to Chattanooga, Roanoke and Charlottesville, Hanlon's "whirlwinds," as the southerners called them, blew away every opponent. The only blemish in 16 games was a 5-5 tie at Atlanta, where Mullane threw a tantrum and lost his control.

When the team returned to Baltimore, Hanlon told the press that fifth place at least was assured, and his comments made clear that his goals were higher.

Despite the wonderful play of his first eight, Hanlon had not solved his troublesome pitching problem. Only McMahan was consistent on the southern trip. Mullane's tantrum in Atlanta reflected his wildness and unreliability. Inks pitched well at times, but he angered the manager with his late hours and defiance of Hanlon's ban against cigarette smoking. Baker showed skill only at the bat (he hit .353 on the trip), and Horner developed a sore arm in the first frigid days at Macon and was ineffective.

Hanlon kept a constant vigil for help. In New Orleans, he attempted to acquire pitcher Jack Fanning, who had pitched well against the Orioles for the Southern League team. Hanlon offered Baker, who had pitched in New Orleans in '93, but the offer was rejected by Count Campau, Hanlon's old Detroit teammate who managed the local club.

When the team returned to Baltimore, Hanlon summoned Brown, a stout 6-foot-2, 220-pound left-hander whom Robinson had coached earlier that spring at the Johns Hopkins University. Those six sat on the Baltimore bench when John Montgomery Ward's Giants invaded Union Park on April 19.

The series began encouragingly as McMahan bested Amos Rusie, 8 to 3, in the season opener. In Game Two, Mullane endured six bases on balls and two wild pitches and held off the Giants long enough for the Oriole batsmen to pound out a 12 to 6 victory. In Game Three, Inks yielded only six hits in a 4 to 3 victory. The cranks of Baltimore were ecstatic as Frank Selee's Boston champions came to town.

In the opener, McMahan defeated the Bostons, 15 to 3. Hawke watched the game from the grandstand, prompting rumors that he would end his holdout. A meeting with Hanlon after the game produced no agreement, perhaps because the 4-0 start temporarily relieved the emergency.

The next two days, however, provided unwelcomed reminders to Hanlon. Four Oriole pitchers gave up 19 runs as the Orioles lost twice. Leverage had swung to the pitcher, and Hawke signed a new contract.

Hawke's signing signaled the end for Baker.

"Baker's work in practice, as late as this morning, was so good it was possible he might have stemmed the tide," Hanlon said after Baker contributed to a 13 to 7 loss to the Beaneaters. "If he is ever to do good work in the League, today was as good a day as any to prove it. His fault seems to be faint-heartedness, and I hardly think he will ever prove a success against League batting."

Hawke would not pitch for three weeks while getting into shape, but young Stub Brown surprised Hanlon with some solid work. He won his first three starts from May 2 to May 12, and Hanlon voiced regret that he had not listened to Robinson and taken the young prospect on the southern trip.

But a series of rained-out games at the end of May gave McMahan and Mullane sufficient rest, and Brown missed several starts. He brooded, claimed he wanted more money, than jumped the club on June 4.

"When I took him to Philadelphia," Hanlon said, "I told him if he pitched well, his salary would be increased, but it rained and he did not have a chance to pitch...I don't like the manner in which he has gone about this business.

"The Baltimore club took him off the lots and gave him the opportunity to make a reputation for himself, and it doesn't seem to me that he appreciates his good fortune. Now that he has pitched three games and won them he wants as much money as many other men who have been years working their way up to their present standing."

Inks was not faring much better. He complained of a "weak" arm and pitched in only five of the team's first 38 games. The fact that four of them were victories gave him a bit more job security than Horner. Little Jack's only career start came May 11 against the robust Philadelphias. Ed Delahanty's three hits and bases-loaded double led a 14-hit assault in a 12 to 7 Philadelphia victory. On June 22, Horner joined Baker as the second pitcher to get the "blue card."

Mullane had continued to pitch one horrid game for every competent one, and the rumors began of his probable exile. His off-field exploits did nothing to help him with Hanlon. On May 4, he was involved in a bar brawl, in which he applied his favorite bat to the skull of a customer.

Robinson was certainly tiring of the aging twirler. On June 1, Mullane walked two men in the ninth with the bases loaded to let Cincinnati get to within one run. At 9 to 8, Robinson pleaded loudly for Hanlon to summon McMahan, but Mullane's proclivity for drama ended in a game-ending strikeout of Farmer Vaughn. On June 18, 19 of Boston's first 20 batsmen reached base in a 24 to 7 walkover. A week later, on June 25, the Count distributed eight bases on balls and 17 base hits to the mild-hitting Chicagos in a 15 to 8 loss.

Hanlon looked everywhere for help. He wired the other teams in an attempt to acquire a solid arm, but his efforts were fruitless.

Meanwhile, trade rumors circulated. A report from New York had Hanlon sending Mullane, Inks and catcher Bill Clarke to the Giants for pitcher Jouett Meekin and catcher Parke Wilson. Hanlon denied the story, probably because Ward would not trade a pitcher he had only acquired in March for the unheard-of price of \$7,500.

Not surprisingly, Hanlon's pursuit of pitchers once again centered on St. Louis. "Foxy Ned" already had fleeced Von der Ahe with the acquisitions of Brodie and Hawke, and now his quarry was Ted Breitenstein, the talented left-hander. But Von der Ahe was not as

malleable as Hanlon had hoped, and they settled on a deal for Kid Gleason on June 23.

Gleason had jumped the Browns for his home in New Jersey, and Von der Ahe put a \$2,500 price tag on his services. Hanlon quickly agreed, but Gleason balked, demanding \$500 of the purchase price to repay him for fines unjustly levied by "Der Boss President." After two weeks of wrangling, Hanlon agreed to pay, and Gleason joined the club on July 9.

Gleason's appearance was not the only good luck Hanlon experienced that day. Gleason sat in Harry Vonderhorst's private box while the Orioles rallied to defeat Pittsburgh 14 to 10 as Brodie rapped three singles, two doubles and a triple and Keeler added four singles and a double.

To top off the bountiful afternoon, seeds that Hanlon had planted weeks before sprouted when the Washington club accepted \$2,500 in return for pitcher Duke Esper.

Esper had jumped the Senators on May 19 shortly before the Washingtons were to board the train to Baltimore. Word circulated that the left hander "lacked heart," but Hanlon correctly assumed that the pitcher's attitude stemmed from a woeful lack of support. The Washington club was littered with low-priced amateurs hired by the parsimonious Wagner brothers and was an embarrassment to the League.

Within hours, Hanlon had obtained two pitchers and increased a narrow lead over Boston to 23 percentage points.

But the manager was not finished. On July 14, he and Cleveland captain Patsy Tebeau agreed to trade veteran legends — Mullane for John Clarkson.

The acquisition of Clarkson, the rock of Anson's great Chicago teams of the 1880s, left Hanlon exultant. The Oriole manager portrayed the deal as the steal of the century.

"The acquisition of Clarkson and Gleason increases our chances of landing the pennant at least 50 percent," Hanlon told the press. "This gives me a trio of twirlers, with McMahon, on whom I can rely to win a majority of their games. I am sure Clarkson will do good work in more congenial company. He has not been happy in Cleveland, and will show his appreciation of the change..."

"I have made many deals in my efforts to build up a team, but none which gave me more satisfaction than when I traded Tony Mullane even up for John Clarkson."

The Cleveland papers were not as enthusiastic, calling the trade of Clarkson for Mullane, "Like trading two tens for a five."

Indeed, Hanlon had given Mullane his 10-day notice of release, and his chances of catching on with another club were slim. As Louisville's Billy Barnie commented upon news of Mullane's notice, "He has always been

known as a disorganizer, and that will cripple the usefulness of any player, no matter how valuable he may be. I know of no club in the League that wants him, unless it is Chicago, who seems willing to pick up just any old thing at all." Barnie obviously was not aware of a similar problem in Cleveland, where Tebeau wanted to jettison Clarkson, another victim of age and wildness.

Mullane wasted no time in reporting to Cleveland, but Clarkson dawdled for several weeks, demanding a bonus for reporting — a la Gleason. Hanlon refused on the grounds that Gleason was purchased, with cash involved, while the other deal was a straight swap of players.

Rumors drifted from Cleveland that Clarkson was finished at 33. The veteran catcher Buck Ewing told the Cleveland newspapers, "(Clarkson's) muscles are so tied up he will never again pitch winning ball."

After several weeks, Clarkson announced he had retired from baseball to open a cigar store in Bay City, Mich.

Over the next month, Hanlon's principal rotation consisted of McMahon, Hawke and Gleason with spot starts from Esper and Inks. Dandy Bert never was out of Hanlon's doghouse and was briefly suspended for "conduct unbecoming a ballplayer." Brown was released on July 20.

Despite the new blood, the team was losing ground. Baltimore held first place on July 4, but a seven-game losing streak July 21-30 knocked them behind Selee's three-time champions. On August 23, Baltimore's 62-36 record trailed Boston's (66-34) and was only slightly ahead of New York's (64-38).

It was in the thick of this pennant chase that McMahon went down for good. His right elbow had bothered him for two months, and the pain finally became too great to continue. The last appearance of his 25-7 season was an 8 to 2 victory over Louisville on August 28 in which he lobbed only slow curves.

Hanlon wasted no time, and before the Colonels left town, he had a replacement. Manager Billy Barnie agreed to take bad boy Inks — and \$2,000 cash — in exchange for George Hemming, a 24-year-old right hander. Hemming's record was 13-19 with the lowly Colonels, but he had shut out Baltimore 6 to 0 on six hits on July 1, and three days later beat them again, 11 to 1 on seven hits.

McMahon's injury and Ink's trade completed the turnover for Hanlon's staff, although his problems were not ended. Esper was winged by a line drive and missed a week. Hawke did not win a game after September 6, and Hemming suffered a split finger when he caught a line drive against Louisville on September 9 and missed a week.

But Hanlon's final rotation of Gleason, Esper and Hemming acquitted itself well during one of baseball's

greatest stretch drives. The Baltimores won 18 in a row, and 27 of their last 30 to win the pennant over the charging Giants.

Despite his season-long pitching problems, Hanlon continued to use a three- and four-man rotation, while his rivals relied primarily on two starters, especially in the final month. Amos Rusie pitched 54 games and Jouett Meekin 52 of New York's 137 for example. On September 4, Manager John Montgomery Ward asked the pair to pitch the rest of the team's games.

Certainly, Hanlon's pitching philosophy of 1894 was dictated, not calculated. Mullane's diminishing skill, McMahon's injuries, Inks' behavior, Hawke's contract problems all contributed. But his insistence on a three-man rotation, even down the stretch, bespeaks a sensitivity to not overworking his pitchers.

The game was shifting from one of pitching dominance to one that emphasized the "scientific" aspects

— advancing the runner, defensive teamwork, heady base-running.

The new distance meant more hits, more runs and more pitches (1894 was the greatest run-producing year in history). Hanlon was prescient enough to know this change required better hitters, better fielders and rested pitchers. He won the 1894 pennant accordingly.


This should speak well of Hanlon's ability as a manager, but that subject has been debated freely over the years. True, either Hanlon or Boston's Selee won every National League pennant from 1891 to 1900, yet neither is enshrined in the National Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown.

While Hanlon was the beneficiary of extraordinarily talented players, he was also a consummate tactician who saw all aspects of the game and used them to his team's advantage.

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"And You Should Have Seen His Father"

Hack Miller, Cub Strongman

ART AHRENS

ONE OF THE MOST colorful — and, alas, forgotten — characters ever to appear on a Chicago diamond was Lawrence "Hack" Miller, Cub outfielder of the early 1920s. Possibly the strongest player in big league history, he was a husky progenitor of Lewis "Hack" Wilson, whose feats on and off the field dominated Chicago baseball in the latter half of the decade. Miller enjoyed a long and productive minor league career, and a brief but impressive jaunt in the majors, highlighted by his heroics with the Cubs.

Miller was born in New York City on New Year's Day 1894, shortly after his parents had arrived from their native Germany. In 1895, the family moved to Chicago, settling in an area along Division Street between Sedgwick and Halsted, then known as "Little Hell." A slum in the backyard of the gold coast, it was a crowded tenement district inhabited mostly by German, Irish, and Italian immigrants. As in all such quarters, many of its offspring made it to the top of the world, while others made it to the gallows.

Young Miller became street-wise at an early age. After getting roughed up by a crowd of juvenile rowdies in a football game, he gave up that sport and devoted his time to baseball and body-building. His father, Sebastian Miller, had been a circus strongman in the old country but found bartending more to his liking in America, and opened a saloon in Little Hell. The spot quickly became a gathering place for local athletes, wrestlers, weightlifters and prize fighters. Of course there were the inevitable hooligans and rough-necks as well. As Hack recalled in a September 1924 interview with *Baseball Magazine*, "Sometimes there was a rather rough crowd in my father's place, but they

seldom started anything when he was around. All he had to do was look at them and the noise subsided." The elder Miller once took a rock, struck it several times with the side of his fist, and broke it into a dozen pieces. Another time there happened to be a loaded beer wagon (containing forty-eight sixteen-gallon barrels of "that good old brew," as Hack remembered it during Prohibition) standing in the street, blocking traffic. Rather than walk around it, the tough saloon-keeper put his shoulder under the truck and shoved it toward the curb to clear the path. His companion when this occurred was none other than John L. Sullivan, former heavyweight champ.

Miller the younger inherited more than a little of his father's strength. When Lawrence was an 18-year-old apprentice steamfitter, he would hoist 250 pound radiators on his shoulders, carry them two blocks and then up several flights of narrow tenement stairs for installation. He also played semi-pro baseball for the Stanton Park and All Nations teams, and was nicknamed "Hack" after the famed wrestler, Hackenschmidt. For a time, he was also called "Chief" because he was cast as an Indian on the All Nations team.

During the next couple of years as an employee of Marshall Field's department store in downtown Chicago, Hack played on all the company athletic teams, winning medals for pole vaulting, the broad jump and the sixty-yard dash. He entered professional baseball in 1914 with Wausau of the Wisconsin-Illinois League, where he batted .333 in 72 games as a right-

ART AHRENS has authored numerous SABR articles and five books on the Cubs.

handed outfielder. The following year Miller graduated to St. Boniface of the Northern League, and in 1916 went to Winnipeg in the same circuit.

Major league scouts kept an eye on him, and the Brooklyn Robins brought him up at the tail end of the 1916 season. Making his debut in the majors at Brooklyn on September 22, Hack was a late inning replacement in right field. He went hitless in his only trip to the plate as the Robins made birdseed out of the Cardinals, 11-1. Miller appeared in only two more games for the pennant-bound Brooklynites but collected his first major league hit, a double.

Brooklyn sold his contract to the Oakland Oaks of the Pacific Coast League, with whom Miller would have a long but interrupted association. Hack's bat was beginning to boom, but the cannons in Europe were booming louder. In August 1918 the PCL temporarily disbanded because of the war, and Hack's contract was assumed by the Boston Red Sox.

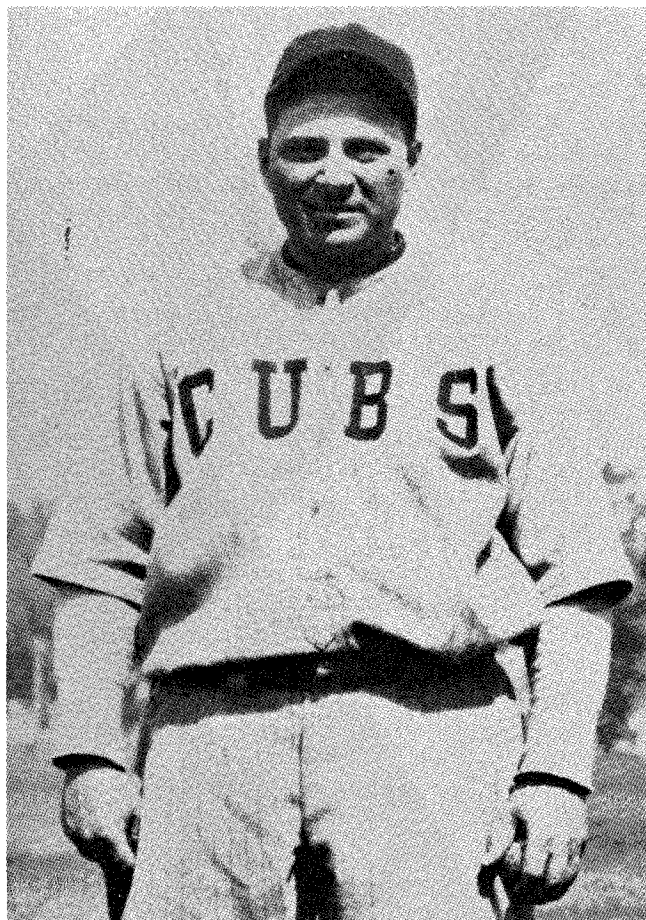
The Red Sox brought him up on August 7, and he flied out as a pinch-hitter against the Tigers. Altogether, Hack appeared in twelve regular-season games for Boston, batting .276. He failed to connect in his only World Series appearance against his hometown team, the Cubs. The World Champion Red Sox figured they had enough hitting talent in a pitcher-outfielder named Babe Ruth, so the following year it was back to Oakland for Miller.

Now approaching his prime, Miller batted .346 in 1919, followed by back-to-back .347 marks in 1920 and '21. Since the PCL schedule ran from March through November, Hack had ample opportunity to flex his biceps. In 1920 he played in 199 games and amassed 280 hits. These displays of batting prowess caught the attention of the Cubs, who had finished a dismal seventh in 1921.

Miller signed with Chicago and became an immediate sensation in his first real chance as a big leaguer. As the Cubs regular leftfielder in 1922, Hack played in 122 games and pounded the pellet for a .352 average with 164 hits. He hit 12 home runs, scored 61 times and drove in 78 runs, enviable totals for a first-year man. His batting average was the third highest in the National League, ranking behind the Cardinals' Rogers Hornsby at .401 and Cub teammate Ray Grimes at .354. The only Cub rookie who ever produced a higher percentage than Miller's was Bill Everett, who averaged .358 back in 1895.

Spurred along in no small way by Miller's hitting, the Cubs climbed to a respectable fifth-place finish in '22, with 80 wins against 74 losses. The following year the stocky slugger played 135 games, upping his home run count to 20 and his RBI total to 88, although his batting average dipped to .301. The Cubs moved up another notch in the standings to fourth place.

When Miller's bat was hot, it made Death Valley look like the North Pole. On July 16, 1922, he belted his fourth home run in three days with a solo shot in the fourth inning, but the Phillies beat the Cubs, 10-7. Then came August 25, when the Cubs out-pummelled Philadelphia in the greatest slugfest of all time, 26-23. All Hack did was drive in six Cubbies with three-run homers in the second and fourth innings. His first blast was only the second home run ever to reach the centerfield scoreboard, then situated at ground level in Cubs Park. The first had been hit by Rogers Hornsby



Lawrence "Hack" Miller

the year before. Remarkably, Miller accomplished all this while swinging monstrous bats weighing anywhere from 47 to 67 ounces.

But Hack's biggest day was yet to come. On June 12, 1923, the Cub muscleman knocked in seven runs with a two round-trippers and a single as the North Siders outlasted the Boston Braves, 12-11, in a see-saw battle at Chicago. Never did Miller's heroics come under more dramatic circumstances. His grand slammer in the fifth knotted up the score at 7-7, and his two-run shot an inning later gave the Cubs a temporary two-run lead. It was the Cubs' seventh consecutive win, sending the Braves reeling to an eleventh straight loss.

Later that season, on September 16, Hack gathered three doubles and a triple, and scored twice as the New York Giants trimmed the Cubs, 10-6. In this game a riot erupted in the eighth frame when umpire Charlie Moran called Cub runner Sparky Adams out at second. Hundreds of pop bottles sailed out of the grandstand, and play was delayed fifteen minutes until the grounds were cleared. When the Cubs finally lost, the partisan crowd was out for blood, and it took 100 policemen to keep Moran and Giant manager John McGraw from getting lynched.

In those fun-filled seasons with the Cubs, Miller became a local folk hero; he was, after all, a kid from "the old neighborhood" who had made good. When he wasn't pulling games out of the fire with timely hits, Hack held fans and teammates breathless with his feats of strength. At the Cubs' spring training camp at Catalina Island, many a witness saw him uproot good-sized trees with his powerful arms. It is on photographic record that he twisted iron bats and pounded forty penny bridge spikes through an auto gate at Cubs Park with his fist, protected only by a rolled up baseball cap. In the Baseball Magazine interview, Miller remarked nonchalantly that "My strength has been of some use occasionally. Once when I was in Canada I saw a crowd standing around the street and found that a woman had been knocked down by a touring car, and the crowd didn't seem to know how to get her out. So I took hold of the side of the car, lifted it up and they pulled her out.

"Once I had a little party of five people in a touring car. We were having some difficulty in backing out of the yard, so I took hold of the rear axle and lifted the rear end of the car around...But my father wouldn't have been so much impressed with that exhibition of strength."

The authenticity of these harrowing tales is perhaps best left to the reader's judgment, but years later Cub teammate Bob O'Farrell recalled that "Hack was so strong that he probably could have lifted an automobile up by the bumper just to change a tire."

To top it all off, Miller was reputedly an expert in Oriental self-defense, a good piano player, a devout beer drinker, and a guitar strummer of some accomplishment. With fellow Cubs Cliff Heathcote on the ukelele and Barney Friberg on the mandolin, the trio livened up many a Prohibition beer blast and serenaded the tourists at Catalina Island. When banjo-playing Charlie Grimm joined the team in the spring of '25, the trio became a quartet, and solidified a Cub string band tradition that lasted into the early 1940's.

Ironically, it was Miller's muscular build that pre-

vented him from realizing his full potential. Standing 5-9 with a playing weight of 208 pounds, he may have been fast in the company of Marshall Field employees a decade earlier, but he was slow by major league standards. He could not cover as much ground as most outfielders, and his heavy frame slowed down his reflexes. When it came to pulling in flies, Hack was adequate but hardly a Tris Speaker.

Finally, Cub manager Bill Killefer was of the old school that emphasized base running rather than power. Led by such speedsters as George Grantham, Cliff Heathcote, and Sparky Adams, the Cubs were a wild and reckless bunch on the basepaths. In 1924, they stole 137 bases — but were nabbed in the attempt 149 times! In such company Miller was the odd man out and found himself spending more and more time on the bench.

Even in a part-time capacity, Miller was an asset to the team: in 1924 he batted .336 in 53 games. He was 7-for-20 as a pinch-hitter, including an eighth-inning solo home run at Philadelphia on September 12, that tied the game 6-6. The Cubs went on to win, 10-8, on a four-run ninth-inning rally.

Although Hack was back in the regular lineup and hitting at a .279 clip during the early part of 1925, his days as a Cub were numbered. He played his last game at Brooklyn on May 21, in the hero's role. Pinch-hitting for Ralph Michaels in the top of the ninth with a man on base, Miller tripled off Dazzy Vance, then scored on Sparky Adam's single. The Cubs' rally fell short and they lost, 5-4, but it was no fault of Hack's. He had bowed out in glory. Three days later, he was released and left Chicago to rejoin the Oakland Oaks.

In his 349 major league games, Miller batted .323 with 387 hits, 164 runs and 205 RBIs. His totals included 65 doubles, 11 triples, and 38 home runs, two of which were grand slams, with two more coming as pinch-hit jobs. As a pinch-hitter, he was 15 for 35, for a whopping .429 mark.

Hack hung on with Oakland for a bit more than a year, then drifted along to Houston of the Texas League, before calling it quits in 1927. In 1926, splitting the season between Oakland and Houston, he batted .353 in 102 games for his highest mark in the minors. If the figures shown in the ancient baseball guides are accurate, his minor league production in 1,360 games totalled an even 1,700 hits and a .329 average. Upon retiring from baseball, he resettled permanently in Oakland, where he died September 17, 1971, at age 77. Hack Miller was no Babe Ruth, or even a Hack Wilson, but what a hero he was while he lasted!

Batboys: The Witnesses Nobody Sees

GEORGE ROBINSON and MARGALIT FOX

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WHEN ORIOLES BATBOY JIMMY Triantas returns to the Orioles dugout after handing one of the O's a replacement for a cracked bat, he usually hears the only conversation the fans will offer him that evening. "They're always asking for bats and balls," says Triantas. "I try to tell them I can't give everybody a baseball or a baseball bat." The cracked bats, he explains, are donated by the Orioles to various local charities, which use them in fund-raising efforts.

At least one other Orioles batboy had a different policy regarding such potential collector's items. "The great stuff was getting to keep cracked bats, battered helmets and occasionally even torn jerseys that were beyond selling. That was souvenir heaven," recalls Roy Firestone, O's spring-training batboy in 1970 and '71. Firestone, now a sportscaster and standup comic, confesses that he has held on to a special memento of the 1970 exhibition season: Brooks Robinson's broken batting helmet. "He was hit in the head with a baseball and it broke the helmet," Firestone recalls. "He was okay, but the helmet was totalled. I still have that in my closet to this day."

This is the kind of perk that people associate with the batboy's job, but there are others. Jim Lefebvre and Rene Lachemann were batboys at Dodger Stadium not long after the Bums moved to L.A. Aspiring major leaguers, they got their share of help from players and coaches. Lefebvre, who was the visiting-team batboy in 1960, remembers one incident in particular involving the Chicago Cubs.

"They needed a guy to work on double plays and I started turning some double plays. (Lou Boudreau), the manager of the club, walked over and said. 'We

would like to sign you.' They wanted to sign me right there on the spot. I said, 'Well, I don't know what to do.' I had two clubs do that. They needed somebody out there to take (grounders during) batting practice, so I go out there and start working on pivots, stuff like that." A few years later, Lefebvre would be the Dodgers' second baseman. Today he is the manager of the Seattle Mariners.

Souvenirs and baseball clinics . . . Why else would anyone want this job? It's certainly not for the money.

"I figured it out once," says Jay Mazzone, the Orioles regular-season batboy from 1966 to 1971. With all the work involved, he calculated, "it came to something like just under fifty cents an hour. That was including the bonuses. Most of the time I was there I made four dollars a game, and in the last two years, maybe, I made five dollars a game. So it's not a paying job." But Mazzone no doubt speaks for all batboys when he adds, "I would have paid them to let me on the field."

Stan Strull ("Rhymes with fool, I always say") is a tall, stocky man in his early sixties. With his athletic build and graying brush cut he could pass for a Marine officer. He is actually a police officer, a homicide detective in Queens, New York. He grew up in a middle-class neighborhood in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and like every kid on the block was an avid Dodger fan. His behind-the-scenes career began in 1940, when he hung around Ebbets Field long enough to be taken on as a

GEORGE ROBINSON and MARGALIT FOX are both members of the National Writers Union. This article is excerpted from their forthcoming book "Supporting Players: Behind the Scenes in Major League Baseball."

turnstile boy. While Strull's height and muscular frame now let him pass for a man many years his junior, as a boy they served him equally well in reverse: he was twelve years old when he started the job in Ebbets. You had to be fourteen to get working papers.

At Ebbets, Strull controlled one of the manually operated turnstiles. The stiles recorded the number of ticketholders that passed into the ballpark. "The wages for that was fifty cents a day, and you saw the ballgame." He had the best seats in the house. "I got to know some of the ushers. An usher would let me sit on the steps in his section in a good location. No one was supposed to be sitting on the steps, but, you know . . . You knew everybody."

Strull graduated from turnstile boy to ticket taker. For three dollars a game he took a fan's ticket, tore it in half and gave the fan the rain check. Then the turnstile boy admitted the patron with a resounding thunk. When the stream of fans had subsided, Strull counted his tickets ("It took a long time") and rushed off to find his favorite usher. In 1946 he became the visiting-team batboy, and in '47 moved over to the Dodger clubhouse. He held the home-team position through the 1951 season.

Firestone, too, got his job by being in the right place at the right time. A dedicated Oriole fan as a boy, he grew up in Miami, where the O's held spring training. He recalls that he "got the bright idea one day" to hang around Miami Stadium and wait for the team's equipment truck to pull up. The fourteen-year-old Firestone gamely asked the equipment men if he could help unload the uniforms from the truck and put them in the clubhouse. "At first they looked at me like I was going to steal the uniforms, and (then) the guy said, 'Sure, kid, you can help me.' " As luck would have it, the Orioles were still looking for someone to work in the clubhouse and double as batboy, so Firestone brought the uniforms into the clubhouse and stayed there for the next two springs.

Batboys also landed their jobs through a variety of literary efforts. For over four decades, Cleveland hopefuls have been entering the Plain Dealer-Indians essay contest. The competition was the brainchild of promotional genius Bill Veeck, who bought the Indians in 1946. Bill Domhoff, who was an Indians batboy in the early 50s, recalls:

Each year people wrote essays in which they explained why they wanted to be the batboy for the Cleveland Indians. I think my dad probably urged me to write, and I did three or four times, wrote these little essays, no doubt with his help. About the (fourth) time I applied (in 1951), I didn't want to do it, and he says, "Aw, do it!" I wrote the essay, and lo and behold they call me and they say, you're one of ten finalists.

I go down there and I'm interviewed. I'm the first per-

son interviewed. They interviewed all of us, and we were all sitting there and the guy comes out and he says, "Bill Domhoff, could you come in here?" I just figured it was the second round. So we're in there and we talk a little bit and it's slowly becoming clear that I'm it, although they haven't said so. And then finally (General manager) Hank Greenberg, who was a giant of a guy, and was very nice to me, said that I was the batboy. I won a thousand dollars and a suit of clothes. I don't think, I'd ever had a suit in my life.

In addition to the suit, other perks included a season pass for two to Indians home games; free admission to a game for all of the students, faculty and staff at the winner's school; and a splashy write-up on the front page of the Plain Dealer sports section, complete with publication of the winning essay.

In cities without essay contests the would-be batboy's approach was often epistolary. Oakland A's batboy Brian Sherriffe was fortunate enough to have an enthusiastic ghostwriter. In 1968, when Sherriffe was a senior in high school, the Kansas City Athletics moved to his hometown of Oakland, California. Sherriffe was already no stranger to the Oakland Coliseum having worked for the ballpark's concessionaire. "You start with peanuts; then you go to sodas; then you go to hot dogs."

Sherriffe's mother, who worked for the Oakland school system, learned that the newly arrived A's planned to recruit one student from each of the city's high schools to work as a batboy or clubhouse boy. Fired by vicarious zeal, she shot off a letter to Carl Finley, cousin of A's owner Charles O. Finley, saying that she had two sons who would love to work in the A's clubhouse. With the letter on file, the team management chose Brian as the student from Skyline High. He accepted, but not before making the tough decision to forgo working on his own game in the Babe Ruth league that summer. "I quit working on my game," Sherriffe recalls. "I was satisfied to play catch to warm up (A's shortstop) Campy Campaneris. I could stand in the Oakland Coliseum and warm up Campy before a game. That was great."

Jay Mazzone's job also started with a letter and a difficult decision. It all began with a remarkable woman named Mary Dobkin. Dobkin lived in a depressed section of Baltimore and had become increasingly concerned about the kids running around the streets in her neighborhood. She pulled them together and made a baseball team. Her organization grew to include other children. In the mid-sixties, Jay was one of the kids playing for her.

Because she ran her teams on a shoestring budget, Dobkin would approach local businesses to solicit donations of money or equipment. In 1965, an Oriole player decided to donate some bats and balls for Mary Dobkin's teams. This grew into a Mary Dobkin Day,

sponsored by the Orioles, at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. As part of the festivities, two children from her organization would serve as honorary batboys for the day. Dobkin let her kids decide: whoever received the most votes would be the Orioles batboy; the runner-up would work for the visiting side. Mazzone got enough votes to be the visiting-team batboy for a day. "I had a ball," he recalls. "It didn't matter that I wasn't with the Orioles . . . It was just such a thrill to be down there on the field—it's every kid's dream."

Later that year, the Junior Oriole organization, a fan club for the city's youngsters, gave Jay a chance to be batboy for a day again, this time with the home team. The following year, when he was thirteen, Mazzone wrote to the Orioles organization reminding them of his service and asking to work as the Orioles' permanent batboy. "They wrote me a letter back saying that (the Orioles batboy) was going to stay on this year. However, the boy that was the visiting-team batboy just enlisted in the army. And the day he told them he wouldn't be back was the day my letter was sitting on the guy's desk." They offered Mazzone the job.

The only problem was that Jay was scheduled to have surgery that summer. When he was two years old, he had lost all his fingers as a result of a backyard fire. He worked as a batboy, played baseball and did everything any kid could do, with the aid of two prosthetic hooks.

"I was scheduled to go in the hospital that summer and have some reconstruction work done on my hands," Mazzone recalls. "In fact, I was at the hospital when I got the reply, and I said, 'Put this on hold,' and I left and never went back to have the work done. It was a kind of experimental thing anyway, and I really wasn't all that thrilled about it. It was an iffy kind of thing; it may have helped, it may not have helped. It couldn't have hurt any, but . . . So when (the batboy job) came available, I said, 'Forget it. I'm going to the ballpark.'"

Mazzone went to the ballpark and stayed. He worked as the visiting-team batboy for the 1966 season. In 1967, the Orioles home-team batboy finally retired. "He was too old to be on the field anymore. Back in '66, they changed the name on his uniform from Batboy to Batman." Jay succeeded him as the Orioles batboy. He held the job until 1971, when he graduated from high school.

In the past, some batboys landed their jobs for reasons quite different from today's. On a summer day in 1919, Eddie Bennett, a nineteen-year-old from Brooklyn, was in the stands at the Polo Grounds to see the Yankees play the Chicago White Sox. Bennett was a hunchback, and in those days it was commonly believed that rubbing a hunchback's hump brought good luck. White Sox outfielder Happy Felsch spotted him and asked him if he could bring luck to the Chicago team. Bennett replied in the affirmative and

the White Sox went on to win the game. Felsch and pitcher Eddie Cicotte persuaded White Sox manager Kid Gleason to make Bennett the team mascot, whose principal duty was to be lucky. An almost incidental aspect of the job description was looking after the player's bats.

Under Bennett's watchful eye, the Sox won the pennant. Lucky mascot notwithstanding, they lost the 1919 World Series. As it turned out, it wasn't for want or luck or talent. Bennett left the team after it came out that several players had been bribed to throw the Series. After spending a season as the Dodgers' mascot, he was taken on by the Yankees. A 1932 *New Yorker* profile of Bennett finds him, at age thirty-two, still the mascot to the New York team. By that time he had hired



Bill Domhoff

kids to do the actual batboy work, leaving his time free to bring luck to the Yankees. "This he does mostly crouching in front of the dugout and concentrating." Several players would let no one but Bennett handle their bats, and at least one pitcher, Wilcy Moore, always had Bennett catch his first warm-up throw. For these services Bennett received about a hundred dollars a month. In addition, he shared in the proceeds whenever the Yankees won a pennant or Series. He probably made out handsomely. From 1921 to 1932, the Yankees won seven American League pennants and four World Series.

The most famous of Bennett's Chicago White Sox implicated in the 1919 scandal was Shoeless Joe Jackson, who had joined the team in 1915. During the

five previous years, playing with the Cleveland Naps, Jackson had a close relationship with another batboy, Herman "Hickey" Wexler.

Wexler was an ordinary Cleveland kid who loved the game. He got the job in one of the conventional ways: he hung around League Park. In those days, a kid who charmed a player might get lucky enough to accompany his hero onto the field and catch a few ground balls before the game started. On a spring day in 1911, that's just what the eleven-year-old Wexler did. Nap Lajoie took him into the park.

Wexler was good enough at fielding grounders that he was kept on as the Nap mascot. Although his duties were probably more like the modern batboy's than Eddie Bennett's were, Wexler did his part to accommodate the superstitions that were such an integral part of the early game. A contemporary newspaper photo shows Wexler (known early on as Heinie) carefully spitting on the barrel of Jackson's bat. The caption reads, "Heinie Wexler helps Joe solve (Yankees' pitcher) Russell Ford, an old hoodoo."

In addition to his mentor Lajoie, Wexler developed a special rapport with Shoeless Joe. For Jackson, Hickey gladly took on an added duty that his modern counterparts have probably not had to perform. After every game the two of them would get the final edition of the daily paper. Wexler would read Jackson the game story and the box score. "He always wanted to know how many hits he got." Jackson, a country boy from South Carolina, could neither read nor write.

Although the early batboys were often taken on for reasons different from today's, their actual duties have remained virtually unchanged. Decades of fans have seen the batboy kneeling near the on-deck circle like an ardent suitor, one knee on a folded towel. There is the occasional flicker of motion as he retrieves the bat left in the wake of a fleeing baserunner or darts onto the field to pick up the pieces of a bat broken in a powerful swing. Before each hitter comes to the plate, the batboy has made sure the player is armed with bat, batting helmet and other weapons in the clubhouse arsenal.

But there is much more to the batboy's job than the fan will ever see. "Most people don't realize what goes into being a batboy, how many hours you spend at the ballpark," says Jay Mazzone. "For a regular single game, an evening game, I might spend ten hours at the ballpark."

One standard pre-game job is to sort the players' mail. For night games at Los Angeles Coliseum, batboy Rene Lachemann (now a coach with the A's) arrived at four o'clock, earlier than he would as a player. "The office was way on the other side of the stadium, a couple of blocks away from the clubhouse. You had to go there, pick up the mail, sort it out. Get dressed, take out the bats to the dugout, go for this, go for that."

Next the batboys and the clubhouse men put clean laundry in the players' lockers. Brian Sherriffe remembers his routine in the A's clubhouse: "For a seven-thirty start, we'd have to be there at three-thirty in the afternoon. Al Zych, who was the clubhouse manager, would have all of the underwear dried, and we would hang (it) up in the lockers. All of the underwear and socks, the white hose for the outside socks, would all have numbers on them. You'd learn where each locker was. Everything would have to be hung up very neat on hangers."

Twenty years earlier, when Stan Strull worked in the Dodgers clubhouse, getting the laundry done was a lot more complicated than washing it in the clubhouse machines and hanging it up. This was before the advent of synthetic fabrics, and the players' soiled "sweatshirts, jockstraps and things like that" couldn't just be tossed in the washer. To make matters worse, when the Dodgers had games on consecutive days, there wasn't enough time in between to send the sweaty clothing to the cleaners. "They didn't wash (the players' clothing) after each wearing like they do today. . . . They would wash them maybe when they had an off day. They would send them out to a laundry. I used to (take) a couple of laundry bags on my shoulders, hike up the hill a couple of blocks from the ballpark, leave it there and pick it up the next day or maybe later that day." As a stopgap measure, after every game the sodden sweatshirts were hung overnight in the gas-operated clubhouse dryer. The next day Strull would put the sweatshirts—dried but unwashed—in the players' lockers. The odor, he recalls, was palpable.

As the players begin to filter into the clubhouse, the batboy is on call to run errands, to fetch and carry equipment, food and drinks. "I used to order sandwiches for the players," recalls Stan Strull. "In those days, they had on the wall what they called a 'swindle sheet.' Any time a player sent you out for a sandwich, Coke, piece of cake, gum, chewing tobacco, they had to mark it up there. And they paid the clubhouse man; every payday they used to square things away."

The next round of duties involves preparing for batting practice. The batboy takes all of the equipment that will be used out of the storage room. He stows each player's bats and helmet in their proper cubbyholes in the dugout racks. Other equipment brought up at this time includes donut weights, the sausage-shaped rosin bag and the pine tar rag.

During batting practice, the batboy might shag fly balls or warm up a player with a game of catch. Jay Mazzone recalls shagging flies wearing a catcher's mitt. Mazzone would put his right hand "in the thumb-hole of the catcher's mitt, because it was a big space for the thumb and of course plenty of padding." Curt Blefary, an O's outfielder and occasional catcher who

was particularly friendly with Mazzone, was delighted by the kid's ingenuity and gave him one of his spare mitts to use.

While shagging, Mazzone kept a sharp eye out for his equipment. "During batting practice you have to generally police out your area on the field. You don't want to take away the things they're working with, but you don't want to leave too much clutter on the field where somebody could trip over it or get hurt."

When batting practice is over, the batboy has to replace the equipment and attend to numerous other chores. "I have to get the Gatorade ready, mix the Gatorade up myself," says Phillies batboy Mike Fink. "There's a certain order for the bats to be in, the lineup order. I am sure everything's in order, get the pine tar rags out, make sure everything's ready." Stan Strull used the time between practice and the game to put the batting-practice clothing into the gas dryer. During the game he would have to run into the clubhouse and take it out.

Then comes the game itself. "As soon as the game started, that was the easiest part," says Lachemann. "You'd just go ahead watching the game, . . . enjoying watching major league baseball." Fink concurs. "The game, I have a good time. I try to stay out of the way. . . . If there's a foul ball, I have to get (it). I have to keep supplying the umpire with balls. You have to be quick. You can't go out there and loaf, because you don't want to hold up the game."

"The real work of the batboy started when the game was over," recalls Jim Lefebvre. First, the bats, helmets and other equipment are cleared from the field and the dugout and returned to the equipment room. Then there's the laundry. "Professional ballplayers, to work for them, it's like having thirty-five kids," says Jay Mazzone. "When they're done, the uniforms are ripped off and they're thrown in the middle of the floor; their underwear and everything is just chucked in the showers and there's towels all over the shower. . . . Then we actually do the laundry there."

Once the clubhouse is empty of players, the batboy has to tidy it up for the next day's assault. The floors are swept; the shower room is mopped; the players' toilet articles are straightened. "The shaving cream and after-shave bottles, they never have the lid on them; you have to make sure all that stuff is cleaned up," Mazzone remembers.

But the batboy's night is far from over. There still remains one job that every batboy remembers for the rest of his life: sitting alone in the clubhouse and shining shoes—often over sixty pairs of them—into the wee hours. Brooklyn outfielder George Shuba recently recalled that after his first day in the majors, "Stanley Strull stood in front of my locker. I asked him what he was waiting for and he said, 'I need your shoes.' 'Why do you want my shoes?' 'I have to shine them.' I was

really surprised. They never did that for us in Mobile."

Rene Lachemann explains the process. "Each player used to use about two pairs of shoes [one pair for batting practice, the other for the game]. First you had to wire-brush the bottoms to get all the dirt off. Then you'd wipe the shoe off. At that time, there was no wipe-on shoe polish. You had the saddle soap polish that you had put on and then, after you let that dry, you had to buff it. . . . You got about sixty-four pairs of shoes, that's quite a lot."

Even with wipe-on polish, it was not always easy, as Brian Sherriffe learned. "The A's at that time, I believe, were the only team with white shoes . . . Those were just terrible. They were not only white, but they had green stripes. You couldn't just throw [the polish] on; you had to be careful. Now, we're talking eighty-two games a year. The novelty of cleaning Reggie (Jackson's) shoes wears off after about two hours." It could have been worse. At least the team's batting-practice shoes were black.

When the last shoe is shined the batboy heads for home. Often it is one or two in the morning. He will return to the clubhouse in the early afternoon for the next evening's game. "I was accustomed to working ten, twelve hours a day," says Strull. By comparison, he adds, "coming to the police department was a snap." Lachemann asserts that a lot of kids would give their eyeteeth to be a batboy, but "when [they] get to have to do the work, I don't know how long they would last." His advice to aspirants to the job? "Make sure you understand that you're not going to get too many hours of sleep at night." But, he adds, "If you get the job, it's the chance of a lifetime."

A chance to do what?

For one thing, it's a chance to be a celebrity, if only a minor one. Bill Domhoff remembers receiving fan mail, "mostly from girls 13 to 15." One 1952 letter, from a fifteen-year old name Gail in Cannelton, Indiana, was addressed only, "Bill Domhoff, Rocky River, Ohio." It reached him.

For many kids, being the batboy gives them the opportunity to witness baseball's dramatic moments at ringside. In 1951, when he was the visitors' batboy, Domhoff watched Bob Feller's third no-hitter from the Detroit bench. "Everytime I handed a bat to one of the Tigers I hoped it wasn't a bat with a base hit in it," he said.

Brian Sherriffe missed out on a once-in-a-lifetime experience. The A's employed crews of three batboys on each side; the kids rotated batboy and clubhouse duties. As luck would have it, Sherriffe spent May 8, 1968 in the clubhouse. It was the night Catfish Hunter threw his perfect game. "If I remember right, I managed to see the last pitch," Sherriffe says. "But I listened to that whole game on the radio in the clubhouse."

Batboys may get to witness more intimate baseball dramas. For Firestone, working as a batboy was a chance to be a fly on the clubhouse wall. He knew even then—and was undoubtedly reminded of it when he became a professional sportscaster—that players were very closed-mouthed about their private lives whenever a journalist was in the clubhouse. But as a fourteen-year-old “nonentity,” Roy was unthreatening, and as a result was privy to all sorts of juicy gossip: “who slept with who the night before; who got laid the night before; what kind of guy this guy is; what a putz this guy is. It was great. I was all ears.” Firestone would get so engrossed that the clubhouse manager would have to scream at him, “Quit listening and get to work!”

Roy Firestone also had an unwelcome chance to observe O’s manager Earl Weaver’s explosive temper firsthand. “He’d scare me when he’d go into his rages in the dugout, but he didn’t do it much. It was spring training, after all.” However, on one occasion, as the trip north drew near, Weaver launched a tirade against infielder Bobby Grich. “He screamed at Bobby a lot when (Grich) was just a rookie. I think he made Bobby cry once, which was really kind of strange [to a fourteen-year-old kid]. I never saw an adult athlete cry. Athletes aren’t supposed to cry.”

Most batboys seem to take it all in stride. Rene Lachemann discovered that “once you come in the clubhouse, you realize that baseball players are regular human beings.” When Stan Strull worked in the Dodgers clubhouse he already had the low-key, unflappable attitude that would later serve him well in the station house. There were no shattered illusions because he had none to shatter. The players were “just guys” to him. “Maybe I’m different than a lot of people,” he admits. Although he liked all of the players, he confesses that “I can’t say that I worshipped any of those guys.”

When the batboy first joins the team he is more observer than participant, someone on the fringes of the banter and camaraderie. Many batboys speak of having gone through a tacit trial before they felt they had fully arrived. When Jay Mazzone first moved over to work in the hometeam clubhouse, he would sense that the players were treading a little lightly around him. “A lot of guys, they talked to me, but . . . it was like they were watching me, or didn’t want to ask me for something, or didn’t want to say anything about my hands.”

He remembers the incident that changed all that. Like many teams, the Orioles convened their own “kangaroo court” to deal with players accused of minor infractions of team rules. The defendant was tried by a jury of his teammates, who voted—thumbs up or thumbs down—to determine the verdict. Guilty parties had to pay a nominal fine. One day early in Mazzone’s first year as the home batboy, he passed through the

clubhouse while court was in session. Frank Robinson, magisterial in his dust-mop wig, had just called for a vote. The judge hollered after the batboy, “Hey, Jay. I didn’t see your vote. Fined two dollars for not voting.” “No, wait a minute, I voted thumbs up,” Jay said. Robinson replied, “I couldn’t see it. You gotta do something better than that.”

“Of course everybody got a big laugh out of it,” Mazzone recalls. “So it was my turn to get him back.” He and the clubhouse boy went into the back room. The clubhouse boy cut an enormous hand, with the thumb sticking up, from a piece of cardboard. They taped it to one of Jay’s hooks. “And I walked out there



Jay Mazzone

with my hand behind my back in time for the next vote. And I said, ‘Now, there. Can you see it now?’” Mazzone felt that the episode marked the beginning of his acceptance as just another batboy. “After that, they talked to me just like anybody else. And they’d give me hell just like they’d give anybody else hell. And they’d send me out after something if they wanted it. I really became part of the ballclub, so to speak, after that.”

Not every batboy achieves a sense of belonging. As Brian Sherriffe notes ruefully, “My first fantasy was banished opening night. My first impression of the players was [that] they weren’t as mature as I thought they would be . . . They were a little bit spoiled and very removed. It was the exception to be nice if you were a ballplayer.” Of course, he readily acknowledges,

there were ballplayers he did get on with. The 1968 A's were a young team, not quite the dynasty of the early '70s yet, and the friendliest player among them was also the oldest, outfielder Floyd Robinson. "He sort of took me under his wing. He was definitely different from the other guys." Perhaps the young A's felt threatened by Sherriffe, who at seventeen was nearly as old as some of the highly touted Oakland rookies.

Bill Domhoff has an insight based on his own experiences that may shed some light on Sherriffe's friendship with Robinson. Now a professor of sociology at the University of California at Santa Cruz, Domhoff is one of the foremost analysts of American class structure. He brings a sociologist's insight even to his recollections of the Indians clubhouse.

"Certain people were very good to me," he notes. "Only later did I understand, sociologically, what was going on. The people that were marginal, sociologically speaking, were the ones that were good to me. The black players were good to me; the Jewish guy, Al Rosen, was good to me; Bobby Avila, the Mexican, was good to me; the players that were . . . at the end of their career, like a guy named Heeney—or Hank—Majeski, he was good to me, kind of fatherly. Mike Garcia, a Mexican, [Californian, of Mexican-Indian descent] he was good to me. I only understood that fully later; it was a puzzle to me [then]. . . . I was a marginal person, this little white guy lost in a sea of baseball players."

Other batboys, however, may share Mike Fink's feeling: "It's because they're playing a kid's game that you can relate to them." For the batboy who feels accepted, there is a genuine sense of *esprit de corps*, of being a part of a major league team. As sociologist Domhoff observes, "The camaraderie, it's typical male bonding, but it's really serving a function there, if it doesn't at other places. Because you've got to keep people on an even keel to play baseball (162) games a season . . . Such a role was played then by all the card games and all the teasing and all the bull. Keeping people so they could get out there and concentrate on baseball day after bleeping day after bleeping day."

It has often been remarked that the horseplay and pranksterism that take place in major league clubhouses serves precisely this function. Batboys often find themselves in the middle of such clowning around.

Merritt Riley, a Yankee batboy in the later 70s, remembers Yankee pitcher Joe Cowley as a perennial clubhouse victim. "If he was out for batting practice, running laps, they'd tear his locker apart. Rudy May would cut his pants in half." As Riley soon learned, it wasn't just the players who were the butt of practical jokes, Riley's boss, veteran clubhouse manager Pete Sheehy, often allowed batboys to stay overnight in the manager's office when a day game followed a night game. "If you were sleeping, he would take an ice cube and put it on you and it would melt on you. You woke

up and felt like you had wet your pants."

Participating so fully in the life of the club is a mixed blessing. One side effect is that the batboy begins to share the moods of the team. "I feel like I'm part of the team, even though I'm not playing," confides Mike Fink. "I've become close to the players. When we're winning everybody's happy. When you lose, one loss isn't bad; two, you don't get down. More, . . . I can't get down, because if you're down it might rub off on some of the players."

Jay Mazzone concurs. "I really felt a part of the team. I felt like I was one of the guys, sort of. I guess I didn't have a feeling of [losing] as a competitive loss, but as a sympathetic feeling of failure." Mazzone seldom goes back to Memorial Stadium, which he attributes directly to having once had that sense of belonging. "I felt so much a part of the team when I was there. To go back, as a spectator, it's not the same thing. It's not like being part of the team."

Perhaps the sense of belonging is most strongly felt on the road. Most batboys are allowed to make one road trip with the team each season. Brian Sherriffe remembers his first road trip, to Anaheim, as "the greatest thing I ever did in my life." Stan Strull recalls the excitement of traveling with the Dodgers on their Western trip. In those days that meant Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, all by train. "You watch the card games, look out the window at the scenery." For city boy Strull, as for many batboys, this was his first travel, "My family didn't even have a car."

Bill Domhoff still recalls with pleasure the time several of the Indians' black players, including Luke Easter, Larry Doby and Suitcase Simpson, spirited him off for a night on the town in Detroit in 1952:

They take me in this car, we get in this big, beautiful car, and I'm in there with these four or five guys. And we drive, and the only thing I could think of was "Heart of Darkness." We're driving into the heart of bleeping darkness. We go into this ghetto, and here I am from this all-white suburb, and we are in the middle of this whole other world. The image I have of it now is we drove through poverty, poverty, poverty and then all of a sudden we break out into something nice. And we go to this elegant restaurant, all-black restaurant. We sit down to dinner with four black women. Big black women; in my eyes, older black women. I mean, there are no teenagers in this gang! . . . So we have dinner, and then we go to this black-and-tan nightclub, which was a gas. All the [players] say, "Aw, we're not going to let him drink; he's only fourteen or fifteen!" And I'm just having the time of my life, and I think they probably knew that I had never seen anything like this in my life. They just treated me so great; they were such good guys. I mostly just sat there in awe and amazement, watching the dancing and the banter. But it was just wonderful the way they took me into that life, and it was just the highlight of the trip.

On an Eastern trip with the A's, Brian Sherriffe had characteristic encounters with two very different baseball personalities. The '68 A's included a young outfielder in his second major league season by the name of Reggie Jackson. When the team was in Cleveland, Jackson hit his nineteenth home run of the year. "The next morning we got the papers," Sherriffe recalls. "These guys all read the papers—they know the top ten in home runs; they know everything about the leaders. That's their big thing, to get in the leaders column." The home run had placed Jackson in the leaders column for the first time in his career. "He cut that out; I remember him showing it to me," Sherriffe says. "This is '68, before anybody had heard of this guy. He said, 'You see this? This is what I'm going to be famous for. I'm gonna be a home-run hitter. I don't care about anything else; I'm gonna be famous for this. This is *my* thing.'"

The A's continued on to New York. One day Sherriffe was about to set out from the hotel for

Yankee Stadium. As he passed through the lobby, Joe DiMaggio stopped him. At that time the Yankees' former star slugger was a hitting coach with the A's. "Come on, kid," DiMaggio said. "Let's just walk. Let's walk, and then we'll get a cab. I'll show ya." A native Californian whose baseball idol was Willie Mays, Sherriffe was unprepared for what happened next. "We were walking down the street and . . . that's when I realized how big this guy was. He was stopping traffic. And I thought, 'Man, this is really something. . . . He might have been as good as Willie Mays. This must be what it's like to walk with Willie Mays down the street.' That was an experience," Sherriffe remembers. "Just walking, realizing at seventeen who Joe DiMaggio was. I really didn't have a clue before then."

Batboys share the glamor of major league baseball in many small ways. And though they go unnoticed for the most part, they serve a vital function. While the pay may be small and the work hard, they come away with valuable experience and priceless memories.

'50s FIGURES: 8

8 is the most consecutive games in which one player has been able to hit at least one home run. Current All-Star Don Mattingly tied this record in 1987. It was originally set by a journeyman player who got into his only All-Star Game in 1956 largely because of his record-setting streak in May of that year. He was Dale Long, a minor-league slugger who had played with 16 different professional clubs before finally landing a starting job in the majors with the Pirates in 1955. The next year the 30-year-old first baseman made headlines by hitting one home run in each of eight games in a row, breaking the old record of six with a game to spare. Here is the rundown of his homers:

Date	Opp.	Pitcher	Inn.	Men			
				On	AB	R	H-RBI
May 19	Chi	Jim Davis	8th	1	3	1	2 4
May 20 (1)	Mil	Ray Crone	5th	2	3	1	1 3
May 20 (2)	Mil	Warren Spahn	1st	1	5	1	2 4
May 22	StL	Herm Wehmeier	6th	0	4	1	3 1
May 23	StL	Lindy McDaniel	7th	0	3	1	1 2
May 25	@Phi	Curt Simmons	5th	1	5	1	1 3
May 26	@Phi	Ben Flowers	8th	0	4	2	2 1
May 28	Bkn	Carl Erskine	4th	0	4	1	1 1

At least five of the drives traveled over 400 feet, and there wasn't a "cheap" homer in the bunch. When Long broke the old record on May 26th, the Pirates tore up his old \$14,000 contract and gave him a new one with a magnanimous \$2,500 raise. His streak was stopped by Don Newcombe of Brooklyn, who held Long hitless in four trips on May 29th.

'50s FIGURES: 16

16 is the major league record for consecutive times reaching base safely. This would, of course, be a great hot streak for some regular starting player. But it was set by Ted Williams coming off the sick list after missing two weeks of the 1957 season with a severe chest ailment. The first three plate appearances of the streak were as a pinch-hitter, because Williams was still too ill to play a full game. When he finally got into the starting lineup, he had three straight perfect days at the plate. Here is the day-by-day rundown of the record:

- Sept. 17 vs. K.C. - Hit pinch home run off Tom Morgan
- Sept. 18 vs. K.C. - Walked as pinch-hitter by Tom Gorman
- Sept. 20 at N.Y. - Hit pinch homer off Whitey Ford
- Sept. 21 at N.Y. - Walked and homered versus Bob Turley, walked twice by Tommy Byrne
- Sept. 22 at N.Y. - Walked and homered versus Tom Sturdivant, singled and walked versus Bob Grim
- Sept. 23 at Was. - Singled and walked versus Ralph Lument, walked by Russ Kemmerer, walked by Don Minnick, hit by pitch by Dick Hyde

His streak was ended by Hal Griggs, who induced Ted to ground out in his first at bat at Washington on September 24.

Baseball's Biographer: Dr. Harold Seymour

MICHAEL BURKE

EVERYBODY THINKS IF you're writing on baseball you're a fan," says Dr. Harold Seymour, author of three volumes on the history of the sport.

Dr. Seymour has a unique perspective on the national pastime. He lived the game too intimately in his younger days to revert to being an armchair fan, and he has researched its history too thoroughly to hold any illusions of its purity. When he talks of the professional, semi-pro, and amateur teams he knew in the 1920s and 1930s, his viewpoint is that of the dugout, rather than the bleachers. For Dr. Seymour, baseball is still very much a game, but it is a game played according to the philosophy of John McGraw and Ty Cobb, whom he tried to emulate: you play to *win*.

For the past four winters ("That's what I remember — winters," he says) Dr. Seymour has lived in Keene with his wife, Dorothy Z. Seymour, a former teacher and a freelance writer and editor. But for three seasons in the 1920s Dr. Seymour was a batboy at Ebbets Field, two summers for visiting teams and one for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and played high school and college baseball, organized and managed amateur and semi-pro teams in Brooklyn, and acted as a "bird dog," or unofficial scout, for major league teams. He worked in a contracting business with his father on the New York waterfront during World War II. Before and afterwards he taught college history, earning his Ph.D. from Cornell University. His dissertation topic was the rise of baseball in America.

"I always wondered," he says, "how can I use my knowledge of baseball? Why not make some study of it?" One of his professors at Cornell was doubtful, but with another's encouragement he went ahead. "I didn't

want to knock myself silly on all this if it wasn't something I was interested in," he says. "You don't do so well when you're not interested, naturally."

The doctoral dissertation became the basis for Dr. Seymour's first book, "Baseball: The Early Years" (1960), covering the period from the game's beginnings in the mid-nineteenth century up to 1903. A second volume, "Baseball: The Golden Age" (1971), brings the reader to 1930. The third volume, "The People's Game," is the history of non-professional baseball. A fourth volume has been planned as well, Dr. Seymour says, "if I live that long."

Both of the first two volumes were well received nationwide, as well as in England, Italy, and Japan, but Dr. Seymour says that initially he had to put up with some condescension and misunderstandings on the part of his fellow academics. "I'd go to history meetings later, and I had this first volume out by that time, and they'd come up and they'd find that I had published," he says. "And two of these smart guys said, who was the publisher? I guess they thought it was one of these — what do you call them, 'vanity publishers.' I said 'Oxford University Press.' It was like slapping them in the face. They couldn't believe it."

Dr. Seymour's initiation into baseball, and life in general, took place on the streets of New York. "You couldn't avoid baseball in Brooklyn," he says. "It was mostly sandlot. I grew up in Flatbush, in a very cosmopolitan neighborhood." The boys Dr. Seymour grew up with played stickball, handball, punchball — teams

This interview was conducted by MICHAEL BURKE and appeared in revised form in Leisure Weekly in Keene, N.H.

of five or six in the streets, no catcher, no bats, with the "hitter" throwing the ball up and hitting it with his hand down the streets while he ran the bases — and hardball in a former lumberyard.

The boys played until they were chased out of the streets by police, or shooed away by irate neighbors afraid their windows might be broken, or until a fight broke things up. Nevertheless, they tried to settle disputes on their own — there were no mothers likely to intervene — and Seymour thinks this experience was far better than Little League's attempts at "democracy."

Already Seymour had become a student of the game. "I knew a lot about baseball at that early age," he says now. "I'd read all the baseball literature that was around — (John) McGraw's "Thirty Years of Baseball" — I didn't know any better, I thought he wrote it, but he had a ghostwriter. Matty's [Christy Mathewson] book was worthwhile — "Pitching in a Pinch." They republished it a few years ago, after all these years. Later on I got Ethan Allen's books. They were the best. He played outfield for Cincinnati, and he really described the strategy of the game, how to play the various positions, teamwork, and all the rest of that. He was a big-league ballplayer, and he knew what he was talking about."

Dr. Seymour admits that in the beginning he too wanted to make it to the major league, but says, "I had the sense not to pursue it. I got over that fast, mostly because I knew enough about baseball to know I'd never make it."

He and his friends used to wander around Brooklyn in their spare time, and one day they wandered into Ebbets Field, where they were told they'd get free tickets for the bleachers if they picked up papers from the stands. They didn't know what the bleachers were, but they picked papers, got to see a game between the Dodgers and the Cincinnati Reds, and were quickly impressed with the sight of grown men in clean, colorful uniforms playing baseball. After that, Dr. Seymour says, "The idea was, how do you sneak in?"

They used to slide under half-open gates, sneak into the park early in the morning and hide until the paying crowd filtered in, work at the turnstile for fifty cents and admission around the sixth or seventh inning, or hang around outside the "pass gate" hoping for an extra ticket or waiting to dash past an unwary policeman into the park. It was on one of these latter occasions that Babe Hamburger, the Dodger's clubhouse man at the time, noticed Seymour outside the gate and asked him if he wanted to watch bats for the Dodgers' doubleheader that day with Cincinnati. Seymour had no idea what this meant, but all he wanted to do was get in, so he readily accepted.

For the next two summers Seymour would be the batboy for visiting clubs at Ebbets Field, wheeling and carrying the bats into the park, running errands dur-

ing batting practice, catching pepper games behind home plate, and grabbing bats and providing the umpire with baseballs during the game. The third summer Seymour became batboy for the home club — not necessarily a promotion, he says, considering the state of the Dodger team at the time. He says the team was largely composed of good players in the twilight of their careers, and Brooklyn was lucky to finish in sixth place. The manager was Wilbert Robinson, known as "Uncle Robbie." Among the stars of that team: fastball pitcher Dazzy Vance: "Big Daz had to have his four days' rest."

Seymour also recalls spitballer Burleigh Grimes: "He was a tough guy. He was the one that didn't shave before games so he'd look belligerent. He threw that spitter and he didn't hesitate to knock down some of the hitters either. The way he liked to do it was to make them 'skip the rope' (throw it at their feet)."

Of outfielder Zack Wheat, Seymour says, "He was a great ballplayer. A slashing line-drive hitter."

A few of the ballplayers lived in the neighborhood and would watch the kids playing in the streets. "That was a close relationship," Seymour says. "You don't get that now with all this public relations stuff, and the big stadiums. It was a small field, and the fans would get on Robbie. The Brooklyn fans were red-hot. They'd yell down, 'Why don't *you* go in and pitch, Robbie?' and Robbie finally would get so damn mad he'd say, 'Who's that so-and-so?' He'd get up from the dugout: 'You damn so-and-so!' And the players would laugh their heads off."

After graduating from the Brooklyn public schools, Seymour went to Drew University in New Jersey and helped form its first baseball team. That first season the team was a "Humpty Dumpty" team. The manager was Sherman Plato Young, professor of Latin and Greek, and when at the first team meeting Dr. Young asked if there were any questions, Seymour piped up. "Are we gonna play to win, or what?" Taken aback, Dr. Young answered that they would.

Unfortunately, before the season started Dr. Young was stricken with appendicitis and replaced by a local high school gym teacher. "He didn't know the first base from home plate," Seymour says. "He was terrible." The gym teacher didn't last, and was replaced by Seymour, elected unanimously by his teammates to run the team. "I wish I hadn't," he says, "because my old high school team could have run them off the field." But they did the best they could, with Seymour managing and playing first base, a la Pete Rose, and they won one game — the season finale, complete with "a pop-up nobody wanted" which Seymour caught for the final out, and with a recovering Dr. Young banging his cane excitedly on the bench. "He wanted to send a telegram (back to the university)," Seymour says wryly, "so I suggested he use Caesar's famous mes-

sage, 'Veni, vidi, vici' — 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' and just pluralize it." The team had winning seasons the following years when it got additional competent players.

During both high school and college Seymour continued to form and run amateur and semi-pro teams, teaching them the fine points of individual and team play, forming a new team as the preceding one pro-



Harold Seymour, 1B and Captain, Drew University, 1930-34.

gressed into the semipro ranks, and handling two at a time, one on Saturday and one on Sunday. One such team was actually both: a group whose age averaged 17 and three months, who played on Saturdays as the Crestons, 1936 champions of the Brooklyn Amateur League and the first team he ever entered in the league; they played on Sundays as the Camden Minor Leaguers, playing against older men who generally looked down on them and usually beat them. Not without a fight, however. Seymour managed after John McGraw's rules, and ran a professional operation — designing the players' uniforms, holding "an honest raffle" to raise money, and fining players for missing signs, loafing, or making "bonehead plays."

"When you're managing a ballclub, the biggest thing you have to do is to make a decision and not play it safe," Dr. Seymour says. "You have to gamble, if it's an

intelligent gamble, and be ready to face it if it doesn't work. I used to tell them, 'If this thing doesn't work I'm a bum; if it does work I'm a genius. But I don't want any second-guessing.'"

Seymour taught the fundamentals, but he also had a few tricks up his sleeve. Like the potato play. Potato play?

For critical situations, Seymour says. Like bases loaded, only one out, with his team playing "a tough Long Island club." Seymour gave his catcher a potato about the size of a baseball to keep in his pocket.

"We were in a jam," says Seymour. "He was to look over to me when it looked as though it would be time to work this play. So I gave him the sign. We didn't tell the rest of the team, because we wanted to be realistic. We fooled our own players as well. On the next pitch the catcher switched to the potato and threw intentionally wild to first base, presumably to pick off the runner. Our first baseman thought it was the ball. He jumped for it, but it landed in right field. (A wild potato!) So the runners started running and as they came home, our catcher just touched them out.

"Well, there was hell to pay. There was a mob scene of fans yelling. One came running in from right field with pieces of the potato in his hands as evidence. We got away with it, I guess because they didn't want us to walk off the field — they thought they could win anyway. They did win. My argument was simple: our catcher found this thing lying there and was just throwing it to get it out of the way. Finally I wound up saying, 'We can't help it if your dumb ballplayers don't know the difference between a potato and a baseball.' That was all the argument I could give them, and it was hard to keep a straight face while I was doing it."

Today's game is different, Dr. Seymour says, in a lot of ways. There are more home runs, for one thing. "You either strike out or it's out of the ballpark," he says of hitters Ty Cobb called "piano movers." "Now I know that changed when Ruth came in, but today it's a different game. Ring Lardner hated the new game. He liked the signs and skill and the science of the game. Some claim the black guys coming improved the game with so much running. There may something to that. It's hard to say about this kind of thing. It's like trying to say was Cobb better than Ruth. They're different eras."

Other signposts of the new game that Seymour excoriates include artificial turf, night games, and the designated hitter. He says, "one of baseball's beauties is that it's a balanced game. Nine guys, and they all have to do something. But you don't have some specialist coming in there. Of course a relief pitcher, that's a little bit different situation. In the old days they had relievers, but they didn't have these specialists."

Dr. Seymour thinks the game and its players have been put on a pedestal by the fans, so that we forget that baseball is a game and the players human beings.

"I read about 'role models' now. I guess if I had one it was Ty Cobb. I used to read everything in the New York Sun on him, and I saw him play. I just wrote a review of a book on him. Now it's shown that he was a driven man, a psycho. A great ballplayer, of course, maybe the greatest of them all. Maybe — it's hard to say. Ruth would certainly be in there. Ruth wasn't a specialist. He hit for average as well as for distance. And of course he was a star pitcher as well, but I don't think anyone ever hit a home run as he did. He was hitting when home runs were very unusual. He hit more home runs than the whole team, and way ahead of the league. But Cobb was the type of player who had this tremendous aggressive spirit, and he was not only fast but a daring and intrepid baserunner, constantly had the other team on the defense. He was an expert hitter, held his hands apart or slid the upper hand down, hit the ball, bunted — he was great at upsetting a team, crossing them up, pulling the unexpected, using all kinds of psychological tricks. Pete Rose was a top-flight hitter, but to compare Pete Rose with Ty Cobb is ludicrous."

Other players Seymour admires? "Jackie Robinson. I don't know how he ever stood it the way he did. I just can't imagine. They rode him from the bench, they called him everything, and they tried to chop him out of there. This book that came out recently on Jackie Robinson was wrong — it wasn't Joe Medwick who spiked him, it was Enos Slaughter. I was at the game, and if there was ever a deliberate spiking, that was it. That was disgraceful. Baseball is a pressure game, and

you can't improve yourself by getting mad, you've got to be calm and steady. Who the hell else ever had that put on them? And when they took the wraps off him and let him fight back, what happened? A sportswriter I knew from school said, 'Well, that's the nigger in him.' If he'd been talking about a white player, he'd have praised him as an aggressive ballplayer."

Dr. Seymour, for all his life's immersion in baseball and its history, is a man whose experience goes far beyond the diamond — into business, teaching, writing articles on education and other subjects — and he is adamant that there are far more important things to be concerned about than sports.

"Marx said that religion is the opiate of the people, and I don't have any quarrel with that, but it's been surpassed now by sports in America," he says. "How can they sit night and day, weekends, watching these football games, these pile-ups? I can't appreciate that. We played a little football in the fall, but I had enough sense to stay away from it. And basketball — they run up and down and try to build up a vocabulary of dunk shots and — it sounds so artificial. But it's a good game for kids in the street — all they need is one basket. All these games have their value, and kids should be playing them. But grownups — they live and die with the Red Sox and the Celtics. 'We are Number One.' They travel all over and they sit outside all night to get a ticket. It's unbelievable. You ask them a question on current affairs and they say, 'I don't know,' or 'I didn't read it.' Sometimes I wonder if we have a nation of morons. They don't know their history."

'50s FIGURES: 226-221

A clerical error by one of the voting members of the BBWAA committee may have kept Duke Snider from tying Roy Campanella in the 1955 National League Most Valuable Player balloting. Both Brooklyn stars received eight first-place votes, but the official point totals gave Campy a five-point edge over the Duke, 226-221. Campanella was named on all 24 ballots cast, while Snider was named on only 23. But on the ballot that failed to mention Snider, Campanella was listed *twice*, for first place and also for sixth place! When the BBWAA noticed this mistake, it could have chosen several remedies. It could have invalidated the ballot, which would have given Snider the prize, 221 to 212 for Campanella. Or it could have assumed that the voter actually meant to put Snider sixth but inadvertently wrote Campanella's name down again, instead. Although this seems to be the most logical explana-

tion for the slip-up, this would have left the two Dodgers tied for first place with 226 points each. Instead, the BBWAA altered the ballot in question by moving the names listed in seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth places up one slot and adding Jack Meyer to the final spot on the ballot. This may have been done in consultation with the writer who cast the vote, but since the BBWAA never publicly acknowledged the foul-up in the first place, this was never formally announced. Sid Keener in *The Sporting News* dug up the story but used it to advocate a change in the voting system, not a split of the award between Snider and Campanella.

In all, there have been five occasions in which two or more players received the same number of first-place votes and three other times in which the runner-up received more first-place votes than the award winner.

George Stallings Used a Midget Long Before Bill Veeck

You Could Look It Up

JOE OVERFIELD

ACCORDING TO THE LORE AND legend of baseball, two midgets played professionally — Pearl du Monville who was fictional and Edward Carl Gaedel who was not. A third, Jerry Sullivan, has been completely ignored, although he not only anteceded the other two but also outshone them, winding up his one-game career with a perfect batting mark. And thereby hangs this tale.

As history now is written, the first midget to become involved in the national pastime was a product of the fertile mind of author, humorist and artist, James Thurber. His acclaimed short story, "You Could Look It Up," which first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1941, is a whimsical yarn about the baseball fortunes, or, perhaps, misfortunes, of Pearl du Monville, a feisty, wise-cracking midget with a giant ego which ultimately leads to his downfall.

Thurber's story is told in the first person by the team's trainer (his name and the name of the team are never given) and the language is delightfully Stengelese. It begins when Manager Squawks Magrew meets Pearl du Monville in a Columbus hotel bar. One drink leads to another, and before long the midget is invited to accompany the team on its trip to St. Louis.

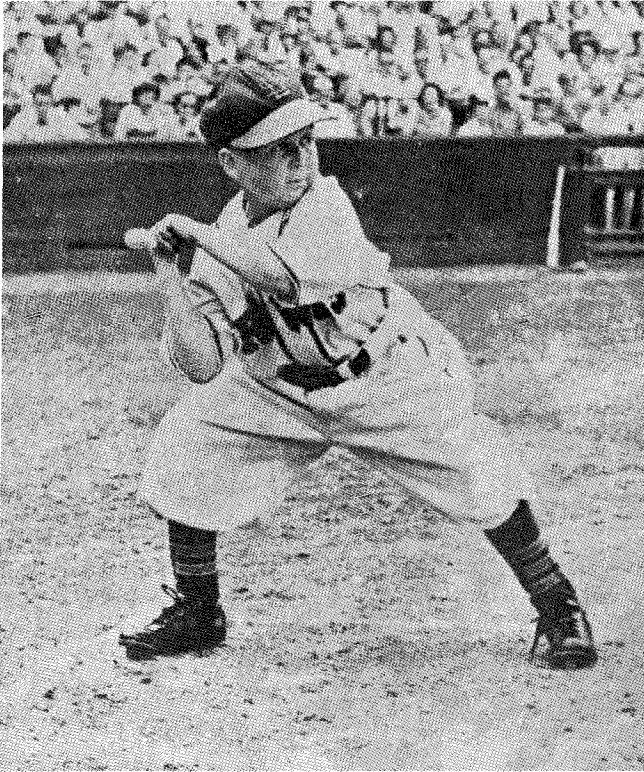
The first day in St. Louis, Squawks' team drops a doubleheader. Midway through the second game, the manager quits the dugout and is still missing when the game ends. The next day du Monville appears on the field in uniform, presumably to act as mascot. The game progresses to the first of the ninth with the score, 1-0, in favor of St. Louis. But with two outs, Squawks' men fill the bases, with Hank Metters, their best hitter, due at the plate. But hold on, here is

Magrew yelling: "I'm puttin' in a pinch hitter. Du Monville is battin' for Metters." Out of the dugout comes the midget, jauntily, bat in hand, exuding a confidence that is not shared by his teammates, who by now are in a state of shock. The umpire throws up his hands in dismay at this idiocy; the St. Louis manager rants and raves. But Squawks is ready. During his mysterious absence of yesterday he had secured a player's contract for Pearl, which he now flashes in the umpire's face. Finding the paper in order, the umpire, resignedly, yells, "Play ball!"

Pearl has received strict instructions from Squawks. He is to stand at the plate and wait for a walk, thus forcing home the tying run. "They ain't no pitcher in the league who can strike him out." Ball one! Ball two! Ball three! No way this strategy can fail, thinks Squawks. But he has underestimated the ego of his midget pinch-hitter. The next pitch drifts in as big as a balloon, and Pearl, with visions of the next day's headlines flashing through his mind, swings his toothpick bat with all the might his 35-inch frame can muster. The result is a dribbler in front of the plate. The catcher kicks it; the pitcher falls on his face, and the shortstop stumbles. Still time for the second baseman, though. He picks up the ball and fires to first. Pearl is out by 10 feet and the game is over.

Squawks is apoplectic. He rushes out on the diamond, grabs Pearl by the ankles, swings him around, hammer throw-style, and then flings him through the

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Eddie Gaedel

air in the general direction of center field. The center-fielder, who has come in close to the infield, sights the flying body and heads for the fence, looking around just in time to catch Pearl before he hits the ground. "He's out!" screams the base umpire, not realizing the game is already over.

Such is the curious tale of Pearl du Monville, midget ballplayer. "And, like I was sayin,'" concludes the fictional narrator, "you could look it up."

Eddie Gaedel was not fictional. His appearance in a major league game on August 19, 1951, was planned and perpetrated by baseball's greatest showman, Bill Veeck, owner of the futile St. Louis Browns. That year the American League was celebrating its golden jubilee. Veeck concocted a concurrent birthday celebration for his radio sponsor, Falstaff beer, and promoted a giveaway that included birthday cake, ice cream, and a midget can of beer. Between games of the Sunday doubleheader, a giant birthday cake was wheeled out to home plate. From it emerged midget Eddie Gaedel, not in the uniform of a bellhop (his usual occupation), but in St. Louis Browns garb with the number "1/8" on its back. Nothing too earthshaking so far. But in the last half of the first inning of the second game of the twinbill against Detroit, 18,386 fans were to witness something never before seen in a major league game. The leadoff hitter in the St. Louis lineup, Frank Saucier, did not go the plate as scheduled. In his place stood a pinch-hitter with his feet apart and his five-and-dime-store bat at ready, three-

foot, seven-inch, 65-pound Eddie Gaedel.

Pitcher Bob Cain and catcher Bob Swift of the Tigers could not believe their eyes, nor could umpire Ed Hurley, who stepped forward to halt the travesty. Out of the Browns' dugout trotted Manager Zack Taylor. Emulating to the letter Squawks Magrew in the Thurber story, he handed Hurley a signed and sealed contract for the midget pinch-hitter. Hurley looked it over, found it to be in order and signaled for play to begin. Just as in the Thurber story, the first three pitches were balls. But in Gaedel's case there was no surrender to ego. He watched ball four sail high and trotted to first base, as the crowd roared in disbelief. Gaedel waited at the bag until Jim Delsing appeared from the Browns' dugout. Eddie patted him on the rump and gave his base over to the pinch-runner.

Will Harridge, president of the American League, was outraged. He immediately declared the \$100-per-game contract null and void. "This is a conspiracy against little people," protested Gaedel, realizing his baseball career had summarily come to a conclusion. But he had had his day in the sun. Around his native Chicago, he became something of a folk hero, telling his story over and over in many a Windy City bar, where all too many listeners were more than happy to buy him drinks. He died in his mother's home in Chicago, June 18, 1961, at the age of 36.

It has often been written that Bill Veeck's caper was inspired by the Thurber story, and certainly there are many similarities. Bill denies this, however, in his book "Veeck As In Wreck." He said the idea came not from James Thurber but from John McGraw, famed New York Giant manager. When Veeck was a youngster, and his father, William Veeck, Sr., was president of the Chicago Cubs, the two of them were often regaled by McGraw's baseball yarns. McGraw often spoke of Eddie Morrow, hunch-backed mascot of the Giants, and swore that some day he would play him in a regular game. He never did, but on August 19, 1951, Eddie Gaedel became a real-life surrogate for Eddie Morrow. You can take out your baseball encyclopedia and look it up.

Yet long before Pearl du Monville and Eddie Gaedel, there was Jerry Sullivan of the 1905 Buffalo Bisons of the Eastern League. Though never immortalized in a short story or listed in an encyclopedia, Jerry Sullivan was, like Gaedel, an actual, factual player in a regular league game.

The 1905 season had been a disappointment to the Bisons and their manager George Stallings. They had won the pennant and the Junior World Series the year before, but here in September of 1905 the team was languishing in fifth place on its final road trip of the season. The time was ripe for something to lift the team from its late-season lethargy. At the Baltimore hotel where the Bisons were staying, Stallings and his



Manager George Stallings

men struck up a friendship with a midget actor named Jerry Sullivan, who was playing the part of "Little Mose" in a musical called "Simple, Simon, Simple," which had just opened at Baltimore's Academy of Music. The Baltimore Sun described it as "a newspaper cartoon play of major importance with a large cast that included 50 lively chorus girls." The three-hour performance required no fewer than 287 costumes.

Throughout his baseball life, George Stallings lived a contradictory existence. Off the field he was the quintessence of a Southern country squire. But on the field he was hot-tempered, profane, superstitious, and unpredictable. In Baltimore in 1905 he invited actor Sullivan to come out to Oriole Park to act as mascot for the Bisons. But Stallings may have had something else in the back of his mind. The next day, September 18, Sullivan arrived in a Bison uniform (no doubt whipped out by the acting company's overworked seamstress), was active in pre-game practice, and took to the coaching lines for two innings. But his spirited coaching did not help the Bisons, who trailed 10-2 going into the ninth.

Catcher Frank McManus singled to open the inning, bringing pitcher Stan Yerkes to bat. It was then that Stallings sent Jerry Sullivan to the plate, escorted by Rube Kisinger, resident clown and good-humor man of the Bisons. When Kisinger told umpire Charley Simmer that Sullivan was pinch-hitting, there was no objection from Oriole manager Hugh Jennings, and the arbiter announced, gravely, "Sullivan batting for Yerkes." The fans, of course, loved it.

Pitcher Fred Burchell of the Orioles was doubled over with laughter. He gained enough self-control to launch his first pitch, which was, predictably, high for

ball one. He wafted the next pitch toward the plate and no more than six inches off the ground. To everyone's amazement, the little man swung the bat, which was as long as he was tall, and lofted a gentle fly over third baseman Charley Loudenslager's head for a single. The embarrassed Burchell tried to pick Sullivan off first, but he scurried safely back, ducking between the legs of first baseman Tim Jordan who at 6-1 was almost twice Sullivan's size. Jake Gettman then singled, sending Sullivan to second. By this time Burchell was so distraught that he fired the next pitch five feet over his

BALTIMORE	AB	R	B	P	A	E	BUFFALO	AB	R	B	P	A	E
Neal, ss	5	3	3	1	6	0	Gettman, cf	5	2	3	3	0	0
Kelly, cf	5	3	3	2	0	0	McAlli'r	5	1	2	0	2	0
McAleese, rf	5	3	5	1	0	0	Deley, 1b,rf	5	0	3	9	1	0
Jordan, lb	4	1	3	10	0	0	Laporte, as	5	1	2	2	4	0
O'Hara, lf	3	0	1	1	0	0	Murphy, lb	1	0	0	5	0	0
Louden'r, 3b	4	0	1	0	4	0	Milligan, rf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Mullen, 2b	4	0	1	6	4	0	Miller, lf	5	0	1	2	0	0
Rvers, c	4	0	0	6	0	0	Nattress, 2b	5	0	1	0	3	0
Burchell, p	4	0	0	0	1	0	McManus, c	4	1	2	3	0	0
Total	38	10	17	27	15	0	Yerkes, p	3	0	0	0	4	0
							*Sullivan	1	1	1	0	0	0
							Total	41	6	16	24	14	0
Baltimore	4	3	0	3	0	0		0	0	x	—	10	
Buffalo	0	0	1	0	1	0		0	0	4	—	6	

*Sullivan batted for Yerkes in ninth inning.

Two-base hits—Jordan 2, Milligan, Mullen, McAleese. Sacrifice hits—O'Hara, Jordan. Double plays—Neal, Mullen, Jordan 2. First on balls—Off Burchell 1. Hit by pitcher—By Burchell 1. Struck out—By Burchell 3. Yerkes 2. Wild pitch—Burchell. Left on bases—Baltimore 7, Buffalo 8. Time—1:40. Umpires—Zimmer, Moran.

catcher's head, allowing Sullivan to amble to third, whence he scored on a single by Frank LaPorte. His headfirst slide into home drew a tremendous ovation from the crowd.

Said the Sun the next day: "Sullivan, the new acquisition, finished his first game leading the entire Eastern League. Though "Mose" made a valiant effort, he was unable to pull the Bisons out of the tall timber to which they had been driven by the chirping Orioles." (Final score: Baltimore 10, Buffalo 6.)

The next day, the Bisons, still laughing, left for Providence, while Jerry Sullivan resumed his more familiar role cavorting among "the 50 lively chorus girls." It is not known what the future held for the tiny actor-turned-ballplayer, but the record for all time shows that he played for the Buffalo Bisons in a regular Eastern League game, had a hit, scored a run and batted a perfect 1.000.

You could look it up.

The Rube Arrives

JOE A. SCOTT

ALTHOUGH HIS OWN SELF-DESTRUCTIVE immaturity held back his career at the beginning and quickened its end, Rube Waddell was one of the most talented pitchers in the history of the game. His lack of discipline led every one of his managers to suspend him at least once, and he achieved lasting success under only one skipper, Connie Mack. Mack was more tolerant of the Rube's transgressions and better able to channel the pitcher's natural exuberance toward the task of winning ballgames and pennants. Never was this demonstrated more dramatically than in 1902, when Mack lured Waddell out of California in midseason and got him to win 24 games in less than three months to help the Tall Tactician win the first of his nine American League pennants.

Prior to 1902, George Edward Waddell had been a pitcher of great potential but disappointing results. A farm boy from northwestern Pennsylvania, Eddie made his professional debut with Louisville of the National League in September of 1897. But his wild behavior led to trouble with manager Fred Clarke, and he was optioned to Detroit in the Western League the following spring. But after pitching just nine games for the Tigers, Rube jumped the club and joined a semi-pro outfit out of Chatham, Ontario.

Signed again by Louisville for 1899, Clarke farmed him out to a different Western League club, Columbus. Although the franchise was shaky (transferring to Grand Rapids in July), Waddell was a big success, leading the league with 26 wins. This earned him a recall to Louisville at the end of the season, where he added another seven victories.

With the consolidation of the Louisville and

Pittsburgh N.L. clubs, Waddell started the 1900 season with the Pirates. He hurled a shutout in his first start but was erratic and often in Clarke's doghouse. Finally on July 7 he was suspended by the exasperated manager. Defiantly Rube decamped to Punxsutawney, Pa., to pitch for \$25 per game. Two weeks later, Clarke arranged to option the lefthander to Milwaukee in the newly-renamed American League (the Western League of previous seasons).

The Brewers' manager was Connie Mack, and he was familiar with Waddell's previous triumphs and tribulations in the Western League. He was canny enough to give Waddell a loose rein, allowing him to take his fishing trips but seeing to it that Rube was back in time for his next scheduled assignment. In six weeks with Milwaukee, Waddell won 10 games, tied two more, and lost only three. His most dramatic performance came in a doubleheader against the first-place Chicago White Sox on August 19, when Rube won a 17-inning, 3-2 marathon in the opener and then blitzed to a 1-0 win in the five-inning nightcap.

His fine work led to his recall by Pittsburgh at the start of September. He won four games for the second-place Pirates and was rewarded with the opening-game start in the postseason Cup Series versus the pennant-winning Brooklyn Superbas. He finally seemed to be on his way to stardom, and his name was famous enough to warrant a vaudeville engagement during the off-season.

But 1901 brought the final breakaway from Clarke.

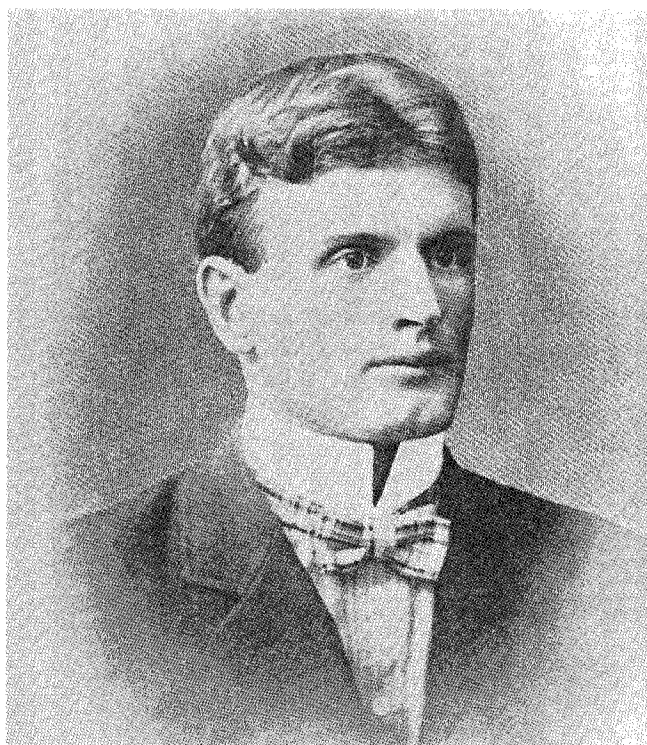
JOE A. SCOTT works as a computer networker in Menlo Park, California.

When they failed in their efforts to trade him to Boston, the Pirates gave Waddell a start in the second game of the season. After pitching six strong innings, Rube lost his poise in the seventh inning and was removed by a fuming Clarke. When he was knocked out of the box in the first inning of his next game, Clarke suspended him. Two days later the confused ballplayer was seen in the stands brandishing a revolver. The same night, Clarke got rid of him, selling his contract to the Chicago Nationals, whose manager, Tom Loftus, had had success with Waddell while running the Columbus/Grand Rapids team in 1899.

Even Loftus could not control the highstrung hurler. Waddell was suspended in July for missing practice but was soon reinstated, much to the disgust of his teammates. On August 1 he refused to play until \$20 in fines was restored to his paycheck. A week later he couldn't pitch in Pittsburgh because local authorities had warrants against him to collect unpaid debts that he had left behind. At the end of August he jumped the team entirely, pitching for semi-pro teams in Wisconsin in the fall.

In December he joined Joe Cantillon's West Coast barnstorming troupe. He went with the blessing of Chicago president James Hart, who ruefully predicted that Waddell would sign with every club west of Chicago. Hart was almost right. Rube liked the West Coast so much that he decided to stay, signing with the Los Angeles Looos for 1902 at a salary of \$275 per month. Not only was he the highest-paid player in the league, he was the most popular as well, especially with the ladies. His pictures appeared on billboards locally, and the Los Angeles Daily Times ran one photo spread that showed his "Grandstand Smile" and a barechested shot of his upper body and the "Arm Worth \$275 a Month." Beyond Waddell, however, the Looos were a mediocre unit, and Rube was pressed into outfield and first base duty when not pitching.

Meanwhile, back in Philadelphia, Connie Mack's Athletics of the aspiring American League had been decimated by a Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruling barring five of the players Mack had induced to jump from the Phillies from playing with the A's. As a result, Mack lost Nap Lajoie, Elmer Flick, and three pitchers. Needing a pitcher of Waddell's ability desperately, Mack dispatched an agent to California to capture the prize lefthander. Lured by a reported \$400 per month offer, Rube boarded a train in Los Angeles on June 10th with a ticket for Philadelphia. But Looos manager Morley got wind of the scheme just in time, boarded the train as it was about to leave and persuaded his impressionable star to stay in Los Angeles. Although Morley pocketed the ticket, Mack's man in California kept trying. On June 19, after Waddell had tied his own game with a home run in the top of the ninth only to see it lost in the bottom on an error by his catcher,



Rube Waddell

Rube was again ready to jump. This time the agent gave him a \$200 bonus, helped him sneak out of the Looos' San Francisco hotel without Morley noticing, and put him on the eastbound Santa Fe Limited.

Waddell's ballyhooed debut with the Athletics on June 26 was something of a bust. He allowed only seven hits but lost to Baltimore 7-3, thanks in part to three passed balls by catcher Mike Powers and four stolen bases by the Orioles. The loss dropped Philadelphia into fourth place.

But in his next start, Rube was masterful, shutting the Orioles out on two hits, while fanning thirteen and walking none. He even doubled home the game's first run. After catcher Ossee Schreckengost threw out the only two opposing baserunners, Waddell chose Schreck as his personal catcher for the rest of the season. This started Rube on a nine-game winning streak that included five wins over the other pennant contenders, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis. His 17-inning victory over Boston's Bill Dineen was the highlight of the streak.

The temperamental Rube of old reemerged on July 29, when he lost his temper after some well-phrased insults from the Browns and lost the game 3-1. After a tie and two more losses, Waddell regained his winning touch on August 11 with a brilliant, four-hit, 13-inning win in Detroit in which he tripled and scored the game's only run. Two days later in Philadelphia he shut out the Tigers again to start the Athletics on a six-game sweep in three days that catapulted the team into

first place. On the 16th he enraptured 18,765 fans by striking out 11 White Sox and besting Clark Griffith 2-1. Griffith turned the tables on him three days later, but Waddell bounced back on the 22nd with an eight-inning, one-run relief performance as the Athletics completed a three-game sweep of the Browns. Mack rewarded him with a short vacation before the team embarked on a critical western trip.

Excitable and gregarious, the bighearted 25-year-old country boy was an irresistible star. Using a powerful overhand motion, he launched his pitches with overpowering speed. Even his curveball was fast! When fame and females were smiling on him, he was excited about his work and willing to pitch as often as possible. Snorting and strutting around the mound, he was the whole show, and he seemed to be able to strike out any batter any time he wanted to. At Columbia Park in Philadelphia the home crowds adored him, and even on the road the fans couldn't help but cheer him on.

On the Athletics' road trip from August 27 through September 8 he did his most critical work. He beat the White Sox on the 28th and again on the 30th, knocking out a key hit in the eighth inning each time. In St. Louis he lost the Labor Day morning game, 5-1. In between games, he was offered \$7000 by the Cardinals to jump back to the National League in 1903. But with Mack attending the meeting, Rube claimed he should get \$10,000 and turned them down.

After losing the second game on September 1, the team left St. Louis with a lead of just one half-game over St. Louis and one game over Boston. En route to Detroit, their train was involved in a head-on collision in Peru, Indiana. No one was hurt, but the big pileup delayed their arrival in Detroit until just before game time. Although he had pitched a complete game the day before, Rube was pumped up by the wreck and by the heady salary talk and asked to pitch. Mack knew his star well enough not to deny him, and Waddell responded with a 5-1 victory. Mack let him skip the game the next day so he could visit his old buddies in Chatham. But the prodigal was back a day later to pitch six shutout innings as the Athletics completed a sweep of the series. The trip ended in Cleveland, where Rube won twice, pitching with just one day of rest each time. The team had been able to hold onto first place through an 8-8 trip thanks to six wins by Waddell.

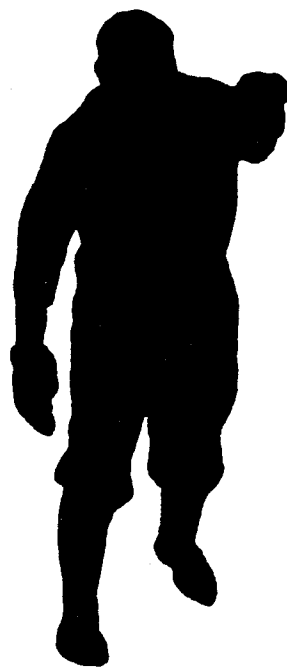
Upon returning home, they won a doubleheader against Baltimore on September 10 with Waddell picking up both victories in relief with a total of $9\frac{2}{3}$ innings pitched, giving him eight wins and one loss in a 14-day span. With no games left against the western teams, the only direct challenge to Philadelphia came from Boston. But the Athletics won five out of seven from

the Pilgrims over the next two weeks with Rube posting a 3-1 record in those games. That ended Waddell's season and virtually clinched the pennant.

And what a year it had been. From his debut with the Mackmen on June 26 through his final game on September 22, a span of 89 days, Rube Waddell pitched $276\frac{1}{3}$ innings, an average of over 9 innings every three days. Of his 33 games pitched, the Athletics won 25, tied one, and lost only seven, so he certainly made the difference for a team that won the pennant by a final margin of 5 games. Of his 27 starts, he completed 26 and left the other one after six innings with a 9-0 lead. In his six relief appearances he pitched $28\frac{1}{3}$ innings and allowed just two runs, enabling the A's to win all six, four by coming from behind. Waddell even had his best season at bat, posting a .286 average with 32 hits and 18 runs-batted-in. And all this on top of 49 games played, including 20 games pitched, in California.

He stayed with Philadelphia through the 1907 season and in the majors until August of 1910. Though his major-league career consisted of only eight full seasons and parts of five others, Rube Waddell was a Hall-of-Fame pitcher and a legendary personality. His fantastic start with the Philadelphia Athletics did more to ensure that status than any other chapter of his life. For never in the history of the game has a midseason acquisition from the minor leagues done as much to help his team win the pennant as Rube Waddell did in 1902, the year he finally arrived as a major-league star.

From Baseball Profiles by Michael Schacht



"He Pitched That One Crying"

Tragedy and Triumph: Bobo Newsom's 1940 World Series

MIKE ROSS

IT WAS THE DAY BEFORE the commencement of the 1940 World Series, and the family of Detroit Tiger pitching star Louis "Bobo" Newsom was on its way to Cincinnati for the opening game. The entourage included Bobo's sisters Eileen and Lillian, his wife Lucille, "Miss Fronny" the stepmother, and the father, Henry Quillan Bufkin Newsom.

During the boy's youth, Quillan had always stood firm on his attitude toward his son and baseball. The answer was always the same, "No. You do your school work, and then go out to the fields to pick cotton." Nevertheless, Bobo grew up fanatically disputing his elder's wishes and became a professional ballplayer. Quillan had seen his son pitch professionally only once, in the early days. But though he had been ailing seriously in recent months, when word came that Detroit had clinched the pennant, he decided on just a few days' notice to make the long and arduous journey.

Traveling north by train from Hartsville, South Carolina, they were a proud and happy family. On the Pullman, the father of a celebrity baseball star flirted with the stewardesses, saying, "I wish I felt better because I sure like talking to all you pretty girls." One of them responded good-naturedly that she did not know how he could possibly talk much more than he already had. Garrulity indeed ran in the family. Bobo was there to greet them at the station in Cincinnati, and when he saw his wife standing in a thin print dress he asked, "Where's your coat? It gets cold up here in October." But Lucille reminded him of his promise to buy her a fur coat if the Tigers won the pennant, and the promise was fulfilled.

With the slow and sick father, the family was late

arriving at Crosley Field the next day. The game was already in progress and Newsom was toiling on the mound. Because of the last-minute decision to come north, the Newsoms had been assigned seats in the upper tier. Though he was in pain, Quillan refused to ascend the ramp in a wheelchair for fear that Bobo would spot him and "get distracted with worry." So they trudged slowly up to their section.

Buck Newsom mastered the Reds with an eight-hitter, 7-2. "See you tomorrow," his family gleefully cried to the family of Birdie Tebbetts sitting behind them.

But for the proud Newsoms there would be no tomorrow.

Today their son Bobo was the brightest star in America. It was written that he had pitched "his most masterful game." Belying his reputation, he had been patient and helpful to reporters from all across the land. "He was calm, not bragging, and answered questions with the coherence of a Boston lawyer," they wrote.

Back at the hotel, the family drank a toast and the newswriters doted on the affable Quillan, who was also in top form. The aging patriarch rose above his pain, raised a glass of champagne, and predicted that his son would win another game in the Series. The prediction would come true, against a tragic background.

At six o'clock the next morning, the old man passed away. Bobo and his family were at his bedside when it happened. He had lived just long enough to see his son crowned in glory, so H.Q.B. Newsom had not lived in

MIKE ROSS puts out the "Transatlantic Baseball Times" in London, England.

vain. Bobo had leaned over his father to try to encourage him to rally, but the old man shook his head and whispered, "I've seen all I need to see." Lucille recalled that his goodbye at the Hartsville railroad station had been "farewell" rather than "see you later." Later his friends reported that he had told them flatly, "I won't be back." With this premonition, the father had hired a professional photographer to come to the hotel room in Cincinnati to take a family portrait of the six assembled Newsoms the day before.



The Newsom Family Portrait

His 33-year-old son "was devastated and sobbed openly" at the hotel and later at a service held in a small chapel before the family's departure south. The four Newsom women, dressed in black, made the journey back home with the body. The same stewardesses who had served them so cheerfully on the way up now performed their duties with bowed heads. Bobo would not attend the funeral but would "stay and help the team," because "Dad would have wanted it this way." He said his final farewell, "blinded by tears," at the funeral home of Johnny Hodapp, the ex-Cleveland infielder. There were masses of flowers from the greats of baseball, even small bouquets from Cincinnati Reds fans.

"No one was sure what effect his father's death would have on the temperamental South Carolinian," wrote newsman Bill Corum, who walked behind

Newsom into Crosley Field before Game Two. The early editions of the local newspapers spoke only of the previous day's glory, showing pictures of Quillan smiling as Bobo presented him with the game-winning ball or featuring a shot of Newsom wishing his dad goodnight as "his father retired for an early night." The "extra" editions hit the streets. "As we came to the gates," Corum reported, "a newsboy was calling, 'Extra! Extra! Read about the death of Buck Newsom's dad!' The big fella turned his head as though to shut out a cry, and as he did we saw the tears begin to roll down his sunburned cheeks."

"He did not seem to hear as Schoolboy Rowe put a hand on his shoulder and reminded him that his dad had seen his boy at his best — at the peak of his career," reported motherly Vera Brown. "He was just a forlorn and lonely kid."

Since Newsom's arrival in the big leagues he had been called things like "Large Loquacious Windmill." Because of his size and verbosity, he was an easy target for various jocular asides. As a pitcher he was not always taken too seriously, either. His detractors would admit that he could win in Opening Day events and would rise to the occasion against an opposing ace like Gomez or Grove. But his reputation said that he could not win the big games and could not win consistently for a good team. "How could they know?" Bobo would ask, "I never pitched for a good club." Indeed, in his six full seasons previous to 1940, he was only with one team that finished as high as fourth place. Even so, he won 20 games for the seventh-place Browns in 1938 and won 20 again the next year while pitching mostly for the fifth-place Tigers.

In 1940, however, he proved he could pitch for a winner, and his pitching went a long way toward making the Tigers pennant winners. He won 21 games and lost only five, as Detroit ended the New York Yankee's domination of the American League. And Newsom's heroic qualities began to show through his clownish exterior. On July 31, a Chicago area newspaper, the Daily Calumet, published a laudatory piece on its editorial page which said about him,

The Detroit Tigers have a star pitcher. His name is Buck Newsom. He is not only a star but he is a man. Up until last Sunday he had won 12 consecutive games. You can count on one hand the pitchers who have won 16 in a row, a record he was just four wins away from tying . . . Two weeks ago he fractured the thumb of his pitching hand on a play at first base. Doctors will tell you three to six weeks are required to mend a broken bone. Newsom said he would pitch in ten days....

He could have just as easily nursed the finger back to normalcy and broke the record . . . He sacrificed personal ambition to gamble all for the team. Well, Buck lost in extra innings but won a great personal victory.

More of the Newsom spirit in everyday life, risking all — not for self but for the team — would make this a far different world in which we live. It is never the fact you are licked that counts but how you did your fight and why? The head of the Tiger pitcher is bloody but not bowed.

Two months later, Newsom was the scheduled pitcher for Game Five of the World Series. The Tigers and Reds were tied at two games apiece, but there was some doubt as to whether Bobo could motivate himself for the contest. "If he feels like he wants to pitch," manager Del Baker said, "we want him out there." Newsom would take his turn, "I'm staying with the club until they either win or lose the championship."

Buck's heroism and winning attitude had prevailed throughout the 1940 season, but the fans had seen nothing yet. The scene opened in Detroit with the Tigers and Reds tied at two games apiece. Newsom had not slept well the three previous nights and was still "devastated by the tragedy." But now the nation would see the clown play Hamlet.

He was in tears and produced even more tears when he announced that he was going to win it for his dad. None would have begun to doubt Bobo's sincerity, and only the most cynical would have dared suggest that he was faking. "He pitched that one crying," recalls Red Barber. "I was in the press box during the game and I saw him in the elevator before," Barber related, adding, "Not too many human beings are put together that way who could go out and do it."

Subtle overtones of deepest regret gripped the assembled mass of partisan Detroit fans, creating an unusual baseball atmosphere. The listeners glued to their radios across the land knew of Newsom's pain and said a silent prayer. The contest itself was not riveting, as the Tigers scored three runs in the third inning and four in the fourth to put the game out of reach. And Bobo himself added a slight touch of comic relief to his dramatic performance by using his version of the blooper ball, which he called his "Haunted Herring Ball," because it was designed to get the batters to fish for it and fail to connect. Inning after inning he retired the Reds without allowing even a threat of a run.

As the game neared its conclusion, the crowd, "deeply moved by the greatness of the performance," fell into a strange silence. Despite the sweltering heat and the Tigers' 8-0 lead, most of the fans stayed through the last out, concentrating on Newsom as the last man came to the plate. "They'd pitched the whole game with him. Out on the mound Bobo wiped his forehead, and a sympathetic reaction swept through the stands as guys in the bleachers and grandstands wiped their foreheads too." Newsom gave "his last fidget, his last hitch of the shoulders. Those who were leaving stopped [for] there was drama in the man." The entire stadium went quiet as hearts were gripped

by an intangible craving for complete perfection. When Frank McCormick struck out to end the game, the crowd "took the triumph like a joyous feast." Jack Weeks observed that the roar of the crowd "mounted slowly and steadily, a vocal avalanche sliding in from the bleachers, the pavilions in left and right, and the grandstand" and becoming "a concentrated crescendo of admiration from 55,000 fans." Weeks' report concluded, "This was 1 for the book, 2 for the Buck, 3 for the Tigers, and something extra for HQB Newsom. . . . Newsom's victory belongs with the all-time classics."

Accolades came in from all corners after the conclusion of the three-hit shutout. "It was a game for the ages." "Not since Herb Pennock in 1927 has such a great World Series game been pitched." "One of the best games ever pitched on a baseball field." On and on the critics raved. One paper called it "a Louis Norman Newsom World Series Memorial to his father."

CINCINNATI (NL)				DETROIT (AL)			
AB	R	H	BI	AB	R	H	BI
Werber, 3b	4	0	1	Bartell, ss	4	1	2
McCormick, cf	4	0	1	McCosky, cf	3	2	2
Goodman, rf	4	0	0	Gehring, 2b	4	2	2
FMcCormick, 1b	4	0	1	Greenberg, 1f	5	2	3
Ripple, 1f	2	0	0	York, 1b	4	0	0
Wilson, c	1	0	0	Campbell, rf	4	0	3
Baker, ph-c	2	0	0	Higgins, 3b	2	0	0
Joost, 2b	3	0	0	Sullivan, c	4	1	1
Myers, ss	2	0	0	Newsom, p	4	0	0
Thompson, p	1	0	0		34	8	13
Moore, p	0	0	0				
Frey, ph	1	0	0				
Vander Meer, p	0	0	0				
Riggs, ph	1	0	0				
Hutchings, p	0	0	0				
	29	0	3				

Reds	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	0
Tigers	0	0	3	4	0	0	0	1	x	—	8

E = None. DP = Bartell-Gehring-York. 2B = Bartell. HR = Greenberg. SH = Newsom. CS = Campbell. LOB = Cincinnati 4, Detroit 13.

	IP	H	R-ER	BB	SO	WP
Thompson (L)	3.1	8	6-6	4	2	0
Moore	0.2	1	1-1	2	0	0
Vander Meer	3	2	0-0	3	2	0
Hutchings	1	2	1-1	1	0	1
Newsom (W)	9	3	0-0	2	7	0

PB = Wilson. Umps = Klem, Ormsby, Ballafant, Basil.
Time = 2:26. Attendance = 55,189.

Inside the clubhouse there was "an ovation of silence" out of respect for Newsom, who sat in front of his locker staring into space, tears in his eyes. The reporters were patient, talking in suppressed whispers while waiting for Bobo to come around. One by one his teammates came by, patted him on the shoulder, and spoke gentle words. When catcher Billy Sullivan told him "Your dad would have been proud with this one Buck," the Bobo broke down and sobbed into his hands, "his big figure heaving, moved by his teammate's solicitude." He went to the trainer's room to avoid the cameras, and the players silently sealed off the entrance like hired sentinels.

He finally pulled himself together and came out to greet the crowd, his first words being, "Wherever Dad is, I hope he knows what I did for him today." In addition to the press and his teammates, various baseball dignitaries came to offer their tributes. Even long-time detractor Joe Cronin stuck out his hand and said, "A great game, Buck." "They can't say he's lucky anymore," his manager pointed out. "No one who wins 20 games three seasons in a row does it with luck, that [game] should silence the critics for all time."

All were in accord. Many felt they were involved in a religious experience. One writer said, "It was like a holy communion with his father." Bob Considine wrote, "Buck scraped the ceiling of baseball today," while the last word on the day goes to the "Roadside Philosopher," Ray Ayer, whose sentimentality summed up the greatness of the moment:

The philosopher is not what might be called an ardent baseball fan, but he does believe that the great American game is one in which occasionally a player rises above sportsmanship and goes into the realm of heroism. Newsom put aside the grief of his father's death and pitched his team to victory. Too many of us, nursing our sorrows in like situations, withdraw from the world, leaving our jobs, whatever they may be, to others. Grief for our dead must come to all of us, but life must go on. The living are still with us and to them our thoughts must be directed. Each man has his small place in the world. To the ballplayer is given the task of providing amusement, pleasure and escape to his fellow men. These are important elements in life. The farmer, the factory worker, the businessman have their duties to mankind. The work they do must proceed from day to day, and who shall say which is more important? One's fellow workmen, too, have their rights, and the brave man will put aside his sorrow in order that no thread be missing from the fabric of men's weaving. Men are great only as they do their work without the hindrance of personal feelings.

Detroit lost the next day, forcing a decisive seventh game. Bobo campaigned vigorously for the assignment in that game. After much consideration, Baker gave Newsom the nod, even though he was working with

only one day of rest. "But," as Fred Lieb pointed out, "the players would have shot Del had he pitched anyone else." "Less stout-hearted players would be willing to call it a season," another writer noted, "and let someone else take the blame if the Tigers don't take the glory road by dusk today." But not Newsom, his confidence that he was the man to do the job made nonsense of such thinking. One tale has Bobo sitting in front of his locker before the game. He was respectfully approached by a writer who inquired tentatively, "Are you going to win this one for your dad, too, Buck?" Newsom looked up into the questioner's face with a hint of a smile. He knew he was supposed to say something appropriately sentimental for publication, ideally about another victory for Dad. But never wanting to appear obvious, and always ready for a gag, he answered coolly, "No, I'm going to win this one for Bobo."

Working his third complete game in seven days, Newsom fashioned a seven-hitter but lost a heartbreaker 2-1. The loss of the game and the loss of the World Series were bitter for the Tigers. But Bobo Newsom's fortitude and excellence against the background of the death of his father rank his efforts among the greatest performances in World Series history.

'50s FIGURES: 8-1

8-1 was the won-lost record posted by Bob Buhl in 1956 against the National League champion Brooklyn Dodgers, leaving him just one win short of the all-time record of nine wins over a first-place finisher set by John Clarkson against Detroit in 1887. Buhl, who finished the season with an 18-8 overall record, was not considered the ace of the Milwaukee Braves staff. But manager Charlie Grimm and his successor Fred Haney did not like to use Warren Spahn against the Dodgers' righthanded power attack, which featured Jackie Robinson, Carl Furillo, Gil Hodges, and Roy Campanella. So Buhl got a start in each of the eight series between Milwaukee and Brooklyn. He won the first seven starts but lost the eighth on September 11. The next day, however, in the final game between the two pennant contenders, Buhl relieved in the seventh inning. Although Brooklyn tied the game when a bases-loaded ground ball went through second baseman Danny O'Connell's legs, Buhl escaped further damage by getting Carl Furillo on a 1-6-3 double play. He was removed in the top of the eighth for a pinch-hitter as the Braves regained the lead and was subsequently credited with the win.

"Forced to Drink Whiskey at Gunpoint"

The Kidnapping of Flint Rhem

JOHN THOM

THROUGH THE YEARS, pennant races have provided baseball with many exciting games, memorable performances and unexpected goats and heroes.

Close races have given the game some of its oddest moments as well. For one, there is the tale of the old-time pitcher who was kidnapped on the eve of a crucial series in order to give the home team an advantage against the visitors. It is a story that has survived for 60 years and it deserves an encore here.

Unfortunately, the only admitted witness to the episode was the pitcher himself, so, like his team's manager, we will have to accept his account of the crime at face value. We can, however, draw our own conclusions.

First, to appreciate the story fully, let's look at the important events surrounding his team. That team was the 1930 St. Louis Cardinals, a good club which played inconsistent ball during the early months of the pennant race. The Cards, the defending champion Chicago Cubs, John McGraw's New York Giants, and the upstart Brooklyn Robins, nee Dodgers, had taken turns leading the National League into the unusually hot days of this particular summer.

Then the Cards seemed to draw energy from the hot weather and in August started to play at a sizzling winning pace that put them into contention early in September. Under the guidance of rookie manager Charles "Gabby" Street, a top-to-bottom lineup of .300 hitters, and a gritty pitching staff that included hard-throwing Wild Bill Hallahan, the stormy Burleigh Grimes, veteran Jesse "Pop" Haines, and former 20-game winner Flint Rhem, the team could hardly lose.

On September 12, after taking three games out of

four from the Giants at the Polo Grounds, St. Louis pulled to within a half game of first place. The following day the Cards beat the Boston Braves, 8-2, behind Pop Haines and moved into first, tied with Brooklyn. The Cubs were a half game back. St. Louis had reeled off 33 victories in its last 43 games, a winning percentage of .767. On Sunday the 14th, the Cards split a doubleheader in Boston and slipped to a half game behind the Robins, who were also hot, winners of 10 straight games.

After the twin bill, the Cardinals boarded a train for New York to play a three-game series with the Robins, a surprise contender in the pennant race. Like the Cardinals, no one had given Brooklyn much hope for the flag this year, but a heavy hitting attack led by Babe Herman and the gutsy pitching of veterans Dazzy Vance and Dolf Luque put Brooklyn in the thick of the race.

There were just two weeks left on the schedule in September 1930 as the Cards headed for Brooklyn and the much-heralded series. The two teams were at a crossroads. The pennant might be decided during the mid-week series if one team or the other could win all three games. It was the talk of the town. But it was not the only topic of conversation.

In September 1930 the country was both celebrating 10 years of prohibition and debating—very heatedly—whether the "Noble Experiment" had overstayed its welcome. On the street, in the home, in the pulpit, in the halls of Congress, in newspapers and magazines,

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even, yes, in thousands of speakeasies, it was “wets” vs. “drys.” Stated simply, all alcoholic beverages were illegal under the force of the 18th Amendment and many people in the country were arguing for repeal.

Even some ballplayers could be counted as “wets.” One of those was 29-year-old Charles Flint Rhem, tall righthander of St. Louis who had just defeated the Giants in the recent series finale. Rhem had been known to seek the comfort of prohibition gin . . . and rum . . . and whisky . . . and, well, you get the idea. But he also exhibited a high sense of duty as it related to the national experiment of a drink-free society and its effect on his colleagues. Once, when he was teamed with another well-known “wet,” the famous Grover Cleveland Alexander, Rhem was stopped one night returning late to his hotel by his coach, the same Gabby Street now managing the Cards, who inquired into his apparently drunken condition.

“Sarge,” he countered, “you can’t blame me this time. I was with Alexander and I was only trying to drink his share to keep him sober.” That was pure Flint Rhem. And now the legend was about to turn another page.

The St. Louis-Brooklyn series was set to begin Tuesday, September 16, at Ebbets Field, giving the Cards an off-day on Monday, their first on this four-city eastern swing. The Robins worked on Monday, walloping the Cincinnati Reds, 13-5, for their 11th victory in a row. The win gave Brooklyn a full game lead on St. Louis.

Monday also brought potential disaster for Bill Hallahan. The powerful lefthander had a taxi door close on his hand—his right hand—blistering his fingers. For a time, it looked as though he might have to miss his turn against the Robins.

The Borough of Brooklyn, the whole city of New York, the entire baseball world was poised to watch the unfolding panorama of this series, easily the most important of the year. There were also, according to the police report filed on behalf of the central character of this story, two other very interested individuals watching the comings and goings of the players, one player in particular.

The Tuesday afternoon game approached amid extraordinary excitement and partisanship by Robins fans. Ebbets Field’s capacity of 25,500 was taxed to its limits, and an unruly crowd outside made conditions unsafe. The more disreputable patrons inside resorted to a fusillade of verbal abuse and bottle-throwing against the Cardinals.

Someone, however, was missing. Cardinal pitcher Flint Rhem, who was penciled in as the starter because of Hallahan’s hand injury, did not appear for game one of the series. His absence, of course, was not without precedent. Called the Baron Munchausen of the Barleycorn League by one observer of the day, Rhem



Flint Rhem

had taken other unscheduled days off in years past. Nevertheless, Rhem’s disappearance on the eve of such a crucial set of games raised an alarm in the Cardinals’ camp. The police were notified and a search began. In the meantime, the Cards defeated the Robins, 1-0, in ten innings.

Good ol’ Flint missed one of the greatest games in pennant-race history. A patched-up Hallahan retired the first 20 Robins he faced, then lost his perfect game when he fumbled a tapper back to the mound by Babe Herman. The Robins made their first hit in the eighth inning when Johnny Frederick singled. But he was out at second on a throw from catcher Gus Mancuso when Mickey Finn missed a hit and run sign. Finn followed with a single but was out trying to stretch it into a double, colliding hard with Card shortstop Charley Gelbert.

Brooklyn got two more hits in the ninth and again failed to score. Al Lopez singled to open the inning and was safe at second when Card third baseman Sparky Adams tried to force him on Vance’s sacrifice. Eddie Moore also bunted but his attempt popped easily to Mancuso. Lopez lost attention momentarily and wandered too far away from second, giving Mancuso just enough time to throw quickly and double him off. Wally Gilbert singled, but the rally ended when



Wild Bill Hallahan

Herman flied to left.

Hallahan was pitching out of trouble, and Gabby Street was patiently waiting for his Cards to break through against Dazzy Vance. St. Louis had two good scoring opportunities cut short. In the fourth, with two on and two out, Taylor Douthit drove the ball up the alley in right center, but Herman, not noted for his fielding, raced over from right field and made a spectacular catch on the dead run.

Two innings later, the Cards came within a few inches of taking the lead. Adams was on third base with two outs in the sixth. With two strikes on Chick Hafey, Adams broke for home. Vance, seeing Adams coming down the line, threw at the surprised Hafey, who did not move far enough away and was hit by the pitch before Adams could cross the plate. Adams had to return to third base on the dead ball and was stranded there when George Watkins fouled out.

The Cardinals struck quickly in the top of the 10th inning. Andy High, who was delivering key hits for St. Louis down the stretch, doubled for Gelbert, who was sidelined with a black eye following his collision with Mickey Finn. High moved to third on a sacrifice by Hallahan and scored on a single by Douthit.

Brooklyn nearly pulled the game out in the bottom of the 10th. Hallahan went to the mound to face Glenn

Wright, who opened with a “screaming double to the centerfield bleacher fence.” The crowd was roaring. Hallahan walked Del Bissonette, then Frederick advanced the runners to second and third on a sacrifice.

Reserve Jake Flowers, batting for Finn, was walked to load the bases, bringing up Lopez with only one out. Lopez hit a hard smash to Adams, who had moved over to short from third base when Gelbert had to leave the game. Handcuffed by the hard-hit ball, Adams knocked it down with his bare hand, recovered quickly and threw the ball to Frankie Frisch at second who made a perfect pivot and got the ball to Bottomley at first just before Lopez planted his foot on the bag. A game-ending double play. The crowd was stunned.

Brooklyn was beaten. Two more close losses for the Robins on Wednesday and Thursday dashed their hopes for the flag. Ultimately, their losing streak reached seven games and dropped them to fourth place.

But what about Flint Rhem? Where was he? He was scheduled to pitch the Wednesday game, wasn't he? The Cards were back in their hotel in New York after their exciting victory on Tuesday when Flint finally showed up looking somewhat the worse for wear.

Flint Rhem's well-earned reputation always preceded him, and Gabby Street could have anticipated just about any explanation. What he heard from poor Flint, however, strained even Gabby's credulity. There are several versions extant of the conversation between Street and Rhem and all of them are colorful. One goes something like the following.

“I was standing outside the hotel yesterday, Skip, waiting on a taxicab,” Rhem began in his quaintest South Carolina drawl, “when this car came by and two fellas called to me. I went over there and before I knew it they pulled guns on me and pushed me into their car. They drove me to a house over in New Jersey and held guns on me and forced me to drink whisky all day. They must not have wanted me to pitch against the Robins.”

Ring Lardner wrote that Rhem kept saying over and over to Street, “It was terrible, Sarge, it was just awful.”

Another report of the return of the prodigal had it that Rhem told Street, “But that wasn't the worst of it. They forced me to drink glass after glass of liquor—rye, or maybe Scotch, I wouldn't know. It might have been gin.”

Dan Daniel in the New York Telegram quoted our ill-starred hero as confessing that, “I am ashamed to say that I got drunk. Imagine me getting drunk!” Street was beside himself. Rhem went on, Daniel wrote, saying, “I pleaded with the bandits not to make me drink hard liquor, which you know I abhor, but they would not listen to me. I was in their power. I drank and drank—always at the point of a gun, always threatened. It was horrible.”

The story got around that gambling interests spirited Rhem away in order to give Brooklyn an edge in the games against St. Louis. If that were the plot, they should have kidnapped Hallahan or High.

The League was poised to open an investigation into Rhem's charges of kidnapping owing to the close pennant race and the appearance of unsavory conduct. But Branch Rickey, business manager of the Cardinals, went to National League President John Heydler to tell him the Rhem story was bunk. Heydler wisely decided not to proceed with an inquiry.

The undaunted Rhem could not help police locate the house in Jersey, but the ploy did not aid the cause of the Robins. Though Rhem did not pitch in any of the games, the Cardinals swept the series and sent Brooklyn reeling.

The irrepressible Nick Altrock, former pitcher and famous baseball comic, later said that he rushed into the streets of New York hoping to be mistaken for the Cardinal pitcher by gunmen or anyone else who could provide the necessary whisky. He reported that he had no luck along these lines.

Years later, Rhem reminisced about the old days and thought it would be a good idea to "set the record straight" about the famous incident in his past. He said he roomed with Bill Hallahan and that the two "were a lot alike. We liked to roam about at the amusement parks, take roller coaster rides and take a drink or two and live a little bit."

Flint said he knew he was scheduled to pitch one of the games in the important series. "Oh," he said, "it (the pennant race) was closer than planks in a floor that year." Indeed, four teams still had a good chance at the flag.

"The night before the series," Rhem continued, "we went out. Now, it wasn't a big party or anything like that. Just something to eat and maybe, I don't remember exactly, a couple of drinks. Well, the next morning when I woke up, I was sicker than I have ever been in my life. It was horrible. It must have been some bad piece of meat I'd eaten the night before."

Isn't it always the food? Ill, Rhem stayed in his hotel all day. "The next day," he said, "Mr. Rickey came by our hotel room and knocked on the door. I was still sicker than a mule. Mr. Rickey came in the room and sort of left the door cracked a little bit, about two feet. Outside in the hall I could see some sportswriters standing around trying to listen.

"Shad,' Mr. Rickey asks me, 'what's the matter with you? I guess somebody kidnapped you.' I was still pretty green around the gills when I looked up at him. 'You can call it what you like,' I said. 'All I know is I'm sicker than can be.' Now that's all I said, so help me.

"Well, those writers outside the door took that little conversation and built up this story, I don't know if Mr. Rickey helped them or not, that I had been kidnapped

and taken to New Jersey where the kidnapers fed me whiskey to get me so drunk I couldn't pitch in the Brooklyn series. All the while I was supposed to be sick, I was in my own hotel room. So help me, that's what happened."

By Saturday the 20th, Rhem was back in the good graces of his teammates and pitched a complete-game victory over the Philadelphia Phillies, 9-3, holding the hit-happy Phils to just seven hits. His last appearance in the regular season was three days later when he started against the same Phillies. Though he was credited with a victory again, it was not so pretty. He went four-plus innings in a 19-16 win, a game more typical of the awesome hitting and run-scoring of 1930. The Cards made 26 hits in the game, two by Rhem. Interested onlookers included the American League champion Philadelphia A's, getting a look at their World Series opponents.

The kidnapping (or whatever it was that happened to Flint Rhem in New York) was behind him at season's end, and forgotten by Street as well. Gabby even handed Flint the ball in the second game of the World Series against the A's. Down one game to none, Rhem was asked to get the Cards even. He couldn't. Overmatched by the powerful and pitching-laden A's, he and the Cards fell, 6-1.

The A's went on to win the series in six games. Rhem went on to pitch in the majors until 1936. He was never kidnapped again.

Flint Rhem was a 20-game winner in 1926, won more than 100 games in his big-league career and appeared in four World Series. But he probably found more to celebrate on December 5, 1933, than anything he ever did in his baseball career. For that was on this day that Prohibition vanished from the land.

From Baseball Profiles by Michael Schacht



Andy Cohen: Second Baseman As Ethnic Hero

BILL SIMONS

DURING THE NATION'S bicentennial, *Esquire* featured an article that named five all-time ethnic all-star baseball teams. The selections for the Hispanic, Polish, Black, and Italian teams were presented in a serious and laudatory manner. In contrast, the Jewish team was introduced with a slighting disclaimer: "There haven't been many Jewish ballplayers, let alone Jewish ballplayers of quality, and this creates problems; anyone who is left off the team is likely to feel slighted. A couple of years ago when a New York sportswriter picked his Jewish all-stars, he was inundated by letters from readers demanding the inclusion of all manner of bums."

Claims that Jews are not athletic are neither infrequent nor new. Americans, including many Jewish Americans, have long assumed that Jews are less physical than other people. At the height of Jewish immigration to the United States, the sociologist Edward Ross claimed, "On the physical side the Hebrews are the polar opposites of our pioneer breed. Not only are they undersized and weak muscled, but they shun bodily activity and they are exceedingly sensitive to pain."

Stereotypes to the contrary, American Jewry has produced champion athletes in every sport. Indeed during the years between the world wars Jews were the dominant ethnic group in boxing and basketball. Although the Jewish presence in professional baseball is and always was modest, it has been continuous from the 1870s through the 1980s. More than 100 Jews have played in the major leagues; several were good, and two, Hank Greenberg and Sandy Koufax, number among the game's immortals.

Second baseman Andy Cohen played in only 262

major league games over the course of three seasons (1926, 1928, 1929). Consequently he accumulated modest career totals: .281 batting average, 14 home runs, 36 doubles, 10 triples, 114 runs batted in, 108 runs scored, 6 stolen bases. Cohen's career achievements are clearly less than those of such good Jewish ballplayers as Buddy Myer, Sid Gordon, Al Rosen, and Ken Holtzman, let alone those of the Hall of Famers, Greenberg and Koufax. And arriving in the National League fifty years after co-religionist Lip Pike, Cohen certainly was not among the first Jewish major leaguers. Nevertheless, for a brief period of time Andy Cohen, purposely promoted as a Jewish athlete, had an appeal to his co-religionists that was perhaps unique in its intensity.

John J. McGraw, long-time manager of the New York Giants, conducted a tireless and quixotic search for a good Jewish ballplayer. "For baseball," wrote historian Tilden Edelstein, "like other entertainment industries of the era, strove to capitalize on the eagerness of ethnic audiences to identify with one of their own and on the ethnic curiosity of other groups. In Cincinnati and St. Louis, for example, the managements of the Reds and the Cardinals advertised in German-language newspapers to entice the larger German-speaking populations of those cities to the ball park." McGraw reasoned that a Jewish star would lure New York's large Jewish population to the Polo Grounds, home of the Giants. McGraw, according to several sportswriters, "spent years" and "a fortune...looking for a capable

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Jewish ballplayer to appeal to the milling multitudes of New York." At times McGraw's obsession appeared to rival that of Captain Ahab, as "the Little Napoleon" scoured the country incessantly, never doubting, reported *The Sporting News* that "an outstanding Jewish player in New York would be worth his weight in gold."

Jews had already demonstrated their willingness to buy hordes of tickets to cheer on Jewish boxers, such as lightweight champion Benny Leonard. Unlike boxing, however, which had produced a number of Jewish titlists and contenders by the mid-1920s, baseball had yet to feature a great Jewish player. During the 1920s the Giants' desire for a Jewish attraction increased as the home run heroics of Babe Ruth enticed fans to the newly completed Yankee Stadium, which stood within sight of the Polo Grounds. About 1,750,000 Jews lived in the New York City of the middle-1920s, and their loyalties to a team featuring one of their own had the potential to greatly augment attendance revenues. Reflecting the upward mobility of New York Jews, the movement out of the immigrant settlement on the Lower East Side of Manhattan to middle-class areas, and the coming of age of native-born Jews, 45% of the Bronx's population was Jewish by 1925. A Jewish attraction at the Polo Grounds would greatly enhance the Giants' ability to compete with Ruth's Yankees for the entertainment dollar of the Jews of the Bronx and other New York City boroughs. Jack Levy, Harry Rosenberg, and Moses Solomon, "the Rabbi of Swat," all received trials with the Giants before failing McGraw. For a time, however, it appeared McGraw had found an authentic Jewish star in Andy Cohen.

Andrew Howard Cohen was born on October 25, 1904 in Baltimore, Maryland to Jewish immigrant parents. The father once tried out for the old Baltimore Orioles. The family then moved to Norfolk, Virginia where Andy's father left cigar making to open a grocery store. When Andy was seven, the family relocated to El Paso, Texas, and seventy-five years later he would still call it home. Soon after the Cohens arrived in El Paso, Texas, the parents separated. With her little store and by dabbling in real estate, Lena Cohen supported the three children, Andy, Syd, and Eva, who were spaced two years apart. Although the Jewish community in El Paso was small and well assimilated and Jews and Gentiles got along well there, the Cohen children attended Friday evening services and received a Jewish education. Every morning Lena gathered her children to pray, thanking God for their blessings. As time went on, however, the family stopped keeping kosher.

Lena Cohen stressed education to her children. Medicine and law were the professions she wanted for Andy and Syd respectively. Nevertheless, Lena was proud of her son's athletic accomplishments. Years

later the Texas League would name her "Baseball Mother of the Year."

Horatio Alger books and pulp literature about Babe Ruth, who also saw little of his father, contributed to Cohen's confidence. At El Paso High School, Andy excelled in baseball, football, and basketball. He received a football scholarship to the University of Alabama, where he also played varsity basketball and baseball and pledged a Jewish fraternity. At the conclusion of his junior year, Andy was elected captain of the next season's baseball team, the first Jew ever elected to an athletic captaincy at Alabama. But Cohen left the University that summer (1925) to play professional baseball.

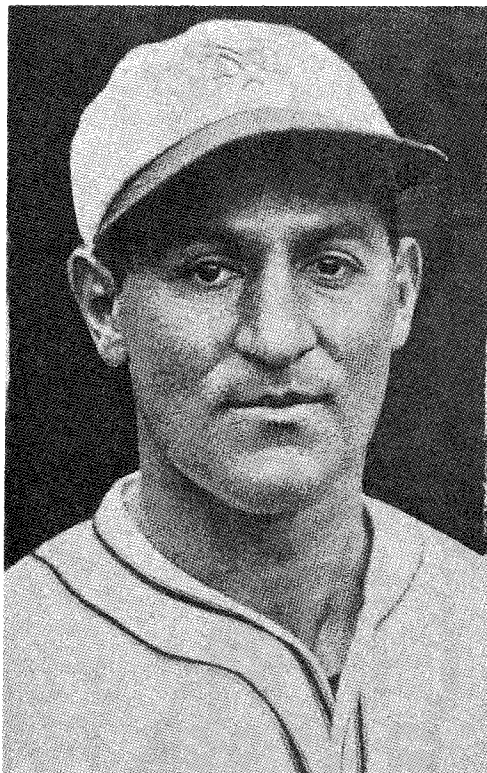
The 5-8 160-pound infielder began his career in Organized Baseball with Waco of the Texas League in 1925, batting .321 in 106 games. In 1926 Cohen returned to Waco for 30 games before John McGraw, ever eager for Jewish talent, gave him a 32-game trial with the New York Giants. Cohen hit only .257 for the 1926 Giants, and the following year McGraw sent him back to the minors for more experience. Cohen had an excellent year for Buffalo of the International League in 1927, hitting .353 and knocking in 118 runs. McGraw now felt confident enough of Cohen's talents to trade away the cantankerous Rogers Hornsby, one of the greatest hitters in the history of baseball.

Cohen had big shoes to fill. His two predecessors at the Giant second sack, Hornsby and Frankie Frisch, were both future Hall of Famers. Nevertheless, the Giant management gleefully anticipated that a star Jewish player in New York would produce huge gate receipts. On February 11, 1928, the *New York Evening Graphic* whetted ethnic appetites with the headline "Will Jewish Star Replace Hornsby When Giants Start The Season's Grind?" And *The American Hebrew*, an English-language Jewish newspaper that appealed to an assimilated audience, enthused,

Andy is a pleasant faced youth...with rugged features of an unmistakably Jewish cast...If Cohen comes through as his manager expects him to it is felt that he will rival Babe Ruth as a drawing attraction and stimulate the interest of the Jews of America in our greatest national pastime just as the Hakoah societies gave an impetus to soccer. Baseball is the great American sport and as the Jew is thoroughly Americanized there is no reason why his name should not be prominently found upon the baseball roll of honor.

Although New York's Jewish community welcomed Cohen and most of his teammates were friendly, he attracted the ire of Jew baiters. One persistent writer sent unsigned letters for three months that addressed Cohen as "you stupid Hebe," "you showy sheenie," and "you cockie kike." *Baseball Magazine* described Cohen

in stereotypical fashion — “Hebrew nose,” “black beady eyes,” and “thick eyebrows” and a cartoon portrayed his supporters with beards, long coats, and spouting Yiddish dialogue, ignoring the fact that most of Cohen’s fans were second generation, assimilated Jews. The Chicago Cubs, particularly Hack Wilson, poured anti-Semitic vitriol at the second baseman. The Cubs’ abuse was so vicious that umpire Beans Reardon threatened to throw out of the game the next Chicago player who made an anti-Jewish remark. When he came to bat again, Cohen recalled, “...all was silent on the Cub bench. So I shouted, ‘What’s the matter with you blankety-blanks? Lost your guts?’ And, boy, did they let me have it then. But I asked for it — and got it good.”



Some critics of 1920s commercialism felt it exploitative to market Cohen as a Jewish ballplayer. Sportswriter Paul Gallico found the packaging of the Jewish second baseman crass: “Seems to me a sort of shabby trick to play on Cohen to send him up to the diamond to play the Jew in public as well as the ballplayer.... Andy is forced to parade his religion and commercialize it whether he wants to or not.... It looks to me as though these days the baseball magnates are enslaving not only the bodies of their hired help but their souls as well.” Oblivious to Gallico’s caveats, Cohen himself enjoyed the role of Jewish standard bearer.

Overall Cohen had a great time in 1928. The Giants won their opening game against Hornsby’s new team,



Andy Cohen and his Giant second sack Predecessor, Frank Frisch.

Cohen believed that Jew-baiting was something he had to live with in baseball. In that era opponents would use any device available to try to rattle a rival, so if your name was Cohen, ethnicity was a natural target. Ethnic slurs were a tactic for upsetting an adversary’s concentration; Jews were not the only targets. Once in the minors a fan viciously called Cohen “Christ killer” for several innings. Finally, Andy charged into the stands, threatening to murder his tormentor. Until he went into the bleachers, most of the fans had sympathized with Andy. That episode convinced Cohen that the best strategy for handling anti-Semitic remarks was to ignore them, concentrate on the game, and answer by playing well.

the Boston Braves, 5-2, with Cohen accounting for four runs. At the end of the game, Jewish fans ran on to the field and paraded Cohen on their shoulders. James Harrison of the New York Times wrote, “It was, by far, the greatest demonstration to an individual player that we have ever seen....” No player, claimed McGraw, had ever received a more enthusiastic ovation. In the New York Herald Tribune Grantland Rice called Cohen “the Tuscaloosa Terror” and “a ball-playing centipede.” Cohen got off to a great start, hitting over .300 during the early part of the 1928 season, leading some newspapers to foolishly compare his batting average to that of the great Hornsby. The young man from El Paso was the toast of New York Jewry. With phrases such as

"the young Semite," "Moses," and "the young Jewish player," sportswriters continually emphasized Cohen's religion. The Times gave his debut front page coverage. The Jewish Daily Forward started to print Giant box scores on the front page. A cartoon showed a Jewish mother imploring her son to eat his chicken soup with the assurance that the mixture was responsible for Andy Cohen's success. Polo Grounds vendors sold ice cream Cohens, and some Jewish fans, new to baseball, asked for seats right behind second base close to Andy. One Cohen partisan advocated changing the name of the bluff above the Polo Grounds from Coogan's to Cohen's. Cohen enjoyed the hoopla. In 1927, Jewish fans in the various International League cities had held celebrations in Andy's honor so Cohen had some preparation for his role as an ethnic standard bearer.

Young Jews trailed Cohen's every move, and journalists stressed his ethnic consciousness: "Andy's pride in his race has been its own reward. When Andy...went off to start his career as a professional baseball player with...the Texas League, friends advised him to assume another name for the diamond. But Andy knew more about business than they did. He said Cohen was a good enough name for him. To take any other would be an attempt to hide the fact that he was a Jew. Besides that, it would hurt his mother if he assumed another name. No, he had done pretty well up to then as Andrew Howard Cohen and he would continue under that name." And in New York, the capital of American Jewry, the much-feted second baseman found his name an asset. Andy received and responded to invitations from many Jewish groups. The following handbill suggested Cohen's appeal to co-religionists: "Extraordinary Feature Attraction — Andy Cohen, The most talked of and most popular player of the New York Giants will make his personal appearance at NAT BERLER'S Clothes Shop — 559 Melrose Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. — this Saturday — ANDY COHEN will give an autographed league ball to every purchaser of a Nat Berler suit or top coat." Cohen's supporters could not get enough of him. At season's end promoters rented the Dyckman Oval to showcase the "Personal Appearance of ANDY COHEN of the New York Giants and his All Stars vs. Bronx Giants." Players who hit .274 did not usually attract "an enormous crowd."

Between seasons Cohen and Shanty Hogan, an obese Giants catcher of Irish extraction, exploiting the Cohen-Kelly comedies of stage and screen, formed a vaudeville act. Cohen and Hogan, billed as "Hogan and Cohen" before Irish audiences, sang baseball parodies and engaged in ethnic humor. Their performances included Hogan delivering Cohen a phony emergency telegram on stage that read, "Cohen and Hogan! After viewing your act tonight, report for spring training

immediately! John J. McGraw." Cohen and Hogan had more enthusiasm than finesse on the stage. In Providence Hogan reduced Cohen to uncontrollable laughter by introducing a mild obscenity into the McGraw telegram Cohen was supposed to read.

Cohen even inspired poetry. One poem was called "Cohen at the Bat":

The outlook wasn't cheerful for
the Giants yesterday,

...

They were trailing by a run with
but four innings left to play,
And from the streets and bleachers
the cry of "Oy, Oy" rose
And up came Andy Cohen half a
foot behind his nose.

...

It was make or break for Andy,
while fans cried, "Oy, Oy, Oy."
And it wasn't any soft spot for a
little Jewish boy.

...

Why, little Andy Cohen socked
the ball under his nose.
Then from the stands and bleachers
the fans in triumph roared.

...

There may be no joy in Mudville,
but there's plenty in the Bronx.

Cohen's batting trailed off as the 1928 season progressed, but he finished the campaign with a solid .274 mark. In 1929 he hit .294. Nevertheless, McGraw felt that an old football injury was slowing Cohen down, and sent the second baseman to Newark of the International League. Andy's major league career ended before his twenty-fifth birthday. McGraw planned to bring Cohen back to New York after Andy hit .317 for Newark in 1931, but Andy broke his ankle, and the next season illness forced McGraw to retire from baseball.

McGraw never found his Jewish superstar. Ironically he failed to sign homegrown Hank Greenberg of the Bronx. Instead, beginning in 1933, Greenberg went on to star for Detroit, a city in which Jews then comprised only 5% of the population. With his two Most Valuable Player awards, four home run crowns, four RBI championships, and a 1938 season total of 58 home runs, it boggles the mind to imagine what type of draw Greenberg would have been had he played in the Polo Grounds.

Cohen never received another chance to play in the major leagues. Nevertheless, Andy continued in the minors until he entered the military after the 1942 season. After departing New York, Cohen played, in sequence, for Newark, Minneapolis of the American Association, Pine Bluff of the Cotton States League,

Dayton of the Middle Atlantic League, and Elmira of the Eastern League. He managed at Pine Bluff and Dayton.

Although Cohen was the oldest player on the Elmira team in 1941 and 1942, he was the first to see military service. He would leave behind a new wife when he entered the Army. A long-time bachelor and ladies' man, Andy met his future wife, nearly 17 years his junior, during his stint with Elmira. Initially Cohen's mother disapproved of her pretty Gentile daughter-in-law but came to accept her after the arrival of three much-loved grandchildren. Cohen did not have much time to enjoy the life of a newlywed, however, because two years shy of his fortieth birthday he became a soldier. Andy participated in the invasions of North Africa and Italy. In the engineering corps, Cohen had some rough times. Defusing booby traps, his platoon suffered heavy casualties. Cohen rose to the rank of squad sergeant. One evening in a Casablanca bar, North African Jews, who had recently, under duress, worn degrading yellow ribbons signifying their ethnicity, treated the uniformed American Jew like a liberator; even at the Polo Grounds, Cohen never had a moment quite like that. When a German female propagandist claimed on the radio that American soldiers were dying so New York Jews could remain stateside and sleep with their wives, Cohen was incensed. The men under Cohen's command took it well when he told them, "I'm your topkick and I'm a Jew and I'm not there sleeping with your wives."

After his military discharge, Cohen, the hometown hero, was player-manager and part-owner of the El Paso team in the Mexican National League. That was his last season as a player. Andy soon began an association with Coors Beer in sales and public relations that would endure many years. Summers he managed in the minors with good success. From 1946 through 1958, Andy had only one losing season. In 1949 he won a pennant with Eau Claire of the Northern League, and his 1954 Denver team paced the Western League. After going to New Orleans and Indianapolis the "Mile High City" lured Cohen back for a second tour of duty as manager to replace Ralph Houk in 1957.

In 1960, after a 31-year absence, Cohen returned to the major leagues as a coach for the Philadelphia Phillies. When manager Eddie Sawyer resigned right after the season opener, the Phillies hired Gene Mauch to replace him. Mauch, however, could not join the team in time for the next game so Andy Cohen took the reins. The Phillies beat the Braves 5-4 in 10 innings. It was a great thrill for Cohen, who resumed his coaching duties when Mauch arrived. Cohen would later joke that no manager in baseball history ever had

a better winning percentage.

Cohen wanted to spend time with his family in El Paso, but he still loved baseball. The grizzled veteran accepted the position of head coach for the University of Texas at El Paso baseball team. He had excellent rapport with the student players even when the generation gap of the 1960s flourished. Andy hired his brother Syd, who had pitched for the Washington Senators for three seasons and played and managed in minor leagues many years, as his pitching instructor. It was a proud moment when Andy's son Hank pitched the University of Texas to a victory with the two brothers coaching on the sidelines. Andy coached the college team for 17 years. Overall he spent more than 60 years in the national pastime.

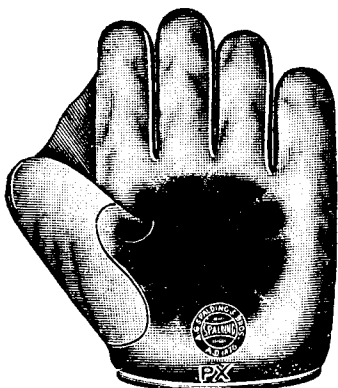
In his eighties Andy Cohen remained interested and optimistic about life. His family, baseball, bridge, reading, and television were sources of pleasure. At local banquets in El Paso, Cohen was asked to deliver the invocations, reciting non-denominational prayers. His small-town-Judaism, despite its idiosyncrasies, remained surprisingly resilient. Calling himself reformed, Cohen still attended services on the Jewish holidays. He identified with Israel, believing the Israeli Army showed the world that Jews would defend themselves and Israel helped Jews throughout the world get increased respect. One of Andy's daughters worked for a time on a kibbutz. The Cohen children, all of whom married Gentiles, learned to honor both their mother's Protestant faith and their father's Judaism. The two girls attended church with their mother, and Hank, who was bar mitzvahed, went to temple with Andy. In the December of his life, Andy Cohen, who died October 27, 1988, took satisfaction that young Jews still looked to him as a role model: "I could see the pride that they had in their eyes and their faces when they shook hands and talked, and it's always given me a certain feeling of satisfaction to think that I've been someone that the kids have looked up to, the Jewish kids. Right here in El Paso, at the temple over there, they have this book about the Jews in sport and it mentions me pretty prominently. A lot of the kids read that stuff and some even write me letters telling me that they've read it.They are real proud of what's in the book, and I feel proud of it too."*

A seamless pattern ran through the days of Andy Cohen — a simple love of baseball, an ability to endure and even enjoy the ups and downs of life, and a comfort with both his Jewish and American identities.

*Quoted from The Andrew Howard Cohen interview by Eli Wohlgeleirter in The American Jews in Sports Collection of The William E. Wienter Oral History Collection.

SPECIAL THANKS TO Michael A. Schacht, whose "Baseball Profiles" appear throughout this edition of The National Pastime. Did you guess them all correctly? The profile on page six is Honus Wagner; both the profiles on page 20 are Christy Mathewson; Rube Waddell is in profile on page 74; and the page 82 profile is Lou Gehrig. To get Michael's complete "Baseball Profiles" books (three books of fifty profiles each), ask your local baseball bookstore.

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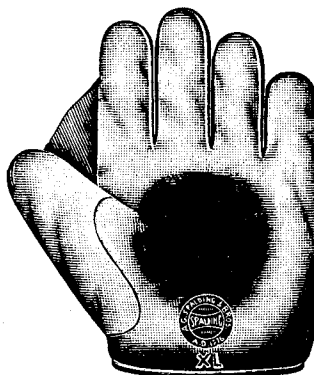


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