

THE Baseball Research JOURNAL

We're trying something different this year. Many of our stories are pegged to news events—the Pete Rose controversy, the Hall of Fame elections, Rickey Henderson's record, the new Comiskey Park. At least one of them is a news story—Richard Kitchin's startling and disturbing new data on umpires and how they can affect the course of pennant races and, perhaps, attract gamblers.

Another article could explode into a news story at any moment. That is the piece by former pitcher Sam McDowell about baseball suicides and potential suicides, alcoholism, and depression. Sam's keynote speech to the 1990 SABR convention was so provocative we have adapted it for the thousands of members who couldn't hear it in person.

We are applying SABR's traditional, unique research and writing skills to baseball problems as up-to-date as today's newspaper—or tomorrow's.

But we don't want to serve up the same thing you can read in your newspaper, or in any other sports paper or magazine. We pride ourselves on being ahead of the curve, of giving you new slants that the journalists and columnists miss, that only a SABR sleuth can uncover.

When Tony Lazzeri was elected to the Hall of Fame, you may have read about his epilepsy, his 12 RBIs in one game, or his World Series duel with Pete Alexander. So, instead of those, Richard Beverage focuses on Tony's record-setting 60 home runs as a minor leaguer—the professional mark that Babe Ruth later tied.

When Pete Rose ran into trouble, we decided to focus on a new angle. Eliot Cohen looks at other Hall of Famers with his new stat, "the Sindex," and concludes that Pete would not be the biggest sinner in Cooperstown.

Then Pete Palmer asked his computer: Morals aside, do Pete's hits and vaunted hustle make him valuable enough to enter Cooperstown? The reply may surprise you—it may amaze you—or it may infuriate you.

Rickey Henderson is baseball's most famous base stealer. But was he as fast as Hogriever, Hamilton, Kurys, Fukumoto, or Bell? Never heard of them? Their stories are all inside.

We haven't neglected the traditional backbone of the *Journal*. You'll find stories on great minor leaguers, nineteenth century baseball, etc. We'll also entertain you with Eddie Gold's recollection of the Cubs' Lou Novikoff in the inimitable Goldian style.

As a special treat, we present the merry memories of Roy Hughes. Many have heard him spin his tales at SABR national and regional meetings. For those who haven't heard any of his great stories, you can now enjoy them here.

To our authors go thanks for meeting short deadlines and holding their words down. That means more authors than ever—and snappier, more readable pieces.

All of us who worked on this issue care about what we have written. We hope you will care as much as we do. Agree with us or disagree. But don't ignore us. You've heard our opinions. Now give us yours.

—John B. Holway, editor

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Cover art by Bob Carroll

Do the Umps Give a Level Field?

RICHARD KITCHIN

A disturbing report on a hush-hush subject. This study shows that there definitely are such things as pitchers' and batters' umps.

SPORTSCASTERS SOMETIME say an ump has "a large strike zone." If all umpires called the same strike zone, over a large number of plate appearances, one would expect that the number of strikeouts and walks would be similar and the batters should hit at or close to the league average, regardless of which umpire is calling the balls and strikes.

In 1985 I began to track the batting averages, strikeouts, and walks by each National League home plate umpire. Beginning in 1986 statistics were kept for both leagues. My conclusion:

There *are* substantial differences among the strike zones of major league umpires. After seven years and hundreds of thousands of batters, the results show:

- Batting averages show a 20-point range from the lowest to the highest (.242-.260 in the NL, .250-.271 in the AL). That's a 10 percent difference, enough to make a .300 hitter into a .330 hitter—or, conversely, to cut a .300 batter down to .270.
- Strikeouts per game range from 10 to 12, a 20 percent differential—enough to raise Nolan Ryan's lifetime whiffs by about 1,000, or cut them by 1,000.
- Bases on balls range from 6 per game to almost 8—a 30 percent difference.
- The National League's John McSherry is the hitters' favorite ump. He ranks last in the league in strikeouts, first in bases on balls, and provides the third highest batting average.
- The Number One pitchers' ump is Greg Kosco of the American League—tops in strikeouts and one of the lowest in walks and batting average.
- Balks range from one every 90 innings (Brocklander, Roe, and Barnett) to one every 13 innings (Davidson), about a 700 percent difference.

A balk call often involves other members of the crew. However, assigning balks to crews still leads to wide variations. In 1990 two NL crews (Ripley-Froemming-Pulli-Darling and Montague-Williams-Davidson-McSherry), representing one-third of the crews, called over half the balks. In the AL the crew of Brinkman-Reed-Cousins-

Cooney, which made up 14 percent of the crews, called 26 percent of the balks.

And the home team does much better with some umpires than others. The host club won only 42 percent of the time with John Kibler (now retired) behind the plate but 66 percent of the time when Larry McCoy of the American League was calling the pitches.

When I released my early findings in *Sports Illustrated* and *Sport* magazines, umpires condemned them as having no meaning. They said the umpires' rotation closely followed the pitching rotation and therefore skewed the numbers. They said one crew may umpire more games of the "hot" teams during a season, etc.

The statistics cover six National League and five American League seasons, an average of 13,000 at bats per umpire.

When I showed my first results to Ed Vargo, N.L. supervisor of umpires, Vargo commented: "Forty games doesn't mean anything... To me, it's hogwash."

But the nation's gamblers don't consider it hogwash. Gerlach cites the 1991 edition of *Umpire Fact Sheet*, which is published in Las Vegas. It charts my average strikeouts and walks and adds a new stat: average runs scored when each umpire is behind the plate. The three highest and three lowest in each league for 1990 were:

AL	G	R/G	NL	G	R/G
Meriwether	20	10.4	Hallion	36	9.4
Cooney	36	9.9	Quick	35	9.3
Shulock	36	9.6	McSherry	35	9.3
McKean	34	7.8	Winters	34	7.3
McCoy	36	7.7	Pulli	36	7.2
Tschida	28	7.1	Montague	34	7.1

UMPIRE BATTING AVERAGES

	AL	AB	BA	NL	AB	BA
	1986-1990			1985-1990		
1	Phillips	11,464	.271	Brocklander	12,572	.260

2	Shulock	11,508	.269	Ripley	12,328	.260
3	Roe	12,187	.268	Tata	13,653	.257
4	Reed	11,794	.267	McSherry	13,653	.257
5	McKean	11,233	.266	Crawford	13,664	.256
6	Ford	11,882	.266	Runge	13,080	.255
7	Kaiser	10,116	.265	Williams, C.	13,617	.255
8	Cousins	10,853	.264	DeMuth	12,090	.254
9	McCoy	11,801	.263	Engle	11,902	.254
10	Brinkman	11,854	.262	Hallion	8,800	.253
11	Young	9,872	.261	**Rennert	13,755	.253
12	Coble	11,064	.261	Marsh	14,174	.252
13	Garcia	12,181	.261	**Froemming	13,665	.252
14	Denkinger	11,660	.260	Wendelstedt	12,689	.251
15	Welke	12,065	.260	Davidson	14,444	.251
16	Barnett	12,194	.259	Pulli	13,658	.251
17	Evans	12,276	.259	Quick	12,948	.251
18	*Morrison	11,877	.259	Harvey	14,270	.251
19	Cooney	10,953	.259	Davis	13,703	.250
20	*Voltaggio	9,411	.259	Montague	13,688	.249
21	Palermo	10,007	.259	Pallone	8,823	.248
22	Clark	11,630	.258	**West	13,230	.248
23	Hendry	11,421	.258	Gregg	12,815	.246
24	McClelland	11,857	.257	Kibler	11,395	.243
25	Merrill	11,935	.256	Bonin	9,612	.242
26	Kosc	12,164	.255			
27	Hirschbeck	12,268	.251			
28	Reilly	11,306	.250			

* Selected the two worst ball/strike umps in the AL by a 1991 *Sporting News* poll.

** Selected the three best ball/strike umps in the same poll.

HIGHEST AND LOWEST STRIKEOUTS/GAME

AL		NL	
Denkinger	10.5	McSherry	10.2
Reilly	10.6	Ripley	11.2
Cousins	10.9	Harvey	11.2
Shulock	10.9	Kibler	11.2
.....		
Palermo	11.7	Davidson	12.0
McCoy	11.7	Quick	12.0
Hendry	11.8	Gregg	12.0
Hirschbeck	11.8	Engel	12.1
Kosc	12.2	Pallone	12.1

HIGHEST AND LOWEST WALKS/GAME

AL		NL	
McCoy	6.0	Bonin	5.6
McKean	6.0	Davidson	5.7
Kosc	6.2	Engel	5.8
Merrill	6.2	Pulli	6.0
.....		
Roe	7.4	Marsh	7.0

Morrison	7.4	Hallion	7.0
Cousins	7.8	McSherry	7.0
Denkinger	7.2	*Froemming	7.0

* Chosen NL's best ball/strike umpire in *Sporting News* 1991 poll.

HOME TEAM WINNING PCT., 1987-90

A four-year study

(Historically, the home team wins about 54 percent of the time.)

AL	W-L	Pct	NL	W-L	Pct
Cousins	63-76	.453	Kibler	45-63	.417
Shulock	62-69	.473	**West	64-78	.451
Coble	61-67	.477	Harvey	69-76	.476
Ford	67-70	.489	Rennert	66-72	.478
Clark	68-70	.493	DeMuth	66-68	.493
McClelland	71-71	.500	Ripley	63-64	.496
Morrison	69-69	.500	*Runge	65-66	.496
Merrill	72-67	.518	Davidson	72-73	.497
Hendry	68-62	.523	McSherry	73-73	.500
Brinkman	75-67	.528	Crawford	71-69	.507
Barnett	77-68	.531	Marsh	78-70	.517
Evans	79-69	.534	Wendelstedt	69-61	.523
Voltaggio	61-53	.535	Hallion	51-46	.526
Reed	72-62	.537	Tata	75-65	.536
Denkinger	73-63	.537	Pulli	73-63	.537
AVERAGE		.540			
Kosc	79-64	.552	Quick	75-64	.540
Hirschbeck	81-64	.559	Davis	77-65	.542
Young	67-52	.563	Brocklander	65-54	.546
Phillips	75-57	.568	Bonin	62-52	.548
Kaiser	66-50	.570	Montague	75-61	.551
McKean	75-56	.573	Williams	76-56	.576
Reilly	78-55	.586	Froemming	83-56	.597
Roe	83-58	.589	Gregg	80-50	.615
Cooney	76-50	.603	Pallone	45-25	.643
*Garcia	86-55	.610			
*Palermo	70-39	.642			
McCoy	90-47	.657			

* Selected among top umpires in the league in the 1991 *Sporting News* poll.

** Selected among the worst umpires in the league in the same poll.

The Umpires Comment

I ASKED NL PRESIDENT BILL WHITE and AL chief Bobby Brown to comment. Neither one replied. However, I did contact several current and retired umpires, coaches, and former players.

Jim Honochick (AL umpire, 1949-73): "You just don't get any pitch above the belt today. That's the pitch for any fastball pitcher to have. Jim Palmer always loved his pitches high, and he always got his pitches high, because that was a strike. I'm sure Nolan Ryan's

best pitch is up and in. The best thing to do is always read the rule book, that's the bible. Today they do anything they want to do."

Larry Napp (AL umpire, 1951-74): "I watch games on TV and say, 'High? My neck! It's right down the middle belt high!' How can they do that? When you work lower [that is, in a low crouch], you're not going to call anything above your eyes, you're not going to call that a strike."

Ed Vargo (NL umpire, 1960-83, now NL supervisor of umpires): "I couldn't tell you what my strike zone was. You know what the strike is supposed to be, but everyone is different. I saw a lot of high strikes in the World Series. Some guys call it there, and some don't. Heh, you can't be perfect."

John Kibler (NL umpire, 1963-88): "Every umpire has a different strike zone. Not everyone is built the same. I've seen some of the charts, but I never study this stuff."

Bruce Froemming (NL umpire, 1971-91): "My strike zone is in my heart, and I never changed it. One of the key things the players are looking for is consistency. We call strikes above the belt. Absolutely! The controversy over umpiring this year is that we have more exposure when you're on TV every day. We don't get a lot of gripes from the players."

Al Clark (AL umpire, 1976-91): "The strike zone hasn't changed. That's absolutely correct. It's a figment of the writers' and broadcasters' imagination. You can't tell on the TV screen. You've got to tell them they don't know what the hell they're talking about."

Greg Bonin (NL umpire, 1986-91): "I really don't give a damn about [the statistics]. To be honest, I don't think any of the umpires in the league give a damn."

The players get their at bats:

Bob Feller (AL pitcher, 1936-56): "It's unbelievable what they've done to the strike zone. The high pitch was the pitch for a lot of big fellows. How about Walter Johnson and me and Sandy Koufax? Allie Reynolds, Ruffing, Gomez? The low pitch also makes it tough for catchers to throw runners out."

"Umpires should come under the commissioner's office. The supervision of umpires has deteriorated. The [umpires'] union has a lot of clout. Now it's supervision by the union."

Sam McDowell (AL pitcher, 1961-75): "I pitched high inside. It's a very serious blind spot for the hitter. Your great hitters—Mickey Mantle and Hank Aaron, Wade Boggs to some degree—that high inside pitch is in their blind spot. Now pitchers have to go out there and pitch according to the umpire, not according to how the strike zone ought to be."

Jim Palmer (AL pitcher, 1965-1984): "With the smaller strike zone, it's harder to be aggressive today. In 1987 the strike zone was so small, it led to a lot of home runs. And the length of the games is longer."

Johnny Vander Meer (NL pitcher, 1937-51): "Who in the hell sets the strike zone, the league or the umpires? It seems to be the umpires making their own rules. The umpires today have become lords. [Cooney's call against Clemens] was totally uncalled for. He was fooling around with \$100,000 of every player on the Red Sox. I'd eliminate him from the World Series and the All Star Game, because he can't handle trouble."

"All this started with the union. Nobody can fool around with the

umpires' money, can they? One hundred thousand dollars a year for working six months! Plus paid vacation to see their families! Hell, back in the Depression, for \$100,000 I wouldn't have a family!"

Johnny Sain (pitcher, 1942-55; pitching coach): "I was so concerned when a catcher would catch it right at his mask and the umpire would say it was too high. One day I tied a string to the catcher's mask and stretched it to the mound, and that string came right at the hitter's belt. So I proved it to myself if not to everyone else. If you had a computer that could count strikes 98 percent of the time, it would be to the benefit of the pitcher."

Rick Ferrell (AL catcher, 1929-47): "So many hitters are kicking on every pitch, the umpires are getting intimidated. Ruth was more of a low-ball hitter, but Jimmie Foxx would really wreck that high fastball. Jimmie would have it tougher now."

Ralph Kiner (outfield, 1946-55): "The umpires deny that the strike zone has changed, but it's true. They've made it more of a low-ball game. Robin Roberts' pitches had the most life of all the high fastball pitchers. Carl Erskine had a good high-riding fastball."

Tommy Henrich (AL outfield, 1937-50): "Feller was untouchable to righthanders, pitching high. The ball *moved*! But Ted Williams could hit the high pitch. He would scream today! Hitters like Jose Canseco have the advantage now."

Bill Fischer (AL pitcher, 1956-64, Red Sox coach): "Baseball is getting better. But the one thing that hasn't improved is the umpiring. They don't get better with age like whiskey. Certain umpires, when a certain pitcher pitches, he never loses. And they don't want to call out a good hitter on the third strike. If you look on the pitching charts, they never call third strikes."

"They should call them like the rule book states, from the armpits to the knees. The high strike is the toughest pitch in baseball to hit; they pop it up. If the pitcher has to come down, that's the 'hit me' zone, where the .220 hitter makes his living."

"[In the Oakland playoff game] one pitch to Willie Randolph was a ball. The others he called balls were strikes. The pitch Clemens walked him on was right down the middle. That's what got him so upset."

"If the umpires can't call it right, they ought to get some umpires that can call it. Maybe some umpires should be ball-and-strike um-

WHEN THE UMP BECOMES A PLAYER

In 1972 Milt Pappas led the NL in fewest walks per game. Bruce Froemming, then in his second year in the league, appears on Kitchin's list with the highest walks/game total in the NL. They came face to face in Wrigley Field, when Pappas was working on a perfect game.

After twenty-six straight outs, Milt faced pinch hitter Larry Stahl (.226). With a count of one ball and two strikes, it now became a contest, not between Pappas and Stahl, but between Pappas and Froemming. The umpire called the next three pitches balls, two of them highly questionable, and Pappas lost his bid for perfection.

In a similar situation in the 1956 World Series, Don Larsen faced pinch hitter Dale Mitchell with a perfect game on the line. With two strikes on Mitchell, Larsen threw a pitch that appeared low and outside, but umpire Babe Pinelli shot his arm into the air for the final out.

A BRJ EDITORIAL

THESE DATA RAISE disturbing questions. Do the umpires upset the competitive fairness of the game? Larry Gerlach, chairman of SABR's Umpires Committee, calls the chart of home team winning percentage "the most shocking" of all.

One would hate to have a pennant race or playoff hang on who the umpire is. Both leagues would be wise to eliminate the arbiters who appear near either extreme on any of the lists.

The league presidents may not be aware of these numbers, but, unfortunately, the nation's gamblers are not. They have been keeping similar stats and publishing them in *The Gamblers' Handbook*.

An umpire does not have to be crooked and throw the game in order to help the gamblers win. All he has to do is consistently give the home team—or the visitors—the advantage, and the gamblers profit even if the ump didn't know they were betting on him.

These figures reveal that Terry Cooney is one of the most flagrant home-team umps. Cooney leaves himself open to the question: Would he have thrown Roger Clemens out of the game if it had been in Boston instead of Oakland? If the question may seem unfair, Cooney, based on his own record, leaves himself open to it.

The wide difference in strike zones also raises troubling questions. The difference from high BA to low, about 16 percent, means that a .300 hitter actually bats .324 against some umps but only .276 against others.

The rule book is unmistakable; it even draws a picture of the strike zone so there can be no debate over exactly where it is. In other plays calling for an umpire's decision, there is no leeway for "interpretation."

A flyball that hits within an inch of the top of the fence is in play. It is not a home run because the umpire thinks the fence should be two inches lower.

A base runner who beats the throw to second is safe. He is not out because an umpire feels the distance between bases should be 91 feet instead of 90.

In a pregame TV interview during the Detroit-Toronto pen-

nant race in 1987, one AL umpire declared on the "Game of the Week" that he didn't care where the rule book said the strike zone was, he called strikes from the calf to the belt buckle!

Umpires say the players want "consistency." But being consistently wrong is no virtue. An ump who calls all balls near the line fair may be consistent, but he is not enforcing the rules.

When the umpires throw the book away and make up their own rules, they become the biggest law-breakers on the field. They're like cops who park on a red meter because the law applies to other people, not to them.

Says Gerlach: "My own guess is that the informal instructions [on the low strike zone] came out with the last round of pitcher dominance. But neither the American League nor the National League is willing to share any information. I asked them for copies of their memos or instructions to umpires, but they say they're in warehouses in New Jersey."

Today the umpires' strike zone, from the shin to the belt, has effectively banned yesterday's high-ball hitters and pitchers and turned baseball into a low-ball game. How many present Hall of Fame plaques would be missing if yesterday's umps had used today's strike zone?

Hitters who would be outside looking in would probably include Hack Wilson, Jimmie Foxx, and Ted Williams. Mickey Mantle, who hit high balls right-handed and low balls lefty, would have had to switch to the left side exclusively, but would he have been as good?

The pitchers who would be missing would probably include Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove, Bob Feller, Robin Roberts, and Jim Palmer. Would Nolan Ryan be an even better pitcher if the umpires gave him the high strike? Palmer used to thrive on that high fastball at the letters. If he were starting out today, he would walk the first four men he faced on sixteen pitches and be back in the minors the next day.

When the umpire becomes a major factor in the outcome of the game, it is time to question whether the playing field is really level.

pires and others work the bases. After two years an umpire can't get fired. If you had that kind of job security, you wouldn't be worried either, would you?"

IF THE NATIONAL AND AMERICAN LEAGUES are not monitoring their umpires, others are. In 1986 David Driscoll charted every pitch in the Toronto schedule and found these umps gave the highest and lowest batting averages:

Dave Phillips	.301	Larry Young	.228
Mark Johnson	.300	John Hirschbeck	.219
Don Denkinger	.296	Joe Brinkman	.215

As published in the October 1987 magazine, *Referee*, Driscoll also found that Al Clark called one-third of his strikeouts on called third

strikes; Greg Kosc called only seven percent.

The following year SABR's Stanley Kaplan charted all Mets games and reported these results:

Umpire	Games	Mets BA	Opp BA	Mets W-L
Froemming	7	.258	.269	3-4
Montague	8	.278	.281	5-3
Kibler	7	.280	.256	3-4
Rennert	13	.273	.245	6-7
West	7	.204	.271	4-3
Weyer	9	.265	.316	4-5
Williams, C.	8	.288	.212	6-2
Pallone	10	.253	.215	5-5
TOTAL	162	.269	.255	92-70

Rose Out, McGraw In Why?

ELIOT COHEN

A new SINdex measures the iniquity quotient of baseball's immorals and shows that Charlie Hustle wouldn't be first on the list of the bad boys in baseball's Hall of Fame.

UNTIL NOW, SABERMETRICS HAS BEEN concerned with the game on the field. With Pete Rose's banishment from Cooperstown, the time has come to apply sabermetrics to rate the deeds of Rose and others in baseball's hall of shame.

Rose's position as one of the greats of the game is beyond dispute. In his 24 seasons as a player, Rose starred for seven divisional champions plus one half-titlist (the '81 Phillies) and appeared in six

Iniquity Quotient (IQ) for Active Players:

$$RC \times 0.1 \times (OI + SIN)$$

$$10 + (\text{Team Standing in Current or Last Season}) - \text{Awards Won}$$

Iniquity Quotient (IQ) for Retirees:

$$RC \times 0.1 \times (OI + SIN)$$

$$10 + \text{Years Out of Game} - \text{Awards Won}$$

The numerator assesses a player's value as well as the gravity of the offense. RC stands for runs created for career. For pitchers, substitute (Wins + Saves + Innings Pitched/2) for R.C. For managers or executives, add (Years in Management x 100). OI represents the Offense Index, which ranks the impropriety of the act(s) on a gross basis as follows:

Bribery/game fixing— Three points (add three points for 1920s in wake of Black Sox Scandal; add two points for postseason play).

Game throwing— Five points (add three points for 1920s in wake of Black Sox Scandal; add four points for postseason play).

The final numerator term, SIN, stands for Sanctimony Index and measures the player's previous moral stature, assessing the shock value of any reported misconduct/deed.

The denominator assesses the player's standing in the public's mind, both in terms of team success and individual awards. For IQ purposes, awards are the player's career sum of MVP, Cy Young, and Rookie of the Year honors. In addition, subtract one additional point for each of the following in the most recent season: division title, pennant, world championship, league lead in HR, RBI, batting average, wins, saves, ERA or strikeouts, and any postseason play award.

World Series. His career included a record 4,256 hits, a lifetime .303 batting average and an unprecedented 500 games at five different positions, starting an all-star game at each.

Rose's offenses, on the other hand, are hardly singular. Who has never bet on a football game or cheated on his income tax? And Rose was open about his interest in gaming, giving the local dog track as his forwarding address every spring training. (He was less forthcoming about a paternity suit and messy divorce, which was included in neither the commissioner's deliberations nor my own.) The point is, Pete never portrayed himself as a Boy Scout.

None of that excuses Rose from violating baseball's express prohibition against gambling, but should it merit the establishment's vendetta to prohibit Rose's consideration for Cooperstown?

As historians, we can't simply accept the verdict of the baseball establishment. Through sabermetrics, we can derive a formula that will determine the gravity of Rose's transgressions so they may be objectively compared with the evil deeds of other baseball immorals. The formula must take into account career accomplishments as well as the seriousness of the offense, and the primacy of the man in the public consciousness.

Rose's IQ is:

$$\frac{(2220 RC + (600 \text{ manager points} \times .1 \times (101 + 7 SIN))}{10 + 2('88 \text{ second place finish}) - 2 \text{ awards}}$$

for a SINdex of 225.6

His open interest in gambling would have given him a zero Sanctimony Index, but he earned seven SIN points for his pursuit of the matter in the courts, continued denials that he bet on baseball, despite evidence to the contrary, and his hypocritical expression of disappointment that he didn't get a chance to tell his side of the story.

Writers drew parallels between Rose and his 1989 partners in slime, Wade Boggs and Steve Garvey, or invoked Rose's evil twin, Ty Cobb, and Tris Speaker, who both faced 1927 accusations of game-throwing. But Giant manager John McGraw was the Hall of Famer who most closely resembled Rose as an immortal, and an immoral.

McGraw and Rose each performed beyond their gifts as players,

enjoyed gambling as their principal off-field vice, chose their associations poorly, and exhibited a competitive fire which precluded any reasonable suspicion about throwing games.

However, McGraw was flagrantly dishonest as a player and unequalled in his demonstrations of outright contempt for umpires, league authorities, and opponents.

Throughout his career McGraw stood at the edge of numerous controversies while initiating a few of his own. When his indiscretions approached scandalous proportions, he was usually able to divert attention with a little help from his team or his friends.

McGraw arrived in New York from Baltimore in 1902 after engineering a stock manipulation scheme which allowed him to strip the Orioles of their six best players.

Enjoying his celebrity status as manager of baseball's top franchise, McGraw ran with the shady Broadway crowd that Damon Runyan would make famous and invested in a pool hall and race-track, with Arnold Rothstein, the nation's top gambling racketeer, who was behind the Black Sox bribes of 1919.

McGraw ascended to the post of vice president in the Giants front office, a cesspool as far back as the nineteenth century when Tammany Hall lieutenant Andrew Freedman owned the club.

McGraw also brawled on and off the field (Holy Bill Martin!) well into his rotund middle age.

In 1903—Red Sox catcher Lou Criger stated in an affidavit some 20 years later—McGraw and Wilbert Robinson were present when Criger met a gambler who offered him money to throw the 1903 World Series.

In 1904 McGraw was arrested in a Hot Springs, Arkansas hotel for running a highly successful illegal silver dollar-pitching game.

In a 1905 incident that became known as the "Hey, Barney" affair, McGraw instigated an on-field shouting match with Pittsburgh owner Barney Dreyfuss, in which McGraw accused Dreyfuss of influencing umpires and failing to pay gambling debts. The National League reprimanded Dreyfuss and fined McGraw, who won a court injunction against collection of the impost.

When a bad shoulder sidelined the Philadelphia Athletics' great lefthander Rube Waddell for the 1905 World Series against the Giants, suspicions arose that Waddell's absence was inspired by New York gamblers. (McGraw won about \$400 in bets as the Giants beat the A's in five games.)

Then in 1908, with the Giants locked in a tight race with the Cubs, rumors spread that McGraw had attempted to bribe Philadelphia players (corroborated in 1920) and prevailed upon Boston manager Joe Kelley, a former Orioles teammate, to let the Giants win the final three games of the regular season to force a playoff, which the Cubs ultimately won.

It's quite plausible that, convinced he'd been robbed of the pennant by umpire Hank O'Day's infamous out call on Fred Merkle, McGraw would try to steal the 1908 flag back by any means.

That winter sworn statements from umpires Bill Klem and John Johnstone implicated Giants team physician Dr. Joseph M. Creamer, a close friend of McGraw, in a plot to fix the playoff game. Incredibly, Giants president John T. Brush was appointed chairman of the National Commission committee investigating the scheme. Brush recommended against naming Creamer publicly to avoid a possible lawsuit, and the National League acquiesced.

In 1912 Philadelphia Phillies owner Horace Fogel spoke out against McGraw and St. Louis manager Roger Bresnahan, the former Giants catcher. Fogel accused Bresnahan of juggling his lineup to decrease his team's chances of beating the Giants. For his remarks as well as accusations that National League president Thomas Lynch and his umpires openly favored the Giants, Fogel was banned from baseball.

Four years later, with the Phils fighting Brooklyn for the NL pennant, the fourth-place Giants dropped a pair of games in a season-ending series at Ebbets Field to assure that Brooklyn, managed by former Giant coach Wilbert Robinson, would win the flag. (McGraw and Robinson were, of course, bitter enemies by this time.) Some attributed the losses to McGraw's animosity toward Fogel over the 1908 accusations. Others attributed them to McGraw's pique over losing a \$15,000 bet that New York would finish third. (They finished fourth.) Despite pledges that the league would investigate the matter at its winter meetings, there was no inquiry.

Before the 1919 season, in addition to adding the notorious Hal Chase to his team, McGraw became a partner in the Giants with new owners Charles Stoneham and Judge Francis X. McQuade, a Tammany Hall heavy. Stoneham owed much of his success to Tammany boss Tom Foley and Rothstein, the gambling racketeer. Stoneham and Rothstein were partners in a "bucket shop," basically a financial bookie joint taking action on the movement of stocks and bonds without any actual transfer of ownership, option or warrant. The company also speculated with customers' money in other arenas as a sideline. Stoneham himself gambled heavily, and in 1919 McGraw joined Stoneham and Rothstein to purchase a Havana racetrack, which Landis would force the Giants partners to sell two years later.

Giants matters frequently were fodder for the courts throughout the 1920s and early 1930s. Attorney William C. Fallon, "The Great Mouthpiece" who represented underworld figures, including Rothstein before the grand jury investigating the 1919 World Series, was also the Giants' counsel. Fallon defended McGraw against charges for assault and possession of alcohol stemming from a drunken brawl at the Lamb's Club in 1920. With McGraw presumably footing the bill, Fallon filed a defamation of character suit against Landis on behalf of Dolan, a case that was later dropped. Fallon also won acquittal for Stoneham on perjury and mail fraud charges stemming from the bucket shop operation. However, Fallon's zealous defense led to his own indictment for jury tampering.

A feud between Stoneham and McQuade in 1928 cost McQuade his position as club treasurer. McQuade, naturally, sued, and the Giants countersued. In an ugly trial, the Giants were portrayed as "in the hands of a rough element." McQuade won a verdict for back salary which would eventually be overturned on appeal.

Was McGraw honest in the midst of all this mess?

It's difficult to imagine McGraw ordering players to offer bribes to opponents, but his managerial reign of terror fostered a clubhouse climate in which such an order would have been obeyed or an innocent joke on the subject taken seriously.

(see page 50)

Pete Rose: An Ordinary Player for an Extraordinary Time

PETE PALMER

Even if Pete Rose could be placed on the Hall of Fame ballot, his wins above average total for his career is not good enough to warrant his election to the hallowed halls of Cooperstown.

THE THREE NEW HALL OF FAMERS elected by the writers—Gaylord Perry, Rod Carew, and Ferguson Jenkins—were all reasonable choices by Sabermetric standards. But Tony Lazzeri, the vets' committee choice, was well below Hall of Fame standards. Pete Rose, the non-nominee, I rate as a marginal Hall of Famer.

My own method for rating players calculates the number of wins above average that a player produces during his career from batting, pitching, fielding, and baserunning. A rating of 30 or more extra victories is a bona fide credential for a Hall of Famer; 20–30 is a possibility. All three players elected by the writers met this qualification. Here's how my computer rated them:

Perry	35
Jenkins	32
Carew	32
Rose	20 (not on the writers' ballot)
Lazzeri	15

Carew is a fairly easy choice. The bulk of his value comes from his high batting average, something that is usually not missed by the writers.

PETE ROSE

The Rose case is interesting. Putting aside his suspension, let's look at how he stacks up. My method does not give credit for longevity, which is Rose's main claim. One who plays twenty years at an average level gets nothing in my system, which measures only performance above or below average. Is this fair?

Rose lost five wins because he hung on for five extra years to chase the all-time hit record. Pete also lost four wins on defense, especially when he was playing third base and outfield in 1975–78. Some say Pete sacrificed himself playing third in order to help his team. But was he helping his team by being a lousy third baseman?

In other words, Rose was a slightly above average player who played for an extraordinary length of time. I believe that giving no extra credit for longevity is reasonable. Dick Allen played half as many games as Pete and produced 33 wins above average for his team, compared to 20 for Rose.

ROSE'S GAMES WON YEAR BY YEAR

Year	Position	BA	GW
1963	2b, of	.273	-2
1964	2b	.269	-2
1965	2b	.313	2
1966	2b, 3b	.313	1
1967	of, 2b	.301	0
1968	of, 2b, 1b	.335*	4
1969	of, 2b	.348*	5
1970	of	.316	2
1971	of	.304	2
1972	of	.307	4
1973	of	.338*	4
1974	of	.284	2
1975	3b, of	.317	-1
1976	3b, of	.323	2
1977	3b	.311	-1
1978	3b, of, 1b	.302	-1
1979	1b, 3b, 2b	.331	2
1980	1b	.282	0
1981	1b	.325	2
1982	1b	.271	-1
1983	1b, of	.245	-3
1984	1b, mgr	.286	0
1985	1b, mgr	.264	0
1986	1b, mgr	.219	-1
Total			21
(Total exceeds 20 due to rounding)			

There are other players who haven't gotten much consideration at all who are just as good as Rose or better. Four others on the 1991 ballot met the 30-win test but were not elected:

Ron Santo	39
Bill Mazeroski	35
Dick Allen	33

Bobby Bonds	32
Rollie Fingers	22

Only Fingers is likely to be elected.

Thirty-win players previously dropped from the ballot because of poor showings in their first years were:

Reggie Smith	36 (3 votes in 1988)
Norm Cash	32 (6 votes in 1980)
Jimmy Wynn	31 (0 votes in 1983)

In the past twelve years the Vets' Committee has elected fourteen players, not counting Negro Leaguer Ray Dandridge. Only three of them have been legitimate Hall of Famers (30 games won or more). Four were marginal (20-30 games). The rest were below what I consider an acceptable level:

QUALIFIED		MARGINAL		UNQUALIFIED	
Arky Vaughan	40	Addie Joss	27	Hack Wilson	17
Johnny Mize	37	Chuck Klein	24	Pee Wee Reese	16
Bobby Doerr	36	Duke Snider	24	Tony Lazzeri	15
		Travis Jackson	21	Rick Ferrell	12
				Schoendienst	11
				Enos Slaughter	11
				George Kell	7

Some other old timers still not elected and their rankings:

MODERNS		19TH CENTURY	
Hal Newhouser	38	George Davis	52
Bob Johnson	37	Bill Dahlen	52
Joe Jackson*	37	Bid McPhee	41
Carl Mays	36	Jack Glasscock	38
Dizzy Trout	34	Bob Caruthers	38
Sherry Magee	30	Jack Stivetts	32
Wes Ferrell	30	Cupid Childs	31
Phil Rizzuto	13	Fred Dunlap	31
Nellie Fox	9		
* (ineligible)			

Looking ahead the next four years, we find the following choices:

1992	Tom Seaver	50
	Bobby Grich	41
1993	Reggie Jackson	43
	Phil Niekro	38
1994	Steve Carlton	35*
	Goose Gossage	32
	Don Sutton	13
1995	Mike Schmidt	80
	Tommy John	28
	Jim Rice	27
1996	Keith Hernandez	38
	Darrell Evans	35

* Steve Carlton would be higher if he had not hung on so long.

Grich will probably get very few votes. But his on base and slugging marks were .373 and .424, compared to Rose's .377 and .409, not counting the fact that Grich played in mostly pitchers' parks, while Rose played in hitters' parks. This is a clear offensive advantage for Grich.

Defensively, Grich was a fine player at second and short. Rose had trouble handling second and third base, but did well in the outfield and at first, again an edge for Grich. Grich produced 41 extra wins in 2,008 games, compared to Rose's 20 in 3,562 contests.

Active players and their current games won are:

Rickey Henderson	56
George Brett	44
Eddie Murray	40
Tim Lincecum	38
Ozzie Smith	37
Wade Boggs	37
Dave Winfield	37
Robin Yount	36
Bert Blyleven	35
Carlton Fisk	26
Nolan Ryan	15*

* Ryan spent his career in pitchers' parks, which helps account for his low ranking.

Some players are entering their declining, below-average, years. For example, Boggs, a singles hitter with adequate fielding, could lose some points in future years.

Linear Weights (LWTS) gives a historic run value to every play in baseball—from walk (0.25) to home run (1.4), from error to put out, from steals to caught stealing, etc. Pitchers are rated by ERA relative to the league, times innings pitched. All are then adjusted by a factor that represents their home parks. These runs above average are translated into wins above average by dividing the totals by ten, the average number of runs needed for every win. A fuller explanation is found in *Total Baseball* or *The Hidden Game of Baseball*.

THE HIGHEST AND LOWEST LWTS RATING FOR HALL OF FAMERS ARE:

HIGHEST		LOWEST	
Ruth	122	Manush	7
Lajoie	92	Kell	7
Cobb	91	Schalk	6
Aaron	90	G. Kelly	5
T. Williams	90	Bottomley	1
Mays	86	T. McCarthy	1
Speaker	86	Marquard	0
Wagner	81	W. Robinson	-3
Johnson	80	L. Waner	-5
Young	80		

Carew Makes a Run at .400

GEORGE R. REKELA

Rod Carew's greatest season came in 1977 when, despite a slow start, he caught fire and made a run at the fabled .400 mark.

THE START OF THE 1977 major league baseball season gave little indication that this was to be remembered as the Year of Rod Carew.

"I couldn't wait for the season to start," recalled Rod in his autobiography *Carew*. "And when it did, I almost wished it hadn't. After the first two games I had 4 hits in 9 times at bat, but suddenly I went into a tailspin. I went 3-for-19. It was one of the worst starts of my career. I was getting good wood on the ball, but it was a line drive right into the shortstop's glove, or the center fielder made a shoe-string catch. Nothing dropped." He was hitting .238.

But on April 15 against Oakland, Carew went 2-for-4. Three days later, he had a 3-for-4 performance against Kansas City. By the end of April, twenty games into the season, Rod was hitting .356.

"Carew's speed provides a sure-fire method of breaking a slump: bunting," wrote *Time* researcher-reporter Paul Witteman. "In fact, he lays down bunts better than anyone since Phil Rizzuto. Once in spring training he challenged a teammate to toss a sweater onto the infield, then rolled a bunt into its enveloping folds. The sweater was moved; he bunted dead center again. More than a dozen times, first on the third-base line, then the first-base line, he put the ball on target."

Carew remembered an early-season Saturday afternoon game at Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium against Detroit. "We jumped on Dave Roberts, a six-foot-three southpaw. In the first inning, Larry Hisle homered, and I followed with a bunt single. I don't know if there's an unwritten law in baseball that after a guy hits a home run you're not supposed to bunt. If there is, it's the pitchers who tried to circulate it."

In Rod's next time at bat, a vengeful Roberts planted a pitch square in the middle of the diving Carew's back. "I went right out to the mound after him and threw several punches. I was thrown out of the game. It was only the third time I've ever been ejected."

Then, in October 1970, he did something unforgivable in the eyes of some Midwesterners: he married a local Jewish woman, Marilyn Levy.

Hate mail and death threats followed, shattering the illusion of a liberal Minnesota created by such men as Hubert Humphrey, Eu-

gene McCarthy, and Walter Mondale. Marilyn and Rod's marriage was even condemned from the pulpit of the synagogue they regularly attended.

"It's hard to know," Carew said later, "what it's like to be the odd person in the crowd unless you've experienced it."

Then came the warm afternoon of June 26, at Metropolitan Stadium. "There were 46,963 fans at the Met. It was the largest regular-season home crowd for baseball in the Twins' history," wrote Pat Reusse, then with the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*. "The customers were on their feet, stomping, whistling, roaring. The rickety message board in right-center field spit out its information, one character at a time: ROD CAREW IS NOW HITTING .403!!!"

"When the message was finished, the roar became louder. The crowd was up. They had no intention of stopping their salute to Carew. It was Rodney's fourth hit of the day. Finally, standing there at second, in the middle of madness, soaking up the sun and the cheers, Carew removed his hat and waved it at the fans.

"This was the summer when he was baseball royalty—when he came to be called Sir Rodney."

Immediately speculation began about Carew's potential for a Ted Williams-like .400 season. "All hell broke loose with the media," Rod recalled. "All the publicity was fine for me. I'd never had it like this before."

Carew met with Williams when the Twins traveled to Milwaukee. Teddy Ballgame had been commissioned by *Sports Illustrated* to write an article on Rod's chances of duplicating Williams' 1941 feat. Rod recalled: "He looked at me and said, in that John Wayne voice, 'I want you to go out and hit .400 so these guys will get off my rear end.'"

Williams described Carew as a "classic straightaway hitter." Historically, the highest-average hitters were straightaway hitters. "Good form, good plate appearance, good style, a quick bat. Doesn't give the appearance of being aggressive at the plate, but I think he is. He doesn't pull, but he hits anything." Williams admired Rod's speed and ability to make contact so consistently. "Every groundball has potential for Carew. I think he could bunt .400 if he wanted to."

For Carew, enhancing his vision involved wrapping chewing gum

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1977, was Jersey Day at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minnesota, home of the Minnesota Twins. A crowd of 46,963 turned out to see the Twins face the Chicago White Sox.

The Twins won by the football score of 19-12 and moved into first place in the American League West.

Rod Carew entered the game hitting .396. He was to go 4-for-5 with 6 runs batted in and 5 runs scored. After his last at bat, his average climbed to .403.

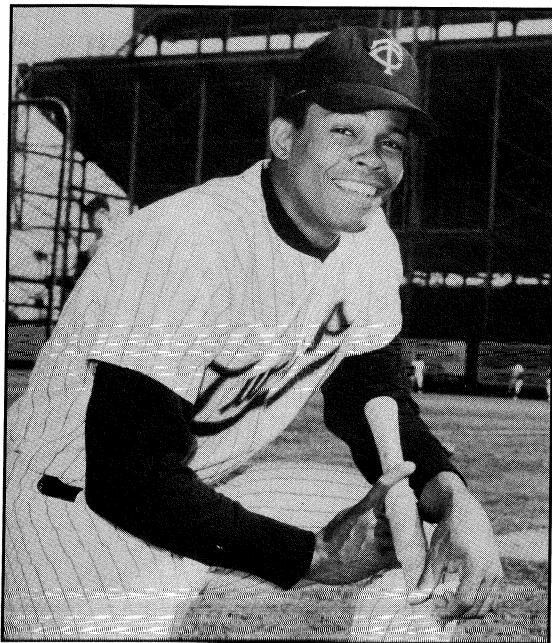
Inspired by the barrage of runs, a twenty-one-year-old fan decided to check out the vantage point from the top of the left-field foul pole. The game was stopped as Bloomington police officers gathered at the base of the pole.

The foul-pole climber was a man who would later become a distinguished author and historian and a founding father of Minneapolis' Halsey Hall Chapter of the Society for American Baseball Research—Stew Thornley.

After considerable coaxing, Thornley decided to surrender. He was fined \$25 and released on his own recognizance.

The St. Paul *Dispatch* noted that the huge crowd was a "nightmare" for ushers and police. "First, there was that fan who climbed the left-field foul pole. Then there were dozens of inebriation cases and almost 100 lost children."

Twins manager Gene Mauch disagreed. "That's the way Ebbets Field used to be. It was fun baseball."



Rod Carew

around a substantial wad of tobacco and wedging it between his right cheek and his teeth. "When it's tucked in there, it makes my skin tight. When your skin is tight like that, you can't squinch your eye, which means more of your eye is on the ball."

In June 1977, Carew's eye was most definitely on the ball, and the baseball world had its eye on Sir Rodney. On June 29 he was hitting .411. For the month he batted .486, drove in 30 runs, scored 30 times, and hit safely in 26 out of 28 games.

Milwaukee came to Minnesota for the Twins' final home stand in June. "A rookie pitcher named Sam Hinds was on the mound," Carew remembers. "I got around to third base. On the first pitch, I was surprised to see him take a windup. I broke up the line and he didn't look. I thought, if he does that again, I've got to go. He did, and I did. I stole home in a breeze." It was the perfect capper to a near-perfect month.

By July, references to Carew's quest for .400 were everywhere—on national television, radio, and magazine covers, even in the *Congressional Record*. A Washington *Star* editorial stated: "Rod Carew has gone quietly about his business—of being perhaps the

premier hitter in the game and a gentleman. Thanks, Rod, we needed that."

Once upon a time Carew had been allowed to walk Minneapolis streets in anonymity. After June 1977, groups of worshippers gathered to touch him and seek his autograph.

"He was the reason," Reusse wrote, "the long-lethargic fans had rediscovered the Twins." Minnesota was to draw 1,162,727 customers in 1977—only 787,878 were to show up the following year, when Rod was not chasing .400.

On June 11, Carew went 1-for-5 against California, and his average slipped to .398. The following day, the newspapers announced that he had received more than four million All Star Game votes, more than any player had ever received. His wife Marilyn was nonchalant: "I didn't think there were four million people in the whole country who even knew who he was."

Carew was not to cross the .400 barrier for the rest of the season. He batted .304 in July and finished the month with a .383 average.

On August 8, the Twins went to Cooperstown to play in the annual Hall of Fame Game. Manager Gene Mauch insisted Carew accompany him on a tour of the Hall. "I wanted to help Rodney pick out his corner," Mauch said later.

In September, the Twins slipped out of pennant contention, but Carew kept hitting, despite, as he said, arms that felt like lead and blisters on his hands. "Every day I used four rolls of tape on my hands. I also wore a corset for my bad back. I learned that hitting .400 is some feat."

Carew finished 1977 with 239 hits in 616 at bats for a .388 average, an even 100 runs batted in, 14 home runs, 128 runs scored, and 23 stolen bases. His slugging average was .570, and he led the league in triples, hits, and runs. In friendly Metropolitan Stadium, he hit .403. On the road, .372.

"To hit well," Carew said, "you must love it. Hitting was the most important thing in my life. That was all I dreamed about while I was growing up. I won a Ted Williams model bat as Most Valuable Player in my little league, and I took that bat to bed with me at night. When I was in the minors, I'd stand in front of the mirror and swing the bat for hours. Someone told me that Ted did that as well and once whacked a bedpost and broke down the bed. Well, I never broke down a bed. But I did knock over a few lamp shades, which may point up the difference between Ted and me—he was more of a long-ball hitter."

Ferguson Jenkins, CM, Comes to Cooperstown

WILLIAM HUMBER

Canada is a small town within commuting distance of the big city of a country south of it. A test of fame awaits those who cross the border. Ferguson Jenkins met that test and won.

THE LOCAL HERO WHO leaves the small town seeking glory in the big city is a standard cliché of storytelling. His former neighbors share in his triumphs and tragedies. They forgive his erring ways and at the moment of his ultimate victory smugly swap tales of his Huck Finn youth. They assert that one of theirs has truly made the gods take notice.

Canada is a small town within commuting distance of the big city of a country south of it. A test of fame awaits those who cross the border.

It was the night before Fergie went off to play pro ball in the States. We were at a dance for the black community in North Buxton. I remember because my band, the Galahads, were playing that night. Most of the guys were circling the floor looking for girls. But not Fergie and myself. I was going off to Toronto to start my boxing career and the two of us talked sports all night. It was kind of like the old gang was breaking up. Fergie said if he turned out to be half the player his father was he'd be happy.

— Chuck "Spider" Jones

Ferguson Jenkins from Chatham, Ontario, Canada is one of 211 Baseball Hall of Fame members. The righthander's 284 major league wins, 594 pitching starts, career strikeout to walk ratio of 3.2:1, and seven twenty-plus win seasons, are now the stuff of record books and memories. He has joined the game's exclusive alumni though Bill James once suggested that selectors might pass over pitchers who hadn't won 300 games. "Maybe the line needs to move so far as to exclude Ferguson Jenkins," he wondered. If so, then it might logically have to revoke the membership of Robin Roberts and Catfish Hunter, two pitchers James considers to be from the same mold as Jenkins. A family of pitchers whose defining characteristics are:

- (1) outstanding control;
- (2) medium range strikeouts;
- (3) a very high number of home runs allowed; and
- (4) an ability to pitch a large number of innings.

Fergie Jenkins is a Canadian hero, the acclaimed winner of its leading sports award, the Lou Marsh Trophy, in 1974; Canadian male athlete of the year on four occasions; subject of a wonderful National Film Board documentary, "King of the Hill" produced in the early 1970s; and recipient of the Order of Canada and entitled to use the letters CM after his name though he once confessed to writer Jay Teitel, "To tell you the truth I haven't found out what it stands for yet." The motto on the award is "Desiderantes meliorem patriam," meaning "they desire a better country."

Jenkins grew up in Chatham, a community of 40,000 just fifty miles northeast of Detroit. Prior to the Civil War it was a center of anti-slavery activity and one of the northern terminuses for the Underground Railway, which brought fugitive slaves to Canada. One of those was the Jackson family from whom Fergie is descended on his mother's side. It was from that side as well that he claimed two other traits. "My father says I got my size (6 foot, 5 inches) from her and my precision pitching because she was so exacting," Jenkins claimed in his autobiography. From his father he inherited a love for baseball and, apparently, fishing, which had been the family's occupation in Barbados. Ferguson Senior was an outfielder for several Chatham teams and it was at these games that Fergie's parents met.

Even with its Underground heritage, blacks were a minority in Chatham. Perhaps this eased the process of integration and Jenkins has said he never experienced any racial anguish growing up in the community. In his youth he was a gifted soprano who credits the poise attained in musical competition with aiding his later success on the mound. His pinpoint control dates to pitching chunks of coal from Terry's Coal and Ice Yard near his house into the open doors of moving boxcars.

The black Canadian has generally felt less overt discrimination than his American cousin. Nevertheless, even baseball has demonstrated that Canada is hardly innocent on this matter. As recently as the 1920s Ontario's amateur baseball authorities thought it appropriate to check with Judge Landis before allowing a Canadian black to play in their competition. Fergie himself heard racial slurs when he played outside Chatham.

By the time Jenkins left Chatham in 1962 to begin his profes-

sional baseball career he was already something of a local hero having played hockey for a Junior B affiliate of the Montreal Canadiens, and starred in high school basketball (he later barnstormed with the Globetrotters). In baseball the limited Ontario schedule restricted his starts to seven or eight in each of three seasons of amateur ball. Those looking for clues as to his extraordinary ability to pitch so many major league innings may refer to such a sheltered upbringing as cause.

Fergie debuted for the Phillies in 1965 and his first pitch put Dick Groat on his back. Pat Corrales, his catcher that day, recalled, "The next three deliveries were on the black." Jenkins later criticized such tactics. "I figure if a pitcher wants to go headhunting," he told a *Sport Illustrated* reporter, "he should play hockey instead of baseball."

Jenkins made his reputation on the strength of pinpoint accuracy and a slider he figured he could get in the strike zone 80 percent of the time. At his peak he averaged around 1.8 walks per game. Statistics compiled by UPI in 1987 showed that teams giving up more than three walks had a winning percentage of .487, but for two walks or less the percentage climbs from .582 to .659. And while his Canadian fans were disappointed at the abrupt conclusion to his career before the 1984 season just 16 victories short of 300, it did guarantee him status as the only pitcher to throw over 3,000 strikeouts (3,192) against fewer than 1,000 bases on balls (997). The downside to such precision was that as a flyball pitcher he gave up a lot of sacrifice flies and a career total of 484 home runs. Only Robin Roberts at 505 leads him in this dubious category.

His teammates seldom complained. In 1974 Texas Rangers' right fielder Jeff Burroughs said, "Before Fergie it used to get boring in the field. Our pitchers would walk so many hitters and get behind so many others, you'd lose your concentration. Fergie is always around the plate, so you have to be alert."

Nowhere was this better appreciated than during six glorious seasons with the Cubs between 1967 and 1972 when he always won 20 or more games and the Cubs had three seconds and three thirds. Watching Fergie pitch on July 12, 1969 on videotape is to appreciate again the completeness of his performance. His manager Leo Durocher tells Tony Kubek before the game with the Phillies that "Fergie's our stopper like Ford was on your club. He believes he's going to beat you." One sees again Fergie's familiar loping run to the mound, his economical delivery, and his legs in a good square position to field after the pitch. His 363 career putouts are a modern major league record for pitchers. He contributed at bat as well, averaging .165 and hitting 13 career home runs.

In winning his 12th game of the season on that July 12 Fergie demonstrated his change of speed on fast and breaking balls, compensating for overwhelming power by controlled pitching to all parts of the plate. It is a style that Bryant Gumbel will describe a few years later in *Black Sports*.

"Even while Jenkins wins 20, his detractors claim he is not putting out. They mistake his easy motion for laziness and his long, slow gait for sloppiness. The critics don't really bother Fergie. 'It looks like I'm lazy because I do it smoothly. I feel like it's physically effortless.

My ability is natural. There have been times when I've taken off my uniform and it wasn't even wet. I don't perspire a lot so it looks effortless, but it's not really. I'm concentrating and working hard."

It was a style that ironically could be applied to one other sports superstar. Gordie Howe, a fellow countryman, was arguably the greatest hockey player of all time, but some accused him of only playing at half-speed, of never scoring the big goal, and of lacking the on-ice élan of Rocket Richard. For Fergie it was the Bob Gibsons, Tom Seavers, and Nolan Ryans who got all the publicity. Howe and Jenkins were quiet, almost shy in their public demeanor, but both played at a consistent level throughout their careers and survived in the sport long after many of their rivals had retired. In the 1969 season Jenkins started 42 games, more than at any other time in his career. He completed 23 of those starts and led the league with 273 strikeouts. Yet he surpassed that season's 311 innings pitched in each of the next two seasons (313 in 1970 and 325 in his Cy Young year of 1971).

Jenkins is a player best respected for his career rather than his peak value—a pitcher who performs best over an entire season but in the truly big game (as rarely as that occurred in a career which did not include a pennant winner) is subject to greater calamity than a true power pitcher might be. When the Cubs collapsed in September 1969 before the onrushing New York Mets, Fergie was as guilty as anyone, as he recounted in his autobiography.

"I was to blame as much as anyone else. I lost three starts in a row in early September before winning my 20th game, and even that was not a good performance. I struggled into the eighth inning against Philadelphia on September 17 before I was relieved. I had given up 7 hits and 4 walks, and my hitting was better than my pitching. I cleared the bases with a three-run triple in the eighth to break a 3-3 tie, and we went on to win 9-7."

For reasons such as these his other achievements went somewhat unnoticed and this may explain why his numbers seemed to creep up on the baseball public. Not in Canada, however, where having sent 154 native sons to the majors since 1879 (more than any other country outside the United States), one of their own had finally made the pinnacle of the profession. Since a hockey crowd gave him a standing ovation at the Montreal Forum after the 1968 season Fergie's acclaim has spread in Canada. Even in the dark days in Boston when with fellow Buffalo Heads' Bill Lee, Rick Wise, Reggie Cleveland, and Jim Willoughby he warred with manager Don Zimmer, or after his arrest at Toronto Airport with a quantity of illegal drugs, it has not been greatly damaged. Jenkins played a season in Ontario's amateur Inter-County League in 1984 and in 1989 pitched in the Florida-based Senior Professional Baseball Association. In between he was an unsuccessful candidate for election to Ontario's provincial Parliament in 1985.

In the space of a week in January 1991 Jenkins won a place in baseball's ultimate hall and lost his second wife to injuries sustained in a car crash. Now almost thirty years removed from that dance hall in North Buxton, his own words from the mid-70s at the peak of his career are a fitting summation. "We never had much of a bullpen in Chicago, but my mother always told me to finish things I started."

Bring Back the Spitter?

Yes!

JOHN McCORMACK

Gaylord Perry's election to Cooperstown revives an old debate: should the spitball be legalized? Here is one opinion in its favor.

LET'S BRING BACK THE SPITBALL, one of baseball's greatest mysteries. No one knows who invented it. No one knows why it was banned. No one knows how many pitchers have used it since it was banned. No one knows how many umpires have apparently been able to recognize it since it was banned.

Such eminent historians as Lee Allen, John Thorn, and John Holway have researched the spitball. None was able to determine with certainty who discovered it. It may have been Bobby Mathews of the Lord Baltimores in 1868. Or, it may have been George Hildebrand's baby in 1901. What's generally agreed, however, is that the pitch came to the American League in 1904 when Elmer Strickle, a minor league teammate of Hildebrand's, joined the Chicago White Sox.

Strickle is remembered not for his pitching but for having shown the spitball to Jack Chesbro of the New York Highlanders in spring training and to his teammate, Ed Walsh, during the season. Chesbro proceeded to win 41 games thanks to his new delivery. No one has won more in a season in this century, but Chesbro is now most widely recalled for his wild pitch in the next to the last game of the season. With it went the pennant.

The spitter came more slowly to Walsh but after he mastered it, he was on his way to Cooperstown.

In the teens such worthies as Red Faber, Burleigh Grimes, Urban Shocker, and Stan Coveleski, among others, became capable practitioners of what columnist Red Smith would later call the drooling delivery.

Then, in February 1920, the lords of baseball outlawed it. No official reason was given. Many were conjectured. The pitch was too difficult to control and, therefore, dangerous. It was too hard on a pitcher's arm and, therefore, career-threatening. It was disgusting. All seemingly good reasons. Alas, on examination, none stand up.

It spitballers hit more than their share of batters, it must have been due to orneriness, not lack of control. Hall of Famers Grover Alexander, Chief Bender, Mordecai Brown, Walter Johnson, Rube Marquard, Christy Mathewson, Herb Pennock, and Eppa Rixey pitched during roughly the same years that Walsh, Chesbro, Faber,

Grimes, Coveleski (all also in Cooperstown), Shocker, Clarence Mitchell, and Jack Quinn were throwing wet ones. The Hall of Famers collectively gave up 2.0 bases on balls per nine innings, the Spitters 2.56. A half a base on balls more a game hardly saddles the Spitters with a shocking lack of control.

Nor did the spitball markedly shorten the Spitters' careers. They lasted an average of 16.5 years, the Hall of Famers went 18.6 years. The difference seems insignificant. But, if an explanation is needed, it's simple. The Spitters didn't overtax their arms (Jack Quinn managed to eke out twenty-three years in the bigs, more than any of the Hall of Famers). The Hall of Famers were better pitchers and hence had longer careers.

Professor Harold Seymour, in writing of the banning of the spitball in volume two of his definitive history, *Baseball: The Golden Age*, said, "Even the thought of pitchers expectorating on the ball was repulsive." Repulsive to whom? Most fans were men. It's unlikely many were repulsed since major league attendance rose from 4.7 million in 1903 to ten million in 1911. In 1920 attendance soared to 9.1 million for, as we shall see, reasons other than the outlawing of the spitball.

If repulsion concerned the club owners, they must have felt the spitball was keeping women out of their parks. Even assuming they were correct, the American woman of 1920 and her great granddaughter of 1991 have little resemblance. Anyone who has braved Scud missiles in the Middle East is unlikely to be repulsed by the *thought* of a pitcher spitting on a baseball. And the players that today's women see on television are constantly and cheerfully spitting. If today's woman can watch a telecast with all the attendant spitting and not become nauseous, it's extremely doubtful that seeing a pitcher put his glove to his face would make her have a Maalox Moment.

Lee Allen probably came close to why the spitball was prohibited. In *The Hot Stove League* he wrote, "The spitball was declared illegal...because the club owners, realizing the financial possibilities of more home runs, were anxious to restrict pitching." Babe Ruth had amazed one and all by smashing a record-breaking 29 home

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Bring Back the Spitter?

No!

DAN GUTMAN

Here's one researcher's views on why the spitter should remain what it has been ever since 1920—an illegal delivery.

I'M AGAINST THE LEGALIZATION of the spitter, but not for all the reasons they trot out every time this controversy rears its head.

1. **It's unsanitary.** When the spitter was banned in 1920, this was the most common explanation. Baseball was forever trying to create the image of a clean sport that would attract a class crowd, and a bunch of guys gobbing all over the balls didn't further that goal.

"There is nothing very pleasant in the sight of a big fellow emptying the contents of his face upon a ball," wrote *Sporting Life* correspondent Ren Mulford, Jr. in 1908. "There's something creepy and 'slimy' in the very suggestion of the spitball."

While it's true that throwing a spitter isn't exactly hygienic, no effort has ever been made to prevent hitters from spitting on their hands or fielders from spitting in their gloves. Today, of course, you can't turn on a ballgame for five minutes without seeing players spitting and grabbing themselves in super slo-mo. And don't catch yourself walking barefoot in a major league dugout.

2. **It's dangerous to hitters,** because it's a difficult pitch to control. The same could be said of the knuckleball, and there has been little talk of banning that elusive pitch. In truth, the spitter usually breaks down, out of harm's way.

There is no evidence that the legal spitball artists were wilder than any other pitchers. In fact, the year Ed Walsh won 40 games, he walked just .85 batters per game.

Burleigh Grimes hit batters regularly, but that was on *purpose*—with his fastball (Grimes was so mean, legend has it, that he once beamed a guy in the on deck circle!). He claimed that in nineteen seasons he only hit one man with his spitball—Mel Ott. Grimes liked to tell the story of the time he was protecting a small lead in the ninth inning with the bases loaded. He intentionally threw three balls to get the hitter looking for a walk, and then struck him out on spitters. That's how good his control was.

3. **It damages young pitching arms.** "It hurts a pitcher in the forearm," claimed Cy Young. "On account of the ball slipping from the moistened fingers with no spinning motion it has to be thrown with a hard snap of the forearm. That is a continuous strain on the muscles just below the bend in the elbow on the inside of the arm.

Once those muscles get out of shape, a pitcher is practically gone, so far as a good curveball is concerned."

Actually, the wrist snap required to throw a curveball or screwball is probably much harder on the arm than a spitball is. The fact that so many pitchers threw spitters well into their forties shows how easy on the arm the pitch must be. Hall of Famer Urban "Red" Faber didn't start throwing a spitter until he got a sore arm, and then used it until he retired at forty-five. Jack Quinn threw his spitter for twenty-three years, and didn't call it quits until he was forty-three.

4. There also have been complaints that the spitball slowed down the game and made it difficult for fielders to handle the ball. But the biggest reason the pitch was banned was to give the game more offense. Babe Ruth had just finished the season with a then incredible 29 home runs, and fans flocked to ballparks to see the big guy try to sock one over the wall. Fans in the Roaring Twenties wanted to see hitting, and banning trick pitches would help produce it.

Even the theory that banning the spitter would automatically increase hitting doesn't stand up. The spitball is a very difficult pitch to master. Only one out of ten pitchers in the major leagues threw it regularly even when it was legal. And it's not unhittable. "It's far easier to hit than legend suggests," says Earl Weaver.

In 1965 Milwaukee manager Bobby Bragan ordered his pitchers to throw seventy-five to eighty spitters in a game against the Giants, in an effort to prove that umpires were doing nothing to stop the illegal pitch. Bragan proved his point, but his four pitchers were rocked for 13 hits, including home runs by Mays and McCovey in a 9-2 rout.

The spitball is not a miracle pitch, and a spitter with too much spin on it is a batting practice fastball.

If making the spitball illegal doesn't necessarily increase hitting, hurt young arms, put hitters in danger or make the game more disgusting, why not legalize it? It's not for lack of trying. Efforts were made to "decriminalize" the pitch in 1949, 1955, 1961, and 1966. Casey Stengel, Frank Frisch, Sparky Anderson, Frank Robinson, Joe Cronin, Jocko Conlan, and Tim McCarver have come out in favor of legalization.

"If I had my way, I'd legalize the old spitter," said none other than

Commissioner Ford Frick. "It was a great pitch and one of the easiest to throw."

The legalization question is similar to the controversy over whether or not drugs should be legalized. We can't stop them, so let's make them legal, regulate them and stop wasting taxpayers' money. Similarly, we can't enforce the spitball ban no matter how hard we try, so let's make it legal and stop arguing about it.

But if you legalize the spitball, or if you legalize drugs, you're only adding another vice to an already vice-rich world. Anti-spitter/drug activists claim that the failure to enforce a law is not a reason to abandon it. As former National League president Warren Giles put it, "We don't catch all the murderers, but we don't legalize murder because of that."

The most convincing argument against legalization is the simplest one—it just ain't natural. Roger Craig, father of the split-finger fastball, explained in his *Playboy* interview why the spitball isn't fair: "The spitter is not a *natural* pitch: You're using a gimmick to strike people out. With the split-finger, you're using your own natural talent to throw."

While it's true that saliva is about as un-foreign a substance as you can get, the fact that a man has to apply *anything* to the ball to make it break is an indication that he couldn't make it do that on his own.

Bring Back the Spitter? Yes!

(from page 14)

runs in 1919. There was little doubt the public was enthralled. If they wanted more home runs, the powers-that-be decided to give them more.

And did they ever. One might ask, when is enough enough? Except for unusually long drives and clutch situations, the home run has become pretty much of a ho-hum event. If spitballs would reduce the wildly inflated number of home runs, wouldn't it be a better game?

Spitballs will be thrown. Why not legalize the pitch? None of the reasons advanced for banning it have proved valid. It's clear the umpires can't prevent it from being used. Nor do they really try to stop it. How often does one see an umpire *of his own volition* go charging after a pitcher who has supposedly thrown a spitter? One can safely assume that an umpire will act only if the opposing team yaps loudly enough. Even then, in the vast majority of instances—since few pitchers are ejected—all that results is a lot of gesticulating and an already slow game is further delayed.

If a rule is not going to be, or can't be, enforced, everyone is better off if it's repealed. Lack of enforcement only brings contempt for the rule and further violation. Only suckers play by the rules, since miscreants are rarely punished.

What are we waiting for? Let's bring back the spitball. Now.

Pitchers with overpowering fastballs or wicked natural curves have rarely resorted to spitters, and spitball pitchers have almost never had good curveballs. The spitball, it could be argued, is a crutch for men without natural ability—or men who no longer *have* their ability—to compete against those who do.

As Ty Cobb once put it, "Tampering with the ball isn't baseball anyway."

There would be one visible effect of legalizing the spitter—a bunch of over-the-hill, beer-bellied pitchers would come out of retirement and learn how to throw the pitch so they could hang around a few more years, hoping to collect today's salaries. The spitter would do for pitchers what the designated hitter has done for hitters—make them look pathetic.

Then there are those of us who are against legalizing the spitball for another reason. If the spitter was legal again, it would take all the *fun* out of it. As long as it's an outlaw pitch, it leads to devilishly clever attempts at deception, wonderful controversy, rumors, accusations and great baseball stories. Seeing if a guy can get away with it is part of the joy of the game.

Pitchers will keep throwing the spitter whether it's legal or not, so we might as well enjoy the benefits of forbidden fruit. I like the rule just the way it is.

RENEWED INTEREST IN "ONE-ARM" DAILY

Jim Abbott, the major league pitcher born without a right hand, has brought out renewed interest in Hugh "One-Arm" Daily, the nineteenth-century hurler who pitched in the majors although his left hand was amputated when he was a youngster.

Daily's career was short, he played only from 1882 through 1887. He was almost thirty-three years old when he joined Buffalo in the National League. He pitched a no-hit game at age thirty-four. At thirty-five he turned in four one-hit games and fanned a staggering 483 batters in the Union Association. In one game that year he actually fanned 20 batters, but since one batter reached first when the catcher missed the third strike, Daily was not given credit for the 20th strikeout. Thus Roger Clemens tied Daily when he whiffed 20 Mariners in 1986.

Baseball encyclopedias list Daily as having been born in 1857, but he was actually born in Baltimore on July 17, 1849.

Daily lost his left hand in an accident when he was twelve years old while working at the Front Street Theatre in Baltimore. A friend went into the dressing room where Daily was preparing for the next piece to be played (*The Broken Sword*) and, taking up a musket which was supposed to be unloaded, playfully pointed it and snapped it at the face of young Daily three times. Each time Daily thrust the muzzle aside with his left hand. The fourth time, the weapon, which previously had hung fire, discharged two blank cartridges, striking Daily's thumb joint and shattering it. The hand had to be amputated at the wrist.

Did Charlie Hughes Really Manage the Browns?

BILL BORST

Bill Veeck pulled two incredible stunts during 1951: sending a midget to bat and appointing a fan to manage for a night.

BILL VEECK BELIEVED THERE COULD BE only one winner each season. Seven teams were destined to be losers and they had to offer fans a Roman circus to stay in business. No franchise tested this maxim more than the St. Louis Browns.

Not since the Browns' first owner, vituperative Chris Von der Ahe, wanted to make Sportsman's Park "*der Koney Island des Westens*" in the 1880s, had baseball seen a promoter of such zeal as Veeck.

His most famous stunt was sending the midget, Eddie Gaedel, up to bat on August 19, 1951. Undaunted by a reprimand from AL president Will Harridge, Veeck tried another audacious move five nights later: He appointed a fan, Charles Hughes, to manage the team on Grandstand Managers' Night.

Bill had advertised for applicants well in advance. His request drew over 2,000 responses, some from as far away as Detroit, Boston, Brooklyn—even Anchorage, Alaska. One fan, Thelma Walker, assured him that the Browns would be a fleet-footed team with her at the helm: "They'd a look at me and run"—though she didn't say which way.

In all, over 1,000 grandstand managers showed up with free tickets to attend the game, ready to vote on any strategic decisions that might come up.

Before the game manager Zack Taylor posed in a rocking chair above the Browns' dugout, studiously puffing on a curve-stemmed pipe and leisurely rocking in his bedroom slippers. Taylor later was moved to a box seat beside the dugout after umpire Bill Summers ordered him off the field because he was not in uniform.

Veeck chose two local fans, Charlie Hughes and Clark Mize, to coach at first and third. But Harridge had other ideas. The morning of the game, he sent Bill a telegram threatening him with a lifetime ban if he ever put another unauthorized player in an American League uniform.

So Hughes sat in a box seat next to the Browns' dugout.

The other grandstand managers all received placards saying "Yes" and "No." During the game Brownies' PR director Bob Fishel would hold up signs such as "Bunt?", "Steal?", "Hit and Run?" The fans held up their choices, and circuit judge James McLaughlin had ten sec-

onds to count the votes. Philadelphia A's manager Jimmy Dykes threatened to protest the game if it took longer than that.

But Hughes still insists that it was his decisions, not theirs, that were relayed to coach Johnny Berardino at third base.

The Brownie lineup contained two changes that had already been suggested by Hughes: He benched Marr Batts and inserted Sherman Lollar behind the plate. And Hank Arft replaced rookie Ben Taylor at first.

Ned Garver would pitch. In an article for *Pop Flies*, the newsletter of the St. Louis Browns Historical Society, Garver called the game "the one game I'll never forget."

The A's jumped viciously on him in the first as Gus Zernial hit a towering three-run home run. Two more singles put runners at first and third with one out and Pete Suder coming up.

The Grandstand Managers (or Hughes) were pressed into making the first tough decision of the game: Should they yank Garver? They voted to leave him in.

They also voted to pull the infield in to cut off a run at the plate instead of playing back for the double play.

Garver says Lollar came to the mound and "suggested that I get the fans to reconsider" the second decision. They did, and so, apparently, did Hughes. The fielders moved back to double-play depth, Lollar called for Garver's sinker, and Suder hit it into the dirt for the DP to end the inning.

From then on, the only move the managers made that back-fired was calling for the slow-footed Arft to steal. Everyone in the park knew he was going, and Arft was out by twenty-five feet. He still chuckles that it was a bad call.

Over the next eight innings, Garver stiffened. He allowed only two more hits to win it 5-3. It was one of 20 games he won that year—the Brownies would lose 102.

Veeck concluded the celebration with fireworks, which included a note to the fans: "Thank you G.S. Managers for a swell job. Zack manages tomorrow."

Bill Borst, "the baseball professor," is the author of Still Last in the American League: The St. Louis Browns Revisited.

Tony Lazzeri: Baseball's First 60-Homer Man

RICHARD E. BEVERAGE

He broke Babe Ruth's professional baseball record of 59 home runs in 1925 while playing in the Pacific Coast League.

I WAS ON MY WAY HOME from work when I heard the news—Tony Lazzeri had been elected to the Hall of Fame by the Veterans' Committee. When I got home, I called his old playmate. "Did you hear that Lazzeri was elected to the Hall of Fame today?" I asked Johnny Kerr.

"It's about time," the peppery ninety-two-year-old former White Sox and Washington second baseman replied. "He was one of the great ones. And did he have a season when we played at Salt Lake in 1925!"

Indeed he did. Tony Lazzeri had one of the greatest seasons in Pacific Coast League history. He hit .355 with 60 home runs and 222 runs batted in. It broke Babe Ruth's "world" record of 59 homers and remains the PCL record to this day. The twenty-one-year-old also stole 39 bases and was the league leader for most of the year before he stopped running in September, finishing three behind leader Bill Hunnefeld of Portland.

Tony Lazzeri was a native of San Francisco who quit school early to work as a riveter in a boiler factory. The hours were long and hard, but Tony was able to play ball on Sundays. He caught the eye of a scout, who recommended him to Duffy Lewis, the former Red Sox outfielder with the Salt Lake club. Lewis signed Lazzeri in 1922, but it was clear that he was not ready for that fast competition. Lazzeri hit .192 while splitting time between first and third base and played poorly in the field as well. A fine half season in 1924 with Lincoln of the Western League, where he hit 28 home runs while playing all infield positions brought him back to Salt Lake.

The Pacific Coast league was not subject to the major league draft during the middle '20s, with the result that the league had some of the finest teams in its history. The San Francisco club was especially dominant, winning pennants in 1922 and 1923.

The Salt Lake Bees had led the PCL in hitting during the previous two years and would do so again in 1925. Their offensive figures were illusory, however. The Bees played at the highest altitude in the league, and the dimensions at Bonneville Park were smaller than those at other PCL parks. The distance down the line in right and left field was a respectable 325 feet, but dead center field was only 360 feet, and the power alleys were short as well. Scores there

tended to reach double figures. When the season opened, Lazzeri (spelled Lazzeri in all newspapers of the day) was at shortstop, batting seventh.

The Bees started out in great fashion, winning ten of the first eleven games, all at home. Lazzeri hit two home runs on April 16 in an 18-9 victory over Portland and hit another the next day as the Bees staggered to a 16-12 win.

On April 21, in Los Angeles, he crashed what was said to be the longest home run at Washington Park at that time. The two-run shot was estimated to travel 450 feet. Two days later he hit a three-run blast off Charlie Root that helped the Bees win a ballgame. Ossie Vitt elevated him to the fifth spot in the order after that performance, where he followed Johnny Frederick and Lefty O'Doul for the balance of the season.

Lazzeri did not play well during May, but beginning with a home stand on June 10 he caught fire. In ten days, he hit six home runs to take the league lead with 17. Lazzeri enjoyed his best day of the year against his hometown club on June 28. In an 11-7 win, he smacked 3 home runs and drove in 8 runs. The home runs were distributed to left, center, and right field and he had a triple as well. The barrage gave him 21 home runs, and he was firmly in the league lead. The Bees had closed to within six and one-half games of the Seals. On June 28 a big crowd saw Salt Lake win the first game of a doubleheader when Lazzeri hit a three-run homer in the eighth and a solo drive in the ninth to overcome an early Seals lead. The fans threw money at him as he circled the bases.

Lefty O'Doul, Tony's San Francisco neighbor, was in his first year as a regular outfielder after beginning his career as a pitcher. He surged into the batting lead in July with a .421 mark, and although he cooled off to finish at .375, his presence in the lineup just ahead of Lazzeri took some of the pressure off the younger player.

On August 1, Lazzeri was sold to the Yankees for \$35,000 and several players to be announced later. He celebrated by hitting his 34th and 35th home runs the next day while raising his average to .382.

Lazzeri hit his 40th home run on September 2 in the Bees' 152nd game. Then he went on another tear and hit 19 home runs in 44

ANTHONY MICHAEL LAZZERI

Height, 5.11. Weight, 160. Batted and threw righthanded.

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1922	Salt Lake	P.C.	1B-3B	45	78	9	15	4	3	1	8	.192
1923	Peoria	I.I.I.	2B	135	436	63	108	22	7	14248
1923	Salt Lake	P.C.	SS	39	130	25	46	7	1	7	21	.354
1924	Lincoln	West.	INF	82	316	65	104	18	3	28329
1924	Salt Lake	P.C.	SS-3B	85	293	51	83	15	3	16	61	.283
1925	Salt Lake	P.C.	SS-2B	197	710	202	252	52	14	60	222	.355
1926	New York	Amer.	2B	155	589	79	162	28	14	18	114	.275
1927	New York	Am.	SS-2B	153	570	92	176	29	8	18	102	.309
1928	New York	Amer.	2B	116	404	62	134	30	11	10	82	.332
1929	New York	Amer.	2B	147	545	101	193	37	11	18	106	.354
1930	New York	Am.	2B-3B	143	571	109	173	34	15	9	121	.303
1931	New York	Am.	2B-3B	135	484	67	129	27	7	8	83	.267
1932	New York	Amer.	2B	142	511	78	154	28	16	15	113	.301
1933	New York	Amer.	2B	139	523	94	154	22	12	18	104	.294
1934	New York	Am.	2B-3B	123	438	59	117	24	6	14	71	.267
1935	New York	Amer.	2B	130	477	72	130	18	6	13	63	.273
1936	New York	Amer.	2B	150	537	82	154	29	6	14	109	.287
1937	New York	Amer.	2B	126	446	56	109	21	3	14	70	.244
1938	Chicago	Nat.	INF	54	120	21	32	6	1	5	23	.267
1939	Brook.-N.York	Nat.	INF	27	83	13	24	2	0	4	14	.289
1939	Toronto	Int.	INF	39	97	19	22	4	2	1	20	.227
1940	Toronto	Int.	INF	13	17	0	3	2	0	0	0	.176
1941	San Francisco	P.C.	INF	102	315	40	78	22	3	3	39	.248
1942	Portsmouth	Pied.	INF	98	310	32	75	13	3	2	40	.242
1943	Wilkes-Barre	East.	INF	58	181	25	49	11	1	3	21	.271

Major League Totals

1740 6298 985 1841 335 116 178 1175 .292

WORLD SERIES RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA
1926	New York	Amer.	2B	7	26	2	5	1	0	0	3	.192
1927	New York	Amer.	2B	4	15	1	4	1	0	0	2	.267
1928	New York	Amer.	2B	4	12	2	3	1	0	0	0	.250
1932	New York	Amer.	2B	4	17	4	5	0	0	2	5	.294
1936	New York	Amer.	2B	6	25	4	5	0	0	1	7	.200
1937	New York	Amer.	2B	5	15	3	6	0	1	1	2	.400
1938	Chicago	Nat.	PH	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000

World Series Totals

32 112 16 28 3 1 4 19 .250

games. But he stopped running—Lazzeri stole no more bases after mid-September.

On September 24 Lazzeri hit number 53 in a 10-9 loss to San Francisco, and for the first time mention was made of his threat to Ruth's record. But that was his last home run in Salt Lake City for the year. The Bees went on a season-ending road trip that lasted two weeks. Lazzeri had not been effective away from home all year, and it was now questionable whether he would reach Ruth's standard.

But Tony hit three homers at Portland and two at Seattle to reach 58. This last home run was somewhat questionable. Seattle center fielder Bill Lane, normally one of the finest in the league, let Lazzeri's line drive get past him to roll all the way to center field wall. The official scorer charitably gave Lazzeri a home run on what probably was a two-base error.

The last week of the season found the Bees at Sacramento, where Lazzeri had done poorly all season. He was held homerless until

Saturday, October 17, when he hit his 59th. That tied the Ruth record and set the stage for the Sunday doubleheader. To give Lazzeri more chances at bat, Vitt moved him the leadoff position for both games. In the opening game Tony had a double in five trips with nothing remotely close to a home run. The afternoon game saw Tony fail in his first two attempts. But in the seventh he hit a vicious line drive to left center. This ball would have been a routine double had not the outfielders been spread out, leaving a huge gap in left field. By the time Merlin Kopp had chased down the ball, Lazzeri circled the bases. He had set a new world's record.

Did Sacramento concede Lazzeri that last home run? Johnny Kerr thinks so. "They left a lot of room in the outfield all day," he says. "The left fielder and right fielder played him right on the line. No reason for that."

We'll never really know the truth. Still, it was a remarkable record for a remarkable player.

“Unser Choe” Hauser: Double 60

STEW THORNLEY

Only one player has hit more than 60 home runs in two different seasons. Joe Hauser slammed 63 roundtrippers for Baltimore in the International League in 1930 and then three years later hit 69 dingers for Minneapolis in the American Association.

MINNEAPOLIS MILLERS FANS had good reason to be excited over the team's acquisition of first baseman Joe Hauser in the spring of 1932. With a right-field fence only 279 feet from home plate, Minneapolis' cozy Nicollet Park seemed a perfect fit for the man who had already established a reputation as a long-ball threat.

Hauser had begun his professional career as an outfielder with Providence of the Eastern (International) League in 1918. It was two years later, while playing for the American Association Brewers in his hometown of Milwaukee, that Joe acquired the moniker that would stay with him throughout his career: Unser Choe (a German expression for “Our Joe”). “Because I lived in Milwaukee, nobody was supposed to ride me,” Joe explains, “but when I had a bad day and some fans did, others would tell them to knock it off because ‘Das ist Unser Choe.’”

Hauser came up to the majors with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1922 and had his best year in 1924, at the age of twenty-five, when he hit .288 with 27 home runs and 115 RBIs. But in 1925 he broke his leg in spring training and was hobbled for the next three years.

In 1928, with a .400-plus batting average during spring training, Joe continued his torrid hitting through the first two months of the regular season; however, a sudden—and seemingly inexplicable—turnaround in his hitting ensued, and, one year later, he was back in the minors, this time to stay.

In 1932 he was sold to the Millers of the American Association. Envisioning what the sinewy southpaw-swinging slugger would do to the fences of Nicollet Park, Millers' owner Mike Kelley was prompted to trade the team's incumbent first baseman, Long George Kelly, to the Brooklyn Dodgers in exchange for pitcher Clyde “Pea Ridge” Day.

Hauser delivered, but not before causing Kelley to second-guess his decision to swap a future Hall of Famer (George Kelly) for the champion hog caller of Pea Ridge, Arkansas. Homerless and struggling to keep his average over .200, Hauser finally hit his first two home runs as a Miller in the team's eighteenth game. The log-jam broken, Hauser went on to lead the Association with 49 round-trippers. With the pennant-winning Millers bound for the Junior World

A FRIENDLY TIP FROM TY

Hauser blames the premature end of his major-league career on a 1928 teammate with the A's—Ty Cobb.

“Cobb had told me during spring training that he would help me with my hitting when we got up north,” Hauser recalled 56 years later. “About 35 to 40 games into the season, he started getting on my back to crowd the plate. I had to nearly hit the ball with my elbows, and I could not hit like that. He drove me out of the big leagues by trying to teach me how to hit when I was already hitting .365.”

In 1930, Unser Choe regained his batting touch with the Baltimore Orioles of the International League, setting an organized baseball single-season record with 63 home runs. Hauser led the International League in home runs again the following year.

Series, manager Donie Bush kept Hauser on the bench to rest a groin injury the final three weeks of the season costing Joe a shot at the league record of 54 home runs, set by Nick Cullop of the Millers in 1930.

In 1933, the league reduced the schedule from 168 to 154 games, and, when Hauser failed to clear the fences in the first nine of those games, Joe's prospects for eclipsing his 1932 output seemed dim. In the Millers' home opener, though, Unser Choe went the opposite way with a three-run homer over the left-field fence in his first at bat of the season at Nicollet. Three more home runs, including a grand slam, followed the next day, and Hauser was on his way.

By the end of June, his total had reached 32, far in front of all rivals. Homers in seven straight games in mid-July gave him 41, within striking distance of the league record, with barely more than half the season gone. Joe surpassed his previous year's total and reached the half-century mark on July 27 in Milwaukee. Two weeks later, his 54th and 55th home runs, in consecutive games in Toledo, broke Cullop's standard. Joe Hauser now held the single-season home run record in both the International League and American Association. His August 20 homer gave him the distinction of being the first and only player to hit 60 home runs in a season twice.

Hauser stalled momentarily after number 62, only one shy of his own all-time record, as the team went into the traditional Labor Day doubleheader with the St. Paul Saints. The new record did not appear likely to occur in the morning game at St. Paul. With a thirty-foot high wall at the top of a ten-foot embankment, measuring 365 feet down the line, Lexington Park's right-field fence was the most uninviting target in the league for left-handed hitters.

"You big bohunk, you can't hit a home run anywhere except that pillbox in Minneapolis," shouted a fan as Hauser, hitless in his first three at bats, stepped to the plate in the seventh. Joe answered the heckler with a long drive over the distant wall, then followed it up with another shot in the ninth, thereby breaking the record that he himself had set only three years earlier with the Orioles. In doing so, Hauser also became the first player to hit two home runs in a game over Lexington's right-field fence since the park was rebuilt in 1915.

Hauser added five more homers during the following week, but his shot at 70 was washed out when rain cancelled the Millers' final game of the season.

Joe also led the league with 182 RBIs and established a new record, which still stands, with 439 total bases.

In 1934 Hauser produced the long-ball early, avoiding the power shortage which had plagued him in each of the previous two seasons' starts. With 11 home runs in the Millers' first ten games, Joe seemed destined to rewrite the record book before the ink had even dried on the old mark.

A knee injury in June sidelined Hauser for three weeks, but he picked up the pace upon his return to the lineup in July (even adding 2 home runs and 6 RBIs in the Association All Star Game at Nicollet Park), and appeared certain to be his league's home run leader for the fifth consecutive year. On July 29, however, with 33 home runs already under his belt, Hauser fractured his kneecap while rounding third base in Kansas City. With his leg in a cast, Hauser could do nothing for two months but helplessly watch teammate Buzz Arlett surpass his total and go on to take the league crown with 41.

Hauser played two more seasons for the Millers before retiring from the game and moving to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, in 1937. He came out of retirement in 1940, playing three more seasons for Sheboygan in the Wisconsin State League.

Joe's final lifetime total: 479 homers in 21 years.

He has lived in Sheboygan ever since, operating his own sport-

ing goods equipment store, the Joe Hauser Sports Shop, until May 1984.

Despite all the longballs, Hauser says he cannot recall ever receiving a handshake for his heroics. Now, he adds with a chuckle, "These guys get embraced when they hit a long fly ball."

Hauser's home-run record has since been tied and later broken at lower classifications of the minor leagues. At the Triple-A or higher level, however, Hauser's mark has never been duplicated.

JOE HAUSER 1933 HOME RUNS

HR	Game	Opponent	Score	Pitcher	On Inn. Base
1	10 4/27	Toledo	13-8	Monte Pearson-R	1 2
2	11 4/28	Toledo	15-11	Roxie Lawson-R	1 2
3	11 4/28			Roxie Lawson-R	3 3
4	11 4/28			Ralph Winegarner-R	8 0
5	15 5/3	Columbus	7-8	Paul Dean-R	3 2
6	15 5/3			Paul Dean-R	5 1
7	17 5/6	Indianapolis	11-10	Bill Thomas-R	2 0
8	18 5/10	Louisville	10-9†	Archie McKain-L	6 0
9	19 5/11-1	Louisville	4-6	Johnny Marcum-R	3 0
10	23 5/14	*at St. Paul	15-5	Floyd Newkirk-R	6 0
11	32 5/23	Milwaukee	19-5	Americo Polli-R	6 0
12	32 5/23			Harold Hillin-R	7 1
13	33 5/24	Milwaukee	5-8	Garland Braxton-L	8 1
14	35 5/26	Kansas City	9-3	Joe Blackwell-L	1 1
15	35 5/26			Joe Blackwell-L	3 0
16	38 5/30pm	St. Paul	7-6	Les Munns-R	9 0
17	39 5/31	*at St. Paul	6-1	Floyd Newkirk-R	1 1
18	41 6/3	*at Columbus	1-5	Bill Lee-R	9 0
19	43 6/4-2	*at Columbus	7-9	Jim Lindsey-R	1 0
20	43 6/4-2	*		Jim Lindsey-R	4 1
21	49 6/8-2	*at Toledo	7-10	Forrest Twogood-L	4 0
22	49 6/8-2			Ralph Winegarner-R	9 0
23	52 6/10	*at Indianapolis	4-3†	Bill Thomas-R	10 0
24	57 6/13-2	*at Louisville	9-13	Phil Weinert-L	1 1
25	58 6/14	*at Louisville	7-6	Archie McKain-L	5 0
26	62 6/21-1	*at Milwaukee	5-7	Garland Braxton-L	6 1
27	67 6/25-1	*St. Paul	3 5	Emil Yde-L	5 0
28	68 6/25-2	*St. Paul	10-1	Les Munns-R	3 0
29	68 6/25-2	*		Les Munns-R	4 1
30	69 6/26	Kansas City	10-6	Lou Fette-R	5 0
31	71 6/28	Kansas City	4-3†	Duster Mails-L	6 0
32	72 6/29	Milwaukee	9-8†	Garland Braxton-L	9 0
33	82 7/9-1	Toledo	9-12	Roxie Lawson-R	1 1
34	82 7/9-1			Forrest Twogood-L	7 0
35	83 7/9-2	Toledo	8-3	Thornton Lee-L	3 0
36	84 7/10	Columbus	8-6	Clarence Heise-L	3 1
37	85 7/11	Columbus	14-6	Bud Teachout-L	3 0
38	85 7/11			Bud Teachout-L	4 3
39	86 7/12	Columbus	5-7	Bill Lee-R	6 1
40	87 7/13	Columbus	10-9	Clarence Heise-L	8 0
41	88 7/14-1	Louisville	8-2	Clyde Hatter-L	7 1
42	92 7/16-2	Louisville	8-6	Johnny Marcum-R	1 1
43	93 7/17	Indianapolis	5-1	Stew Bolen-L	6 0
44	95 7/19-1	Indianapolis	7-5	Stew Bolen-L	9 3
45	97 7/20	Indianapolis	8-9†	Stew Bolen-L	7 0
46	98 7/21	Milwaukee	7-6	Fred Stiely-L	1 2
47	99 7/22	Milwaukee	13-9	Harold Hillin-R	4 1
48	100 7/23-1	Milwaukee	7-8	Garland Braxton-L	1 1
49	100 7/23-1			Garland Braxton-L	3 0
50	105 7/27-1	*at Milwaukee	11-8	Harold Hillin-R	9 0
51	107 7/28	*at Milwaukee	6-5	Garland Braxton-L	8 0
52	110 7/30-2	*at Kansas City	15-2	Joe Blackwell-L	3 0
53	114 8/5-1	*at Indianapolis	3-10	Stew Bolen-L	8 1
54	124 8/12	*at Toledo	8-4	Forrest Twogood-L	3 0
55	125 8/13-1	*at Toledo	3-0	Ralph Winegarner-R	5 0

HOME RUNS IN ORGANIZED BASEBALL

Player	HR	Club	League	Year
Joe Bauman	72	Roswell	Longhorn	1954
Joe Hauser	69	Minneapolis	A.A.	1933
Bob Crues	69	Amarillo	W.T.-N.M.	1948
Dick Stuart	66	Lincoln	Western	1956
Bob Lennon	64	Nashville	Southern	1954
Joe Hauser	63	Baltimore	Int.	1930
Moose Clabaugh	62	Shreveport	Texas	1956
Roger Maris	61	New York	American	1961
Babe Ruth	60	New York	American	1927
Tony Lazzeri	60	Salt Lake City	PCL	1925
Frosty Kennedy	60	Plainview	So'west	1956

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HR No.	Game No.	Date	Opponent	Score	Pitcher	Inn.	On Base
56	128	8/15	Louisville	13-6	Clyde Hatter-L	4	2
57	129	8/16	Louisville	16-1	Dick Bass-R	4	1
58	130	8/17	Louisville	5-8	Ken Penner-R	3	0
59	131	8/18	Indianapolis	11-6	Jim Turner-R	6	0
60	134	8/20-2	Indianapolis	14-6	Bill Thomas-R	7	1
61	138	8/24	Toledo	15-8	Ralph Winegarner-R	5	0
62	140	8/26	Columbus	8-6	Bill Lee-R	3	1
63	148	9/4am	*at St. Paul	5-3	Les Munns-R	7	0
64	148	9/4am	*		Les Munns-R	9	0

HR No.	Game No.	Date	Opponent	Score	Pitcher	Inn.	On Base
65	149	9/4pm	*St. Paul	5-11	Floyd Newkirk-R	2	1
66	151	9/7	Milwaukee	8-7††	Paul Gregory-R	1	1
67	152	9/8	Milwaukee	7-3	Forest Pressnell-R	4	1
68	153	9/9	Kansas City	6-8	Duster Mails-L	4	0
69	153	9/9			Duster Mails-L	9	2

*Away.

† 10 innings, †† 11 innings

Home: 47; road: 22.

JOSEPH JOHN (UNSER CHOE) HAUSER

Born, January 12, 1899, at Milwaukee, Wis.

Batted left. Threw left. Height, 5'10.5". Weight, 175.

Only player to hit more than 60 homers in a season twice, 63 in the International League in 1930 and 69 in the American Association in 1933.

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	POS	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	PCT.
1918	Providence	Eastern	OF	39	130	17	36	5	6	1	-	4	.277
1919	Providence	Eastern	OF	107	385	64	105	20	21	6	-	11	.273
1920	Milwaukee	A.A.	OF	156	549	94	156	22	16	15	79	7	.284
1921	Milwaukee	A.A.	1B	167	632	126	200	26	9	20	110	12	.316
1922	Philadelphia	Amer.	1B	111	368	61	119	21	5	9	43	1	.323
1923	Philadelphia	Amer.	1B	146	537	93	165	21	9	17	94	6	.307
1924	Philadelphia	Amer.	1B	149	562	97	162	31	8	27	115	7	.288
1925	Philadelphia	Amer.	1B	(Did not play; broke leg April 7.)									
1926	Philadelphia	Amer.	1B	91	229	31	44	10	0	8	36	1	.192
1927	Kansas City	A.A.	1B	169	617	145	218	49	22	20	134	25	.353
1928	Philadelphia	Amer.	1B	95	300	61	78	19	5	16	59	4	.260
1929	Cleveland	Amer.	1B	37	48	8	12	1	1	3	9	0	.250
	Milwaukee	A.A.	1B	31	105	18	25	2	0	3	14	2	.238
1930	Baltimore	Int.	1B	168	617	173	193	39	11	63	175	1	.313
1931	Baltimore	Int.	1B	144	487	100	126	20	6	31	98	1	.259
1932	Minneapolis	A.A.	1B	149	522	132	158	31	3	49	129	12	.303
1933	Minneapolis	A.A.	1B	153	570	153	189	35	4	69	182	1	.332
1934	Minneapolis	A.A.	1B	82	287	81	100	7	3	33	88	1	.348
1935	Minneapolis	A.A.	1B	131	409	74	107	18	1	23	101	3	.262
1936	Minneapolis	A.A.	1B	125	437	95	117	20	2	34	87	1	.268
1937-1939				(Not in O.B.)									
1940	Sheboygan	Wis. St.	1B	79	204	48	53	16	3	7	32	11	.260
1941	Sheboygan	Wis. St.	1B	77	233	53	67	13	5	11	54	10	.288
1942	Sheboygan	Wis. St.	1B	77	242	57	73	17	4	14	70	7	.302
Majors				629	2044	351	580	103	28	80	356	19	.284
Minors				1854	6426	1430	1923	340	116	399	1353	109	.299
TOTAL				2483	8470	1781	2503	443	134	479	1719	128	.296

Four Homers in a Game

BOB McCONNELL

Seventy-six minor leaguers have done it, including Buzz Arlett, who did it twice, Nig Clarke, with eight in one game, and Jim Lemon, who accomplished the feat during an All Star Game.

THE MOST DRAMATIC four-home-run game was played on August 31, 1954 and involved **Joe Bauman** of Roswell in the Longhorn League. Going into this game, Joe needed six home runs in his seven remaining games to break the Organized Baseball season record of 69. His chances did not look too bright, but when the dust had settled after the game, Joe's chances looked much better. He now needed only two in his remaining six games. He went on to hit four more and finish with 72, a record that still stands.

The player who performed the feat twice was **Buzz Arlett**. Play-



Nig Clarke

ing for Baltimore in 1932, Arlett's two big games came within a thirty-three-day period. Buzz was a switch hitter and he blasted five from the left side and three from the right.

A great deal has already been written about **Jay Clarke's** eight-home-run game; Tony Techko gave a very good talk on Clarke's career at the 1990 SABR Convention.

There is a certain amount of controversy over this game. There are no available newspapers for Corsicana and the nearby Dallas papers gave the Corsicana team very little coverage. The Sunday game was played at Ennis due to the Sunday blue laws at Corsicana, and little is known about the Ennis ballpark. In later years, Clarke said that the right-field fence was about 210 feet down the foul line. The published box score of the game, which credits Clarke with eight at bats, does not balance. SABR's Bill Weiss has recently supplied a reconstructed, balanced box score and it gives Clarke ten at bats. Thus, we can't be sure how many consecutive home runs that Clarke hit.

Clarke is generally credited with 16 RBIs for the game. It is a mystery as to how this figure was determined. Runs batted in were not carried in the box scores in those days and there is no detailed account of the game. Clarke's home run total for the season is not known. However, in twenty-two other seasons, he hit 6 major league and 12 minor league home runs.

Clarke later played nine years in the majors.

Pete Schneider came very close to six. In the sixth inning, he tagged one which hit two feet from the top of the center-field fence. He also hit a terrific liner to the center fielder in the ninth.

Bob Seeds of Newark in the International League had one of the greatest two-day batting sprees in history. On May 6, 1938 at Buffalo, Bob hit 4 homers and 2 singles to knock in 12 runs. The next day, he added 3 homers and 5 RBIs. Seeds tore up the league during the first part of the season. After 58 games, he was hitting .335 with 28 home runs and 95 RBI.

The Yankees, who owned Newark, decided that Seeds did not fit into their plans and sold him to the Giants in June. In 81 games with the Giants that season, Bob hit only 9 more homers.

Reno teammates **Phil Alotta** and **Vince Pascale** each hit 4 home

runs in the first game of a doubleheader on June 1, 1947. Another teammate, Tom Lloyd, hit 3. In all, Reno hit 12 homers and opponent Ontario hit 4. Six more home runs were hit in the second game, giving the two teams 22 home runs for the day. Incidentally, both foul lines were 330 feet at the Reno park.

Thirty-two of the players made the majors, but only nineteen played as many as 100 major league games. **George Kelly**, a Hall of Famer, is probably the best known. However, **Tom Brunansky** and **Matt Williams** are better known to today's fans. Brunansky is the top major league home run hitter on the list with 224 through 1990, followed by **Jim Lemon**, 164, and George Kelly, 148. Matt Williams has 67 and should move up rapidly.

Jim Lemon hit his four in one of the biggest parks in America, Birmingham's Rickwood Field, where the left-field foul line was 407 feet and center field, 470. Lemon recalls that he hit two to right-center, though "I didn't have much power there," and two to left-center. The next year he was called up to the Washington Senators.

All four of **Tom Brunansky's** homers were 400-footers as a twenty-year-old in the Texas League in 1980.

Buzz Arlett hit the most career minor league homers—432. He is followed by Nick Cullop with 430, Merv Connors, 400, Joe Hauser, 399, Bobby Prescott, 398, Jack Graham, 384, and Ted Gullic, 370.

At the other end of the spectrum are John Gillespie, Earl Waltz and Dick Lane. Gillespie, a pitcher, has 6 career home runs. Waltz hit 9 during a four-year career and, amazingly, seven of them came during a three-game period. Lane is the last player to hit 5 in a game. He hit only 18 during his four-year minor league career and none during a short stint with the White Sox in 1949. Incidentally, 3 of Lane's 5 homers on his big day were hit off former big leaguer Walter "Boom Boom" Beck.

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FOUR OR MORE HOME RUNS IN A MINOR LEAGUE GAME

DATE	PLAYER	TEAM	LEAGUE	AT	HR-YR	BATS
Eight Home Runs						
6-15-02	Jay J. Clarke	Corsicana	Texas	H	-	L
Five Home Runs						
5-11-23	Peter J. Schneider	Vernon	PCL	A	19	R
5-30-34	William L. "Lou" Frierson	Paris	West Dixie	H	40	L
4-29-36	Cecil A. Dunn	Alexandria	Evangeline	A	47	R
7-3-48	Richard H. Lane	Muskegon	Central	A	12	R
Four Home Runs						
6-9-89	John C. Crooks	Omaha	Western A	A	16	R
5-31-92	Daniel F. Cronin	Pawtucket	New Eng.	A	4	-
7-30-94	John F. "Buck" Freeman	Haverhill	New Eng.	H	31	L
5-12-95	William G. Bottenus	Buffalo	Eastern	H	9	-
5-28-95	Hercules H. Burnett	Evansville	Southern	II	26	R
6-11-95	William J. Kuehne	Minneapolis	Western	H	22	R
7-23-95	Percival W. Werden	Minneapolis	Western	H	45	R
5-14-03	Clyde "Sis" Bateman	Waco	Texas	A	-	-
9-9-13	Waldo T. Jackley	Ironton	Ohio State	A	7	L
6-24-19	George L. Kelly	Rochester	Int.	A	15	R
8-31-20	Frank Askland	Mitchell	S Dakota S	H	-	-
5-28-22	Denver C. Grigsby	Sapulpa	Southwest'n	A	17	L
8-9-23	* John P. Gillespie	Bridgeport	Eastern	A	4	R
7-15-25	Earl W. Waltz	Waynesboro	Blue Ridge	A	9	R
5-17-26	Howard B. "Al" Mallonee	Richmond	Virginia	A	24	L
7-14-26(1)	Alfred J. Maderas	Springfield	Three I	A	30	R
7-17-27	Robert Clay Hopper	Danville	Three I	A	13	R
6-11-28	Tommie F. Harris	Midland	West Texas	H	14	L
5-13-30	Walter H. Holke	Hazleton	NY-Penn.	H	20	S
6-8-30	Kenneth E. Strong	Hazleton	NY-Penn.	H	41	R
6-1-32	Russell L. "Buzz" Arlett	Baltimore	Int.	A	54	S

7-4-32(1)	Russell L. "Buzz" Arlett	Baltimore	Int.	H	54	S
6-14-35	David Dale Alexander	Kansas City	American A	A	16	R
8-24-36	Taylor H. Sanford	Danville	Bi-State	H	27	R
5-6-38	Robert I. Seeds	Newark	Int.	A	28	R
8-13-38(1)	Melvin C. Wasley	Duluth	Northern	H	31	L
7-4-40	Albert O. "Ab" Wright	Minneapolis	American A	H	21	R
7-8-40	Erwin B. "Babe" Paul	Muskogee	Western A	H	19	R
9-3-45(1)	William W. Hart	St. Paul	American A	A	17	R
5-3-46	Kenneth E. Rhyne	Moultrie	GA-FL	H	22	L
5-2-47	Kenneth E. Myers	Las Vegas	Sunset	H	33	L
5-9-47	Ross M. Morrow	Mooreville	N. Car. St.	H	21	R
6-1-47(1)	Philip Alotta	Reno	Sunset	H	43	R
6-1-47	Vincent A. Pascale	Reno	Sunset	H	23	L
9-5-47	Frank W. Carswell	Paris	Big State	H	36	R
5-18-48	F. Edward Yount	Newton-Conover	W Carolina	H	43	R
6-30-48	Leonard F. Attyd	Albuquerque	WTNM	A	18	R
8-28-48	Joseph L. Fortin	Pampa	WTNM	A	34	R
9-3-48	Leonard E. Cross	Spartanburg	Tri-State	H	29	R
7-27-49	Silvio DiMenna	Petersburg	Virginia	H	19	L
8-15-49	Jack N. Littrell	Hornell	Pony	H	12	R
8-29-49	D.C. "Pud" Miller	Lamesa	WTNM	H	52	R
8-31-49	James A. Warner	Wenatchee	West'n Int.	H	43	R
4-13-51	Miguel "Pilo" Gaspar	Laredo	Gulf Coast	H	15	R
4-4-53	Cramer T. "Ted" Beard	Hollywood	PCL	A	17	L
4-20-53	Jerry L. Crosby	Colorado Springs	Western	H	25	S
8-1-53	Adolph J. Regelsky	Meridian	Cotton Sts	H	19	R
5-20-54	James R. Moore	Crowley	Evangeline	H	14	R
8-6-54	William Miller	Hazlehurst-Baxley	Georgia Sr	A	14	r
8-31-54	Joe W. Bauman	Roswell	Longhorn	II	72	L
5-22-55	Keith E. Little	Corpus Christi	Big State	H	47	R
7-4-55(2)	Paul C. Mohr	Amarillo	WTNM	H	27	L
7-19-55(@)	James R. Lemon	League All-Stars	Southern A	A	24	R
8-11-55	Sonny F. Tims	Pampa	WTNM	A	22	R
8-21-55(2)	Joseph S. Beeler	Plainview	WTNM	A	24	R
7-14-56	Daniel L. Ozark	Wichita Falls	Big State	H	32	R
8-27-56(1)	Curtis B. Roberts	Columbus	Int.	H	8	R
6-13-57	Guillermo R. Nunez	Fresnillo	C Mexican	H	17	R
6-13-59	Bobby Lee Smith	Clinton	Midwest	A	19	R
5-29-61(2)	Alfred J. Nagel	Ardmore	Texas	A	20	R
6-25-61(1)	Donald A. DiChiara	Batavia	NY-Penn.	H	12	L
8-20-62	Charles H. Dees	El Paso	Texas	H	23	L
7-1-69	George O. Kalafatis	Montgomery	Southern	H	21	L
6-9-77	Randy W. Bass	Tacoma	PCL	A	25	L
7-14-77	Gene Locklear	Syracuse	Int.	A	20	L
6-24-78	Michael D. Bishop	Quad Cities	Midwest	A	19	R
6-18-80	Thomas A. Brunansky	El Paso	Texas	A	24	R
7-6-82	David J. Clements	Erie	NY-Penn	H	17	R
5-14-85	Derek R. Bryant	Tampico	Mexican	A	38	R
6-9-87	Wade L. Rowden	Iowa	American	A	18	R
5-20-88	James Patrick Garman	Gastonia	Sally	H	8	R
5-25-88	Matthew D. Williams	Phoenix	PCL	H	12	R

*Pitcher, won the game with home run in tenth.

@In league All Star game.

1991 Marks Chet Hoff's 100th Birthday

JAMES A. RILEY & RENWICK W. SPEER

The ex-pitcher is currently baseball's oldest living player and is one of only four ballplayers ever to reach their 100th birthdays.

MAY 8, 1991 WAS A VERY SPECIAL DAY. That was Chet Hoff's 100th birthday. His name may not be as recognizable as that of Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb, but he holds the distinction of currently being baseball's oldest living ex-major leaguer. His birth certificate reads Chester Cornelius Hoff, baseball writers dubbed him "Red," but the ballplayers called him Chet and that is the name he prefers.

This year also marks the eightieth anniversary of the day he first set a spiked foot on a major league mound as a brash, twenty-year old red-headed rookie breaking into the American League straight from semipro ball. His first appearance was in a mop-up role for the New York Highlanders on September 6, 1911. That outing was hardly noteworthy. In fact, his appearance was so brief that his name doesn't even appear in the boxscore. But his second outing was quite different—it made headlines. And it is Chet Hoff's favorite story.

The date was September 17, 1911, and the place was Hilltop Park. With the home team trailing the Detroit Tigers, 9-3, manager Hal Chase sent his rookie lefthander to the mound in the sixth inning in relief of Russ Ford. The scenario is complete. And now Hoff picks up the story:

I went in there for a relief pitcher and who do you suppose was the first batter I faced? And I didn't know who he was? It was Ty Cobb! And I struck him out the first time, and I didn't know who I struck out.

Cobb was a left-hand hitter, and they're weak on left-hand pitchers. Ty Cobb fouled off two—the first two strikes were fastballs. And I had two strikes on him. Then I wasted one and made it one and two. And he didn't see the curveball yet. So the third strike I give him the fast curve. I threw a perfect strike over there and he looked at it. He didn't see it!

But I didn't know who he was no more than the man in the moon until the next morning I picked up the *New York Journal* and the big red headlines in the paper says 'HOFF STRIKES OUT TY COBB.' Was that something? Boy! I couldn't believe it at first. It was the biggest thrill I ever had. I'll never forget that.

Hoff's memory of the game is right on target. *The New York Times* reported "...in the sixth inning Hoff ... fooled Ty with a round-house curve, which crossed the centre of the plate for the third strike." Hoff finished the game with 4 hits, 1 walk, 1 run, and 2 strikeouts in his 4-inning stint. Manager Chase was pleased with his rookie's performance, and rewarded him with a spot on the roster. "I earned my uniform," Hoff agrees. Cobb must have been equally impressed with the chunky young southpaw, later selecting him to pitch for Cobb's postseason barnstorming all-star team.

I always got a job off him. After striking him out, you would think he would be mad at me, but after the season closed, he would come after me in New York and give me a job pitching.

Cobb wasn't the only baseball great to give Hoff a job pitching. Four years later, after the Yankees farmed him out to Rochester, he was brought back to the majors by Branch Rickey, then manager of the St. Louis Browns. Once again the young lefthander had to prove himself on the major league level. This turn of fortune set up a second encounter with The Georgia Peach and is chapter two of Hoff's favorite story.

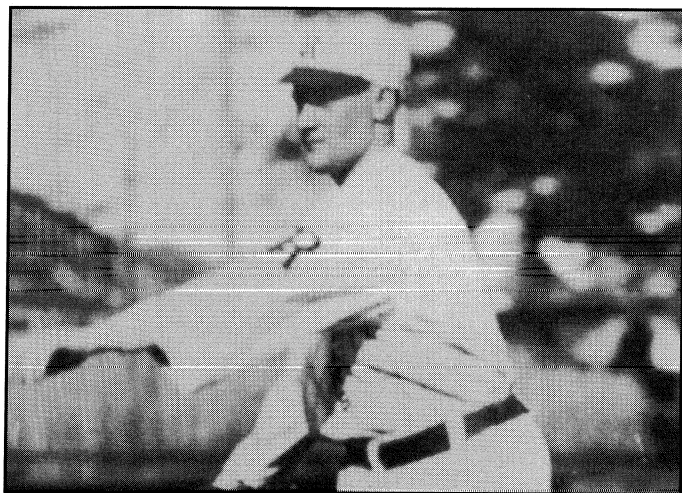
George Sisler and I went to the St. Louis Browns the same day in 1915. George was a left-hand pitcher then, and I was a lefthand pitcher. They had a doubleheader. And he won his first game and I lost mine in a ten-inning game. I was winning in the ninth inning. I was ahead 3-2 and Cobb was on third base. There was one out and the batter hit just a little pop-up infield fly and Cobb tried to score after the catch. You know he was a fighter. There was two outs (then), and he hit that catcher a wallop and knocked the ball out of the catcher's hand. And that tied the score. He was out by a half mile. He went about halfway down between the catcher and third base and the catcher had the ball there waiting. And I said, 'Hold that ball!' Because I knew Ty Cobb was a vicious slider. He would plough right into you and knock you over. And, geez—he knocked the

ball out and I lost my first game. The next inning Detroit got one run and beat us out 4-3. Oh, boy was I mad!

At the time Ty Cobb was considered the greatest ballplayer in the history of baseball, and for a quarter-century he was teamed with Tris Speaker and Babe Ruth to form the all-time greatest outfield. Hoff also played against both of these legendary greats.

Tris Speaker, oh gee! Tris Speaker was the best center fielder I ever seen. He could pretty near come in on second base and play the center field and get them short pop-ups. He was wonderful. And a good hitter. Tris Speaker was an all-around player.

When Hoff was playing, Ruth was just another promising lefthanded pitcher. Hoff's last major league season was Ruth's rookie year and, although they never faced each other in the major leagues, their paths did cross on one occasion.



Chet Hoff

I never played with him in the major leagues. I played against him in Rochester before he went up to New York. In 1914, I was farmed out to Rochester from the Yankees. Babe Ruth come up from Baltimore as a rookie. They were in the Three-A League. And they come up to Rochester to play, and I met Babe Ruth there once. If he was playing today, he would buy the league out.

But just as Ruth's career was getting ready to skyrocket, Hoff's came to a premature end—a victim of the Federal League demise, the escalation of World War I, and a need to support an expanding family. Hoff expected a longer major league career. At the age of twenty-four, he had just finished his most successful season in the majors with a respectable 1.24 ERA and a 2-2 ledger.

I played with the St. Louis Browns in 1915 and I was making good. And I thought I was going to have a good job next year. The winter of 1915, the Federal League sold out to the

National and American leagues, and that scattered a couple of hundred ballplayers all over. When they scattered all over, I was in the group and I went too. I got out. They were keeping those old-timers and let us young fellows slide away. That killed me—right then—dead. It knocked me out of a job in St. Louis.

I stayed in the minors after that. I was farmed out and then I fooled around a few years in the minor leagues. It was during the war. I was at Kansas City in 1918 and I think we were in first place, but there was nothing but soldiers sitting in the stands. And July 1, the ballparks all closed up and so that was my finish. We all had to scatter and get a job.

So I went back home—I was out of work. But I was lucky and I got a good job. I got a (baseball) contract that fall but I couldn't go back. The war was going on. I just retired from league baseball, but I played semipro ball ten years after that. And I learned a job while I was playing ball. I played in Ossining, New York. We had a fast league there and I pitched every Sunday for ten years. I kept playing but I never went back to the leagues anymore. I'm glad I got out of baseball *because baseball was terrible then.*

During those years, a player could make more money working a regular job five days a week and playing semipro baseball on weekends than he could make playing professionally. Consequently, many of the semipro teams around were strong ballclubs, comparing favorably with the high minor league teams. Always a good hitter, when not pitching Hoff played first base and was a leading batter on the team. From his decade as a semipro player, Hoff recalls some exceptional experiences—playing inside Sing Sing Prison, playing against a professional girls team, and playing against some of the great black teams of the era.

We played the Cuban Stars, the Lincoln Giants, and all them teams from New York. We played all them big semipro teams. The Lincoln Giants and the Cuban Stars traveled all over the world. They were as good as major leaguers. Smokey Joe Williams played against us. If he wasn't black, he would have been a good pitcher in the majors. But he couldn't get in. He could throw almost as hard as Walter Johnson. Walter Johnson was fast. This guy was fast, too! But I think Walter Johnson was the fastest in them days. When I was playing baseball, I thought Johnson of the Washington Senators was the best pitcher. Walter Johnson—The Big Train they called him.

Walter Johnson and Smokey Joe Williams—more baseball legends that abound in his memory. They, along with Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Tris Speaker, Branch Rickey, and an endless list of others, were all a part of Chet Hoff's world. His time in the big leagues may have been brief but, although he didn't know it at the time, he had a front row seat to baseball history.

Chet Hoff has seen a lot of baseball in his hundred years. His memory is still remarkably good, his perspective is unique, and his story is vintage Americana.

Happy 100th birthday, Chet!

Golden Gloves or Brass?

TOM JENNINGS

Sometimes the bat is mightier than the glove when it comes to being named a member of the Gold Glove squad.

PLAYERS OFTEN WIN TARNISHED Gold Gloves because of their fielding reputations instead of their play in a particular season. Once a player wins the award, it becomes difficult to dislodge him the next season: win one, get one free.

Fielders also win Gold Gloves because of their *hitting*. Twenty-eight players won Gold Gloves the same year they were elected MVP. How many of them deserved the fielding awards? About one-third.

The same laziness that causes managers and coaches to vote for people because of past fielding prowess leads them to notice superior hitters and absentmindedly mark them down as top glovemen. In the process the voters reject players with much better numbers. Some examples:

- Roger Maris, in 1960 won his only Gold Glove in an MVP year when he was outshone afield by rifle-armed Rocky Colavito.
- Mickey Mantle, in 1962, a good six years past his defensive

prime, won in one of the most blatant examples of favoritism ever (at that time the players had the vote). Mantle's 1.84 chances per game and 4 assists were well off his peaks of 2.74 in 1953 and 20 assists in 1954. Detroit's Bill Bruton had one of his best years in the outfield and deserved to replace him.

- Steve Garvey, 1974. Celebrated among players and press for his poor arm and nonexistent range, Garvey was the coaches' and managers' pick for the first of four consecutive Gold Gloves. Sure, Garvey could handle what was hit or thrown right to him—he led the league in fielding percentage and putouts—but Joe Torre was tops in assists and double plays, and almost any other regular had better range than Garvey.
- Joe Morgan, in 1975, won over a superior Dave Cash.
- Mike Schmidt, 1986. At thirty-six, Schmidt won his last Gold Glove over Terry Pendleton, who had 134 more chances (adjusted for 162 games) and led the league in putouts, assists, and double plays.

PUT THOSE GLASSES BACK ON!

The "Scorebook" of the 1991 New York Baseball Writers dinner had a fine tribute to the late, great sportswriter Barney Kremenko by Steve Jacobson of *Newsday*. It contained the following story:

The Giants were at Pittsburgh when manager Leo Durocher was thrown out of the game, and there was no tunnel in which to hide behind the visitors' dugout.

So Leo made arrangements with his lieutenant Herman Franks, and climbed to the pressbox. He sat next to Barney and said: "Gromyko, you do what I tell you to do." So for three or four innings Leo told Barney to rub his left ear or wipe his forehead; Franks watched and called for a take or a hit-and-run or whatever.

Then in the sixth or seventh the Giants had a runner on base, and Barney took off his eyeglasses and wiped them. And before Leo could shout, "Put them back!" the runner was out stealing.

—Tom Knight

MULLANE THREW RIGHT AND LEFT IN THE SAME GAME

Three major league pitchers are known to have pitched with both hands in championship games. They were:

- Tony Mullane, Louisville, AA, against Baltimore, July 18, 1882 (*Baseball Research Journal*, 1979);
- Larry Corcoran, Chicago, NL, against Buffalo, June 16, 1884 (*Baseball Research Journal*, 1982);
- Elton Chamberlain, Louisville, AA, against Kansas City, May 9, 1888 (*Baseball Research Journal*, 1983).

Recently I came across another game in which Mullane pitched with both hands, this time for Baltimore at Chicago on July 14, 1893.

The *Chicago Tribune* had the following to say after Chicago defeated the Orioles 10-2: "So hard did they hit Mullane that he lost his baseball sense and tossed up left-hand lobs to the Colts."

—Al Kermisch

MVP GOLD GLOVERS
&
THE MEN THEY DISPLACED

Year	Gold Glove	POS	PO	A	DP	FA	Displaced	PO	A	DP	FA
1959	N. Fox	2B	1	1	2	1	NONE				
1960	R. Maris	RF	3	4	7	1	R. Colavito	2	1	1	2
1962	M. Mantle	CF	10	8	4	8	B. Bruton	1	5t	1t	7
	M. Wills	SS	2	2	3	5t	D. Groat	1	1	1	6t
1963	E. Howard	C	2	2	4	2t	E. Battey	1	1	2	2t
1964	B. Robinson	3B	1	1	1	1	NONE				
1965	Z. Versalles	SS	4	2	1	6	R. Hansen	3	1	2	2
	W. Mays	CF	4	1t	1	4	J. Wynn	1	1t	4t	6
1966	R. Clemente	RF	2	1	3t	6	NONE				
1967	C. Yastrzemski	LF	1	1t	4t	3t	NONE				
1970	J. Bench	C	6	2	1t	4	NONE				
1972	J. Bench	C	2	3	2	2t	T. Simmons	1	1	8t	4
1974	S. Garvey	1B	1	7	5	2	J. Torre	5	1	1	5t
1975	F. Lynn	CF	2	4	7t	2	NONE				
	J. Morgan	2B	5	5	7	1	D. Cash	1	2	1	3
1976	J. Morgan	2B	4	6	5	2t	R. Tennett	1	2	2	2t
1978	D. Parker	RF	3	4t	3t	9	J. Clark	1	1	<u>1</u>	2
1979	K. Hernandez	1B	1	1	1	2t	NONE				
1980	M. Schmidt	3B	6t	1	1	7t	NONE				
1981	M. Schmidt	3B	3t	1	2	2t	K. Oberkfell ^a	2	2	1	2t
1982	R. Yount	SS	3	1	3	4	NONE				
	D. Murphy	CF	3	8	5t	9	M. Wilson	2	2	3t	3
1983	D. Murphy	CF	5	1	10	5	T. Raines (LF)*	3	<u>1</u>	3t	1t
1984	R. Sandberg	2B	7	1	2	1	NONE				
1985	D. Mattingly	1B	7	11	1	1t	B. Buckner	4	1	3	7t
	W. McGee	CF	2	3	4t	7	NONE				
1986	M. Schmidt	3B	7	6	3	1	T. Pendleton	1	1	1	4
1987	A. Dawson	RF	7	5	9t	1	G. Wilson	2	1	3t	9

Notes:

1. "t" means tied.
2. Outfielders are ranked by individual position.
3. Underlines for J. Clark (1978) and T. Raines (1983) mean they led all outfielders in assists.
4. * In 1983 three center fielders were chosen for the NL Gold Glove team. Of those three, Dale Murphy was the worst. Among other outfielders, left fielder Tim Raines dominated his position as no other outfielder did. Therefore it was he who was displaced.

Sliding Billy Hamilton

DAVID PIETRUSZA

Rickey Henderson still has Sliding Billy Hamilton to catch.

RICKY HENDERSON'S record-setting basepath heroics have once again focused attention on the great speed merchants of the past, Cobb, Wills, and Brock, but the man who ranks as perhaps the most successful of all baserunners has not been getting his fair share of ink, the figure in question being William Robert Hamilton, better known to posterity as "Sliding Billy," arguably the greatest basestealer of them all.

Unfortunately Hamilton's reputation is unfamiliar to even knowledgeable fans, since he played prior to the turn of the century, but the records "Sliding Billy" set are still impressive in any era.

What made him so special? Just take a look:

912 lifetime stolen bases

111 steals in his first full season, 1889

.344 lifetime batting average, eighth on the lifetime list, seventeenth on Pete Palmer's Relative All-Time List

.404 batting average in 1894

36-game hitting streak in 1896

Three triples in a game, July 14, 1891

The all-time record of 196 runs scored in 1894

Greatest ratio of runs scored to games played, 1,690 to 1,591; only Harry Stovey and George Gore also have ratios over 1.0

Fourth (1.191) in all-time total average behind Ruth (1.339), Williams (1.320), and Gehrig (1.229).

Born in Newark, New Jersey, on February 16, 1866, the lefthanded Hamilton grew up in Massachusetts and turned pro with Lowell of the 1886 New England League, reaching the majors with the American Association's Kansas City Cowboys on July 31, 1888. From 1890 on he performed in Philadelphia's stellar outfield with fellow Hall of Famers Big Ed Delahanty and Sam Thompson. In 1895 he was traded to Frank Selee's tough Boston Beaneaters, where he played until 1901.

Basestealing was a very important part of the game back then, and it was treated with great respect. "Any soft-brained heavyweight can occasionally hit a ball for a home run," harumphed one observer, "but it requires a shrewd intelligent player, with his wits about him, to make a successful baserunner."

Using big leads and a head-first slide, Billy performed at the top of his class, leading the circuit with amazing steal totals of 111 (1889), 102 (1890), 111 (1891), 98 (1894), and 97 (1895). Between July 23, 1891 and August 8, 1891 he was credited with stolen bases in 13 consecutive games, starting with 3 thefts against New York with the great Buck Ewing behind the plate. That year he swiped 18 pillows off hapless Chicago backstop Jerry Harrington alone.

On August 31, 1894 in the second game of a Baker Bowl double-header, Hamilton swiped 7 bases (still the all-time record) versus Washington in an eight-inning contest. Behind the plate was a shell-shocked Dan Dugdale, who later had a Seattle ballpark named after him (no, it wasn't Sicks Stadium!). Billy's mound victim, righthander Bill Wynne, was never seen again. Interestingly enough, Hamilton had only 3 hits, one of which was a double. "I never saw

WHAT WAS A STEAL?

Until 1897 some scorers gave steals on extra bases advanced on flies, infield outs, or hits, such as going from first to third on a single. Although only the more daring advances were credited, the rule was very unevenly applied.

For instance, the official American Association statistics for 1888 credit Harry Stovey with 156 stolen bases, the highest figure ever reached. However, Information Concepts, Inc., which produced the stats for the first Macmillan Encyclopedia, relied on the scoring of other Philadelphia newspapers and gave Stovey only 87.

On the other hand, the official AA stats of 1887 gave Hugh Nicol 135; ICI came up with 138 (most likely indicating that their favorite newspaper scorer was also the official league scorer).

The encyclopedias have thrown out all official AA figures but have accepted the official NL figures for 1887-94, with some exceptions and adjustments.

In 1898 steals were abolished for advancing an extra base on a hit or infield out. However, some scorers continued to give credit if a runner made a daring advance after a fly out until 1904.

—Bob Tiemann

a runner get a lead off first base like Billy," marvelled one contemporary.

Now, to be sure, Hamilton's skills were abetted by certain conditions. Catchers did not play up close to the bat until the turn of the century. Pitchers were not as careful at holding runners on. And, of course, until 1897 runners could be credited with a stolen base merely for advancing an extra base on a hit.

But how significant is this last factor in judging Billy Hamilton? First off, after 1892 the rule book had one important caveat. A steal would only be credited "provided there is a possible chance and a palpable attempt made to retire" a runner. But even before refinement, scorers were loath to credit thefts for merely advancing on hits. Dick Cramer's 1975 comparison of 1887 Philadelphia boxscores and game accounts revealed twenty-three cases of such an advance, but not a single one was credited with a stolen base.

And what about after 1897? Hamilton was obviously slowing down, as any baserunner would, but a look at his post-1901 minor league career gives a clue as to just how skillful he would be under "modern" conditions. At the age of thirty-eight—unaided by any antiquated rules—Hamilton, as manager of the New England League's Haverhill squad, still was able to pace that league with 74 stolen sacks (in just 113 games). And at age forty-two he would purloin 39 in a mere 85 contests.

While discussing the rules, one should review what contemporaries were saying about them: that a change in umpire's attitudes in

1889—Billy's peak year—actually favored pitchers in holding runners on. "There was a marked falling off on the base running of 1889...", noted *Spalding's Guide*, "and this was mainly due to the neglect on the part of the majority of the umpires to strictly enforce the rules applicable to balks. In 1888 there were forty-five players credited with a record of from thirty to over a hundred stolen bases in the American Association; while in 1889 there were but thirty-two."

Prior to 1893 laxity in calling balks also was aided by the lack of a pitching rubber. "That wretched 'box', which the rules allowed to be used," moaned the 1897 *Spalding's Guide*, "gave a latitude to balking which the umpires were unable to prevent; inasmuch as the pitcher had too much freedom of movement allowing him in throwing to bases, and especially in regarding feints to throw, in doing which he stepped out of what should be his box boundaries."

Hamilton's larceny was abetted by his amazing success in reaching base. His on-base percentage of .455 was second among nineteenth century players only to John McGraw's .465, and fourth overall behind Ted Williams (.483) and Babe Ruth (.474).

His 1894 OBP of .523 was the second-greatest of the century. He also enjoyed the seventh (.490), eighth (.490), fourteenth (.480), and fifteenth (.477) best individual season marks for that era. He paced the National League in batting average twice, on-base percentage five times and bases on balls five times, earning the sobriquet of "Good Eye Billy."

But as Bill James points out, the point of an offense is to score runs. No one was better at scoring runs than "Sliding Billy" Hamilton. He holds the greatest ratio of runs scored to games played (1.06)—1,690 runs in only 1,591 contests played. Hamilton also claims the all-time mark for runs scored in a single season, 192 in 1894. What is amazing about this total—and it is remarkable enough without explanation or embellishment—is that Billy accomplished it in just 129 games.

He scored over 100 runs eleven times in just fourteen seasons (in all but two of those years tallying at least as many runs as games played) and led the circuit four times, not a mean feat against such competition such as McGraw, Keeler, Duffy, and Burkett.

And what of his fielding? Was Hamilton fleet afoot on the bases but unsteady at his position (à la Vince Coleman or Frank Taveras)? The answer is somewhat unclear. "A superlative flyhawk," noted Frank Phelps in the *Biographical Dictionary of American Sports*, "Hamilton became an ideal center fielder by combining extreme speed and sure-handedness with his uncanny crack-of-the-bat judgments of batted balls and an acrobatic instinct for catching balls off-balance. Consequently, he ran down every possible catch and made spectacular catches commonplace."

Yet, statistics reveal a different story. Hamilton led the league in putouts just once. His fielding percentage was quite low—.926 lifetime, with abysmal totals of .857 in 1889 and .882 in 1890. In 1890 he led the league with 34 errors. *Total Baseball* gives Hamilton a career lifetime rating of -7 for Fielding Runs (an average player would have a rating of zero).

Hamilton was a very small man, 5'6", and just 165 pounds, and it is no surprise that his career was shortened by knee injuries. Accounts of a key September 1894 series with rival Baltimore report



Billy Hamilton

that Billy was thrown out at home with catcher Wilbert Robinson "almost crushing him with his two hundred and fifty pounds of solid flesh." A day later, Hamilton, "after being trampled upon and severely stunned by [Hughie] Jennings at second, made a grand run for home on [Bobby] Lowe's single, collided with Baltimore's fleshy backstop, and falling heavily, pluckily crawled toward the base, almost fainting as he touched it."

Hamilton played, managed, and scouted until 1916 and even owned part of Worcester's Eastern League franchise. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he managed his money wisely, investing in real estate. He died in Clinton, Massachusetts, on December 15, 1940.

It's no wonder that "Sliding Billy" Hamilton was elected to the Hall of Fame on 1961's second ballot. The only question is: What took them so long?

WILLIAM ROBERT (BILLY) HAMILTON

Born February 16, 1866 at Newark, NJ. Died December 15, 1940 at Worcester, MA. Batted left. Threw left. Height 5'06". Weight 165. Named to Baseball Hall of Fame in 1961. Holds major league record for scoring most runs in a season with 192 in 1894.

Year	Club	League	Pos	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	BA
1887	Waterbury	Eastern	OF	71	313	75	116	19	5	0	-	18	.371
1888	Worcester	New Eng	OF	61	248	76	87	10	4	0	-	72	.351
	Kansas City	AA	OF	35	129	21	34	4	4	0	11	19	.264
1889	Kansas City	AA	OF	137	534	144	161	17	12	3	77	111*	.301
1890	Philadelphia	National	OF	123	496	133	161	13	9	2	49	102*	.325
1891	Philadelphia	National	OF	133	527	141*	179*	23	7	2	60	111*	.340*
1892	Philadelphia	National	OF	139	554	132	183	21	7	3	53	57	.330
1893	Philadelphia	National	OF	82	355	110	135	22	7	5	44	43	.380*
1894	Philadelphia	National	OF	129	544	192*	220	25	15	4	87	98*	.404
1895	Philadelphia	National	OF	123	517	166*	201	22	5	7	74	97*	.389
1896	Boston	National	OF	131	523	152	191	24	9	3	52	83	.365
1897	Boston	National	OF	127	507	152*	174	17	5	3	61	66	.343
1898	Boston	National	OF	110	417	110	154	16	5	3	50	54	.369
1899	Boston	National	OF	84	297	63	92	7	1	1	33	19	.310
1900	Boston	National	OF	136	520	103	173	20	5	1	47	32	.333
1901	Boston	National	OF	102	348	71	100	11	2	3	38	20	.287
1902	Haverhill	New Eng	OF	66	243	67	82	23	2	2	-	26	.337
1903	Haverhill	New Eng	OF	37	132	37	60	15	2	4	-	27	.455
1904	Haverhill	New Eng	OF	113	408	113*	168*	32	8	0	-	74*	.412*
1905	Harrisburg	Tri-St	OF	110	386	82	132	15	8	2	-	45	.342
1906	Haverhill	New Eng	OF	14	51	1	10	1	0	0	-	5	.196
	Harrisburg	Tri-St	OF	43	155	33	43	5	1	0	-	16	.277
1907	Haverhill	New Eng	OF	91	324	50	108	16	4	0	-	29	.333*
1908	Haverhill	New Eng	OF	85	300	63	87	19	0	1	-	39	.290
1909	Lynn	New Eng	OF	109	376	61	125	17	2	0	-	23	.332*
1910	Lynn	New Eng	OF	41	112	14	28	1	2	0	-	5	.250
Majors				1591	6268	1690	2158	242	94	40	736	912	.344
Minors				841	3048	672	1046	173	38	9	-	379	.343

STENZEL MAY OWN NL CONSECUTIVE HIT MARK

The official National League record for most consecutive hits by a player is 10, held by seven individuals from Ed Delahanty of the Phillies through Woody Williams of Cincinnati in 1943. The mark, however, appears to belong to Jake Stenzel, a hard-hitting National League catcher-outfielder of the 1890s. In three games in 1893, Jake collected 11 straight hits. He reached base 16 times in a row on 13 hits, two bases on balls, and an error.

Stenzel's streak started at Pittsburgh on Saturday, July 15. Thrust into the starting lineup when Patsy Donovan suffered an injury, Jake had 5 hits in 6 times at bat and reached base on an error as the Pirates swamped Washington 19-0. Stenzel singled in

a run in the first inning. He homered with the bases full in the second. In the fourth inning he reached base on an error. Then the hit streak began.

He tripled with the bags loaded in the fifth inning and singled in both the sixth and eighth innings.

At Cleveland on July 17 Stenzel was 4-for-4, plus 2 bases on balls, as Cleveland won 16-13.

On July 19 Stenzel singled in his first 4 times at bat to make it 11 hits in a row before being retired in his last 2 times up as Cleveland won again 14-5.

—Al Kernisch

Flying Feet from Fujiyama

FUMIHIRO "FU-CHAN" FUJISAWA

Rickey Henderson has run past Lou Brock for the major league lead in stolen bases, but he has yet to reach Yutaka Fukumoto's 1,065 steals—plus four against Johnny Bench. No wonder Lloyd's of London insured Fukumoto's legs for \$100,000.

IN 1978 LITTLE (5'7") OUTFIELDER Yutaka Fukumoto stole second base twice in one game against Tom Seaver and Johnny Bench. Seaver made repeated throws to first to try to hold him close, but it did no good. A week later Fukumoto stole second and home against Cincinnati's Tom Hume and Bench. Pretty good for a man who got only one base hit in the series.

When Rickey Henderson passed Lou Brock's old major-league mark of 938 steals this spring, that left him only 126 behind Fukumoto's world record of 1,065.

	G	SB	CS	Pct
*Henderson	1762	936	211	.816
Fukumoto	2401	1065	299	.781
Brock	2626	938	307	.753
Wills	1942	596	208	.738
Cobb	3034	891	-	.646**
Kurys	914	1114	-	-
Hamilton	1591	912	-	-

* Through 1990

** 1911-13 and 1920; CS records for other years not available.

In five post-season series against U.S. major leaguers, Fukumoto stole 6 bases in 7 attempts. His other victims were Ron Hodges of the Mets (Seaver pitching) and John Wathan of the Royals (Dennis Leonard on the mound). The only man to stop him was Ted Simmons of the Cardinals.

Fukumoto said that major league catchers have stronger arms than Japanese, but the pitchers' motions are bigger and the balk rule is more strict in the United States. Therefore, he thought he could steal more bases if he played in the U.S. majors.

Henderson came to Japan in 1982 and again in 1989 (after Fukumoto had retired) to demonstrate how to steal. Yutaka was amazed at Rickey's power and speed. To Fukumoto, Henderson

looked like Ben Johnson. Rickey was equally fast getting back to first and getting a jump going to second.

Fukumoto played twenty years for the Hankyu Braves, 1969-88, leading his team into the Japan Series eight times in twenty years. He led the league in steals a record thirteen years in a row. His highest total was 106 in 122 games in 1972.

When Fukumoto was in the ninth grade, he watched on TV as Bob Hayes won the 100-meter dash at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. He was shocked at Hayes' speed and thought it resulted from American food. American boys eat steak; Japanese boys, rice.

Two Japanese athletes at the '64 Olympics taught Fukumoto how to run faster after he joined the Braves. He had run with his arms swinging from side to side. They taught him to run with his arms swinging back and forth and with his head down. His speed increased substantially.

Fukumoto had a long talk with Lou Brock in the *Japanese Baseball Magazine* in 1979. They agreed that they liked to steal against lefthanded pitchers, because they could see the pitcher's face and learn how he picks off runners. Many Japanese fans think runners can steal against righthanders more easily, because it is hard for them to see the runner. I read Maury Wills' book, *How to Steal a Pennant* and found that he liked to steal against lefthanders too.

Fukumoto could steal against almost any pitcher except a great southpaw, Keishi Suzuki (317-238). He decided to see how Suzuki picked off runners and told a friend to sit on a line directly behind the pitcher's mound and first base with a movie camera. Fukumoto studied and studied the films, and at last he discovered Suzuki's giveaway: He would throw home when his face was tilted a bit toward the runner and would throw to first when his face was tilted toward the batter.

Fukumoto had one principle: He ran for his team's victory, not for his own record. He stole home only twice in his career—once against Bench on a double-steal, and once in the Japanese leagues, in his record-breaking year of 1972. He felt that stealing home was too risky for himself and for his team. He wasn't afraid of being thrown out, but of getting hurt.

Some people proposed that he do a head-first slide, which be-

came popular in Japan after Pete Rose's visit in 1978. But Fukumoto believed it was too dangerous.

He was never seriously injured on the field, and Lloyds of London, which insured his legs for \$100,000, never had to pay an insurance claim.

The flying Brave twice scored from second base on bunts and twice more on fly balls. He has even scored from third on an infield popup.

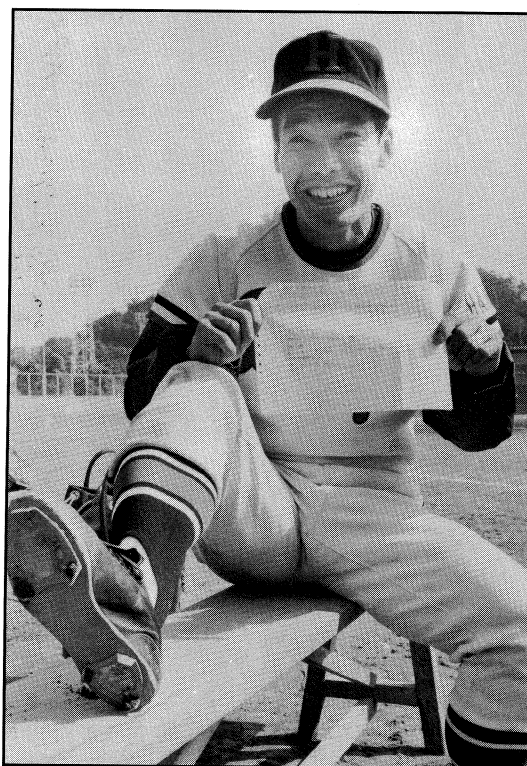
Incidentally, of Fukumoto's 106 steals in 1972, 40 came on the first pitch, 81 were on the first three pitches. He stole third 23 times. That year he was voted MVP.

Fukumoto could hit too—.291 lifetime plus 208 home runs. Despite his small size, he knocked home runs off Jim Palmer of the Orioles and Rennie Martin of the Royals. He's the Japanese record-holder in lead-off homers (43), as well as doubles and triples.

And he could field. He won the Japanese Gold Glove Award a record twelve straight years. In the Japan Series of 1975 he made a great catch to rob Richie Scheinblum of a home run. In the Japanese All Star Game the previous year, he climbed a fence to pull another homer out of the stands. He pulled off two unassisted double plays from the outfield and once threw out a base runner on a force at second on a ground ball hit through the infield.

So I can say Fukumoto is an all-round baseball player.

It would be interesting if he had played in the major leagues. How many bases do you think he would have stolen?



Hochi Shimbun

Fukumoto holds his Lloyd's of London policy.

YUTAKA FUKUMOTO

B. 11-7-47 5'7" BLTL

YEAR	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	TB	RBI	BB	SO	BA	SB	CS	PCT.
1969	38	39	8	11	3	0	2	20	4	2	6	.282	4	1	80.0
1970	127	423	92	116	23	3	8	169	41	55	71	.274	75	15	83.3
1971	117	426	82	118	18	5	10	176	45	50	49	.277	67	14	82.7
1972	122	472	99	142	25	6	14	221	40	62	69	.301	106	25	80.9
1973	123	497	100	152	29	10	13	240	54	65	56	.306	95	16	85.6
1974	129	477	84	156	19	7	8	213	52	58	57	.327	94	23	80.3
1975	130	491	79	127	26	4	10	191	51	50	74	.259	63	12	84.0
1976	129	489	88	138	23	9	8	203	46	73	66	.282	62	17	78.5
1977	130	541	89	165	21	9	16	252	54	49	74	.305	61	13	82.4
1978	130	526	107	171	35	10	8	250	34	60	65	.325	70	21	76.9
1979	128	493	101	142	27	9	17	238	67	79	63	.288	60	24	71.4
1980	128	517	112	166	29	6	21	270	58	78	64	.321	54	20	73.0
1981	130	495	90	142	22	7	14	220	48	80	65	.287	54	15	78.3
1982	127	476	97	144	31	7	15	234	56	88	46	.303	54	20	73.0
1983	130	493	89	141	26	7	10	211	59	85	40	.286	55	20	73.3
1984	130	488	93	126	22	2	9	179	41	85	41	.258	36	17	67.9
1985	130	425	95	122	15	7	11	184	51	95	40	.287	23	10	69.7
1986	130	454	75	120	18	2	8	166	29	55	55	.264	23	12	65.7
1987	101	349	53	100	25	3	5	146	33	33	35	.287	6	3	66.7
1988	92	174	23	44	12	2	1	63	21	32	18	.253	3	1	75.0
Total	2401	8745	1656	2543	449	115	208	3846	884	1234	054	.291	1,065	299	78.1
Japan Series	44	157	28	46	7	2	4	69	22	28	23	.293	14	11	58.6
All-Star	50	126	26	38	9	0	5	62	11	14	22	.302	17	9	65.4
Playoff	20	83	13	21	2	1	3	34	7	8	13	.253	7	0	100.0
Japan-U.S.	12	30	7	9	1	0	2	16	3	6	5	.300	6	1	85.7

The Runner Wore Skirts

DEBBI DAGAVARIAN-BONAR

Sophie Kurys is the only professional ballplayer ever to steal more than 200 bases during a single season. And she did it in a skirt.

FOR TWELVE SUMMERS Sophie Kurys' legs were bruised and skinned from barreling into bases with nothing but stockings and a short skirt. She stole 201 bases that way in one year, 1946, and 1,114 in a career from 1943 to 1954.

No man has ever stolen as many. Rickey Henderson had 936 as of Opening Day 1991. But how many would he swipe wearing short pants?

Sophie's manager in the old All American Girls Professional Baseball League tried taping sliding pads to her legs. "But they were so cumbersome, I told him no, I'd just get the strawberries. I got strawberry upon strawberry, and they got calloused a bit." Almost half a century later she still gets a twinge in her hip when she wakes up in the morning.

Sophie was seventeen when she left Flint, Michigan, in 1943 to join the Racine Belles as a 5'5", 120-pound second baseman in the then new AAGPBL. Opposing runners wore spikes, just as the men used to before Astroturf™, adding a dimension of danger to the double-play pivot.

Kurys stole 44 bases in 106 games as an \$85-a-week rookie at the sixty-five-foot distance. For the next seven years, although the baselines grew progressively longer, she averaged more than a steal a game. The papers began calling her "the Flint Flash."

In some of those cold Midwestern April evenings, the girls shivered in their short skirts, while the fans warmed themselves with thermos jugs of hot coffee. "We were tougher than the men, I'll tell you," Kurys says.

Did they have a good league? "We were the third major league," she says. Cubs manager Charlie Grimm said he'd pay \$50,000 for hard-hitting outfielder Dottie Schroeder "if only she were a man." Ex-Yankee first baseman Wally Pipp called Dorothy Kamenshek the best-fielding first baseman he had ever seen; she was later offered a minor league tryout. Kurys' Arizona neighbor, Joanne Winters, hurled 63 straight scoreless innings. In 1989 "I was afraid Orel Hershisier was going to break it," but he didn't.

Kurys' biggest year was 1946. With the distance to second base increased to seventy-two feet, she swiped 201 bases in 203 attempts. To put it another way, she got on first base 191 times on singles and

walks, and still stole 201 bases! She must have stolen every time she got on.

"That's about it," she says, grinning. "I had a fast break; I could generate right away."

The fans used to say when Sophie hits a single, it's really a triple. Yes, the distance to second was short—but so was the throw from the catcher.

"It amazes me—I watch Rickey Henderson, and you know, he's cockier than hell of course—anyway, it surprises me that the ballplayers don't steal more than they have.

"If you watch the pitchers and you get a good lead on them, they all have a definite thing when they go to home plate. They show their shoulder more to you when they go to first base.

"Vince Coleman isn't a smart baserunner. Henderson is a lot smarter than Coleman is. Tim Lincecum is a good runner too; the White Sox should give Oakland a lot of trouble."

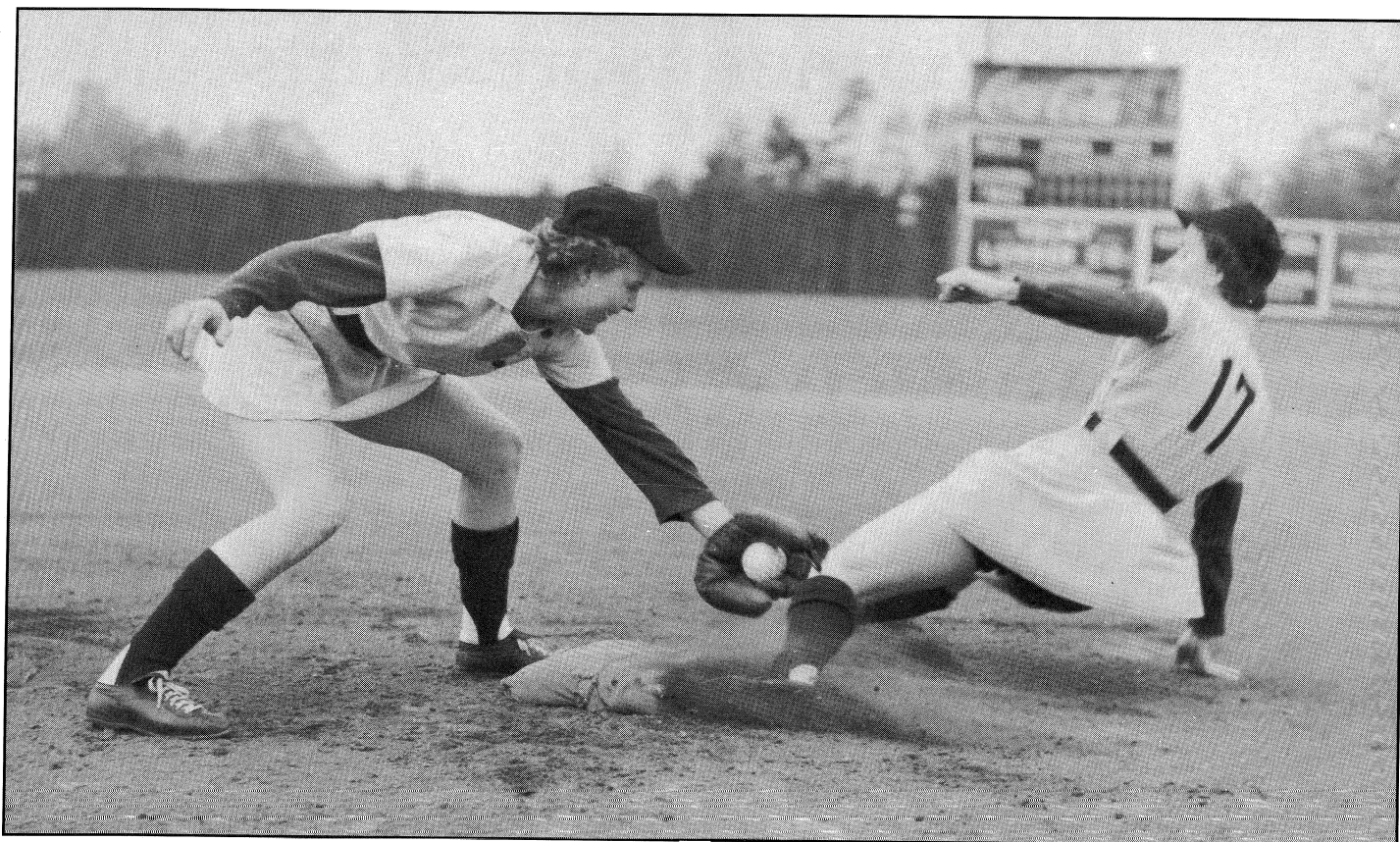
The pitching distance was only forty-three feet, sidearm pitching was permitted, and "those balls were coming in there pretty fast." Even so, Sophie batted .286, second best in the league, according to figures compiled by Sharon Roepke, the leading historian of the league.

No wonder they named Kurys MVP. "Heh, Sophie, where's your trophy?" the bench jockeys called.

In the final championship game that fall—"our World Series," she calls it—Racine came up against Rockford pitcher Carolyn Morris, who hurled a no-hitter for ten innings, and the teams went into the eleventh tied 0-0.

"There were three or four squeeze plays," Kurys says, "girls making spectacular catches. They say Willie Mays made spectacular catches—one girl turned her back to the batter, all of a sudden she turned and leaped and caught the ball. I can still see her to this day."

Still tied 0-0 in the fourteenth, Kurys led off with a single and stole second, her fifth steal of the game. "I was about to steal third, when the batter hit a single on the right-hand side. It went through the infield, and the outfielder was playing shallow." Sophie tore around third. "It was a close play, but I hooked away from the tag" to give Racine the championship, 1-0.



Sophie Kurys slides into second.

The league president, Hall of Famer Max Carey, declared it was the best game he'd ever seen, bar none.

THE AAGPBL WAS THE BRAINSTORM of Cubs owner P. K. Wrigley, who put up \$100,000 to start the loop. "I want you to fill the ballparks," he told the girls, "because it looks like they're going to take all our men away in the war." He scoured North America, from Canada to Cuba, for the best girls' softballers and set up teams in four Midwest towns—Racine, Kenosha, Rockford, and South Bend.

Back home in Flint, Sophie had scored 4,563 points out of a possible 5,000 in the pentathlon: broad jump, high jump, hundred-yard dash, baseball throw, and basketball free-throw shooting. She also ran track. "But they never did time us, none of them even thought about timing us. That came later." She was one of the fortunate few invited to try out.

She demonstrated sliding for Carey, who himself had swiped 738 bases in the major leagues. Yet, she says, Max never offered to give her pointers. She perfected a hook slide but had to do it on her own.

The teams took spring training in Wrigley Field, and in July they played their All Star Game there—under lights—making it the first night game ever played in the Friendly Confines. Seven thousand fans came out to watch, and Sophie drilled three hits in four at bats.

They played a second game under lights there in 1944. Thus when the Cubs played their first nighter there in 1988, it was actually the third one. Sophie picked up the phone and called her local

newspaper to tell them that she had played in the first Wrigley night game forty-five years earlier.

"Yeah?" said a bored voice on the other end.

"They thought I was nuts," she says.

"I know you don't believe me," she told the reporter, "you think I'm some sort of a kook, but that's the truth."

"Well, thanks for calling," the voice said, hanging up.

"That's the way it goes," she shrugs. "We were always secondary. Right?"

Kurys looks back on the old league fondly. After she got over her homesickness, "we had some wonderful camaraderie. We were housed in family homes. We were their daughters. They went to the ballgame every night; it was a family affair. They treated us royally."

Their managers were ex-big leaguers like Jimmie Foxx, who hit 534 home runs, and Bill Wambgsanss, who made an unassisted World Series triple play. The young ladies were sent to charm school, and every team had a chaperone. They once smuggled a coach's trousers into the chaperone's locker and had quite a giggle over it.

When the league took spring training in Cuba, they outdrew the Dodgers, who were also there with Jackie Robinson.

The AAPGBL started out playing softball. Gradually they reduced the size of the ball and lengthened the base paths.

In 1950 the mound was fifty-five feet from home, and Sophie smacked five homers to lead the league. Some parks "didn't have fences like the men have, and you'd have to hit it between the field-

ers and run like the devil. They played you pretty deep."

Four years later the pitching distance was lengthened to sixty feet, only six inches less than the regulation baseball distance, and batting averages zoomed. Sophie hit .307, the best she'd ever hit. The basepath was extended to eighty-five feet, only five feet less than the men's baseball distance. Kurys still averaged more steals, 120, than games, 110.

But that was the end. The Korean War plus increased TV coverage of the major leagues spelled the end of the league.

The league folded after the 1954 season. Sophie was only twenty-nine. Ty Cobb was still stealing bases after forty. How many steals did Sophie have left in her legs?

"I reverted to professional softball," Kurys says. She played three years in Chicago and one year in Phoenix. She played against a male team in a charity game. "But they paid us on the side," she says, "because we were professionals."

Then it was back to Racine, where she had an offer to go into business manufacturing automobile, electronic, and aeronautical parts. She's now retired in Scottsdale, Arizona.

IN 1988 KURYS AND OTHER AAGPBL vets were invited to Cooperstown to inaugurate a special exhibit on the women's league.

At long last, "we're getting recognition," Kurys says. The league has been the subject of a TV documentary, "When Diamonds Were a Girl's Best Friend." There are plans for a movie by "Awakenings" director Penny Marshall, reportedly to star Madonna.

"People are beginning to realize that there really was a major league for women," she says. "It's still my theory that some of those women should have the chance to be inducted into Cooperstown. After all, we played just as hard as the men."

SOPHIE KURYS

All American Girls Professional Baseball League 1943-1954

HGT: 5'5" WGT: 120; Bats: Right, Throws: Right; Born: May 14, 1925

Hometown: Flint, Michigan

COMPLETE MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD

YEAR	CLUB	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	BB	SO	AVG
1943	Racine Belles	106	383	60	104	8	7	3	59	44	28	21	.271
1944	Racine Belles	116	394	87	96	7	3	1	60	166	69	32	.244
1945	Racine Belles	105	347	73	83	6	2	1	15	115	69	27	.239
1946	Racine Belles	113	392	117*	112	5	6	3	33	201*	93*	31	.286
1947	Racine Belles	112	432	81	99	8	6	2	18	142	49	31	.229
1948	Racine Belles	124	444	97	112	12	5	3	22	172	81	21	.252
1949	Racine Belles	111	416	70	102	3	3	2	26	137	59	19	.245
1950	Racine Belles	110	424	95	130	22	6	7*	42	120	68	18	.307
1952	Battle Creek Belles	17	66	8	21	0	1	0	0	17	6	4	.318

Major League Totals	914	3298	688	859	71	39	22	276	1114*	522	204	.260
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Fielding Totals	G	PO	A	E	PCT.	POS.
	896	2400	1665	190	.955	2B
	4	7	0	0	1.000	OF

CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

The only major league ballplayer to steal over 200 bases in a single season. All Star teams in 1946, 1947, 1948, and 1949. Led league in home runs in 1950. Averaged over 100 stolen bases per season. Stole 1,114 bases in 914 games. Between 1944-1950 stole 1,053 bases in 791 games for a 1.33 per game average. Averaged more stolen bases than games played for every season after her rookie year. Eighty percent of the time she got on base she stole at least one base. Virtually no pitcher-catcher combination could stop the "Flint Flash." Newspaper accounts of her 1946 season note that Kurys was thrown out 2 times in 203 attempts for a phenomenal 99 percent success ration. Currently lives in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Cool Papa Gives a Helping Hand

BOB BROEG

An appreciation of Negro League star and Hall of Famer "Cool Papa" Bell by the former sports editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

JAMES (COOL PAPA) BELL (1903–1991) was regal, perhaps the fastest blur ever to beat out a bunt or to steal a base. After all, he's the only guy I ever knew who scored from first base on a bunt!

He did it in a postseason black-versus-white series in which Murray Dickson pitched and Roy Partee caught for the major leaguers. On first base, Bell was off and running when the batter, Satchel Paige, laid one down. The third baseman charged in, which prompted Bell to zoom past second to third. And when Bell noted that Partee was running down the line to cover third, Jim dashed home ahead of the return throw. The year was 1948, and Bell was forty-five years old.

"Jim" is a name I used for him when, to just about everyone else, he was "Cool" personally and "Cool Papa" in third-person conversation. And he was, as previously mentioned, regal. If he'd been taller—and he always seemed more than six feet because he was so slender, fore and aft in his eighty-seven-plus years—I'd have thought he was a member of the Watusi, the royal giants from Africa.

He was, indeed, a noble man and a gentleman, as well as obviously one of the best of the black players who was denied the right to play for more than the baloney sandwiches of the Negro majors. He was a swift, sure-handed outfielder who, as a reformed pitcher, could throw. Unfortunately, beginning in the Negro league when he was just nineteen, he was forty-four by the time Jackie Robinson broke the barrier. Frankly, Cool was too proud to try to follow in Robinson's footsteps.

However, Bell deserved an assist in destroying Jackie's mule-headed notion that he (Robinson) was a shortstop. When Robinson joined the Kansas City Monarchs in 1945, the club's business manager, William Dismukes, suspected that Branch Rickey's talk of a "Brown Dodgers" and new black league was indeed a ruse. Could ol' Cool help?

The career .338 hitter, who'd bunted and batted .400 a couple of times as a switch-hitter, agreed. Batting lefthanded, he twice bounced groundballs to Robinson's right and beat them out. The second time, stealing second, he said, "Kid, I hear great things might

be in store for you, but when an old-timer like me can beat out hits on you, I think you've got the wrong position."

Although a humble man, Bell had pride in those lanky legs, as, for example, when it was suggested he would have broken Evar Swanson's 13.4-second base-circling record. "On a wet field I did," he said. "On a dry field I once circled the bases in 12 seconds flat."

He knew how to run and how to help. In 1930 he faced Pepper Martin in a California exhibition game and advised the Cardinal to slide so that he could be back on his feet in an instant to take advantage of any misplay. The next October Martin ran wild against the A's in the World Series, and Martin later acknowledged Bell's help.

To Maury Wills, when he was en route to a record-breaking 104-stolen base season in 1962, and later to the next champ, Lou Brock, Bell suggested that their number two hitters should drop deeper in the batter's box so the catcher would have a longer throw to second.

Bell never lost his sense of humor, whether pushing a janitorial broom or enjoying Hall of Fame stature from 1974 until his death on March 8, 1991. As manager of the Monarchs' number two unit, he discovered Elston Howard. He also found a willowy shortstop at a time he'd been promised one-third of any amount obtained from a major league club. Ernie Banks brought \$35,000 from the Chicago Cubs.

Cool Papa Bell's share? He smiled. "A basket of fruit!"

EL PAPÁ CALMO

James "Cool Papa" Bell enjoyed a career year in the Mexican League in 1940. He led in batting average with .437, far ahead of second-place Martin Dihigo and Theolic Smith at .364. In a ninety-game season, Bell also led in runs (119), hits (167), triples (15), home runs (12), runs batted in (79), and slugging percentage (.685), setting league records in some categories. He was second in doubles (29) behind Bill Wright and Willie Wells, who led with 30. The only thing Bell did *not* lead in was stolen bases! Bell had 28, behind Sam Bankhead (32) and Wild Bill Wright (30).

—Jerry Vaughn

Cobb on a Rampage

LARRY AMMAN

In 1911 Ty Cobb Hit .420 with a 40-game streak.

THERE WAS GOOD NEWS for Detroit Tiger fans from spring training in 1911. The team's volatile star, Tyrus R. Cobb, was on speaking terms again with shortstop Donie Bush and right fielder Sam Crawford. The two men hit second and fourth respectively around Cobb. Having the three working together was important if the Tigers were to finish first. After winning three straight pennants, the Bengals had finished third in 1910, 18 games behind the Philadelphia A's.

The Detroiters won the 1911 season opener 4-1 at Detroit's Bennett Park against Chicago. Cobb was 1-for-4, with a home run off spitballer Ed Walsh.

By the end of April batting averages and scoring were up all over the majors. Writers used the term "lively ball" to describe the new cork-centered baseball. Ty was having trouble bunting. Instead he had three home runs and four game-winning RBIs to go with his .379 average.

Cobb opened May in grand style as the Bengals swept a four-game set in St. Louis. Ty made two spectacular catches in center field, and twice got himself into rundowns deliberately and beat them out. Cobb could do this solo, but often he would perform the trick with Bush ahead of him or with Crawford behind him, giving them a chance to advance.

On the May 7, Cobb and Company opened a series in the new Comiskey Park and beat Chicago 5-4. Cobb went 4-for-5 against veteran southpaw Doc White. It had taken Cobb several years to hit White's drop ball. This day he drove in the tying and winning runs. The Detroit *Free Press* called it the "turning point of the year."

Several other games in May stand out: New York was the Tiger opponent on the twelfth at Bennett Park. In the first inning Ty scored from first on a Crawford single. In the sixth, Cobb scored from second on a wild pitch. The next frame he doubled in two runs to tie the game. Yankee catcher Ed Sweeney was furious over the call at the plate. *The New York Times* reported:

Sweeney began to protest. Pitcher Caldwell and the rest of the infield flocked to the plate to help. Cobb, observing that third base was unguarded, trotted amiably there. No one saw him. So he tiptoed gingerly along toward the group at the plate. He did not come

under observation until he was about ten feet from the plate, where for a few seconds he stood practically still, peering into the cluster of disputants, looking for an opening to slide through. All at once there was a white streak, a cry of warning, a cloud of dust and Cobb was picking himself up on the other side of the plate as safe as a murderer in Mexico.

The *Times* added dryly: "Ty Cobb once again demonstrated his claim to be the most original of all players."

On May 15 Ty's 40-game hitting streak began with two hits off Boston's Joe Wood. In the tenth inning Wood gave Cobb an intentional walk. Two hitters later Jim Delahanty won the game. Cobb only received two other intentional passes all season, as Sam Crawford, hitting behind him, enjoyed the highest average of his career at .378.

On May 19 against Philadelphia, the Tigers won, 9-8. Cobb contributed a triple and scored twice.

In the fifth Ty prevented the A's from going ahead with one of his special defensive stunts. Frank Baker was on first when Harry Davis hit a soft liner to center. Baker went to second, fearing Cobb would let the ball fall in and force him (a much faster runner than Davis) at second. Ty, however, was thinking one step ahead of his opponent. He caught the ball in the air and doubled the hapless Baker off first.

Four days later Detroit won another 9-8 game, against Washington. In the eighth Ty came to the plate with the bases loaded against Walter Johnson in relief. Cobb was already 3-for-4 with three stolen bases. This time he "...pranced and danced around at the plate like a hen on a hot rock," and the Big Train walked Cobb to force in what proved to be the winning game.

Cobb hit .428 for the month, with at least one hit in each of the last fifteen games. His team won twenty of twenty-nine games. Detroit was in first, far ahead of the world champion A's.

In June Cobb hit safely in all twenty-three games.

On the eighteenth Ty went 5-for-6.

On June 19 at Bennett Park against the White Sox, Cobb

equaled Bill Bradley's American League consecutive-game hitting streak of 29 set in 1902. After singling in the second inning off Irv Young, he scored from first on another single.

Ty set the new milestone of 30 the next day with a single against Cleveland's Willie Mitchell in the second inning. It was a high chopper to shortstop Ivy Olson, whose throw to first was too late.

In the first game of the July 4 doubleheader, Ed Walsh of the White Sox held Cobb hitless in four trips to the plate. Both the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Detroit Free Press* noted that the forty-game hitting streak was over. Neither paper gave any particulars of the four times at bat except to say that Cobb grounded into a double play once.

It must be pointed out that no one was conscious of the streak while it was in progress. The *Detroit News* said absolutely nothing about it. The *Detroit Free Press* only mentioned it on July 5 when it was over, as did the *Chicago Tribune*. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* said nothing when the forty-game mark was reached on July 2. Ty fell four games short of the major league mark Willie Keeler had established in 1897, but Wee Willie and his record were never mentioned by sportswriters in 1911.

This key fact probably renders moot the question of whether Cobb's hitting streak was aided by official scorers or umpires.

Note that in the twenty-seventh, thirtieth, and thirty-ninth games of the streak, Ty had only one hit—an infield single. In all four cases the newspapers in the opposing team's city did not dispute the scoring, even by implication.

The list of pitchers victimized includes Hall of Famers Walter Johnson, Ed Plank, Ed Walsh, and Cy Young. Jack Coombs, Joe Wood, and Ed Cicotte are other great hurlers who gave up hits.

TY IS STILL STEALING HOME

When the SABR ad hoc committee on Steals of Home (Larry, Amman, Craig Carter, and Bob Davids) began several years ago, Ty Cobb was credited with 35. His total is now up to 54. He holds the record for stealing home on a double steal (23) and triple steal (six).

(His total steals, 891, remain the same.)

He was thrown out more than 40 times.

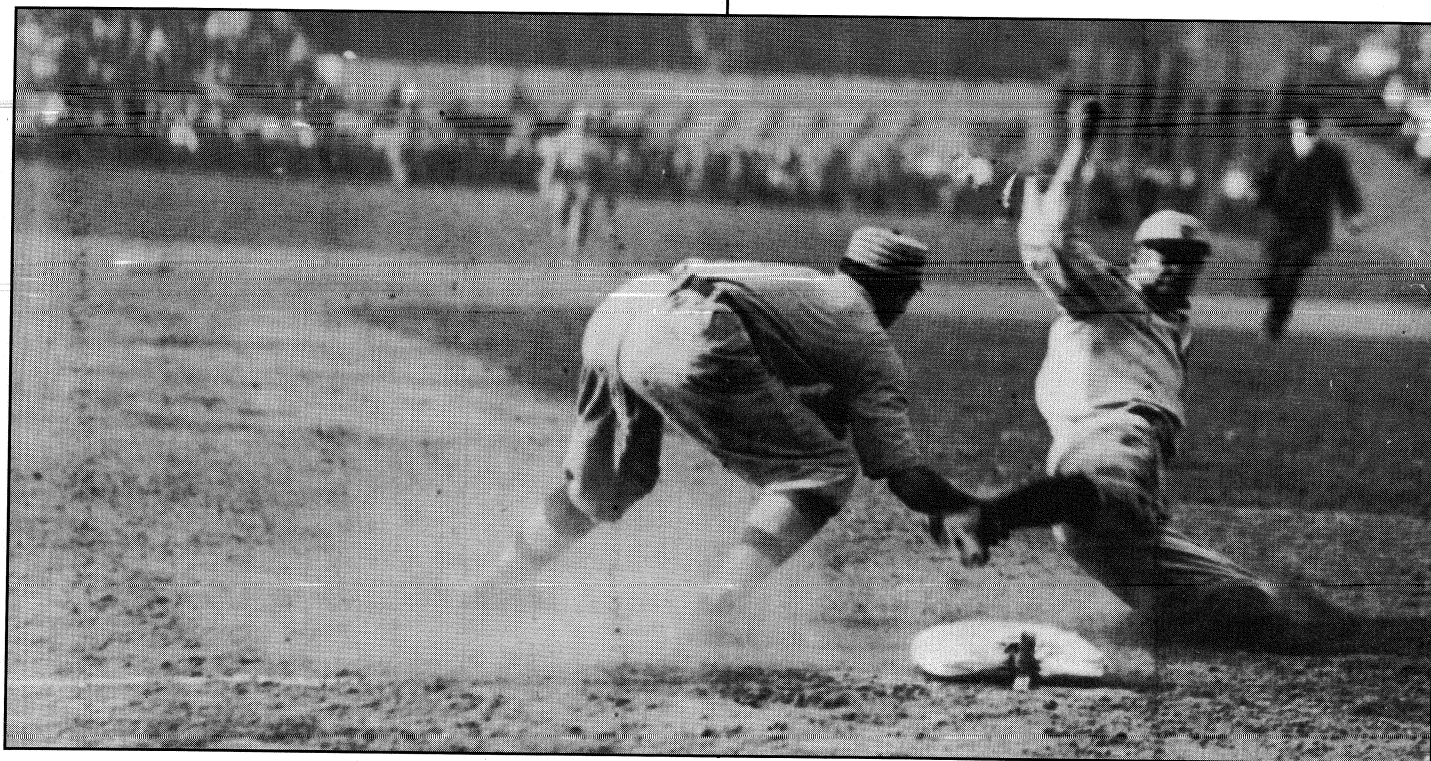
Contrary to long-time published reports, he never did steal home twice in one game.

The enhanced numbers give Cobb a new record of eight in one season, 1912. This is one up on the recognized record of seven by Pete Reiser in 1946 and Rod Carew in 1969. All the steals came in Detroit:

Date	Opponent	Inn	Comment	Battery
Apr. 20	Indians	1st	DS with Crawford	Gregg, Easterly
May 1	White Sox	1st		Benz, Block
May 13	Yankees	1st	DS with Crawford	Vaughn, Street
June 21	Indians	6th	DS with Crawford	Blanding, O'Neill
July 1	Indians	3rd	DS with Crawford	Gregg, O'Neill
July 4	Browns	5th	DS with Moriarty	Baumgardner, Krichell
Aug. 1	Senators	6th		Groom, Williams
Sept. 6	Browns	8th	DS with Louden	Hamilton, Krichell

DS = Double steal

—Bob Davids



Home Run Baker tries to put the tag on Ty Cobb.

COBB'S 1911 HIT STREAK

Game	Date	Score	W-L	Opp	AB	R	H	Pitcher
	May 14	6-5	W	Bos	4	0	0	Collins
1	May 15	5-4	W	Bos	4	0	2 (2B, SB, RBI)	Wood
2	May 16	7-6	W	Bos	5	2	3 (2 2B)	Karger (2-for-3)
								Cicotte (1-for-2)
3	May 18	9-4	W	Phi	4	1	1 (SB)	Plank
4	May 19	9-8	W	Phi	3	2	1 (3B, SB, RBI)	Combs (1-for-1)
								Russell (0-for-2)
5	May 20	14-12	W	Phi	4	2	3 (2 RBIs)	Combs (2-for-3)
6	May 21	6-2	L	Phi	3	0	1 (SB)	Krause
7	May 22	7-3	L	Was	4	1	2 (2B)	Walker
8	May 23	9-8	W	Was	4	2	3 (2B, 3 SB, RBI, IFS, CS)	Gray (3-for-4)
								Johnson (0-for-0)
9	May 24	6-5	W	Was	5	0	2 (2B, IFS)	Groom (2-for-4)
								Hughes (0-for-1)
10	May 25	6-2	L	Was	4	0	2 (2B)	Johnson
11	May 27	9-3	W	StL	5	2	2 (3 RBIs)	Bailey
12	May 28	12-6	L	StL	5	1	2 (3B, SB, RBI)	Hamilton
13	May 29	7-6	L	Cle	5	1	2 (2B, SB)	Blanding (2-for-4)
								Gregg (0-for-1)
14	May 30	3-2	W	Cle	5	0	1 (2B)	Mitchell
15	May 30	6-5	W	Cle	3	2	1	Gregg
16	Jun 1	8-7	W	Was	5	0	3 (2B, 3 SB, 2 RBIs)	Walker (1-for-2)
								Otey (2-for-3)
17	Jun 2	14-7	L	Was	5	2	2 (SB, 2 RBIs)	Hughes
18	Jun 3	7-2	W	Was	5	2	3 (2 3B, 2 RBIs)	Johnson
19	Jun 5	5-1	W	Was	4	1	3 (2 SB, RBI)	Groom
20	Jun 7	4-3	L	Phi	4	1	2 (3B, 2 RBIs)	Combs
21	Jun 8	8-3	W	Phi	3	2	3 (2 SB, Bunt 1B, CS)	Plank
22	Jun 9	5-4	L	Phi	5	0	1	Krause
23	Jun 10	6-5	L	Bos	4	1	1 (CS)	Wood
24	Jun 12	5-4	W	Bos	4	0	4 (2 2B, 3 RBIs)	Hall
25	Jun 14	5-3	L	NY	5	0	2 (RBI)	Ford
26	Jun 15	5-0	L	NY	4	0	2 (2B)	Fisher
27	Jun 17	3-2	L	NY	4	0	1 (IFS)	Warhop
28	Jun 18	16-15	W	Chi	6	3	5 (3B, 5 RBIs)	White (3-for-3)
								Olmstead (2-for-2)
29	Jun 19	8-5	W	Chi	4	1	2 (SB, RBI)	Walsh (0-for-1)
								Young (1-for-2)
								Lange (1-for-1)
								Baker (0-for-1)
30	June 20	8-3	W	Cle	4	1	1 (2 SB, IFS)	Mitchell (1-for-2)
								Krapp 0-for-2)
31	Jun 21	5-3	W	Cle	4	1	1 (2 RBIs, HR)	Blanding
32	Jun 22	4-3	L	Cle	3	0	1 (RBI)	West
33	Jun 23	4-2	W	Cle	4	1	2 (SB)	Young
34	Jun 25	8-4	L	Chi	5	1	2	White (2-for-3)
								Walsh (0-for-2)
35	Jun 26	6-3	W	Chi	3	2	2 (Bunt 1B)	Young
36	Jun 27	3-0	L	Chi	4	0	1 (IFS, CS)	Walsh
37	Jun 28	3-2	W	StL	4	0	1 (RBI, SB)	Powell
38	Jun 29	6-5	L	StL	3	1	1 (RBI, IFS, SF)	Hamilton
39	Jul 1	8-0	W	StL	3	1	1 (RBI, IFS, SF)	Hamilton
40	Jul 2	14-6	W	Cle	4	3	3 (RBI, CS, SB, 3B)	Krapp (0-for-1)
								West (2-for-2)
								James (1-for-1)
	Jul 4	7-3	L	Chi	4	0	0	Walsh

However, Detroit won only twenty-four of the forty games. The early-season luck of the Tigers was beginning to run out.

The hitless game that ended his streak on July 4 was just a brief pause for the Cobb express. The highlight of the month of July was a four-game sweep from Philadelphia in Detroit.

On July 12 in a 9-0 win, Cobb's line score was 1-4-0. Without even a hit he was responsible for four runs. In the first, Ty walked and stole the next three bases, twice beating perfect throws by catcher Ira Thomas. In the third, he was safe on a fielder's choice and scored on a Crawford homer. Two frames later he had a sacrifice fly. Finally, in the seventh, he walked and was sacrificed to second. On a sacrifice fly Cobb came all the way around to score by knocking the ball from the hands of the new catcher, Paddy Livingston.

The next day the Tigers and the A's were tied at 7-7 going into the ninth inning. Earlier in the contest Ty had contributed a three-run double. This time he singled to center. When Jim Delahanty singled to right field, Cobb tried to advance three bases. Harry Davis' throw to Thomas at the plate was on the money, but Ty used the fadeaway slide to get around him after going through a frantic stop sign by coach Hughie Jennings.

Normal rules of baserunning did not apply to this man called "the Dixie Demon."

At the close of July, Ty's average was .419, and his team was still in first. In August, however, the roof fell in on the Detroiters. Their run production declined just enough so that it could no longer compensate for the weakness of the pitching staff. The Tigers were

17-13 and fell far behind Philadelphia. At the end of the month Detroit appeared out of the pennant race.

And at .416 Cobb was in some danger of being overtaken by Joe Jackson of Cleveland.

In September Ty hit .429 to help raise his final average to .420, twelve points ahead of Jackson for the batting title. He led the league in every offensive category except home runs, where he finished second, three behind Home Run Baker. He set a number of American League records.

Looking at the charts, one can see Ty's consistency throughout the season. He hit .418 at home and .422 on the road.

His .383 mark against southpaws is amazing, considering Cobb couldn't hit them at all when he first entered the league six years earlier. Doc White of Chicago made Ty look foolish for several years. In 1911 Cobb was 10-for-17 against White. Two southpaws who were especially tough on Cobb this season were rookies Earl Hamilton and Vean Gregg of St. Louis and Cleveland, respectively. Ty never hit a pitcher well until he had seen him a few times.

Was 1911 Ty Cobb's greatest year?

His 1910 batting average of .385 was actually higher relative to the whole league. The year of his greatest run production was 1917. Nevertheless 1911 ranks as his best for hitting, fielding, and baserunning combined. In the field he exceeded Tris Speaker in total chances per game and in fielding average. On the bases this was Cobb's most successfully daring campaign. His youthful energy combined with a mature baseball wisdom to produce a quality of play never seen before.

TY COBB'S HIT-STREAK TOTALS IN 1911

G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA	SA	SB	CS	IF	Bunt Hits
40	167	40	79	12	8	1	36	.467	.652	23	4	8	2

COBB'S 1911 RECORDS, AMERICAN LEAGUE

Cobb 1911	Old Record	Lasted Until
TB 367	Lajoie 350 1901	Sisler 398 1920
RBI 144	Lajoie 125 1901	Ruth 171 1921
Hits 248	Lajoie 232 1901	Sisler 257 1920
Runs 147	Lajoie 145 1901	Ruth 177 1921
SB 83	Collins 81 1910	Cobb 96 1915
Hit Streak 40	Bradley 29 1902	Sisler 41 1922

Irresistible Braggo Roth

A. D. SUEHSDORF

The well-traveled outfielder had a penchant for stealing home and for often moving from team to team.

HE STOLE HOME SIX TIMES in one season, a mark just behind the record of eight held by Ty Cobb. Yet in an eight-year career he was traded five times.

Braggo Roth hit consistently around .284, was a home run threat in an era when few homers were hit, could be a fair-enough outfielder when the urge was upon him, and was fast on the bases. His six steals of home were achieved in 1917, his top year for thefts (51).

Robert "Bobby" Roth was playing for Kansas City (American Association) when the White Sox brought him up to the majors in 1914. Halfway into the 1915 season he was sent to Cleveland in the

BRAGGO'S SIX STEALS OF HOME

April 15: Front end of double steal (with Wambsganss going to third) against righthander Bob Groom and catcher George "Ducky" Hale in 4-0 Cleveland win at St. Louis.

May 19: Against righthander Wynn Noyes and catcher Wally Schang in 5-3 loss to Athletics, who enjoy their first success at Cleveland since August 1915.

June 1: Southpaw Babe Ruth and catcher Pinch Thomas have a hard time with Ray Chapman and Braggo, who each swipe two in 3-0 win at Boston. Chapman scores on a double steal with Roth, who reaches third on an error and steals home. He also singled home the third run.

July 1: In first inning Bobby triples to drive in Speaker, then steals home on next ball pitched. Righthander Eddie Cicotte and catcher Byrd Lynn are the victims. Indians edge Chicago, 5-4.

July 12: Off righthander Doc Ayers (in relief of Walter Johnson) and catcher Patsy Gharrity, in 7-0 home victory over Washington.

August 27: In wild game at Cleveland twelve bases are stolen—four by Roth—as Senators triumph, 11-9. Braggo scores on triple steal in fourth, Joe Harris and Wamby advancing, against righthander "Grunting Jim" Shaw and catcher Eddie Ainsmith.

How many times that season did Bobby Roth try for home and get nailed? I don't know.

Joe Jackson trade. Joining the Indians with him were Larry Chappell, an outfielder with twenty-seven games remaining in his major league career, "Big Ed" Klepfer, a pitcher who had one good season left in his arm, and a check for \$31,500 from Charlie Comiskey to his fellow mogul, Charlie Somers, who was suffering the shorts. So, in effect, player for player, it was Roth for Joe Jackson.

Braggo pulled his weight for several seasons, but was passed along to Philadelphia in 1919 when Connie Mack, only four-sevenths of the way through his horrible cellar sojourn, decided he needed Roth's big bat. Tris Speaker, in what he always considered his smartest trade, wheedled Mr. Mack into giving him Larry Gardner, Charlie Jamieson, and Elmer Myers. Gardner, at third, plugged the Indians' one infield weakness. Jamieson was one of the AL's premier center fielders for a decade. And Myers gave Cleveland 10 victories over two seasons.

Braggo hit .323 for the A's, but, as Mack well knew, he was building a reputation as a troublemaker, and after forty-eight games he was shipped to Boston. With him went another recalcitrant, Maurice "Red" Shannon, who played short and second equally unwell. For the A's it was "Hello again." They got back Jack Barry, their old shortstop who had been sold to the Red Sox in 1915 for \$8,000 and outfielder Amos Strunk, who needs explaining. A favorite on Mack's great early teams, he was now a yo-yo rebounding from the big 1917 deal that sent him to Boston. Ordinarily one would say he and Barry were a better bargain than Roth. But Amos would be gone again—to the Chicago White Sox—in 1920 (and retrieved in 1924 to play his final thirty games for the Tall Tactician), while Barry simply got off the carousel and retired.

Roth lasted 63 games with the Red Sox. In 1920 he was traded to Washington (with Shannon as a throw-in) for "Leaping Mike" Menosky, an okay outfielder; popular Eddie Foster, the veteran third baseman, and lefty Harry Harper, who was about washed up. Mike and Eddie had more big league years left than Braggo. (Shannon, after twenty-five games, would return to Connie Mack.)

Next stop a year later: New York. The Yankees, who appreciated
(see page 65)

The Short, Happy Life of the Newark Peppers

IRWIN CHUSID

After an interesting start in life, the Newark Peppers played just one year of ball before the renegade Federal League folded.

THE YEAR 1990 WAS THE seventy-fifth anniversary of the Newark Peppers. These days it's tough to convince anyone that the Peppers existed, so obliterated are they from memory. Their presence in the city was never a given, and it took quite a bit of horse trading to get the team established.

The Newark Peppers operated as part of the Federal League, the renegade third circuit that existed in 1914 and 1915. The Fed comprised eight ballclubs, competing on the level of the American and National leagues. Fed owners, in fact, fielded premier talent by raiding major league rosters and encouraging contract jumping with lucrative offers. (In effect, they challenged the Reserve Clause.)

In the league's first year, there was no Newark entry. After sustaining heavy financial setbacks, Fed president "Fighting" Jim Gilmore and a few key owners, hoping to legitimize the circuit, tried to anchor a team in New York. There were no takers in Gotham—not if John McGraw, the fiery manager of the New York Giants and *de facto* mayor, had anything to say about it.

An alternative was suggested: Newark, a city alive with prosperity. In 1910 the Firemen's Insurance Company had erected the city's first skyscraper—sixteen stories high. A minor league ballclub, the Indians, was based in Newark, but the city hankered for a major league outfit.

Former Eastern League president Patrick "P.T." Powers, a man of "Diamond" Jim Brady-esque corpulence, and oil magnate Harry Sinclair bought the league's financially weak and geographically remote Kansas City Packers for \$25,000, intending to transfer the team to Newark in time for the 1915 season. Never mind that the city didn't have a stadium.

With opening day less than two months away, a ballpark site was selected in, as one columnist noted, the "sylvan dells" of Harrison.

Expecting a spring delivery of players from Missouri, Powers set about constructing a pen to put them in—21,000-seat Harrison (Peppers) Park, built from concrete, steel, and wood. But the shipment from K.C. never arrived. Instead, when destiny knocked and Powers opened the door, he was handed an injunction from a Chicago judge barring transfer of the franchise.

Newark despaired. Sinclair didn't know whether to scout players

or lawyers. But Powers had faith to match his girth. Mixing punches and metaphors, from Chicago P.T. wired the locals: "Still on the firing line, but deep in the trenches. Will bring back the bacon or never return." He postscripted two words: "Cheer up!" Meanwhile, groundbreaking operations at Harrison Park continued. The Packers, now referred to as the "Peps" despite the court shackles, trained in Marshall, Texas. The season's 154-game schedule couldn't even be finalized until the case was decided.

Gilmore and Powers huddled. At the last minute, sensing defeat in the courts, they opted to transfer the debt-ridden Indianapolis franchise to Newark. This was no slouch team. The Hoofeds (for Hoosier) had won Federal pennants in 1913 (when the loop was a minor league) and in 1914. The squad included Benny Kauff, the 1914 Fed batting champ at .366, and hurler Cy Falkenberg, who had notched 25 victories the previous year.

The only obstacle was that Kauff and Falkenberg had earlier been sold to the Brooklyn Tip-Tops. Powers insisted the club be transferred intact. A compromise was arranged: Newark got the pitcher, and the Tip-Tops kept the batsman. (Kauff's .344 batting average earned him the 1915 Federal League batting title as well. In 1922, he was expelled from baseball after being charged with auto theft in New York.)

The issue settled, Newark officially had a team, managed by "Whoa Bill" Phillips, who was part of the package. To beef up the emigrant squad, Powers signed a few free agents, including utilityman Herman "Germany" Schaefer (then-reigning "Clown Prince of Baseball") and pitcher Ed Reulbach. (As secretary of the Players' Fraternity, Reulbach once tried to introduce a Pledge of Abstinence in standard contracts. Nice—*hiccup!*—try, Ed.)

Among team notables, two future Hall of Famers played with Newark: outfielder Edd Roush and Bill McKechnie, who took over as manager in mid-June when "Whoa Bill" got tally-hoed.

Most details complete, the Peps' season began on the road fortuitously, since Peppers Park wasn't complete. They won their opening match, 7–5, against the Baltimore Terrapins on April 10.

Back in Harrison, hundreds of union laborers scurried about under the supervision of Powers, building benches, digging dugouts,

and grading the field. On April 16, the day of the home opener—*voilà!*—Xanadu with hot dog vendors! In the stands, joining over 32,000 baseball-hungry fans, were Newark Mayor Thomas L. Raymond (who tossed out the first ball—a wild pitch) and Harrison Mayor John Daly. The only sour note was that the Peppers lost, 6-2, to the Terrapins.

In the pre-1920 Dead Ball Era, it was legal for pitchers to doctor the ball, and the Peppers had their share of alchemists: pitcher George Mullin was renowned for his "talcum-powder ball"; and Reulbach invented the "sand glide," diagnosed by umpire Jim Johnstone, who reportedly found "a spot of sand adhering to the ball where it had been pasted on by the use of licorice and saliva." Messy, but effective: the righthander posted 21 victories.

Attendance was disappointing. The major problem—besides the team's mediocre standing—was that transportation to the park was difficult. When the Peppers left on a twenty-five-day road trip on July 12, rumors abounded that the team might not return, but would instead play out the season based in another city. But the exodus was averted: the Public Service Railway agreed to lay trolley tracks across the Jackson Street bridge, dropping fans a block from the stadium. As a further incentive, admission prices were slashed: box seats were a buck, bleachers a dime.

In August, the Peps awoke from slumber and commenced a drive for the flag. Taking twelve scalps out of twenty on the road, they moved into a tie for first on August 16. The race was so tight that two days later they tumbled to fourth; two days after that, they regained the top rung. But the Peps had peaked. The pitching staff was in tatters and third baseman McKechnie was out with a sore shoulder. They dropped six of seven and by September 8 were fading from contention. The team hobbled along like a punctured Firestone, playing out the schedule with little "pep." They ended in fifth place, as the Chicago Whales copped the flag, .001 percentage points ahead of the St. Louis Terriers.

The Federal League folded in December 1915 after a "peace agreement" was reached with "Organized Bawl" (a favorite epithet of headline writers). With a glut of job-seekers and a shrunken market, the average pro ballplayer's salary plunged from \$12,000 a year to \$4,000 as owners gloated. Newark and the other Fed cities lost their franchises.

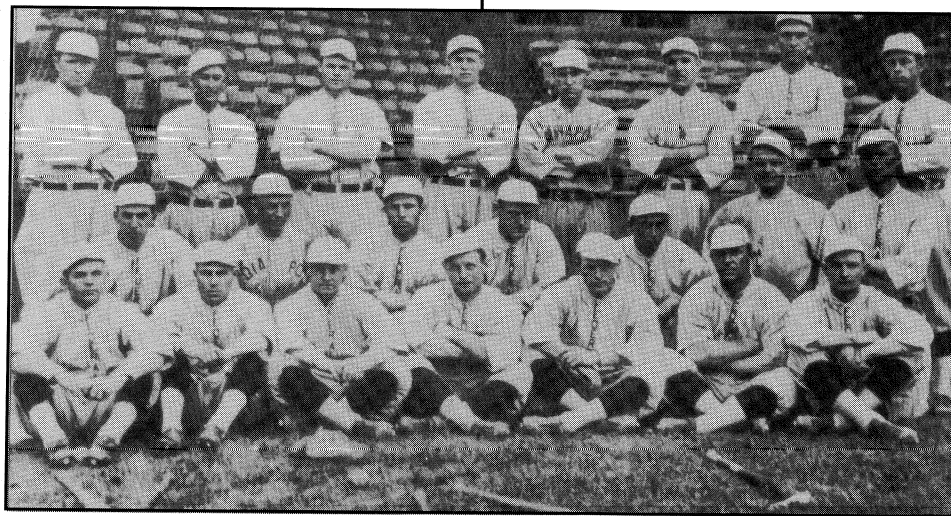
In an odd footnote, though the league was but a ghostly memory after 1915, Newark infielder Rupert Mills "played" the 1916 "season." A Notre Dame graduate with a law degree (and the only native New Jersey on the club), Mills inked a two-year contract in 1915. It guaranteed him a salary the following year as long as he showed up at Peppers Park, suited and ready to play. Since club owners were obliged to pay Mills through 1916, they insisted he fulfill his side of the deal. He would arrive at the empty park at 9 AM, suit up, work out on the field, break for lunch at noon, then return to the diamond for the rest of the afternoon. (Part way through the "season," Powers bought out his contract, and Mills signed with a minor league club in Harrisburg.)

Epilogue: One summer afternoon, I drove out to the real estate where Peppers Park once flourished, between Second and Third streets in Harrison. The green pasture has been replaced by a Kinney Park & Ride (motto: "Have Exact Change Ready") and a monstrous, unmarked, mustard-colored warehouse.

Intoxicated by history, I stepped up to the front desk and asked a receptionist, "What is this place?" Looking up from stuffing envelopes and jawing with a coworker, she said, "M. Tucker, Food Supplier."

With the impetuosity of a schoolboy who did his homework and knows the right answer, I blurted out: "Did you know that seventy-five years ago there was a major league baseball stadium here?"

"Yeah?" she muttered indifferently. Then she went back to stuffing envelopes and chattering with her colleague, as if I didn't exist. Me or the Peppers.



The 1915 Newark Peppers.

Near-Perfect Games

WILLIAM RUIZ

Near-perfect games—where only one runner reaches base via a hit, walk, or error—are even rarer than perfect games. Grover Cleveland Alexander is the career leader with three such games.

GROVER ALEXANDER, who never tossed a no-hitter, hurled three near-perfect games—only one man reached first on a hit, walk, or error. No one else has matched his record. Some of the greatest pitchers in history never hurled one NPG—Christy Mathewson, Lefty Grove, Eddie Plank, Phil Niekro, and Early Wynn, to name a few. Alex hurled three.

Alex threw one in his rookie year against forty-four-year-old Cy Young in 1911. The only runner he allowed was Doc Miller, a .259 hitter with Boston who singled in the fifth inning.

He hurled two more in 1915—only nine days apart—in leading the Phils to the NL pennant. Brooklyn's Zach Wheat, who hit .258 that year, singled in the eighth on June 26, to become the only Robin to reach base that day. On July 5 the Giants' Fred Merkle (.299) doubled in the second to ruin another bid for perfection. (Alex pitched two other one-hitters that season for a total of four for the year, a major league record.)

Four men have pitched two NPGs apiece in this century: Cy Young, Walter Johnson, Red Barrett, and Jerry Reuss.

Both of Young's came in 1908, when he was forty-one years old.

TOUGHER THAN A NO-HITTER

Next to a perfect game, a near-perfect game is perhaps the toughest feat in pitching—even tougher than a no-hitter. The odds against a no-hitter are calculated at 1,300-to-1. But the odds against a near-perfect game (NPG)—only one baserunner—are even more staggering: 2,900-to-1. There have been 194 no-hitters pitched since 1900, but only eighty-seven NPGs and only eleven perfect games.

Of the eighty-seven NPGs, this is how they were spoiled:

Hit	61
Walk	19
Hit Batsman	2
Error	5
Single	52
Double	5
Triple	1
Home Run	3

On May 30, Washington's Frank Freeman (.252) singled to break up one perfecto. A month later on June 30, Cy gave up a walk to the

1990, A VINTAGE YEAR

Nineteen-ninety was a record year for NPGs—five (compared to a total of six in the twenty-one-year period 1919–1939). The 1990 gems were hurled by: Brian Holman of Seattle, Greg Harris and Jeff Reardon of Boston, Jack Morris of Detroit, Terry Mulholland of Philadelphia, and Bob Tewksbury of St. Louis. The only blotch on the Harris-Reardon effort was a single in the second off Harris by Jesse Barfield.

first batter he faced, Harry Niles (.249) of the New York Highlanders, then retired the next twenty-six men in order. Since Cy already had one perfect game, he thus missed three perfectos by the narrowest of margins.

Sandy Koufax narrowly missed a chance at two perfectos. In 1964 he pitched too carefully to dangerous Richie Allen (.318) and issued a walk. Sandy got his perfect game a year later.

Five men have watched immortality vanish in one bad fielding play:

1920	Walter Johnson
1947	Bill McCahan
1974	Dick Bosman
1980	Jerry Reuss
1990	Terry Mulholland

Should the pitcher be penalized for an error or should he receive credit for a perfect game anyway?

Johnson lost his 1920 bid on "a flagrant fumble" by second baseman Bucky Harris.

McCahan, an ex-B-29 pilot, was a twenty-five-year-old rookie when he almost achieved perfection. A groundball to first baseman Ferris Fain was his undoing, when Fain tossed wildly to McCahan, who was covering first on the play.

Bosman's blasted classic was especially poignant, since it was his

own error. Attempting a comeback after a sore-armed 3–13 record, Dick had the champion Oakland A's tamed when Sal Bando (.243) hit a chopper back to the box and Jim threw wildly to first. "It's a play I make a hundred times," he shrugged. "But I didn't this time." Incidentally, backup catcher John Ellis was calling the pitches, holding the target four inches off the ground. "I had to be on my belly," he said. Dick needed only seventy-nine pitches that night—sixty of them in the strike zone.

The Dodgers Jerry Reuss lost perfection on a bad throw by shortstop Bill Russell. "But he saved me a lot of times, too," Jerry said later. Russell's throw from deep in the hole on another play smothered a possible hit.

Mulholland's bid for immortality against his former teammates, the Giants, was spoiled by an error by third baseman Charlie Hayes. Charlie's throw on a tough grounder pulled first baseman John Kruk off the bag by an inch. Hayes got a booing, but, Mulholland pointed out, he saved the no-hitter with a great play on Gary Carter for the final out.

These men lost perfection on the final batter:

1908	George "Hooks" Wiltse
1932	Tommy Bridges
1958	Billy Pierce
1972	Milt Pappas
1983	Milt Wilcox
1990	Brian Holman

Wiltse lost a perfect game when he hit the final batter, the opposing pitcher, George McQuillan (.151), in a tense 0–0 duel. Wiltse lost immortality but beat McQuillan and won the game on a no-hitter, 1–0, in the tenth.

(Lew Burdette also hit his only baserunner, but it came in the fifth inning, not the ninth.)

In 1932 Senators manager Walter Johnson sent up pinch hitter Dave Harris to try to spoil Bridges' masterpiece. It worked, as Harris drilled a clean single to left on the first pitch.

The epileptic Pierce also faced a pinch hitter, Senators catcher Ed Fitzgerald (.263), who also swung on the first pitch and ripped a bulletlike liner into right that landed inches inside the foul line. "He hit a good pitch, a high curve," Bill said. But, he shrugged, in the fourth Rocky Bridges had hit another drive on the foul line, which the ump called a foul. "To be honest with you, I thought it was fair. So I got a break there. It all evens up."

Wilcox was working in a thirty-eight-degree cold snap. He ducked into the clubhouse between innings to keep warm and heard the radio announcer repeatedly refer to the no-hitter. White Sox pinch hitter Jerry Hairston (.294) was also keeping warm in the dugout in the ninth when the phone rang. "Whoever gets the hit," said announcer Harry McIntyre, "we want him on the postgame show." "Tell him I'll be there," Hairston said, grabbing a bat. "I'm going to jump on the first pitch." It was a fastball, and Jerry drilled it right past Wilcox's shoes for a single.

Holman had the American League champion A's helpless for eight and two-thirds innings, when his old Seattle teammate, Ken Phelps (who batted .150 for the year), went up to pinch-hit. Ken said he was going up looking for "a fastball in the strike zone." Brian

YOUNG AND OLD

The oldest man to hurl an NPG was Cy Young at forty-one. The youngest was Von McDaniel, Lindy's younger brother, who was only eighteen when he did it as a rookie in 1957.

got the pitch a little too high, and Ken whaled it over the fence. It was his only home run of the year and the last of his major league career.

(Two others, Ron Robinson and Dave Stieb, pitched eight and two-thirds perfect innings, then gave up two baserunners. Stieb, of course, also had an NPG and a no-hitter.)

Holman was the fourth man to lose a perfect game on a home run. The others:

1951	Bob Lemon (Vic Wertz, 27 HR)
1954	Robin Roberts (Bobby Adams, 3 HR)
1978	Chris Knapp (Willie Horton, 11 HR)

Eight pitchers gave up a hit or walk to the first batter and then pitched perfectly the rest of the way:

1908	Cy Young
1916	Bullet Joe Bush
1917	Ernie Shore
1953	Curt Simmons
1954	Robin Roberts
1966	Woody Fryman
1981	Jim Bibby
1982	Jerry Reuss

The hard-luck Bush lost 24 games that year for the A's, who were the worst team in the twentieth century (36–117). The next year Babe Ruth walked Washington's first hitter, Ray Morgan (.266), then got thrown out of the game for disputing the call. Shore rushed in from the bullpen and took eight warm-up tosses. Morgan was out stealing, and Shore retired the next twenty-six men in a row.

Robin Roberts got ahead of Cincinnati leadoff man Bobby Adams 1-and-2, then served up a fastball. Adams hit it over the fence, one of only three homers he hit all year. "It was my own fault," Robin said bravely.

Nineteen men have lost NPGs through bases on balls. The most famous example was Milt Pappas, who had a perfect game going in 1972 until the final batter, pinch hitter Larry Stahl (.226). With a 1–2 count, umpire Bruce Froemming called the next three pitches balls—two of them were on the corners—to snatch immortality from Milt. Ironically, Pappas was the best control pitcher in the National League that year.

Pappas told Froemming, "You could have been famous as one of a handful of ump's who ever called a perfect game." "Oh yeah?" Froemming shot back. "Who were the others?"

Pappas, like Pierce (above), won over 200 games in his career. A perfect game for either one might have won them a place in Cooperstown.

These men lost perfection on infield hits:

1948	Harry Brecheen
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1953	Warren Spahn
1955	Bob Friend
1986	Curt Young
1987	Don Carman

Brecheen's downfall came on a slow bouncer to third by Johnny Blatnick on an 0-2 pitch in the seventh inning. Whitey Kurowski cut it off in front of the bag at the foul line and made a great throw. It was a bang-bang play, but umpire Babe Pinelli called him safe. Pinelli would later help Don Larsen pitch a perfect Series game with a questionable strike call on the final hitter. But in the Brecheen game, "there was no doubt," he insisted. "I thought he was out," Brecheen said, "but of course I'm prejudiced."

Spahn lost his bid on a high bouncer by Richie Ashburn (.330). It was just out of Spahn's reach, and the shortstop had to wait for it to come down while Richie legged it out by sheer speed.

In 1955 Frankie Baumholtz hit a grounder off Friend to the right of second baseman Johnny O'Brien. John made a fine play and threw off balance, but Frank just beat the throw.

Young's downfall also came on a high bouncer by Kevin Seitzer. Seitzer had almost ruined it in the third with a soft liner that Mike Davis snared with a sliding catch. In the seventh, Kevin chopped the ball into the dirt. Third baseman Carney Lansford waited helplessly for it to come down, knew he had no time for the putout, and thought for one wild second of deliberately fumbling it in hopes of drawing an error and at least preserving the no-hitter. Instead, he fielded it and made the throw too late.

Carman, in his first year as a starter, had given up 33 homers in 33 games when he faced the Mets in the pennant race of 1987. But it was a grass-cutter over second that spoiled his game as speedy Mookie Wilson simply outran the throw.

One man hurled an NPG in his first major league game. He was Jimmy Jones in 1986, after four frustrating, injury-filled years in the minors. Tony Gwynn made a great leaping catch to save one extra-base hit. Then the opposing pitcher, Houston's Bob Knepper, batting .099, hit a fastball to the gap in right-center. Gwynn was shading Knepper to the right, and the ball fell in for a triple. "It should have been caught," Gwynn said. "If I'd been just a step or two

THE CATCHERS

Only one man has caught three near-perfect games—Del Rice, who handled masterpieces by Red Barrett, Don Cardwell, and Harry Brecheen.

Eleven have caught two near-perfect games, and one of them is a member of SABR (Owen). They are:

Lou Criger (Young)
 Reindeer Bill Killefer (Alexander)
 Val Picinich (Bush, Johnson)
 Ray Hayworth (Bridges, Kramer)
 Mickey Owen (Wyatt, French)
 Ray Mueller (Walters, Shoun)
 Del Crandall (Spahn, Burdette)
 Harry Chiti (Newcombe, Cardwell)
 Jim Pagliaroni (Monbouquette, Fryman)
 Carlton Fisk (Hoyt, Bannister)
 Darren Daulton (Carman, Mulholland)

toward center, I'd have caught it." Jones never rose to those heights again. His big league record through 1990 was 23-24.

Artie Nehf was making his fourth big league start in 1915—two of his first three had been shutouts. He almost walked Jake Daubert (.301) after going 3-0, then struck him out, but Otto Miller (.224) smacked a clean single to end that dream.

Larry French went out with a near perfecto in his last big league start. In 1942 he hurled a one-hitter against the Phils—Nick Etten (.264) got the only hit. Larry pitched two more games in relief, then joined the Navy and never returned to baseball.

Gene Baker broke up McDaniel's gem, as well as another by Don Newcombe two years earlier. He's the only man to break up two perfect games.

Only one man has both pitched an NPG and broken up a perfect one. Robin Roberts lost his own bid for perfection in 1954 and spoiled Gary Peters' bid nine years later. Robin was hitting .203 when he ruined Gary's chance for immortality.

The most unlikely spoilers were:

Willard Ramsdell	.056	(walked against Carl Erskine, 1952)
Bob Knepper	.099	(tripled off Jimmy Jones, 1986)
Ken Phelps	.150	(homered off Brian Holman, 1990)
George McQuillan	.151	(hit by Hooks Wiltse, 1908)
Russ Kemmerer	.159	(singled off Ralph Terry, 1958)
Bill Bergen	.175	(singled off Mordecai Brown, 1908)
Jim Tobin	.190	(walked by Clyde Shoun, 1944)
Skeeter Webb	.199	(singled off Joe Haynes, 1945)

Six pitchers hurled NPGs against pennant winners or division winners:

Eddie Cicotte vs. 1914 Athletics
 Joe Haynes vs. 1945 Tigers
 Red Barrett vs. 1945 Cubs
 Vida Blue vs. 1970 Twins
 Dick Bosman vs. 1974 A's
 Brian Holman vs. 1990 A's

Perhaps the toughest NPG of all was hurled by Dazzy Vance against the 1925 Phils, who hit .295 as a team. Pitching with only two days rest instead of his usual five, Dazzy's flapping sleeve helped baffle the Phils until Nelson "Chicken" Hawks, a .322 hitter, lined a ball to right; second baseman Milt Stock tried to flag it but failed.

The easiest may have been by Mordecai Brown; his victims, the 1908 Dodgers, hit only .213 as a team. Catcher Bill Bergen, with a .215 slugging percentage, got the only hit.

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE

On February 11, 1915, *The Sporting News* commented on Joe Jackson's stage show, in which Jackson did a monologue during a tour of Southern cities. "One thing Joe tells them," TSN reported, "is how he turned down \$60,000 to play with the Feds for three years. It looked like a lot of money, he said, but there are things in this world to be regarded above money—keeping faith with your friends, for instance. All of which goes to show that you don't have to know how to read and write to be a man of principle and conscience."

—Bill Deane

THE NEAR-PERFECT GAMES

NPG Pitcher	Team	Date	W-L	Opponent	BA	Baserunner	Inning		Catcher
							BA	Perfect Game Lost	
Smith, F.E.	Chi-A	8/31/05	19-13	Wash-A	.223	J.Stahl-s	.250	—	McFarland
Brown, M.	Chi-N	5/17/08	29-9	Brk-N	.213	Bergen-s	.175	2.1	King
Young, Cy	Bos-A	5/30/08	21-11	Wash-A	.235	Freeman-s	.2452	5.0	Criger
Young, Cy	Bos-A	6/30/08	21-11	NY-A	.236	Niles-w	.249	LOH	Criger
Wiltse, H.	NY-N	7/04/08	23-14	Phil-N	.244	McQuillan-hbp	.151	—	Bresnahan
Bender	Phil-A	5/12/10	23-5	Clev-A	.244	Turner-w	.230	3.2	Thomas
W. Johnson	Wash-A	9/25/10	25-10	St-AL	.220	Truesdale-s	.219	6.0	Ainsmith
Steele, E.	Pitt-N	8/17/11	9-9	Brk-N	.237	Erwin-s	.271	8.1	Gibson
Walsh	Chi-A	8/27/11	27-8	Bos-A	.274	Engle-w	.270	3.2	Block
Marquard	NY-N	9/1/11	24-7	Phil-N	.259	Luderus-s	.301	4.2	Meyers
Alexander	Phil-N	9/7/11	28-13	Bos-N	.267	Miller-s	.333	4.1	Carter
Cicotte	Chi-A	5/19/14	11-16	Phil-A	.272	McInnis-s	.314	7.1	Schalk
Alexander	Phil-N	6/26/15	31-10	Brk-N	.248	Wheat-s	.258	7.0	Killifer
Alexander	Phil-N	7/5/15	31-10	NY-N	.251	Merkle-d	.299	1.1	Killifer
Nehf	Bos-N	9/4/15	5-4	Brk-N	.248	O. Miller-s	.224	—	Whaling
Bush	Phil-A	8/26/16	15-24	Clev-A	.250	Graney-w	.241	LOH	Picinch
Shore	Bos-A	6/23/17	13-10	Wash-A	.241	Morgan-w	.266	LOH	Thomas & Agnew
Leonard	Bos-A	6/3/18	8-6	StL-A	.259	Veach-w	.279	0.2	Schang
Johnson	Wash-A	7/10/20	8-10	Bos-A	.269	Hooper-e	.312	6.0	Picinch
Barnes	NY-N	5/6/22	13-8	Phil-N	.282	Williams-w	.308	4.0	E. Smith
Vance	Brk-N	9/8/25	22-9	Phil-N	.295	Hawkins-s	.322	1.1	Taylor
Bridges	Det-A	8/5/32	14-12	Wash-A	.284	Harris-s	.327	8.2	Hayworth
Johnson, S.	Cin-N	5/4/33	7-18	Bos-N	.252	Berger-s	.313	1.0	Hemsley
Dean, P.	StL-N	9/21/34	19-11	Brk-N	.284	Koenicke-w	.320	0.2	Delancy
Hubbell	NY-N	5/30/40	11-12	Brk-N	.260	Hudson-s	.218	2.0	Danning
Wyatt	Brk-N	8/17/41	22-10	Bos-N	.251	Masi-s	.222	8.1	Owen
French	Brk-N	9/23/42	15-4	Phil-N	.232	Etten-s	.264	1.1	Owen
Walters	Cin-N	5/14/44	23-8	Bos-N	.246	Ryan-s	.295	7.2	Mueller
Shoun	Cin-N	5/15/44	13-10	Bos-N	.246	Tobin-w	.149	2.2	Mueller
Kramer	StL-A	9/16/44	17-13	Chi-A	.247	Schalk-s	.220	3.1	Hayworth
Haynes	Chi-A	5/1/45	5-4(1)	Det-A	.256	Webb-s	.199	2.0	Tresh
Barrett	StL-N	9/2/45	21-9(1)	Chi-N	.279	Merullo	.239	2.0	Rice
Barrett	StL-N	6/8/46	3-2	Phil-N	.258	Ennis-s	.313	7.1	O'Dea
Sain	Bos-N	7/12/46	20-14	Cin-N	.239	Hatton-d	.271	0.2	Basi
McCahan	Phil-A	9/3/47	10-5	Wash-A	.241	Spence-e	.279	1.1	Rosar
Brecheen	StL-N	5/8/48	20-7	Phil-N	.259	Blatnik- i.s.	.260	6.2	Rice
Borowy	Chi-n	8/31/48	5-10	Brk-N	.261	Hermanski-s	.290	1.0	Scheffing
Lemon	Clev-A	5/29/51	17-14	Det-A	.265	Wertz-hr	.285	7.0	Hegan
Erskine	Brk-N	6/19/52	14-6	Chi-N	.264	Ramsdell-w	.956	2.2	Campanella
Simmons	Phil-N	5/16/53	16-13	Mil-N	.263	Bruton-s	.250	LOH	Lopata
Spahn	Mil-N	8/01/53	23-7	Phil-N	.265	Ashburn-i.s.	.330	3.1	Crandall
Roberts	Phil-N	5/13/54	23-15	Cin-N	.262	Adams-hr	.269	LOH	Burgess
Newcombe	Brk-N	5/10/55	20-5	Chi-N	.247	Baker-s	.268	3.1	Chiti
Friend	Pitt-N	9/7/55	14-9	Chi-N	.247	Daumholtz-i.s.	.289	3.2	Shepard
McDaniel, V.	StL-N	7/28/57	7-5	Phil-N	.250	Baker-d	.264	1.2	Landrith
Pierce	Chi-A	6/27/58	17-11	Wash-A	.240	Fritzgerald-d	.263	8.2	Lollar
Terry	KC-A	8/22/58	11-13	Wash-A	.240	Kemmerer-s	.159	2.2	Chiti
Cardwell	Chi-N	5/15/60	8-14	StL-N	.254	Grammas-w	.245	0.1	Rice
Burdette	Mil-N	8/18/60	19-13	Phil-N	.239	Gonzalez-hbp	.299	4.1	Crandall
Monbouquette	Bos-A	8/1/62	15-13	Chi-A	.257	Smith-w	.292	0.2	Pagliaroni
Kralick	Minn-A	8/26/62	12-11	KC-A	.263	Alusik-w	.273	8.1	Battey
Peters	Chi-A	7/15/63	19-8	Balt-A	.249	Roberts-s	.203	2.2	Martin
Koufax	LA-N	6/94/64	19-5	Phil-N	.258	Allen-w	.318	3.2	Camilli
Jackson, L.	Chi-N	6/30/64	24-11	Cin-N	.249	Rose-s	.269	6.0	Bartell
Morehead	Bos-A	9/16/65	10-18	Clev-A	.250	Colavito-w	.287	1.0	Tillman
Fryman	Pitt-N	7/1/66	12-9	NY-N	.239	Hunt-s	.288	LOH	Pagliaroni
Giusti	Hous-N	8/13/66	15-14	SF-N	.248	Peterson-s	.237	1.2	Bateman
Palmer	Bal-A	5/12/67	3-1	NY-A	.225	Clarke-s	.272	6.0	Etchebarren
Perry, G.	SF-N	8/26/68	16-15	Chi-N	.242	Beckert-s	.294	6.1	Dietz
Seaver	NY-N	7/9/69	25-7	Chi-N	.253	Qualls-s	.25-	8.1	Grote
Blue	Oak-A	9/21/70	2-0	Minn-A	.262	Killebrew-w	.271	3.2	Tenace
Wise	Phil-N	6/23/71	17-14	Cin-N	.241	Concepcion-w	.205	5.1	McCarver
Briles	Pitt-N	8/22/72	8-4	SF-N	.244	Henderson-s	.257	6.2	M. May

NPG Pitcher	Team	Date	W-L	Opponent	BA	Baserunner	Inning		Catcher
							BA	Perfect Game Lost	
Pappas	Chi-N	9/3/72	17-14	SD-N	.227	Stahl-w	.226	8.2	Hundley
Cleveland	StL-N	9/27/73	14-10	Chi-N	.247	Rudolph-s	.206	5.1	Simmons
Busby	KC-A	6/19/74	22-14	Mil-A	.253	Scott-w	.306	1.0	Healy
Bosman	Clev-A	7/19/74	7-5	Oak-A	.260	Bando-e	.287	3.2	Ellis
Montefusco	SF-N	9/29/76	16-14	Atl-N	.245	Royster-w	.248	3.0	G. Alexander
Knapp	Cal-A	9/3/78	14-8	Tor-A	.240	Horton-hr	.252	1.0	Downing
Tiant	NY-A	7/8/79	13-8	Oak-A	.239	Henderson-s	.274	3.0	Munson
Welch	LA-N	5/29/80	14-9	Atl-N	.250	Blank-s	.204	3.1	Ferguson
Reuss	LA-N	6/27/80	18-6	SF-N	.244	Clark-e	.284	0.2	Yeager
Bibby	Pitt-N	5/19/81	6-3	Atl-N	.243	Harper-s	.26-	LOH	Nicosia
Reuss	LA-N	6/11/82	18-11	Cin-N	.251	Milner-d	.268	LOH	Scioscia
Wilcox	Det-A	4/15/83	11-10	Chi-A	.262	Hairston-s	.294	8.2	L.Parrish
Beattie	Sea-A	9/26/83	10-15	KC-A	.271	Washington-s	.236	2.2	J Nelson
Hoyt	Chi-A	5/2/84	13-18	NY-A	.276	Mattingly-s	.343	6.1	Fisk
Jones, J.	SD-N	9/21/86	2-0	Hous-N	.255	Knepper-t	.099	2.2	Santiago
Young, C.	Oak-A	10/5/86	13-9	KC-A	.252	Seitzer-is	.323	6.2	Tettleton
Bannister	Chi-A	9/13/87	16-11	Sea-A	.272	Reynolds-s	.275	2.2	Fisk
Carman	Phil-N	9/29/87	13-11	NY-N	.268	Wilson-is	.299	3.0	Daulton
Stieb	Tor-A	5/31/88	16-8	Mil-A	.257	Surhoff-s	.245	3.1	Whitt
Holman	Sea-A	4/20/90	—	Oak-A	.254	Phelps-hr	.150	8.2	Valle
Harris (Reardon)	Bos-A	6/7/90	—	NY-A	.241	Barfield-s	.246	1.2	Pena
Morris	Det-A	7/6/90	—	KC-A	.267	Stillwell-s	.249	0.1	Heath
Mulholland	Phil-N	8/15/90	9-10	SF-N	.262	Parker-e	.243	6.0	Daulton
Tewksbury	StL-N	8/17/90	10-9	Hous-N	.242	Stubbs-d	.261	7.0	Zeile

Legend: LOH=leadoff hitter; s=single; i.s.=infield single; d=double; t=triple

McGraw In, Rose Out. Why?

(from page 7)

McGraw's IQ equation for his career includes his 974 runs created as a player, 100 points for each season as a manager, and 500 points for his ten pennants. His offense index includes five points for illegal gambling, three points for illegal substance abuse, and six points for his various assaults, but no points for game fixing.

$$\frac{(974 + 3300 + 500) \times .1 \times (5 + 3 + 6)}{10 + 8}$$

The equation yields a 371.3 SINdex for McGraw's career. Hal Chase, who was involved in many shady game-throwing incidents, rolled up the highest IQ of all time among players involved in game-throwing or gambling. McGraw is number two, Eddie Cicotte of the 1919 Black Sox is third, Pete Rose, fourth.

CAREER SINdex STANDINGS

Hal Chase	591.1
John McGraw	371.3
Eddie Cicotte	307.5
1Pete Rose	225.6
Joe Jackson	143.3
Heinie Zimmerman	124.1
Claude Hendrix	115.3
Tris Speaker	102.9
Chick Gandil	90.5

Ty Cobb	86.4
Lefty Williams	85.0
Phil Douglas	62.1
Happy Flesch	53.9
Cozy Dolan	41.0
Joe Wood	35.9
Buck Weaver	23.3

Two non-playing personnel achieved notable SINdex ratings for the deeds that brought them immortality.

Former Commissioner Bowie Kuhn gets a 383.4 IQ for his shameful banning of Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays because they worked for Atlantic City casinos. Kuhn's score is based on the achievements of those Hall of Famers, rather than his own sin record. Calculating Kuhn's IQ for his non-role in the 1981 baseball strike boggles the mind.

Former New York Yankee heavy George Steinbrenner's 110.0 SINdex takes into account his shady dealings with gambler Howard Spira to defame Dave Winfield and Steinbrenner's felony conviction (pardoned in the final days of Ronald Reagan's presidency) for illegal contributions to Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign. The Yankees' twenty-two world championships and thirty-three pennants were used in the numerator in the absence of any significant accomplishments by Steinbrenner.

Silver King Loses a No-Hitter

STEPHEN D. BOREN

One-hundred and one years ago Silver King became the first pitcher to throw a no-hitter, only to lose on teammates' errors.

ANDY HAWKINS' LOSING no-hitter for the New York Yankees against the Chicago White Sox on July 1, 1990 received much publicity. Many articles mentioned Ken Johnson's losing no-hitter for the Houston Colt 45s on April 23, 1964. Johnson lost the game 1-0 against the Cincinnati Redlegs on two ninth-inning errors. Unfortunately, one of the errors was by himself.

There was a third game in which the losing pitcher threw a complete-game no-hitter. It had several other unusual occurrences. The unfortunate pitcher was Charles "Silver" King. It happened June 21, 1890, in the Players' League. Not only did it occur almost one hundred years to the day before Hawkins', but it also was played in Chicago on the South Side. King's manager and first baseman was Charles Comiskey, the man who eventually built Comiskey Park. Finally, the lone run scored on a rare and bizarre play.

Charles Frederick King was actually born Charles Frederick Koenig on January 11, 1868, in St. Louis. After breaking in with Kansas City in the National League in 1886, he was very successful with the rival American Association. He was 32-12 for St. Louis in 1887, 45-21 in 1888, and 35-16 in 1889. He jumped to the newly formed Players' League for the 1890 season. That year he was 30-22 and led the league in shutouts. However, it was the loss on June 21 that was unique.

John Ward brought his Brooklyn team to Chicago for a series against Comiskey's team. The home team had a choice of batting first or last, and for an unknown reason, Comiskey chose to have his team bat first.

Silver King started for Chicago against Gus Weyhing, who had started his career with the 1887 Philadelphia team of the American Association. He was 26-28, 28-18, and 30-21 for them. He jumped to the Players' League and was 30-16 that year.

Brooklyn started off with a scoring threat. John Ward walked and stole second and then third base. Catcher Charles Farrell then picked him off base. He later would be thrown out while trying to advance on a wild throw.

King continued to keep the Brooklyn team from scoring despite

poor fielding support by his teammates. Finally in the seventh inning, they scored the only run of the game. George Van Haltren hit a routine grounder to shortstop Dell Darling. Unfortunately, the throw was wild and the batter reached second base. This was Darling's third error of the game. Paul Cook bunted to King, who elected to throw him out at first rather than attempt to catch Van Haltren at third. Louis Bierbauer then hit an apparent single to right field. Hugh Duffy charged the ball and threw out the astonished Bierbauer at first base. Unfortunately, Van Haltren scored on the play.

Ironically the first twentieth-century instance of an outfielder throwing out a batter on an apparent single occurred September 27, 1902, when Roger Bresnahan, who was playing right field for the New York Giants, threw out Charles Farrell of the Brooklyn Dodgers—the same Farrell who caught Silver King's no-hitter. (On August 27, 1951, Carl Furillo of the Dodgers made the same play on Mel Queen in the third inning to temporarily preserve Ralph Branca's no-hitter against the Pirates. Unfortunately, Pete Castiglione and George Metkovich singled in the ninth inning.)

Silver King's teammates committed 8 errors. He walked 3 batters and struck out 2. Unfortunately, Weyhing gave up only 4 singles and walked 3. His teammates only committed 1 error.

After the Players' League folded, King played for Pittsburgh in 1891. He won 14 games and led the league with 29 losses. Strangely, Bierbauer was his second baseman that year. Bierbauer's joining the Pittsburgh team gave them their nickname of "the Pirates." King was 23-24 for New York in 1892 and 8-10 while pitching for the New York and Cincinnati clubs in 1893. He was out of baseball until 1896 when he was 10-7 with the Washington team. He closed out his career 7-8 with them in 1897. Overall he was 204-153.

Weyhing was a true "ironman." Between 1887 and 1892 he averaged 439 innings pitched per season. He joined the Philadelphia club of the American Association in 1891 and was 31-20. He jumped to the National League Philadelphia team and was 32-21 in 1892, 23-16 in 1893, and 16-14 in 1894. By 1895 his large number of innings pitched had taken its toll on him, as he fell to 8-21. He ended his career after the 1901 season with a 264-235 mark.

A Shocking Discovery

JOE DITTMAR

Could it be that the Phillies had a state-of-the-art method of sign stealing in Philadelphia Park at the turn of the century?

IN 1900 VISITING TEAMS AND especially pitchers frowned on trips to Philadelphia Park (later called Baker Bowl) and justifiably so. It's not that the park was old or in disrepair. The ballpark was considered by many to be the best facility in the league. Sure, balls rattled off the walls at weird angles and the 280-foot right-field fence was an inviting target for hitters. But conditions were identical for both the visitors and their hosts. There was something else about this arena that spooked the invaders. Philadelphia had an uncanny ability to win ballgames there. The Phillies had the best home record (45-23) in the league, yet on the road they ranked fourth with a losing ledger of 30-40. Guests had suspected foul play since the prior season but could never quite satisfy their suspicions until the day of September 17, when the Phillies were caught with their hands, and feet, in the cookie jar.

In 1899 a utility player by the name of Pearce N. "Petie" Chiles (who also was known as "What's the Use") began toiling for the Quakers, spotting occasionally for several Hall of Famers such as Big Ed Delahanty (the team's captain) and Elmer Flick in the outfield, and for Nap Lajoie at second. Chiles played well, batting .320 with 76 RBIs in 338 at bats, but it was a tough lineup to crack. This year, Chiles' last, his average fell to .216 in 111 at bats.

The second ingredient in the plot was Morgan E. Murphy, a journeyman catcher who had officially sat out the 1899 season but rejoined the team the following year. In 1900, neither man saw much action. Nevertheless, both were important cogs in the home-team steamroller which crushed the opposition in Philadelphia Park.

When he wasn't playing, Chiles enjoyed coaching at third base. Keen observers noted that he had an unusual twitch in his legs at times and often stood in one position, right in the middle of a perpetual wet spot, in the corner of the coach's box. A *Philadelphia Press* reporter facetiously wrote that Chiles may have had the disease of St. Vitus Dance just in his legs. When Morgan Murphy wasn't playing, which was most of the time, he was conspicuously absent from the dugout or field area.

The Phillies and the Reds were scheduled to play a doubleheader in front of 4,771 patrons. In the third inning of the first game, Tommy Corcoran, the Reds shortstop and captain, began frantically

scratching with his spikes in the third base coaching area. Acting like a giant demonic chicken searching for grain, Tommy raised the ire of the Philadelphia groundskeeper, who raced to the scene and vociferously berated the Cincinnati captain for destroying his handiwork. By this time both benches, umpire Tim Hurst, and even the police were on the field. Just below the surface Corcoran struck the lid of a small wooden box. Opening the box exposed an "electric buzzer device" with protruding wires. It was thought that Chiles' cohort, Murphy, was stationed in the clubhouse behind the center field wall with some sort of pirate spyglass with which to steal the catcher's signs. Murphy, it was then assumed, would relay the information to Chiles' feet and he would verbally signal the batter as to whether the next pitch was to be a fastball or curve.

Umpire Hurst dismissed the commotion, drawing a parallel with Admiral Dewey's bravery just two years earlier. "Back to the mines, men. Think on that eventful day in July, when Dewey went into Manila Bay, never giving a tinker's damn for all the mines concealed therein. Come on. Play ball." So the game continued with the Phillies swimming.

For Cincinnati, they had won a greater moral victory, exposing, or at least disrupting, the long suspected sign stealing scheme. Although there was no admission of guilt, no protest nor reprimand were issued.

As expected, the following day, Phillies manager Billy Shettsline issued a Nixon-like denial of any underhanded activity or knowledge of a "buzzer device." Nevertheless, the air still carried a strong odor of foul play.

By September 19, reporters were beginning to refer to Murphy as the Thomas Edison of baseball or at least a member of the new Electrical Workers Union. The puddle in which Chiles could always be seen standing was supposedly arranged to thwart opposing coaches from standing too close to the buzzer. And Bobby Allen, manager of the Reds, claimed to have done some snooping and found a push button and wires on the wall of the clubhouse which led along the left field balcony to the Phillies bench and then underground to the third base coach's box.

It was also on this day, while the Reds were still in town, that Petie Chiles planned a clever revenge for his embarrassment. Chiles stole into the park early in the morning and planted a bogus board under the first base coach's area. During the game that day he coached at first rather than his usual third base bastion. Throughout the opening innings he positioned himself in one spot and twitched his leg regularly as if receiving Murphy's buzzer shocks now at the initial corner. The Reds fell for the ruse as "Latham, Beckley, Corcoran, and others of the hostile band of Red Legs" suddenly charged the position and began another frantic scratch search. What they triumphantly exhumed was a lonely unattached board.

Buzzer talk then quieted down until September 26, when the Phillies were being entertained by Brooklyn. After the game, hometown manager "Foxy Ned" Hanlon gave the Phillies' skipper Shettsline a tongue lashing over the buzzer service caper. Ned further accused Shettsline of now stationing Murphy in a Brooklyn tenement house beyond center field "flashing a folded newspaper to Chiles on the coaching line."

"You're dreaming," retorted Shettsline, smiling genially.

Foxy Ned continued, "I know that Murphy was up in the room reading the catcher's signals with a field glass that cost seventy-five dollars. It is so powerful he can see an eyelash at 250 yards."

With this, Shettsline apparently became flustered and in a slip of the tongue replied: "There is where you are way off. The glass cost only sixty-five dollars."

On September 29, pressure was somewhat lifted from the Phillies when the Reds visited Pittsburgh. The same Tommy Corcoran who exhumed the buzzer box in Philadelphia, led a group of teammates in a rush to deep center field. There, where the corner was fenced off into a triangular pocket, Tommy boosted teammate "Little Phil" Geier to the top of the fence. On top was a trapdoor. When Geier yanked open the door, he found inside a jackal's lair complete with the tools of a spy.

Pittsburgh's signal system was simpler than the Phillies' version, however. The operator entered from outside the ballpark and stood behind a hole in the center of a large letter "O," which was painted on the fence. Protruding from the hole was an "L"-shaped iron rod. The short edge of the rod stuck into the hole and the long edge of the rod was operated as the hand of a clock. After securing the catcher's sign with field glasses, the operator would point the rod at "12 o'clock" for a fastball, "9 o'clock" for an outside curve, or "3 o'clock" for an inside curve. The signal would be read directly by the batter. It also was reported that, unlike the Phillies, the Pirates did not take their chicanery on the road, although that report too was challenged.

In February 1900, Duff "Dick" Cooley served as the evolutionary landbridge, carrying the devious idea across the state of Pennsylvania when he was traded from the Phillies to the Pirates. By late September when this turn of the century Watergate finally broke, it was revealed that the two teams had known of each other's game for months and had even called a truce such that neither would spy on the other. Of course thieves can never trust other thieves, so Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pirates, insisted that whenever the two opposed one another, Morgan Murphy would be seated on the players bench as a "show of good faith." When at home, however,

the Phillies insisted there wasn't enough room on the bench to accommodate Murphy, forcing Dreyfuss to "flit nervously about the pavilion, scanning the clubhouse with a field glass."

By early October, baseball's magnates were on daily witch hunts threatening to turn the postseason league meetings into turmoil. For example, F. A. Abell, president of the Brooklyn club, wanted all the Phillies' batting averages and league standings thrown out of the records. Others directed their venom at the Pirates. The defenders claimed that the clubs who complained the loudest were those who tried it themselves but failed for "want of skilled men to push buttons, pull strings and work semaphores." A suggestion was even made that the umpire should call the roll of each team shortly before play was to begin. If there was an absentee, the game should be delayed until he was found.

Meanwhile, the Phillies' batting average took a nose dive. In the first thirteen games of the fateful homestand the Phillies' bats were smoking at a .336 clip. After the unnerving buzzer box exposure, they could muster just .292 over the last ten home dates and .234 while on the road for eleven games. (Overall, the team would not surpass their 1900 season average of .290 for another twenty-five years.)

For weeks, Philadelphia and the baseball world waited for a statement from the Phillies director, Colonel John I. Rodgers. It finally came on October 2. In a strong and lengthy speech, Rodgers noted that players since the formation of the league had tried to get the upper hand by uncovering their opponents' signals and saw nothing wrong with the (manual) practice. Rodgers said he had been aware of the use of the opera glasses since the previous season, as was the rest of the league, but thought it ridiculous that anything of value could be gleaned at that distance. He denied any use, however, of a buzzer or electrical device. Rodgers suggested that any device uncovered had been left over from an amusement company which had rented the grounds in July and used many electric lights. They had been warned about digging in the grounds but apparently took advantage of the situation. When the players discovered this plant, they decided to use it as a joke on the rest of the league. Rodgers, flaunting his lawyer status, said: "It is absolutely too silly to further discuss the subject, and I therefore dismiss it. I will certainly not dignify the charge by pleading 'not guilty,' because *minimus non curat lex* (the law does not cure trivial matters)." Thus the Colonel tried to put to rest the story of the electrical buzzer service. However, there were still more Doubting Thomases than True Believers.

Charles Dryden was the Phillies beat writer for the *North American*, in 1900, and he covered the team in more detail than anyone else. Unlike all the other Philadelphia sportswriters, Dryden actually traveled with the team on the road. He knew the players.

In his column on October 8, 1900, Dryden felt compelled to lay bare the truth about the buzzer caper before the season closed. He attributed credit for the origination of the idea to Petie Chiles, who thought of it while viewing horse races in New Orleans during the winter of 1899. Chiles was scanning the track between races and discovered some boys playing ball in an adjoining field. Petie noticed that he could see the catcher's signs through his field glasses, and thus the seed was planted.

Initially, Murphy used his opera glasses from the center field club
(see page 65)

Will Baseball Be Ready When Future Billy Martins Call for Help?

SAM McDOWELL

Sam McDowell's career was cut short by alcoholism. Now recovering, he is a certified addiction counselor and sports psychologist. During the last several years he's helped former and current players through addictions, marital problems, and even threatened suicides.

I KNOW YOU'VE READ in the newspaper about the difficulties some former ballplayers are having. I'm referring to suicides, attempted suicides, acute manic depression.

Donnie Moore's suicide in 1990 was so unnecessary. I'm sure Dave Henderson's home run off him in the 1986 playoff was part of the cause, but it wasn't the entire story.

Billy Martin is another example. There are so many tragedies like these going on on a daily basis. They can be prevented. But right now we just don't have the machinery that can handle it.

I can tell you first-hand of having to sit on a telephone listening to an individual who *was* attempting suicide, and getting my wife to get on the other phone and call the paramedics in that city to go over to his house while I'm on the line.

Recently I got an emergency phone call from the commissioner's office about another individual who is also contemplating suicide.

Why?

Because he just doesn't know what to do. He doesn't know where to go for help.

You may have heard statements by Fay Vincent and Bart Giamatti that we have to do something to help these people.

I have received almost 200 calls over the last two years from players and ex-players.

SUDDEN SAM McDOWELL

Sam McDowell's career as a great fastballer for the Indians was cut short by alcoholism. Now recovering, he is a certified addiction counselor and sports psychologist. His firm of psychiatrists, psychologists, psychoanalysts and others serves the Toronto Blue Jays and the Texas Rangers and is consultant to other teams who ask for his help. McDowell also is director of alcohol and drug abuse programs for the Major League Alumni Association, the commissioner's office, and the Baseball Assistance Team (B.A.T.).

And, he adds, "I'm also probably the only major league ballplayer to win twenty games and not get a raise."

This article is an excerpt from McDowell's keynote talk at the 1990 SABR National Convention in Cleveland.

Fifty-six percent of the calls deal with severe psychological and emotional problems.

Twenty percent are alcohol and drug-abuse related.

Eighteen percent are marital problems, and 1.6 percent are suicides or attempted suicides.

We say, "Gee, how can this all happen? Here's a guy who was at the peak of his prowess and everyone looked up to him."

We're talking of a person who is a high "A" personality—compulsive, obsessive, impulsive. "A" personalities are number one in the society for suicides. They are also number one in emotional, psychological, and marital problems.

The athlete also has in general a very high level of bi-polar disorder—extreme highs and extreme lows completely off the psychoanalytical scales when you test them.

Obviously I don't mean that every ballplayer is that type of a person. But the great majority are.

Let me give you some of the reasons for these problems.

Today a professional baseball player is faster, stronger, and far more intelligent than any other generation in the history of sports. A professional athlete becomes a professional athlete, not because he's born with any talent. Yes, mobility can be genetically transferred, but there is no research to prove that actual talent is handed down from generation to generation.

How does that individual become that good a ballplayer? It's called the Child Prodigy Syndrome. Basically it's practice, practice, practice.

A child of seven years old may be a virtuoso or a chess master or a superior athlete. He or she has become that good because of what we call an Escapism Syndrome. He prefers dreaming, sitting in his room, throwing a ball, going out and picking up a game with a couple of guys and dreaming of being a Bob Feller, a Herb Score, a Larry Doby, and so on.

Of the five-stage nurturing system that everybody goes through in our society, the professional athlete has two taken away from him: the pre-adult and young adult stages. When he or she is about six, seven or eight years old, without realizing it, we start to take a normal, nurturing system away from him.

First, when little Johnny starts to show that he's head and shoulders above everybody else in a particular sport, we start doing certain things for him that are very damaging to him as an individual.

For example, suppose Johnny is going down the block and runs into another little Johnny who wants to fight. Mommy and Daddy step in and say, "No, we'll go down and talk to Johnny's mother and daddy about it." Johnny can get his baseball and go play a game. He doesn't have to deal with it.

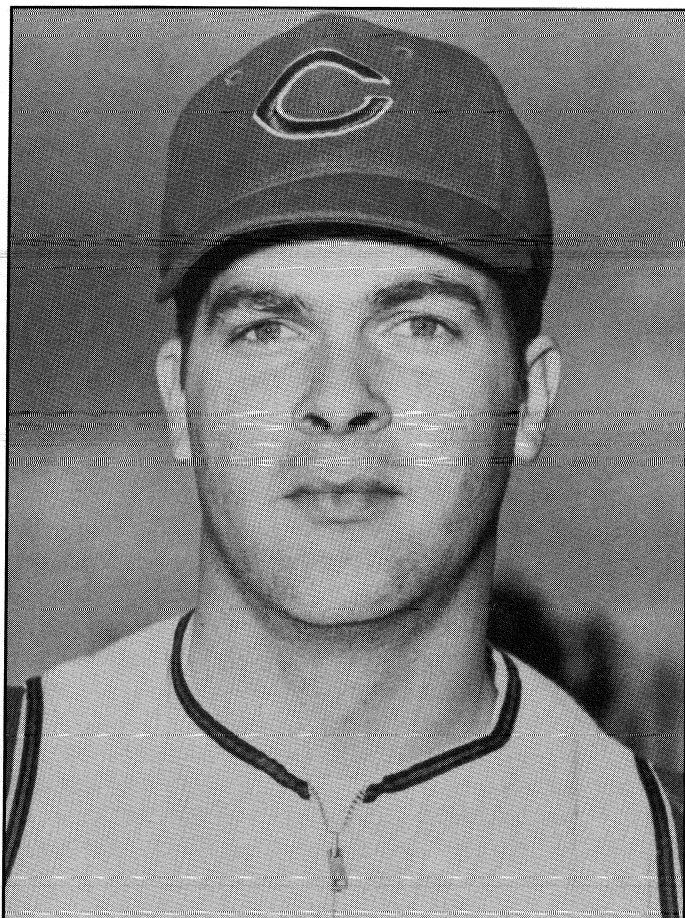
Once he gets to high school, he becomes a superstar, bringing in publicity that his school hasn't had for thirty years. Everyone else has to get an A or B or C just to get through, but the teacher fudges on Johnny's test and on some of the work he has to do. Johnny may get a speeding ticket. No problem. The school takes care of it.

Johnny goes on to college. Now we're talking about the Scholarship Syndrome, where everybody does everything for the star. He doesn't have to make reservations at a hotel, get an airline ticket, or learn how to hire a rental car—simple things like that.

You say, "You've got to be kidding me. Anyone can do this."

Yes, anyone can. But you had to learn at some time. Johnny didn't.

Then he signs a professional contract. He's going to practice seven days a week, no days off the rest of his life as long as he's got a uniform on. That's tough for a young ballplayer. A lot of them are quitting in the minor league system because they can't handle it. It's work. It's very heavy work, eight to ten hours a day on that field. Go



Sam McDowell

NBL

to any instructional league, you see them out there at eight o'clock in the morning on that field, and they don't come off until it gets dark. That's the way it has to be in order to get to the major leagues.

Johnny doesn't do anything else. The team has a traveling secretary. Johnny has his personal secretary and business agent. Everyone is there for one reason, and that is to do everything for Johnny, so all he has to worry about is getting out on that field to pitch a game, or go out and hit. He is totally consumed, obsessed, with his job on that field.

As a husband, he's dictatorial. His wife thinks she can't say anything, she has to focus totally on that baseball game, whether it be one year, two years, or ten years.

Have you ever noticed with professional athletes that the social skills are almost none?

While he's playing baseball, he's not treated like a normal human being. He's held up on a pedestal. Yes, we glorify the athlete too much. I don't think that it's right that we glorify him as much as we do and put him on that pedestal.

It's every man's dream to be out there on the baseball field. What makes baseball the most popular sport in the world, once the world finds out about baseball, is that most people can get into the dream a little bit. I think maybe we carry it too far with the athlete. I'd like to see other people on pedestals, like mom and dad, because they're the ones who deserve it.

But, as athletes, we're sure as hell not going to say, "Don't do it." We like to be coddled. We like to be put up there.

Next, Johnny has an Identity Role problem. He believes he has an identity only when he's in that uniform. He's nothing, he's nobody without that uniform.

So athletes don't think about retiring the way normal people do. We'll wait until it hits, then we'll do something about it.

At last the player has to retire. You'd be amazed how difficult it is for a large majority of athletes to make their own plane reservations to go home when they have never done it before.

Now, the Role Reversal begins. It's heavy on the housewife, who has her own way of doing things. She's in command of the home. Now he comes home and he's all over her feet.

Then there's the Fear of Money. They may have enough money for a lifetime. Yet a severe fear comes over the wife, because there isn't any paycheck coming in.

That's why you have a five-and-a-half times higher rate of divorce for professional athletes after they retire than any other control group in our society. That's alarming. Yet it doesn't have to be.

Also there's the Business Reversal. When the player finally retires, he has to go into the world of reality, the business world.

We say, "Gee, why can't he be like anyone else?"

He can. If we give him time and help to teach him, and that's why we have some programs today.

My company helps him work on his attitude, but that's only a small part of it. We work on overcoming fears, on achieving the level of concentration he needs, on self-confidence. We have psychiatrists, psychologists, psychoanalysts, hypnotists. (One problem with hypnotism is that it's a crutch, and you can't always be near a hypnotist.)

And, to be quite frank, there are too many elements that are

counterproductive, that are blocking us from helping. Both individuals and institutions are handcuffing people from getting help.

Until now we haven't had any system to help the individuals out. We didn't know the extent of the problem, to be quite frank, until a few years ago, when the calls started coming in.

Some of the players had been afraid to ask for help. It's astounding: Only one out of 122 will volunteer for help, because the survival mechanism within the human being refuses to let him volunteer. Even for a devastating disease, a lot of people who are seriously damaged, some even terminally, are afraid to ask for help. They're literally killing themselves.

We are trying to get started. We're going to all the major corporations across the U.S. and telling them they can get some great free service. Professional athletes, while they're in the major leagues, would do internships in business for four or five months a year. Pay him the minimum wage if you want. But help with the transition, because what you're going to get in return is someone very valuable.

The business community has been spending billions to train their personnel to set a goal and go after it. That's the life of a professional athlete. There isn't an athlete alive who hasn't become successful without doing it.

Corporations have hired former ballplayers because they had that ability not to be daunted—nothing's going to stop them, they will accomplish that goal.

I think later on Fay Vincent and the commissioner's office are going to be talking about this.

What I'm trying to say is: With a professional athlete you have a different human being. Yes, he still is a human being, he still has illnesses, weaknesses, diseases just like anyone else, and he's trying the best he can out there.

Yes, we athletes still are flakes, we're still weird, and we do goofy things. We also have another problem, and that's what I choose to call Terminal Adolescence. We're like little kids. We've played all kinds of little games and tricks. If someone else did that, everyone would say, "You're out of your mind."

Was I Little Johnny? Is anyone responsible for the drinking problem I had? No.

You've got to understand that alcohol or drug addiction is a genetic disease. Sixty percent of the people who are addicted to alcohol were born that way.

We do have preventive programs that can change that. But we're still twenty-five years away from putting it in where we need it, at the grade-school level.

There are tests now which you can give a child and tell with up to 87 percent reliability whether he is going to be alcoholic or a drug addict when he grows up if left alone—if left alone.

There are also clinical tests in which you can test children for serotonin and endorphins, which are the pleasure-pain center of our brains, and find out what their levels are. You can predict alcoholism that way.

There are only three ways a person can be addicted to alcohol or drugs.

One is genetic.

Two is prescription drug abuse.

And the other one is irresponsibility, such as drinking too much,

too often, too long.

But the major problem is genetic.

It's going to be a long time before they find a cure for it.

Is beer in major league clubhouses a problem? I don't think so. I see nothing wrong with a guy having a couple of beers after a game if he wants to sit and relax, just as I don't see why a president of a corporation or a worker in a steel mill can't go home and have a couple of beers after work.

I think it's being monitored very closely in the clubhouses.

At one time the persons who drank the most on a team were the ones who were held in the highest esteem. Back in the days of the Play-hard, Drink-hard Syndrome, it showed you were someone, showed how much you could drink and still stand on your feet.

But no longer in professional sports. In fact, the person who does go out and gets drunk is looked down on by the whole team.

Approximately 25 percent of the persons I have stepped in to help with alcohol and drug problems, were brought to my attention by fellow ballplayers.

They care about the individual very deeply. We're like a family when we're on a baseball team. We drink together, we sleep together, we fight together, we win together, we lose together. We're a team. Ballplayers do care about one another. They no longer accept a lot of that behavior. They know better.

People ask me my opinion on drug testing. I don't think drugs need to be tested. I think they're strong enough.

You mean drug screening.

Since I'm trained, I understand most drug screens can be fooled. Anyone can fool them.

The ballplayers know this. They go to head shops and see books that teach you how to fool any drug screening you want to. It's very simple to do it.

We use a different system. We're the only teams in baseball [Toronto and Texas] that use it. We use GCMS—gas chromatography mass spectrometry. We can tell what you're trying to fool it with. We can tell you what you ate three days ago.

If you're trying to find out who's got a problem, the test is worthless. The ones who have a problem know how to fool it.

But it might be decent as a preventive tool. It lets the young kids know that experimenting will get them in trouble.

Most teams will have a drug screen in spring training and that's it for the rest of the year.

We do it a little differently. We have anywhere from five to eight drug screens and nobody knows when it will come except me, and I don't know when I'm going to do it until I wake up that day. I make one phone call, the person I call calls the trainers on all nine teams. The players take it within an hour.

By the way, I might add, in the Texas and Toronto organizations, they have not had a dirty positive in three years.

And you, all of the people here, who have done the research, have analyzed the problems, we thank you for that. We find it quite helpful, by the way. It's been a great help to all the managers I work for. I know that Toronto has (a Sabermetrician), Texas has one, and it's unbelievable what they can do.

Wade Boggs' Hidden .400 Season

CHAZ SCOGGINS

From June 1985 through June 1986 Boston fans saw a Red Sox batter have a "hidden" .400 season average as Wade Boggs hit at an even .400 clip.

THE 1991 CAMPAIGN marks the fiftieth anniversary of Ted Williams' .406 in 1941, the last .400 season in the major leagues and what most experts think will be the last one ever.

However, there has been one .400 season in the majors since then. If baseball's records were, like the federal government's, kept for fiscal years, instead of calendar years, then Wade Boggs would receive credit for this singular achievement of the second half of the twentieth century.

Between his .368 average of 1985 and his .357 of 1986 lies a hidden .400 "season."

From June 13, 1985 through June 8, 1986 the Red Sox played 162 games. Boggs' record in that span was:

G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BB	SO	BA
160	635	123	254	50	2	12	92	107	54	.400

Ironically Boggs was struggling through a lengthy slump just before the hottest streak of his career began. When Wade went 0-for-1 with two walks and an HBP against the Brewers on June 12, 1985, his average had dipped to an even .300.

But the following night he drilled a first-inning single at Fenway Park off Toronto righthander Luis Leal, and the streak was launched. Boggs homered off Leal in the fifth, and singled off Bill Caudill in the eighth to complete a 3-for-4 night.

For the next ten days Boggs hit .486 (17-for-35) before going 0-for-3 against Dave Stieb in Toronto on June 23.

Back at Fenway the following night, Boggs went 2-for-5 off Detroit's Walt Terrell to begin a career-best 28-game hitting streak. It wasn't until July 26 that Boggs was held hitless again by Seattle's Jim Beattie and Frank Wills at Fenway. Dating back to June 12 he had hit safely in thirty-eight of thirty-nine games at a .413 clip.

Boggs went 2-for-4 in his next game. A 4-for-6 assault on Kansas City's Bud Black, Joe Beckwith, and Mike Jones on August 14 hiked his average to .420 in 57 games since his hot streak began. A minor slump during the final week of 1985, during which he went 3-for-19, pulled his streak average down to .399. But a 3-for-4 per-

formance against the Brewers on the last day of the season got it back above .400. Over the final 107 games of the 1985 season, he hit .402 and finished the season with a .368 average.

April has historically been Boggs' worst month for hitting. He went 0-for-5 and struck out three times against the Tigers Jack Morris on Opening Day 1986, and hit a modest .306 (22-for-72) during the first month of the season, pulling his streak average down to .388 after 126 games. Only nobody was paying attention to the streak anymore.

On May 1, Boggs beat out an infield hit against Seattle's Bill Swift, slammed a two-run homer off southpaw Lee Guetterman, doubled off Pete Ladd, and went on to hit .471 for the month. A 5-for-6 assault against the Minnesota Twins on May 20 pushed his streak average back up to .398, but it wasn't until Boggs went 5-for-5 in Minnesota on the final day of May, boosting his seasonal average to .402, that Boston writers suddenly remembered that figure from the previous season and began to add them up. Only then did they realize that Boggs had hit .402 in his last 154 games and begin to write about it.

Boggs only went 3-for-13 in his next three games against the Twins and Indians, and his streak average dipped to .399. A 2-for-4 night against Cleveland's Phil Niekro and 3-for-4 against Bill Wegman in Milwaukee pushed it up to .402. A 2-for-3 against Danny Darwin then boosted it another point to .403. Boggs went 1-for-4 against Milwaukee southpaw Ted Higuera in the 161st game and then went hitless in three at bats against Tim Lear on June 8 to finish the span at an even .400.

A week-long slump brought Boggs' 1986 average down to .380. But there was still optimism that he could make an official challenge to bat .400 until the afternoon of June 16. While the Red Sox were in New York preparing for a game that night against the Yankees, Boggs was informed his mother had just been killed in an automobile crash in Florida. When he returned to the lineup, Boggs hit only
(see page 82)

Chaz Scoggins covers the Red Sox for the Lowell (Mass.) Sun and is chairman of the Boston chapter of the Baseball Writers Association of America.

The Game That Wouldn't End

SCOTT PITONIAK

It took the Pawtucket Red Sox more than eight hours and 1,000 pitches to finally defeat the Rochester Red Wings in the longest professional baseball game in history.

DAVE HUPPERT HAS LOST TRACK of how many times he got in and out of his catcher's crouch that raw New England night in 1981, ten years ago. All he knows is that when Rochester Red Wings manager Doc Edwards mercifully pinch-hit for him in the top of the 32nd inning, his knees were as creaky as the Tin Man's rusty joints in the Wizard of Oz.

"The game was dragging on so bad that, at one point, I looked back at the home plate umpire and said, 'Would you please call sixteen straight balls so we can end this thing and get some sleep?'" recalled Huppert, now a manager in the Milwaukee minor-league system.

Umpire Jack Lietz refused, and the game between the Red Wings and the Pawtucket Red Sox staggered on. And on. And on.

Finally, at 4:07 Easter morning, April 19, Lietz, under orders from International League President Harold Cooper, suspended the game before the start of the thirty-third inning with the score tied, 2-2. The players, coaches, and two dozen fans who persevered for eight frigid hours at Pawtucket's McCoy Stadium drove off into the sunrise.

Sixty-five days later, on June 23, the teams resumed play, and the contest wrapped up in eighteen minutes. Dave Koza stroked a bases-loaded single off Cliff Speck, and Pawtucket won the longest game in professional baseball history, 3-2.

"It was kind of disappointing when it ended that quickly," said Bob Drew, the Red Wings broadcaster. "We knew we were part of history, and we wanted the thing to keep going."

Wings center fielder Dallas Williams would rather forget that game. His box score line said it all: 0-for-13.

But Williams didn't feel any worse than losing pitcher Steve Grilli. Grilli was with the Toronto Blue Jays when the first 32 innings were played. But the Jays released him, and he signed a free-agent contract with the Wings before the longest game resumed. Grilli started the thirty-third inning and promptly loaded the bases. Edwards brought in Speck, who gave up the decisive hit, and Grilli became the answer to a trivia question: Who was the losing pitcher in the longest professional baseball game?

"I was in the right place at the right time doing the wrong thing,"

said Grilli, an insurance broker in Syracuse.

His Red Wings cap is on display at the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. A tape of Red's broadcast also resides there, along with balls signed by each of the teams and the strangest-looking box score ever.

"That game kind of immortalized all of us," Huppert said. "We're a part of baseball history, and no one can take that away from us."

No one who showed up at antiquated McCoy Stadium that windy night had an inkling that he was going to witness one of the more bizarre games in the 150-year history of professional baseball. However, there were indications even before the first pitch that this was going to be a long night. The start of the game was delayed a half-hour while maintenance men worked to fix a bank of lights.

Although McCoy had a reputation as a hitter-friendly park, pitching ruled on this historic night as starters Larry Jones of Rochester and Danny Parks of Pawtucket made 'zero' the most popular number on the scoreboard.

The Wings broke the scoreless tie on Chris Bourjos' RBI single in the seventh. But the PawSox tied the score in the bottom of the ninth on a wild pitch by Jones.

It was time for extra innings. Twenty-four of them, to be exact.

About 1,740 fans were on hand for the first pitch, but fewer than 100 remained by the time the game crawled into its twentieth inning.

In the top of the twenty-first, Huppert doubled home a run (it was his first Triple-A hit) to put the Wings up, 2-1, and players from both teams seemed pleased. Maybe this thing was going to end.

But in the bottom of the inning, Wade Boggs doubled in Koza to even the score.

"After fifteen innings it was kind of comical, but then they tied it, and everybody thought, 'God, will it ever end?'" recalled Cal Ripken, Jr., the Orioles' iron-man shortstop who played third base that night for the Wings.

Huppert called Boggs' hit "demoralizing. We weren't thinking history at the time. We were thinking about getting some food and some sleep."

In the broadcast booth, Drew had other concerns. "My voice was

starting to give out when we hit the twenties," he said. "I just kept pouring coffee down me, and I got my second wind."

He also got a bladder full—and Pawtucket had the only press box in the International League without a bathroom.

PawSox reliever Luis Aponte pitched the seventh through the tenth innings, striking out 8 and not allowing a hit. At 2 a.m. he was given permission to go home.

"Where have you been?" his wife asked angrily.

"At the ball park," he said.

"You're lying."

Aponte reportedly spent what was left of the night on the couch.

If it hadn't been for an umpire's failure to enforce the league curfew rule, the game never would have lasted into the wee hours. The rule said no inning should start after 12:50 a.m.

When Pawtucket general manager Mike Tamburro reminded Lietz of the rule, Lietz produced his preseason manual, which failed to contain the curfew notice. Tamburro then showed Lietz the league constitution, but the nine-year veteran umpire decided it wasn't applicable. "Play ball!" he shouted.

Boggs, who was lying on the field, using third base as his pillow, dragged himself to his feet, and the game resumed. The angry Tamburro headed for the phone and called IL president Harold Cooper at his home in Columbus, Ohio. The phone rang and rang. Tamburro kept trying every five minutes to no avail.

Meanwhile, the pitchers continued to dominate against heavy-armed hitters. It's tough to keep your eyes on the ball when you can hardly keep them open.

"It seemed like every pitcher was better than the last one," said Floyd Rayford of the Red Wings. "Bruce Hurst is out there throwing 95 m.p.h. fastballs at four in the morning, and his curve ball is dropping off the table. Man, at four in the morning, I don't want to see any curveball breaking six feet."

In the twenty-sixth inning Pawtucket's Sam Bowen got hold of a Jim Umbarger pitch with two outs, but the strong winds blew what everyone hoped would be the game-ending home run back onto the field and into the glove of right fielder John Hale.

"The umpires and everybody were trying to blow that one out of the park," Rayford said.

One player who had left in the ninth inning, showered, got drunk, fell asleep in the clubhouse, and woke up, astonished to discover that the game was still plugging along.

Tamburro continued trying to reach Cooper. At 3:45 Easter morning, the president finally answered. "What is this, some kind of crank call?" he thought. He told Tamburro to put Lietz on the line. "After this inning call the damn thing," he told him.

The Red Wings almost won the game in the thirty-second, but the rally died when center fielder Bowen's throw to the plate nailed Hale by ten feet. Pawtucket failed to score, and the game was suspended.

About two dozen fans were still in the park. They were rewarded with season passes, although a couple said they had their fill of baseball.

There wasn't much time for sleep. The teams had a 2 o'clock game that day. Huppert expected the day off, but his backup had pulled a groin muscle, so Hup was forced to catch again. That day's game was tied going into the bottom of the ninth, and the players

NBL

Baseball's Longest Game

Rochester

Pawtucket

PLAYER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000
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were thinking, "Oh, no, this can't be happening again." They all breathed a sigh when Bowen's game-winning homer prevented extra innings.

Drew was fired when he returned from the road trip, but he still was able to broadcast the final inning on the Orioles radio network, because the major leagues were on strike. "I'm the only broadcaster to be fired between innings," he joked.

A carnival atmosphere prevailed when the game resumed June 23. A capacity crowd of 5,756—4,000 more than had watched the start of the game in April—stuffed McCoy Stadium.

Shortly after Koza's single scored Marty Barrett with the winning run, a record blared over the public address. It was Peggy Lee singing "Is That All There Is?"

While winning pitcher Bob Ojeda hugged Koza, Grilli sat alone in the dugout and cried.

Huppert felt disappointed too. "Heh, man, everyone associated with that game is in Cooperstown," he said.

THE NUMBERS ON THE GAME

The game lasted eight hours, twenty-five seconds. It broke the record of twenty-nine innings by Miami and St. Petersburg in the Florida State League June 14, 1966. The Red Wings/PawSox game produced 219 at bats, 38 hits, and 60 strikeouts. The fourteen pitchers threw nearly 1,000 pitches. More than 150 baseball were used.

The New Comiskey

PHILIP BESS

The New Comiskey Park has received plenty of fanfare calling it a great ballpark. This has all been advertising hype. In reality, the ballpark is just an okay place to watch a ballgame.

NEW COMISKEY PARK HAS several things going for it, but it adds nothing substantial to the aesthetics of baseball and fails in relation to its immediate context. Its luxury seating, public funding, and the team's lease agreement make it a financial bonanza for the White Sox.

At the new stadium's opening ceremony, Commissioner Fay Vincent said the New Comiskey Park represents the best possible wedding of baseball and architectural sensibility. This is pure advertising hype. The reality is that the New Comiskey Park is an okay place to see a ballgame, but nothing special.

The White Sox proclaim New Comiskey to be of an earlier tradition of urban ballparks, a rejection of the multi-purpose stadiums of the past thirty years, with a grass playing field, open to the sky, and used exclusively for baseball. This is all well and good. But traditional ballparks adjusted themselves to, and had their character shaped by, the city in which they were located.

The New Comiskey has required Chicago to do all the adjusting:

- It displaces nearly 100 private residences.
- It interrupts the city street grid.
- It is not oriented to afford a view of Chicago's skyline.
- Foul line distances of 347 feet repeat those of the original Comiskey; otherwise the curved dimensions are post-1980 standard, unaffected by the site.
- The bars, shops, and restaurants typically found around an urban ballpark have been banished.

In short, New Comiskey might as well be in suburban Addison, which is where the White Sox originally wanted it.

Inside, the architecture of the New Comiskey is clumsy. The 26,000 seats on the lower level have good views. They are not, however, close to the playing field; a lot of ground sits between the grandstand and fair territory. About fifty to seventy-five of the best seats, the first rows of the lower level behind home, are sacrificed to a service tunnel. With no horizontal aisles, vendors must cross rows of seats, in front of fans, to reach the first thirty-five rows.

A concourse runs behind the last row of seats all the way around the ballpark, open to the field on one side and to a variety of concession stands on the other, sort of like a one-sided shopping mall

that overlooks a baseball game. Walking around it is pleasant if you can avoid the human gridlock of bathroom and concession lines. (Long lines at the men's rooms are caused by the decision to use individual urinals rather than troughs and individual lavatories rather than circular wash fountains.)

In the outfield, seats are removed ten feet from the outfield wall.

The outfield concourse provides a target for hitters. No one is likely to hit a baseball out of the New Comiskey, but someone some day will hit one onto the concourse some 500 feet away, thus starting a club that may rival that other club of old-timers who hit home runs over the roof of the original Comiskey.

In addition, the stadium clearly reveals one big reason for which it was built—to accommodate luxury seating. Three stories of sky boxes and club seating separate the lower and upper decks. They create a second stadium, an upper one bearing little relationship to the lower one.

The 17,000 upper deck seats do not overhang the lower deck but sit behind it.

My own startling observation, sobering to a patron of Wrigley and Old Comiskey, is that, while there were six home runs hit in the first two games I attended, no foul balls reached the upper deck! Hitters achieving this feat could become members of a society more exclusive than the Old Comiskey's roofshot club.

Additional escalators will eventually serve the upper deck, but a climb of seventy-eight steps—fifty vertical feet—remains to reach the last row. Vendors will not make the climb. Ramps to the upper deck partially obscure the pre-cast concrete panels that simulate the arched brick facade of the original Comiskey. The facade is clearly an afterthought, a nostalgia sop to longtime Sox fans and ballpark traditionalists.

The White Sox have resisted efforts to preserve as a historic landmark even the smallest fragment of the original Comiskey Park. Should the New Comiskey ever be venerated, it will not be for its architectural merits but rather for what happens on the field.

Philip Bess is a ballpark design consultant and author of City Baseball Magic: Plain Talk and Uncommon Sense about Cities and Baseball Parks.

The Sad Tale of Dale Alexander

MICHAEL SANTA MARIA AND JAMES COSTELLO

Dale Alexander won a batting crown, and most people wished he hadn't. He was finally forced out of the majors by an injury suffered not on the field but in the trainer's room.

AND NOW, IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE, appears a husky young slugger who seems destined to trail Babe Ruth through the upper strata of extra bases... The forceful impact with which his swinging bat met the horsehide opened the eyes of veteran pitchers all around the American League circuit. And they muttered, under their breath, forebodings of a second Babe Ruth."

So wrote F. C. Lane for *Baseball Magazine* in 1929, a vintage year for rookies—Earl Averill, Johnny Frederick, Roy Johnson—where Dale Alexander may have been the best. He batted .343, hit 25 home runs, 43 doubles, 15 triples, batted in 137 runs and scored 110. His 215 hits led the league, making him the first American League rookie since Joe Jackson in 1911 to get 200 hits.

But it would be a mark of Alexander's career that recognition would come begrudgingly if at all.

Nicknamed "Moose" or "Ox," Alexander lasted only five years. But two of them were outstanding.

1929, A VINTAGE YEAR FOR ROOKIES

	BA	HR	RBI	
Dale Alexander	.343	25	137	(215 H; led AL in E)
Earl Averill	.332	18	96	(led AL in PO)
Johnny Frederick	.328	24	75	(led NL with 52 doubles)
Roy Johnson	.314	10	69	(201 H; led AL in 2B, A, E)

Alexander was born on a tobacco farm in Greenville, Tennessee, in 1903. He had two outstanding years in Toronto, finishing in 1928 with a .380 average, 31 home runs, 144 RBIs, and 401 total bases. The Tigers then bought him and pitcher Augie Prudhomme for \$100,000.

Detroit manager Bucky Harris had no doubts about Dale's ability. "That big farmboy over on first base is going to be one of three great stars of baseball—perhaps another Ruth."

However, James L. Gould of *Baseball Magazine* gave halting praise to the rookie. He said, in effect, "Great hit, no field."

"I know I look bad at first base," Dale admitted. "I had the bad habit of getting my feet crossed at first. But I've had some good coaching, and I'm getting so I can reach for a ball without falling down."

In 1930 Dale batted .325 with 196 hits, 20 home runs, and 135 runs batted in. Admittedly, this was the year of inflated offense, when Hack Wilson cracked 56 home runs and Bill Terry hit .401.

In 1931 the game made some adjustments to give the pitchers a fighting chance again. Alexander's power production dropped, but he still batted .325, hit 47 doubles, and led Detroit with 87 RBIs, though he hit only 3 home runs.

In his first three years Alexander had hit .332 with 359 RBIs. But he had also led first basemen in errors two of the three years.

Harris, who three years earlier had seen Ruth in Alexander, now couldn't see Alexander in Alexander. As sportswriter Dan Daniel recalled: "The first base situation became an obsession with Harris. He was convinced that with a fielder like Alexander, the Tigers could make no headway."

Bucky benched Alexander in favor of the better fielding rookie, Harry Davis. Wrote Daniel: Alexander "languishes in the dugout, discouraged, with occasional batting forays that show him hitting no better than .250." In June Dale and fellow rookie sensation of 1929, Roy Johnson, were traded to the last-place Red Sox for Earl Webb.

The trade was a godsend. Alexander hit—and fielded—like a demon. He ended up fielding .992, second best in the league, with a league-leading 11.2 chances per game.

And he batted .372 the rest of the season. With two hits on the final day, he finished with .367 and passed Jimmie Foxx for the championship by three points.

But rather than being honored as champ, Alexander found himself disparaged as the man who stole the crown from Foxx.

Jimmie had produced one of the greatest single-season hitting performances of all time. With 58 homers and 169 RBIs, he needed only the batting title to win the Triple Crown, the first American Leaguer to do it since Ty Cobb in 1909. And he led in batting virtually all year.

Because of the time spent in Bucky Harris' doghouse, Alexander

OFF WITH THEIR CROWNS!

Dale Alexander was one of five men awarded batting crowns with less than 400 at bats. The *Macmillan Baseball Encyclopedia* recognizes them as champs, but *Total Baseball* recognizes their runners-up.

Year	Big Mac	AB	BA	Total Baseball	BA
1914	Ty Cobb	345	.368	Eddie Collins	.344
1926	Bubbles Hargrave	326	.353	Paul Waner	.336*
1932	Dale Alexander	392	.367	Jimmie Foxx	.364
1940	Debs Garms	358	.355	Stan Hack	.317*
1942	Ernie Lombardi	309	.330	Enos Slaughter	.318

A sixth case, in 1954, was the reverse situation, as Ted Williams drew 136 walks and only 386 official at bats. That permitted Bobby Avila to take the official crown and led to the present rule of 501 plate appearances.

1954	Bobby Avila	555	.341	Ted Williams	.345
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*In 1926 the top four batters all had less than 400 at bats. Waner officially finished fifth. In 1940 the first three hitters were under 400; Hack was officially fourth.

came to bat only 392 times in 124 games. In those days 100 games was the criterion for a batting title—it is now 501 total plate appearances. Dale walked 61 times.

"Justice," for those who clamored for it, was soon in coming. By the end of the following year, Foxx had won his Triple Crown and Alexander was out of the major leagues forever.

On May 30, 1933, in a game against Foxx's Athletics in Philadelphia, Alexander injured his knee sliding into home. The injury was

serious enough to require diathermy treatment in the clubhouse between games. Diathermy uses electric currents to produce heat in body tissues. After putting Dale in for the treatment, the trainer went out to get something to eat and forgot about him.

"It was a new method of treatment and not too much was known about it," Alexander said. "I noticed my left leg felt awfully hot. Anyway, I ended up with third-degree burns and a gangrene infection, and I almost lost my leg. I was finished in the majors."

It was typical of this "quiet, good-natured chap," as *The Sporting News* described him, to sit uncomplaining as his leg was severely burned and his career ruined. He hit .281 that year and at the end of the season went uncomplainingly to the minors. His unassuming nature had as much to do with ending his career as his atrocious fielding, lack of speed, or the injury to his leg.

Still he continued to excel at bat in the minor leagues for another eight years. He never lost his ability to hit. If the DH had been invented back then, Dale Alexander might have enjoyed many more good years in the majors.

Alexander spent the next twenty years as a minor league manager and scout, never straying far from the Appalachian home where he was born, married, raised his family, and died. He seldom spoke of his major league career. His son Steve remembers him as a practical joker with a great sense of humor. "You'd never know he played baseball," Steve says. "He didn't talk about himself. He did his job and went home."

Alexander neither boasted of his accomplishments nor bemoaned his fate. "I just didn't have the ability," he once said. "I couldn't run or field."

But he could hit the ball. The man who was slow on the bases and awkward around the bag was at home at home plate. It was where he played the game. It was the place where he belonged.

DALE ALEXANDER

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	AVG.
1924	Greeneville	Appal	114	389	51	129	28	10	4	-	6	.331
1925	Charlotte	Sally	131	543	82	180	44	8	20	120	7	.331
1926	Charlotte	Sally	130	523	87	169	40	8	13	96	6	.323
1927	Toronto	Int.	153	557	83	188	26	11	12	97	4	.338
1928	Toronto	Int.	169	621	115	236	49	11	31	144	15	.380
1929	Detroit	Amer.	155	626	110	215	43	15	25	137	5	.343
1930	Detroit	Amer.	154	602	86	196	33	8	20	135	6	.326
1931	Detroit	Amer.	135	517	75	168	47	3	3	87	5	.325
1932	Det-Boston	Amer.	124	392	58	144	27	3	8	60	4	.367
1933	Boston	Amer.	94	313	40	88	14	1	5	40	0	.281
1934	Newark	Int.	145	545	89	183	35	2	14	123	7	.336
1935	Kansas City	A.A.	120	461	84	165	29	6	16	95	5	.358
1936	Kansas city	A.A.	154	612	81	193	30	9	5	100	4	.315
1937	Nashville	South.	153	567	91	181	42	1	15	109	7	.319
1938	Chattanooga	South.	140	518	49	160	24	1	8	85	6	.309
1939	Sanford	Fla.St.	98	374	72	129	27	2	6	80	14	.345
1940	Thomasville	Ga.-St.	91	330	78	128	31	5	14	96	6	.388
1941	Selma	So'east	56	64	14	28	9	0	1	23	1	.438
1942	Greeneville	Appal.	19	19	6	3	2	1	0	3	0	.158
Majors			662	2540	369	811	164	30	61	459	20	.331
Minors			1673	6123	992	2072	416	75	159	1171	88	.338

When “The Big Train” Met “The Red Ant”

FRANK KEETZ

Two great pitchers, one white and one black, both born in Kansas a year apart, met in a showdown at Schenectady, New York, in October 1913.

IT WAS A CHAOTIC CROWD SCENE outside the baseball field and on the swaying pontoon bridge which connected Island Park to mainland Schenectady on Sunday afternoon, October 5, 1913. Angry, often frightened fans were pushing and shoving. The largest crowd in Schenectady's sporting history, at least 7,000, had come to see Walter Johnson pitch against the area's best baseball team.

A strapping twenty-five-year-old wonder from the Western plains, Walter Johnson had a blazing fastball which enabled him eventually to win 417 games with a mediocre Washington team (he lost *twenty-six* 1-0 games), and to strike out more players than any pitcher in history until the 1980s. In 1913 “the Big Train” had a “career season” with a 36-7 record while pitching 11 shutouts. His 1.14 earned run average is the second lowest in American League history. He walked only 38 batters in 346 innings. And Walter Johnson was coming to Schenectady! Imagine! Walter Johnson in Schenectady, a growing city of 75,000 in upstate New York.

Every village in 1913 had an amateur or semiprofessional team. Schenectady had a unique baseball team. It was the Mohawk Giants, a “colored” (the term used in 1913) baseball team with, supposedly, an equally amazing young pitcher named Frank Wickware, nicknamed “The Red Ant.” This team had been organized in 1912 by Bill Wernecke, a husky General Electric factory worker and one-time semipro outfielder.

Wernecke hired a veteran colored player named William “Big Bill” Smith (well over six feet in height) to bring colored players to Schenectady. Smith did his job well, establishing a regular “overground railroad” from New York City and even Chicago to Schenectady. Once, he wired Wernecke: “Have surprise in store for you. Your team will be stronger...” One of the players Smith enticed to Schenectady was a Midwesterner named Frank Wickware.

During 1913, great colored ballplayers such as “Smoky Joe” (or “Cyclone”) Williams, “Home Run” Johnson, “Chappie” Johnson, “Nux” James, Harry Buckner, Walter Ball, Jesse Bragg, “Spitball” Langford, Bill Pierce, and Frank Wickware, among others, wore the Mohawk Giants uniform with its vertical black stripe from neck to uniform belt. Their season record was 51 wins, 22 losses, and 2 ties.

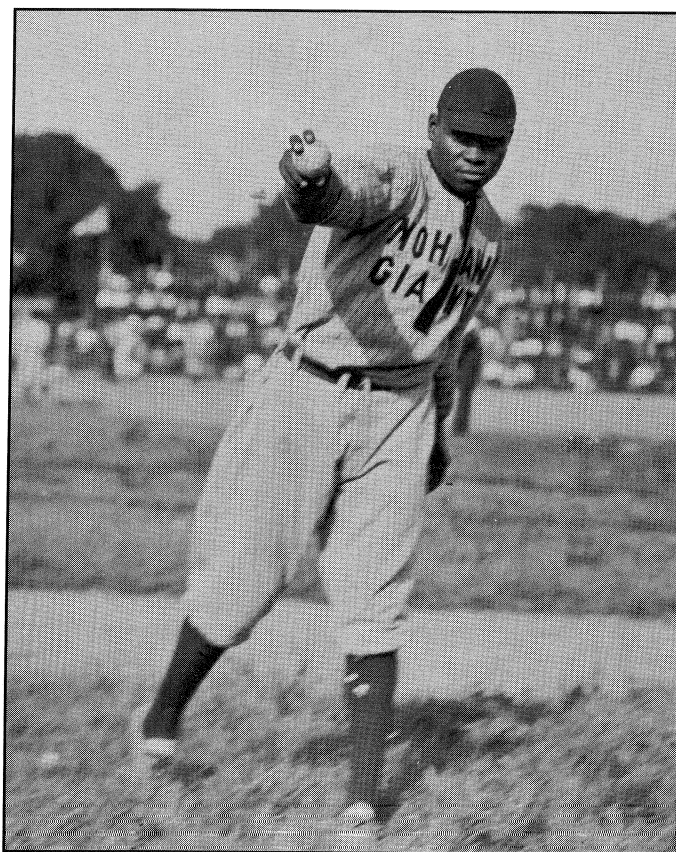
The Giants opened the season with a victory over Montreal of the International League and ended the year with a victory over Walter Johnson! In between, they played the best “local” white teams from Troy, Albany, Schenectady, Vermont, Massachusetts, and the Catskill Mountains. Black opposition ranged from the superb New York Lincoln Giants to the Brooklyn Royal Giants, Philadelphia Stars, Norfolk Giants, Havana Red Sox, and Atlanta Dixie Giants as well as the all-black (but white-officered) Tenth Cavalry, which came through Schenectady on a 600-mile march from Vermont to Virginia.

The two best colored baseball teams in the United States in 1913 were probably the New York Lincoln Giants, owned by the McMahon brothers, and the Chicago American Giants of Rube Foster. The two teams played a five-game championship series in New York City during July. Both teams wanted Wickware. Wernecke agreed to “loan out” Wickware for a week. Wickware ended up agreeing to pitch for both teams! They quarreled and could only agree that neither team would use him in the series.

Wickware was born in 1888, in Coffeyville, Kansas, a year after Johnson. Both could throw a baseball with blazing speed. On October 5, they would oppose each other in Schenectady. The colored Giants were good ballplayers but many of the players were also part comedians. They were advertised as such, Johnny Pugh and Chappie Johnson in particular. It was the Jim Crow era, so black stereotypes were re-enforced. Pugh, even when serving as a baseline coach, could get a crowd laughing. Johnson, after a big run-scoring inning, would dance with the batboy. Even Wickware, on groundballs hit back to the pitcher, would throw to the catcher, who would then relay the ball to the first baseman.

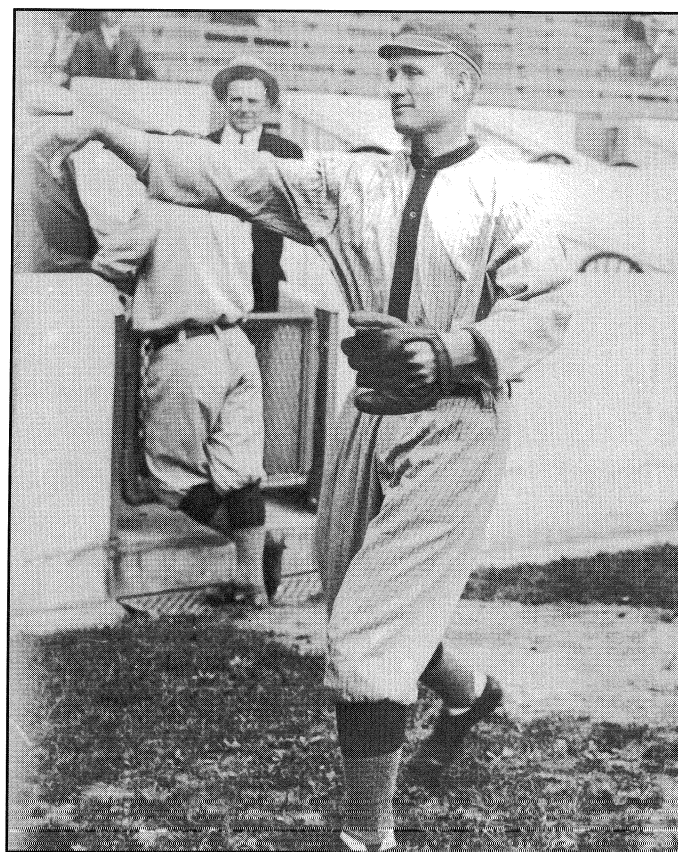
Women were encouraged to attend with newspaper statements such as:

Although colored, his [Wernecke's] players have not yet shown themselves to be anything but gentlemen in every aspect. They do not mix nor even talk to the spectators, no matter what remarks may be passed and, for this reason, there may be no fear of women being insulted, as has been rumored.



Frank Keet

Frank Wickware



NBL

Walter Johnson

Against outside opposition, white or black, most Schenectadians fiercely supported Wernecke's colored teams. When the Mohawk Giants beat Utica in July with a ninth-inning rally, the spectators surged from the bleachers.

Hats were thrown in the air and cheer after cheer were given as each succeeding player hit the ball. The enthusiasm became greater and when the deciding tally was made there was one mad rush for Wickware and (Chappie) Johnson.

Wernecke had to add 1,000 more bleacher seats. Crowds grew from two and three thousand to four and even five thousand per game. Overflow crowds sat and stood in the distant outfield.

Wernecke did not have to hype the early October game in which Walter Johnson would pitch. Wernecke affirmed that he had already sent a \$500 guarantee to Johnson's agent. The Schenectady *Union-Star* said it would be "the best colored pitcher in the world against the leading white pitcher."

Fans, the serious and the curious, headed for Island Park that Sunday morning. An attendee would purchase a ticket (fifty cents on October 5) at the ticket booth at the edge of downtown Schenectady and then walk across a swaying pontoon bridge to the small island.

Sunday was a perfect day for baseball. Walter Johnson and his "All Americans" (all minor league players) arrived early. Both teams had their pregame practice. The overflow crowd, which covered

much of the outfield due to the large number, eagerly awaited the start of the game. Suddenly most of the colored players made a wild dash off the field, down a walkway, across the pontoon bridge and its struggling late entrants, to the ticket booth, where Wernecke was still "raking in the 'four bits' pieces." It was a player strike!

The colored players claimed Wernecke owed them, as a group, \$921 (a very large sum at that time, now equal to about \$12,000 using 1913 and current Consumer Price Index data). This was their last game and they were afraid (based on past experience) that they would not be paid. Wernecke refused to pay the players at that time and sent for more policemen. The players were enraged and stormed around the ticket booth area.

Hundreds of people also raced across the bridge, besieging the ticket booth area. The bridge, "a frail structure floating on barrels," and the ticket booth area became the scene of a near riot. The *Union-Star* reported the "disgraceful" and "disgusting action of some of the negro players," in particular that of Wickware: "Wickware, in an ugly mood, used his tongue too freely as he strode about the crowd, swinging a bat dangerously near the spectators and muttering threats against Wernecke." Meanwhile Wernecke had disappeared in the confusion, carrying the "strong satchel" to safety. Some in the crowd condemned the colored players, others condemned Wernecke, still others just wanted their money back.

Police quickly arrived and began to calm and control the confused scene. Sheriff J. Ackerman Gill immediately called Alfred Nicholas, a silent partner in the Mohawk Giants, who rushed \$500 "to settle at least partially the claims of the players," and everyone

quietly recrossed the bridge.

Wickware had pitched only two balls when the game was suddenly stopped by Dave Driscoll, the New York City agent who now wanted his money. He admitted that Wernecke had paid the \$500 guarantee but not an agreed upon percentage of the gate receipts. Gill took out his watch and ordered Driscoll to allow the game to restart within five minutes. If not, Gill would take the \$500 guarantee from Driscoll and distribute it to the spectators.

Wickware got through the first inning unscored upon.

"Sir Walter" took the mound. The first eight pitches were strikes. The ninth was hit for a fly to center. Johnson struck out the side in the third inning on only eleven pitches. In the fourth inning, the colored nine scored a run on an easy flyball double into the left field crowd, a steal, and a sacrifice fly. Johnson again struck out the side in the fifth inning, this time on twelve pitched balls. The only other hit off "Sir Walter" had been a long flyball deep into the center field crowd by Harry Buckner.

Meanwhile Wickware struggled a little, allowing baserunners but no runs. In six innings he gave up five hits, including three doubles, walked three, hit one batter, and struck out four. Incidentally, Johnson hit two doubles in his two batting appearances. (Johnson was always a good batsman. Note his 24 career home runs with Washington.)

After five-and-one-half innings the game was called due to darkness. The *Schenectady Gazette* reported that "everyone left perfectly satisfied that they had seen the world's best twirler perform." Yet Frank Wickware and the Mohawk Giants were victorious by a score of 1-0.

Wernecke was found at his home Sunday evening and admitted he owed the players two weeks' wages, which were to be paid on Oc-

tober 1, but he planned to pay them in full after this final game. He said he had to withhold the money to ensure the players' final appearance.

Wernecke denied that he owed the players six weeks of salary. The lesson he learned was "to keep away from the management of colored teams...I have been too kind to the negroes and they imposed upon me." He wanted the team uniforms to be returned. Wernecke brought charges against Smith, claiming "he retained money from the sale of tickets on Sunday" and had him arrested. Smith denied it, and the charge was eventually dropped.

Wernecke also had a warrant out for the arrest of Frank Wickware for "breach of peace." But the police could not find the pitcher. A week later, the press reported Wickware struck out 13 Brooklyn Royal Giants in a 2-1 ten-inning loss in New York City while wearing a Mohawk Giants uniform! "Catcher Pierce used the mask, body protector, shin guards and glove provided for the team while here and yet the property of Manager Wernecke."

EPILOGUE

The professional colored Mohawk Giants had a long life—off and on. They opened the next season (1914) in their new ballpark at the end of the Broadway streetcar line, appropriately called "Mohawk Park." The team later became a popular semiprofessional squad and eventually disbanded about 1950.

When Wickware's baseball career neared an end during the Depression, he returned to Schenectady and pitched for the now semipro Mohawk Giants until he was almost fifty years old. He died in 1967 at age seventy-nine. His death went virtually unnoticed in the local press. He is buried in an indigent veterans' plot in Vale Cemetery in Schenectady.

The Irresistible Braggo Roth

(from page 43)

power, thought Roth would be an ideal replacement for aged Duffy Lewis alongside Babe Ruth and Ping Bodie. To get him, Ed Barrow gave Clark Griffith not only the depleted Lewis, but a real prize: lefthander George Mogridge, who would have four-plus winning seasons in Washington. Roth played in forty-three games for the Yankees and left the majors forever.

In August 1923, the *Kansas City Bulletin* explained not why Braggo was sought by so many teams, but why so many teams were willing to let him go. It reported that he had been fined and indefinitely suspended by the Blues for "indifferent playing." With shocking candor for a time when most baseball literature was "gee whiz" approbation, the *Bulletin* put the boots to Braggo: "He was a grain of dust in the eye of whatever ballteam he became associated with. With Kansas City he loafed, caring apparently only for his base hits. In the clubhouse he was fifty percent of almost every verbal or physical battle that cropped up. The Blues almost held a celebration when he was dropped."

Braggo died in Chicago in 1936, at age 44.

The Murphy/Chiles Signal Service

(from page 53)

house, relaying the signs visually to Chiles via a piece of rolled paper. The paper held horizontally signified a fastball, vertically, a curve.

But soon other teams noticed the signals being flashed from the clubhouse and adjoining locations, especially after the departure of several traded players. It was time for Petie Chiles to become inventive again. He had once been shocked by stepping on an exposed live wire. This memory sparked his creativity.

Following a shocking season with the Phillies in 1900, Chiles was arrested during the off-season in a con-artist scheme and sentenced to two years of hard labor on a prison farm in Huntsville, Texas. He served less than sixteen months, however, and not because of good behavior. On August 15, 1902, Chiles escaped from the Texas Department of Corrections. In the last known sliver of information pertaining to this amazing character, Petie was again arrested for assault in 1903 and later that year was playing ball in Fortuna, California. His subsequent life and death remain unknown.

Cicotte the Ruth-Slayer

LOWELL L. BLAISDELL

Eddie Cicotte needs no introduction. Among the White Sox players expelled after the 1919 World's Series fix, only Joe Jackson is better known. He was a pitcher of Hall of Fame caliber, but no plaque with his name ever will appear in baseball's sanctum.

BY THE TIME OF HIS EXPULSION Eddie Cicotte had already chalked up 208 wins in thirteen seasons. In 1917 he won 28 games in 1919, 29 in a 140-game schedule. Of his contemporaries, only Walter Johnson and Grover Cleveland Alexander were clearly his superiors.

Cicotte also was probably the most effective Bambino-tamer. True, the Babe had great trouble with screwballing Hub Pruett. In 30 at bats, Ruth hit only .182 off him. However, Pruett's American League tenure lasted only three years and Ruth did manage to nick him for two home runs. Over a much longer span, Bump Hadley also gave the Sultan of Swat some difficulty, but eventually Ruth made two homers off him. Over a sustained period, however, it was Cicotte who baffled him in the most ways.

In 53 times at bat against the cunning Cicotte, the Babe never

AGAINST THE BABE AS A MOUNDSMAN

Cicotte also bested the Sultan of Swat on the mound. They faced each other as pitchers three times in the White Sox pennant seasons of 1917 and 1919. In these years, Cicotte was in peak form—better even, for those seasons, than Walter Johnson. Their first encounter took place in Boston, June 16, 1917. Ruth's Red Sox were the defending world's champions and he himself was the league's top lefthander. But Cicotte easily beat Ruth, 7–2. At the plate, the Babe made a single in four tries.

By the time of their second encounter two years later, Ruth had become mostly a slugging outfielder. When he infrequently returned to pitching, he usually was not as sharp as in his days as a full-fledged moundsman. This perhaps contributed to Cicotte beating him again, 5–3, June 10, 1919, and once more in Boston.

once crashed a home run. Holding the Babe homerless until the pitcher's banishment was an astonishing feat, for no other outstanding American League pitcher succeeded in doing it. Among future Hall of Famers, Ruth had by the end of 1920 hit three off the great Walter Johnson, two off Red Faber, two off Herb Pennock, and one each off Stan Coveleskie and Waite Hoyt. Among other first-rate pitchers, he had seven off George Dauss, four off Urban Shocker,

four off Howard Ehmke, three off Bob Shawkey, two off Sam Jones, two off Joe Bush, and one off Tom Zachary (who would later serve up number 60 in 1927). Against other White Sox starting pitchers, Babe hit four and three respectively off lefthanders Dickie Kerr and Claude Williams, and the aforementioned two off Faber.

By the end of July 1920, the baseball world was agog with Ruth's 37 home runs. There was still his drought against Cicotte, however. His troubles against Chicago's trick-pitch craftsman had caught the public imagination by this time. Even more important, the Yankees were involved in a tight three-way race with the White Sox and Cleveland. In the Windy City on August 1, before a 40,000 Sunday overflow crowd, the White Sox and Yankees met. Even though Cicotte was a Chicago favorite, Ruth's home runs had so much appeal that many in the home crowd were hoping he would hit one. Nevertheless in the course of a 3–0 win, David slew Goliath again. Ruth made out thrice, with a walk his sole contribution. Once he probably should have had a field-crowd double, but an umpire's inept call nullified it.

Again on Sunday, September 18 in Chicago, before an even greater crowd, the two faced each other for the final time. At the time, Ruth had hit 49, so the fans were cheering vociferously for him to reach 50. The White Sox won the game, 15–9. With a 13-run lead by mid-game, Cicotte coasted the last three rounds, allowing seven runs—an ideal opportunity for Ruth to sock a home run at last. However, the best that the Babe's big swing garnered him was a single in four tries and a harmless walk. A week later, Cicotte, testifying before the grand jury about his role in the 1919 World's Series, all but banished himself from baseball.

Not only did Ruth fail to hit Cicotte for home runs, he did not hit him generally. Only once did the Babe enjoy a good day—in Chicago, July 11, 1918 when Ruth sliced three left-field doubles. It was the only time he got more than one hit in a game off Ed. Altogether in five years against the shine ball slickster, Ruth batted 53 times and reaped a mere 11 hits—7 singles and 4 doubles—for a .210 batting average. That contrasts to the Babe's lifetime .342 average.

As the Babe in frustration put it in his characteristic insult-as-compliment manner, "That damned froggie knows how to pitch!"

Woody English Insists— The Babe Didn't Point!

NORMAN MACHT

Babe Ruth never called his shot, insists Woody English, the last surviving member of the 1932 Cubs-Yankees World Series.

PLAYING THIRD BASE, WOODY ENGLISH was in the best position of all to observe Babe Ruth in the fifth inning of Game Three of the 1932 Series. And his recollection is unshakably clear:

"He was looking right at our guys in the third base dugout, who were calling him all kinds of names. He held up two fingers showing two strikes, and said to us, 'That's only two.' He did not call that shot, although he hit it hard enough. It made a good story for the press, who were sitting 200 feet away up in the stands, but it didn't happen."

English is the only man who can relate the whole story behind Mark Koenig's half-share that lit all the fireworks.

"I was the Cubs' captain, so I ran the meeting to vote on the Series cuts," he recalls. "Only the fellows entitled to a full share were there. It had to be unanimous on every vote. Two players voted for a half-share for Mark. The rest thought he should get a full cut. But the two held out. They said, 'He didn't get here until late in the season.'"

"Afterward, I got a call at home from Judge Landis' office. He was sick with the flu, but he wanted to see me in his apartment. I went up the next day, and the judge was lying there in bed. First thing he said was, 'Woody, get me one of those pills over there. I'm sicker than a dog.' Then he asked me how Koenig was voted a half share, and I told him. He had me call his secretary at the office to check the date that Mark had joined the team. It was August 17. He said to me, 'Woody, how many games did you play?' And I said almost all. He asked me how many did Koenig play. I thought it was between 30 and 40 [it was 33]. He said, 'Mark got a half-share and you got a full share? I think that was a fair decision. Send a bill to my office for your expenses.' Landis was fair. Believe me, if he didn't agree with what we did, he would have done something about it."

Woody welcomed me to his home in Granville, Ohio, one post office away from where he was born in Freedonia in 1907.

After hitting .301 at Toledo in 1926, English was asked by Mudhens manager Casey Stengel if he preferred to be sold to the Cubs, Indians, or Athletics. Since his friends Earl Webb and Hack Wilson were with the Cubs, he decided to go with them.

HORNSBY'S HORSES

When Rogers Hornsby was traded to the Cubs in 1929, he picked English for his roommate because Woody didn't drink, snore, or come in late at night. The Rajah also put the arm on Woody to finance his wagering on the horses, as he tapped many players, even when he was managing the club.

"The traveling secretary, Bob Lewis, tipped me off when Hornsby was going to get fired in 1932. I had loaned him \$1,200. He paid me back before he left, but he owed a lot of other people."

Placing a bet in Chicago in those days was as easy as buying a cup of coffee. Hornsby got a tip one day, and on the way to Wrigley Field they stopped in a shoestore where a bookie operated in the back. Hornsby bet \$500 on the nag's nose.

"About the seventh inning, I'm playing short and he's on second, and we're waiting for the throw down from the catcher to start the inning, and Hornsby says to me, 'That horse won.'"

"I said, 'How do you know?' and he said, 'I know.' After the game we went around to collect, and the guy says he didn't get the bet down, so he wouldn't pay off. Hornsby hollered and bellowed but he never got his money."

Woody admired Hornsby's hitting, but conceded that as a second baseman, Rogers could not go back for a pop fly.

"He knew his weakness," Woody says. "Even if it was a cloudy day, he'd tell me the sun was in his eyes, and I should cover the pop flies. But he could hit to all fields, with power. He aimed every hit back up the middle. He's the reason they started putting that net in front of the batting practice pitchers."

"The day Hornsby was fired [in 1932], we were rained out in Philadelphia. Charlie Grimm was the new manager. He called a meeting and said, 'If everybody takes care of themselves, we still got

THE MAN BEHIND HACK'S 190 RBIS

The supreme leadoff man, Woody English reached his peak for the 1930 Cubs: 214 hits, 100 walks, and 152 runs. He was the table-setter who helped Hack Wilson reach his record 190 runs batted in. That year English also batted .335, with 36 doubles, 17 triples, and 14 home runs.



Norman Macht

Woody English

a chance to win the pennant.'

"Our catcher, Rollie Hemsley, was a drinker; it took only two beers to make him drunk as the devil. Rollie gets up and says, 'Yeah, all you guys take good care of yourselves. I'm going to do the same, and we can win this thing.' About three A.M. that morning Bob Lewis and Grimm had to go over to Camden, New Jersey, and get Hemsley out of jail. But we did win it."

Picked for the first All Star squad in 1933, Woody replaced Dick Bartell at shortstop late in the game.

"Bill Klem was umpiring at first base, and John McGraw was calling him every name he could imagine. Klem just took it. Halfway through the game Klem came into the dugout and sat down. I thought sure McGraw was a goner. But Klem never said a word."

Landis Learns Some New Words

The Cubs of the 1930s were the sharpest-tongued bunch of bench jockeys in the business. In the 1935 World Series the volleys of epithets reached unparalleled levels. One-time Detroit third baseman and manager George Moriarty was an umpire who had several

close plays to call during the Series; all of them went against the Cubs. Fans who think old-time umpires were models of restraint never heard of Moriarty, who seldom passed up an opportunity to replay to players their verbal assaults. The Cubs got on him so fiercely that Moriarty finally walked over to the dugout, singled out Tuck Stainback, and threw him off the bench.

According to Woody, Stainback was a kid who never swore and "wouldn't say 'God' even in church." When English protested, out he went, too, followed by Charlie Grimm and Billy Herman.

"Landis called us all to a meeting in his office at nine the next morning. We were all there on time, except Moriarty, who came in ten minutes late. The judge glared at him and said, 'Mr. Moriarty, when I say nine o'clock, I mean not one second after.' So we all told our stories, and the judge says to Billy Herman, 'What did you call Moriarty?'"

"Herman says, 'I'd rather not say.'"

"The judge says, 'Go ahead, this room has been filled with blue smoke before.' The windup was we all got fined \$400 and Moriarty got fined \$500. That was sort of a victory for us."

Landis later admitted, "In my time in this world I have always prided myself on a command of lurid expression. I must confess that I learned from these young men some variations of the language even I didn't know existed."

The old spitballer, Burleigh Grimes pitched for the Cubs. "He argued with the umpires when it was absolutely futile, even on the first pitch of the game." He told Woody if he ever managed a team, "he would trade for me." In 1937 Grimes was managing the Dodgers, and he kept his promise. "I liked Burleigh," Woody said, "but I'm still mad at him for getting me from the Cubs."

Woody became a teammate of the likable but tough Van Mungo. English and infielder Jim Bucher were sleeping in a room next to Mungo's one night. There was a door between the rooms. In the middle of the night the room shook as Mungo pounded on the door. "That's Van, and he's drunk," I said to Jim. "We don't want him in here." We shoved a chair against the door, but my good suit was hanging on it.

"Go to bed, Van," we hollered, but he yelled he would break down the door if we didn't open it, and wham, he came busting through it. There was my good suit laying on the floor. The house detective and manager came up and reported it. It cost Van a thousand-dollar fine.

"His next start I said to Bucher, 'Let's win this for Van.' We pulled off a ninth-inning double play that saved a one-run win for him, and he thanked us."

ENGLISH AND VANDER MEER

If he hadn't been such a nice guy, Woody English might have become immortalized as the man who broke up Vander Meer's claim to fame.

"I was sitting on the bench during the first night game in Brooklyn, when he was going for his second straight no-hitter. In the eighth inning [manager Burleigh] Grimes tells me to pinch-hit for Luke Hamlin. I said to myself, 'I'm not going to go up there and spoil this guy's second no-hitter.'" Woody struck out.

“The Road May Come to a Dead End Here”

LOU GEHRIG

A poignant letter from Lou to his wife, Eleanor, written just after he played his final game, May 2, 1939

This never-before-published letter was recently uncovered in the estate of Eleanor Gehrig. It sheds light on a painful time for the Gehrigs and a momentous event in baseball history.

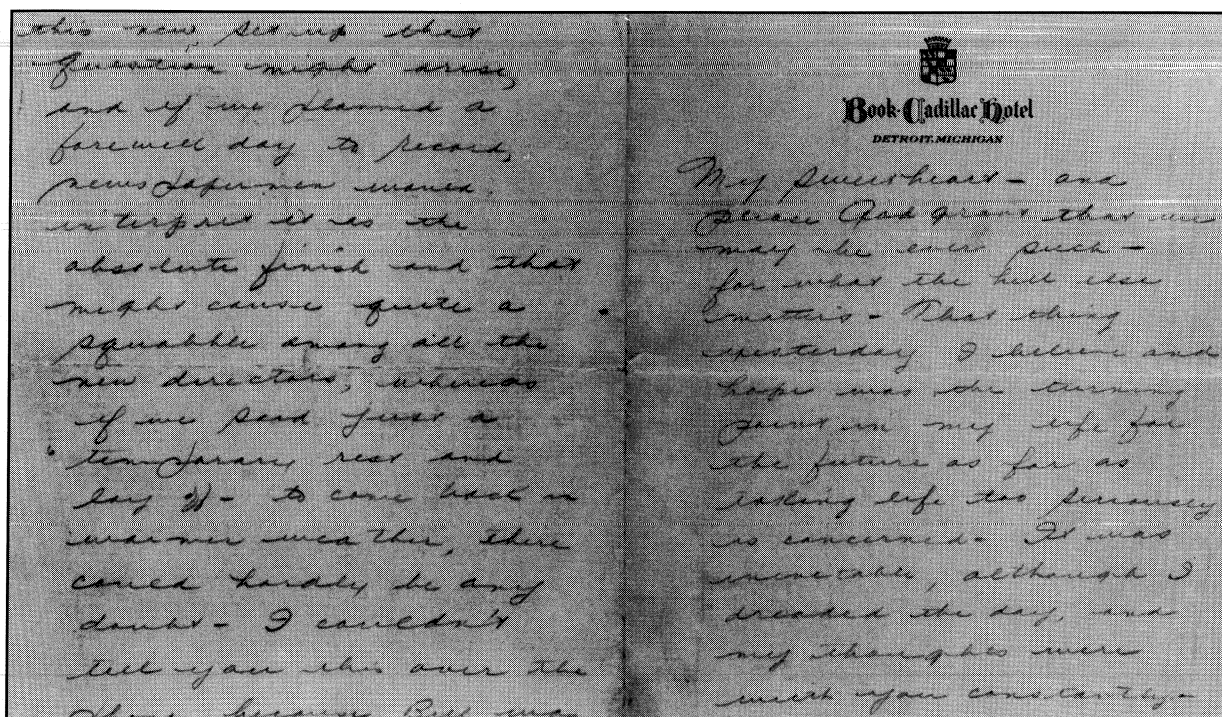
Ed Barrow became president of the Yankees in 1939, replacing the deceased Jacob Ruppert. Joe McCarthy was the Yankees manager—ED.

MY SWEETHEART—and please God grant that we may be ever such—for what the hell else matters— That thing yesterday I believe and hope was the turning point in my life for the future as far as taking life too seriously is concerned. It was inevitable, although I dreaded the day, and my thoughts were with you constantly—How would this affect you and that was the big question and the most important thought underlying everything. I broke just before the game because of thoughts of you. Not because I didn't know you are the bravest kind of partner, but because my inferiority grabbed me and made me wonder and ponder if I

could possibly prove myself worthy of you— As for me, the road may come to a dead end here, but why should it?— Seems like our backs are to the wall now, but there usually comes a way out. Where, and what, I know not, but who can tell that it might not lead right out to greater things?— Time will tell—

As for our suggestion of farewell tour and farewell day Joe [McCarthy] had a different but sensible idea— He said there wasn't any body [sic] more deserving of the remaining salary—and he wasn't afraid of Ed [Barrow], but with this new setup that question might arise, and if we planned a farewell day to record, newspapermen would interpret it as the absolute finish and that might cause quite a squabble among all the new directors, whereas if we said just a temporary rest and lay off—to come back in warmer weather, there could hardly be any doubt—I couldn't tell all this over the phone because Bill [Dickey?] was . . .

The remainder of this letter was unavailable for publication—ED.



No Cheap Homers for Ott

FRED STEIN

It was only later in his career that Mel Ott became a hometown hitter. Before then, the Little Giant could hurt you anywhere, whether at home in the cozy Polo Grounds or on the road.

MEL OTT LED THE NL both in home runs and walks six times and batted in more than 100 runs in eight seasons. At his retirement in 1947, Ott held NL career records for home runs (511), runs (1,859), and walks (1,708), all of which have since been broken.

Still, there could be a tendency to regard him as a "Polo Grounds ballplayer" because of the high percentage of his home runs which were hit at the bathtub-shaped park with its 258-foot right field foul line.

But closer examination shows that the Polo Grounds' advantage was significant only in the latter part of his career, 1939-47, when his power had waned. In those years 75 percent of his homers were hit at home.

However, during Ott's prime hitting years, 1928-38, only 58 percent were hit at the Polo Grounds.

By comparison, four other notable home run hitters had roughly comparable home run-at-home ratios:

Hank Greenberg	62 percent
Yogi Berra	59 percent
Ernie Banks	57 percent
Jimmie Foxx	56 percent

John Thorn and Pete Palmer, in their analysis of home and away hitting records in *Total Baseball*, concluded that the Polo Grounds may have turned Ott into a world-class *home run* hitter, but that he was a world-class hitter in his own right. Over his first nine seasons as a regular, Ott's average was .343 on the road and .286 at home.

Over his career, he batted fourteen points higher on the road than at home and hit significantly more singles, doubles, and triples away from home.

In 1929, he set still-existing NL road records for runs (79) and RBIs (87).

This would indicate that in parks where his pull-hitting ability might be wasted, he often went with the pitch rather than pulling the ball. In other words, about 130 doubles on the road were turned into home runs at the Polo Grounds.

Ott was a Hall of Fame hitter wherever he played, but he was

especially deadly at his home field, the Polo Grounds.

At fifteen, Ott was a stocky, apple-cheeked sandlot catcher in a New Orleans suburb. At sixteen, in September 1925, the scared, shy youngster arrived at the Polo Grounds, referred to Giants manager John McGraw by a friend.

Intrigued by Ott's unique hitting style and strong arm, McGraw signed the sturdy 5'9" kid to a contract and converted him into an outfielder. (In a famous, if probably apocryphal, quote, Ott is said to have told McGraw gravely that he had played the outfield "as a kid.")

For the next two seasons, Ott polished his skills as a part-time player while sitting next to McGraw on the Giants bench rather than being sent to the minors.

McGraw tutored Ott in the art of hitting to the opposite field, and the old Oriole insisted that the youngster become a proficient bunter. Mel mastered the strike zone and later became one of the consistent league leaders in drawing bases on balls.

THE OTT STYLE: ONE OF A KIND

Mel Ott had a unique batting style. His slightly upper-cutting swing was preceded by a "goose step" with his front leg, which became his trademark.

At the pitch, Ott dropped his hands below his waist, quickly hoisted his front leg high (many writers likened the move to a dog approaching a hydrant) before shifting his weight into the pitch. Ott explained later, "It probably compensated for my lack of size by giving me extra leverage as I moved forward."

Ott's style is often compared today with those of Harold Baines, Ruben Sierra, and former Japanese slugger Sadaharu Oh. Baines and Sierra lift their legs not quite as high. Oh curled his leg at the knee and held the pose longer than Ott. He also held his bat over his head, not at the waist, for balance.

Ott's kick was an integral part of his timing, varying with the speed and style of the pitcher. He was as successful against speedballers Van Lingle Mungo, Dazzy Vance, and Dizzy Dean as he was against slower pitchers, and he probably would adjust as effectively against today's fastball pitchers.

Ott's stocky legs and thighs tended to cramp, and McGraw hired a track coach to teach Ott to run properly on his toes. The Louisiana lad became an aggressive, intelligent baserunner under McGraw's gruff but loving tutelage.

The young man worked hard on fielding. He lacked speed but compensated by his knack of judging a flyball instantly, turning his back on a drive, and racing unerringly to its landing point, especially important at the Polo Grounds with its deep right-center field power alley. Ott's predecessor, Ross "Pep" Youngs, taught him to play caroms off the tricky right field wall.

Ott had a strong arm. At spring training in 1926 he pegged a ball to the plate about 400 feet when the generally recognized world record was 426 feet. He became deadly accurate throwing to the bases from deep right field.

In 1928 the twenty-one-year-old became the Giants' regular right fielder.

The little slugger had his first big season in 1929, hitting .328 with career highs of 151 RBIs and 42 HRs. He also gained recognition as a premier right fielder, racking up 26 assists. His 12 outfield double plays are still the NL record.

My earliest awareness of major league baseball came during the 1933 World Series between the Giants and the Washington Senators. The radio broadcasts were replete with the hitting heroics of Ott, who opened and closed the Series with game-winning home runs. And so at the age of nine, I became an ardent Ott fan.

I spent many happy afternoons and evenings at the Polo Grounds (in the bleachers usually) rooting for the Giants and my hero in particular. The clubhouse was located in deep center field, and the players moved within a few feet of us on their way to and from the field. I remember Ott as a stocky little man with dark curly hair and a deeply tanned, rather handsome, pleasant face. He spoke infrequently, in a soft, Southern drawl but smiled often as he talked with veteran fans he recognized.

I recall thinking: "How can such a small man with such a quiet manner be one of baseball's most powerful hitters?"

Ott weighed about 170 pounds, spotting his slugging contemporaries twenty-five or fifty pounds. Yet Bill James, in his *Historical Baseball Abstract* of 1985, ranked Ott second only to Babe Ruth among right fielders for Peak Value and fourth behind Ruth, Henry Aaron, and Frank Robinson in Career Value.

Ott led the club in home runs for an incredible eighteen consecutive years and led his team in RBIs in eleven of those seasons.

During the 1933-38 period, the low-scoring Giants finished first three times, second once, and third the other two seasons. Virtually carrying the offensive load over these successful campaigns, Ott led the club runner-up in RBIs by a remarkable average of 37 RBIs:

Year	Rank	Runs	Ott RBIs	Runner-up	RBIs
1933	1	636	103	Vergez	72
1934	2	760	135	Jackson	101
1935	3	770	114	Leiber	107
1936	1	742	135	Leiber	67
1937	1	732	95	Ripple	66
1938	3	705	116	Leiber	65

In addition, the "Little Giant" often left his right-field stronghold to play third base in three seasons, notably in 1937, when his move

THE POLO GROUNDS— IT COULD HELP YOU OR KILL YOU

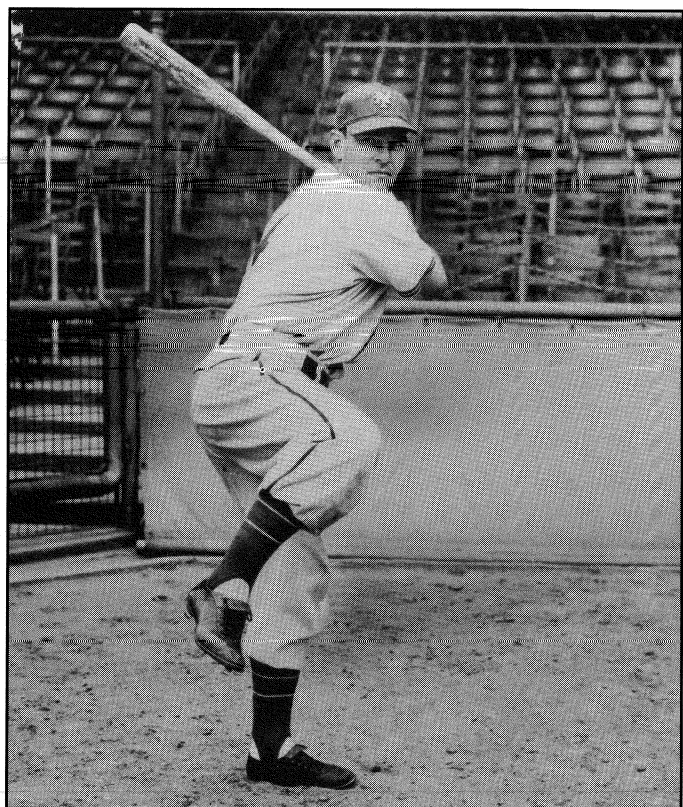
The unusual layout of the Polo Grounds included eleven-foot-high fences a mere 258 feet down the right field line and 280 feet down the left field line.

However, the ballpark was rectangular-shaped and the alleys extended to more than 450 feet from the plate, and dead center field terminated at the clubhouse 483 feet away. Accordingly, the park was ideal for a hitter capable of pulling the ball directly down the foul lines. But many long drives which were not hit close to the foul lines were easy outs.

A good many cheap Polo Grounds home runs were opposite-field bloopers, hit almost accidentally by weak hitters and barely reaching the grandstand seats near the foul lines. In his first major league at bat, at the Polo Grounds, Giants knuckleballer Hoyt Wilhelm dropped an "excuse me" 258-foot home run into the right-field seats on April 25, 1952. It was Wilhelm's only home run in 432 major league at bats.

Straightaway power hitters like Bill Terry were disadvantaged, and Johnny Mize, who played for the Giants in the 1940s, referred to the deep power alley as a "disaster."

Mel Ott, the quintessential pull-hitter, utilized the short right field foul line against the futile efforts of pitchers to prevent him from pulling. It should be noted that his Polo Grounds home runs typically were not rainbow-shaped bloop hits in the 260-280-foot range but well-stroked drives into the upper stands.



Mel Ott

was the key to the Giants' pennant.

There was another dimension to Mel Ott which merits fond recollection—the special kind of man he was and the devotion of his legion of fans, his fellow players, and the baseball writers, who made him an honorary member of the New York chapter of the Baseball Writers Association of America. Ott made friends in all the parks around the NL—even in Brooklyn. He talked pleasantly with fans in other cities and even had them counseling him on how to play their hometown hitters.

At the Polo Grounds, even well-to-do customers bought less expensive seats in right field (known as "Ottville") just to be nearer their hero.

In 1938 a breakfast food company polled fans around the country to select the most popular major league players at each position. There was consternation when Ott was named at both right field and third base.

Ott succeeded Giants manager Bill Terry on December 2, 1941, just five days before Pearl Harbor. The cold, businesslike Terry was generally unpopular, and his replacement by the sweet-natured Ott was hailed by players, fans, and the press, although it was predicted correctly that Ott was too gentlemanly to be a successful manager.

Still his team's best player, Ott, along with Johnny Mize, slugged the Giants to a surprise third-place finish in 1942.

But Ott never had pitching strength and defense, and after seven-and-a-half frustrating seasons, he was replaced by Giants' nemesis Leo Durocher in a shocking managerial change.

In one of the most impressive tributes to a New York player, more than 53,000 crowded the Polo Grounds on "Mel Ott Night" in 1940. Characteristically modest about his achievements on the field, Ott told writers for years later that the tribute from the fans was his greatest baseball thrill.

Mel Ott died in an automobile accident in 1958.



Chuck Klein

TREASURES FROM "BASEBALL'S ATTIC"

In my job as Senior Research Associate at the National Baseball Library, I spend five days a week doing research for other people. As a result, I encounter a fair number of interesting research gems and tidbits, some by design and others by serendipity. Some of these are sprinkled throughout this edition of the *Baseball Research Journal*. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed unearthing them.

I will take this opportunity to answer some of the most common questions we receive at the NBL, hopefully to save a few phone calls and letters:

1. How much is my old (mitt, book, baseball card, autographed ball) worth? **Answer:** whatever someone will pay you for it. There are numerous collectors' publications on the market to help you in contacting memorabilia dealers and experts. The Hall of Fame does not buy or sell historical artifacts, nor does it provide the services of authenticating or appraising collectibles. It is a nonprofit corporation whose artifacts are all donated, and whose purpose is to preserve baseball history for the education and entertainment of the public.
2. Why isn't (pick a name) in the Hall of Fame? **Answer:** because he never got enough votes. To earn enshrinement, a

candidate must be named on 75 percent of the ballots cast in an election held by either the Baseball Writers' Association of America or the Hall of Fame Committee on Baseball Veterans. We can't account for these groups' reasons for electing or not electing somebody. We don't pick 'em, we just honor 'em.

3. Who is inducted into the (Writers', Broadcasters') Wing of the Hall of Fame? **Answer:** nobody, because there are no such wings. Broadcasters and writers are not eligible for election to the Hall (Henry Chadwick was elected as a pioneer). Two prestigious media awards are presented annually at Cooperstown: the J. G. Taylor Spink Award and the Ford C. Frick Award, which go to a writer and broadcaster, respectively, for "contributions to baseball." Winners of these awards are listed on two plaques which hang in the library building.
4. What two members of the Hall of Fame had nothing to do with baseball? **Answer:** nobody; everybody enshrined was either a player, manager, executive, umpire, or pioneer of the game. Abbott and Costello are not members of the Hall.

—Bill Deane

No Freebie for Klein

ED "DUTCH" DOYLE

Five free passes from the Phillies during a Philadelphia-New York doubleheader might have cost Mel Ott the NL home run crown.

DID THE PHILLIES' PITCHERS walk Mel Ott intentionally five times on October 5, 1929 to help throw the home run race to their teammate Chuck Klein?

Phils manager Burt Shotten denied it vehemently.

Both Ott and Klein were tied at 42 apiece going into the Saturday doubleheader. Philadelphia's Baker Bowl was a tempting target for both men. Both were left-handed pull hitters, and the right-field line was only 280 feet away.

In that same doubleheader, the Phils' Lefty O'Doul began the day with 248 hits and needed three more to break Rogers Hornsby's record of 250. Klein's 42 homers tied him with the Giants' Ott. New York manager John McGraw said he would shut down both by starting two left-handers, Carl Hubbell (18-11) and Bill Walker (14-7).

The two were like batting practice pitchers to O'Doul, who got 6 hits to finish with 254.

But Klein experienced extreme difficulty with only 1 hit in 9 at bats.

In the fifth inning of the first game he sent a high shot down the right-field foul line. It hit the foul pole, and Ott chased it down as Chuck lumbered into third in what everyone thought was a triple, but the umpire sent him home with home run number 43 that won the title for him.

Meanwhile Ott walked once in the game, though it was not intentional. He got no home runs.

If there was a controversy, it was in the second game as Ott singled and walked five times. It has to be said about Ott: He was a looker, as two other times in his career he walked five times.

Shotten said, "The pitchers were instructed to pitch Ott high and outside, as it would be difficult to hit a home run to left field."

However, in the ninth with the bases filled with Giants, pitcher Phil Collins (9-7) did walk Ott on purpose, even though there was no tactical reason: It was a runaway ballgame.

Klein's season was over.

But Ott had one game left in Boston to tie or beat Klein's total. In fact, McGraw put him in the leadoff spot so he could get an extra at bat. In his five plate appearances, Mel walked once and singled twice against three Boston righthanders. (One of them, Bill Clarkson, pitched only seven innings that year.)

That left Klein the king:

	AB	HR	BB
Klein	616	43	54
Ott	545	42	113

SUDDEN DEATH, BASEBALL STYLE

More than 350 former major league players have been the victims of accidental deaths, suicides, or murders. Among the more bizarre of these demises: John Glenn was accidentally shot by a policeman trying to protect him from a lynch mob (1888); Charlie Snyder suffered a fractured skull upon being evicted from a hotel (1901); Pat Hynes was shot by a bartender on his birthday, during an argument over credit for two beers (1907); Bugs Raymond was bludgeoned with a baseball bat (1912); Ed Irvin was thrown out of a saloon window to die on the street (1916); Art Irwin plunged from a steamer into the Atlantic Ocean, leaving behind a wife and fam-

ily in New York, and another wife and family in Boston (1921); Guy Tutwhiler was hit by a trestle while walking on a boxcar (1930); Jack Powell choked in a restaurant after boasting that he could swallow a steak whole—"Watch this!" were his last words (1930); Len Koenecke went berserk on a plane and was battered to death by the pilot with a fire extinguisher (1935); Rube Vinson fell from a window while washing it (1951); and Terry Lyons was asphyxiated by his dentist (1959).

—Bill Deane

Has Japanese Baseball Come up to Major League Level?

KAZUO SAYAMA

In 1990 Japanese ballplayers defeated an American team for the second time in the last twenty years. Could a real "world" series be nearing?

"First it was cameras, cars, and electronics," wrote Dan Biers of AP. "And now, horror of horrors, is baseball to be the next U.S. industry to find itself outgunned by the Japanese juggernaut? The question, which would have evoked laughs just a week ago, seems suddenly pertinent with the embarrassing showing of a U.S. all-star baseball team touring Japan for an eight-game series."

IN THE FALL OF 1990, a U.S. all-star team came to Japan for eight games against Japanese teams. The result for the Americans was three wins, four losses, and one draw. It was the second such series in history in which the Japanese won more games than they lost. The first was in 1970, when the San Francisco Giants had three wins against six losses.

The U.S. team was not a pick-up team of just average quality. Nineteen members had taken part in the All Stars Game the previous summer.

In Japan we saw two faces on the American team that were familiar to us. One was, of course, Cecil Fielder of the Detroit Tigers, who had played in 1989 for the Hanshin Tigers of our Central League. He hit 38 home runs and drove in 81 runs in 106 games that year. In 1990 he played for the Tigers in the American League and hit 51 home runs.

Another familiar face was that of Don Zimmer, manager of the Chicago Cubs. Don played with the Toei Flyers in Japan's Pacific League in 1966, hitting 9 home runs and batting .182.

We also faced sluggers of whom we had only heard or read: Barry Bonds of the Pirates, with 33 home runs, and Kelly Gruber of the Blue Jays, who hit 31 in 1990.

Among the starting pitchers were Dave Stewart of the Oakland Athletics, 22-11; Dave Stieb of the Blue Jays, 18-6; and Randy Johnson of the Mariners, 14-11. All of them recorded no-hitters in 1990. Bobby Thigpen of the White Sox saved 57 games, a major league record. Against this strong twenty-six-member club, the Japanese scored 34 runs, compared to 35 for the U.S., with a batting average of .245 (U.S. .250).

What are the main reasons behind the new Japanese proficiency? Let's try to find the answers in the games.

Game 1: Japan 4, U.S. 1

The major leaguers were held to just two hits. Takehiro Ikéyama of the Yakult Swallows doubled in two runs. Said Don Zimmer: "We're just not hitting. They're all pitching well. Their best weapon is throwing strikes."

Masumi Kuwata does not have a big body, but he has a fine fastball and a sharp curve. His 2.51 ERA was the second best in the Central League. Masao Kida was third with 2.71.

Game 2: Japan 4, U.S. 3

After Cecil Fielder hit a single in the second inning, Glenn Davis hammered a home run to left field off 20-game winner Masaki Saito, the top thrower of the Central League, giving the major leaguers a 2-1 lead. But the Japanese came right back in the third on a walk and three singles.

Fielder had a chance to be a hero when he came up with two runners on and no outs in the ninth, but he grounded into a double play.

The Yomiuri Giants' manager Motoshi Fujita had said after Game One that the U.S. majors were still sleeping. After Game Two, he said they still had not awakened.

Game 3: Japan 2, U.S. 1

"I don't want flowers," was the remark of the skipper Don Zimmer after the game. "I want a W."

Two major leaguers were thrown out trying to advance on fly outs, one was caught stealing and another was picked off base. The Japanese, meanwhile, turned a walk, a stolen base, and a single into the go-ahead run.

The major leaguers went ahead in the first inning when Ken Griffey, Jr., doubled and scored on Barry Bonds' single.

Japan tied the score in the fifth when a blooper to right by Tsutomu Ito fell between three players for a double, and teammate Tsuji followed with another double to left.

The Americans loaded the bases in the ninth but failed to score.

Game 4: Japan 11, U.S. 6

Cecil Fielder, who was 1-for-5 at the plate, said, "All of them are playing well. We've got to play to win."

Zimmer's comment: "First of all, they're outpitching and they're outplaying us. They've played better baseball than we have. They're a lot better than when I came over here in 1966. They're bigger and stronger, and they're playing better baseball."

Game 5: U.S. 10, Japan 5

At first, this game seemed as if it would end up like the former games of the series. But Fielder, who was with the Hanshin Tigers in 1989, was a hero here in his old home park. He hit a three-run homer and tied the game 5-5 in the eighth inning. Julio Franco followed with a single and Jesse Barfield hit a two-run homer.

As for the home run, Fielder said, "That's for my Hanshin fans. They've been very good fans for me, so they deserve something for it."

Referring to the sluggish start of the series, Barry Bonds said, "When the players have a month off, and have to come here with only one day of practice, it's kind of tough. We knew it was going to be a matter of time. We just had to keep playing right through the losing streak. When you lose four games in a row, you kind of get tired of it, so you want to do some kind of good."

Game 6: Japan 6, U.S. 6

This draw meant the Japanese won the eight-game '90 "Super Major Series."

In the seventh, the U.S. team knotted the score at 6-6 on a two-run single by Kelly Gruber and an RBI single by Jesse Barfield. Fireballing relief specialist Tsuyoshi Yoda blanked the major leaguers in the eighth and ninth innings, and Bobby Thigpen of the White Sox did likewise to the Japanese All-Stars.

Game 7: U.S. 3, Japan 2

Rob Dibble relieved Dave Stewart, who scattered four hits before giving up two runs on three hits in the seventh.

In the fourth inning, Cecil Fielder walked, went to second on a passed ball, then scored on a throwing error by the Japanese shortstop, Takéhiro Ikéyama. Len Dykstra hit a home run to right in the fifth inning, making it 2-0.

In the seventh inning Koji Akiyama tied the game by slugging a triple to the right-field wall.

In the last inning, the U.S. had a lucky run on a pitch that hit the ground and bounced off the catcher.

Game 8: U.S. 5, Japan 0 (No-Hitter)

Chuck Finley (Angels) and Randy Johnson (Mariners) combined to no-hit the Japanese All Stars. Greg Olson (Braves) hit a three-run homer in the second inning off Pacific League MVP and Rookie of the Year Hideo Nomo.

The victory put a brilliant final touch to the strong second half of the series for the major leaguers.

Finley said, "Leaving with a no-hitter, that's the best note you can leave on. I don't care where it is. If it is in Hawaii, Guam, or Japan or anywhere, it's still a thrill. They don't happen every day."

The Mariners' Ken Griffey, Jr. (8-for-19) was voted the Most

Valuable Player for the major league team. Koji Akiyama (7-for-27) was voted the MVP of the Japanese All Stars. Makoto Sasaki (9-for-21) also received an award.

Many wonder what allowed the Japanese to win. Some say it was due to the schedule, and some contend that the tour was nothing more than a paid vacation for the Americans. Some asserted that jet lag accounted for everything, and others complained that the major leagues didn't send the best all stars here, saying, "There's no Rickey Henderson, no Cal Ripken, no Carlton Fisk, no Jose Canseco, no Roger Clemens."

These remarks are similar to those made previously, whenever U.S. players didn't fare well here. Such clichés will blur the true reasons for the Japanese success.

- 1) **Training in the States.** Every Japanese professional ballclub has been sending promising young players to instructional leagues in America. Koji Akiyama, the MVP of the Japanese team, is one of the graduates.
- 2) **Experience in international games.** The Japanese have had many chances to play in international games while they were in college or on nonprofessional teams. They have gotten accustomed to top-level amateur baseball in the world.
- 3) **Improvement in physique with new ways of training and new equipment.** The Japanese have far better constitutions now.

Then can we say that the Japanese have come up to the majors' level? Is Japanese baseball to follow on the path of cameras, cars, and electronics?

To be fair, we have to further consider the eight games. The playing field was not exactly even for both sides. The Americans brought only nine pitchers (and Ramon Martinez went home while the series was still going on).

Thirty-five pitchers went to the mound for the Japanese teams. Among them two top rookie hurlers—Hideo Nomo and Tsuyoshi Yoda—threw three times.

On average, Japanese teams had five pitchers per game—ace hurlers of their own teams—throwing only two or three innings by turns. This will explain such a small number of home runs by the Americans. This might give some clue of what Japanese teams must do to win against American teams: change pitchers every two or three innings before the visitors get used to a pitcher.

I am writing this, not because I want the Japanese to have the advantage, but because I want everything for both sides to be fair. On a strictly fair basis, I don't think the result will be the same. And the Americans had that jet lag and other inconveniences.

Can a Japanese professional baseball team fare well in either of the U.S. major leagues?

My opinion is that Japanese will find all conditions greatly different. Japanese distances are not so great as in the States. They would find transportation tiring in the American continent. On top of that, the majors have more games—thirty-two more than the Japanese leagues. Could the Japanese stand these tougher conditions?

It is true that Japanese players are gaining power and strength, but if it is not a short series, they probably could not be so happy as they were in the first four games of this series.

"The Japanese are getting better," acknowledged former Lotte Orions outfielder Leron Lee. "But it's not enough yet."

"It's like trying to drive 500 miles on a gallon of gas. For a while they can go all right, but then they run out of steam."

1990 U.S.-JAPAN "SUPER MAJOR SERIES"

Game/Location	Attendance	Results
1. Tokyo Dome	33,000	Japan 4 (Kuwata) U.S. 1 (Boyd)
2. Tokyo Dome	56,000	Japan 4 (Miyamoto) U.S. 3 (Finley)
3. Tokyo	25,000	Japan 2 (Nomo) U.S. 1 (Dibble)
4. Fukuoka	23,000	Japan 11 (Yamaoki) U.S. 6 (Stieb) HR: Ishii, Barfield
5. Koshien	32,000	U.S. 10 (Dibble) Japan 5 (Imanaka) HR: Fielder, Barfield, Ochiai, Hirose, Griffey, Jr., Bonds
6. Chiba	23,000	Japan 6 U.S. 6
7. Tokyo Dome	43,000	U.S. 3 (Stewart) Japan 2 (Imaraka) HR: Dykstra
8. Tokyo Dome	56,000	U.S. 5 (Finley) Japan 0 (Nomo) HR: G. Olson; No-hitter for Finley and Johnson

U.S. ALL-STARS PLAYERS (1990)

PLAYER (Team)	AB	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SO	SB	E	BA
Scioscia (Dodgers)	8	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	.250
Alomar, S. (Indians)	11	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	.182
Olson (Braves)	7	1	0	0	1	3	1	0	0	.143
Fielder (Tigers)	28	4	0	0	1	4	9	0	0	.143
Davis (Astros)	20	5	0	0	1	4	5	0	0	.250

Alomar, R. (Indians)	13	2	0	0	0	1	5	2	1	.154
Franco (Rangers)	16	4	1	0	0	0	3	1	0	.250
Gruber (Blue Jays)	16	5	2	0	0	3	1	0	1	.313
Sabo (Reds)	17	6	0	0	0	0	1	4	0	.353
Dunston (Cubs)	11	2	0	0	0	1	0	3	1	.182
Guillen (White Sox)	17	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	.000
Bonds (Pirates)	17	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	.333
Griffey, Sr. (Mariners)	9	2	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	.222
Griffey, Jr. (Mariners)	19	8	1	0	1	3	1	6	0	.421
Barfield (Yankees)	22	7	1	0	2	4	6	0	0	.318
Dykstra (Phillies)	17	5	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	.294
Reynolds (Pirates)	12	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.333
TOTALS	264	66	10	1	8	33	38	19	9	.250

U.S. ALL-STARS PITCHERS (1990)

PLAYER/TEAM	G	W	L	S	IP	H	HR	SO	BB	ERA
Johnson (Mariners)	3	0	0	1	10	6	2	10	8	3.60
Dibble (Reds)	4	1	1	1	7	3	0	11	2	1.29
Finley (Angels)	3	1	1	0	11	7	0	12	7	1.64
Stewart (Athletics)	2	1	0	0	13	12	0	7	3	2.08
Thigpen (White Sox)	4	0	0	0	4	6	0	1	2	2.25
Martinez (Dodgers)	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	4	0	0.00
Boyd (Expos)	3	0	1	0	9.1	12	0	8	7	8.68
Stieb (Blue Jays)	2	0	1	0	8	11	0	9	4	3.38
Montgomery (Royals)	3	0	0	0	5.2	8	1	8	4	7.94
TOTALS	8	3	4	2	70	66	3	70	37	3.60

JAPANESE ALL-STARS PLAYERS (1990)

	SEASON BA	AB	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	E	BA
Ito (Lions)	[.281]	9	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	.333
Kiyohara (Lions)	[.307]	30	5	1	0	0	2	1	2	.167
Ishii (Buffaloes)	[.300]	11	3	1	0	1	2	0	0	.173
Ikéyama (Swallows)	[.303]	21	5	2	0	0	2	1	1	.238
Nishimura (Orions)	[.338]	9	2	0	0	0	1	4	0	.222
Hirose (swallows)	[.317]	13	3	1	0	1	3	0	0	.231
Yamazaki (Whales)	[.256]	8	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	.375
Akiyama (Lions)	[.256]	27	7	1	1	0	3	2	0	.259
Sasaki	[.256]	21	9	0	1	0	3	3	0	.429
Ochiai (Dragons)	[.290]	14	4	1	0	1	3	0	0	.286
Hara (Giants)	[.303]	7	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	.286
TOTAL		269	66	13	2	3	31	14	4	.245

When Orlando Cepeda reached his 27th birthday on September 17, 1964, his career statistics to that point looked very similar to Henry Aaron's at the same age:

	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	BA
Cepeda	1049	4046	642	1254	223	22	221	743	91	.310
Aaron	1039	4114	714	1309	225	57	219	743	36	.318

Cepeda's career was curtailed by a serious knee injury shortly thereafter, while Aaron's progress continued unabated.

—Bill Deane

Love Story in Milwaukee

BOB BUEGE

The home of the Braves from 1953 to 1965. What made the romance so wonderful and how did it fade?

ON MARCH 15, 1953, a cold, rainy Sunday afternoon, 10,000 people braved the elements to sit in the stands of Milwaukee County Stadium. No ballgame was scheduled, though. In fact, Milwaukee had no major league baseball team. What they had was a publicly financed stadium that was not quite completed and a rumor that the Boston Braves might soon relocate to Beertown on the shores of Lake Michigan. Three days later that rumor became reality, and Milwaukee fell instantly and passionately in love with its new ballclub.

Of course fans in Wisconsin had no reason to expect a winning team. The 1952 team had finished seventh, with no pitcher with over fourteen wins, no .300 hitter, and the second worst team batting average in the majors. Only 281,000 customers had bothered to attend games at Braves Field in 1952.

Something wonderful happened when the Braves arrived in Milwaukee, though. Twelve thousand people mobbed the train station to greet the team on its arrival from spring training, an early indicator of the league attendance record the Braves would set in their first Milwaukee season—1,826,397 in 1953.

The next season the Braves smashed their own record, attracting over two million fanatics to County Stadium. The attendance topped two million in each of the next three seasons. It was great to be young and a Milwaukee Braves fan. Let me try to explain why.

THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES were able to rise from the ashes of the terrible Boston team because of additions like Bob Buhl, Billy Bruton, Joe Adcock, and Andy Pafko.

The thirty-two-year-old Pafko, obtained from Brooklyn, was a Wisconsin native who became an immediate Milwaukee favorite. His headfirst slides, his diving catches, his steady hitting, and his dexterity in pregame cow-milking contests captured the hearts of Wisconsinites. He was voted "Best of the Braves" by adoring fans and awarded not one but two new automobiles in September 1953. The Braves had more talented players, but none more popular than "Handy Andy" Pafko.

Another instant Milwaukee hero was Boston holdover Max Surkont. With the Braves saving Warren Spahn for the home

opener, Surkont pitched the season and franchise inaugural in Cincinnati on April 13, 1953. All he did was fire a three-hit, no-walk shutout to give Milwaukee its first National League victory since 1878, 2-0. And that was just the beginning. On May 25 Surkont won his sixth game without a loss, beating the Reds and establishing a modern major league record by striking out eight batters in a row.

For the first two months, Surkont was the Milwaukee Braves' leading pitcher, with nine complete-game victories and only one loss. After that marvelous start, though, Surkont fell victim to substance abuse. In his case, the substance was Polish sausage. Polish fans in Milwaukee learned about their fellow Pole's love of kielbasa and sent cases of the tasty sausage to Surkont. He ate so much of it that his weight soared, along with his earned run average. He won just two more games after June 16, then was traded to the Pirates the day after Christmas.

Another Milwaukee hero emerged on Opening Day. Rookie center fielder Billy Bruton singled, stole second, scored the Braves' first run since Boston, then saved the game with two spectacular catches. The next day Bruton won the home opener with a tenth-inning home run, the only home run he would hit that year, and he, like the Braves, was off and running. Bruton led the league in stolen bases that season plus the next two, and his team won 92 games and finished a surprising second behind the Brooklyn Dodgers.

HAVING SURPASSED the fans' wildest expectations, the Braves made a bold off-season trade that they expected would result in a 1954 pennant. They were right, but unfortunately the pennant belonged to the New York Giants. The Braves obtained Bobby Thomson, only two seasons removed from baseball's most dramatic home run.

The Braves had to give the Giants two lefthanded pitchers, including Johnny Antonelli. In 1954 Antonelli won 21 games, lost

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only 7, led the league with a 2.30 ERA, and paced the Giants in a pennant and a World Series sweep.

And Bobby Thomson? He broke his ankle in spring training. In his absence the Braves had to call up, a year earlier than anticipated, a twenty-year-old former cross-handed-hitting shortstop named Henry Aaron, who managed to have a fairly successful career.

But the 1954 Braves could not overcome a series of injuries and finished third.

The next season they returned to second. But the pivotal event in franchise history probably occurred on June 16, 1956, when banjo-playing Charlie Grimm resigned under pressure and Fred Haney became Milwaukee's manager. On the day Haney took the reins, the Braves were in fifth place; under Haney, though, they won their first eleven games in a row. In fact, from Haney's first day until the end of the decade, the Milwaukee Braves were the best team in baseball. During Haney's three-and-a-half-year tenure, the Braves won more games than any team in either league.

Haney's 1956 Braves took a one-game lead into the season's final three-game series in St. Louis, with their Big Three pitchers ready to nail down Milwaukee's first pennant. In the opener, though, the Cardinals jumped on Bob Buhl in the first inning, and the Braves' slim advantage was gone, by a 5-4 score.

In the year's most crucial game, Braves ace southpaw Warren Spahn dueled Herm Wehmeier to a 1-1 standoff for eleven innings. Twice in the ninth inning the Braves threatened with drives to deep center, by Eddie Mathews and Jack Dittmer, but each time journeyman center fielder Bobby Del Greco ran them down and caught them at the wall.

Finally, in the bottom of the twelfth, the Cardinals put two men on base with one out. Spahn looked as if he was out of the inning when Rip Repulski slapped a double play ball toward Mathews at third, but the ball took a crazy hop, caromed off Mathews' knee into foul territory, and Stan Musial scored the tie-breaking, heart-breaking run. Despite Lew Burdette's 4-2 victory the next afternoon, the Braves' pennant dream was dead, and Don Larsen had to pitch his perfect game against the Dodgers.

AND THEN, AT LAST, it happened. After four years of high hopes and an agonizing near-miss, the Braves reached the World Series in 1957. To win their first pennant, Haney's team required contributions from unexpected sources. Just hours before the June 15 trade deadline, the Braves acquired second baseman Red Schoendienst from the Giants. "The Red Head" proceeded to bat .310 and lead the league's second basemen in fielding.

Four days later the Braves recalled outfielder Wes Covington from their Wichita farm team. Covington blasted 21 home runs and drove in 65 runs in just 96 games, then made a game-saving catch in the World Series.

A week later, the Braves brought up relief pitcher Don McMahon from Wichita. In his first six appearances he worked ten innings, allowed five hits and one walk, and no runs. He couldn't keep his ERA at zero all season, but he did finish at 1.54 in 32 appearances, with a 2-3 record and 9 saves. If the '57 Braves had an unsung hero, it was Don McMahon.

Two other minor league call-ups illustrate the kind of year 1957 was. With Bruton out for the year following a collision, the call went

out to Bob, "Hurricane" Hazle, named after Hazel, a 1954 storm. Pressed into starting duty on July 31, Hazle batted .403 in the final two months. In one six-game stretch, Hazle had four hits in one game and three hits three times—hence the nickname, "Hurricane."

Less spectacular but perhaps even more amazing was Vernal "Nippy" Jones, a former paraplegic who had been out of major league baseball for five years. Jones had been the St. Louis Cardinals' regular first baseman in 1948 and 1949, with Stan Musial moving to the outfield to make room for him. Jones hit .300 in 1949, but a herniated disk left him paralyzed from the waist down. He spent most of that winter in a wheelchair, fearing he would never walk again, much less play baseball. Through rehabilitation he regained use of his legs and played five years in the minors. With Joe Adcock sidelined by a broken leg, the Braves used Jones at first base and in the outfield. He won a couple of games for them with clutch hits, one a three-run eleventh-inning home run off Stu Miller. Of course, he saved his big moment for the World Series.

The Braves took over first place in early August, and on September 23, 1957, the bridesmaid finally became a bride. On a chilly evening at County Stadium, after eleven tension-packed innings, with two out, Henry Aaron stroked a Billy Muffett pitch over the center-field fence and lifted his team up the final step to the National League pennant, six games over St. Louis. For the assembled 40,000 idolaters, and for the countless thousands of spellbound radio listeners, it was not the most important event in their lives—it just seemed like it. Aaron's home run made official what Braves fans had known for some time—the Milwaukee Braves were the best team in the National League.

They faced one more obstacle—the hallowed Yankees of the Naked City, of Casey Stengel and Mickey Mantle, winners of seven World Series in the previous ten years. Everybody knows the Braves from Bushville beat the Bronx Bombers, four games to three, behind three complete-game masterpieces by former Yankee Lew Burdette; not everyone, though, remembers the crucial two innings in Game Four that turned the Series around.

With Milwaukee leading 4-1 in the ninth and two out, Warren Spahn allowed two singles and, shockingly, a game-tying three-run home run by Elston Howard. The Braves failed to score, and in the top of the tenth Hank Bauer tripled home the lead run. It appeared that two careless pitches might have cost Spahn the game, which would put the Yankees up, three games to one, and probably spell doom for Milwaukee.

Spahn was scheduled to lead off in the Braves' last gasp, but Haney sent Nippy Jones to pinch-hit. Tommy Byrne's pitch bounced in the dirt, and Jones claimed it hit his foot. Umpire Augie Donatelli examined the ball, discovered shoe polish, and sent Jones down to first base and into baseball legend. Jones was replaced by a pinch runner and never played major league baseball again. A sacrifice bunt by Red Schoendienst, a double by Johnny Logan, and a home run by Eddie Mathews tied the Series at two games each, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Nineteen fifty-eight brought the Braves another pennant and a seven-game loss to the Yanks.

In 1959 Milwaukee boasted three Hall of Famers in their prime. Warren Spahn led the league, as usual, with 21 wins and 21 com-

plete games. Eddie Mathews led the majors with 46 home runs and batted a career-high .306. Hank Aaron added 39 homers and achieved career highs of 223 hits, 46 doubles, a .355 batting average, and 400 total bases.

Besides the Hall of Famers, Lew Burdette won 21 games, Bob Buhl won 15 with a 2.86 ERA, Don McMahon saved as many games as anyone in either league, Joe Adcock batted .292 with 25 home runs, Billy Bruton hit .289, Johnny Logan hit .291, and Del Crandall belted 21 homers and led the league in fielding for catchers. If they couldn't win with that team, they never would—and they never did again.

THE FINAL SIX YEARS of the Braves in Milwaukee showed a steady decline. Late in 1962 a syndicate of Chicago entrepreneurs (read: a pack of wolves) purchased the team from Lou Perini, and in a short time the theme song of the Braves was "Georgia on My Mind." Yet even amid the acrimony, front-office lying, and courtroom bickering, the Braves finished just five games away from the World Series in 1964, and in their lame duck season they occupied first place on August 19. When the Braves' owners absconded to the Land of the Pecan after the 1965 season, a stain was placed on major league baseball.

How good were the Milwaukee Braves? They were the leading home run-hitting franchise ever, averaging 171 homers per season

TANDEM SLUGGERS

The Milwaukee Braves not only produced the most prolific home run hitter the game has witnessed in Henry Aaron, but also the leading home run tandem in Aaron and Mathews, surpassing Ruth and Gehrig and Mays and McCovey and all the rest. They produced the winningest lefthander ever in Warren Spahn, who since World War I is the major league leader in games won, complete games, and shutouts. They produced the winningest pair of pitchers in a ten-year partnership, Spahn and Lew Burdette, with 372 wins. Those two roommates also pitched three no-hitters in a fifty-three-game span, a record frequency for teammates.

In addition, many of the Milwaukee Braves' single-game exploits are unsurpassed. On May 31, 1958, Aaron, Mathews, and Wes Covington hit home runs on three consecutive pitches by Ron Kline. On June 8, 1961, Mathews, Aaron, Adcock, and Frank Thomas established a major league record with four consecutive home runs. Joe Adcock's four home runs and a double on July 31, 1954, set the single-game total base standard.

And on May 26, 1959, Harvey Haddix pitched twelve perfect innings against Milwaukee—and Lew Burdette beat him!

during their existence. They hit 2,230 home runs, more than any other National League team during any thirteen-year period. They won 83 games or more for thirteen straight years, a figure unexcelled in league history.

The Milwaukee Braves won 56.3 percent of the games they played, the best all-time percentage of any franchise except the Yankees. Finally, unique in American professional sports, the Milwaukee Braves *never* suffered a losing season.

And so, out of respect for the most successful team in National League history, here is a final glimpse—a time capsule of the Milwaukee Braves' last home game. The Braves lost the game to the Los Angeles Dodgers, 7–6, but the score scarcely mattered. On a pleasant autumn evening, September 22, 1965, the remains of the Milwaukee Braves Baseball Club were finally laid to rest. The 12,577 mourners who attended the graveside ceremony did not wear black arm bands or veils, but they may as well have. The corpse had been dead for well over a year. The stadium bugler, after years of playing "Charge!" to activate the crowd, played instead a solemn rendition of "Taps." In lieu of a eulogy, the grieving friends of the deceased showed their respect with standing ovations.

THE MILWAUKEE BRAVES, 1953–65

Year	W	L	Pct.	GB	Place	Att.	Remarks
1952	64	89	.418	-32	7th	281,278	Last year as Boston Braves
1953	92	62	.597	-13	2nd	1,826,397	New NL attendance record.
1954	89	65	.578	-8	3rd	2,131,388	New NL attendance record.
1955	85	69	.552	-13.5	2nd	2,005,836	Dodgers led entire season.
1956	92	62	.597	-1	2nd	2,046,331	Lost on final weekend.
1957	95	59	.617	+8	1st	2,215,404	1st pennant; won World Series.
1958	92	62	.597	+8	1st	1,971,101	2nd pennant; lost World Series.
1959	86	70	.551	–	1st(T)	1,749,112	Lost 2 games in playoff.
1960	88	66	.571	-7	2nd	1,497,799	Charlie Dressen's 1st year.
1961	83	71	.539	-10	4th	1,101,441	Dressen again.
1962	86	76	.531	-15.5	5th	766,921	Braves sold after season.
1963	84	78	.519	-15	6th	773,018	Bobby Bragan's 1st year.
1964	88	74	.543	-5	6th	910,911	Braves Atlanta-bound; litigation.
1965	86	76	.531	-11	5th	555,584	1st on Aug. 21; then lost 10 of 12. Lame

The Tragedy of Ed Delahanty

LEWIS SCHEID

There have been many tragedies in the history of baseball, but none may be more baffling than the 1903 death of Ed Delahanty in the swirling waters of the treacherous Niagara River.

AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, playing for Philadelphia of the National League, Ed Delahanty was one of the finest players in the game. However, Ed, sometimes referred to as "The Only Del," had a problem; he drank too much. Whiskey, plus gambling and a fiery Irish temper, led to his demise.

Edward James, the eldest of the five Delahanty brothers who played in the major leagues, was born on October 10, 1867 in Cleveland. Against the wishes of his mother Ed went off to play ball in 1887. After a season at Mansfield in the Ohio State League, and part of a season with Wheeling in the Tri-State League, Delahanty made it to the major leagues with the Philadelphia Phillies in 1886. After hitting under .300 for four years, including the 1890 season with Cleveland in the short-lived Players' League, Delahanty hit .306 in 1892, and for the next eleven years hit well over .300.

In his sixteen-year major league career Big Ed compiled a batting average of .346, fourth on the all-time list, hit 101 home runs, and stole 455 bases. His best years were 1893, when he hit 19 homers and drove in 146 runs, and 1894 and 1899 with batting averages of .407 and .410.

On July 13, 1896, in Chicago, Delahanty became the second player to hit four homers in one game, and a year later went 8-for-8 in a doubleheader.

A fine outfielder, he also played all four infield positions.

Despite his success Del was an unhappy player with Philadelphia. Pay was low and the team was usually well down in the league standings.

In 1902, lured by an \$8,000 contract, Delahanty jumped to Washington in the newly formed American League. Despite a league leading .376 on a sixth place team, he was still discontented, especially with the lifestyle in the nation's capital. Many times Del expressed a desire to play in New York, and following the 1902 season his dream almost came true. He accepted a contract from the Giants, plus a \$4,000 bonus, and was looking forward to the bars, racetracks, and greater publicity in New York. His dream, however, was shattered during the winter when the club owners in the two leagues agreed to stop raiding each other. All players who jumped to the rival league were returned, and ordered to pay back all bonus

money that had been given to them.

Delahanty was shocked by the ruling, and to add to his woes he lost most of his bonus money on a drinking and gambling spree.

Big Ed went back to Washington at the beginning of the 1903 season, and played well for a while, but was very unhappy. His drinking increased, and he became moody and depressed, and talked of suicide. His play on the field was also affected, and on June 25, 1903 in Cleveland he was suspended by manager Tom Loftus.

Delahanty traveled to Detroit, where he met with his mother and made a promise of no more drinking. This was broken the following day. On July 2, still suspended from play, Del left the ballpark early, packed his luggage, and bought a ticket for the late afternoon train to New York, via Buffalo. Before leaving Detroit he wired his wife that he was on his way to New York, and he also wrote a letter, enclosing an accident insurance policy.

In a statement made later, train conductor John Cole reported that Delahanty was not drunk when he boarded the train. During the evening trip across southern Ontario, he did consume five or six shots of whiskey, and became very belligerent. He refused to stop smoking in a non-smoking area, smashed the glass in a door, and dragged passengers from their berths.

Upon arrival at the International Railroad Bridge, near Fort Erie, Ontario, frightened passengers demanded Delahanty be put off the train. According to Coles' report, Del left the train peacefully without his luggage. However, there were reports he was forcibly removed from the train.

What happened during the next few moments is even more confusing and conflicting.

The report states that Delahanty started toward the station to wait for the next train, became disoriented and wandered onto the bridge. Another account has Delahanty starting out over the bridge to Buffalo. Whatever happened, it is apparent Delahanty was on the bridge when confronted by Sam Kingston, an elderly night watchman.

In his first statement Kingston claimed Delahanty became enraged when ordered off the bridge. The two scuffled, and Delahanty, (see page 90)

What Were They Really Worth?

LEE LOWENFISH

Ballplayers' recent rise to millionaire status is a far cry from the economic conditions that enslaved players before the end of the reserve system.

AS THE ZEROES ON BASEBALL CONTRACTS seem to multiply daily, it is hard to remember that until fifteen years ago, baseball players had no recourse except to "hold out" to improve their salary situation. The reserve system was obviously a comfortable one for ownership and fans; even most players accepted it as the normal way of baseball. Yet voices of concern were raised both within and without baseball during the long ascendancy of the reserve system. This is an essay recalling the not-so-halcyon days of old.

"If the owners of newspapers throughout the United States were to adopt a separate code of laws and attempt to enforce a 'reserve' contract, which compelled writers to sign another contract at the expiration of the existing one, the agreement would be smashed in a day," asserted future Hall of Fame second baseman Johnny Evers in the essay "Baseball La." Evers accepted most of the restrictions implicit in that quaint term "baseball law." He did not advocate perpetual movement of players as an alternative to perpetual reserve, but he suggested, "The question is whether contracts for a term of years would not accomplish the same ends. Undoubtedly a sudden change of the system of government would be followed by a period of destructive bidding, but many think that within a short time the salary and contract questions would adjust themselves, the scale of wages being what the business would justify, and the players being certain of greater justice."

Instead, from 1903 to 1952, with the brief exception of the Federal League challenge of 1913 and 1914, major league baseball experienced fifty years without any significant change. The stability of the two eight-team major leagues gave baseball a great fan appeal, but it left the player with hardly any bargaining power. The 1952 report of Congressman Emanuel Celler's monopoly subcommittee said the percentage of baseball's income allocated towards player salaries had dropped from 68 percent in 1878 to 35 percent in 1929 to 22 percent in 1950.

A few years earlier, in the wake of the major post-World War II sports boom, *Fortune* magazine commented on baseball's "paradox and sore spot." Major league ballplayers, the 400 best athletes in the most difficult sport, did not seem to be receiving equitable pay. Yet,

Fortune observed, "It is the express attitude of many owners and managers—and even some sports writers—that the average big-league ballplayer ought to be happy he's not back in Hoskins Corners driving a truck. (By the same logic Dorothy Lamour at option time should be grateful only that she is not running that elevator in Chicago.)"

In 1945 the Yankees had been sold by the estate of beer baron Jacob Ruppert to a syndicate headed by veteran owner Larry MacPhail for what many considered the low price of \$3 million. *Fortune* provided some intriguing information on the true value of a baseball franchise.

In 1937 Ruppert had dropped a casual comment that the team was worth \$6–7 million. *Fortune* suggested that this figure was conservative. Yankee Stadium alone had to be worth at least \$2 million, it argued, the land beneath it another \$1 million, the value of the American League franchise in New York another \$1 million, minor league franchises and stadia at least another \$1 million. "Who wouldn't pay almost a quarter of a million for DiMaggio alone?" the magazine asked.

The question was, of course, rhetorical, because Joe DiMaggio's salary had been frozen at \$42,750 for the duration of World War II. Even after his legendary 1941 season—the year of his MVP award and the fifty-six-game hitting streak—DiMaggio had to suffer the scorn of Yankee management and the press to rise to that level.

Fortune printed the 1945 Yankees' balance sheet, which showed that the club actually paid only \$365,000 a year in major league salaries. "General and overhead expenses," which most likely included front office salaries, were only \$40,000 less than the player payroll. The nonplaying personnel were earning almost as much as the heroes of the field!

With the boom in baseball's popularity and prosperity after the war, salaries increased, but at a snail's pace because of the reserve system's restrictions. Bob Feller eclipsed Babe Ruth's status as the highest paid player in history when he received \$85,000 in 1947.

Lee Lowenfisch's The Imperfect Diamond: A History of Baseball's Labor Wars has been reissued in an updated edition by DaCapo Press.

HOW MUCH WERE THEY WORTH?

How much were players worth back before unions? In 1941 Ted Williams hit .406, and the Red Sox, who finished 17 games behind the Yankees, drew over 700,000 fans, more than ever before in their history. Ted was paid \$17,500 that year.

The same year Joe DiMaggio hit in 56 straight games. Toward the end of his streak, when the pennant race was virtually over, the Yanks drew crowds of 44,000, 53,000, 61,000, 50,000, and 67,000. His salary for the year was \$35,000. The Yankees gave him a bonus of \$3,000 after the streak. In 1942 they asked him to take a \$5,000 cut.

In 1948 Satchel Paige won six and lost one for the Indians, who ended the year tied for first place. In three straight starts, he pitched before crowds of 51,000, 78,000, and 32,000. His salary reportedly was \$25,000.

In 1947 another future Hall of Famer, slugger Hank Greenberg, was to earn the title of baseball's first \$100,000-a-year player. But as Greenberg says, he reached that plateau with the Pittsburgh Pirates only by insisting on a one-year contract with the right to a release at the end of the season.

Although he later became an owner, Greenberg never lost his suspicion of the motives of management. Reflecting on his great run at Babe Ruth's 60-home run mark in 1938, Greenberg wrote, "I always felt that Walter Briggs, the owner of the Tigers, was almost pulling for me not to break Ruth's record, because it might mean \$5,000 or \$10,000 more in salary for me."

He added that "baseball did not do right by Ruth" when after he was traded, he was offered shares of the worthless stock of the Boston Braves by owner Emil Fuchs.

With Greenberg's retirement after 1947, the owners jealously guarded the fortress of the \$100,000-a-year level that they artificially imposed as the top salary. Because salaries were not public information until the 1970s, it remains debatable whether Joe DiMaggio ever reached the magic plateau.

**THE SHORT, HAPPY CAREER OF
MICKEY HARRINGTON**

The Philadelphia Phillies were at home playing San Francisco on July 10, 1963. With the Phillies leading 10-2 in the eighth inning, Harrington made his major league debut. He was sent in to run for Roy Sievers. With Harrington on second, Clay Dalrymple grounded to Orlando Cepeda, who stepped on first for the out. Harrington took a wide turn around third base, was caught in a run-down, and tagged out by third baseman Jim Davenport to complete a double play.

That concluded Harrington's major league career.

—Bob McConnell

Musial says that it was only after seventeen years that he reached the \$100,000 mark in 1958.

After his mammoth Most Valuable Player year of 1956, six-year veteran Mickey Mantle tells us he had to go to owner Del Webb over the head of George Weiss, the penurious general manager, to get his \$65,000-a-year salary. (And they tried to cut him \$10,000 in 1959 after his average fell from .365 to .304.)

If the superstars were subject to such practices, imagine what the journeymen were facing. No wonder that many players felt relieved not to be cut after they went into a contract discussion hoping for a raise. I am thus suspicious when we hear the old management adage, "I don't mind paying for excellence; it is the high cost of mediocrity that drives me mad."

The tables have certainly turned. Salary arbitration, free agency, and ballplayers' desire to get paid what comparable players on other teams are making have driven salaries into almost undreamed-of realms. Years ago, in the first years of free agency, one management official warned me, "You can't get up early in the morning if you are wearing silk pajamas." Even such advocates of the Players Association as Tony Kubek now talk about a "comfort zone" in the modern player that prevents him from trying to surpass himself. I hope that these critiques are inaccurate. In any case, I still stand behind today's fairer system, one that Johnny Evers and Hugh Fullerton and many jurists, not to mention the great John Montgomery Ward, would undoubtedly say was a long time coming.

Wade Boggs' Hidden .400 Season

(from page 57)

.247 in July and finished the season at .357.

Although he did hit .400 over the equivalent of a full season, Wade Boggs is among those who believe it can never be done officially again "because of the media pressure involved. The reason I was able to do it for so long was because there was no pressure on me."

Says Boggs: "Anyone hovering at .390 or .395 late in the season wouldn't even be able to go to the grocery store without having a TV camera shoved in his face. It would be very distracting. George Brett said that in 1980, when he hit .390, people would pull up to his house and stick cameras through the windows. He would be playing golf, and when he got to the green a TV camera would be there. He'd go into a restaurant for lunch, and four reporters would be there wanting to interview him.

"And that was only in little Kansas City! Not Boston!" Boggs notes.

Boggs' 162-game performance was accomplished against far more pitchers than a hitter needed to keep a book on back in 1941, and largely under the lights in bigger ballparks and against fielders with oversized gloves and more sophisticated defenses. It does offer encouragement that if a hitter can manage somehow to insulate himself from the distractions, the .400 season may not be a relic of the past after all.

Shutout Sluggers: The Pitch and Punch Club

L. ROBERT DAVIDS

Pitchers who have won their own 1-0 games with a home run are among the rarest things the National Pastime has to offer.

ONE-TO-NOTHING GAMES WON by a home run are rare, and 1-0 games won by the pitcher's home run are endangered species. It has been accomplished only eleven times since the founding of the National League 115 years ago.

Three of these games were won in extra innings, but Hoss Radbourn's spectacular eighteenth-inning homer for Providence on August 17, 1882, was not one of them. He did connect in the eighteenth for a 1-0 thriller over Detroit, but he was playing the outfield that day. It was John Montgomery Ward who went the full distance for victory.

Radbourn was used to better batting support. A year later, on August 21, 1883, he blanked Philadelphia 28-0 in the majors' most lopsided shutout. He batted cleanup that day and banged out four hits.

The first of these 1-0 home run victories was accomplished by little-known Harry McCormick, who has been dead more than a century. SABR's Lloyd Johnson brought McCormick back to life in an article in the 1984 *Baseball Research Journal*. The great independent team, the Syracuse Stars, was built around hometown Harry in 1876, and McCormick pitched the team into the National League in 1879.

Harry had his big day against Harry Wright's Boston NL champions on July 26. Playing at Syracuse and batting third, McCormick hit his home run in the first inning off Tommy Bond, Boston's star hurler who would win 43 games and have a 1.96 ERA during the season.

Meantime, the Syracuse ironman had excellent control of his underhand curveball, walking none and fanning seven while limiting the visitors to four hits. It was a finely contested game "with the fielding decidedly sharp."

McCormick finished the season with an 18-33 record for the seventh-place Stars, which played only that one season in the NL. This was his only big league home run. After that he fell victim to hard drinking and wild living and was blacklisted for insubordination. He was essentially through pitching at age twenty-seven and died of cholera in 1889 when he was only thirty-four.

Tom Hughes, 1906

The first pitcher to pitch a 1-0 shutout and win the game with a roundtripper in *extra innings* was Tom J. Hughes of Washington, on August 3, 1906. (There were two hurlers at that time named Tom Hughes, and both also pitched a long time in the minors, where they continued to be confused with each other. In fact, the Shreveport manager admitted in 1920 that he had obtained the "wrong one." Our Tom Hughes was called Long Tom, even though he was, at 6'1", an inch shorter than his near contemporary.)

On August 3, Hughes and Fred Glade of the Browns were hooked up in a pitchers' battle in St. Louis. Hughes gave up four hits and Glade eight. The game went into the tenth scoreless, but Hughes, first up, whaled one into the center-field bleachers.

The Browns, after two were out, sent in Branch Rickey to pinch-hit for Glade, and he drilled a clean single. Harry Niles then reached on an error, and both runners moved up on a passed ball. In this tense situation, Hughes got Tom Jones to fly out to end the game. For Hughes it was his only shutout and only home run in 1906.

Gene Packard, 1915

The next 1-0 game won by a hurler's home run occurred, not in the NL, but in the Federal League on September 29. The season was almost over when Gene Packard of the fourth-place Kansas City Packers faced Dave Davenport of the St. Louis Terriers, who were fighting for the FL title with the Chicago Whales. It turned out to be a well played game with no errors, and it lasted only one hour and nine minutes.

Packard, a diminutive southpaw, gave up only one walk and four hits, two of them scratch singles.

Davenport, the 6'6", 220-pound righthander, gave up five hits and no walks. He was the workhorse of the league, pitching 392²/₃ innings, working in 55 games and completing 30. He also led in strikeouts with 229 and shutouts with 10.

But it was no shutout this day as Packard, the opposing hurler, drove the ball into a strong wind in the sixth inning, and it carried into the stands. It was Packard's twentieth victory of the season and kept St. Louis out of first place by a half a game. The season would

THE CLUB MEMBERS

Date	Pitcher	OPP PITCHER	INN
July 26, 1879	Harry McCormick, Syracuse NL over Boston	(Bond)	1st
Aug. 3, 1906	Tom J. Hughes, Washington AL over St. Louis	(Glade)	10th
Sep. 29, 1915	Gene Packard, Kansas City FL over St. Louis	(Davenport)	6th
Aug. 13, 1932	Red Ruffing, New York AL over Washington	(Thomas)	10th
May 21, 1938	Spud Chandler, New York AL over Chicago	(T. Lee)	8th
May 1, 1959	Early Wynn, Chicago AL over Boston	(Brewer)	8th
Apr. 18, 1962	Milt Pappas, Baltimore AL over New York	(Stafford)	5th
Aug. 6, 1962	John Klippstein, Cincinnati NL over Houston	(McMahon)	13th
May 5, 1965	Jim Bunning, Philadelphia NL over New York	(Spahn)	6th
Sep. 16, 1971	Juan Pizarro, Chicago NL over New York	(Seaver)	8th
June 17, 1983	Bob Welch, Los Angeles NL over Cincinnati	(M. Soto)	6th

end four days later with Chicago ahead by one percentage point.

Red Ruffing, 1932

The New York Yankees were one of the great power-hitting clubs of the 1930s, but Tommy Thomas of Washington held them in check on August 13. Combs, Gehrig, Ruth, and Dickey, all of whom would go on to the Hall of Fame, went hitless. It was opposing hurler Red Ruffing, another future Hall of Famer, who gave him the most trouble by collecting three hits. It looked as though the Senators were going to win it in the bottom of the ninth when Sam Rice hit for one base and Joe Cronin singled him to third. However, Ruffing fanned Joe Kuhel to force the game into overtime. Red then went to bat in the tenth and lined a home run over the left-field fence.

In the bottom of the tenth Ruffing had a scare. Senators manager Walter Johnson sent Carl Reynolds in to bat for Ossie Bluege. The Washington crowd of 8,000, which had booed catcher Bill Dickey during the game, applauded Reynolds. It was the first meeting of the two since Dickey had broken Reynolds' jaw in a July 4 confrontation at home plate. The Yankee backstop had been fined and suspended for thirty days while Reynolds was sidelined. AL President Will Harridge and Chief of Umpires Tom Connolly watched the game in Clark Griffith's box to assure a calm atmosphere. Reynolds drove a sharp liner to right-center, but Combs dashed over and robbed him of a two-base hit. It was a significant game for Ruffing and the Yankees. He gave up only four hits and fanned a dozen and kept the New Yorkers from being blanked for the first time in more than one year. The Yankees would score in every game of the 1932 season, the first team ever to do that.

Spud Chandler, 1938

Only six years later, another Yankee hurler came through with a four-bagger to win a 1-0 game. This was the Georgia collegian Spud Chandler, who wasn't getting much chance to pitch with a Yankee staff that included Ruffing, Lefty Gomez, Monte Pearson, and Bump Hadley. Pitching in front of 10,000 at Comiskey Park on May 21, Chandler gave up eight hits but no walks. Seven Sox were stranded. Rip Radcliff collected the only extra-base hit, a double, but was out trying for third. Southpaw Thornton Lee also pitched quite well for Chicago, allowing seven hits and four walks. Lou Gehrig,

less than a year away from his last game, batted sixth, where he singled and walked.

The scoreless duel was broken up in the eighth when Chandler belted a 400-foot drive into the left-field stands. It was his first home run. He would win 14 and lose 5 for the season but would not pitch in the four-game World Series sweep of the Cubs. Chandler would close his injury-plagued, war-interrupted career in 1947, with a record career won-lost percentage of 109-43, .717.

Early Wynn, 1959

After a gap of twenty-one years, Early Wynn became the next to achieve the rare pitching-batting feat. Pitching for Chicago at Boston on May 1, the thirty-nine-year-old righthander allowed the Red Sox only a first-inning single by Pete Runnels, and fanned fourteen.

His pitching opponent, Tom Brewer, gave up five hits. The only blot on Wynn's performance was his seven walks. According to catcher Sherm Lollar, this resulted from Wynn's reliance on a wide assortment of breaking stuff. His toughest spot was in the eighth, when Don Buddin got as far as third base. Burly Early then fanned Gene Stephens and Ted Lepcio to get out of the inning. That same inning he belted a Brewer pitch to left that tipped off the glove of a leaping Bill Renna and went into the stands.

Milt Pappas, 1962

On April 18, Milt Pappas made his first start for Baltimore since undergoing an appendectomy in spring training. He worked only six innings, but had the game pretty well in hand when he left. He not only limited the Yankees to two hits but, with two out in the fifth, he belted a homer into the Memorial Stadium stands off Bill Stafford for a 1-0 lead. His only scare had come in the fourth, when he walked Mickey Mantle and Johnny Blanchard followed with a single. Pappas then fanned Bill Skowron and had no more trouble. Hoyt Wilhelm followed him with three scoreless innings to sew up the game. Stafford also pitched well, allowing only two hits.

Johnny Klippstein, 1962

The first National League 1-0 game won by a pitcher's home run since 1879 was a night game in Houston on August 6. Furthermore, it occurred in the thirteenth inning, the latest ever, and the homer

was hit by a relief hurler, Johnny Klippstein. Bob Purkey of the Reds pitched the first ten innings.

His opponent, Turk Farrell, worked twelve innings and gave up six hits.

In the fourth, Vada Pinson tripled for the Reds but died on third. The Colts put two men on that same inning, but a double play prevented any scoring.

Don McMahon relieved Farrell in the thirteenth and shortly served up a pitch to Klippstein that was driven into the left-field bleachers 390 feet away. It was one of only three hits for Johnny that season and his only run batted in.

Jim Bunning, 1965

A couple of big name pitchers toed the rubber at Shea Stadium on May 5.

Warren Spahn was forty-four and near the end of his long career, but he still could pitch a good game for the lowly Mets.

Jim Bunning, who had already won 118 games in the American League, was in his second season with the Phillies. He had beaten the Mets six games in a row, including a perfect-game victory in 1964.

In this game he started slowly, walking the first batter and giving up a single. But he got Ed Kranepool to hit into a double play. In the fifth he picked a runner off second, and in the eighth he performed two good fielding plays to prevent a runner advancing beyond second. He had six assists for the day. He got Yogi Berra to ground out as a pinch hitter and in the ninth fanned the side with a man on base.

Spahn matched him step-by-step, giving up only four hits. His mistake was giving Bunning a high fastball in the sixth, which he belted into the right field stands. It was his fourth career homer, but his first in the NL.

Spahn would go on to the Hall of Fame and Bunning would move on to the U.S. Congress, where he still serves.

Juan Pizarro, 1971

The Chicago *Tribune* headlined their September 16 Cubs game story "Juan Tally Enough for Pizarro." The Puerto Rican lefty had a long career, starting and relieving in both major leagues and in the minors. In fact, he started the year at Tacoma and had a little trouble getting in the groove when he was called up by Cubs man-

ager Leo Durocher. He did pitch a 3-0, one-hit victory over San Diego on August 5 and another shutout a few weeks later.

In his 1-0 win over the Mets in New York, he gave up six hits and two walks. He fanned eight, including pinch hitters Tommy Agee and Ken Singleton in the ninth.

Singleton was batting for pitcher Tom Seaver, who had given up seven hits. Unfortunately, one of the hits was Pizarro's home run over the right-field fence in the eighth.

Bob Welch, 1983

Mario Soto was one of the hottest pitchers in baseball when the Reds played the Dodgers at Los Angeles on Jun 17, 1983 before a crowd of 42,870. The week before he had taken a no-hitter into the seventh against the Reds. This time he pitched five innings with only one runner reaching second, on an error.

In the sixth, however, opposing pitcher Bob Welch, batting .111, got his bat in front of a Soto fastball, and a home run resulted. It was his first in the majors. Soto got so upset he stormed around the mound and into the infield. He then went back on the mound and stood there for thirty seconds before Steve Sax stepped out of the batter's box. When play resumed, Soto fanned Sax, Ken Landreaux, and Rick Monday. He gave up five hits overall and fanned eight.

Welch, allowing six hits, had the bases loaded in the third, but Alex Trevino flied out. Johnny Bench pinch-hit in the ninth and jerked a longball foul. He then flied out to end the game.

THE SHUTOUT SLUGGERS

Lifetime Homers		Lifetime Shutouts	
Ruffing	36	Wynn	49
Pappas	20	Ruffing	45
Wynn	17	Pappas	43
Chandler	9	Bunning	40
Pizarro	8	Welch	27
Bunning	7	Chandler	26
Hughes	6	Hughes	25
Klippstein	5	Pizarro	17
Packard	2	Packard	15
Welch	2	McCormick	10
McCormick	1	Klippstein	6

REUBEN'S RULING HELPS YOU "HAVE A BALL"

Fans of all ages share the thrill of a fan catching a foul ball into the stands of the Major League baseball parks. But not many have ever heard of the "Reuben Ruling," which allows them to keep the baseball. It came from a lawsuit filed in New York County by a thirty-one-year-old stockbroker from New York against the Giants.

On May 16, 1921 Reuben Berman was attending a game at the Polo Grounds between the Giants and Reds and got hold of a foul ball hit into the fieldbox area. The policy at the time was to return these errant baseballs to security guards, who patrolled the stands. Reuben refused to do so and was escorted outside the park.

He sued the New York Giant organization for \$20,000 for being "humiliated before a large crowd..."

The court ruled that not returning the baseball was not a good enough reason for being "asked to leave the ballpark and forfeiting his ticket." He was, however, awarded only \$100 in damages. As a result of this decision, known as "Reuben's Ruling," major league owners began liberalizing their policy of having fans return baseballs into the stands.

Thanks, Reuben, for helping us "have a ball" at the park.

—Peter Segroie

The Roy Hughes Story Bag

ROY HUGHES

A conversation with Bill Hugo and Bob Littlejohn.

JOHNNY ALLEN WAS A ROOMMATE of mine in Cleveland in 1937. Johnny was a nice—well, a pretty good—roommate, but he had an awful temper. He wanted to fight everyone, almost down to his mother.

He won fifteen in a row. He had won his fifteenth game on a Thursday in the White Sox park. One of the White Sox players hit a line drive back through the box at him, but he knocked it down with his pitching hand, and it caused his thumb to swell a little bit.

Then we moved on to Detroit, and we were going to play the last series of the season. He was going to pitch Sunday, and that was advertised in the *Detroit Press*. "Johnny Allen of the Cleveland Indians is going to pitch today."

That Saturday night he wanted me to go out with him. Of course I said, "No, I'm gonna refuse, Johnny. You almost got me killed a couple times this year. I'm going to go home in good shape, so you go out by yourself." He did. He went out with the owner of the Mohawk Distillery.

So I'm sleeping sound as a lark in bed, and somewhere around two o'clock something hit me in the middle of my back. I was sleeping on my stomach, and he dropped this object, which happened to be a whole case of whiskey, right on my back. I flew out of that bed

Long-time SABR member Roy Hughes was recovering from a stroke when he granted this interview in a retirement home in Dayton. A long-time SABR member, Roy regularly attended national and regional meetings, livening them with tales from his storybag.

Then, in October 1989, "bang, the brakes go on and the lights go out," as he describes his stroke. He couldn't move his right arm for a year. Although still unsteady, when SABR's Bill Hugo and Bob Littlejohn visited him last January, Roy had progressed from the bed to a wheelchair, a walker, and finally to a cane. In March 1991 he traveled to Barbados to visit his son, the U.S. ambassador there. He hopes to be able to attend the 1992 national convention in St. Louis.

Now eighty years old, Hughes maintains, "You can't feel sorry for yourself, you just have to keep fighting."

and threw the whiskey out and started to reprimand him. I looked at him, and I said, "Bang your thumb against the wall, get it good and swollen so you can't pitch tomorrow! You're a disgrace!"

Well, he grabbed my talcum powder can, and I grabbed his, and we started throwing talcum powder. The next thing you know, he stood my bed against the wall, and I turned around and stood his bed up against the wall. Finally we quit arguing. He didn't pay any attention to me, so we laid on the mattress on the floor, and there's where we slept that night, on the mattress on the floor.

Johnny went out the next day, and he pitched a two-hit game, and I think we got one hit. Sammy Hale booted the ball at third base, and that permitted the winning run to score, the only run of the ballgame. One-to-nothing, he got beat. He pitched a very commendable game. But if you'd seen him the night before, he looked like anything else but a pitcher.

One time Ed McCauley of the *Cleveland Press* wrote an article and kind of picked Johnny Allen apart. Johnny didn't like it, and he expressed himself to McCauley in the Brunswick Hotel, and we had to almost pull Johnny Allen off of him.

Johnny Allen used to throw close to Gerry "Gee" Walker, the outfielder over at Detroit. Walker didn't like it, and he let Allen know about it. One day we went into the clubhouse, and they had an iron rail in front of the clubhouse. Walker was sitting up there, waiting for Allen to come in. He told Allen, "Heh, the next time you knock me down, you're gonna see me out after you with a ball bat." He and Allen had hot words that day.

Allen's remarks to close down their conversation: "I don't throw at hitters like you. You're my 'out' man anyway." Most everybody was.

But Johnny Allen had nothing in his mind but winning baseball games.

He had slits cut in his pitching sleeve, and the umpire [Bill McGowan] said, "Take it off, that's a distraction to the hitter." He refused. The umpire said, "You take it off, or we're gonna throw this ballgame to the Red Sox." So Allen finally, through severe persuasion, took the shirt off and put on another one and pitched the ballgame, and we wound up and won it. That shirt was exhibited in

the old Higbee Building [a department store] in Cleveland, right in their front window, for all the fans that wanted to see Allen's right sleeve. Just the sweat shirt. It drew a lot of attention.

I STARTED OUT with Zanesville, Ohio, in 1933. Some of the aspiring young ballplayers, they'd come in and put their bags down and see so many boys that wanted to play baseball, they'd take their bags and go right straight out the door again. We had Clay Bryant and Steve Sundra, and we won the championship of the league.

In 1934 Cleveland sent the whole group to New Orleans in the Southern Association. We won the Southern Association championship, and we had to play the Texas League champion, Galveston, and Wally Moses for the Dixie Series. Well, we defeated them.

When I went up to Cleveland in 1935, Walter Johnson was the manager. Oh, Walter was a great fellow. He was all baseball. Any time you got in just a general conversation with him, it would revert to baseball. And he had a great arm. As old as he was, his legs weren't holding up too good. But the arm was sure.

I can remember we were in spring training down in New Orleans, and we had a catcher with us, Charlie "Greek" George. He was a college boy, and he used to ride Johnson, tell him, "I could wear you out hitting you with a tie pin." Walter got tired of the Greek needing him. This particular day, Walter said—I heard this myself—"Greek, get your bat and get up there." Walter threw five or six warm-up pitches on the sidelines, then he went out to the mound. Walter threw exactly thirteen pitches, and the Greek hasn't fouled one yet, because the Greek had a blind spot right above his

letters. Swing and a miss, swing and a miss. Knocked the air out of the ballpark.

Johnson would take his time with you and give you all the time in the world to improve yourself on the ballfield. Walter did not approve of any drinking. Of course, I didn't drink but maybe a glass of beer, something like that. We did not have a drinking man on the ballclub; Johnson was strict with that. He said "No drinking," and that's what he meant. Walter Johnson wouldn't have put up with Johnny Allen. His pet phrase, when he wanted to reprimand you, was "My good gosh almighty!" That meant you were cussed out!

SAMMY HALE USES HIS HEAD

We pulled off a funny triple play with the Indians. I even remember the date: September 7, 1935, in the Boston Red Sox park. Bright sun, a brilliant day. Mel Harder pitched and got in trouble in the bottom of the ninth. Cleveland was ahead 5-2, and the Red Sox loaded the bases. They had Mel Almada on first base, Bill Werber was the second-base runner, and Dusty Cooke was the third-base runner. Joe Cronin, the manager, was the hitter.

Steve O'Neill, the manager, came out and said, "Mel, you've pitched a wonderful game up to now, and I think you need help." So he brought in Oral Hildebrand, a righthand pitcher. I saw the curveball sign go down by Frankie Pytlak, the catcher, and I said, "Oh, boy, I hope to God he makes him hit it into center field," because left field, as you know, was 315 feet away.

Cronin hit a vicious line drive. Sammy Hale, the third baseman, went to leap to catch the ball, and it hit him right on the forehead. The ball ricocheted over behind shortstop, and Knickerbocker caught the ball in flight. That's one out. He threw it to me at second base, and I stepped on second base for out two and relayed the ball to Hal Trosky at first base, and the ballgame was over, just real quick. The fans in the stands wondered why we didn't play more. The ballgame ended so abruptly, they just sat back agast.

MY ROOMMATE, BOBBY FELLER

Bob Feller and I were roommates, when Bob came up in 1936. The first game he ever pitched in professional baseball, actually an exhibition game, in old League Park in Cleveland, he pitched against the St. Louis Cardinals.

When he warmed up on the sideline, he was supposed to have a little sore arm. With a sore arm he was throwing balls right by Billy Sullivan, a professional catcher—and his daddy was a great catcher with the White Sox. His reaction was, "Boy, we got a prize here. This guy has a million-dollar arm," which he did have.

Steve O'Neill wanted to get a little bit of the action too, being the manager, and he decided he was going to catch Feller that day. Steve O'Neill tried to catch him—I said "tried." He made a gallant attempt, because Feller threw some balls, not only by the hitter, but he threw them by Steve even. Of course, Steve was finished as a catcher then, you know.

There was no speed gun back in those days, but Bob, in my estimation, would be rated today with a speed gun as at least one of the fastest pitchers in baseball history. He and Walter Johnson.

If I recall correctly, Bob struck out 8 of the Cardinals that day. The only hit—they got off him was by Enos Slaughter, a line drive over my head at second base and into right-center field.



Roy Hughes

Roy Hughes

Bobby used to wear one of those old-fashioned night shirts and sit for hours practicing signing baseballs.

Bob, as everyone knows, was real wild. One time I was trying to read, and Bob came in after the game with a batting practice ball. He put the pillows up on the bed in the room and got across the room, and he'd throw at those pillows to gain control. That's one thing I always respected about Feller. He worked on any flaw or deficiency he may have had.

One year Feller won a pitching contest down at Municipal Stadium against Mel Harder, Lefty Gomez, and some other pitchers. They set up a square at home plate, and you had to throw a ball through that. Daggone if he didn't pop three of them through there, and walked off with top honors.

I hit against Feller after I went to the St. Louis Browns. You have to hit *against* Feller, don't *hit* him. The ball looked like an aspirin. Regardless of how good a contact hitter you were, it was swing and miss.

When Bob tied a record of seventeen strikeouts against the old Athletics, Pinky Higgins was the seventeenth man. Bob left him standing at the post, because he broke off a nasty 3-2 curveball.

The media just didn't leave Feller alone. They'd get up on top of the partitions between the walls in the clubhouse, they'd get up and shoot down on him, take pictures. Billy Sullivan had a stand-up camera, and he set it in the dugout. Feller hardly made a move unless Sullivan snapped a camera taking his picture. I've seen several of the pictures Sullivan took. They were very realistic of Bob, movement and all. They were just wonderful.

Any time the newspapers came out advertising that "next day Bob Feller's going to pitch," the turnstiles really clicked. The fans showed up at the park in abundance. He sent the fans home real happy.

In [February] 1938 I went to the Browns. I was notified on the telephone: "You [and Ed Cole and Billy Sullivan] are traded over to the St. Louis Browns for Rollie Hemsley." Well, when they tell you gotta go, you gotta go.

We trained down in San Antonio, Texas. Gabby Street was our manager, and he had his own set of rules like most managers do. Whatever you're doing, pepper game or this or that in spring training, Gabby would blow a whistle, and that meant you ran the ballpark, right up against the fence, all the way around. He worked us so hard that Fred Hoffman, our third-base coach who had shin splints—he even ran.

In the evening, when we'd be uptown in San Antonio, one of the traffic cops—they didn't have lights like they have now—why, he'd blow his whistle to direct traffic, and when he'd blow the whistle, we'd take off on a run. Bobo Newsom got a big kick out of it.

There was a little bit of favoritism over there too. If the manager liked you, you were his boy and in the lineup. If not, why you sat on the bench. Gabby and I didn't get along too well. I just got bench time instead of playing time. Don Heffner was playing second base.

Street sent me up to hit one day in Washington—we were behind three runs. The pitch that was ball four was almost a wild pitch. Rick Ferrell, the catcher, had to backhand it to stop it from being a wild pitch. The next three men went out. When I came off the base paths, Gabby said, "Son, I wanted you to hit."

I said, "Hit? Hit what?"

He says, "The 3-2 pitch, you weren't ready."

I said, "Why Rick Ferrell was just barely lucky enough to stop the ball, and you expect me to hit that ball?" I grabbed my glove off the hook and told him, "Give me my ticket, and I'll go back to St. Louis right now." I told him not to play me anymore.

After that I didn't even take my bat out for hitting practice. A series or two later he sent me up to pinch-hit for Don Heffner. Slick Coffman was pitching. Ethan Allen, our left fielder, said, "Here, Hughey, you can use my bat." I hit one in the stands and circled the bases. Ethan Allen said, "Hughey, you're my home run hitter."

I said, "Thank you. You've got a home run bat." I picked my glove up and went to the clubhouse.

After St. Louis I went to the New York Yankees. They sent me across the river to Newark, and I played like Roy Hughes could, because I was getting an opportunity to play.

In 1940 I was with Montreal. Creepie Crespi, who later played with the Cardinals, was with Rochester, and we collided at second base. His knee hit my shoulder and out popped the clavicle joint. The Montreal club sent me to Baltimore, Johns Hopkins Hospital, and they bound me up and tried to put the clavicle joint back in shape. A bone specialist in Montreal told the ballclub, "He's finished. I don't think he'll play again."

ROY FIGHTS TO SAVE HIS CAREER

I didn't give up at all. After Johns Hopkins released me, Doc Hill in Cincinnati took care of me, and I followed his instructions, doing swimming and calisthenics, and the arm came back pretty good. I worked out that winter at the Fenwick Club down in Cincinnati. I realized that I was coming back; I was able to play. By spring training I proved to be just as good as new.

Spring training came and Montreal sent me a contract that I thought they had to be ashamed of. I called them up, and they explained that I had a physical problem.

I said, "Well, how about me paying my own way to spring training?"

They said, "That's okay." And I went to spring training at Mobile, Alabama. I was in the opening lineup in 1941 after the bone specialist in Montreal said I was finished.

Five years later I was in the World Series with the Chicago Cubs.

At the beginning of one ballgame we had two fellows, Wes Flowers, a lefthanded pitcher, and Van Lingle Mungo, a righthand pitcher, and they were on the bench and loaded with beer up to here. I was the captain of the ballclub, and I saw that they were in no condition and urged them to go on down to the bullpen and get out of sight. I didn't want Sukey to see 'em in their condition, because they were lit up like Christmas trees.

As I went through hitting practice, I looked down to the bullpen, and both of them were missing. So I went in and observed the clubhouse, and there they were in there. Now Sukeforth would see them. I thought all hell would break loose. But Sukey never said a word.

And he never said a word after the game, after we won. After the game, Sukeforth and I went out to a restaurant, and Clyde Sukeforth never made mention of anything at all. I'm sitting there,

anxiously waiting, and I had answers for him, but I didn't need 'em.

But the next night he called a clubhouse meeting. Sukey had a "chicken neck" on him. When he walked, his head would bob up and down—I called it a "chicken walk." He was walking around this table, and he said, "Well, we're gonna have a game tonight." Then he said, "Now, I gotta make up a lineup card tonight, and I need nine men—nine 'men,' my butt. I need nine sober volunteers."

Yeah, Clyde Sukeforth was quite a fellow.

HUGHES JOINS THE CUBS

I was traded in 1942 to the Chicago Cubs, and they sent a group of us out to Los Angeles, loaded up the Los Angeles ballteam. Al Todd was one of the catchers, Eddie Waitkus was first base, I played second, Eddie Mayo at third, Andy Pafko in the outfield, Kenny Raffensberger was one of the pitchers. We could take care of—and did take care of—the parent club out there in spring training. We beat them seven consecutive ballgames. The newspapers got to wondering if Chicago got the right team in Chicago.

After two good years with Los Angeles, one newspaper wanted to know why the Chicago Cubs had Roy Hughes in Los Angeles?

So in 1944 I went to the parent club. Jimmy Wilson was the manager, and I think the record shows thirteen consecutive losses at the beginning of the season. It's a good thing the spring weather was bad and they canceled some games, or we probably would have lost more.

After that spell, they brought in Charlie Grimm and dismissed Jimmy Wilson. Grimm came to me and asked me, "How do you feel?"

I said, "Well, I'd like to have a couple more days if it's all right." I looked at the lineup card, and here I was playing third base.

That day, Saturday, we played the old Boston Braves, and that park was filled. Clyde Kluttz was catching for the Braves, a swell guy—jovial, friendly. Kluttz said, "Roy, what in the world is wrong with your ballclub? You got this guy, Phil Cavaretta, Bill Nicholson, Lenny Merullo, Claude Passcau, Andy Pafko, Dominic Dallessandro. They're all good. What's wrong with your ballclub?"

I said, "Gee, I don't know. But one of these days all hell's gonna break loose."

That very day it happened. I think it was close to fifteen runs we scored against them. The next day, Sunday, the park was packed—with a ballclub that lost thirteen games in a row. They probably had to turn them away, because I couldn't see a vacant seat in the ballpark. We won Sunday, and we just took off from there.

I started playing third base and was doing a very commendable job. They could hardly hit the ball by me, and I was hitting like a demon. I think I wound up hitting .287. And we started winning.

Grimm and I got along real good. You probably have heard that managers don't play an important part in a ballclub, because it's the tools you've got to work with. Well, you might believe that, but I don't. Charlie Grimm was one fine guy who would keep you in the ballgame. I don't remember Charlie Grimm ever chewing a guy out on the ball field for making a boo-boo.

You liked to be in the clubhouse and on the ball field. We had a real nice association with each other, really lovely. Everything jelled just nice. Old Jolly Cholly, as they called him—and that's what he was, too—just kept you loosey goosey all the time.

Coming from fifth place in 1943, we finished fourth in '44, and we had a great year in attendance too. We ended the season in Boston. Grimm said to me on the el before we went to Boston, "Roy, go up in the office and get your contract signed and get what you want." I thanked him, and he thanked me for having a great year for him.

HANK BOROWY HELPS WIN A PENNANT

Next year, 1945, we kept practically the same ballclub, and we acquired Hank Borowy, a righthanded pitcher with the Yankees. Hank Borowy rewarded the Cubs greatly. [Arriving in midseason, Borowy had been 10–5 with the Yankees; he was 11–2 with the Cubs.] He had a heart as strong as any heart in any man. I loved that boy. Hank pitched his heart out during the last two or three weeks of the season. We couldn't score too many runs for him all during the month of September. He pitched in ballgames 2–1, 1–0, 3–2, real close games. One game during the late weeks of September, he beat the St. Louis Cardinals, which were right behind us one or two games, an eleven-inning game in St. Louis in that nice, hot heat over there. And daggone if we didn't turn around and win the pennant.

I can remember one game over in Pittsburgh. I'm up there with our winning run, Stanley Hack, on first base, and I get the bunt sign. I tried to bunt—I've always been a good bunter. Tommy Holmes, at one SABR meeting, acknowledged that I was just about as good a bunter as anyone. Well, don't you know, I fouled off the first two pitches trying to bunt, and I was mad!

I looked down at third base, and there was old Charlie out there (clap, clap) "Come on, Roy, come on! You can do it, you can do it," cheering me on. It relaxed me somewhat, and the next pitch Fritz Ostermueller threw up there was a curveball, and they were thinking I pulled that ball to the shortstop or third base and they'd get a double play and get out of the inning. Instead of that, I dumped it over second base into right-center field, and Hack went from first to third. Then Cavaretta came up and drove the winning run in, and that clinched the pennant for us. That was the day before the season ended, in Pittsburgh.

The celebration took place at the Forbes Hotel that night, a little champagne. We were permitted to make two phone calls. Just two. And I think that was our World Series contribution, because I don't have a ring or anything like that to say that I was a member of the Chicago Cubs in 1945. I think it would have been nice of Mr. Wrigley, the owner, to give us something.

The World Series against Detroit was tied three games to three. Hank Borowy and I stayed at the Seneca Hotel in downtown Chicago, and he drove to the ballpark with me. While we were driving on Lakeshore Drive, I asked Hank, "How do you feel?" He said he felt a little tired.

When I watched him warm up in the bullpen, he didn't have as much pop and zip on the ball as he usually did. During his hard struggle all through the month of September, it's natural to take some of your strength away from you. As history tells us, he didn't last too long in the ballgame. Detroit busted our butts. They called Hal Newhouser—Prince Hal—to the mound. We were sure sorry that they did, because he beat us by the score of 9–3.

I went to Philadelphia in 1946 and got hurt, and they gave me my

release. I went home to Cincinnati, staying with my brother. I'd run and stay in shape.

CASEY STENGEL MAKES A PHONE CALL

In 1947 the phone rang one day. It was Casey Stengel. Casey said he'd like for me to come out to Oakland, he had a job for me. I said, "Fine, I'll catch the next plane available." That started a successful season too.

One day a few of us went to the race track on our day off. Casey had good connections with the trainers, but we were told, "If you see Casey out here, don't follow Casey to the window"—Casey would take you to the \$2 window—"follow his wife." His wife would wind up with the winning ticket. So if you could see what she bought and you bought the same thing, you'd be pretty successful.

Casey was a major stockholder of the Pasadena Bank. He trusted his bank so well that when he died they found \$15,000 under his mattress.

We had a good ballclub. We had Vince DiMaggio in center field. Gene Bearden was one of the pitchers; he pitched the victorious game against the Red Sox in the playoff in 1948.

And Oakland got in the playoffs in '47.

ANOTHER FLAG IN COLUMBUS

In '49 Casey went to the Yankees, and I went to Minneapolis as playing captain of the ballclub.

In 1949 we had two black players on our ballclub. One was a righthand pitcher, Dave Barnhill, and the other was a great player

The Tragedy of Ed Delahanty

(from page 80)

losing his balance, fell into the Niagara River. Kingston changed his story later, claiming that Delahanty pushed him aside and continued on over the bridge.

Whatever actually happened will never be known. But Delahanty did fall into the river, was swept fifteen miles through the rapids, and over the Horseshoe Falls.

When Del failed to appear in New York or Washington, his wife called the team office. An official from the Washington club rushed to Buffalo, where he identified the luggage put off the train as belonging to Delahanty. A hat picked up by Kingston on the bridge was also identified as Del's.

In the week that followed, the suspicion grew that a man reported falling from the bridge on July 2 was Big Ed.

Finally, on July 9, his mangled body was found near the Maid-of-the-Mist landing on the Canadian side.

Ed's brother Frank, a sister, and brother-in-law rushed to a mortuary, where their worst fears were confirmed. The body was that of Ed Delahanty.

Regardless of his personal problems and tragic end, Edward Delahanty's outstanding record as a ballplayer remained, capped by election to the Hall of Fame in 1945.

who's in the Hall of Fame now, third baseman Ray Dandridge. Ray had a pair of hands on him—you couldn't hit a ball by him. They call Brooks Robinson the carpet sweeper. That's the way Ray Dandridge was. And he could stroke that ball when he batted too.

He and I were in Philadelphia when I was over there to attend SABR meetings. I attended the meetings up until two years ago. I think the last meeting I attended was at Toledo.

Nineteen-fifty I was with Columbus. We beat Indianapolis and Al Lopez in the playoff and beat Baltimore in the Little World Series in six games.

HUGHES GOES HOLLYWOOD

When I was in California, we were in a couple films: *Play Ball, America*, and *The Monty Stratton Story*.

Monty Stratton was a White Sox pitcher, and he was in a hunting accident and severed his leg. They made him an artificial leg, and he thought he could pitch in the major leagues with that artificial leg, but he couldn't field his position like a two-legged guy. Jimmy Stewart played Monty Stratton. Boy, oh boy, he certainly is one great guy. We would sit and talk with both Jimmy Stewart and June Allyson.

Part of that picture was shot in the Hollywood ballpark, and another part over in Wrigley Field in Los Angeles. Sam Wood was director of that picture, and I can remember that Stewart was up to the bat. He hit the ball, and right before he got to first base, about fifteen or twenty feet, he falls down like a belly slide. And Sam Wood was scratching his head; there was no hair up here. I laughed, and then I looked up at Sam and said, "Why, hell, he just started his slide too soon."

"That's it, that's it!" Well, they put that dialogue in there, and by using that dialogue, it got me twenty-five dollars.

HOW 'BOUT THAT...

Four rookie pitchers have started All Star Games: Jerry Walker (AL, 1959, second game); Dave Stenhouse (AL, 1962, second game); Mark Fidrych (AL, 1976); and Fernando Valenzuela (NL, 1981).

Who was the major leagues' first black manager? The record books say Frank Robinson, who took over the Cleveland Indians in 1975, while some trivia buffs claim that coach Ernie Banks managed the Cubs for an inning on May 8, 1973, after manager Whitey Lockman was ejected from a game. But, on September 19, 1968, Willie Horton was named Detroit's "manager for a day" by skipper Mayo Smith. The Tigers won, 6-2, over the Yankees.

From May 14 through 17, 1945—four consecutive days—every single scheduled American League game was rained out!

—Bill Deane

The Great Dominican, Diómedes Olivo

DR. JOSÉ DE JIMÉNEZ

The Dominican Republic's greatest lefthanded pitcher, Diómedes Olivo, jumped into a pennant race as a 41-year-old rookie and helped the 1960 Pittsburgh Pirates win a championship.

CIUDAD TRUJILLO—this name has no meaning for U.S. baseball fans, but it does have a tremendous significance for fans in the Dominican Republic. On the cool afternoon of September 5, 1960, a forty-one-year-old rookie from the Dominican Republic came in to relieve a game for the Pittsburgh Pirates. It was an unnoticed event, although for the Dominican fans it meant the arrival in the major leagues of the greatest Dominican lefthander of all time. Olivo meant for us what Satchel Paige meant for the Americans.

He helped the Pittsburgh Pirates win the NL pennant, participating in four games at the very end of the season, hurling 10 innings and fanning 10 batters for an ERA of 2.79. He could not play in the 1960 World Series because he was taken up to the majors too late to be eligible.

In the *Macmillan Baseball Encyclopedia* he is known as Diómedes Olivo, although in his own country he is known as Guayubín Olivo. This requires an explanation.

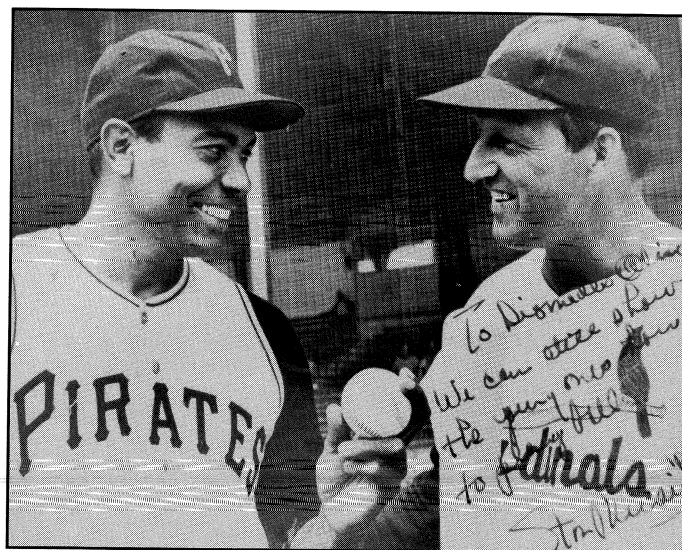
Diómedes Antonio Olivo was born in the small town of Guayubín, in the province of Montecristi on the northwestern side of the island on January 22, 1919.

By 1940 or so the owner of a baseball team in Puerto Plata, a neighboring province, was interested in his services. Since no one knew him in Puerto Plata, the comments among fans and sports-writers included: "A great pitcher from Guayubín was signed;" "The pitcher from Guayubín has arrived." From that moment on, he was baptized as Guayubín Olivo.

In 1944 he played for the Dominican Republic in an amateur World Series at Caracas, Venezuela. In 1946 he played in the Pan American Olympic Games in Barranquilla, Colombia. His performance was outstanding in both series.

In 1947 Olivo became a professional ballplayer with Aguadilla of the Puerto Rico League. He was considered an "ace," both as a pitcher and batter, and when he was not pitching, he was used in the outfield.

On September 28, 1947, Olivo hurled his first no-hitter in the Dominican Republic, playing for Escogido against their rivals, Licey. Olivo drove in one run with a single.



Diómedes Olivo and Stan Musial in 1962.

Professional baseball resumed in the Dominican Republic in 1951 (after a period of inactivity since 1937). Olivo started with Licey, the same team he had belonged to all his life. In 1951 he was leader in games won, strikeouts, and ERA (1.90). Each team played fifty-four games in the season, and many ex-big leaguers played here. So winning ten games meant the same as winning twenty-five or thirty games in a schedule of 154 games.

Olivo was the ERA leader in 1952 and 1954.

On May 22, 1954, Licey's Ewell Blackwell dueled the black pitcher Johnny Wright for the Eagles of Santiago, up to the ninth inning. Wright was hurling a no-hitter. Olivo came up as a pinch-hitter with two outs and two men on, and got a single, winning the game for Blackwell.

One week later, on May 29, Olivo started against Escogido, which had Raymond Dandridge and Bob Thurman. He hurled his second no-hitter, 3-0.

In 1955 he was signed by the Havana Cuban Sugar Kings (Triple

A), although he was hurt and could not play much. He was then signed by the Diablos Rojos (of the Mexican league), where he had excellent years, as we can see from his statistics. In 1959 he was the best pitcher in the Mexican League with the most games won (21) and strikeouts (233 in 247 innings).

After a good season in 1960 with the Columbus Triple A team, Olivo was finally called up by the Pittsburgh Pirates. In the winter of 1960-61 Olivo had a really splendid season in the Dominican Republic: 10 games won (for the fourth time in his career), an ERA of 1.58, with 160 strikeouts in 142 innings.

In 1961 with Columbus, Guayubín was named the International League's Most Valuable Player at the age of forty-two.

In 1962 with Pittsburgh as a relief pitcher he participated in 62 games, winning 5, losing 1, saving 7 games with an ERA of 2.77. He was considered for the Rookie of the Year award. At the age of forty-three! Unquestionably Olivo was the Dominican Satchel Paige.

In 1963 he played briefly with the St. Louis Cardinals. According to many, he could not get along with manager Johnny Keane, who took advantage of his slow start to send him to the Triple A Atlanta Crackers.

On July 22, 1963, in a game against Toronto, Olivo hurled the

third no-hit, no-run game of his career. The final score (in seven innings) was 1-0. He got a single in the third and scored the only run. By then he was forty-four.

The 1963-64 winter season in the Dominican Republic was the last of Olivo's career. He was as strong as always, winning nine games in a short schedule of fifty-four games with an ERA of 2.37. At the time of his retirement he was forty-five.

He left astonishing marks in Dominican baseball: the best ERA (2.11) among hurlers with 1,000 or more innings; the best won-lost percentage (86-46,.652); the most strikeouts (742); and the most games won (86).

On February 15, 1977, at fifty-seven years of age, Olivo looked young and strong. That afternoon he went to play softball and early in the evening, reading some comments about the death of his brother Chi-chi, also a ballplayer, who had died two weeks before, Olivo suffered a sudden heart attack, dying a few minutes later.

His death was a national catastrophe, the whole country was mourning, there was no music anywhere, the sky was cloudy...the president of the Dominican Republic, Dr. Joaquín Balaguer, sent a telegram of condolence to his widow. To be frank: we all cried.

Diómedes "Guayubín" Olivo
Dominican League (Winter Baseball)

YEAR	TEAM	G	W	L	PCT	IP	ERA	SO	H
1951	Lickey	16	10	5	.667	128	1.90	65	107
1952	Lickey	19	10	5	.667	115.1	1.33	79	93
1953	Lickey	19	6	2	.750	96	2.34	57	104
1954	Lickey	13	8	2	.800	87	1.86	33	75
1955-56	Lickey	16	8	3	.728	105.2	1.53	37	103
1956-57	Lickey	16	10	4	.714	107.2	1.84	45	89
1957-58	Lickey	18	4	8	.333	82.2	4.79	65	98
1958-59	Lickey	21	4	2	.667	17.2	2.13	66	65
1959-60	Lickey	22	7	6	.538	116	2.33	98	98
1960-61	Lickey	20	10	6	.625	142	1.58	160	95
1963-64	Lickey	18	9	3	.750	114	2.37	37	115
TOTALS		198	86	46	.652	1166.1	2.11	742	1042

Record in Organized Baseball

YEAR	TEAM	LEAGUE	G	IP	W	L	PCT.	SO	H	ERA.
1955	Havana	Int	7	13	0	1	.000	4	21	5.54
1955	México City Reds	Mex	28	141	8	6	.571	120	151	4.91
1956	México City Reds	Mex	32	197	15	8	.652	115	197	2.65
1957	México City Reds	Mex	5	36	3	1	.750	29	27	2.00
1958	México City Reds	Mex	28	151	8	6	.571	122	160	3.81
1959	Poza Rica	Mex	35	247	21	8	.724	233	219	3.02
1960	Pittsburgh	NL	4	9.2	0	0	.000	10	8	2.70
1961	Columbus	Int	66	130	11	7	.611	118	100	2.01
1962	Pittsburgh	NL	62	84	5	1	.833	66	88	2.79
1963	St. Louis	NL	19	13.1	0	5	.000	9	16	5.40
1963	Atlanta	I.L.	12	35	3	1	.750	26	29	3.09
1964	Atlanta									
M.L. TOTALS			85	107.1	5	6	.455	85	112	3.10

Winterball

PETER C. BJARKMAN

From Armas to Zimmer—for three decades the Caribbean Series has produced its own legends and magic moments.

EACH CRISP AUTUMN, at the conclusion of televised World Series excitement, baseball does not roll up its basepaths and bullpens and disappear into cold hibernation. Unbeknownst to most observers, the national pastime migrates “south of the border” for more exciting big league caliber winter league competition.

For decades Abner Doubleday’s game has reigned as the national sport of Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Mexico, Nicaragua, and Panama. Caribbean *fanaticos* thrill to the cry of “*plei ball!*” and “*jonron!*”

The bread and butter of this hidden Caribbean season are the four pennant races in the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Venezuela, and Mexico (the latter is also home to the summer AAA Mexican League). The crown jewel is the exciting week-long championship playoff among the four Winter League champions, a twelve-game round robin known as the *Serie del Caribe*.

The Winter Leagues have been spawning grounds for numerous major league stars. Mike Schmidt, for one, traces his sudden sophomore success in 1974 to the 1973–74 Winter League in Puerto Rico. The Winter Leagues are the stomping grounds for dozens of travel-weary scouts and player personnel supervisors seeking untouted prospects or supervising extra work for sore-armed pitchers, youthful batsmen, and shaky infielders.

Winterball, with its salsa music, fiesta-like trappings, and nationalistic fervor, is an incomparable baseball culture of Latino-flavored *mano a mano* diamond play, which looms larger for *fanaticos* than major league play itself.

Each game is a festival. Mariachi bands blare, inebriated fans dance the fandango, strange aromatic feasts are served in the teeming bleachers, children race onto the field for autographs between pitches, beauty queen mascots sit in the dugouts, scribes and television crews scour the benches for interviews, sometimes while the ball is in play. On-field play is often wild, woolly, and unparalleled on most big-league diamonds.

Yet Latin baseball remains buried on the back pages of *Baseball America*, despite the impact of Caribbean-born players in North American parks.

A decade of suspended play, 1961–69, a result of economic difficulties and the disappearance of the powerful Cuban team from Series play, did not help.

The Caribbean Series faced new economic problems in the late 1980s.

Today’s major league salaries rule out the need for income-producing extra games in the off-season, and contracts preclude exhibition appearances that might result in injury. Stars on the order of Willie Mays, Roberto Clemente, etc. have long since abandoned the Caribbean parks. Their absence has dulled attendance dramatically.

Political haggling in the Dominican Republic literally short-circuited power to ballparks there in 1989.

Hurricane damage killed attendance in Puerto Rico.

Low ticket prices and lack of corporate sponsors made the Caribbean Series a losing proposition.

The decision was made to move the Series to Miami in 1990, hoping to draw crowds from the Cuban-American population there. Juan Morales, president of Venezuela’s ProEventos Deportivos, invested \$1.5 million to move it to the 55,000-seat Orange Bowl.

But it was not a happy marriage. The Orange Bowl had not housed baseball since 1956, when 52,000 turned out to see Satchel Paige and Bill Veeck’s Triple-A Miami Marlins. The sixty-foot high left-field wall was only 200 feet from home (some players paced it off at 188 feet), and flies over “the Orange Monster” were ground-rule doubles unless they went into the upper deck. The first two days of play produced scores of 20–8 and 10–8.

When players complained about the Monster and about a rocky infield, one American promoter snapped that Latin players ought to be happy, since they played on “cow pastures” back home.

But once the controversies were settled, the play was excellent. An Old Timers game featured Tony Oliva (who slugged a 350-foot homer), Juan Marichal, Jose Tartabull, Camilo Pascual, and Bobby

Peter C. Bjarkman, chairman of the Latin American committee, is working on a history of Latin baseball and Hispanic big leaguers.

Avila, Latin America's first big league batting champ.

In the Series proper, the Dominican team of Junior Felix, Nelson Liriano, and hot prospect Moises Alou triumphed over an undermanned Puerto Rico. Atlanta farmhand Barry Jones slugged five homers—to right field—to tie the Series record set by Rico Carty in 1977.

Liriano was voted the Series' all star second baseman, and Seattle prospect Edgar Martinez was named at third base.

In '91 the Series moved to Joe Robbie Stadium, a real baseball park that was former spring home of the Baltimore Orioles and future home of the National League Florida Marlins, and all the former acrimony was forgotten.

The Dominican Republic won again.

MEMORABLE MOMENTS IN THE CARIBBEAN SERIES, 1949-90

1949 HAVANA

Agapito Mayor leads Cuba to victory in the first Series, the only pitcher to win three games in one tourney. Two come in relief, the third, 11-4, over Puerto Rico.

1951 CARACAS

First baseman Lorenzo "Chiquitin" Cabrera of Cuba establishes a record by batting .619 (13-for-21).

1952 PANAMA

Texan Tommy Fine (a lifetime 1-3 in the majors), pitching for Cuba, hurls the only no-hitter in Series history, 1-0, over Venezuela.

1955 CARACAS

Willie Mays (Puerto Rico), fresh off his 1954 NL batting title and World Series catch against Vic Wertz, strokes an eleventh-inning home run off Giants teammate Ramon Monzant of Venezuela with Roberto Clemente on base, to earn a 4-2 victory. The gigantic home run breaks up an 0-for-12 slump and remains one of the most dramatic clouts in Series history.

1958 SAN JUAN

Lefty Juan Pizarro (Puerto Rico) fans 17 hitters against Panama, a record which still stands. Pizarro allows only two hits and walks three batters.

1960 PANAMA CITY

Veteran Camilo Pascual (Cuba) wins two games in a Series for the third time, establishing a record of six victories without defeat.

1979 SAN JUAN

Big League outfielder Mitchell Page smashes a 450-foot home run to clinch the championship, only the second title by Venezuela.

1987 HERMOSILLA, MEXICO

Puerto Rico, the eventual champion, smacks a record eight home runs in one game, but the Dominican Republic wins the game, 14-13.

1990 MIAMI

Atlanta outfield prospect Barry Jones ties Rico Carty's 1977 home run mark with five circuit blows for Puerto Rico. A lefty pull-hitter, Jones achieves his record without an assist from the 188-foot left-field fence in the makeshift Orange Bowl.

CARIBBEAN SERIES RECORDS

Most home runs, lifetime:	11 Tony Armas, Venezuela
Most hits, single Series:	14 Pedro Formental, Cuba 1953 (25 at bats, .560 ave.)
Most RBI, single Series:	12 Stan Palys, Panama 1960
Most victories, lifetime:	6-0 Camilo Pascual, Cuba 6-2 Reuben Gomez, Puerto Rico 6-4 Jose de la Trinidad "Carrao" Bracho, Venezuela 5-0 Pedro Borbon, Dominican Republic 5-1 Orlando Pena, Cuba, Venezuela
Lowest ERA, lifetime:	1.00 Francisco Oliveras, Puerto Rico (36 innings) 1.38 Odell Jones, Dominican Republic, Venezuela (52 innings) 1.90 Camilo Pascual, Cuba (52.1 innings)
Most strikeouts, lifetime:	61 Juan Pizarro, Puerto Rico
Best strikeout/inning ratio, lifetime:	1.45 Jose Rijo, Dominican Rep. (38 strikeouts, 26.2 innings)
Most victories, manager, single series:	7-1 Carlos Pascual, Cuba 1970 6-0 Buster Clarkson, PR 1953 6-0 Antonio Castanos, Cuba 1960 6-0 Bob Rodgers, Dominican Republic 1977
Most championships, team:	7 Tigres de Licey, Dominican Republic

Chicago's Mad Russian Rides Again

EDDIE GOLD

One of the Chicago Cubs' most unforgettable characters, Lou Novikoff used his potent bat and strong arm to carry him all the way to the Hall of Fame in Moline... Moline?

WHO WAS THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE character in Chicago Cubs history? Well, for starters there were the two Hacks...Lawrence "Hack" Miller and Lewis "Hack" Wilson.

Miller was a local strongboy who played for the Cubs in the 1920s. He would hold fans and teammates breathless with his feats of strength. Miller once uprooted trees at Catalina Island, the Cubs' spring training site.

He had been known to bend some bars with his hands and occasionally lifted an automobile by its bumper. To top it off, Miller was a karate expert, a seasoned beer drinker, and he could play—or even carry—the piano. He also strummed a guitar.

And could he *hit* a baseball. Miller still holds the Cubs' rookie record with his .352 batting average in 1922, using a forty-two-ounce bat. But his heavy frame (5'9", 195 pounds) prevented him from becoming a good outfielder.

Hack Wilson was exciting both on and off the field. His fifty-six homers in 1930 is still a National League record. Wilson's 190 RBIs are a major league record, one that probably never will be approached.

When not hitting the ball, Hack was hitting the bottle. His figure would never have won him Mr. America honors—he stacked a roly-poly 190 pounds on a 5'6" frame.

There were others. Dim Dom Dallessandro, another 5'6" outfielder, once leaped into the ivy vines at Wrigley Field to rob Paul Waner of the Pirates of an extra base hit, and was left dangling in the vines. He had to be extricated by right fielder Bill Nicholson.

A recent Cub character was outfielder Joe "Tarzan" Wallis, who leaped from cliffs. But Tarzan hit more like Jane. Our vote goes to Lou Novikoff, better known as the "Mad Russian."

Novikoff was moon-faced and barrel-chested. He stood 5'10" and weighed 185 pounds. He ran like an animated duck, played the harmonica, sang a mean baritone, and liked to draw pictures.

Louie Novikoff was born in Glendale, Arizona, on October 12, 1915. He was one of twelve children and spoke only Russian until he was ten. He played softball under the name of Lou Nova and once struck out twenty-two batters in an eight-inning game.

Then he turned to hardball and soon became the scourge of the minor leagues, hitting .351 at Ponca City, .367 at Moline, .361 at Tulsa, and .363 with the Los Angeles Angels, then a Cubs' farm club.

Did they love Lou in L.A.! His 1940 statistics were outstanding. In 174 games, Novikoff scored 147 runs, had 259 hits, 44 doubles, 6 triples, 41 homers, and 171 RBIs to go with a .363 average.

After graciously accepting *The Sporting News* trophy as the outstanding minor leaguer, Novikoff responded by hitting two homers, two singles, and throwing out a runner at the plate.

Novikoff then grabbed the microphone and sang "My Wild Irish Rose" with an encore of "Down By the Old Mill Stream." Somehow he forgot his harmonica.

Was he fact or fiction? Cub fans clamored for Novikoff. After all, Red Sox fans had their Ted Williams and Yankee fans had their Joe DiMaggio. The Cubs had the Mad Russian.

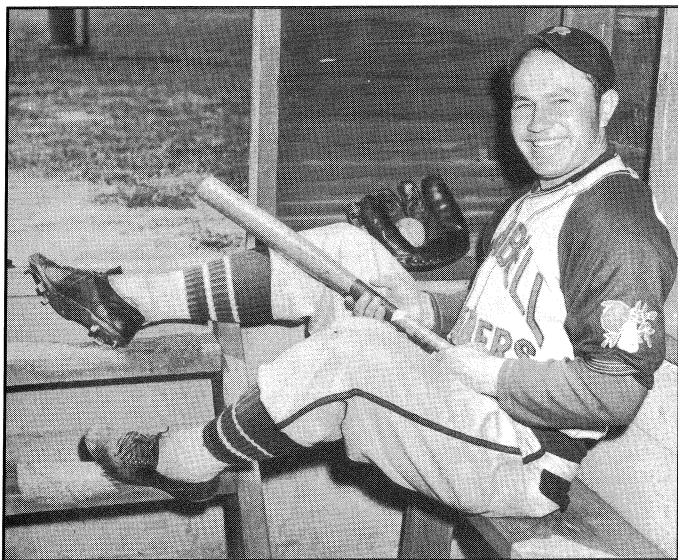
Novikoff reported to the Cubs in 1941 and coach Kiki Cuyler tried to make an outfielder out of him. At least Cuyler got rid of Lou's duck waddle. Still, his fielding was atrocious. Novikoff treated the ivy vines at Wrigley Field as if they were poison ivy! He also said the left-field foul lines were crooked, which hampered both his hitting and his fielding.

Novikoff hit .241 in 62 games for the Cubs in 1941, and the club sent him back to the minors. They couldn't keep him down on the farm, however, after he hit .370 at Milwaukee to win another batting crown. It was agreed by the Cubs' brass that they would play Novikoff regularly in 1942, no matter how he fielded.

By June 10, Novikoff was floundering, batting only .206. Always noted for being a bad-ball hitter, Lou was swinging at anything. Even his wife, the former Esther Volkoff, would come out to the ballpark and yell, "Strike da bum out!"

Then one day Esther decided to do something else. What he needed was some "hoopsa," the Russian equivalent of hamburger, rolled in cabbage leaves and served on a bun.

Whatever, it seemed to work for Lou. Suddenly the Mad Russian became the "Socking Soviet." Novikoff batted .375 down the stretch and finished with 145 hits in 128 games for a .300 average.



Lou Novikoff

His 25 doubles, 7 homers, and 64 RBIs all proved to be career highs.

While the fans forgave his inferior fielding, Cubs manager Jimmy Wilson spent many sleepless nights thinking about Novikoff. After a gut-wrenching loss to the Braves on a Novikoff error in Boston,

Wilson returned to his hotel room to sleep it off. Instead, he tossed and turned in his bed.

For comfort, Wilson turned on the radio, just in time to hear a broadcast from a popular Boston night spot. The announcer said, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, here's Lou Novikoff of the Chicago Cubs, singing 'Trees.'"

Wilson couldn't believe it. He looked at his clock—it was past curfew. So the Cubs skipper stormed out of his hotel room and hailed a cab. He sped to the nightclub.

Novikoff, upon spotting his irate manager, summoned him to the stage for a duet.

From that time on, it became timber (as in riding the pines along the dugout bench) for the "Trees" warbler.

In 1943, Lou hit .279 in 78 games, slipping to 7 doubles and 28 RBIs. The following season he saw action in only 71 games, batting .281 with 19 RBIs.

The Cubs had two young outfielders, Peanuts Lowrey and Andy Pafko, waiting in the wings. Both could hit and they didn't wear gloves just to keep their hands warm. Pretty soon Novikoff returned to softball, his first love, and duck waddled into the Hall of Fame.

No, not the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. This was the softball Hall of Fame in Moline, Illinois. It was an appropriate spot for Novikoff, who died September 30, 1970, in South Gate, California.

FAMOUS FUNGO HITTERS I HAVE KNOWN

It's been years since I went out to the ballpark early enough to watch the fungo hitters loft flyballs to the outfield. It was nice to sit there in the quiet of the park and hear the crack of the bat and the fungo hitter shouting to the outfielders or pitchers who would be shagging the flyballs. Today, when I do go to a game, I don't arrive until near game time. That way I'm spared the rock music usually screaming over the PA system or the noise from DiamondVision or the other distractions that one encounters at the modern ballpark. So I really have no idea who the good fungo hitters are.

There were quite a few fungo hitters back in the 1930s who were pitchers. Fellows like Lonnie Warneke, Charlie Root, Red Ruffing, Ted Lyons, Roy Parmelee, Larry French, and Tex Carleton were all outstanding moundsmen who could really give a ball a ride. Dazzy Vance was a good fungo hitter, though he didn't do too well in a contest with Babe Ruth in the early thirties. In 1931 the local teams played some charity games and before one of them they held a fungo hitting contest. Vance, the Dodger great, usually could hold his own against any of them, but this day he had three tries and couldn't get a ball past second base. The Babe won with a clout that went 421 feet.

Now if that was a record, how about Larry French, who may

have been the best of them all? Larry hit many 450 feet or more on the fly and some were measured at over 500 feet!

In the early 1930s when French was with Pittsburgh he hit a ball that they talked about for quite a while. Standing just off home plate at the Polo Grounds, he hit a ball to dead center field which passed the 483-foot sign like a shot and went right through an open window in the Giants clubhouse! Pitcher Herman Bell was sitting by the window drinking a bottle of soda and was so startled he fell off his chair!

Bob Smith spent thirteen years in the National League as a pitcher, mostly with the Boston Braves. His final season was 1937, and one day before a game with the Phillies, Bob was swinging the fungo bat, lifting some flies to the outfield. Then lo and behold he missed the ball twice in succession!

Chuck Klein was in the Philly dugout watching him. Klein was then one of the most feared hitters in the National League, but he had trouble hitting the Smith deliveries. "Look at that fellow," said Chuck pointing to Bob Smith in disgust, "fungo hitting, and he won't even give himself a good ball to hit!"

—Tom Knight

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