

THE
Baseball  Research
JOURNAL

The Greatest New York-Boston World Series

BILL CHUCK

An Interview with Smokey Joe Wood

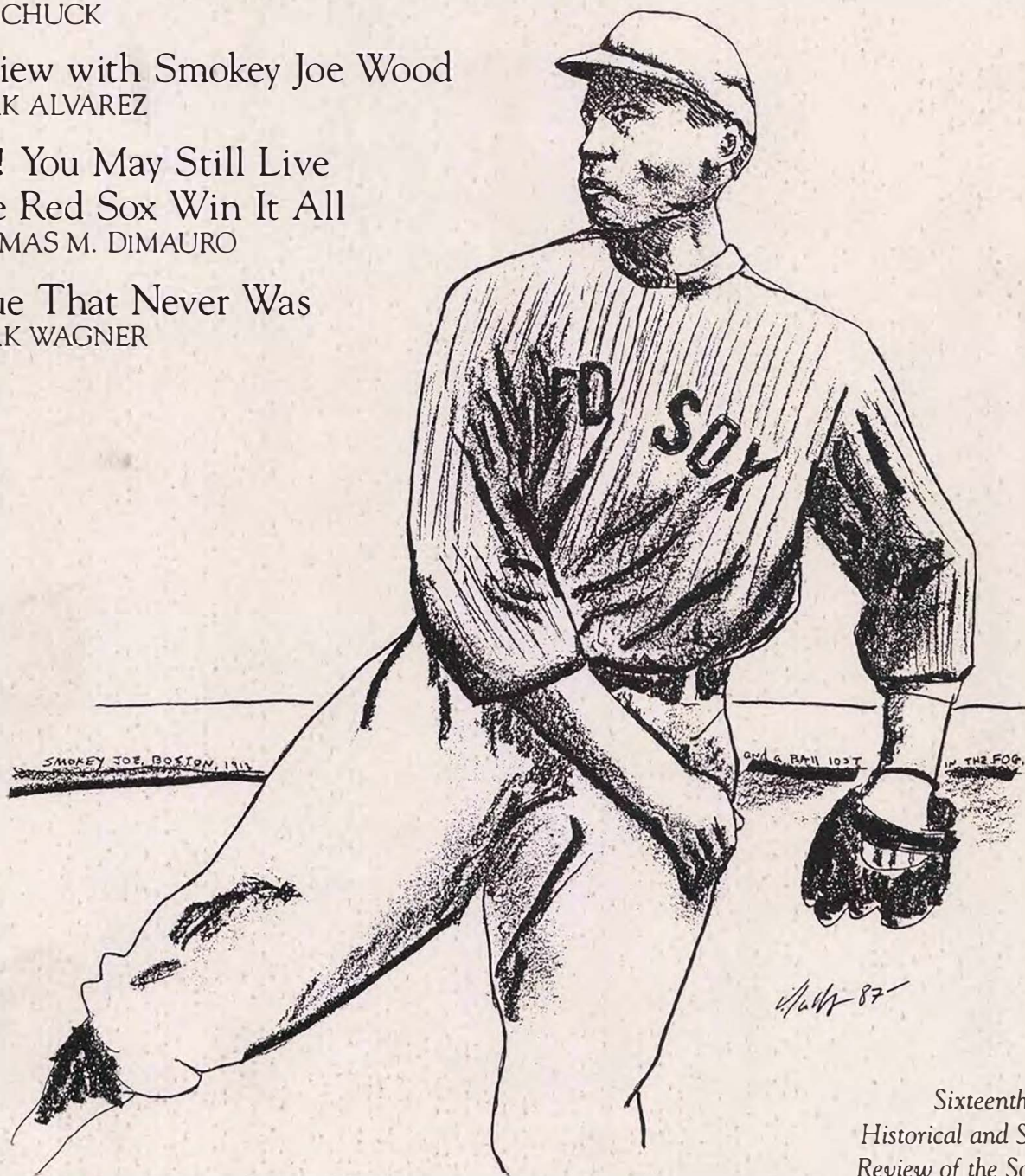
MARK ALVAREZ

Cheer Up! You May Still Live
To See the Red Sox Win It All

THOMAS M. DIMAURO

The League That Never Was

MARK WAGNER



Sixteenth Annual
Historical and Statistical
Review of the Society for
American Baseball Research

Puck



THE BASE-BALL LAOCOON.

No class of labor feels the grip of grinding monopoly more than our underpaid, overworked ball-players.

(Still true 80 years later.)

THE

Baseball 16 Research

JOURNAL

THIS ISSUE CELEBRATES the seventy-fifth anniversary of some memorable baseball events: the opening of Fenway Park, the building of what is now known as Tiger Stadium, and the extraordinary World Series of 1912. That year's landmark achievement, however, may have been the pitching of Red Sox right-hander Smokey Joe Wood. As Bill Chuck points out in these pages, Wood's three Series wins and 34-5 regular-season record, which included a 16-game winning streak, 10 shutouts, and an historic victory over Walter Johnson, constituted one of the greatest pitching years of all time.

The following season Wood suffered a broken thumb, returned too soon, and was never again able to throw that smoking fastball. Finished as a pitcher at twenty-six, he later made a successful comeback as an outfielder. Wood hasn't been elected to the Hall of Fame because the electors apparently felt he failed to meet the requirement of being "outstanding for a long period of time." Nonetheless, his seven full and four partial seasons on the mound produced some noteworthy numbers: a 116-57 record, a .671 winning percentage, and a 2.03 earned run average. Our stories on total average and shutout proficiency suggest that, durability aside, Wood is the equal of any pitcher ever. These findings certainly wouldn't surprise Johnson, Wood's old nemesis and friend. "Can I throw harder than Joe Wood?" Big Train once said. "Listen, my friend, there's no man alive that can throw harder than Smokey Joe Wood."

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is my first issue as editor of *Baseball Research Journal*. Rest assured: I have no intention of making massive changes from the friendly confines established by my predecessors. Certainly the differences in this issue are minor.

We hope #17 will be issued during the baseball season. One way you can help is by submitting stories soon. As ever, we're seeking pieces on history and statistics, plus photos, artwork, humor, and interviews. Thanks for your continued support. *Jim Kaplan*

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Editor: Jim Kaplan

COVER ART: The drawing of Smokey Joe Wood was provided by Vincent Scilla, a New York artist whose work has been featured at the current "Diamonds Are Forever" traveling exhibit and Gallery 58 in Cooperstown.
PICTURE SOURCES: Pages 34 & 35 — Joseph Overfield; pages 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, and 86 — John B. Holway; page 69 — John E. Spalding; page 77 — David Kemp and Roger Wildin; other art provided by John Thorn.

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Boston-New York: The Really Exciting World Series

BILL CHUCK

Forget about Mets-Red Sox, poor Billy Bucks, and all that other lightweight 1986 stuff. Another Boston-New York matchup was the stuff of legend. Consider the extraordinary events of 1912.

BOSTON VERSUS NEW YORK. The rivalry encompasses art, culture, politics, commerce, and class. And, of course, baseball. Let's talk World Series. Clemens, Gooden, Wilson, Buckner? How about Wood, Mathewson, Speaker, Snodgrass? Nineteen eighty-seven was the seventy-fifth anniversary of Fenway Park and the strange, exciting World Series of 1912.

Let's set the scene. The year started with William Howard Taft as President of the United States. At least 325 pounds, Taft had a special bathtub built in the White House to meet his needs. It could fit four people (probably three Terry Forsters). Nineteen twelve was a presidential election year. Taft lost when Teddy Roosevelt entered the race as the "Bullmoose Progressive," split the Republican vote, and enabled Democrat Woodrow Wilson to be elected twenty-eighth President. In January, 25,000 textile workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, staged the now-famous "Bread and Roses Strike" that broke the American Woolen Company Sweatshop and established the International Workers of the World as a powerful union.

Time for baseball. In January, Charles Ebbets announced plans to build a new \$750,000 stadium in Brooklyn for the Trolley Dodgers. Ground was broken in March. In February, the Yankees announced that they would wear new pin-striped uniforms. Spring training saw Cy Young announce his retirement. In April, the season began with a classic stadium opening. Built on the marshes of Boston (also known as "the Fens"), Fenway Park became the new home of the Red Sox. April 18, 1912 was to be opening day. It rained. A doubleheader was scheduled for the next day, Patriots Day. It rained once more. On April 20, the first game was played against . . . you guessed it, New York. The Sox won in eleven, 7-6. But simultaneously news was arriving of a far more ominous event: the sinking of the Titanic.

By May, Ty Cobb was suspended indefinitely for thrashing a fan who had sworn at him. American League

President Ban Johnson reinstated Cobb only after the Tigers went on strike and refused to play. It didn't matter: The Tigers would finish sixth. The Philadelphia Athletics, who had won in 1910 and 1911 and would win again in 1913 and 1914, were to be a third-place club. By July, it became apparent that 1912 was the year of the Boston Red Sox: They set a league record with 105 wins that held up until the 1927 Yankees won 110. In the senior circuit, John McGraw was leading his Giants to the second of three straight National League pennants: They won by ten games over the Pirates.

Heinie Zimmerman of the Cubs won the National League batting title and, by some modern accounts, the Triple Crown. In the American League, Ty Cobb (who else?) won the batting crown with a .410 average, down ten points from his league-leading average of the previous year.

The National League champion Giants were led by pitching greats Christy Mathewson and Rube Marquard. Fred Merkle was at first, Fred Snodgrass in center, and Chief Meyers behind the plate. The Red Sox had one of the greatest fielding outfielders of all time. Harry Hooper and Duffy Lewis flanked centerfielder Tris Speaker, who played as if he were a softball player in short center and occasionally turned line drives into unassisted double plays. He hit .344 for his career and .383 for the 1912 season. But the Bosox story in 1912 was pitcher Joe Wood. Known as "Smokey Joe" for his smoking fastball, he had one of the best pitching years ever, a 34-5 record with 35 complete games, a 1.91 earned run average, and 10 shutouts. One of those shutouts, on September 6, was a famous 1-0 win over Walter Johnson. Johnson had had a record sixteen-game winning streak halted in August. This win marked Woods fourteenth straight, and he eventually tied Johnson's streak.

Bill Chuck is an administrator at Boston's Emerson College, a freelance writer, and a Mets fan.

October 9th 1912

BOSTON "RED SOX," <i>Champions of the American League</i>												
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R H O A E
1. HOOPER, R. F.	/	LB			R		3		3			"
2. YERKES, 2nd B.	R	3			2			/	/			'
3. SPEAKER, C. F.	R		/		3			2	R			'
4. LEWIS, L. F.	R		2			LB		R	LB			'
5. GARDNER, 3rd B.	2		3			/		LB		2		
6. STAHL, 1st B.	LB			/		2		LB		3		'
7. WAGNER, S. S.	3			2		3		3			/	
8. CADY, C.; 9. CARRIGAN, C.; 11. THOMAS, C.; 12. NUNAMAKER, C.		/		3			/		/		2	
14. WOOD, P.; 15. HALL, P.; 16. O'BRIEN, P.; 17. COLLINS, P.; 18. BEDIENT, P.; 22. PAPE, P.		2			/		2		2		3	
Total	3	0	0	0	/	0	0	/	0	/	0	6

(Look for number on score board for pitcher and catcher)

23. BALL, Inf.; 31. ENGLE, Inf.; 49. KRUC, Inf. 51. BRADLEY, Inf.; 61. HENRIKSEN, O. F.
 UMPIRES--(1) RIGLER and (2) KLEM, National League. (3) EVANS and (4) O'LOUGHLIN, American League.

BATting FOR FOUR HUNDRED FOR THIRTY YEARS

CUSHING PROCESS

11-1
6-6

TWO STORES

166 CANAL STREET, NEAR NORTH STATION AND WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER HAYWARD PLACE

NEW YORK "GIANTS," <i>Champions of the National League</i>												
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R H O A E
1. <i>Smuggers</i>	X		/		2			R	X		✓	'
2. DOYLE, 2nd B.	/		2		3			/	X		/	'
3. <i>Secker</i> C. F.	2		3			/		R	X		3	'
4. MURRAY, R. F.	3			R		3		R	3			"
5. MERKLE, 1st B.		/		/		2		2		R		'
6. HERZOG, 3rd B.		R		2			X	X		/		"
18. <i>Matthewson</i> C.; 8. MEYERS, C.; 9. WILSON, C.		X		X			/	3		X		'
7. FLETCHER, S. S.			2		3			2		/	2	
11. AMES, P.; 12. CRANDALL, P.; 14. MARQUARD, P.; 15. MATHEWSON, P.; 16. TES-REAU, P.; 17. WILTSE, P.		3			/		3		2	3		
Total <i>Matthewson</i>	0	1	0	/	0	0	0	3	0	10	6	11

(Look for number on Score Board for Pitcher and Catcher)

22. BECKER, O. F.; 23. BURNS, O. F.; 31. McCORMICK, O. F.; 49. SHAFER, Inf.; 51. GROH, Inf.; 61. ROBINSON, Coach;
 71. McGRAW, Mgr.
 UMPIRES--(1) RIGLER and (2) KLEM, National League. (3) EVANS and (4) O'LOUGHLIN, American League.

IN BASEBALL, THE QUESTION IS, WILL IT BE THE "RED SOX" OR "GIANTS"? BUT IN HEADWEAR THERE IS NO QUESTION

THE CHAMPION HAT OF THE WORLD

IS, HAS BEEN, AND ALWAYS WILL BE

THE AMERICAN HAT

A "STETSON"

FOR AMERICAN MEN

It was the first time that Boston and New York met in the World Series. They should have met in 1904, but John McGraw wouldn't let his Giants play the then-named Pilgrims, stating "we don't play minor leaguers." Ah, Boston versus New York.

It's now October and time for the World Series. Game One, New York. Pitching for the visitors, Smokey Joe Wood. For the Giants, Jeff Tesreau. Already the controversy begins. The Giants have 20-game winners Mathewson and Marquard. Why a rookie spitballer? McGraw claims to be saving Mathewson for the Boston opener in Game Two. Observers believe that McGraw is conceding the win to Wood. Tesreau pitches well, leading 2-0 through five, but gives up 1 run in the sixth and 3 more in the seventh. Going to the bottom of the ninth, it's still 4-2. The Giants score one and put runners on second and third with only one out, but Wood strikes out Fletcher and Crandall to win, 4-3. "That was the biggest thrill I ever had in baseball, those two strikeouts," Wood would later say.

The Series returns to Boston for Game Two. The Red Sox are greeted by more than 30,000 fans, none more rabid than the "Royal Rooters." Numbering about 500, they're led by Boston Mayor John "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, the future grandfather of John Fitzgerald Kennedy (the President, not the utility infielder). Prior to the game they give a car to Sox manager Jake Stahl as a token of their appreciation. The game starts at three, with Christy Mathewson pitching for the Giants and Ray Collins for Boston. Red Murray and Buck Herzog each get a single, double, triple, and two runs batted in for New York. The Giants, however, make five errors. The Sox have only one error, but it's a dropped fly ball by Duffy Lewis that allows the tying run to score. That's how it ends, tied 6-6 after 11. Called on account of darkness.

After two games, Boston leads New York, one game to none.

October 10. The next game is also in Boston, the Giants' Rube Marquard pitching against Buck O'Brien. The Giants score one run in the second and another in the fifth to lead 2-0 going to the bottom of the ninth. Boston-New York weirdness then strikes. Duffy Lewis beats out an infield hit and scores on Larry Gardner's double to right: 2-1. Jake Stahl bounces to Marquard, who snags Gardner at third. Darkness is setting in, and a typical New England mist descends upon Fenway as Heinie Wagner beats out an infield hit. An out and a stolen base later, the Sox have runners on second and third with two outs. Hick Cady hits a liner to right. Stahl and Wagner race home with tying and winning runs. But through the fog Josh Devore makes a dive for the ball and heads right to the clubhouse. Boston fans, elated, go

home feeling that their beloved Sox have taken a two-game Series lead. After the game the writers get the call from the umps. Devore caught the ball. The Giants win, 2-1.

After three games, the Series is tied at one game apiece. Back in New York, there's a rematch of the opening-game pitchers. The results are the same: Wood the winner, Tesreau the loser. Wood strikes out eight and drives in a run in a 3-1 win.

Back to Fenway. Trying to even the Series, the Giants send Christy Mathewson against Red Sox rookie Hugh Bedient, who is hot off a 20-9 season. Mathewson pitches brilliantly, giving up only five hits. Two of the hits, in the third, are back-to-back triples by Harry Hooper and Steve Yerkes. Then, second baseman Larry Doyle errs on a Tris Speaker grounder, producing another run. That's enough for Bedient, who allows only three hits for a 2-1 win.

The championship is in sight. After a Sunday off-day, Smokey Joe Wood is scheduled to pitch. Sox owner Jim McAleer pulls a Steinbrenner-type move and insists that the Game Three loser, Buck O'Brien, 4-9 in the regular season, pitch this key game. Manager Stahl protests, but McAleer wins. O'Brien doesn't. The Giants score five in the first, and Marquard coasts to a 5-2 win. The game is saved by what Hugh Fullerton in *The New York Times* calls a "miracle catch" by Fred Snodgrass. On the train ride back to Boston, Wood's brother, who lost a \$100 wager on the game, gives O'Brien a black eye. Rough day.

After six games played, the Sox lead 3-2.

Well, it's back to Fenway for Game Seven, er, I mean six, I mean . . . well, what game was it? The Royal Rooters want to know. You see, fans bought tickets in strips of three games. The location of the seventh game is to be decided by a coin flip. Tickets for this fourth Boston game are sold on a first-come, first-serve basis. This means the seats reserved for the Royal Rooters are sold by a very naive ticket clerk. Led by Honey Fitz, the Rooters march in shortly before the game is to start, waving their miniature red stockings and singing the song "Tessie." They try to take their seats. Unsuccessful, they swarm the field to protest just as Wood marches to the mound to clinch the title. The officers from the left-field stands fail to move the loyal fans who had followed their Sox in Boston and New York. They're moved by mounted officers from the right-field stands. Five mounted policeman disperse the crowd, but in the process, the Rooters knock down the then-low left-field bleacher fence. The game is delayed as the outfield fence is repaired. By the time the game starts, Smokey Joe's arm has tightened up. In the worst-played game of the World Series, the Giants score 6 in the first, knock out Wood as easily as the Rooters knocked out the fence, and bury the Sox, 11-4. The headlines the next day

proclaim the Giant success. The nation waits and worries as Teddy Roosevelt wages his successful battle against an assassin's bullet.

The Giants have Christy Mathewson for the finale, but the Sox have American League President Ban Johnson. On the coin flip deciding the location, Johnson calls "tails" and the Red Sox are at home. Each of the first seven games was viewed by over 30,000 fans, but this

game has a crowd of only 17,000. There had been a rally by the Rooters following the last game vilifying the Red Sox ownership and, unbelievably, cheering the Giants management. Boston-New York. Only in a Boston-New York series would the home team fans boycott the final game of the World Series! The Giants score a run in the third against Bedient. Josh Devore walks on four pitches and scores on a long double to left-center by Red Murray

Don't Forget Tiger Stadium!

BRENDAN ROHAN

FENWAY WASN'T THE only historic ballpark born in 1912. The concrete-and-steel foundation for what would later be called Tiger Stadium also was completed that year.

At the time Detroit had been playing at the same site for over a decade, only in a different stadium: Bennett Field, named after an 1880s-star Detroit catcher, Charlie Bennett, who lost his legs in a train accident.

Before it was Bennett Field, the site had been a cobblestone-covered hay market and, earlier yet, a popular picnic ground and the home of the city's first zoo. Oldtimers recalled that the cobblestones, covered only by a thin layer of soil, often put a funny twist on balls hit to the field.

Detroit played its first American League game at Bennett Field, about a mile from downtown Detroit, on April 25, 1901 and beat a team from Milwaukee, 14-13, with an incredible ten-run rally in the bottom of the ninth inning. Although the wooden stands held only about 8,500 people, many more were accommodated at discount prices by entrepreneurs who put up wildcat bleachers with a view over the fence from outside the park.

In 1912 Bennett Field was enlarged to hold 23,000 people, and its name was changed to Navin Field after the team's new owner, Frank Navin. In 1924 Navin added an upper deck, from first to third base, and installed a press box on the roof. Navin Field originally favored right-handed hitters. It was 370 feet down the right-field line and 345 to the left-field fence.

Walter O. Briggs, a millionaire auto-body manufacturer who took over the team after Navin's death in 1935, renamed the park after himself. In two separate expansions — 1936 and 1938 — he added right-field and center-field decks and a bleacher section in center field, enclosing the park. In the expansions, the right-field line shrunk from 370 to 325 feet and the new upper deck overhanging right field made its first appearance. The seating capacity ballooned to 54,900.

John Fetzer bought the historic park and team in 1961 and changed the name to Tiger Stadium. In 1977, he sold the park to the city of Detroit for one dollar and took a thirty-year lease. About the only significant change he made was to tear out the old green wooden seats in favor of new blue-and-orange plastic ones. Tiger Stadium now seats about 53,000.

A principal charm of Tiger Stadium for the fans is simply this long tradition, unbroken by change of locale. Lou Whitaker now fields balls at second base where Charlie Gehringer once played. Chet Lemon makes spectacular catches in the same outfield where Ty Cobb once roamed. Kirk Gibson hits homers from the same batter's box where Hank Greenberg once stood.

Tiger Stadium is a home-run hitter's paradise. Ted Williams, Mickey Mantle, and Reggie Jackson all hit memorable home runs that cleared the stadium roof. The two longest balls were believed to have been hit by Mantle and Babe Ruth. The baseball that Ruth blasted out of Tiger Stadium on June 8, 1926 — before the park was enclosed by its upper decks — later was found more than two blocks from the stadium. The ball was said to have come to rest over 800 feet from home.

On September 10, 1960, Mantle hit a towering home run over Tiger Stadium's two decks that some believe may have been longer than Ruth's. An employee of a nearby lumberyard saw the ball land 643 feet from home, the stadium record for a precisely measured home run.

The Tigers played their first night game at the park on June 15, 1948. The park was the last in the American League to install lights. In a prophecy reminiscent of the one about the unsinkability of the Titanic, former owner Navin reportedly had once said of night games, "It will be the beginning of the end of major league baseball."

Brendan Rohan is a junior at Grosse Pointe (Mich.) North High School. He was assisted by his father, Barry, a staff writer who covers the business beat for the Detroit Free Press.

just beyond the grasp of Speaker. In the sixth Hooper makes a barehanded catch falling into the stands to save a run. In the Red Sox seventh, Jake Stahl hits a Texas Leaguer between three Giant fielders. After Matty walks Heinie Wagner on four pitches, Olaf Henrikson pinch hits for Bedient. Matty goes to 0-2, but at 2-2 Henrikson crashes a double down the third-base line and the game is tied. The Series is tied at 3-3, the game at 1-1. On the mound for the Giants, their best, Christy Mathewson. Now pitching in relief for the Sox, their best, Smokey Joe Wood. The score is tied at the end of nine.

In the tenth, Red Murray and Fred Merkle each double. The Giants have the lead and Wood is injured by a batted ball off his pitching hand. It's the bottom of the tenth and the Giants lead, 2-1. But this is Boston-New York. Clyde Engle leads off the inning pinch-hitting for Wood. He lofts a soft fly ball to center. Fred Snodgrass etches his name in the pages of World Series infamy: He drops the ball. In Los Angeles, Fred Snodgrass's mother is in a movie theater, following the game on an electronic scoreboard. When the muff is shown, she faints and is carried out of the theater. Snodgrass redeems himself by making a magnificent catch of a Harry Hooper liner. With one out, Yerkes walks. Mathewson against Tris Speaker. Matty fools him and gets Speaker to loft a foul pop down the first base line. At this point we can only speculate as to what happened. There are some who claim that Mathewson called for Chief Meyers, the catcher, to catch this ball. Some suggest that Speaker or the Boston bench yelled first baseman Merkle off the ball. Merkle quits cold. As described in *The Times*, perhaps he is suffering from "financial paralysis" calculating the difference between the winning and losing shares. The ball drops. One should not give a Tris Speaker a second life. He rips a vicious single to right to tie the score, 2-2, and advances to second on the throw as Yerkes goes to third. Lewis is intentionally passed and the bases are loaded with one down. With the score tied, the infield and outfield are drawn in. Larry Gardner hits a long fly to Devore, who

catches it over his head and makes a desperate throw to the plate too late. Yerkes has scored the championship run. The Boston Red Sox win Game Eight, 3-2, and the championship, 4 games to 3.

Hugh Fullerton writes in *The New York Times*, "Boston fans are mentioning his name only in whispers, and deepest gloom prevails [in New York] wherever baseball is discussed." It is called the "\$30,000 muff," the difference between the winning and losing shares (not for each player, for the teams). There is no tendency for the Giant players to blame either Snodgrass or Merkle, but others say Snodgrass's muff cost each New York player \$1,283, the difference between winning and losing. The winning player's share was \$4,024.68.

The 17,000 Sox fans are jubilant. The Sox are paraded and saluted the next day at Faneuil Hall. They're given an extra day's pay, for the last game was played one day after the season had officially ended. The Giants take the train home. Mathewson travels alone.

Mathewson was 0-2 with a 1.57 ERA. Marquard was 2-0 with a 0.50 ERA. Wood was 3-1 with a 3.68 ERA. The Sox hit .220, Speaker .300; the Giants .270, Herzog .400. But the story of this series was the poor fielding. The Sox made 14 errors. The Giants made 17 errors. Doyle and Fletcher made four each. Merkle, already called "Bonehead," made three. Fred Snodgrass made one. But it was the error that would forever haunt him. John McGraw, no softy, gave him a \$1,000 raise for the next season in recognition of the good year he had. Alas, when Snodgrass died in 1974, his obituary in *The New York Times* headlines, "Fred Snodgrass, 86, Dead, Ballplayer Muffed 1912 Fly." It makes you think of Bill Buckner doesn't it? (And just as unfairly. Snodgrass redeemed himself, remember, and the 1986 Red Sox blew their lead before Buckner bobbled Mookie Wilson's grounder.)

By October 19, there was no mention of the Series in the newspaper. But seventy-five years later, we look back to that Boston victory over their rivals from New York, and await yet another.



Does Mattingly Rate with the Greats?

JOE MANCANO

Yes — at least over his first three full seasons. An evaluation puts him in the same class as — hold onto your bats — Ruth, Williams, DiMaggio, Klein, Greenberg, and Mays.

BY THE END of the 1986 season, Yankee first baseman Don Mattingly had established himself as the most feared hitter in baseball. Mattingly hit well over .300 in 1984-86 — his first three complete seasons — and ranked among the league leaders in doubles, home runs, and slugging average.

Inevitably, people ask: Is Mattingly a better slugger than the all-time greats? Is his average on a par with the top Hall of Famers? With a long career presumably ahead of him, Mattingly hasn't had a chance to compile lifetime totals comparable to the game's immortals. Contrasting Mattingly's statistics with players at similar stages of their careers, however, provides some interesting results.

Mattingly's 1984-86 records were compared to the first three complete years of all twentieth century major leaguers. Six basic categories were examined.

Hits (tied for second): Mattingly's total of 656 hits places him close to the best. Chuck Klein of the Phillies holds the all-time mark with 669 hits in 1929-1931. In second place with Mattingly is Shoeless Joe Jackson, who played for the Indians in 1911-1913. Only eleven players had 600 or more hits in their first three seasons, the most recent being the Reds' Vada Pinson in the early 1960s. Oddly enough, of the ten players with the most lifetime hits, only Ty Cobb exceeded 600 hits (616) in his first three years.

Batting average (unranked): Mattingly's .340 batting average falls far below those of many players during their first three seasons. However, Mattingly and Boston's Wade Boggs (1982-84) have the highest averages since Stan Musial's early years with the Cardinals (1942-44). Batting averages higher than .350 were much more common in the pre-World War II era, making Mattingly's record even more impressive.

Home runs (unranked): Mattingly's 89 roundtrippers are a large total for any ballplayer, especially a .340 hitter. However, many young players exceeded 89 homers in their first three years. Babe Ruth's total of 142 (in 1919-21, after his pitching career ended) heads the list. Mattingly does not rank highly among post-World War II players, either. At least seven totals, topped by Willie Mays's 128, surpassed Mattingly's 89.

Doubles (first): Mattingly had 145 doubles over his first three years, an all-time record. He improved on his annual output each year, from 44 to 48 to 53 (a Yankee record). Closest to Mattingly is the 142 hit by Hank Greenberg in 1933-35. All-time doubles leaders Tris Speaker, Pete Rose, and Ty Cobb all failed to reach 100.

RBIs (seventh): Mattingly knocked in 368 runs for the Yankees, reaching a high of 145 during his MVP year of 1985. The total falls short of six other big leaguers, headed by Chuck Klein's 436 and Joe DiMaggio's American League record 432 (1936-38). The most recent player ranked ahead of Mattingly is Ted Williams (378 in 1939-41).

Slugging average (unranked): Mattingly's .547 percentage places him well down on the all-time list, which is headed by Ruth's incredible .790. If only post-World War II players are considered, the Yankee first baseman ranks fifth, trailing only Willie Mays, Harmon Killebrew, Eddie Mathews, and Dick Allen.

Another statistic worth mentioning is strikeouts. Mattingly does not rank among the leaders in lowest strikeout/at-bat ratio. However, for a slugger of his caliber, Don's

Joe Mancano is a hospital administrator in New York City.

109 Ks in nearly 2,000 at-bats is a remarkable feat.

The oft-discussed issue of who is the "greatest" hitter is difficult to resolve, even when supporting statistics are introduced. Determining who had the "best" first three years is equally difficult. To compare Mattingly's hitting skills with players like Ruth and Williams and determine a "best" hitter is not possible, even on a statistical basis. Nevertheless, Mattingly's three-year statistics in the six categories are listed below, with those of some famous players for contrast:

Name	Team	Yrs	AB	H	2B	HR	RBI	BA	SA
Mattingly	NY (A)	1984-86	1931	656	145	89	368	.340	.547
DiMaggio	NY (A)	1936-38	1857	615	111	107	432	.331	.610
Greenberg	Det (A)	1933-35	1661	539	142	74	396	.325	.575
Klein	Phi (N)	1929-31	1858	669	138	114	436	.360	.644
Ruth	Bos-NY (A)	1919-21	1430	515	114	142	420	.360	.790
Mays	NY (N)	1954-56	1723	551	78	128	321	.320	.627
Williams	Bos (A)	1939-41	1582	563	120	91	378	.356	.640

Mattingly certainly rates favorably with this elite sextet, all of whom but Klein went on to amass outstanding lifetime totals. The "best" overall record among the seven can be argued endlessly, although a strong argument can be made for Ruth. The Bambino's three-year assault on AL pitching left slugging records that have yet to be matched and a .360 batting average. The huge disparity between Ruth and his contemporaries can also be considered. For example, Tilly Walker of the Philadelphia A's ranked second to Ruth's 142 homers with 50.

A dogged worker, Mattingly downplays his hitting achievements and comparisons with other great hitters, expressing instead his desire to play for a pennant-winning team. Given his adherence to the work ethic, his consistency at the plate, his youth, and his glorious start, however, Don Mattingly certainly has a chance, when he finally hangs up his spikes, to rate with the all-time greatest hitters.

TIP TOP WEEKLY

"An ideal publication for the American Youth"

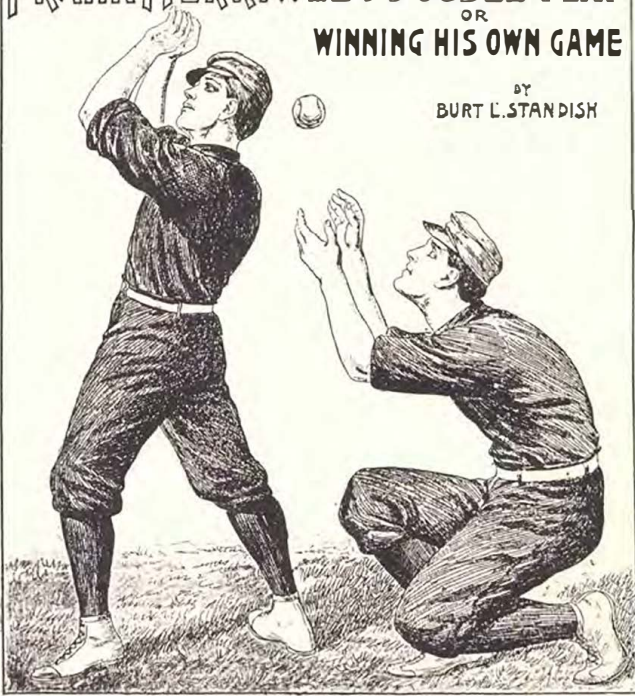
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FRANK MERRIWELL'S DOUBLE-PLAY

OR
WINNING HIS OWN GAME

BY
BURT L. STANDISH



FRANK, CROUCHING BEHIND, CAUGHT THE BALL AS IT BOUNDED FROM BERT'S HANDS.

The Total Average Concept: Hitting, Pitching, Team Play

RICHARD M. COCHRANE

In a new measure of overall performance, it's possible to measure Ted Williams against Joe DiMaggio, Sandy Koufax against Christy Mathewson. And be surprised by some totally unexpected stars.

I HAVE developed a formula for rating the hitters by a Total Batting Average (TBA) and a formula for rating the pitchers by a Total Pitching Average (TPA). By averaging the TBAs of all the hitters on the team, I obtained a Total Team Batting Average (TTBA). By averaging the TPAs of all the pitchers on the team, I obtained a Total Team Pitching Average (TTPA). By adding the TTBA and the TTPA I obtained a Total Team Average (TTA).

TOTAL BATTING AVERAGE

I had often wondered who was the better hitter, Joe DiMaggio or Ted Williams; Hank Greenberg or Jimmie Foxx; Ty Cobb or Rogers Hornsby; Harry Heilmann or Lefty O'Doul; Jim Rice or Mike Schmidt. What single number could include all relevant batting statistics to offer a satisfactory means of comparison?

Batting average alone will not suffice. A .300 hitter with many extra base hits is certainly more valuable than a .300 hitter with only an occasional one. Jim Rice has a lifetime average of .303 while Keith Hernandez has hit .302, but Rice has a slugging average of .518 as compared to Hernandez's .445. Rice also has 4.9 home runs per 100 at-bats, while Hernandez has 2.1. Obviously slugging average must be considered.

However, given two men with about the same slugging average, the one with the higher batting average should rate higher overall. Tony Armas has a slugging average of .454, while George Hendrick has a .449 slugging average. But Hendrick has a batting average of .279 as opposed to a .251 for Armas. Hendrick is the more valuable. (As a matter of fact, Hendrick figures to have a TBA of .825 and Armas only .798 — more on what the numbers mean later). Therefore, I weighed batting average and slugging average equally.

Runs batted in should certainly be considered. RBI average is runs batted in divided by times at bat. Since other players must get on base to be batted in, the hitter is

not solely responsible for an RBI, I decided the hitter would receive only half as much credit for an RBI as for a hit, so I used half the RBI average.

The better hitters are generally walked more than poor or average hitters. In a clutch situation, a good hitter is often deliberately walked to reach a weaker hitter. Also a pitcher works to a good hitter more carefully to avoid putting the ball in his zone, with the result that the better hitters are more likely to walk if the pitcher isn't sharp. To obtain the bases-on-balls average, I divided the bases on balls by the sum of at-bats plus walks. I rated the BB average as one quarter of the batting average.

The overall average that I derived for rating the hitters I called Total Batting Average (TBA).

SYMBOL INFORMATION

TBA	- Total Batting Average	S	- Singles
BA	- Batting Average	D	- Doubles
SA	- Slugging Average	T	- Triples
RBIA	- Runs Batted In Average	HR	- Home Runs
BBA	- Bases On Balls Average	RBI	- Runs Batted In
AB	- At Bats	BB	- Bases On Balls
H	- Hits		

$$TBA = BA + SA + \frac{1}{2} RBIA + \frac{1}{4} BBA$$

$$TBA = \frac{H}{AB} + \frac{S + 2D + 3T + 4HR}{AB} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{RBI}{AB} + \frac{1}{4} \frac{BB}{AB + BB}$$

Often the hitter's statistics don't list singles, only hits (H), doubles (D), triples (T) and home runs (HR), in which case slugging average $SA = \frac{H + D + 2T + 3HR}{AB}$

Baseball fans would generally agree that .300 or higher is a good batting average and .500 or better is a good slugging average, but the TBA numbers would have no meaning without some explanation. I calculated the lifetime TBAs of all the players active in 1986 (543 of

Richard M. Cochrane is a retired design engineer.

them) to determine the changes in my annual list of the best 400 hitters in baseball (lifetime). To qualify for this list, the hitter must have had at least 2,000 at-bats.

Only nine players have a lifetime TBA of 1.000. These nine are 2¼ percent of the 400 on the list. Four of the 583 active players had an average over 1.000 but had very few games under their belt and very few times at bat. It is very difficult to maintain this kind of an average over the lifetime of a career. How many of these four will make it is a question.

The next highest group has a TBA from .999 to .900. There are fifty-nine of them on the current 400 best hitters list, or 14.75 percent of the 400. Eight active players in this group made the 400 best hitters list. They are Don Mattingly (.979), Mike Schmidt (.939), Jim Rice (.931), Pedro Guerrero (.925), Eddie Murray (.922), George Brett (.921), Wade Boggs (.906) and Fred Lynn (.901). Mattingly was the first to be in the top 20 since I started my list.

The next group of hitters are those with a TBA from .899 to .800, of which there are 284 on the 400 list. Among the forty-four active players on this list are Dave Parker (.890), Kent Hrbek (.87913), Jesse Barfield (.87912), Dave Winfield (.876), Carlton Fisk (.829), Harold Baines (.849), Mike Easler (.840), Dwight Evans (.846), Gary Carter (.841), and Tony Gwynn (.821).

The group with a TBA of .799 to .705 includes Carney Lansford (.797), Tony Armas (.798), Larry Parrish (.797), Tom Brunansky (.791), Bill Buckner (.784), and Dave Henderson (.709).

I have listed the top forty-eight hitters from my list of the top 400 hitters in baseball. Occasionally a player will for a year have a TBA over 1.000, but the act of maintaining it year after year is extremely difficult. Brett has had three seasons with a TBA over 1.000, once having a TBA of 1.213, but his overall TBA for his fourteen years is .921. Ted Williams had a TBA over 1.000 for eighteen of his nineteen years to maintain his lifetime TBA of 1.149.

Washington *Post* writer Thomas Boswell developed a Total Average for rating hitters that is essentially the ratio of bases to outs. It includes hits, extra-base hits, bases on balls, stolen bases, and hit by pitcher, all divided by outs (at-bats minus hits) plus out stealing and hits into double play. My source of statistical data (*The Baseball Encyclopedia*) does not list hit by pitcher, out stealing, or hit into double play. Boswell also does not consider runs batted in, which I consider most important. These factors account for some of the differences between Total Average and Total Batting Average. By both methods, however, the same five men top each list, in the same order, with ratings over 1.000.

THE TOP 400 HITTERS IN BASEBALL —
LIFETIME

TPA.	Name (Active Player - a) (H - Hall-of-Fame)	Total Batting Average	Positions Played	Years Played	SPAN
1	Babe Ruth ^H	1.2126	OF,P,1B	22	1914-1935
2	Ted Williams ^H	1.1494	OF	19	1939-1960
3	Lou Gehrig ^H	1.1365	1B,OF	17	1923-1939
4	Jimmie Foxx ^H	1.0906	1B,3B,C,OF,P	20	1925-1945
5	Hank Greenberg ^H	1.0766	1B,OF	13	1930-1947
6	Rogers Hornsby ^H	1.0601	2B,SS,3B,1B,OF	23	1915-1937
7	Joe DiMaggio ^H	1.0420	OF	13	1936-1951
8	Stan Musial ^H	1.0106	OF,1B	22	1941-1963
9	Johnny Mize ^H	1.0072	1B,OF	15	1936-1953
10	Hack Wilson ^H	.9942	OF,2B	12	1923-1934
11	Mickey Mantle ^H	.9920	OF,1B,SS	18	1951-1968
12	Ty Cobb ^H	.9901	OF,1B,P	24	1905-1928
13	Al Simmons ^H	.9895	OF	20	1924-1944
14	Lefty O'Doul	.9873	OF,P	11	1919-1934
15	Harry Heilmann ^H	.9864	OF,1B,2B	17	1914-1932
16	Don Mattingly ^a	.9785	1B,OF,2B	5	1982-1986
17	Hank Aaron ^H	.9779	OF,1B,DH,2B,3B	23	1954-1976
18	Chuck Klein ^H	.9769	OF	17	1928-1944
19	Joe Jackson	.97631	OF,P	13	1908-1920
20	Willie Mays ^H	.97628	OF,1B,SS	22	1951-1973
21	Mel Ott ^H	.9738	OF,3B,2B	22	1926-1947
22	Ken Williams	.9700	OF,1B	14	1915-1929
23	Earl Averill ^H	.9698	OF	13	1929-1941
24	Babe Herman	.9665	OF,1B	13	1926-1945
25	Ralph Kiner ^H	.9649	OF,1B	10	1946-1955
26	Duke Snider ^H	.0981	OF	18	1947-1964
27	Frank Robinson ^H	.9527	OF,1B,3B	21	1956-1976
28	Chick Hafey ^H	.9516	OF	13	1924-1937
29	Tris Speaker ^H	.9506	OF,1B	22	1907-1928
30	Bill Terry ^H	.9502	1B,OF	14	1923-1936
31	Charlie Keller	.9471	OF	13	1939-1952
32	Hal Trosky	.9460	1B	11	1933-1946
33	Dale Alexander	.94482	1B,OF	5	1929-1933
34	Richie Allen	.94478	1B,3B,OF,2B,SS	15	1963-1977
35	Mike Schmidt ^a	.9388	3B,SS,2B,1B	15	1972-1986
36	Willie Stargell	.9337	OF,1B	21	1962-1982
37	Goose Goslin ^H	.9334	OF	18	1921-1938
38	Joe Medwick ^H	.9323	OF,1B	17	1932-1948
39	Jim Rice ^a	.9307	OF,DH	13	1974-1986
40	Bob Johnson	.9286	OF,1B,2B,3B	13	1933-1945
41	Wally Berger	.9282	OF,1B	11	1930-1940
42	Jim Bottomley	.9254	1B	16	1922-1937
43	Pedro Guerrero ^a	.9237	OF,3B,1B,2B	9	1978-1986
44	Eddie Murray ^a	.9217	1B,DH,OF,3B	10	1977-1986
45	George Brett ^a	.9206	3B,OF,1B,SS,DH	14	1973-1986
46	Riggs Stephenson	.9206	OF,2B,3B	14	1921-1934
47	Bob Meusel	.9193	OF,3B,1B	11	1920-1930
48	Bill Dickey ^H	.9198	C	17	1928-1946

TOTAL PITCHING AVERAGE

Winning percentage is of great importance in rating a pitcher's performance. However, I believe that a pitcher's earned run average is of equal importance. A pitcher can have a good ERA but a low winning percentage because he pitches for a poor team. When Red Ruffing pitched for the last-place Boston Red Sox in 1928 he had an ERA of 3.89 but was only 10-25 for a .286 winning percentage. When he was with first-place New York Yankees in 1936 he had an ERA of 3.85 but was 20-12 for a winning percentage of .625.

Generally, the better pitchers have lower ERAs. Since I wanted the better pitchers to have a higher rating

number, I used the reciprocal of the ERA rating and counted it equal in importance to winning percentage in determining the pitcher's rating.

Good pitchers yield fewer hits than poor pitchers. Again, since I wanted the better pitcher to have the higher number, I used the reciprocal hits per game, namely games per hit or inning/nine per hit to arrive at a value for "Hit Stinginess."

The ability of a pitcher to pitch shutouts is another plus factor. To arrive at a pitcher's "Shutout Proficiency" I used shutouts per game and counted this at one-half in value to the previous factors.

The word "game" as I have used it is not the games pitched in but the total number of innings pitched divided by nine. This is quite different from games pitched. Walter Johnson's record in *The Baseball Encyclopedia* is 802 games, but his total innings pitched divided by nine gives him a total of 656 nine-inning games. This is the type of "game" I have used in determining both "Hit Stinginess" and "Shutout Proficiency."

To obtain what I term "Strikeout Proficiency" I used the ratio of strikeouts per inning less the ratio of bases on balls per inning. I used one quarter of this number, weighing its worth in comparison to other factors. If a pitcher has fewer strikeouts than bases on balls, this will be a negative number.

The Total Pitching Average is therefore the sum of the winning percentage, the reciprocal of the ERA, Hit Stinginess or the reciprocal of hits per game, one-half Shutout Proficiency and one-quarter Strikeout Proficiency.

RATING RELIEF PITCHERS

In cases where I am preparing a list of the BEST RELIEF PITCHERS (pitchers who pitch primarily in relief), I include the saves in figuring the winning percentage, counting a save as equal to one-quarter a win. So

$$PCT = \frac{W + \frac{1}{4}S}{W + \frac{1}{4}S + L}$$

The other components making up the pitching average are the same.

I calculated the lifetime TPAs of all the pitchers active in 1986 (431 of them) to determine if they caused any changes in my annual list of the best 400 pitchers in baseball. To qualify for this list the pitcher must have pitched at least 1,000 innings.

The best pitchers have a TPA over 1.300. On my 400 list, six pitchers have a TPA over 1.400, while ten others have a TPA over 1.300. Sixteen, or 4 percent of the 400 best were in this top group. Of the total of 4,900-plus pitchers since 1900 this is only 0.33 percent. Of these best sixteen pitchers none was an active pitcher.

However, of all the active pitchers, 19 or 4.4 percent of them had a TPA above 1.300, but many of them had pitched in relatively few innings or games or seasons. None had pitched 1,000 innings to qualify for the top 400 pitchers list. Some of them may qualify in the near future, especially Dwight Gooden (1.594 - 744 innings), Dave Smith (1.332 - 526 innings), and Roger Clemens (1.412 - 485 innings).

The next bracket would be those with a TPA from 1.299 to 1.200. Thirty-seven of the top 400 pitchers are at this level. Three of them are still active. They are Ron Guidry (1.275), Fernando Valenzuela (1.260) and Rich Gossage (1.258). There were nineteen other active pitchers in this bracket but with fewer than 1,000 innings, they may qualify in the coming years. Some of them are Lee Smith (1.247), Jeff Reardon (1.243), Jesse Orosco (1.207), Orel Hershiser (1.254), Tom Niedenfuer (1.228), Dave Righetti (1.245), and Dan Quisenberry (1.275).

About 24 percent of the top 400 pitchers have a TPA from 1.199 to 1.100. Eleven percent of the active pitchers were in this bracket. They included Steve Carlton (1.195), John Candelaria (1.185), Kent Tekulve (1.174), Don Sutton (1.165), and John Tudor (1.144).

The balance of the top 400 best pitchers is in the bracket of 1.099 to 1.000 with a few with TPAs down to .960. Of the active pitchers 130 or 30 percent had a TPA between 1.099 and .955. About one half of the active pitchers had a TPA under .955. Some of those in the 1.099 to .955 brackets were LaMarr Hoyt, Dennis Leonard, Phil Niekro, Gene Garber, Tommy John, Bob Stanley, Mike Flanagan, Dennis Eckersley, Frank Tan-

THE BEST 400 PITCHERS IN BASEBALL —
LIFETIME — THRU 1986
(THE TOP 20)

TPA. Pos.	Name (Active Player - a) (H - Hall-of-Fame) (R - Relief Pitcher)	Total Pitching Average	Innings Pitched	Years Played	Span
1	Joe Wood	1.494	1434.1	11	1908-1920
2	Ed Walsh ^H	1.489	2964.1	14	1904-1917
3	Addie Joss ^H	1.441	2336.1	9	1902-1910
4	Christy Mathewson ^H	1.426	4782.2	17	1900-1916
5	Sandy Koufax ^H	1.414	2324.1	12	1955-1966
6	Mordecai Brown ^H	1.412	3172.1	14	1903-1916
7	Rube Waddell ^H	1.37029	2961.1	13	1897-1910
8	Walter Johnson ^H	1.37028	5929.2	21	1907-1927
9	Jack Pfeister	1.365	1058.1	8	1902-1911
10	Orval Overall	1.340	1532.1	7	1905-1913
11	Babe Ruth	1.334	1221.1	10	1914-1933
12	Eddie Plank ^H	1.321	4505.1	17	1901-1917
13	Whitey Ford ^H	1.316	3170.1	16	1950-1967
14	Chief Bender ^H	1.307	3017.0	16	1903-1925
15	Ed Reulbach	1.305	2632.2	13	1905-1917
16	Spud Chandler	1.300	1485.0	11	1937-1947
17	Jack Tesreau	1.295	1679.0	7	1912-1915
18	Grover Alexander ^H	1.294	5189.1	20	1911-1930
19	Juan Marichal ^H	1.282	3509.1	16	1960-1975
20	Ron Guidry a	1.275	2218.2	12	1975-1986

ana, Terry Forster, Dave Stieb, Bill Gullickson, Jerry Reuss, Scott McGregor, Nolan Ryan, Bert Blyleven, Rick Sutcliffe, Joe Niekro, Bob Forsch, and Danny Darwin.

I have listed the top twenty pitchers from my list of the top 400 pitchers. Note that Smokey Joe Wood of the early Boston Red Sox heads the list with a fabulous 1.494 TPA. Though many of Joe Wood's peers have been admitted to the baseball Hall of Fame, the Veterans Committee has slighted Joe for years. Also note that Babe Ruth finished eleventh in pitching!

When I first compiled my list of the 400 best pitchers after the 1982 season, Ron Guidry was seventh and Tom Seaver twelfth. Now Guidry is twentieth and Seaver twenty-fourth. It is difficult to maintain a high TPA to the end of a career.

TOTAL TEAM AVERAGE

Once you have Total Batting Average (TBA) and Total Pitching Average (TPA) it is simple to obtain Total Team Average. Calculate the TBA of every batter on the team, multiply each batter's TBA by his at-bats, and then divide by the sum of all at-bats. The result is a weighted Total Team Batting Average (TTBAw).

Do the same with each pitcher, calculating his Total Pitching Average using as a multiplier his innings pitched (I). Again add all the products of TPA x I and divide by the sum of all the Is of all the pitchers. The result is a weighted Total Pitching Average (TTPAw). Adding the two gives the Total Team Average (TTBAw + TTPAw = TTAw).

Now it is possible to determine the best team of all time. I often wondered if the 1927 New York Yankees with their famous "Murderers Row" was the best ever, as many have claimed. I calculated the TTA of many teams and the 1927 Yankees were the best by a fraction of a percent. The following is a list of the top five teams by my calculations. These calculations were based on data in *The Sport Encyclopedia Baseball Sixth Edition*, which has the complete rosters of all the teams. Some teams have over forty players on their roster at some time or other during the season, particularly in more recent years.

	Team	TTBAw	TTPAw	TTAw
1927	New York Yankees	.906	1.202	2.108
1944	St. Louis Cardinals	.762	1.342	2.104
1969	Baltimore Orioles	.770	1.331	2.101
1954	Cleveland Indians	.760	1.310	2.078
1939	New York Yankees	.852	1.217	2.063

I have calculated many TTBAws but the Yankees' .906 for 1927 is by far the highest I've ever seen. The statistics of the Yankees' eight regulars are most impressive.

Name	Pos.	BA	SA	HR	RBI	TBA
Earl Combs	cf	.356	.511	6	64	.939
Mark Koenig	ss	.285	.382	3	62	.739
Babe Ruth	rf	.356	.772	60	164	1.281
Lou Gehrig	1b	.373	.765	47	175	1.328
Bob Meusel	lf	.337	.510	8	103	.967
Tony Lazzeri	2b	.309	.482	18	102	.908
Joe Dugan	3b	.269	.362	2	43	.702
Pat Collins	c	.275	.418	7	36	.809
Ave =		.320	.525	151	.749	.959 Av.

Five of the eight men have a batting average over .300, two have a slugging average in the .700s, two in the .500s, one over .450. That's certainly some hitting! Ruth's and Gehrig's TTAs are astronomically high.

The Yankees' TTPA of 1.202 is lowest of the first five teams considered here. The pitching of Mort Cooper, Max Lanier, Ted Wilks, Harry Breecheen, and the rest of the 1944 St. Louis Cardinals was just superior to that of the 1927 Yanks' Waite Hoyt, Urban Shocker, Wilcy Moore, Herb Pennock and others, but not enough to overcome the hitting edge of the Yanks.

The same holds true of the 1969 Baltimore Orioles. Their pitching staff featuring Mike Cuellar, Dave McNally, Jim Palmer, and Tom Phoebus was almost on a par with the 1944 Cards, but their batting was too inferior to that of the Yanks for them to come in any higher than third place. The three are still very close together.

A SECOND USE OF THE TOTAL TEAM AVERAGE

Another use I have made of the Total Team Average is to use it to predict the final standings of the twenty-six teams. I have tried several ways. Once I used the statistics for the previous four years to calculate the teams' Total Average. On two occasions I've used the previous three years' figures.

Generally I have used the team rosters published by *The Sporting News*. In 1986 the rosters were out so early that by the time the season opened they were virtually useless. I had to cull the information from the daily papers, getting names from the box scores, to get reliable rosters.

The first time I tried to predict the final standings of the teams was for the 1983 season. I used the lifetime statistics of the players and a simple arithmetic average rather than a weighted one in obtaining the Total Team Batting and Pitching Averages.

I had beginner's luck. I picked thirteen out of the twenty-six teams' correct finish — the Baseball Writers' Association picked only six. I picked three out of four division winners correctly — the baseball writers one. Another way I compare results with the writers is this: If I pick a team for first place and it finishes second, I'm one place off. This first year I was off a total of twenty-six places, the writers forty.

SUMMARY OF CHECK RESULTS

Year	League	Team Ave. Error	Team Ave. Correctness	Count Correct
1927	American	1.32	98.68	8 out of 8
1927	National	1.63	98.37	8 out of 8
1933	American	3.91	96.09	5 out of 8
1933	National	2.28	97.72	4 out of 8
1947	American	1.66	98.34	8 out of 8
1947	National	1.06	98.94	8 out of 8
1958	American	1.28	98.72	5 out of 8
1958	National	1.82	98.18	6 out of 8
1968	American	2.98	97.02	2 out of 10
1968	National	3.44	96.56	3 out of 10
1977	American East	1.19	98.81	5 out of 7
1977	American West	2.40	97.68	4 out of 7
1977	National East	1.04	98.96	6 out of 6
1977	National West	0.61	99.34	6 out of 6
1984	American East	3.29	96.71	5 out of 7
1984	American West	1.32	98.68	4 out of 7
1984	National East	1.00	99.00	4 out of 6
1985	National West	2.05	97.95	3 out of 6
18	Races	1.91 Av.	98.09 Av.	94 out of 136 69.1% Accurate

Since the first lucky season of 1983 I've not done so well. During the four seasons I have picked five division winners out of sixteen, placed correctly twenty-two of 104 and been off 189 places. The Baseball Writers' Association for the same four seasons has correctly picked eighteen out of 104, picked four division winners and has been off only 172. Frankly, neither of us is any good at predicting.

A THIRD USE OF THE TOTAL TEAM AVERAGE

A third use for the Total Team Average is to establish how well it correlates with team winning percentage. I figured the TTA of every team in a league for a season. If the TTA is reasonably accurate, all the teams listed in order of their TTA should be in the same order in which they actually finished, based on their winning percentage. The first year I tried it was 1927, when, in both American and National Leagues, the TTA order agreed 100 percent with the actual finishing order. There was a total of sixteen teams in that year. There was also 100 percent agreement for both leagues in 1947, and in 1977 for the National League East and West.

I did this for an additional twelve pennant races, or eighteen in all, about eight months work for me and my little pocket calculator. Of the pennant races where the order of the teams by their calculated TTA did not agree for all teams with the order of their actual finish, it required only a small percentage change higher or lower in the calculated value of the TTA to bring them into

alignment with the actual finish order of the clubs. I developed a method of analysis for determining what the value of the TTA of an errant team should be to bring it into the proper order and to have its proportionate percentage of the top team.

I took the results of the 1968 American League pennant race as an example. The won-lost percentage of the last place Washington team was .404 which was divided by the percentages of the top Detroit team's .636 to indicate that Washington's standing was only .635 of Detroit's, or .365 behind Detroit. (1.000-.635).

At the same time my calculated value indicated that Washington's TTA was 1.550, which, when divided by Detroit's TTA of 2.053, indicated Washington's TTA was .755 of Detroit's or .245 behind that of Detroit's. Thus, the spread between Detroit's and Washington's TTA was only .265, while the spread of their W-L standings was .365. The total spread between first and last-place team's TTA was only .245/.365, or .671 as much as the total won-lost spread.

This same percentage spread also applies to all the teams below Detroit. Baltimore was .116 behind Detroit's won-lost standing but only .116 x .676 = .078 behind Detroit's TTA. An adjusted TTA was calculated for Baltimore - 1.893. Dividing the adjusted TTA into the originally calculated TTA of 1.949 gave an error of 3 percent. I calculated the adjusted TTA of all the teams in

SYMBOL INFORMATION

TPA	- Total Pitching Average	
PCT	- Winning Percentage	
RPERA	- Reciprocal Of Earned Run Average	
ERA	- Earned Run Average = $\frac{\text{Earned Runs}}{\text{Games}}$ = $\frac{\text{Earned Runs} \times 9}{\text{Innings Pitched}}$	
HS	- Hit Stinginess = $\frac{\text{Games}}{\text{Hits}}$ = $\frac{\text{Innings}}{9 \times \text{Hits}}$	
SHOP	- Shutout Proficiency = $\frac{\text{Shutouts}}{\text{Games}}$ = $\frac{\text{Shutouts} \times 9}{\text{Innings} \times 9}$	
SOP	- Strikeout Proficiency = $\frac{\text{Strikeouts} - \text{Bases on Balls}}{\text{Innings}}$	
G	- Equivalent Games Pitched = $\frac{\text{Total Innings Pitched}}{9}$	
W-Wins	S - Saves	H-Hits Allowed
L-Losses		SHO-Shutouts
I-Innings Pitched		SO-Strikeouts
ER-Earned Runs		BB-Bases on Balls
TPA =	PCT + RPERA + HS + 1/2SHOP + 1/4SOP	
	$\frac{W}{W + L} + \frac{I}{9 \times ER} + \frac{I}{9 \times H} + \frac{1}{2} \frac{SHO \times 9}{I} + \frac{1}{4} \frac{SO - BB}{I}$	

this manner. The average error of TTAs calculated was only 3.26 percent.

I summarized the results of all the eighteen cases for which I calculated the Total Team Averages. The average of the eighteen cases was a team error of 1.91 percent or a correctness of 98.0 percent. The raw uncorrected results were ninety-four teams correctly placed out of 136 or 69.1 percent correct. The 30 percent not correctly placed originally were correctly placed by a 1.91 percent

change in their TTA.

Considering the closeness of the average team in all these checks, I conclude that the TTA was close, which meant that the Total Team Batting Average and Total Team Pitching Average had also to be close, which in turn meant that the individual Total Batting Average and Total Pitching Average had to be very close. In sum, both the TBA and TPA are an accurate reliable means for rating the hitters and the pitchers.

ADJUSTING THE CALCULATED TTA RESULTS

Col. 1 Team	Col. 2 Standing W-L %	Col. 3 % of Detroit's Standing .636/Col. 2	Col. 4 % Behind Detroit's Standing 1.000-Col. 3	Col. 5 % of Detroit's TTA Col. 4x.671*	Col. 6 Amount Behind Det.-TTA Col. 5x2.053	Col. 7 Adjusted TTA 2.053-Col. 6	Col. 8 Original Calculated TTA	Col. 9 % Error Col. 8/Col. 7 x 100
Detroit	.636	1.000	0	0	0	2.053	2.053	0
Baltimore	.562	.884	.116	.078	.160	1.893	1.946	+2.80 %
Cleveland	.534	.840	.160	.107	.220	1.833	1.971	+7.53 %
Boston	.531	.835	.165	.111	.228	1.825	1.797	-0.98 %
New York	.512	.805	.195	.131	.269	1.785	1.748	-0.98 %
Oakland	.506	.796	.204	.137	.281	1.772	1.805	+1.86 %
Minnesota	.488	.767	.233	.156	.320	1.733	1.790	+3.29 %
California	.414	.651	.349	.234	.480	1.573	1.579	+0.38 %
Chicago	.414	.651	.349	.234	.480	1.573	1.667	+5.98 %
Washington	.404	.635	.365	.245	.503	1.550	1.550	0
Total Error								23.80 %
Average Error								2.98 %

$$.671 = \frac{.245}{.365} = \frac{\text{Spread of TTA}}{\text{Spread of W-L Standings}}$$



The Short, Spectacular Career of Harry McCormick

W. LLOYD JOHNSON

The Syracuse pitcher stormed into the record books — and out of baseball almost as quickly. Like many nineteenth-century players, he was a study in great talent and wasted promise.

ON JULY 26, 1879 Patrick Henry (Harry) McCormick of the Syracuse Stars became the first pitcher in the three-year-old National League to win a 1-0 game with his own home run. His hit off a Boston Red Caps pitcher sailed over the left-field fence at Syracuse's Newell Park and into the record books.

Never before had one man been responsible for all his team's pitching and scoring. And rarely would a star shine so brightly and burn out so quickly. Accomplishing in a few short years what others do in a lifetime, McCormick won 142 games in 1876-78 and singlehandedly pitched Syracuse into the National League. But five seasons later he was through at age 27, like so many ballplayers of his time a victim of hard drinking and wild living. Six years later he was dead.

But not forgotten. In 1904, fully fifteen years after his death, the Syracuse Common Council changed the name of the street where he had lived to McCormick Avenue.

McCormick grew up a stone's throw from the Armory Parade Grounds, the mustering point for ballplayers and Union soldiers. In 1875, Syracuse picked up McCormick, then 20, from the Geddes Plaid Stockings after defeating them 4-2 in an exhibition game. At the time Harry was not only a good player but a good listener. During one tournament he overheard Mike Dorgan and Will White, battery mates on the Lynn Live Oaks, discussing the virtues of the curve. McCormick asked them how to throw it. When Dorgan and McCormick roomed together that winter, they strung a simulated strike zone across their loft apartment so that Harry could work on his curve.

By spring he had perfected it. The Stars turned professional and McCormick — one of two holdovers from their amateur team — had a 33-10-1 record and com-

pleted all 44 of his starts. He also began to develop the traits for which he was best known — an arrogant and fearless manner combined with almost flawless control. He was said to have such hold of the game that he could wave outfielders to particular positions, then make batters hit straight to them.

In 1877 McCormick threw an incredible 898 innings, went 59-39-2, and finished 99 of 100 starts. Typically, he was at his best against topflight teams. In a tournament played in Pittsburgh and Chicago, he took on future Hall-of-Famer Pud Galvin of the Alleghenies and The Only Nolan of Indianapolis. After some exciting events, including the usual 1-0 win by Mac and an accusation of a thrown game against the hard-living Stars, they took the overall tournament title. Unfortunately, they lost a bitterly disputed International Association pennant to Buffalo (BRJ, 1977).

In 1878 McCormick had another triumphant season, going 50-21-2, with a 1.04 earned run average and 70 complete games in 73 starts, and led the Stars into the National League at season's end. Alas, they quickly faded. While McCormick had an 18-33 record, the Stars placed seventh, bickered among themselves, complained about slow salary payments, drew poorly, and folded two weeks before the end of the 1879 season.

McCormick's whereabouts in 1880 are not fully documented. He did pass most of the winter nursing his wounded pride in Syracuse saloons. He may have spent the 1880 season playing somewhere, but there are no records of his performance. In 1881 he and several Stars teammates played for the National League's Worcester franchise, although McCormick (1-8 in nine games) was

W. Lloyd Johnson is executive director of SABR and a frequent contributor to BRJ.

a part-time performer at best.

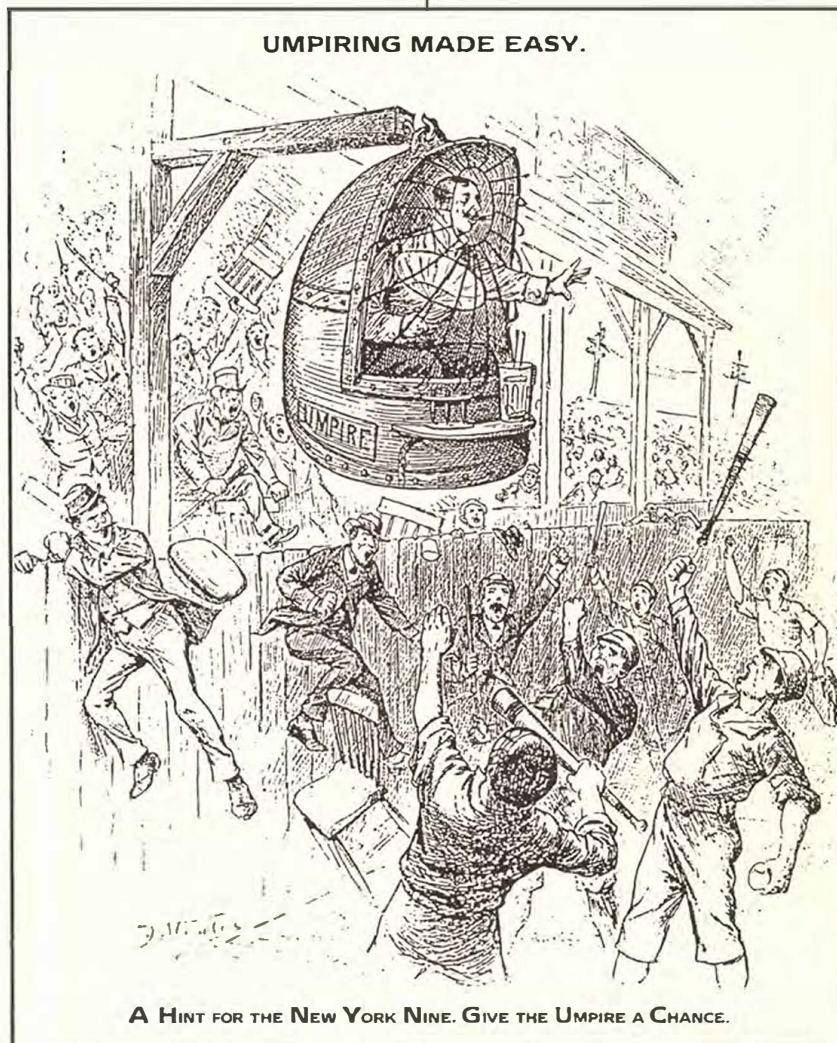
The black list and the suspensions of the New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati teams from the National League led to the formation of the American Association in 1882. There McCormick returned to Star form. Contributing to Cincinnati's American Association pennant, he was 14-11, with a 1.52 ERA. The following season he slipped to 8-6 and a 2.87 ERA. The end of his playing days was near.

In 1884 Trenton of the Eastern League wired McCormick \$200 advance money to report. He won his first game, committed three errors in three innings during his second, borrowed \$10 from a teammate, and jumped the

team to go to New York. Trenton put his name on the Suspended List.

In 1885 McCormick purchased his reinstatement for \$100 and tried out for the now minor-league Syracuse Stars. When he was wild and inconsistent on the mound, the Stars cut him. McCormick became a tender on the Erie Canal, caught a chill, and died of cholera in 1889. An obituary in the *Syracuse Courier* remembered him as he had been in earlier, happier times:

McCormick was a physical model . . . in the prime of youth and health. As straight as an arrow, as lithe as a deer, and as cool as an iceberg, he was fitted by nature for athletic exertion, and besides, dogged in temperament, was especially suited to the exciting field of baseball.



Cheer Up! You May Still Live To See the Red Sox Win It All

THOMAS M. DIMAURO

There was no joy in Beantown when the Red Sox struck out again in '86. No matter. Our health-and-nutrition expert says we can still survive to see the Miracle of 1918 repeated.

IT WAS A sure thing. Two out, none on, a two-run lead in the bottom of the tenth inning in Game Six of the WORLD Series — with our stopper on the mound. Thanks to the heroics of Clemens, Rice, Hurst, Dewey, Hendu et al., the Red Sox were one strike away from baseball's Mount Everest. No way could we lose. My friends and I looked longingly at the bottle of champagne chilling on the TV set. New England hadn't drunk from the bottle in sixty-eight years. But tonight we would. No way could we lose.

Then it happened.

Have you ever dreamed about what your life will be like when Boston finally wins the World Series? Will you have a mortgage? A spouse? Gray hair? WILL YOU BE ALIVE? And just as important: What will you do to make sure you stay alive until that blessed day comes?

Let's see. All other things being equal, the Red Sox have a one-in-seven chance of winning the East Division each year. Then they have a one-in-two chance of capturing the American League Championship Series. If they do that, they then have a one-in-two chance of winning the World Series. That's a one-in-twenty-eight chance every year. That's also assuming the gods have finished tormenting the souls of us Red Sox fans and have let the team's destiny be decided by the forces of chance.

So what are the odds of us seeing a World Championship Red Sox team if the annual chance is one-in-twenty-eight? This year, we can all see they have a one-in-twenty-eight chance. This is a probability of about 0.035, or 3.5 percent. Suppose they don't win it this year. What are the chances of them winning in 1989 times the chances of them losing in 1988? This is (0.035) times (0.965) . Further, the chances of the Red Sox losing in 1988 and 1989 and then winning in 1990 are found by the product of $(0.035) \times (0.965) \times (0.965)$. We see a pattern developing that gives us the formula:

$$P = (0.035) [1 + (0.965)^1 + (0.965)^2 + (0.965)^3 + \dots + (0.965)^n]$$

where P = the chances of the Red Sox winning at least one World Series and n = the number of additional years

you intend to be alive. (By the way, the form taken by the above equation is quite similar to that of the multistage model of carcinogenesis.)

So here are the chances of seeing the Red Sox win the World Championship if you expect to live to be seventy-five. Remember, this assumes the gods are done toying with the Olde Towne Team.

Current Age	Chances of You Seeing the Red Sox Win the World Series At Least Once
70 years old	16.6%
65 years old	30.4%
60 years old	41.9%
55 years old	51.6%
50 years old	59.6%
45 years old	66.3%
40 years old	71.9%
35 years old	76.6%
30 years old	80.4%
25 years old	83.7%
20 years old	86.3%

Not too good, huh? There's no entry that reads "100%." You wish you could move down to that next category, right? Well, it has been estimated that staying in shape adds nearly five years to your life expectancy. How does that affect you? Suppose you stay in shape and you are now forty years old. Being in shape is like assuming you are thirty-five again. It also means the chances of you seeing the Sox win it all have jumped from 71.9 percent to 76.6 percent. That jump is a 7 percent increase. You have a 7 percent better chance of seeing the Sox win it all. That's nothing to sneer at.

So here is the message: Don't despair. Most of you still have a pretty good chance of seeing the world championship brought home to Boston. Moreover, you can significantly improve your chances of seeing it happen if you make some adjustments. A true fan would say, "I'd die to see the Red Sox win the World Series."

I'm giving you the chance to live to see it.

Thomas M. DiMauro is a first-year student at New York University's School of Law.

The League That Never Was

BILL WAGNER

The New American Association was announced in 1899 amid much boasting and hoopla. Unfortunately, it takes players, owners, and parks to make a league. This one died aborning.

DURING THE EARLY summer months of 1899, articles began appearing in major metropolitan dailies about a movement to organize a new American Association to rival the dominant National League. Critics felt the National League had become merely a syndicate run by businessmen concerned more with profit than quality of play.

Nonetheless, it took a rumor to get the rival forces moving — a rumor hinting that the National League intended to reduce the number of its competing teams from twelve to eight for the 1900 season. A new league, it was felt, might be able to sign players who were discontented with the reserve rule or abandoned by their old teams. Furthermore, the new league could easily locate teams in cities abandoned by the National League.

In late June, National League officials announced that they would discuss reducing teams at an October meeting in New York. Shortly afterwards, the would-be American Association made its first move. In its June 29, 1899 issue, the *New York Times* reported that baseball promoters would soon be gathering in some unnamed city to organize an eight-team circuit.

There appeared to be special interest in Louisville and Cleveland, two of the four cities being considered for expulsion from the National League.

Many people speculated that Ban Johnson, president of the Western League, was behind the new league. On July 17, 1899, however, Johnson stated that he hoped “no new league would be formed for it would mean the death of the Western League.” Evidently Johnson was not quite ready to challenge the establishment.

Later, George Schaefer, A. H. Spink, and Chris Von der Ahe, were mentioned as organizers. Von der Ahe and Spink were no strangers to the baseball world, having been involved with the original American Association St. Louis Browns during the 1880s and 1890s. But it was

Schaefer, notwithstanding little baseball experience, who took charge of the organizational duties.

A 30-year-old St. Louis city alderman, Schaefer was an energetic entrepreneur. After an unsuccessful attempt to purchase the St. Louis Cardinals in 1898, he had met with Spink and Von der Ahe and convinced them that a new league could flourish. Throughout July, August and early September of 1899, he set down in various Eastern and Northwestern cities to line up promoters and announce plans to the press. At one point Schaefer declared that a St. Louis team to be called the Browns had acquired an eight-year lease on Sportsman’s Park at \$1,200 per year and had rented advertising space on the outfield fence for \$1,500 per year. This announcement came a full month before the American Association ever held an organizational meeting.

That first meeting was scheduled for September 18-19 in Chicago. Among those invited as investors were Ban Johnson, Thomas Loftus of Grand Rapids, Charles Comiskey of Chicago, Connie Mack of Milwaukee, and Philip Manning of Kansas City, all of whom were either owners or officers in the Western League.

As it turned out, they were not willing to invest. When the meeting was called to order on Sunday afternoon, September 18, the only Western League owners who had bothered to attend — Manning, Loftus, and Johnson — left early, stating that the new league would “die aborning.” Undaunted, Schaefer forged ahead. After all, the meeting still had a decent turnout of prospective backers: future Hall-of-Famer Cap Anson of Chicago, Mike Scanlon of Washington, D. C., Frank Buckley of New York, and H. D. Quinn of Milwaukee. In addition, Schaefer hoped George Stallings would field a team in Detroit and John McGraw and Wilbert Robinson in Baltimore.

Bill Wagner is a writer and musician in Highland, Md.

Before adjourning the first day's meeting, the league adopted a five-point platform: 1) honest competition, 2) no syndicate baseball, 3) no reserve rule, 4) respect for all standing contracts, and 5) popular prices at twenty-five cents a game.

There was a number of new developments at the second day's meeting. Frank Hough arrived early in the morning from Philadelphia expecting to be admitted as an owner. He was warmly welcomed by Schaefer and the other prospective owners: Philadelphia had been one of the strongest cities in the old American Association and was considered essential to the health of the new league. He named no backer, however, leading to speculation that he had no real monetary support.

Interim league officers were elected: H. D. Quinn as president, Mike Scanlon as vice president, and George Schaefer as treasurer. (Approached for the presidency, Anson had declined; there had to be a genuine league, he said, before he would run it.) The meeting quickly degenerated into an endless stream of boasts and speculations, each delegation trying to impress the others with its credentials. Some representatives claimed to have access to ballparks and lists of available players. Others boasted about financial backing. As usual, Schaefer was in the center of the boasting. He claimed to have the support of Adolph Busch, a St. Louis beer baron representing enough money, it was said, to buy the entire National League. This was probably the only boast with any validity.

For the rest of that fall, Schaefer and Quinn scrambled around the country gathering backers and placing franchises. On October 1, Quinn announced that Anson, still a popular baseball figure, had agreed to field a team in Chicago. Schaefer and Anson expected that many of the star players on Chicago's National League club would jump to Anson's team. The *Chicago Tribune* speculated that William Lange, Clark Griffith, Nixey Callahan, Walter Thornton, and Malachi Kitteridge would soon join their former teammates in the American Association. Despite no immediate response from these players, who feared reprisal by the National League, Anson was sure it would be only a matter of time before they signed. Once the league established itself, he reasoned, players would be more willing to forsake the reserve rule.

Schaefer then announced that he had named Bill Joyce to manage the St. Louis entry. Joyce had bounced around pro ball in 1890-98, first as a player with Brooklyn of the Players League, Boston of the American Association, and Brooklyn and Washington of the National League, then as a player-manager with the New York Giants. "Scrappy Bill" hoped to bring some of his former players into the

American Association.

Prospects appeared good for a Detroit team when H. D. Quinn returned from meetings there in late October. Quinn claimed that the team had the backing of three sound businessmen, one of whom owned a ballyard ten minutes from Detroit's City Hall. Again no players names were released.

The Cleveland franchise was turning out to be a major disappointment. Since the NL club there was expected to be dropped, there had been hope that the city would eagerly join the new league. No backing could be found. At one point, Schaefer asked Charles Stroebel, owner of the International League's Toledo team, to take the Cleveland franchise; he agreed, but only if the team could represent Toledo. After much consideration, Quinn and Schaefer declined, because Toledo seemed too small. Whereupon Stroebel withdrew. Cleveland's chances ended when no further backers came forward.

Though mentioned as a possible franchise when the new league had been announced, Louisville was not attracting interest. The city had failed to support National League and American Association teams in the 1880s and 1890s, and the few sponsors now applying for admission did not appear to have strong financial backing. Louisville, Schaefer determined, would be considered only as a last resort.

Similar financial problems plagued the New York franchise. Although Frank Buckley had expressed interest at the September meeting, he dropped out of sight in mid-October for some unnamed reason. Since the American Association could not afford to lose New York, it launched an all-out effort to locate new backers. On November 4, the league governors met with Tom O'Rourke, fight promoter and manager of boxer Tom Sharkey. He claimed not only to have backing, but playing grounds (Manhattan Field) and letters of commitment from players. Among those mentioned were Amos Rusie, Jesse Burkett, Joe Corbett, and Bill Lange. Unfortunately, O'Rourke backed out on December 3, blaming a failure to secure playing grounds as the main obstacle to placing a team in New York.

Though December found the American Association struggling to locate teams in a number of cities, there apparently were some strong franchises: St. Louis (Spink, Von der Ahe, and Schaefer), Chicago (Anson), and Milwaukee (Quinn). Boston had not been represented at the first organizational meeting, but word soon arrived at Quinn's Milwaukee office that Tommy McCarthy, a former star in the National League, had financing and was interested in placing a team. On January 3, 1900, McCarthy signed a five-year lease at Charles River Park, a former bicycle track located across the river from Boston.

With financial backing from copper king Thomas Drewson, McCarthy appeared to be on sound footing.

In Baltimore the prospects looked even better. Like Cleveland, Baltimore faced expulsion from the National League. Quinn and Schaefer hoped the entire franchise under Robinson and McGraw would join the American Association. By late December, this had become a reality. Within a week, McGraw's chief lieutenant, Phil Peterson, acquired a lease on Union Park grounds. Unfortunately, that action provoked a fight with Ned Hanlon and Harry Von Der Horst, the National League owners of the Brooklyn and Baltimore syndicates, who had hoped to use the better Oriole players in Brooklyn. McGraw and Robinson would have to be stopped. If the new Baltimore franchise were forced to build a ballpark, the financial strain might be too much for the team's backers. But McGraw had acquired the lease on Union Park. Or had he? Hanlon reasoned that the land might belong to the new team, but the park itself might not.

Hanlon quickly sent a group of men to take control of Union Park. Sensing what was happening, McGraw also sent a squad. For the better part of January and February, both groups occupied the outfield while the matter was discussed in the courts. In February McGraw was ordered out of Union Park. He would have to build his own park after all.

This was not the National League's first attempt to destroy the American Association. As the new league solidified its position, John Brush of the NL's New York team had asked Ban Johnson to appeal to the National Board of Arbitration for modification of the National Agreement. The changes sought by Johnson and Brush: 1) to permit Western League teams to retain the services of a player for two years instead of one before being subjected to a dispersal draft, and 2) to increase the drafting price from \$500 to \$1,000. If the minor leagues could hold onto players for a longer period of time, there would be fewer players available for the American Association.

Quinn was not concerned. All new leagues faced the same difficulty in signing players, particularly players who could put fans in the ball park. Despite the preventive measures enacted by Brush and Johnson, a few name players would take the risk and join the new league. Then, as the league became more established, other name players would join. Therefore the American Association plan called for each team to sign three or four name players if possible, but to fill their rosters with talented amateurs and minor-league players. In this way, the American Association could develop its own stars, while surviving the lean years on the strength of a few name players.

When the National League realized that the American Association would not be stopped easily, it moved on to sterner measures. Again Brush called on Ban Johnson for assistance. Johnson was instructed to move a number of Western League teams into cities that would compete directly with the new league. Chicago, for one, would not only have teams in the National League and American Association but the Western League as well.

When the new American Association persisted, Brush countered with another plan: The old American Association would have to be revived. Since the National League had acquired the rights to the AA in the merger of 1892, NL owners believed they could sue the upstart league over the use of the name. In addition, any city franchised by the new league would meet competition from the reactivated old American Association. The cities named were Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Cleveland, Louisville, and New York. When the National League teams were on the road, the old American Association (called the A. A. 2 by the press) would play at home using National League ballparks. In this way, there would always be competition against the new American Association (A. A. 1). Chicago would now field *four* teams.

A GAIN THE NEW LEAGUE, now called the New American Association to avoid a lawsuit, remained in the field. Brush tried one last action — blacklisting. Any player who signed with the New American Association would be considered an outlaw and barred from playing under the National Agreement. No player, Brush concluded, would be foolish enough to risk blacklisting in order to play in a new league.

Brush was wrong in thinking that this would deter the new league. Despite this new threat, Schaefer and Quinn decided to proceed with their plans. On January 23, 1900, the New American Association announced that they had seven firm teams: Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore in the east; Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, and Detroit in the west. Providence was favored as the eighth team despite Anson's claim that it was a minor-league town. Washington, D. C. was also considered. Quinn hoped that the matter would be settled by the next league meeting in Philadelphia January 30.

But Quinn and Schaefer were no closer to deciding the eighth franchise on January 30 than they were on January 23. In fact, new problems had developed. Providence was not represented at the meeting, although word was later received it was still interested in a franchise. Washington, D. C. had not even bothered to apply. To make matters worse, Detroit's delegation also failed to appear. Would

the American Association now be forced to accept Louisville instead of Detroit? Louisville had been denied a franchise at a previous meeting, but now there might not be an alternative. At least Louisville's delegation, represented by J. F. Whiteside and W. W. Douglas, was in attendance; its financial situation seemed secure. The league decided to give Detroit more time.

Unfortunately, the situation worsened. Philadelphia, long a financial concern to Quinn and Schaefer, admitted it lacked backing. Frank Richter, editor of *Sporting Life*, had hoped to have the backing of six investors, but his lawyer failed to bring them together. On February 2, Anson and McGraw named George Stoer of Pittsburgh as the backer of the Philadelphia franchise. For the time being, that crisis had been averted.

The problem of an eighth franchise still remained an issue. On February 4, frontrunner Providence backed out for a final time, having decided on remaining in the Eastern League. As the New American Association meeting adjourned, Quinn sent McGraw to Washington to see if that city was prepared to replace Providence. A new meeting was scheduled for February 13 in Chicago. If no decision were reached there concerning the eighth franchise, the American Association would have to postpone its season until 1901.

Quinn remained optimistic as he called the meeting to order. His first point of business was to inform a cheerful Louisville delegation, its financial status improved with sounder backing, of its acceptance into the league as a replacement for the absent Detroit club.

Quinn then called for the presentation of franchise applications. They were submitted by Washington, D. C., Worcester, New Haven, and a new group from Providence. The eighth franchise would soon be awarded,

and the league could proceed.

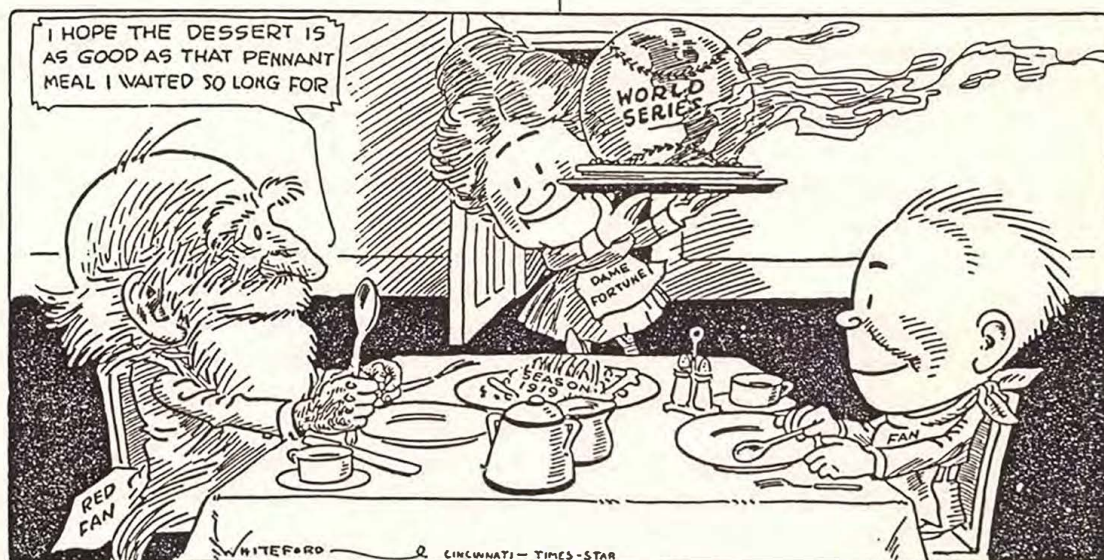
The election of officers and the appointment of committees followed. In an almost unanimous decision, Anson was named as the president of the New American Association. Phil Peterson was named treasurer, and Milwaukee, St. Louis, Boston, and Philadelphia formed the first board of directors.

Anson's first official act as president was to announce that the season would open on April 16, 1900. This did not leave the league much time for organization. To get the plans moving, Anson asked St. Louis lawyer J. B. Harlan and Frank Richter to draw up a standard contract for players and managers. Anson himself would plan the schedule and select an official league ball. The meeting adjourned in high spirits.

No new developments occurred until February 16, when Anson suddenly announced that the New American Association had collapsed. Late on the 15th he had received word from McGraw in Philadelphia that the backer of the team there had pulled out and that McGraw did not think it a wise decision to continue the league. "You can draw your own conclusions," said Anson. "Philadelphia had been considered the best-backed team in the league."

Frank Richter did not agree. Wiring Anson, he asked him to call another meeting to keep the New American Association afloat. Anson responded that the league would have to continue without him.

For a few days, talk of resurrecting the New American Association in 1901 ran high in the newspapers, but without Anson's support the league was doomed. By the end of February, the New American Association had dropped from the newspapers and into obscurity, unmentioned even in future baseball histories.



When No-Hitters Are No-Win Propositions

JOSÉ JIMÉNEZ, JR.

The immortal Harvey Haddix isn't the only player to pitch at least nine innings of no-hit ball while losing a decision. This strange phenomenon has occurred eleven different times.

THE NO-HITTER can be one of baseball's saddest moments. That's because a surprising number of pitchers have thrown no-hitters while losing. Since 1900 there have been 178 no-hitters that went at least nine innings. In 11 of them a pitcher or combination of pitchers allowed no hits and still lost.

May 9, 1901: Cleveland's Earl Moore throws nine hitless innings against the White Sox. In the tenth he allows two hits and four runs and loses 4-2.

April 15, 1909: The Dodgers' Irving (Kaiser) Wilhelm and the Giants' Leon (Red) Ames complete nine scoreless innings, but Ames allows no hits. In the tenth Charles (Whitey) Alperman of the Dodgers, a .237 lifetime hitter, gets a base hit off Ames. In the thirteenth the Dodgers score three times to beat Ames 3-0.

August 30, 1910: Long Tom Hughes of the Yankees pitches nine no-hit, no-run innings against Cleveland. In the tenth Cleveland's Harry Niles gets a hit. In the eleventh the Indians score five runs to beat Hughes 5-0.

May 14, 1914: Death Valley Jim Scott of the White Sox pitches a nine-inning no-hitter against the Senators, only to lose the following inning when Chick Gandil singles and eventually scores the game's only run.

May 2, 1917: Fred Toney of the Reds and James (Hippo) Vaughn of the Cubs each throw nine-inning no-hitters, a baseball first. In the tenth the Reds get two hits and one run off Vaughn. Toney completes his ten-inning no-hitter to win 1-0.

September 18, 1934: Louis (Bobo) Newsom of the St. Louis Browns pitches yet another nine-inning no-hitter before yielding a single to Boston's Roy Johnson in the tenth. The Red Sox go on to win 2-1.

May 26, 1956: The Reds' Johnny Klippstein throws seven innings of no-hit ball but allows a Milwaukee run on a second-inning sacrifice fly. Hersh Freeman replaces Klippstein in the eighth and allows no hits. In the top of the ninth the Reds tie the score on a single by Ted

Kluszewski and a double by Wally Post. The game goes into extra innings when Joe Black replaces Freeman and no-hits the Braves in the bottom of the ninth. For the first time, three pitchers have combined on a nine-inning no-hitter. In the eleventh, however, the Braves beat the Reds 2-1 when Hank Aaron singles for their first hit and scores on Frank Torre's triple.

May 26, 1959: The Pirates' Harvey Haddix throws a twelve-inning perfect game against the Braves. "The greatest game ever pitched," people are saying, even as Milwaukee's Lew Burdette matches Haddix no-run inning after no-run inning. In the thirteenth Felix Mantilla becomes the first Milwaukee baserunner when he reaches on Don Hoak's error. Eddie Mathews sacrifices, Aaron is walked intentionally, and Joe Adcock doubles to score Mantilla and end one of baseball's most memorable games.

April 23, 1964: Houston's Ken Johnson throws a nine-inning no-hitter, but loses 1-0 when the Reds score in the ninth on two Astro errors.

June 14, 1965: Cincinnati's Jim Maloney no-hits the Mets for ten innings, only to lose 1-0 on Johnny Lewis's eleventh-inning homer.

April 30, 1967: Earl Wilson starts for the Tigers and Steve Barber for the Orioles. After seven innings the game is scoreless, Barber having allowed no hits and Wilson two. Wilson allows a run in the eighth. In the ninth Barber walks the first two Tigers. Both runners advance on a sacrifice. Willie Horton pops up to the catcher. Alas, Barber throws a wild pitch, and a run scores to tie the game at 1-1. Barber is replaced by Stu Miller, who allows the losing run to score on an error. The Tigers have beaten Barber and Miller 2-1 without a hit. It is the first and last time two pitchers would ever combine for a no-hit loss.

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When Is A No-Hitter Not A True No-Hitter?

THOMAS J. McMAHON

In a season when hits are allowed that get washed out; pitchers yield their first hits in extra innings, and no-hitters last fewer than nine innings. The year: 1959.

ONE SUMMER EVENING between innings of a Philadelphia Phillie game, his partner asked TV color man Richie Ashburn the quiz question of the night: "In 1959 what San Francisco Giant pitcher was credited with a no-hitter even though he allowed a legitimate hit during the course of the game?"

None of the viewers at the watering hole where I was stationed had the answer. Ashburn did. "Mike McCormick," he said. "It was a rain-delayed game in which the hit was washed out, the score reverting to the last complete inning. I played in that game, but for the life of me, I can't remember who got the hit."

The answer, incredibly, was Richie Ashburn. But don't blame Ashburn: 1959 was a very confusing year for no-hitters. It was the season when Pittsburgh's Harvey Haddix pitched a twelve-inning perfect game on May 26, only to be beaten 1-0 in the thirteenth. And on September 26, Sam Jones of the Giants was credited with a seven-inning no-hitter in St. Louis when rain and tornado-like winds ended the game in the eighth.

Because Haddix's bittersweet masterpiece has been well-chronicled, we'll confine our discussion to the two Giant no-hitters.

McCormick, 20 at the time, yielded the single to Ashburn in the bottom of the sixth. Going into that inning, the Giant lefthander had a 3-0 lead. After Ashburn's single, two teammates walked to load the bases. Then rain cancelled all sixth-inning activity and eventu-

ally the game. McCormick had his tainted no-hitter and the Giants a 3-0 win.

Sam Jones pitched his seven-inning mini-classic on the final Saturday of the season. This unusual game was the first no-hitter against the Cardinals in forty years, but hardly an unprecedented experience for Jones. In 1955 he had no-hit the Pirates by fanning Dick Groat, Roberto Clemente, and Frank Thomas after walking the bases full in the ninth, and he had one-hit the Dodgers in 1959 because of a hit that might just as easily have been called an error.

Toothpick Sam didn't have much to say about either game. Nor did he linger over his seven-inning no-hitter in 1959. "I mixed them up pretty good," he told Neal Russo of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. "I threw as many fastballs as curves."

The events had to speak for themselves. With Alex Grammas, who had walked, aboard in the seventh, Don Blasingame bunted and was ruled out at first by umpire Tom Gorman. Blasingame and manager Solly Hemus protested in vain. Rain and high winds came in the eighth. An hour and forty-five minutes later, the game was called.

Jones (21-15, 2.83) led the league in wins and earned run average. McCormick was 12-16. The real winner was 1959, a no-hit season to remember.

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The 1927 Yankees: Great Team, Great Nicknames

JAMES K. SKIPPER, JR.

Were the 1927 Yanks the most talented team of all time? Maybe so, maybe not, but they were possibly the most nicknamed: Just ask Rabbit, Poosh 'em Up, Jumping Joe, and the Babe.

THERE HAVE BEEN MANY great baseball teams. Which one should be considered “the best” stirs many debates. However, the 1927 Yankees usually provide the standard by which all other teams are judged. By this I mean, if you are to convince others that your favorite team was *the greatest*, it is necessary to show they had the edge over the 1927 Yankees.

Consider the following: The 1927 Yankees won 110, lost 44, and won the pennant by 19 games. They swept the Pittsburgh Pirates in the World Series. Their team batting average (.307), slugging average (.489), and earned run average (3.20) all led the league. Their 158 home runs not only led the league, but were 102 more than any other team in the league. Remember, this was the year Babe Ruth hit 60 homers and, Lou Gehrig 47; their teammate Tony Lazzeri was a distant third in the league with 18. Gehrig and Ruth also led the league in RBIs with 175 and 164, respectively, while Bob Meusel contributed 103 and Lazzeri 102. In runs Ruth (158), Gehrig (149), and Earle Combs 137 were one-two-three; in walks Ruth (138) and Gehrig (109) were one-two. Combs was the league leader in triples (23), Gehrig in doubles (52), and Bob Meusel was second in stolen bases (24). Although a Yankee did not win the batting title in 1927, there were five regulars over .300: Gehrig (.373), Ruth (.356), Combs (.356), Meusel (.337), and Lazzeri (.309). Waite Hoyt led the league in wins (22), earned run average (.263), and winning percentage (.759), and Urban Shocker (.750), Wilcy Moore (.731), and Herb Pennock (.704) were two-three-four in percentage. In addition, Moore, one of the first successful relief pitchers, had a league-leading 13 saves to go with his impressive 13 relief wins.

As impressive as these statistics are, the 1927 Yanks have another claim to fame. They were also a team that collected a host of nicknames that have added color and lore to the national pastime. Although I do not wish to

defend the thesis that the 1927 Yanks were the best team of all time, they may have been the most nicknamed team — at least in terms of those that have been preserved. It does not seem unrealistic to contend that there may be a relationship between success of a *team* on the field and the number of accorded nicknames. Although many players are given nicknames, few major-league stadiums, teams, owners, executives, clubhouse personnel, and bats are awarded nicknames that become incorporated into the history and tradition of the game. The 1927 Yankees qualify on all counts.

Opened in 1923, the playing field for the 1927 Yankees was officially called Yankee Stadium. But even before it was completed, fans clamored to have it named after Babe Ruth. In the Spring of 1923 Fred Lieb of the *New York Evening Telegram* coined the nickname “The House That Ruth Built.” He was also responsible for coining “Ruthville” as that portion of the right-field bleachers where the Babe deposited many of his home runs. By 1927 the team itself had acquired nicknames that referred to their long ball power — “Bronx Bombers,” “Window Breakers,” and “Murderers’ Row.” The last nickname was used by New York sportswriter Arthur Robinson, who wrote: “This isn’t a ball club! This is Murderers’ Row!” (The term murderers’ row had first been used in 1858 to refer to the row of cells housing dangerous criminals in New York’s Tombs prison.) Outfielder Combs used the expression “Five O’Clock Lighting” to describe the Yankees’ patented late inning rallies; the nickname was popularized by sportswriter Frank Graham.

By 1927, “Colonel” Jacob Ruppert was sole owner of the Yankees, having bought out co-owner Til Houston in 1923. Ruppert received his honorary military title at the age of twenty-two while serving on the staff of the New

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York governor. More than anyone else Ruppert was responsible for the style and winning tradition of the Yankees. It was he who brought Babe Ruth to New York from Boston. His management of the franchise earned him the nicknames "Master Builder in Baseball" and "Father of the Yankees."

As field manager of the Yankees, Miller Huggins stood only 5'6" tall and weighed just 140 pounds. In his playing days with the St. Louis Cardinals, his size, speed, and daring on the base paths had earned him the nickname of "Rabbit." By 1927, most addressed him as "Hug." But that wasn't all. Having already won pennants in 1921, 1922, 1923, and 1926 while containing such strong-willed Yankee players as Ruth, Meusel, and Joe Dugan, he was also known as "The Mighty Mite."

Edward G. Barrow was the general manager of the 1927 Yankees. A baseball man since 1894, he had managed the Boston Red Sox to a world championship in 1918 and was the person most responsible for converting Ruth into an outfielder. Boston owner Harry Frazee dubbed him "Simon" as in Simon Legree because of his ability to make people who worked for him feel inferior and replaceable. Cold, tough, and strong, Barrow often turned to fisticuffs to settle disputes. Sportswriter W. O. McGeehan nicknamed him "Cousin Egbert," and other writers referred to him as "Cousin Ed." In later years he was called the "Man Behind the Yankees." Interestingly, Ruth always addressed him as "Eddie," and Ruppert called him "Barrows," adding an "s" where none belonged.

In 1926 a teenager, Michael Joseph Sheehy, was asked by Yankee clubhouse manager Fred Logan to help move some trunks in exchange for a free pass to the day's game.

Logan liked the youngster and asked him to come back the next day. He did, and he did not leave for over fifty years, becoming an institution in the Yankee clubhouse. Because Sheehy was so quiet and minded his own business, Logan called him "Silent Pete." Players shortened it to "Pete," and throughout his long association with the ballclub he was known as "Pete" Sheehy.

Much of the Yankee fame centered on one player — George Herman Ruth. In 1927 he broke his own record by hitting 60 home runs. I have previously written on the origins of the nickname "Babe" (*Baseball Research Journal*, 1984) and need not repeat that essay here. However, Ruth was also subject to a number of other names, some of which were far from complimentary. Opposing players called him "Monkey." "The Big Monk," "The Big Baboon," "Nigger," and "Nigger Lips." The monkey and baboon references appear to have their origin in Ruth's first years with the Boston Red Sox. In *The Glory of Their Times*, Lawrence Ritter lets Harry Hooper explain what Ruth was like in 1914 when he joined the Red Sox as a 19-year-old.

Lord, he ate too much. He'd stop along the road when we were traveling and order half dozen hot dogs and as many bottles of soda pop, stuff them in, one after the other, give a few big belches, and then roar "OK boys let's go!" That would hold Babe for a couple of hours, then he'd be at it again. A nineteen-year-old youngster, mind you! He was such a rube that he got more than his share of teasing, some of it not too pleasant. "The Big Baboon" some of them used to call him behind his back . . .

The derogatory "Nigger" and "Nigger Lips" stem from Ruth's off-season play for barnstorming teams that often faced Negro League teams. According to Donn Rogosin's



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Invisible Men, Ruth played with such enthusiasm in these contests that: “. . . less capable, more prejudiced players referred to him derisively as ‘Nigger Lips’ and falsely questioned his patrimony.” Leo Durocher, who never showed any respect for Ruth, constantly used the “Monkey” and “Nigger” taunts.

Ruth’s teammates and close associates usually called him “Jidge,” not “Babe.” “Jidge” is a New England take-off on George. Sportswriter Ford Frick, however, spelled it “JEDGIE” in print. Owner Jake Ruppert used none of these nicknames and always called him Ruth, but because of Ruppert’s German accent it came out “Root.”

As Jimmy Powers points out in *Baseball Personalities*, sportswriters were dreaming up all sorts of nicknames for Ruth.

He was the Bambustin’ Babe; Maulin’ Mandarin; The Great Gate God; High Priest of Swat; King of Klout; Battering Bambino; King of Diamonds; Caliph of Clout; Potentate of the Pill; Big Boy Blooie; The Sultan of Swat; Behemoth of Bust; Mightiest of the Maulers.

Not only was Ruth the subject of nicknames, he was also a creator of them. The Babe had a notoriously poor memory for names. He usually called people “Kid” or “Pop” with little regard for age. Because he had difficulty in remembering their names, he called infielder Julian Wera “Flop Ears” and pitcher Myles Thomas “Duck Eye.” It is unclear whether other players used these nicknames.

While Ruth may have had trouble with the names of people, he suffered no such difficulty with his bats. Powers explains:

Black Betsy was his helpmate in setting his record of 59 homers. When Betsy was broken, it took two to take her place. Big Bertha and Beautiful Bella helped him hit his famous 60 in 1927.

If Ruth was the heart of the 1927 Yanks, Gehrig was the soul. The less boisterous, less gregarious, less colorful Gehrig probably contributed as much to the team’s success as Ruth, but he received much less publicity and acclaim and certainly fewer nicknames. Gehrig’s most famous nickname is “Iron Horse,” in reference to his record-breaking consecutive-game streak of 2,130. (Iron Horse was a term first applied to some of the original wood-burning locomotives.) But at the start of the 1927 season Gehrig had played in fewer than 300 major-league games and the “Iron Horse” sobriquet was well in the future. In 1927 Gehrig was known as “Columbia Lou” because he had attended Columbia University, and “Biscuit Pants” because of his running back’s low center of gravity. More often, however, his teammates called him “Buster.” This term was favored by Ruth, who as usual had difficulty remembering real names.

In addition to the big two, other 1927 Yankees had colorful nicknames. Second baseman Tony Lazzeri was

called “Poosh ‘Em Up.” Fans of Italian extraction used to implore him to “push ‘em up” into the stands. The nickname dates back to Lazzeri’s first professional year, in Salt Lake City. While he was slumping, a restaurant owner, Tony Raffetti, fed him spaghetti three nights in a row and urged him to “poosh ‘em up,” or hit.

Third baseman Joe Dugan was dubbed “Jumping Joe,” but not because he was a leaper. When he was playing for the Philadelphia Athletics earlier in his career, Dugan had often disappeared from the club. Tiny Meusel of the *Philadelphia Ledger* called him “Jumping Joe” after one of his frequent jumps from the team. A teammate said he was guilty of thirty-six different jumps, all of them apparently occasioned by his complaint that he was underpaid by management and razzed by fans.

Outfielder Bob Meusel was 6’3” tall, and had a laid-back personality and an indifferent attitude toward baseball. His nicknames were “Long Bob” and “Languid Bob.” Along with Ruth and Meusel, Earle Combs was the third regular outfielder. He was from Kentucky and did not smoke, drink, or swear. He was hailed as “The Kentucky Colonel” and “The Southern Gentleman.” As the lead-off man expecting to be driven in by Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri, and Meusel, he was also known as “Waiter.” Catcher John Grabowski was called “Nig.” This may have been because of his dark complexion, or because he resembled Jay “Nig” Clarke, an earlier American League catcher.

Several members of the Yankee pitching staff had distinctive nicknames. Waite Hoyt pitched batting practice at Ebbets Field before graduating from Brooklyn’s Erasmus Hall High School, and signed a contract at age sixteen. From then on he was always known as “Schoolboy.” Herb Pennock was born in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania and bred silver foxes in the off season. He was called “The Knight of Kennett Square.” Wilcy Moore was born in the small town of Bonita, Texas and was thought to be a country boy with a fastball. He was nicknamed “Cy” after the real Cy Young. “Danish Viking” was the nickname given to George Pipgras, who was of Danish origin, and Walter Reuther was called “Dutch” because of his German (Deutsche) background.

But not every 1927 Yankee was nicknamed. Walter Esau Beall, who appeared in one inning, allowed one hit and one run, and had an earned run average of 9.00, was one such player. Many great hitters such as Sam Rice and Goose Goslin thought he had the finest curveball in baseball. In *The Hot Stove League*, Lee Allen observed:

It was a curve that simply exploded and when he got it over, the batters would grunt; swing, miss and walk away shaking their heads in wonder.

The problem was that Beall did not often get his

curveball over. Perhaps that's why there is no reference to him having a nickname such as "Curves," "Hook," or "Jug Handle," common nicknames for curveball pitchers.

Nor were some of Beall's teammates nicknamed, even when a monicker might have seemed appropriate. Two of the more prominent players on the team, shortstop Mark

Koenig and 18-game winner Urban Shocker, do not seem to have received a nickname that has been documented in the literature. Nicknames appear to emanate less from ability and fame than chance and personal style. This fact is not unique to the 1927 Yankees. It is a pattern common to baseball nicknames in general.



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Home-Run Percentages and National League Stadium Factors

DAVID F. RIGGS

Of course stadium size affects home-run production, but so do playing styles and other factors. As a result, the same park can favor sluggers in one decade, pitchers in another.

STADIUM FACTORS HAVE long been recognized as an influence upon home run production. There have been references to “cavernous” Yankee Stadium, “cozy” Ebbets Field, “bandbox” Fenway Park, and the “friendly confines” of Wrigley Field. Televised games now show charts listing the stadiums where the most and fewest home runs have been hit within a specified time period. But there has been little else said statistically on the matter.

John Thorn and Pete Palmer covered several aspects of stadium effects in *The Hidden Game of Baseball*, but it was Bill James who addressed the subject most directly. In *The Bill James Baseball Abstract 1983* he provided an assessment of each current stadium’s effect upon home run production; in some instances he spoke in generalities; in others he gave specific percentages. In reference to the Astrodome, he said that “home runs [are] cut in half”; at Busch Stadium “home runs [are] way down”; Wrigley Field shows increased “homers by about 40 percent”; Shea Stadium is a “neutral” park. James reached his conclusions using statistics provided by Craig R. Wright, and it is Wright’s unique formula that makes further analysis possible. With “H” equal to the number of home runs hit in a team’s home games by both sides and “R” equal to the number of home runs hit in a team’s road games by both sides, the formula is as follows:

$$\frac{H}{R} \div \frac{H/R + (\# \text{ of teams in league} - 1)}{\# \text{ of teams in league}} = \text{Stadium Home Run Factor}$$

As an example, examine home run production in games played by the Houston Astros over a ten-year period, 1976-1985. The Astros and their opponents hit 563 homers in the Astrodome as opposed to 1,095 homers hit by both the Astros and their opposition in Houston’s away

games. Using the Wright formula we derive the following results:

$$\begin{array}{r} 563/1095 \div \frac{563/1095 + 11}{12} \\ \hline .514 \div \frac{11.514}{12} \\ \hline .514 / .959 = .535, \text{ or } .54. \end{array}$$

In other words the Astrodome’s Home Run Factor is 54 percent of that of a “neutral” park; 46 percent less than “average.” (1.0 – .54 = .46) If we examined a stadium that increased home-run production during this same period, we would get a positive number preceded by a “one” for the final figure. Wrigley Field’s final figure is 1.468, or .47, or +47 percent.

For this study National League stadiums will be examined decade by decade since 1920, the date when the home run became a significant element in the game. In order to get a better estimate of current factors, the 1976-1985 period has been used (these home-run totals were taken from *The Bill James Baseball Abstract 1986*). The 1985 edition of the Macmillan/Joseph L. Reichler *Baseball Encyclopedia* provided the necessary data to compile home runs for each decade. National League stadiums were selected because the senior circuit had the first domed stadium and earlier production of what Phil Lowry’s *Green Cathedrals* refers to as modern super stadiums. (To pursue this topic from a different perspective, it would be interesting to compare American League

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NL Home Run Stadium Factors by Decade, 1920-1985

Tm/Sta/Yr	1920-29	1930-39	1940-49	1950-59	1960-69	1970-79	1976-85
Bos/Mil/Atl Braves 1920	-49%	-35%	-14%	-29%			
County 1953				-31%	+1%		
AtlFul 1966					+31%	+47%	+47%
Brooklyn/LA Ebbets 1920	-3%	+11%	+1%	+20%			
Coliseum 1958				+24%	+54%		
Dodger 1962					-36%	+2%	+3%
Chicago Wrigley 1920	+21%	+2%	-22%	-2%	+27%	+43%	+47%
Cincinnati Crosley 1920	-74%	-51%	-7%	+19%	+12%		
Riverfront 1970						-2%	+4%
Houston Colt 1962					-32%		
Astrodome 1965					-44%	-29%	-46%
Montreal Jarry Park 1969					+39%	+14%	
Olympic 1977						-17%	-16%
NY/SF Polo 1920	+34%	+77%	+76%	+44%			
Seals 1958				-3%			
Candlestick 1960					-1%	-6%	-16%
NY Polo 1962					+55%		
Shea 1964					+10%	-7%	-1%
Philadelphia Baker 1920	+79%	+44%					
Shi/CM 1938		-12%	-29%	-9%	-3%	-8%	
Veteran 1971						+17%	+10%
Pittsburgh Forbes 1920	-43%	-37%	-7%	-24%	-31%		
Three Rivers 1970						-13%	+6%
St. Louis Spt/Bu 1920	+9%	+5%	-12%	-3%	+10%		
Busch 1966					-12%	-23%	-20%
San Diego Jack Murphy 1969					-11%	-22%	-17%

parks where more of the classic concrete-and-steel designs have survived among the super stadiums.) Furthermore, an analysis of National League playing fields omits any possible influence by the designated hitter rule.

In compiling the chart on National League stadium factors by decade, I gave no consideration to changes that might have occurred during that time period, even though some changes were significant. Distances down the foul lines and to the walls were modified frequently in some parks, and occasionally the heights of the walls themselves were altered. During the period 1947-1953, for example, Forbes Field showed an uncharacteristic bias in favor of righthanded power hitters with the installation of "Kiner's corner," which increased round-trippers by 20 percent. This leads to yet another factor not revealed by the chart, that being a particular park's tendency to favor either righthanded or lefthanded hitters. Bill James found no favor among current National League stadiums toward either righties or lefties.

An interesting revelation of the stadium-factors chart is that ballpark effects varied from decade to decade, perhaps influenced at times by the playing style of the period (and especially that of the home team). As one would suspect, changing park dimensions and the addition of new stadiums of a different structural character made stadium effects relative, especially from the 1950s onward, when older parks became home-run hitters' paradises in comparison with newer designs. Of the eight stadiums in use in 1920, only Boston's Braves Field and Pittsburgh's Forbes Field were perennial liabilities to sluggers. This balance changed when the Phillies moved to Shibe Park (later Connie Mack Stadium), which did not favor muscular batsmen. Cincinnati's Crosley Field made a dramatic but gradual shift from pitcher's friend to moderate power park, and in St. Louis Sportsman's Park (and later Busch Stadium) went from a moderate to an anti-power arena and then concluded with its initial punch. "Cozy" Ebbets Field was mostly a neutral park with moderate power potential in the 1930s; only in its final decade did it become a true power park. Wrigley Field, was a power park in the 1920s, neutral in the 1930s, a bane to hitters in the 1940s, and neutral again in the 1950s. When the super stadiums emerged in the 1960s so, too, did Wrigley's reputation as a home-run haven.

When the Braves moved to Milwaukee, fencebusters Aaron, Mathews, Adcock, and Crandall gave County Stadium the appearance of a home-run field. Actually the team's new home offered about the same percentage as its old one. The advent of larger stadiums eventually gave County a neutral rating. Meanwhile the Giants, accustomed to the friendliest fences in the senior circuit, inherited a neutral Seals Stadium and then windy

Candlestick, which started neutral and shifted in favor of the moundsmen. Memorial Coliseum gave the Dodgers a deceptive power percentage during their brief tenure there, since it was long down one foul line and short down the other. Koufax and Drysdale enjoyed new Dodger Stadium as a pitcher's kingdom in the 1960s, but eventually the Dodgers played in neutral surroundings. Newcomers to the league built stadiums that further deflated batters. After a brief residency in the old Polo Grounds, a power hitter's delight, the Mets moved into Shea Stadium, which alternately favored the hitter and then the pitcher before settling in a neutral position. Houston, however, was never a power hitter's paradise. First Colt Stadium and then the Astrodome were hitters' nightmares. The Montreal Expos, like the Mets, started with a power stadium (Jarry Park) but reversed themselves by moving into a pitcher's park (Olympic Stadium). And San Diego was hostile toward power hitters from the beginning and stayed that way.

Five of the original eight teams made more stadium changes in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium was a neutral park, the Pirates' Three Rivers Stadium initially was against the slugger and then favored him, and Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium gave the Phillies moderate punch. St. Louis countered this, however, with Busch Stadium discouraging home-run hitters. The Braves, never before in a power park, found a stadium that became a king of long ball because of atmospheric conditions. Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium and Wrigley Field, the only surviving classic concrete-and-steel structures, are the league's dominant home-run parks. With few exceptions, the new stadiums decreased power potential in the league. The dramatic shift in Wrigley's status emphasized how the older parks had favored power hitters more than the new ones.

Interestingly, stadium factors also show the degree to which the composition of a team or league can affect the stadium. During the three decades 1920-49 the Cardinals and Browns shared Sportsman's Park. The Cardinals' stadium factor indicates that playing in Sportsman's increased their home runs by 9 percent in the 1920s, then only 5 percent, and then reduced homers by 12 percent in the 1940s. The Browns' stadium factor for this same period in the same ball park was +72 percent, +25 percent, and +22 percent. Obviously, American League power altered the ballpark effects for Sportsman's Park. It is interesting to note, however, that despite this marked contrast, the Brown's stadium factor decreased, as did the Cardinals'. Shibe Park, occupied jointly by the Phillies and Athletics in the 1940s, had less drastic differences in percentage as the Phillies had a ballpark effect of -29 percent, while the Athletics' was -6 percent. Two sta-

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NL Home Stadium Factors and Individual Players

Player	Stadium	Years	HR + / -	SF	+ / - SF
Aaron	County	1954-59	- 21%	- 31%	+ 10%
Aaron	County	1960-65	- 4%	+ 1%	- 5%
Aaron	AtlFul	1966-69	+ 10%	+ 31%	- 21%
Aaron	AtlFul	1970-75	+ 46%	+ 47%	- 1%
Aaron	County	1975-76	- 15%	- 15%	0
Mathews	County	1952-59	- 22%	- 31%	+ 9%
Mathews	County	1960-65	+ 8%	+ 1%	+ 7%
Campanella	Ebbets	1950-57	+ 27%	+ 20%	+ 7%
Hodges	Ebbets	1950-57	+ 21%	+ 20%	+ 1%
Snider	Ebbets	1950-59	+ 33%	+ 20%	+ 13%
Banks	Wrigley	1953-59	+ 33%	- 2%	+ 35%
Banks	Wrigley	1960-69	+ 20%	+ 27%	- 7%
Santo	Wrigley	1960-69	+ 60%	+ 27%	+ 33%
Williams	Wrigley	1960-69	+ 29%	+ 27%	+ 2%
Kluszewski	Crosley	1950-57	+ 26%	+ 19%	+ 7%
Robinson	Crosley	1956-59	+ 40%	+ 19%	+ 21%
Robinson	Crosley	1960-65	+ 2%	+ 12%	- 10%
Bench	Riverfront	1970-79	+ 6%	- 2%	+ 8%
Perez	Riverfront	1970-76	- 4%	- 2%	- 2%
Ott	Polo	1926-29	- 3%	+ 34%	- 37%
Ott	Polo	1930-39	+ 37%	+ 77%	- 40%
Ott	Polo	1940-47	+ 171%	+ 76%	+ 95%
Mays	Polo	1951-57	+ 1%	+ 44%	- 43%
Mays	Candlestick	1960-69	+ 3%	- 1%	+ 4%
McCovey	Candlestick	1960-69	+ 10%	- 1%	+ 11%
Allen	CnMack	1964-69	- 3%	- 3%	0
Schmidt	Veteran	1972-79	- 5%	+ 17%	- 22%
Stargell	Forbes	1962-69	- 24%	- 31%	+ 7%
Stargell	Three Rivers	1970-79	- 6%	- 13%	+ 7%
Musial	Sportsman's	1941-49	- 20%	- 12%	- 8%
Musial	Spt/Bu	1950-59	+ 23%	- 3%	+ 26%
Boyer	Spt/Bu	1955-59	0	- 3%	+ 3%
Boyer	Spt/Bu	1960-65	+ 7%	+ 10%	- 3%
Simmons	Busch	1970-79	- 6%	- 23%	+ 17%

diums provide interesting comparisons between teams that occupied the same park in different decades. The Polo Grounds, which at one point increased Giant home-run production by as much as 77 percent, had comparable results for the Mets in 1962 and 1963 when it boosted home runs by 55 percent. This undoubtedly shows why Casey Stengel's "Amazin' Mets" set a team homer mark during their infamous 1962 season that remained intact until it was broken nearly a quarter of a century later by the 1986 world champion club. Finally, there is County Stadium, which hosted both the Braves' powerhouse teams of the 1950s and 1960s and "Harvey's Wallbangers" in the 1980s. With numerous old stadiums abundant in the 1950s County reduced homers by 31 percent. Then it became a neutral park in the next decade. True to form, power teams disguised County's disdain for power; in 1976-1985 County reduced home-run production by 15 percent.

Yet another way to evaluate stadium factors is to apply the formula to home and away games of individual players. Because these statistics are scarce for earlier players, most of the sluggers examined in the accompanying chart played after 1949. Home-run champion Hank Aaron had to battle a negative stadium factor in County Stadium. Only in the 1970s did he considerably benefit from Atlanta's stadium. Mel Ott, who was league homer king at the time of his retirement, received little bonus from the power-oriented Polo Grounds until he was in his final decade; then his home-run production increased by an incredible 171 percent. *Green Cathedrals* bears the interesting note that Ott, who obviously benefited from playing in the Polo Grounds, never homered in more than 100 at-bats at Shibe Park. Willie Mays received no favors from the Polo Grounds in the 1950s but, surprisingly, was above Candlestick's minus factor. A power hitter who now is viewed in a more favorable light than when he played, Richie Allen, broke even in Connie Mack: in 1970 he hit as many homers at home as on the road when his home park was Busch. Some players like Ron Santo were helped tremendously by their home stadium factor; others like Ted Simmons overcame negative factors by considerable margins.

Individual player production shows that sluggers often overcame negative stadium factors and, surprisingly, were below positive stadium factors. Why? Perhaps because a power hitter often hits to the power alleys and receives little if any assistance from the stadium with many of his titanic blasts. Therefore, he hits homers in parks with negative stadium factors and benefits little from parks with positive ones. This phenomenon could be explored more fully by comparing a large number of home-run hitters with so-called singles, doubles, and triples hitters.

It is interesting to note that Pete Rose had a home-run increase of 50 percent at Crosley in the 1960s, that Jackie Robinson's was up 35 percent, Pee Wee Reese's was up 16 percent at Ebbets in the 1950s — and all of these players were in parks that increased home-run production. In contrast, players in stadiums with negative factors included Bill Mazerowski, who was down 42 percent in the 1960s, and Richie Ashburn, who was down 71 percent in the 1950s. This random sample suggests that non-homer hitters and sluggers in their declining years receive the most benefit from positive stadium factors. And the chart also suggests that although home-run hitters can be above or below the stadium factor in stadiums with positive factors, they seldom are below the stadium factor in parks with negative ones. Hence the power hitter is apt to reach the seats no matter where he plays, since few sluggers direct their shots straight down the foul lines.

The Bill James Historical Baseball Abstract states that "stadium architecture . . . is the one largest dynamic of change in baseball . . ." (pp. 250-51). This study of stadium factors strengthens the conclusion that the varied super stadiums of the 1970s and 1980s helped produce the varied playing styles that exist simultaneously and allow for divergent types of baseball. Earlier periods were categorized as "the dead-ball era" and "the power era." In the 1920s the National League had only one neutral stadium. There was one neutral and one slightly neutral in the 1930s; one neutral and two nearly neutral in the 1940s; and two neutral parks in the 1950s. Then came the 1960s, the transition decade that marked the beginning of the new super stadiums and the decline of home-run dominance. By the mid-1980s there were four neutral stadiums and two with slight effects, which accounted for 50 percent of the playing fields.

This study substantiates the supposition that stadiums have an effect upon home-run production. Stadium factors are real but not fixed; they fluctuate. Change can occur by adding new stadiums or by modifying existing ones. Teams can be tailored to conform with stadium factors, but team composition and prevailing playing styles also affect stadium factors. This especially is true in the case of the genuine home-run hitter, as demonstrated by sluggers who have accumulated awesome totals in parks with negative stadium factors. The most significant impact a stadium can have upon a home-run hitter is demonstrated by stadiums that favor either a lefthanded or righthanded batter; although closer fences might provide a few additional homers for sluggers, many of their blasts will clear the wall in any park. Stadium factors, despite their importance, cannot be overemphasized or regarded as constant; like other aspects of the game of baseball they are subject to change.

The Richards-Jethroe Caper: Fact or Fiction?

JOSEPH M. OVERFIELD

There's no question that Paul Richards was a genius and an innovator, but did the legend sometimes outstrip the reality? An examination of one of his innumerable claims to fame.

THE FOLLOWING is excerpted from a tribute to the late Paul Richards that appeared in *Sports Illustrated*, August 25, 1986:

A minor league manager for the Buffalo Bisons who four times ordered a walk to the opposing pitcher with two out and no one on rather than have Sam Jethroe, an outstanding leadoff man and base stealer, lead off the following inning.

The above is one of many legends about a legendary baseball figure. But is it true or just, well, a legend?

Tall, taciturn, occasionally acerbic, Paul Rapier Richards devoted more than 50 years to baseball as a player, manager, and executive. He had been an ambidextrous pitcher in high school and a minor league infielder. A journeyman catcher and .227 hitter over eight major-league seasons, Richards was to gain recognition as a strategist, innovator, and student of the game.

Pitching was his particular area of expertise, and he seemed to have a sixth sense about when to bring in a reliever. He liked the slip pitch, a change-of-piece delivery that broke down and away, and he taught it to many pitchers in the minors and the majors. Hoyt Wilhelm probably would not be in the Hall-of-Fame today were it not for Richards, who gave him a chance at Baltimore in 1959 after the Giants, the Cardinals, and the Indians had given up on him in the three previous seasons. Richards designed a king-sized catcher's mitt to help Gus Triandos trap Wilhelm's unpredictable floaters. He told Wilhelm to hide the ball before releasing it. The tip may have seemed insignificant, but there are some, including Wilhelm himself, who maintain that it turned his career around.

Richards was probably the first manager to employ the unorthodox strategy of putting a pitcher temporarily in another position in order to bring in a second pitcher to face a batter. According to Tommy Devine (*Baseball Digest*, April 1954), when Richards was managing the White Sox in 1951, he moved righthander Harry Dorish

to third base in order to bring in lefty Billy Pierce to face Ted Williams. After Pierce induced Williams to pop to shortstop Chico Carrasquel, he retired to the dugout and Dorish returned to the mound. In 1953, according to Devine, Richards switched Dorish and Pierce the other way. With Pierce pitching late in the game and two righthanders coming up, he moved Pierce to first base (a position he had once played) and brought in Dorish to face the two upcoming hitters.

While Richards's career was long and well-publicized, Sam Jethroe's was relatively short though far from insignificant. In the spring of 1945, this slender, hollow-cheeked black outfielder with bird-like legs was a baseball unknown except to followers of his employers of three years, the Cincinnati Buckeyes of the Negro American League. His first, brief flirtation with baseball history came on April 16, 1945, after militant Boston City Councilman Isadore H. Y. Muchnick pressured the Boston Red Sox into giving tryouts to black players. Wendell Smith of the *Pittsburgh Courier* chose three players — Jethroe and Jackie Robinson of the Kansas City Monarchs, and Marvin Williams of the Philadelphia Stars. In their Fenway Park workout all three players impressed Manager Joe Cronin and Coach Hugh Duffy with their hitting. Duffy is reported to have told them, "You fellows look like good hitters." After the workout, the three were given applications to fill out — a classic case of "Don't call us, we'll call you." The Red Sox never called. Ironically, Jethroe was to become Boston's first black major leaguer, but with the Braves and not the Red Sox. As for the Red Sox, they were to hew to the color line until Elijah (Pumpsie) Green joined them in 1959.

Jethroe returned to the Cleveland Buckeyes. Robinson was to write baseball history a year later by signing with

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the Brooklyn organization. Marvin Williams never reached the major leagues. At one time the Cleveland Indians were interested in Jethroe but decided not to sign him. They were not impressed with his fielding or his throwing and suspected he was older than his announced twenty-six years. His break came in July of 1948 when Rickey's Brooklyn Dodgers paid the Buckeyes \$5,000 for his contract and assigned him to the Montreal Royals of the International League. In 76 games, he batted .322 and stole 18 bases. In 1949 he batted .326, with 207 hits,

Curt Raydon and another minor league player to Pittsburgh for shortstop Danny O'Connell. Jethroe played in just two games for the Pirates, then was sold to Toronto of the International League, where he enjoyed five successful seasons. Jethroe dazzled Torontonians with his speed and his orchid Lincoln that was always parked prominently outside Maple Leaf Stadium on game days. When his playing days were over, he returned to Erie, Pennsylvania, where he operated a tavern.

Henry Hecht, who wrote of the Richards-Jethroe caper



Paul Richards

34 doubles, 19 triples, and 17 home runs, and a club-record 89 steals. These impressive numbers did not earn him a promotion to the talent-laden Dodgers, but instead resulted in his sale to the Boston Braves for a reported \$125,000. Said Rickey, "It might be the biggest mistake I ever made in baseball."

Early in the 1950 season, noted sports columnist Joe Williams called Jethroe "a bust who could neither field nor throw," and accused Rickey of perpetrating another of his gold-brick jobs. But Jethroe could hit, and he could run. In 1950 he batted .273, with 18 homers, 58 runs batted in, and a league-leading and eye-catching 35 steals (Pee Wee Reese was second with 17). In 1951 Jethroe hit .280, with 18 homers, 65 RBI, and 35 more steals to lead the NL again. After he slumped to .232 in 1952, he was demoted to Toledo. Even though he batted .309 for the Mud Hens, the Braves were no longer interested and traded him, Sid Gordon, Max Surkont, Fred Walters,

in the *Sports Illustrated* article, was not the first to tell of it. In a *Saturday Evening Post* article on Paul Richards that appeared July 12, 1951, William Barry Furlong and Fred Russell wrote: "He [Richards] is a bold and unorthodox strategist, innovative of such tactics in his International League days as purposely walking Montreal pitchers before swift Sam Jethroe came to bat."

Jules Tygiel, in his widely acclaimed *Baseball's Great Experiment*, wrote that Richards employed this tactic in a game Buffalo played at Montreal on May 25, 1949.

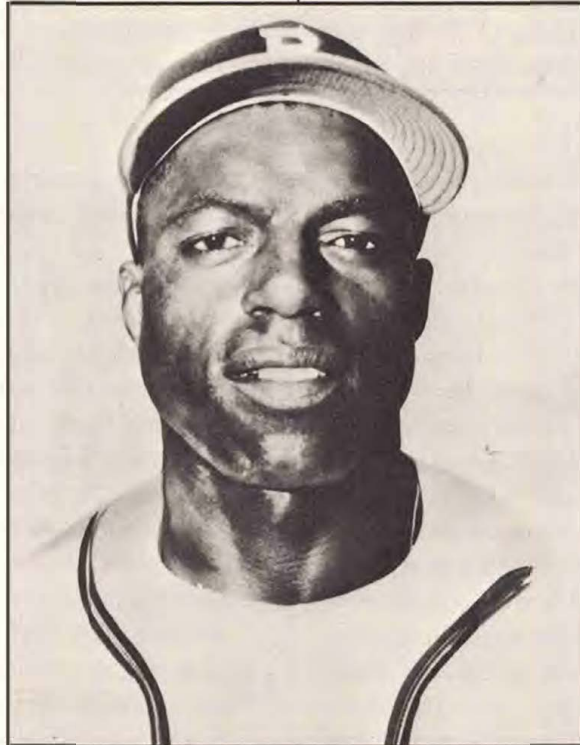
By far the most detailed account is found in A.S. (Doc) Young's *Great Negro Baseball Stars*:

Jethroe's baseline feats bothered Paul Richards, inventive manager of the Buffalo Bisons; disturbed him greatly, the fact is. After Sam had stolen against the Bisons in their first 11 meetings with Montreal, Richards cooked up a bit of strategy. Jethroe was leading off for the Royals. Richards had his pitcher walk the Montreal pitcher, thus plugging second base in case Jethroe got on first. The gimmick worked

six of seven times. It backfired once. Buffalo's pitcher walked Montreal's pitcher on Richards' orders, but then lost control, walking Jethroe and the next batter to load the bases. Then Montreal's leading hitter, Bobby Morgan, doubled to unload them.

The Richards ploy is a nice story, apparently well-documented and certainly in keeping with his reputation. But I always had reservations about it. Many had written about it and talked about it, but for me it was much like the famed Indian rope trick; I never could find anyone who had actually seen it.

Buffalo papers for the 1948-1949 seasons. An examination of each Montreal-Buffalo box score and the accompanying game stories substantiated what Alli had told me. The deliberate walking of the pitcher ahead of Jethroe did not happen on May 25, 1949; nor did it happen at any other time. Doc Young's account in *Great Negro Baseball Stars* proved to be pure fantasy. Jethroe never stole bases in "consecutive games" against the Bisons; nor did he even come close. In half of the 1948 season and in all of 1949, he faced the Bisons in thirty-one games. He



Sam Jethroe

I wrote to Sam Jethroe at his Erie, Pa., home. He replied: "I don't know if he used it or not. I read it, same as you." Henry Hecht, who wrote the *Sports Illustrated* story, could give no specifics but said he had taken the information from three clips in the magazine's files. Jules Tygiel, in an earlier letter, had told me he had seen two references to it thirty years apart and thus thought it had stood the test of time. I talked to Joe Alli, retired sports writer for the *Buffalo Courier-Express*, who had covered every Bison game in the 1948-1949 seasons. He said he had no recollection that Richards had ever used the maneuver in question and, further, that a check of his scorebooks had resulted in the same negative answer. He also told me he had interviewed Richards some years ago, and that the Jethroe thing had come up and that they had both laughed about it. Unfortunately, he could not recall the date of the interview.

My next step was to review the microfilms of the

stole exactly 9 bases in those thirty-one games, and his longest streak was just 3. Morgan's base-clearing double, as reported by Young, never happened.

This was all pretty conclusive, but I still wanted to find the Alli-Richards interview and have an admission in Richards' own words. As chance and serendipity would have it, the story showed up when I was searching the *Courier-Express* files on an entirely different matter. The July 13, 1965 column was headed: The Legend of Jethroe Grows with the Years. Alli wrote:

The idea of walking the pitcher ahead of Jethroe was never put into practice, but the story was circulated in the spring of 1950 when Jethroe was in the Braves camp. It was written, in error, that Jethroe broke up the strategy on one occasion by hitting a game-winning home run after the pitcher had been walked.

"Paul, you know it never happened."

"That's right," Richards laughed, "it never did, but if you write that now, nobody will believe you and you will get letters from fans who will swear they saw it happen."

The Kid Who Taught Satchel Paige a Lesson

JOHN B. HOLWAY

Schoolboy Johnny Taylor was only twenty-one years old when he faced the legendary Paige in an exhibition. Taylor threw a no-hitter and became something of a legend himself.

Satchel Paige, until today at least, America's number-one pitcher, met his Waterloo Sunday, and the result skied one Johnny Taylor to baseball's Hall of Fame. . . .

Chicago Defender, October 23, 1937

HARTFORD'S SCHOOLBOY Johnny Taylor was twenty-one years old when he whipped Satchel Paige's All Stars — Cool Papa Bell and the rest — with a no-hitter before 22,500 fans at the Polo Grounds in 1937.

Now, almost half a century later, Taylor is still schoolboy slim at sixty-nine. * He brings his bulging scrapbooks down from the attic of his Hartford home — a pleasant brick house he built himself — fixes his guest an iced tea and lobster-salad sandwich, and recalls his big days pitching in the Negro League, Mexico, and Cuba. He speaks rapidly, the words spilling out faster than the pencil can keep up.

He talks of his teammates — Luis Tiant Sr., who was like a father to him; Josh Gibson, whom he beat arm-wrestling; Martin Dihigo, his old manager who is now in the Hall of Fame.

And he talks of his foes — of pitching against Babe Ruth, of almost beating Dizzy Dean in Yankee Stadium when Taylor was nineteen, of winning three games in one day, of pitching “at least” eight no-hitters in his career. And he savors the big one against the great Satchel Paige, then at the peak of his fame.

Satchel recalled the game, too. In his autobiography, *Maybe I'll Pitch Forever*, he mentions telling Dihigo before the game, “You don't want to cancel out, do you? We're liable to kill that boy.”

Dihigo smiled and replied that maybe Satch was the one who should cancel out.

* *Editor's Note: The interview occurred shortly before Taylor's death in 1987.*

Though cherubic and baby-faced, Taylor was already in his third year of pitching for the New York Cubans of the Negro National League.

Was he nervous facing the great Paige?

“No,” he says. “That's one thing that never bothered me. I was able to concentrate. I'd be telling a lie if I said I didn't notice the crowd. But the crowd was usually with me in New York. They'd give you lots of applause.”

Taylor had a good overhand curve that day to go with his fastball. He also had the best catcher in blackball annals — some say the best of any color any time — in Raleigh (Biz) Mackey, who even then was teaching everything he knew to his star protege, Roy Campanella.

Mackey made Taylor keep his pitches low, and for eight innings the two hurlers — young Taylor and the veteran Paige — dueled in a scoreless tie.

Taylor had plenty of close calls and spectacular support from his teammates.

In the first, he walked lead-off man Cool Papa Bell, presumably setting up a steal or Bell's notorious hit-and-run bunt play. But Johnny got the next man, Red Parnell, to hit a smash back to the box, Taylor snared it to start a double play.

In the second, speedy Harry Williams walked, but Mackey gunned him down on a steal attempt. With two outs, Bill Perkins lifted a Texas leaguer to second, which Sammy T. Hughes, considered by many the best black second baseman ever — at least until Joe Morgan — raced back to put it away.

In the fourth, Parnell drilled a hard grounder toward right, but Hughes gobbled it up behind first and threw him out.

Bell walked in the sixth and dashed for second on a steal, but Mackey's throw nipped him at the bag.

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Satchel Paige and Johnny Taylor

In the seventh, shortstop Chester Williams brought the fans to their feet when he scooped up Splo Spearman's hot grounder near second and whipped the ball to fancy-fielding Shifty Jim West at first. The throw was high, but West leaped and put the tag on Parnell.

In the eighth Sammy Bankhead, brother of the Dodger pitcher Dan Bankhead, rifled a low line drive to second. It knocked Williams over, but he held it for the out in what the *Pittsburgh Courier* called "perhaps the most spectacular play" of the game.

At the end of seven innings, Johnny and Satch were still deadlocked 0-0. Satch had deliberately walked a man with two on and two out, then struck out Wild Bill Wright to end the threat. "I gave up only eight hits and struck out eight," Paige would write, "but it was nowhere near as good as that kid did. That high school boy pitched a no-hitter against us and faced only twenty-nine batters, two more than a perfect game."

(Actually, Johnny faced twenty-seven batters. He walked three, but two were out stealing and one on a double play. He struck out five.)

In the bottom of the eighth, Satch was a victim of a bad-hop single. Then West swung late on a fastball and lifted it over the top of the left-field grandstand and onto the elevated tracks behind to give Taylor a 2-0 lead.

Taylor opened the ninth against pinch-hitter George Scales, whom Johnny calls one of the toughest hitters he ever faced. One of the best curveball hitters of all time, Scales waved his long, skinny bat, and Taylor mowed him down. Then he got Spooky Palm, pinch-hitting for Satch.

The last man up was future Hall-of-Famer Cool Papa Bell. "That guy," Taylor sighs, "every time he'd hit, he

had his bat on the ball." Johnny gave him an overhand curve, and Bell hit to second for the final out.

The first fan onto the field was John's mother who leaped over the box seat railing to hug him. Future New York governor Thomas E. Dewey joined in the cheering from his box.

Ignored by the crowd, Paige "ran to the hotel and locked myself in my room. You've never seen an old man if you didn't see me after that game. . . . It's a mighty bad feeling when a young punk comes along and does better than you, and you know it."

Taylor was hardly a young punk. He was born in Hartford in 1916. "I grew up in a white neighborhood," he says. "It wasn't segregated, but I was in an era when there were very few black players. I was the only black player in my school, the only black in my class. They treated me good. I got headlines, compared to most black players in a black environment."

Lou Gehrig and Hank Greenberg both played minor league ball in Hartford, and Johnny outfitted his team by collecting their cracked bats and running down their foul balls. "There were fifty kids out there, and they'd always watch me. I'd run the opposite way, so they'd all run that way, then I'd go pick the ball up."

Playing sandlot ball at sixteen, Johnny racked up 475 strikeouts in twenty-six games. At Hartford's Bulkely High School, he concentrated on track until his senior year, when he finally went out for baseball. Taylor was impressive, winning 9 and losing 0. In one game he pitched a 1-hitter with 25 strikeouts. In another he won a watch for being the first person to hit a ball over the Savitt Jewelry sign in the outfield.

Savitt sponsored a semi-pro team, and Johnny joined it as a pitcher. In two years he totaled more than 800 strikeouts, won 55, and lost 5. He struck out 40 men in two games. "But I was wild," he laughs. "I used to walk as many as I struck out."

John struck out 16 House of Davids, 17 Brooklyn Royal Giants, and 18 Philadelphia Royal Giants, the latter two minor-league black teams.

He also tossed his first no-hitter, against legendary Will Jackman, the lanky black submarine pitcher who toured New England every year with his Colored Giants. Taylor walked 4 and struck out 13 in the seven-inning game.

Hartford druggist Sam Hyman touted Johnny to his friends on the Yankees, and they sent scout Gene McCann up to take a look. The Philadelphia Athletics also were interested. Then scouts from both teams arrived in Hartford and found out what Hyman had forgotten to mention — that this Taylor kid was black.

"Will Negroes ever play in the major leagues?" the Bridgeport *Sunday Herald* asked John Taylor.

"I think eventually Negroes will be playing big-league ball," he answered. "Many Negroes are playing as good, if not better, baseball than many big league stars." He pointed to the New York Rens basketball team, to Olympic stars Eddie Tolan, Jesse Owens, and Ralph Metcalfe, and to football star Paul Robeson. "It may not come in my career as a pitcher, but I'm sure it will come. . . . Baseball shows signs of needing a tonic, and it is my frank opinion that the Negro will be just the tonic needed."

John Taylor, the *Herald* reporter commented, "is one of the best reasons I know why the Negro should be given his opportunity to make good."

The Negro Leagues were also hearing about Taylor. The Philadelphia Stars and New York Cubans both sent scouts to sign him. Frank Forbes of the Cubans got there first. "The kid talked telephone numbers about salary," he reported. So Forbes took Johnny to a movie, bought him some peanut brittle, patiently sat through two shows, and returned to New York with a signed contract for \$175 a month. In the spring of 1935 Johnny reported to Jacksonville, Florida for spring training.

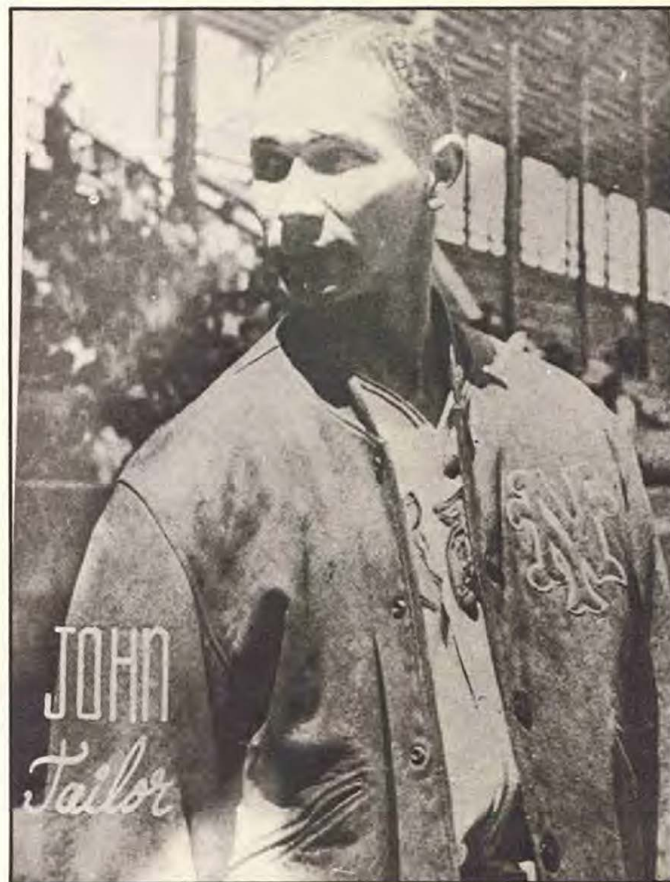
The oldest man on the team was Luis Tiant Sr., a skinny lefthander in contrast to his more famous son the chunky righthander. The newspapers called Tiant "the black Hubbell" after the New York Giants' star lefty. Both had great screwballs. "Tiant would give you a big motion and take a lot off it," Taylor says. Tiant also had an uncanny move to first: Negro Leaguers swear they have seen batters swing at his pickoff throw.

Tiant took a lot of ribbing from the younger guys. "He used to fall asleep on the bus and his false teeth would drop out." Johnny called him "Papa," and Tiant indeed became a second father to him.

If Tiant was a father figure, then team owner Alejandro Pompez was an uncle. "A handsome man, a beautiful man," Pompez was also a Harlem numbers king (many black team owners made their fortunes in the numbers). In fact, that's why Tom Dewey, then an ambitious young prosecutor, was at the game against Paige; Dewey was preparing to move in and close down Pompez's operation. Pompez eventually served some time in prison.

Pompez owned his own ball park — Dyckman Oval in the Bronx — and a nightclub alongside it. He advertised his games by sending a horse and wagon through the streets of Harlem with posters affixed to it. He later scouted for the Giants and sent Willie McCovey, among others, to the major leagues.

Johnny's best friend on the Cubans, almost a brother to him, was pitcher-outfielder Lazaro Salazar. The Cuban great Martin Dihigo — "El Maestro" — pitched and managed. Dihigo played all positions but catcher and was a powerful hitter as well. Taylor once saw him slam a



John (Tailor) Taylor

505-foot home run. Dihigo once drilled a line drive within three inches of the shortstop's head, Taylor says. Before the fielder could throw his hands up in self-defense, the ball was ricocheting off the left-field fence. "If it had been four inches lower, it would have killed him," Taylor says.

Another pitcher was little Manuel (Cocaina) Garcia, so-called because he made the hitters look as if they'd been taking cocaine.

Not all the players were from Cuba. Frank Duncan, formerly of the Kansas City Monarchs, caught. Taylor calls him and Mackey the two greatest handlers of pitchers he ever saw. Duncan filled John's ears with tales of the great Monarchs of the past: Bullet Joe Rogan, Dobie Moore, and others. He would later return to Kansas City and become Jackie Robinson's first professional manager.

David (Showboat) Thomas hit .260 and played first base. "The most graceful player I ever saw in action," Taylor says. "This guy had a little motorman's glove, not the big glove like they have today, but he could pick them up backhand just as graceful." The Cubans put on special infield shows before the games, deliberately throwing wild to first to let Showboat leap for the high ones and dig low ones out of the dirt while the fans oohed. In 1945 Thomas would get a reluctant tryout with the Dodgers when a

sportswriter showed up at the Dodgers' Bear Mountain, N.Y. camp with him and a pitcher in tow.

In New Orleans's Pelican Park, Taylor got his first look at the great teams of the Negro Leagues — the Pittsburgh Crawfords, Homestead Grays, Philly Stars — with players like Paige, Gibson, Bell, Oscar Charleston, and Buck Leonard, all of whom are now enshrined in Cooperstown.

The Cubans headed for Chicago by bus to open the season and ran into a hurricane. While trees crashed around them, the driver took a wrong turn and they ended up in Indianapolis. When they finally reached Chicago in a sleet storm, the game was cancelled.

They opened their home season at the Bronx's Dyckman Oval. It normally seated 6,000-8,000, but 10,000 were jammed in that day to see the rookie Taylor open against the powerful Homestead Grays. A near-riot erupted when a Gray slid into second with spikes flashing. Taylor wisely retreated to the dugout to watch the free-for-all as a spectator.

When peace was restored, Taylor took a 5-4 lead into the ninth. Leonard, "the black Lou Gehrig," batted with one man on. "A nice, easy-going guy, always had that smile," Taylor says. "Buck was a great fastball hitter. He could get his bat around on anyone. We'd have to set him up and throw changeups; that was his only weakness. But if you think you're going to throw the fastball by him, forget it."

Back in May, 1935 Johnny thought he was going to, and Leonard hit it out. Final score: Grays 6, Cubas 5.

Harlem was a swinging place for a young man in those days. The players frequently ended up at the old Renaissance Ball Room on 138th Street. Taylor met Eyre Saitch, the great basketball and tennis player who played for the Renaissance Big Fives, at the Ball Room. He also met Jackie Jamison, one of the first black women tennis players. "She used to come out watch the ballgames," he says. "I went out with her a couple times. There was always something to do on Seventh Avenue. That's when they had Small's Paradise at 135th Street, where Bill Robinson the dancer used to entertain. The Apollo Theater was in full swing. Singer Lena Horne was just starting out and was appearing at the Apollo. John Henry Lewis, the world light-heavyweight champ, was a good friend of mine. He went backstage to see Lena, and I met her. She was just a little starlet from Pittsburgh then.

"They had those bands in those days, and they used to come out and watch us play. The Mills Brothers, singers from Bellmar, New Jersey, were friends of mine. I knew the father well. They'd fool around with us, practice with us. We all used to go in the locker room and sing together.

"New York was a lot of fun in those days. All those brownstone houses up to 140th Street, they were beauti-



Schoolboy Taylor at bat

ful. My aunt used to live up on St. Nicholas Place, on Coogan's Bluff overlooking the Polo Grounds. Edgcomb was around the corner, one of the first big luxury apartments blacks owned in Harlem."

The team that beat the Cubans most often was the Homestead Grays. Based in Pittsburgh, the Grays scheduled league games all around western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. "They used to take us to those mining towns, like Beckley, West Virginia," says Taylor. "You'd drive about five miles down a mountain — how can you have a ballpark down there? You get there, they'd have 2,500 people, been waiting for the game all summer."

The Cubans' driver was named Fullback Sessions. He had been a chauffeur for Bill Robinson, driving Robinson's Dusenbergs, until the day Robinson took the 20th Century Limited express train from Chicago to New York and told Fullback to follow with the car. When Robinson arrived, there was Fullback waiting for him. He had beaten the train! That was too much for Bojangles, who fired the driver on the spot. So Fullback got a job with the Cubans. He could drive twelve-to-fifteen hours without falling asleep, Taylor says. "Frank Duncan, who knew all the roads, would sit up front and talk to him. I'd sit up there too sometimes."

Back before the days of interstate highways, the team would leave Chicago on a Thursday morning and arrive in New York Saturday, grab a little sleep, play that night, a doubleheader Sunday and another game Sunday night. "There was a lot of riding and a lot of playing," Taylor says. "But the ball players didn't squawk."

One year Taylor actually won three games in one day. Against the Philadelphia Stars in Dyckman, he won the first game of a doubleheader, 5-1. In the second, he relieved Tiant in the fourth inning and won that one, too. That night the team played the Crawfords in Freeport, Long Island. Taylor relieved in the fourth inning again and earned another victory.

"Your sweatshirt never dried out — and these guys complain today, these major leaguers. It tickles me. The shower rooms used to be atrocious. We used to pack in one suitcase. But for the Sunday doubleheader, our clothes would be immaculate. The players had them pressed the day before. It was amazing how they could do it — live out of a suitcase. Amazing."

According to an exhaustive search of all available newspaper box scores, Taylor won 5 and lost 3 in his rookie year. Tiant was 8-4, and Dihigo 6-2. Dihigo also batted .323 and tied Josh Gibson for the league home-run title, with 9, in the forty-two games I found. Salazar hit .323, as the Cubans won the second half of the split season and the right to face the powerful Pittsburgh Crawfords in the playoff. The Crawfords boasted four Hall-of-Famers — Gibson (.331), Oscar Charleston (.288), Judy Johnson (.257), and Cool Papa Bell (.363).

The Cubans, however, won three out of the first four games. "It looked like a walk-away," Taylor says. The fifth game, in Philadelphia, pitted John (Neck) Stanley, the Cubans' spitball specialist, against lefty Leroy Matlock, who had gone 17-0 with the Craws. The Cubans scored twice in the first, but the Craws came back with two in the second and had the bases loaded with the dangerous Charleston and Gibson coming up.

Dihigo lifted Stanley and called Taylor in to shut the door. John struck them both out. "I think I struck them out with curveballs," he says. "There was no way around it; I had to pitch to them, and my curveball was working good."

After seven and a half innings, with Taylor winning 5-2, Pompey left the club to return to New York and prepare a big victory celebration. "I was already spending the winners' bonus money," says Taylor. He stood up to go out to the mound for the last of the eighth, when Dihigo waved him back. "Give me the ball, Johnny," he said, "I want to finish the game."

"I was mad," Taylor admits. "But what could I do?"

Dihigo retired the side in the eighth. In the ninth, a

walk and a scratch hit put two men on with Charleston and Gibson coming up again. Charleston worked the count to 3-2, then slammed a fastball over the right-field wall to tie it.

In the locker room Frank Forbes had just finished counting out the winners' share of the receipts when he heard the crowd outside roar. When he got the news, he was so mad, he threw the wad of bills across the room.

The Craws won in extra innings. "That broke our hearts," Taylor says. "They won the last two games with ease. I never did spend that bonus."

After the series, Taylor faced a team of International League all-stars in New York and struck out 18 of them.

The nineteen-year-old rookie also found himself in Yankee Stadium facing the great Dizzy Dean. Johnny was leading 1-0 going into the sixth. He had men on second and third and two outs when Jimmy Ripple, the Cardinals' rookie outfielder, hit a short fly that caught the leftfielder playing back. The ball just ticked his glove as both runners scored to win the game 2-1.

Taylor gave 4 hits to 6 for Dizzy; he struck out 14, while Dean whiffed 8. Taylor fanned Moose Solters of the White Sox 4 times. "I had a long talk with Dean," Taylor says. "He was very affable, gave me credit, said it was too bad we lost."

HIS GREAT SHOWING EARNED John a ten-dollar raise, to \$185 a month, for 1936. His known record that year was 4-4 compared to Dihigo's 5-3.

That fall Babe Ruth came in to Dyckman for a hitting exhibition, and Taylor was elected to do the pitching. "Dyckman had a little short porch, and he skied them out of there." Eight years later Ruth was putting on a similar exhibition in Mexico, where Taylor was playing. "I said, 'Babe, do you remember me?' He looked at me. 'Do you remember 1936, Dyckman Oval, and that little band box?' I said.

"'Oh yeah, yeah, kid,' the Babe replied. 'Was that you?' And so, I had the honor to pitch to him twice."

The winter of 1936-37, Taylor sailed to Cuba to play winter ball with the Marianao club at Havana's Tropical Stadium, "the most beautiful baseball field I have ever seen." It had 12,000 seats, a diamond "like green velvet," and, best of all from a pitcher's standpoint, a twenty-foot fence that was 400 feet down the right-field line, more than that to left, and 505 to dead center. A bad cross-wind also held up fly balls. No one had ever hit a fair ball out of the park, and there was a standing offer of \$1,000 to anyone who did. No one had ever collected, Taylor says, although Buck Leonard came close.

Taylor's record that winter was 22-6. The Cubans

dubbed him "*Escolar Taylor . . . el Rey de Hartford.*"

"Cuba is baseball-crazy," he wrote. "The fans come down to the hotel in the early morning to talk to the players, and when it comes time to go out to the field, they're still there with their incessant chatter."

Jesse Owens, fresh from his Berlin Olympic triumphs, came to Havana to race against a horse. A policeman came out of the stands to start the race, but his gun merely went click. Another cop tried. Another click, as Taylor and the grandstand held their sides with laughter. Finally, a naval officer fired his service weapon with such a bang that the poor horse bolted off the track and Jesse won going away, amid a tremendous ovation.

Johnny twisted his ankle in a game, and his teammates insisted on taking him to their doctor. "He grabbed my ankle and gave it a twist, and I nearly went through the roof. I kicked him in the jaw and sent him sprawling on the floor." While two players held Taylor down, the doctor got back on his feet and gave John's ankle another jerk worse than the first. "I thought he had killed me. I was laid up for weeks."

Taylor couldn't follow through on the foot and injured his back. Next summer he was back in Hartford, pitching for Savitt again with a ruptured disc. Nonetheless, he hooked up with his old foe, Jackman, in a marathon twenty-two-inning game. Both men went all the way, and for twelve of the last thirteen innings neither gave up a run. Finally the Savitt's Johnny Champion ended it with a homer, 6-5. Taylor had given up 12 hits, Jackman 15; Johnny had struck out 22, Jackman 10. "If they'd bunted on me, they'd have run me out of the box," Taylor says.

By September John was well enough to return to the Negro Leagues — and throw the no-hitter against Satchel Paige.

Over the winter Taylor returned to Cuba and teamed with the great catcher, Josh Gibson. "Josh Gibson was my hero, you bet your life he was," Taylor says. "He was the greatest slugger of them all."

Josh — the Latins pronounced his name "Yosh Hibson" — hit one of the longest home runs ever in Yankee Stadium. He was the first man ever to hit one over the 435-foot fence in Chihuahua, Mexico, Taylor says, and he did it three times in one game. "He hit shots through the infield — if it was a foot away from you, forget it. He had a tremendous appetite. Everything he ordered was two — two whole chickens, two bottles of beer. And Josh was a great kidder. Just like a big kid. He had this big boyish grin. He called me 'One Lung,' because I was thin.

"I said, 'You and all your muscles. Come on, let's see you put my arm down.' He could almost put his hand around my arm. But he couldn't put my arm down." After several minutes of straining, Taylor slowly began to force

Josh's arm toward the table. They called it a draw. "I said, 'Pretty good for one lung, eh, Gib?'" With Gibson catching, Taylor pitched another no-hitter that winter, the second of his professional career.

In 1938 Pittsburgh numbers king Gus Greenlee, owner of the Crawfords, needed a pitcher. Greenlee had made Satchel Paige into a star until Satch jumped the team to pitch in the Dominican Republic. Gus offered Taylor \$400 a month — \$1,800 for the season — or double what he was getting with the New York Cubans. Taylor accepted.



Taylor (c). John Henry Lewis (r)

A flamboyant man, Greenlee owned the popular Crawford Grill and a stable of fighters. John was a fight fan. Greenlee's star fighter was John Henry Lewis, the light-heavy champ, and one of Taylor's jobs was to take care of him. "I used to take a week off before each fight and go out with him. He had a yellow roadster, and he'd let me drive it." When they entered a restaurant, a crowd of sycophants would crowd around the champ — flattering Lewis with cries of "Heh, champ, heh, champ." Lewis would pick up the check — unless Taylor could steer him away.

(In 1939 Greenlee got Lewis a shot at the heavyweight title with Joe Louis. Gus wanted to give him a chance at one big payday, Taylor figures. "In the light-heavy ranks, there wasn't too much money around." Lewis had lost the sight of one eye, and when he fought Joe, he was kayoed in the first round. Taylor remained close friends with the boxer for years; they last met about 1968 in Arizona.)

In 1938 Taylor was chosen for the East-West Game, or Negro League All-Star game, at Chicago's Comiskey Park. He relieved in the eighth and pitched shutout ball for the last two innings, allowing three hits and striking

out two. Sportswriter Lloyd Lewis of the Chicago *Daily News* watched the game and called it "aggressive, alert baseball . . . as good as anything you see anywhere." Willie Wells is an "amazing" shortstop, Lewis said. "And Schoolboy Johnny Taylor looks like a BIG LEAGUE pitcher!"

The Team received tickets to the Joe Louis-King Lavinsky fight after the game. They dashed from the stadium after their game and raced across town to the arena, arriving as the fighters were entering the ring. While the players climbed to their seats, Louis cold-cocked the Kingfish. The fight had ended before they sat down.



Jorge Pasquel and Taylor

John didn't return to the Crawfords in 1939. His friend Salazar was playing in Mexico and made several long-distance phone calls to Hartford — in those days long-distance cost a fortune — imploring John to join him there. When Salazar mentioned \$600 a month, Taylor caught the next plane.

Most of his buddies on the Cubans had also jumped to Mexico, Taylor discovered. He played for Cordoba, which is located between Mexico City and Tampico. "The crowds are big here, and the fans are red-hot," he wrote home enthusiastically. The teams played three or four days a week for eight months. They traditionally played before limited crowds Sunday morning, because the bullfights were also being staged. Tampico boasted air-conditioned box seats, and travel was by train, not bus. In a Mexico City bar where the bullfighters hung out, Taylor was introduced to former King Alfonso of Spain. "Playing in the Negro League, you were going in the back door," Taylor wrote. "But in Mexico they treat you royally. No segregation." The American blacks were national heroes in Mexico, besieged by autograph

hounds, their pictures on the front pages of the newspapers. "It did a lot for the black ballplayers," he says, "because there was no place else for them to go. Mexico was the savior of black baseball."

John developed a nosebleed pitching in the thin air of Mexico City. It was impossible to get a hop on the fastball or a sharp hook on the curve there, though the other cities in the league gave him no problems. In his first six games Taylor allowed only 3 runs. He pitched 3 shutouts, including another no-hitter. By season's end, Taylor led all hurlers with an 11-1 won-lost record and a 1.19 earned run average. His buddy Salazar was 16-6, and his old manager, Dihigo, was 15-8 with Vera Cruz. Taylor also pitched an all-star game for charity and won it 1-0 in eleven innings.

The next summer, 1940, millionaire Jorge Pasquel himself invited Johnny back. Pasquel was the George Steinbrenner of Mexican baseball, Taylor says, taking a personal interest in every detail, both on and off the field. A teetotaler, Pasquel drank nothing stronger than orange juice. "If a guy was drinking a beer, he'd have a fit."

Taylor pitched four years in Mexico and went 29-14, "Every time I pitched a shutout, Pasquel gave me a tailor-made suit. In 1940 I came home with eight suits. He'd send me down to his tailor. When I came home, I was the well-dressed guy on the avenue here!"

Taylor stayed home in 1943. His back injury got him a draft deferment, but wartime restrictions wouldn't permit him to leave the country. He went to work for United Aircraft in Connecticut and commuted by train to New York and Washington to pitch on Sundays for the Cubans. He also played for his old club, the Savitt Gems, and for Fred Davey's team in Waterbury. "We beat three major-league ballclubs in two weeks — the Dodgers, the Phillies, and the Yankees," he recalls. The Yanks had Charlie (King Kong) Keller and Snuffy Stirnweiss. Taylor's club, the Daveys, used catcher Yogi Berra, then in the Navy stationed in Connecticut, and pitcher Frank (Spec) Shea. Shea wanted a tryout with the Yanks, and started the game against them. "John, I want to make a good showing," he told Taylor before the game.

"Go ahead," Taylor replied. "I'll back you up." So Shea pitched as hard as he could for five innings and shut the Yankees out. Taylor came in to finish the game and complete the shutout, 2-0. "I used to see Spec after that, and he always talks about it."

Being white, Shea did go on to pitch for the Yankees. Taylor went back to Mexico. Pasquel lured him there in 1945 for \$800 a month plus expenses. That was the year Pasquel started raiding the white major leagues with suitcases full of pesos. Taylor flew down with his new bride Estelle and their baby son. Pasquel gave some of the

white stars — Max Lanier, Sal Maglie, Ace Adams, Harry Feldman — five and six-room apartments. When Taylor asked for one, he was turned down. “I was really burned up,” he says. “I was making good money, but it cost a fortune to live down there.”

When he first arrived in Mexico, Taylor liked to take a couple of weeks to acclimate himself to the altitude and work his arm back into shape. But this time he was playing after a few days. In one game the New York Giants’ Harry Feldman was getting hit hard. Johnny remembers: “Here comes Pasquel, just like Steinbrenner: ‘Tell Taylor to warm up, I want him in the ball game.’” Taylor was called in with the bases loaded and dangerous Wild Bill Wright of the Negro League’s Baltimore Elite Giants at bat. “I threw nine pitches and struck out the side. The crowd went wild, and we won the ball game.”

Unfortunately, Johnny pulled a muscle in his arm and was laid up for a month, commuting to Laredo, Texas for treatment. Meanwhile, his friend Salazar was managing in Monterrey, which is closer to Laredo than Mexico City. “I can’t get away from George,” Taylor told Salazar. But Salazar convinced Pasquel that Taylor’s arm would not come around, and the owner agreed to release him. The Mexicans even flew Estelle and the baby to join him in a private two-engine plane; they were the only passengers.

The Taylors had a wonderful time in Monterrey, even living with the chief of police and his wife. In a restaurant there, Taylor spotted a familiar face and asked the band to strike up “East Side, West Side.” The stranger jerked his head up in surprise. “You know who it was?” says Taylor. It was Jim Farley [Franklin Roosevelt’s old campaign manager], down on vacation. He got a kick out of it.”

TAYLOR RETURNED TO MEXICO in 1946 And played with Vera Cruz alongside Dodger catcher Mickey Owen. “A nice fellow,” says Taylor, “but I don’t think he was a great catcher. I don’t think he was in a class with Mackey, Campanella, Gibson.”

Most of the big leaguers did not do well in Mexico. Taylor remembers that Ace Adams, who had set a record for relief appearances with the Giants, did poorly there. Sal Maglie, on the other hand, learned to be a winning pitcher. Manager Dolph Luque, a veteran pitcher for the Reds and Giants, taught Sal the brushback. When Sal returned to the states with the Giants, he earned the nickname “Barber” for shaving the hitters close. “Luque turned Sal around to be a good pitcher,” Taylor says.

There was a lot of excitement when the Mexican papers reported that Pasquel had succeeded in signing Ted Williams. According to Taylor, Pasquel sent Ted a blank

check and told him to fill it out. Williams hesitated long enough to let Tom Yawkey of the Red Sox come up with a \$100,000 counter-offer, then sent the check back.

Commissioner A. B. (Happy) Chandler warned the big leaguers to come home fast, or else. Junior Stephens of the St. Louis Browns had signed a Mexican contract and was working out with Taylor’s club when his father drove down to kidnap him before Happy’s deadline. They stole out of town at three a.m. before Pasquel could stop them.

Four years later, when Stephens was playing with the Red Sox in an exhibition at Hartford, Taylor decided to have a little fun. He walked up behind him and whispered, “I’m Pasquel’s agent.” Stephens jumped a foot in the air. “Taylor!” he cried. “What are you doing here?”

In 1947 Jackie Robinson joined the Dodgers, and Taylor’s youthful prediction had at last come true. Taylor was thirty-one years old. Could he make it too? “I thought of trying to go all out and make it as a relief pitcher,” he says. But at length he decided not to. “It was too late to make the move. If I was twenty-one or twenty-two, I would have given it a shot.”

Taylor dropped out of baseball and went into the building business with his father. But by 1949 the number of blacks in the newly integrated leagues changed his mind. The thirty-three-year-old Taylor hadn’t pitched in three years, but he still weighed only 165, so he signed as a relief pitcher with the Hartford Chiefs in the Eastern League. Teammate George Crowe later played first base for the Cincinnati Reds. Pitcher Bob Buhl compiled an 8-8 record at Hartford and went on to the Braves. Taylor’s record was 7-7. There was no ticket to the majors for him.

He returned to the building business. He and Estelle raised four children — John, Lynette, Maureen, and Kathy — and sent them all to college. Not enough has been written about the wives of the black players, Taylor says. Like Jackie Robinson’s wife, Rachel, Estelle was a nurse, the first black nurse in New Britain Hospital. She was at John’s side constantly, he says, helping him through his frustrations and giving him encouragement.

In 1975, when Luis Tiant Sr. came out of Cuba to be with his famous son in Boston, Taylor went to Fenway Park to surprise his old friend. They hadn’t met in years. John slipped into a box next to Tiant and leaned over. “Papa,” he said, “No me recuerdas?” — Don’t you remember me? The old man stared quizzically. “New York Cubanos,” Taylor said at last. Tiant suddenly “threw his arms around me. He was crying. I was too.”

It’s ironic, Taylor says, that one time some of the greatest players in the country were black, all playing for black owners. Today many great players are still black, but their owners are now white. “You’d think there’d be one black owner in the major leagues, but there’s not.”

Was Taylor born fifteen years too soon? Everyone asks the same question, but he refuses to let it become an obsession. "What can you do? You can't live in the past. I've always taken things as they come. I like to think that what we did paved the way for the next generation.

"Sometimes it scares you when you see these kids now. The doors are open. The old-timers actually did open the doors. They would turn over in their graves to see these kids sign up for so much money and be unable to handle it.

It's a shame. It's immaturity. A lot of them are just coming out of high school. They have this God-given talent, but they don't have the head to go with it. It's a shame what some of them are doing with their lives."

Taylor says his own career did give him an opportunity to travel, play ball, and meet a lot of interesting people. "We used to ride on buses all night long, singing songs to keep us awake. It was the love of the game that kept us going."

New York, October 1937

Dominican Stars
 cf Bell
 lf Parnell
 rf Spearman
 3b Patterson
 2b H. Williams
 ss Bankhead
 c Perkins
 lb Thomas
 ph Scales
 p Paige
 ph Palm

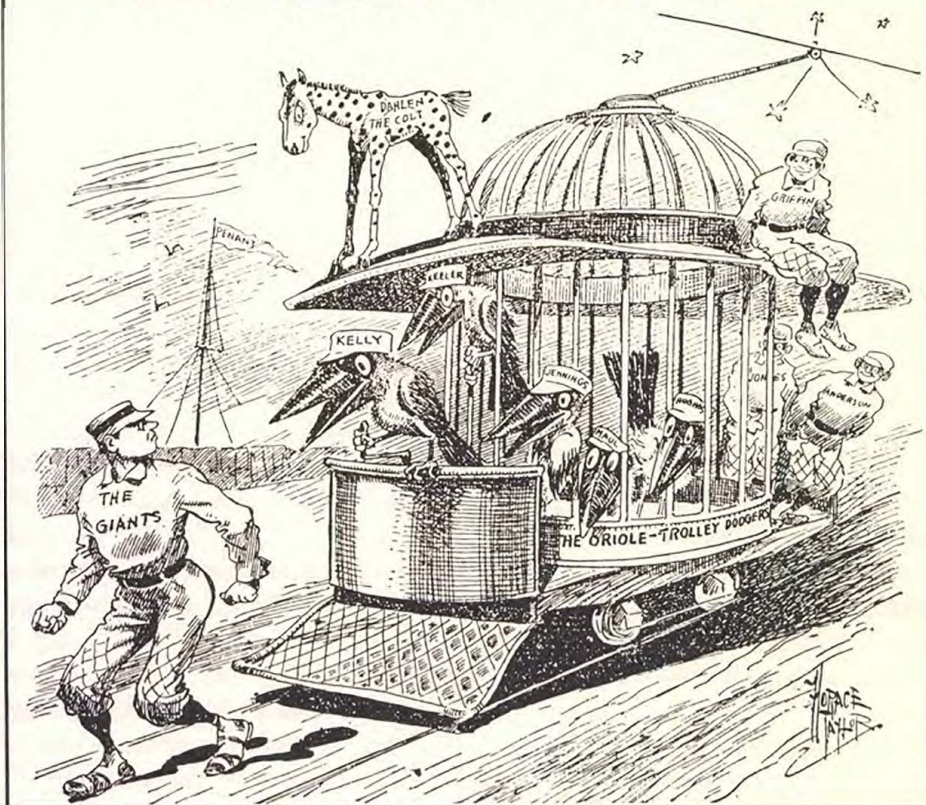
ab	h	r
2	0	0
3	0	0
3	0	0
3	0	0
2	0	0
2	0	0
3	0	0
2	0	0
1	0	0
2	0	0
1	0	0
24	0	0

NNL Stars
 cf Jenkins
 2b Hughes
 3b Wilson
 lf B. Wright
 rf Z. Wright
 cf Kimbro
 lb West
 c Mackey
 ss Williams
 p Taylor

ab	h	r
4	2	0
4	1	0
4	1	0
3	1	0
2	0	0
2	1	1
4	1	1
4	1	0
3	0	0
3	0	0
33	8	2

NNL scored two runs in eighth. sb: Jenkins, Hughes; bb: Taylor 3, Paige 1; so: Taylor 5, Paige 8.

BASEBALL ORIOLES IN THE TROLLEY BOROUGH



Of Heroes and Boors: Early Bay-Area Baseball

JOEL FRANKS

Players jumping teams. Teams jumping leagues. Officials losing records. Confused fans. And some real talent on the field. That was nineteenth-century Bay-Area baseball.

BEFORE WE WERE freezing in Candlestick, before Casey Stengel managed the old Oakland Oaks, before Smead Jolley sent shivers down the backs of Pacific Coast League pitchers, even before there was such a thing as the Pacific Coast League, men were playing professional baseball in the San Francisco Bay Area. They didn't always play it well or, for that matter, soberly. Their employers, moreover, tended to be petty, greedy, and incompetent. Nonetheless, baseball excited the imaginations of countless Californians.

In 1859, the Eagles Baseball Club was organized in San Francisco. Unfortunately, its members had no club to play against until the next year, when they took the field against a team called the Red Rovers. After nine innings, the score was 33-33. Yet rather than continue play until the tie was broken, the Red Rovers heatedly protested that the Eagle pitcher was improperly tossing the ball. Playing what was then considered a "gentleman's game," the Red Rovers huffily left the field and forfeited the contest.

During the Civil War, there were few games in the Bay Area. The sport took on faddish proportions in 1867. At that time, the *Daily Alta California* reported that "[b]aseball clubs are now the rage, and as nearly every Engine Company in the city have [sic] organized one, the hose boys of old California Engine Co. No. 4 have followed suit and organized one to be known as the Lone Star Base Ball Club."

Indeed, so many clubs were formed around the San Francisco Bay Area during 1866 and 1867 that the Pacific Coast Baseball Convention was established to provide order. The Convention's basic concern was to keep participants free of liquor, gambling, and professionalism.

Interest faded in 1868, only to be revived the next year. Crucial to this revival was the famed Cincinnati Red Stockings' visit to the area in the fall of 1869. Even though the local clubs were routed by Harry Wright's

team, San Franciscans discovered how well the game could be played by professionals.

Local players were not immediately transformed into Albert Spaldings or George Wrights, but they certainly were brave. During the late 1860s and early 1870s baseball games didn't always bring out the best in San Franciscans. Gamblers were not averse to shooting off their guns to distract fielders, and players and even spectators often brawled.

Yet by the end of the 1870s baseball seemed to have outgrown its unruly youth. Professionalism had turned the sport into an intriguing business. And the best clubs in the area were at least paying their pitchers, catchers, and team captains. In June 1879, a good crowd of 4,000 people viewed a game between the Knickerbockers and the Eagles at the old San Francisco Rec Grounds. What helped attract such interest was the appearance of two professionals, William Barnie and Edward (The Only) Nolan, in Knickerbocker uniforms.

By 1880 other notable ballplayers had joined Barnie and Nolan in San Francisco. Cal McVey, beguiled by the California climate after a barnstorming tour with the Red Stockings, decided to stay and play with the Bay City Club. Bobby Mathews, a star pitcher of the National Association, found employment in San Francisco, as did Boston pitcher Jim (Grasshopper) Whitney. And even the great Pud Galvin pitched briefly with the Athletics of the California Baseball League after signing a \$2,000, nine-month contract. However, Galvin remained with the Athletics for only a month before fleeing his contract for Buffalo.

Sadly, the 1880 season proved a drain on the pocket-books and patience of those backing professional baseball in the Bay Area. They turned to local players who were expected to be cheaper and less likely to be tempted by the

Joel Franks is an historian specializing in sports and recreation.

wonders of the East. Such youngmen generally came from working- or lower-middle class backgrounds. This might help to explain why professional baseball was not widely deemed a wise career choice by the well-to-do. It might also explain the reigning suspicion that the world of the professional ballplayer was an endless bout of dissipation and rowdiness. And one must admit that this suspicion possessed some validity.

It is not surprising that Fred Lange, who played several years on various professional teams on the West Coast, felt compelled to use another name when competing. Lange wanted to please his mother, who apparently felt that baseball was not a respectable line for her son. Nor was Lange alone. In 1881, virtually the entire Californian Club played under assumed names because their pious parents objected to Sunday baseball.

In the early 1880s the California Baseball League barred players from drinking on or near the playing field. Moreover, "no drunkenness or indecorous behavior [was] allowed." Players who thought lightly of such regulations risked expulsion from the league. And expelled players risked lifetime expulsion if they chose to play in an enclosed ball park within twenty miles of San Francisco.

Such concerns were not unreasonable. More than a few professionals were capable of scandalous behaviour. Consider the case of James A. Mullee, who pitched for the Stars of the California Baseball League in 1886. Having taken his normal place on the mound one day, Mullee not only pitched and fielded poorly, but staggered about the diamond in an apparently inebriated state. He was promptly suspended by the CBL. Mullee reacted by signing on with the California State League's California Club. A week later, he started a game for the Californians. His opponents, Oakland's Greenhood-Moran club, did not take kindly to Mullee's appearance and jumped from the CSL to the CBL.

Even sober pros had behavior problems. The better players did not consistently show up for their engagements. When they did, their earnestness was in doubt. Accordingly, the California League expelled seven players during the early weeks of the 1883 season. Among these seven was the controversial Charley Sweeney (later famed for his 19-strikeout game with Providence), who more than occasionally snubbed Victorian propriety.

To many observers, professional baseball seemed to be on its last legs during the 1884 and 1885 seasons. In late 1885, however, the sport rebounded again. A turning point occurred when the Haverlys, San Francisco's pre-eminent professional club, beat the Eureka's of Sacramento in an exciting 2-of-3 series for the championship of Northern California.

Soon all that was needed to attract fans was good baseball and relatively nice weather, which the San Francisco Bay Area usually had from March through November. The success of the California League amazed and frightened East Coast magnates, unsure of their hold on their players. According to *Sporting Life* in 1888:

The California League surely needs looking after. It is a prosperous institution, pays good salaries and is apparently permanently established. Under the circumstances no strong efforts should be spared to make the league an ally instead of a menace to national agreement interests.

However, the California League's "outlaw" status was a two-edged sword. It could employ any professional willing to jump his contract. It could also readily lose its players to the highest bidder. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, consequently, urged that the California League sign the National Agreement.

As soon as a player here amounts to anything he is wanted in the east, and he is free to get up and just leave his manager in the lurch without protection, where, if this agreement was signed, he could not do this without being blacklisted and his release would have to be purchased.

By the early 1890s, the California League did agree to abide by the National Agreement. All the same, the league continued to sign players presumably under contract elsewhere. During the early 1890s, league officials believed they could afford to expand into the relatively rural communities of San Jose and Los Angeles. They even considered allying with the Pacific Northwest League in the hopes of establishing a powerful West Coast entity that would rank with any league.

California lured many fine ballplayers from the East and nurtured talented players on their way to the big leagues. Jerry Denny, an excellent third sacker for Providence, Indianapolis, and other major-league clubs, first gained notoriety in the Bay Area while starring on the St. Mary's College baseball team and various semi-professional and professional clubs during the late 1870s and early 1880s. In fact, the Bay Area was a major source of key players for Providence. Its Hispanic change catcher, Vincent Nava, was born in San Francisco and played there under the name of Sandy Irwin. The ill-famed and highly gifted Charley Sweeney was a Bay Area product. Outpitching his teammate Hoss Radbourne on the pennant-winning 1884 Providence team, Sweeney, characteristically, jumped the team in midseason for the St. Louis Maroons of the rival Union Association.

Providence was not the only major league club served well by the Bay Area baseball proving ground. Jim Fogarty was the preeminent defensive outfielder of the 1880s. Ed Morris was a fine southpaw strikeout artist. And an Oakland-born lather, George Van Haltren, hit .316 in

seventeen big-league seasons after honing his skills as a pitcher in the California League. Native San Franciscan Bill (Little Eva) Lange averaged .330 in seven years with Chicago of the National League. The pennant-winning San Jose club of 1891 fielded future big-leaguers Heinie Reitz, Bill Everett, and George Stallings.

BECAUSE IT COMPETED with other professional leagues for the services of ballplayers, the California League was saddled with more than its share of salary disputes. At the end of the 1892 season, San Jose and Los Angeles were tied for the league pennant. Nevertheless, San Jose's manager, Mike Finn, refused to take his team to Southern California for a playoff series; he claimed his club was clearly superior and didn't need to prove it. Not easily rebuked, Los Angeles manager Vanderbeck induced a number of Finn's ballplayers to come to Los Angeles and compete in an unofficial, albeit profitable, playoff series. Finn considered having his rebels arrested, but since they left their uniforms in San Jose, he discreetly let them go. For their part, the players contended that they not only wanted the money that playing against Los Angeles would give them, but deserved it. When the California League had cut the pay of all of its players in September, San Jose's men claimed, they were made to take a greater cut than the players on other teams.

The owners not only squabbled with the players but each other, and proved inept in handling the most vital of California League affairs. At the end of the 1890 season, it was discovered that the league had not bothered to maintain official records. It was bad enough that individual statistics like batting averages were not kept. But the California League could not even proclaim a pennant

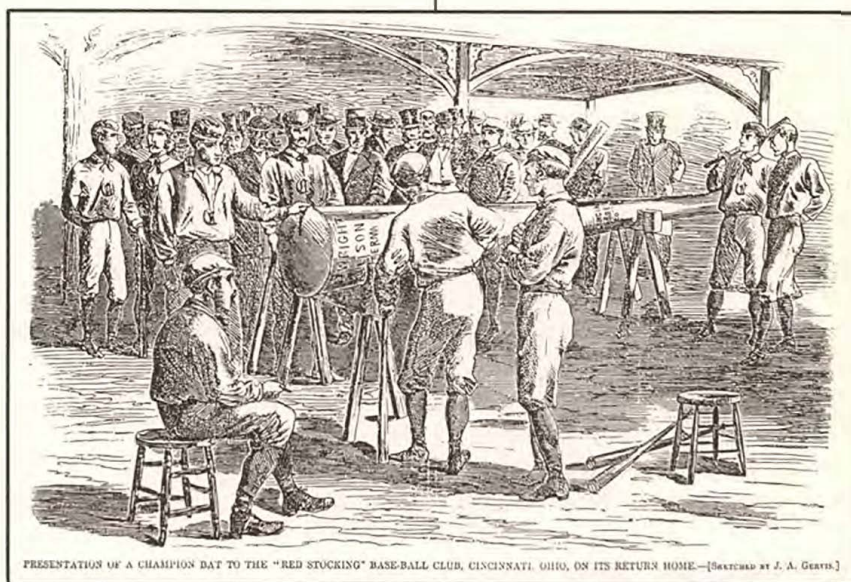
winner between contending San Francisco and Sacramento.

This isn't to say that California League magnates were entirely incompetent. League President John Mone and other managers generally kept play honest. In an effort to keep their fans happy, the clubs tried to sign the best players possible. Oakland's T. R. Robinson was a nineteenth-century combination of George Steinbrenner and Charley Finley. He wheeled and dealt for what he considered to be the finest talent available at the lowest price. And no player, unless he was one of Robinson's pets, was safe from release. Through the late 1880s, his Oakland clubs consistently contended for the pennant.

Despite Robinson's vigorous efforts, professional baseball suffered economically for most of the 1890s. In August 1893 the California League collapsed under the burden of sagging attendance figures and irresponsible direction. The economic depression hitting the entire nation at this time did not help matters.

When palmier times reached the San Francisco Bay Area during the late 1890s, the California League revived and installed franchises in communities as urban as San Francisco and Oakland, and as rural as San Jose, Watsonville, and Santa Cruz. Once again an outlaw league, it enraged East Coast moguls when its Sacramento franchise signed Brooklyn's talented Jay Hughes.

In 1903, the California League expanded into the Pacific Northwest and began calling itself the Pacific Coast League. The major leagues went west in 1958, but veteran observers of the Pacific Coast League and its disreputable, unruly nineteenth-century forebears will tell you that Bay Area baseball went big-time long, long ago.



Goose Eggs: Career Shutout Masters

ROBERT E. SHIPLEY

It's easy to name the pitchers who had most shutouts; how about the shutout-per-start leaders? Suddenly, Smokey Joe Wood becomes a leading candidate for the Shutout Hall of Fame.

WALTER JOHNSON had 110 of them: Cy Young had seventy-six. "Old Pete" Alexander had ninety; including sixteen in one season. Tug McGraw only had one and Rollie Fingers two, but George Herman Ruth, a renowned home-run hitter, had eighteen.

Shutouts. They form a vital part of baseball lore: Alexander's spectacular season of 1916, the 1905 World Series when all games were shutouts (the great Christy Mathewson pitched three), and Johnny Podres's 2-0 shutout victory over the Yankees in the seventh game of the 1955 World Series.

Hundreds of pitchers have thrown shutouts in the major leagues, but which pitchers can be crowned as the greatest career masters of this art? Which would form, let's say, the top twenty-five career shutout pitchers of all time: a Shutout Hall of Fame? According to how you approach the question, the answer is not as obvious as you might think.

As a first step in this process, I chose to form a data base composed of all career starters, whom I define as pitchers with more than 50 percent of their appearances as a starter over ten or more years. This ten-year minimum coincides with the criterion used for selection to the Baseball Hall of Fame. Like the Hall electors, I allowed Addie Joss, the great Cleveland pitcher of the early twentieth century, to be included even though he pitched for only nine years before his untimely death. Because they pitched two years and three years respectively, two other Hall-of-Fame pitchers, Candy Cummings and Al Spalding, were not included. Using source material described in Table I below, I developed various shutout statistics for all 600 starting pitchers meeting my criteria in 1876-1986.

Certainly everyone on this list is worthy of recognition. A closer examination of the table, however, suggests two

TABLE I
CAREER SHUTOUT LEADERS, 1876-1986 —
TOTAL SHUTOUTS

Pitcher	Dates	Years	SHO
1. Walter Johnson	1907-1927	21	110
2. Grover Alexander	1911-1930	20	90
3. Christy Mathewson	1900-1916	17	80
4. Cy Young	1890-1911	22	76
5. Eddie Plank	1901-1917	17	69
6. Warren Spahn	1942-1965	21	63
7. Tom Seaver*	1967-1986	20	61
8. Don Sutton*	1966-1986	21	58
9. Three Finger Brown	1903-1916	14	57
Pud Galvin	1879-1892	14	57
Ed Walsh	1904-1917	14	57
12. Bob Gibson	1959-1975	17	56
13. Steve Carlton*	1965-1986	22	55
14. Nolan Ryan*	1966-1986	20	54
Bert Blyleven*	1970-1986	17	54
16. Jim Palmer	1965-1984	19	53
Gaylord Perry	1962-1983	22	53
18. Juan Marichal	1960-1975	16	52
19. Rube Waddell	1897-1910	13	50
Vic Willis	1898-1910	13	50
21. Don Drysdale	1956-1969	14	49
Fergie Jenkins	1965-1983	19	49
Luis Tiant	1964-1982	19	49
Early Wynn	1939-1963	23	49
25. Kid Nichols	1890-1906	15	48
Red Ruffing	1924-1947	22	48

* Players still active in 1986

influential factors that should be "controlled" in order to gain a better perspective on shutout excellence: the number of opportunities that a starting pitcher had to pitch a shutout (years pitched or games started), and the environment (era) in which the pitcher played.

In regard to opportunity, it is clear as well as logical that a positive relationship exists between the number of

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games started and whether or not a given pitcher makes this list. The average number of years pitched for pitchers in Table I was 17.1 and the average number of games started (not shown) was 504.1. By comparison, the remaining 550 starting pitchers in the data base averaged 12.8 years played and 241.3 games started.

We can attempt to control for opportunity by submitting our data base to a new set of calculations based on shutouts as a percentage of games started. Applying this criterion produces a new and somewhat different list.

TABLE II

CAREER SHUTOUT LEADERS, 1876-1986 —
PERCENTAGE OF SHUTOUTS TO GAMES STARTED

Pitcher	Dates Started	Games	SHO	%
1. Ed Walsh	1904-1917	315	57	18.10
2. Joe Wood	1908-1920	158	28	17.72
3. Addie Joss	1902-1910	260	46	17.69
4. Three Finger Brown	1903-1916	332	57	17.17
5. Walter Johnson	1907-1927	666	110	16.52
6. Grover Alexander	1911-1930	598	90	15.05
7. Lefty Leifield	1905-1920	217	32	14.75
8. Rube Waddell	1897-1910	340	50	14.71
9. Christy Mathewson	1900-1916	552	80	14.49
10. Spud Chandler	1937-1947	184	26	14.13
11. Nap Rucker	1907-1916	273	38	13.92
12. Mort Cooper	1938-1949	239	33	13.81
13. Ed Reulbach	1905-1917	299	40	13.38
14. Babe Adams	1906-1926	355	47	13.24
15. Eddie Plank	1901-1917	527	69	13.09
16. Sam Leever	1898-1910	299	39	13.04
17. Pol Perritt	1912-1921	177	23	12.99
18. Jack Coombs	1906-1920	273	35	12.82
19. Sandy Koufax	1955-1966	314	40	12.74
20. Doc White	1901-1913	363	46	12.67
21. Lefty Tyler	1910-1921	267	33	12.36
22. Hippo Vaughn	1908-1921	332	41	12.35
23. Chief Bender	1903-1925	335	41	12.24
24. Hooks Wiltse	1904-1915	226	27	11.98
25. Bob Porterfield	1948-1959	193	23	11.92

This iteration generates a much more controversial list. Seven names cross over from the old list, but several significant names disappear. Among the greats and near-greats who disappear when opportunity (longevity) is taken into account are Cy Young, Bert Blyleven, Warren Spahn, Tom Seaver, Don Sutton, Bob Gibson, Don Drysdale, Steve Carlton, and Nolan Ryan. The nine new pitchers replacing them are, for the most part, less than legendary figures. The chances are slim that any will ever make the Hall of Fame, although Nap Rucker, Jack Coombs, and Joe Wood achieved much acclaim in their own time. Rucker, a good pitcher with some truly bad Dodger teams, was a .500 career pitcher. Bob Porterfield, who just made the list, was a sub-.500 pitcher. Nonetheless, all of these pitchers excelled at pitching shutouts for a high percentage of games started and therefore

deserve our consideration for the Shutout Hall of Fame.

The level of proficiency, in fact, is remarkable. Big Ed Walsh, the quintessential spitball pitcher, threw shutouts over 18 percent of the time that he started. Smokey Joe Wood, a brief shining star before an arm injury cut short his pitching career, achieved almost an 18 percent success rate. The leader in total shutouts, Walter Johnson, did it almost 16.5 percent of the time. All pitchers here threw shutouts more than once out of every ten times they started.

Although Table II controls for opportunity, it does not compensate for the era that each pitcher threw. Like most baseball statistics, shutout totals and comparisons can be very misleading when taken out of their historical era and context. For example, since 1876 the percent of shutouts to total games has fluctuated significantly depending upon the era. In the nineteenth century, when fielding skills and gloves were still in their early evolutionary stages and most new rules favored hitters, shutouts averaged 4.8 percent of total games. During the Dead Ball era of 1900-1919, several significant rule changes (e.g., foul balls designated as strikes after 1900 in the AL and 1902 in the NL) and improved pitching and fielding resulted in an average of 9.4 percent per total games. During the Lively Ball era (1920-1939) several rule changes (e.g., elimination of trick pitches, use of several new balls each game) and a more tightly wound ball reduced the relative advantage for pitchers. The result was a drop in shutouts pitched to about 5.4 percent of all games. From 1940 to the present, pitchers have regained their previous advantage over hitters and increased their shutouts to about 7 percent of games.

TABLE III
PERCENTAGE OF SHUTOUTS TO GAMES 1876-1986
(Ten Year Averages)

	National League	American League	Other Leagues	Total
1876-1879	7.2	—	—	7.2
1880-1889	6.0	—	5.1	5.5
1890-1899	3.9	—	4.0	3.9
1900-1909	9.5	9.8	—	9.6
1910-1919	9.3	8.9	9.1	9.1
1920-1929	5.6	5.3	—	5.5
1930-1939	6.3	4.4	—	5.3
1940-1949	7.3	7.2	—	7.3
1950-1959	6.3	6.7	—	6.5
1960-1969	8.1	7.4	—	7.7
1970-1979	7.2	7.2	—	7.2
1980-1986	6.6	5.7	—	6.1
Total	6.9	6.9	5.5	6.8
19th Century	4.8	—	4.8	4.8
20th Century	7.4	6.9	9.1	7.1
1900-1919	9.4	9.4	9.1	9.4
1920-1939	6.0	4.8	—	5.4
1940-1986	7.2	6.9	—	7.0

Since conditions in various eras obviously affected shutouts, it is proper and necessary to attempt to control for environment. Although there is no perfect way to ensure success in this task, the best way available is to see how pitchers compared to one another within their own era (or years that they pitched). In this case career shutouts per games started for all pitchers in the data base can be compared to the major-league average shutouts per games started for the same years (for each pitcher). Table IV below shows the top ranking twenty-five shutout pitchers using this criterion.

Because Table IV is an attempt to control for both longevity and era, it arguably represents the top twenty-five shutout masters of all time. Some names are familiar and reassuring. Walter Johnson, the all-time shutout leader, sits atop this list as well. Other shutout masters like Grover Cleveland Alexander, Sandy Koufax, and Christy Mathewson also make the list. In all, seventeen pitchers on the list made at least one of the two previous lists in Table I and Table II.

Five new names make an appearance. Dizzy Dean, perhaps the most brilliant major-league pitcher of the early and mid-1930s, is twelfth. Throw Dean into an era more friendly to pitchers than his lively-ball period and there's no telling what statistics he would have racked up. Allie Reynolds and Sal Maglie, two pitchers who enjoyed fame and recognition in their own era, also show up on the list. George Bradley, a long-forgotten nineteenth-century hurler who played for nine teams in thirteen seasons, also makes the list.

Perhaps the most interesting appearance here is that of Ken Raffensberger. Pitching for mediocre teams in the 1940s and 1950s, he had a lifetime record of 119-154 for a .436 percentage.

Two other pitchers in Table IV with mediocre won-lost percentages for weak teams were Bob Porterfield (.473) and Nap Rucker (.500). These pitchers also registered high in another peripheral shutout category: percentage

TABLE IV
CAREER SHUTOUT LEADERS, 1876-1986 —
COMPARISON TO MAJOR LEAGUE AVERAGE OF SHUTOUTS TO
GAMES STARTED

Pitcher	Dates	Player % SHO/GS	ML % SHO/GS	Points Over ML %
1. Walter Johnson	1907-1927	16.52	8.15	8.37
2. Joe Wood	1908-1920	17.72	9.40	8.32
3. Ed Walsh	1904-1917	18.10	9.88	8.22
4. Grover Alexander	1911-1930	15.05	7.04	8.01
5. Three Finger Brown	1903-1916	17.17	9.70	7.47
6. Addie Joss	1902-1910	17.69	10.25	7.44
7. Spud Chandler	1937-1947	14.13	6.88	7.25
8. Mort Cooper	1938-1949	13.81	7.00	6.81
9. Rube Waddell	1897-1910	14.71	8.75	5.96
10. Sandy Koufax	1955-1966	12.74	6.86	5.88
11. Christy Mathewson	1900-1916	14.49	9.28	5.21
12. Dizzy Dean	1930-1947	11.30	6.26	5.04
13. Larry French	1929-1942	10.42	5.58	4.84
14. Bob Porterfield	1948-1959	11.92	7.09	4.83
15. Babe Adams	1906-1926	13.24	8.45	4.79
16. George Bradley	1876-1888	10.57	5.88	4.69
17. Allie Reynolds	1942-1954	11.65	7.21	4.44
18. Pol Perritt	1912-1921	12.99	8.70	4.298
19. Lefty Leifield	1905-1920	14.75	10.46	4.286
20. Nap Rucker	1907-1916	13.92	9.65	4.27
21. Bucky Walters	1931-1950	10.55	6.41	4.14
22. Ken Raffensberger	1939-1954	10.99	6.96	4.03
23. Sal Maglie	1945-1958	10.78	6.78	3.996
24. Bob Gibson	1959-1975	11.62	7.62	3.994
25. Sam Leever	1898-1910	13.04	9.06	3.98

of shutouts to non-relief victories. Nap Rucker registered 31.93 percent of his non-relief victories as shutouts, Bob Porterfield tossed them at a rate of 29.49 percent, and Ken Raffensberger achieved a 28.97 percent record. While not all pitchers in Appendix II have mediocre won-lost records, their circumstances demonstrate that starters on poor teams often have to pitch shutout baseball to win.

Of the twenty-five names in Table IV, only ten have made the Baseball Hall of Fame. Most of the rest never will. Nonetheless, all twenty-five take their place in our Shutout Hall of Fame. They've earned it.



Baseball's Worst Hitters: The Punch-and-Judy All-Star Team

LARRY THOMPSON

Why not the worst? If The Hidden Game of Baseball can tabulate baseball's best hitters, it ought to be possible to determine the game's worst. Herewith some lifetime lowest.

BASEBALL FANS HAVE a habit of making up all manner of teams: All-Joneses, All-Polish, All-Funny-Nicknames. To these exercises in trivia, I add my own contributions: a team and an alternate team of the worst hitters ever to play regularly in the major leagues.

I hasten to add that my "all-star" team of bad hitters consists of good baseball players. The requirements for selection were a minimum of 3,000 plate appearances during a major-league career. Any player whom management considers competent enough to send to the plate at least 3,000 times is one of the game's elite. Consequently, selection for the teams is recognition of a sort for a group of mostly-forgotten, flea-flicking hitters who enjoyed long and notable careers.

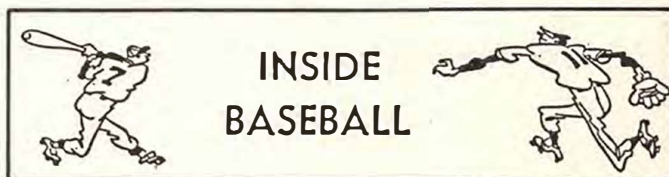
I used essentially the same hitting formulas as Pete Palmer did to come up with a list of the *best* hitters in his book he and John Thorn co-authored, *The Hidden Game of Baseball*. I also tossed in a selection of baseball's worst hitting pitchers, although I created that list using a formula based solely on lowest batting averages over at least ten seasons and 250 at-bats.

An important point to emphasize is that hitting skills have to be evaluated in the context of their times. My first-choice as weakest hitting first baseman is Klondike Douglas. Douglas's hitting statistics actually look better than second-place Tom Jones's but Klondike spent most of his career in the hard-hitting 1890s, while Jones spent his entire career during the pitcher-dominated first decade of this century. Likewise, batting averages are not the best determinant of a hitter's value at the plate. On-base percentage and slugging average are better measures of the offensive talents and contributions of a player.

Who was the worst hitter ever to play regularly in the major leagues? Even among quarrelsome statisticians the

choice seems clear: Bill Bergen, a catcher for Cincinnati and Brooklyn during the early years of the century. Bergen hit over .200 only one year, had no power or speed, and hardly ever walked. Yet for seven of his eleven years in the National League he was the number one catcher on his team.

The second worst hitter was probably Hal Lanier (currently Houston's manager), a shortstop for the Giants and Yankees in the 1960s and 1970s. At first glance, Lanier's



batting stats don't look any worse than those of a couple dozen other weak hitting shortstops. In addition to compiling low batting averages, however, Lanier didn't walk much or steal bases. Therefore, he comes out well below such notoriously weak-hitting shortstops as Mark Belanger.

In presenting the "all-star" and alternate "all-star" teams of baseball's worst hitters, I have elected to present their statistics on a "seasonal" basis, that is, by taking their career totals and dividing by seasons, to create a hypothetical single season using 600 plate appearances as the standard. Career totals for each hitter can easily be found in standard reference books; my feeling was that a presentation of an average season would be more meaningful.

So here they are, baseball's worst hitters, an agreeably obscure team of good-field, no-hit players from the past.

Larry Thompson is a U.S. diplomat stationed at the American Embassy in Guatemala City.

The All-Star Team

	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BB	SB	BA	OBA	SLG	OPS
1B													
Klondike Douglas (1896-1904)	555	73	152	17	6	2	55	45	17	.274	.328	.336	.664
2B													
Eddie Miksis (1944-1958)	560	70	132	17	3	8	42	40	10	.236	.287	.322	.609
3B													
Lee Tannehill (1903-1912)	566	50	125	20	4	0	52	34	9	.220	.265	.273	.538
SS													
Hal Lanier (1964-1973)	579	46	132	17	3	1	43	21	2	.228	.255	.275	.530
OF													
Mickey Doolan (1905-1918)	565	48	130	23	8	1	52	35	16	.230	.275	.306	.581
Dick Harley (1897-1903)	557	75	146	11	5	2	46	43	27	.262	.315	.312	.627
Mike Hershberger (1961-1971)	551	61	139	23	3	4	53	49	11	.252	.313	.328	.641
C													
Bill Bergen (1901-1911)	583	27	99	9	4	0	37	17	4	.170	.193	.201	.394
RHP													
Dean Chance (1961-1971)										.066	—	—	—
LHP													
Dick Ellsworth (1958-1971)										.088	—	—	—

The Alternate All-Star Team

	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BB	SB	BA	OBA	SLG	OPS
1B													
Tom Jones (1902-1910)	571	51	143	18	5	0	50	29	20	.251	.287	.303	.590
2B													
Gary Sutherland (1966-1978)	563	55	137	20	3	4	43	37	2	.243	.290	.311	.601
3B													
Frank O'Rourke (1912-1931)	557	75	141	27	6	2	59	43	14	.254	.307	.333	.640
OF													
Johnny Cooney (1921-1944)	565	68	162	22	4	0	37	35	5	.286	.328	.342	.670
Jim Busby (1950-1962)	559	71	146	21	5	6	58	41	13	.262	.312	.350	.672
Gil Coan (1946-1956)	555	74	141	19	8	8	54	45	16	.254	.310	.359	.669
C													
Malachi Kittredge (1890-1906)	557	52	122	15	4	2	54	43	9	.219	.275	.274	.549
RHP													
Bill Hands (1965-1975)										.078	—	—	—
LHP													
George Brunet (1956-1971)										.089	—	—	—



An Interview with Smokey Joe Wood

MARK ALVAREZ

Nobody threw faster or talked straighter than Wood in this 1975 interview. Johnson, Cobb, Ruth, Crawford—they're all here, plus comments on today's players.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The Joe Wood chapter is perhaps the most moving in Larry Ritter's 1966 classic The Glory of Their Times. I interviewed Smokey Joe nine years later and under different circumstances. He was 85. I was researching a matter that he didn't want to discuss. He invited me to come and talk anyway, and we chatted for a few hours, mostly on tape. He asked me to turn the machine off twice: once when he had some unflattering things to say about Frank Baker and once when he decided to say a few words on the forbidden topic.*

He was self-deprecating, pronounced curveball with the emphasis on the last syllable, and chuckled a lot when he spoke about the people and events of sixty years before. He was also closely following the Red Sox's ultimately successful drive for the 1975 pennant. And he was well-informed about the labor pressures that would eventually lead to free agency; he was delighted that the owners seemed to be losing their grip.

A tough old bird.

I WATCH THE PITCHERS. This Jim Palmer—it's miraculous to me, the things he's done after his arm went bad. He was out a year or more at one time. Then he comes back, and he's better than he ever was. I watched him pitch a game on TV here this spring, and you just wonder how anybody could get a hit off him.

How I hurt my arm will always be an enigma in my mind. I cannot figure whether it was on account of not being fully developed when I started playing—I broke into professional ball when I was seventeen, I was in Boston when I was eighteen—or because I was a football pitcher with a lot of exertion on every pitch, especially when I got in the clutch and reached back for a little extra. I never threw curves very often, and I never had a change of pace. But I was pretty fast.

Another thing happened to me in 1913 after my [34-5] 1912 year. I was pitching on a wet field over in Detroit,

and I went to field a bunt down the third base line, and as I went to reach down to get the ball I slipped and fell, and I jammed that thumb in the ground and got a fracture right there.

Our club hadn't been going too good, and our manager, Jake Stahl, was kind of anxious to get me back in there. Maybe I got in too quick and hurt my arm, because right after that is when soreness took hold in my shoulder.

Whether that did it or whether something else did it I'll never know. But something happened.

After that I only pitched half-seasons. I'd pitch a ballgame, and I couldn't throw again for two or three weeks. Like for instance, I led the league in earned run average back in 1915, the last year I pitched, but I only pitched half the season. I won 15 and lost 5, I think. But it would sometimes be three or four weeks between ballgames that I could pitch. The arm was bad.

When I went to Cleveland in '17, I'd been going to a chiropractor in New York all winter. I was of the opinion that my arm was getting pretty good, so I told the Cleveland club that I really thought it was all right. They were anxious, because I was a valuable property with a good arm, and I went over and started pitching. But Lord, if I pitched over the equivalent of three innings, I couldn't lift my arm.

During the War, when ballplayers got short and they brought a lot back from the minor leagues, we were having some trouble with the outfield. (Chuckle.) I'll never forget it—a couple of our outfielders were getting hit with balls out there instead of catching them. We had a secretary by the name of Bill Blackfoot, and he came down to the bench one day and he says, "For God's sake, put Woody out there. He can catch that ball." So Lee Fohl, who was manager, put me out in the outfield, and I stayed right there for the rest of the time I was in the big

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leagues. As a pitcher I was at the top of the heap, and as an outfielder I was just another ballplayer, that's all.

The pain is still there. I haven't played golf now for about four years because it's finally worked up to the spot where I can't get that arm up. I can't get a brush up to comb what hair I've got. I had to learn for years to sleep on my back, and I have to jiggle around until I finally get that arm into position. Today I've been out there monkeying in the yard. I'll feel that tonight and tomorrow and the next day.

I played in the old Huntington Avenue Grounds '08, '09, '10 and '11. We all had flats at Putnam's Place. It was a drugstore and a restaurant just across the street from the Conservatory of Music. We used to stay at Putnam's, six or eight in an apartment, and walk to and from the ballpark.

In '12 we opened Fenway. There's a picture in Larry Ritter's book that shows the crowd around me as I warm up for the big Johnson Day game. [When Wood, on the way to his record sixteen consecutive wins, was opposed by Walker Johnson, who had himself won sixteen straight earlier that season.] That's the first and only time there ever was a crowd on the field at Fenway Park, they tell me. I know that was true in my time. Our seats were right up alongside of the first-base line. And the opposing club was right up against the third-base line. We had about thirty-two or thirty-three thousand people there, and they were all over the field.

I won 1-0, and not because I was a better pitcher than Walter Johnson, because I don't think there ever was a pitcher in Walter Johnson's class. I think he was way ahead of anybody I ever saw pitch.

I saw Christy Mathewson first in 1909. We played them a series. He had passed his peak then, and the 1912 Series was three more years farther along. I never saw Matty when he was really fast. He had a great curveball and he had that fadeaway, which they call a screwball now. Matty had a curveball he could start over your head and bring it right down over. He's the one pitcher of all the pitchers I ever saw that had that big a curveball high. As a rule, a curveball high will not break like a curveball low.

In my day, it was tougher for a fastball pitcher like myself and Walter Johnson to get by than it is now, for the simple reason that all the hitters you see now are right on the end of their bats. I used to love to see those fellows. Since I've been out of baseball—even when I was still in it and Ruth was getting his home runs and so on—I've seen many a fellow who just chased himself right back to the minor leagues because he just wouldn't choke up his bat.

I can think of one fellow in particular, that used to play first base, I think it was, for the Phillies. Big Ed Konetchy. Why, he only used about half a bat and he could hit 'em

just as far as anybody else. And take Heinie Groh, for instance. Heinie Groh used to stand facing the pitcher, and he'd have his hands apart like this. Now, if the pitch was inside so he'd have to pull the bat in, he'd slide his bottom hand up. But if the pitch was outside, where he'd have to reach out, he'd pull the top hand down and reach out. And that's the way a lot of these choke hitters were.

Now Joe Jackson, he used to get on the end of that big black bat he had and he'd just swing from his tail. But if he happened to get two strikes on him, then he'd sneak up on the bat. Poor fellow, they used to tell many a story about him. He used to go into the dining room with his roommate and whatever his roommate would order, he'd say "Bring me the same," because he couldn't read the bill of fare. Oh, he was great. Everyone always said he was the greatest natural hitter who ever lived.

Now, they say that Cobb used to spread his hands apart when he hit. I can never recall that. Harry Heilmann did. But I never noticed this on Cobb.

Cobb was the greatest ballplayer that ever lived, in my estimation. And I think any old ballplayer that played in those years would tell you the same thing. I don't think there's anybody that ever saw Cobb play in his heyday who wouldn't say, without a doubt: Cobb. If there'd been a higher league, he'd have been the only one in it.

Cobb was one thought ahead of the average ballplayer. A ball would be thrown to the base he was on, the fellow would drop the ball and it would go ten feet, he'd be on his way to the next base. And I've seen the baseman have the ball ahead of him ten or fifteen feet and still he'd slide in safe. The hook slide. I wouldn't say Cobb played dirty. Cobb always told me and other fellows he played against, "All you've got to do is give me room to get in there and it'll be all right, but if you don't give me room, I'll cut my way in." Fair enough.

He had no weaknesses. He was like Babe Ruth. You throw Ruth a ball in a certain spot, and he'd miss it a foot. You throw him the same pitch again, and he'd hit it out of the park. That's the way with Cobb. He just had it.

Cobb never had very many friends, but he was a very good friend of mine.

Ruth? I joined the club in '08, he joined it in '14, but in '14 they sent him to Providence and he come back that year. He pitched a little for us in '15, but didn't do very much. In '16 my arm was so bad I didn't even report to the club, and that's the year that he went big, and I didn't see that. But he wasn't just a great pitcher and a great hitter, he was a great outfielder. His throws were very accurate and he made long throws. He was a good ballplayer. Great ballplayer. Lots of people compare him to Cobb as the greatest of all time. Well, that's two different things there. Cobb's an entirely different ballplayer. Cobb in my

day, get him sore at you, and he'd beat you alone. He'd get on first base by either dragging or getting a base on balls, then he'd steal second, third and home on you. (Chuckle.) That's why we always tried to keep from roiling him up and getting him sore at us.

I played against Wagner a lot, too. We had quite a few little exhibition games, because they had their training camp at Hot Springs, Ark., in the same place as the Red Sox did, for years and years. They had their park and we had our park. I never had much trouble with old Honus, though I got him in his later years, when he had seen his best days. He used to stand away back in the box, then step up in as he hit, and I usually had that ball by there before he got up. (Chuckle.)

I hit a boy in the head down there one spring. Bobby Byrne. That's one of the only fellows that I ever hit with a baseball, pitching. And that was a terrible thing because as I understood it at the time, the Pittsburgh club was supposed to have had my sign, or our catcher's sign, and they gave the sign for a curveball, and it was a fastball, and he stepped in and it clipped him. He was in the hospital for a long, long time. One of the regrettable incidents in my baseball life was hitting Bobby Byrne. A great little third baseman.

Speaking of Larry Ritter's book, there's one mistake that they made in those pictures in the chapter about me. One of the pictures shows me standing there with another fellow, and says it's manager Jake Stahl. That wasn't Stahl at all. That was an old spitball pitcher that used to be with the St. Louis Cardinals, fellow by the name of Bob Steele. So I change it in all the books that I autograph.

Then there were all those pictures of Speaker and me in our home that we rented down in Winthrop one year. That's where we were eating and cooking and making beds and on the porch with a bunch of kids, and playing the piano and singing and so on. (Chuckle.)

This Lynn reminds me a little of Speaker. He's going to get that MVP thing. He's probably not the great ballplayer Speaker was, because they come few and far between. But he reminds you of him.

Speaker was the greatest of all the outfielders that I ever remember. And Hooper wasn't far behind, and Lewis was right along with him. And, you know, each time that we won a pennant and a World Championship, Larry Gardner was our third baseman. He did as much or more than anybody on our ballclub to drive in those runs. Clutch hitter. To me was one of the finest, and he's never even been mentioned at any time as a Hall of Famer. Never had a mention.

I'm pulling like the devil for the Red Sox this year. I think the only ones they've got to fear is that Baltimore club. I haven't been to a World Series since this Larsen

pitched a perfect game. My brother came out from California, and we saw that whole Series. I have never been to too many World Series. I was a member of the Red Sox for '12 and '15. In '15 my arm was so bad I couldn't pitch, but I told Bill Carrigan at the time if the other pitchers couldn't carry him through, I was ready to go on in and do the best I could. But I was in the bullpen all during that World Series. In '16 I was still with the Red Sox, but I did not report. So I wasn't in that Series.

In '20 I was an outfielder in a World Series, against Brooklyn, with Cleveland. I wasn't in the game when Wamby made his triple play. I only played against left-handed pitching, and Elmer Smith played against right-handed pitching. I played against Marquard and Mitchell in that Series.

So I got divvies out of three Series.

During the teens there were some great ballclubs. The Athletics. The Chicago White Sox later on. The White Sox of the 1919 scandal was a great club. That was in the years when the American League was finished a week or ten days ahead of the National League season, and we made up an all-star team to play the winners of the American League pennant.

I've got a fob, a watch fob. It had a small diamond in it, given to us by the Athletics for playing them practice games until the World Series; 1911, I think. We played in Washington, in Philadelphia, in Baltimore.

This thing you show me here [an article and photo from the August 1975 *Atlantic*, about another 1911 all-star game, this one to benefit the widow of Cleveland pitcher Addie Joss], I can name every one of those players: Germany Schaefer, Tris Speaker, Sam Crawford, Jim McAleer, the president of our club. There's Ty Cobb, Gabby Street and Paddy Livingston. There's Eddie Collins, Russ Ford, Clyde Milan, Hal Chase, Walter Johnson, myself, Frank Baker and Bobby Wallace. (Chuckle.) I can tell you every one of them. I know them so well.

This fellow here was one of the greatest outfielders at judging fly balls before Speaker. Jim McAleer, who was the president of our club in 1912. James R. McAleer.

There's a great hitter. Gave me more trouble than anybody. Sam Crawford. Crawford undoubtedly would have been a great power hitter today, with the lively ball. And probably Speaker, too. Certainly Larry Lajoie. Lajoie gave me credit for being the best pitcher he ever hit against. (Chuckle.) He was a funny hitter. He would stand up to the plate, you'd be pitching, and every once in a while he'd do a crossover step and start walking up on you. And the minute he started walking all the pitchers got so they'd throw it in the dirt. He'd swing anyway. He'd swing if it was anywhere near the plate at all. You knew when he did that crossover that he was ready to swing.

There's a fellow who's never even been mentioned, dead for years. Clyde Milan. He's never even been mentioned for the Hall of Fame. He was a great little outfielder. Very fast and one of the finest base stealers that ever lived.

Hal Chase. The greatest first baseman up to that time. He was a real crook. Well, I can tell you several experiences with him. I think it was on one of these all-star trips, when we were playing poker. Stayed up all night. We were coming into Philadelphia. He was sitting on my left, and I was having a tough streak. I'd lost, oh, I don't know how much. Quite a little money. And he says "Don't cut my cards." So I just thought I'd find out, and I didn't. Bingo. Four of a kind. Well, I thought that was coincidence. The next time, same thing. That was all. The next time I cut them. That's all there was to it.

He was well known.

WHEN I WENT TO CLEVELAND in '17, our older son was a year old. I was there for six years, and I probably could have stayed four or five years longer in the big leagues. But I used to come off a trip and the babies, they didn't know who I was. That kind of worked on me a little. So I came to Yale and took this position where I could be home and be with the family. I not only had the security, I had my family. I was a great family guy. That was the one reason for moving to Yale.

I stayed at Yale for twenty years, and I don't regret it, although instead of adding to my salary, they cut it. At the end of twenty years I went out to California. My brother and I had an option on a piece of ground where we

started a golf driving range. Right in the movie colony. I made more there in five years than I made at Yale in fifteen. With investments that I made with some friends of mine out there, I got to where if everything goes all right I'm set for the rest of my life.


Fellows like Speaker and Cobb and those fellows in my day, they made pretty good money. But take me now, for instance. After my big year in 1912, I had to battle and battle and battle to get a contract for \$7,500. And that's what I was getting in Cleveland. That's what I got when I started at Yale. That's one thing they can blame for some of the things that they thought were crooked, like that 1919 Black Sox scandal. There's no question about it. Players weren't getting any money, especially the Chicago White Sox players.

This Catfish Hunter. I don't think he's the pitcher that all this hullabaloo represents. But more power to him for getting all the money that he could.

I'm no real judge of baseball these days, because I don't see enough of it. I see quite a little on TV, but you can't tell what's going on by watching TV. I don't like this one-hand catching all the time. In our day you had to catch the ball. Now the glove catches the ball. They have a glove so that when the ball hits in it, it closes the glove. Of course, that's all the more in their favor. If they develop gloves that catch the ball, that's all right.

Oh, there's a great many changes taken place of course over the years. There's a lot of it I don't like. But it isn't up to me to comment. Baseball to me is the game. Always has been. Always will be as long as I live.

Joe Wood died in 1985, at the age of ninety-five.



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Best NL Rookie Crop? The 1924 Pirates By Far

LYLE SPATZ

Forget about the 1975 Red Sox (Lynn, Rice) and the 1983 White Sox (Kittle, Walker); the rookie roundup to recite played for Pittsburgh (Wright, Cuyler, Kremer, Yde).

IT'S ONE THING to name the greatest rookies in baseball history, as the leagues have done officially since 1949 and the 1986 *Baseball Research Journal* did for 1901-48. It's another thing to name great rookie teams. Has any club had two outstanding first-year players? Of course. Three? Perhaps. Would you believe four?

Yes. No team before or since has compared with the 1924 Pirate contingent of four rookie stars. Hall of Fame leftfielder Kiki Cuyler batted .354, with 9 homers and 85 runs batted in. Shortstop Glenn Wright batted .287, drove in 111 runs, and led the league in at-bats (616), assists (601), double plays (102), and chances per game (6.3). Righthander Ray (Wiz) Kremer went 18-10, with a 3.19 earned run average. And lefty Emil Yde was 16-3, with a 2.83 ERA and a league-leading percentage of .842.

Pirates must be anointed in the three rivers, because twice previously Pittsburgh had *three* notable rookies. In the world-championship season of 1909 Babe Adams won 12 games and added 3 victories against Detroit in the World Series, first baseman Dick Abstein hit .260 and drove in 70 runs, and second baseman Dots Miller batted .279, had 87 RBIs and led the league with 426 assists and a .953 fielding average. The 1921 team that finished second to the Giants also had three fine rookies: pitchers Whitey Glazner (14-5, 2.77 ERA) and Johnny Morrison (9 wins and a league-leading 8.19 hits allowed per game) and infielder Cotton Tierney (.299).

But the Pirates must have sensed that the 1924 crop would be extraordinary. All four players had had outstanding minor-league seasons. At the advanced age of thirty Kremer had a league-leading 25 wins for seventh-place Oakland of the Pacific Coast League. Yde, pitching for Oklahoma in the Western League, was 28-12. Wright hit .313, with 15 homers and 109 runs, for Kansas City of the American Association. Cuyler hit .340, scored 114 runs, and had 39 doubles and 17 triples for Nashville of the Southern Association.

But what seasons they had as rookies! Kremer placed fifth in wins and winning percentage, and his 3.19 ERA was considerably better than the league average (3.86). Yde's ERA of 2.83 was fourth best, and only Dazy Vance allowed fewer hits per nine innings than Emil's 7.93. Wright was considered such a shortstop prospect that Rabbit Maranville was moved to second despite having just led league shortstops in almost every major category; Wright proceeded to play every game and handle 96 more chances than Maranville had. But the best of the four was Cuyler, who stole 32 bases to place second in the league behind teammate Max Carey and had a fourth-best slugging average of .539.

Many rookie sensations are quick burnouts. Three of the Pittsburgh Four went on to have outstanding careers. Kremer was 17-8 for the 1925 world champions and won Games Six and Seven of the World Series; in all, he pitched ten years for the Pirates, went 143-85 and twice led the league in wins and ERA. Wright again played every game in 1925 while batting .308 with 18 homers, 121 RBI, and 97 runs. After the 1928 season he was traded to Brooklyn, where he turned in several more exemplary years. Cuyler was the outstanding Pirate in 1925, when he led the league in runs (144) and triples (26) and finished second in doubles (43), stolen bases (41), slugging percentage (.593), and total bases (366), third in hits (220), and fourth in average (.357). He moved to the Cubs in 1928 and the Reds in 1935, and finished his career with Brooklyn in 1938. Over his eighteen-year career, Cuyler had a .321 average and 328 stolen bases and hit .281 in three World Series. Only Yde petered out. After a 17-9 season in 1925, he went 8-7 in 1926, 1-3 in 1927, and 7-3 for Detroit in 1929, his last major-league season. But he secured his hold on baseball history in 1924, when he was one of an unforgettable rookie foursome.

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PAB Analysis: A New Offensive Measure

ROBERT E. KELLY

By duplicating home-run figures, much offensive analysis shortchanges contact hitters and RBI men. Here's a truer, purer method of player analysis — with some surprising results.

NO SPORT HAS produced performance statistics for a longer period than baseball. Yet when analysts make player-evaluation studies, there are few generally accepted standards to define great, fair, and good performance. So it isn't surprising that Most Valuable Player and Hall of Fame selections are controversial.

PAB analysis is a step in the direction of establishing a method for identifying superior players. It's a useful tool for those charged with nomination or election responsibilities or comparative player analysis.

What is PAB? It's production per at bat. Steps used to calculate and present it appear below. As a data base, records of Hall of Fame players (pitchers excluded) born after 1894 have been used. This cut-off date effectively screens out dead-ball-era players.

STEP 1 — POSITIONAL SORT

Few expect the same offensive production from every defensive position on the field, yet players are commonly grouped together in statistical presentations regardless of the defensive positions they hold. A Charlie Gehringer must compete with a Babe Ruth to get attention. Therefore, the first step in any analysis of player ability should be a division of the data base by defensive position. For the purposes of this demonstration, a position is defined as first base, catcher, outfield, and infield.

STEP 2 — DATA CORRECTION

Here's a typical comment that one constantly encounters these days: "Kirk Gibson was an awesome offensive force in 1985 with his 96 runs scored, 29 homers, and 97 runs batted in."

On the other hand, it's a decent bet that nobody in the news business even gave a thought to making a similar observation about Tom Herr's performance during the same season. Why?

	RUNS	HR	RBI	TOTAL	AB	PAB
GIBSON	96	29	97	222	581	.382
HERR	97	8	110	215	596	.361

(Note: PAB = TOTAL column divided by the AB column.)

Gibson's your man. Right? Let's fix the numbers and make sure. Everybody knows home runs are repeated in the above statistics. Here's what you get when you eliminate the repetition:

	RUNS	HR	RBI	TOTAL	AB	PAB
GIBSON	67	29	68	164	581	.282
HERR	89	8	102	199	596	.334

The truth is revealed. Gibson had a good year largely because of home-run production. Herr had a better year despite the fact that he couldn't touch Gibson as a power hitter.

A sound analytical system must strip the home run of the false glitter that provokes the type of remark quoted above.

STEP 3 — PLAYER CLASSIFICATIONS

Analysis is simplified when men with similar production statistics are grouped together. Groupings are especially useful in baseball analysis because they offer the chance for higher levels of agreement. Few might agree, for example, that player X was better than player Y; far more will agree that the two men were comparably skilled.

How does one develop classifications that have a measure of logic and symmetry to them? In the computer age, this is no problem:

Robert E. Kelly is the author of *BASEBALL'S BEST: Hall of Fame Pretenders Active in the Eighties*, which will be released soon by McFarland & Company.

1 — Within each positional grouping of players, calculate the total PAB for each player using the following formula:

$$\frac{\text{RUNS}^* + \text{HOME RUNS} + \text{RBI}^*}{\text{AT BATS}} = \text{PRODUCTION AT BAT (PAB)}$$

* = Home runs excluded.

- 2 — Take the average of the total PAB column.
 3 — Calculate the standard deviation of the same column.

(Standard deviation is the square root of the average squared difference between each sample and the mean of all samples. In typical distributions like this one about two-thirds of all samples are within one standard deviation of the center.)

4 — Add SD to AVG to get the high end of a normal range; subtract SD from AVG to get the low end of a normal range. Four classifications can be formed, as follows:

- SUPERSTAR = Above the high end of the range.
- STAR = From average to the high end.
- GOOD = From the low end to average.
- WEAK = Below the low end of the range.

A good system must produce good results *and* be easy to understand. Fans recognize screwy conclusions when they see them and have little patience with methods so complicated they would require the assistance of Einstein. PAB analysis is easy to understand and produces sensible results.

The outfielder's exhibit is the first demonstration of the validity of the latter point. Career PAB elements (runs, home runs, RBI) were divided by AB to arrive at the factors shown on the chart.

Hall of Fame (1987) Outfielders
 Born 1895 + Production per At Bat

	AB	HR	R-HR	RBI-HR	PAB
CLASS 1 .360 +					
Ruth#	7,287	0.091	0.179	0.181	0.451
Williams, T.	7,706	0.068	0.166	0.171	0.404
DiMaggio	6,821	0.053	0.151	0.172	0.376
CLASS 2 .315 - .359					
Wilson, H.*	4,760	0.051	0.134	0.172	0.358
Simmons	8,761	0.035	0.137	0.173	0.346
Ott	9,456	0.054	0.143	0.143	0.339
Averill	6,358	0.037	0.155	0.146	0.338
Goslin	8,654	0.029	0.143	0.157	0.329
Mantle	8,102	0.066	0.141	0.120	0.327
Klein	6,486	0.046	0.134	0.139	0.319
Cuyler	7,161	0.018	0.164	0.131	0.313
Hafey*	4,625	0.035	0.133	0.145	0.313

	AB	HR	R-HR	RBI-HR	PAB
CLASS 3 .270 - .314					
Musial**	10,972	0.043	0.134	0.135	0.312
Medwick	7,635	0.027	0.130	0.154	0.311
Kiner*	5,205	0.071	0.116	0.124	0.311
Manush	7,653	0.014	0.154	0.139	0.307
Combs*	5,748	0.010	0.196	0.099	0.306
Robinson, F.**	10,006	0.059	0.124	0.123	0.305
Snider	7,161	0.057	0.119	0.129	0.305
Mays**	10,881	0.061	0.129	0.114	0.304
Aaron**	12,364	0.061	0.115	0.125	0.301
Slaughter	7,946	0.021	0.136	0.143	0.300
Waner, P.	9,459	0.012	0.160	0.127	0.298
Youngs*	4,627	0.009	0.166	0.120	0.295
Kaline**	10,116	0.039	0.121	0.117	0.277
CLASS 4 .269 - .					
Williams, B.	9,350	0.046	0.105	0.112	0.263
Clemente	9,454	0.025	0.124	0.113	0.262
Brock**	10,332	0.014	0.141	0.073	0.229
Waner, L.	7,772	0.004	0.151	0.073	0.228
AVG					
	8030	0.040	0.141	0.133	0.315
SD					
	1984	0.022	0.020	0.027	0.045
HI					
	10013	0.040	0.141	0.133	0.359
LO					
	6046	0.018	0.121	0.107	0.270

= Yankees Only.
 * = Unusually short career.
 ** = Unusually long career.

A single demonstration of how the numbers on Exhibit A were calculated is sufficient to remove remaining confusion about the nature of the PAB factor. For this purpose, the record of Ted Williams will be used:

	CAREER	ADJUST	NET	AT BATS	PAB
Home runs	521		521	7706	.068
Runs	1798	521	1277	7706	.166
RBI	1839	521	1318	7706	.171
Total	5158		3116	7706	.404

(Note: Rounding off often results in accuracy variations of .001.)

The figures tell us that Ted was good for a homer every fifteen times at bat (100/.068) — every six at-bats he scored once and drove in a run. As a broad conclusion, the chart reveals that Williams was the last of the .400 + PAB men, and the most destructive overall offensive force since the days of Ruth.

In Exhibit A, the twenty-nine outfielders are listed in PAB sequence, Ruth being the most productive, Lloyd Waner the least. Kiki Cuyler and Chick Hafey represent roughly the average Hall-of-Fame outfielder. Billy Williams — just elected (1987) — was a weak producer and (as we shall later see) wasn't the best choice that the selection committee could have made.

Hack Wilson, Ralph Kiner, Earle Combs, Ross Youngs, and Chick Hafey generated weak durability factors. From a comparative standpoint, their rankings should not be overvalued.

Class 4 appointments to the Hall of Fame are controversial when the production records of candidates are

not imposing. An appraisal of past Hall of Fame selections suggests that the following characteristics can offset weak production records:

- 1 — A career BA of 300 +
- 2 — An outstanding:
 - a) defensive record,
 - b) base-stealing record,
 - c) durability record,
 - d) scoring, home-run, or runs-batted-in record.

The selection of Clemente and Waner can be defended on contact hitting grounds and Clemente's exceptional play in right field. Brock was a base stealing whiz. Billy Williams was a marginal choice.

PAB rates Goslin and Simmons higher than other systems might. Both were RBI producers, a characteristic common to some non-sluggers that is more clearly revealed when homers are handled as a separated production entity. On the other hand, PAB does not rate Frank Robinson, Duke Snider, Willie Mays, and Hank Aaron as high as other systems might. By eliminating the impact of duplicate home-run reporting, PAB yields a more balanced view of slugger productivity.

Nobody benefits more from grouping techniques required by PAB analysis than infielders. Despite the influence of dead-ball numbers in his stats, Rogers Hornsby heads the list as top producer; Luis Aparicio brings up the rear with a PAB of .200. Eddie Mathews and Fred Lindstrom represent the average. Bobby Doerr, the most recently elected, ranks eighth in the corps of nineteen. Joe Cronin benefits because he was an RBI man, Mathews suffers by the elimination of home-run duplication.

In terms of career length, Lindstrom, Travis Jackson, and Lou Boudreau fall into the category of questionable choices. Since they met none of the de facto offensive criteria of the Hall of Fame infield corps, Brooks Robinson and Aparicio were presumably elected because of other factors: long careers, admirable defensive skills, Aparicio's speed, Robinson's all-around play in the 1970 World Series.

Hall of Fame (1987) Infielders
Born 1895 + Production per At Bat

	AB	HR	R-HR	RBI-HR	PAB
CLASS 1 .323+					
Hornsby	8,173	0.037	0.156	0.156	0.349
Gehring	8,860	0.021	0.179	0.140	0.340
Cronin	7,577	0.022	0.140	0.165	0.328
CLASS 2 .284-322					
Traynor	7,559	0.008	0.149	0.161	0.317
Robinson, J.*	4,877	0.028	0.166	0.122	0.317
Vaughan	6,622	0.014	0.163	0.125	0.302
Sewell	7,132	0.007	0.153	0.140	0.300
Doerr	7,093	0.031	0.123	0.144	0.299
Frisch	9,112	0.012	0.157	0.125	0.293
Mathews	8,537	0.060	0.117	0.110	0.287
CLASS 3 .246-.283					
Lindstrom***	5,611	0.018	0.141	0.120	0.280
Appling	8,857	0.005	0.144	0.121	0.270
Jackson*	6,086	0.022	0.115	0.130	0.267
Boudreau*	6,030	0.011	0.132	0.120	0.262
Reese	8,058	0.016	0.150	0.094	0.260
Herman	7,707	0.006	0.145	0.103	0.254
Kell	6,702	0.012	0.120	0.118	0.250
CLASS 4 .245-					
Robinson, B.**	10,654	0.025	0.090	0.102	0.218
Aparicio**	10,230	0.008	0.122	0.069	0.200
AVG	7,657	0.019	0.140	0.125	0.284
SD	1,477	0.013	0.021	0.023	0.038
HI	9,133	0.032	0.161	0.148	0.322
LO	6,180	0.006	0.119	0.102	0.246

* = Unusually short career.
** = Unusually long career.

Hall of Fame (1987) First Basemen
Born 1895 + Production per At Bat

	AB	HR	R-HR	RBI-HR	PAB
CLASS 1 .379+					
Gehrig	8,001	0.062	0.174	0.187	0.423
Foxx	8,134	0.066	0.150	0.171	0.386
Greenberg*	5,193	0.064	0.139	0.182	0.384
CLASS 2 .325-378					
Mize	6,443	0.056	0.118	0.152	0.325
CLASS 3 .273-.324					
Bottomley	7,471	0.029	0.128	0.161	0.319
Terry	6,428	0.024	0.150	0.144	0.318
Kelly*	5,993	0.025	0.112	0.145	0.282
Killebrew**	8,147	0.070	0.087	0.124	0.282
McCovey	8,197	0.064	0.086	0.126	0.276
CLASS 4 .272-					
Banks**	9,421	0.054	0.084	0.119	0.258
AVG	7,343	0.051	0.123	0.151	0.325
SD	1,219	0.017	0.029	0.023	0.053
HI	8,562	0.068	0.152	0.174	0.378
LO	6,124	0.034	0.093	0.128	0.273

* = Unusually short career.
** = Unusually long career.

There are only ten post-dead ball first basemen in the Hall, and one of them, Ernie Banks, spent the most productive part of his professional life at shortstop. We could call him either a class 4 first baseman or a class 3 infielder. Gehrig heads the list as a producer. Mize, who had to wait twenty-eight years to make the Hall, is about average.

Thanks to Lou Gehrig, Jimmie Foxx, and Hank Greenberg, the Hall of Fame classification for first basemen is the highest (379+ = superstar). Killebrew, the prototypical monster slugging first baseman, shows stronger under other evaluation systems. PAB techniques grade him lower.

Hall-of-Fame (1987) Catchers
Born 1895 + Production per At Bat

	AB	HR	R-HR	RBI-HR	PAB
CLASS 1 .321 +					
Cochrane	5,169	0.023	0.178	0.138	0.339
CLASS 2 .284-.320					
Dickey	6,300	0.032	0.116	0.160	0.307
Berra**	7,555	0.047	0.108	0.142	0.297
Campanella*	4,205	0.058	0.092	0.146	0.295
CLASS 3 .249-.283					
Hartnett	6,432	0.037	0.098	0.147	0.281
CLASS 4 .248-					
Lombardi	5,855	0.032	0.070	0.137	0.239
Ferrell	6,028	0.005	0.109	0.117	0.231
AVG	5,935	0.033	0.110	0.141	0.284
SD	971	0.016	0.031	0.012	0.035
HI	6,906	0.049	0.141	0.153	0.320
LO	4,964	0.018	0.079	0.129	0.249

* = Unusually short career.
** = Unusually long career.

Until Ferrell and Lombardi were picked in recent years, Berra was the last catcher chosen (1971) — and many think Yogi was the last good choice.

Cochrane was a jewel. Dickey, Berra, and Hartnett are tough acts to follow. The selection of Lombardi can be defended on the grounds of contact-hitting ability. Blame society, not ability, on the short career of Roy Campanella. He was twenty-seven years old before major league baseball was ready for a black catcher.

PAB analysis should not be regarded as a final product, but a step toward player evaluation. This is so because the ever-so-important factor of durability is not considered in classification charts. Since how long somebody performed can be as important as how well he played, a second process involving the weighting of skill remains to be created. No mathematical systems alone can decide Hall of Fame selections. More subjective factors should always play a part — Lou Boudreau's leadership among them. Given the weight placed by the baseball hierarchy and the fans on offensive ability, however, a screening system that has earned general respect should be used by evaluators and analysts to sensibly narrow the field of competition. Why not PAB analysis?

BIVOUAC OF THE GAME - - BY JIM NASIUM



The winter frost's sad blight has beat
The box score's last tattoo;
No more victorious cheers will greet
The slam of the clean-up crew.
All silent now the baseball ground
Where they walloped their way to fame,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the game.

Silenced now is Baker's bat,
No more the home run blast
That sent the foeman to the mat;
The din and shout are past.
No vision of a bullet's flight
As the ball is thrown by Schang,
All quiet now is Coogan's Height,
Where the last Mack paean rang.

No more do batsmen flinch and quail
Before Plank's curves so dread,
While Autumn's mold now holds the trail
Where Collins' feet once sped.
Strunk's speeding grabs, Jack Barry's dash,
Have vanished into space,
No more do stands and bleachers crash
To Oldring's dreaded mace.

But wreck, nor change, nor Winter's might
Nor Time, can ever fade
Their deathless fame, though blizzards blight
The fields where they played.
When many a countless year hath flown,
Inscribed in imperishable fame
Their deeds will be, though the ages moan,
O'er the bivouac of their game.



Did the Babe Call His Shot?

Sportswriters and Creation of Myth

PETE WILLIAMS

We'll never know for sure if Babe Ruth pointed to the center-field flagpole before homering in the 1932 Series. We do know how sportswriters chose to believe that he did.

WHEN I THINK BACK OVER THE great deeds of sport that I have witnessed and think particularly of the ones that have warmed my heart and made it glow beyond all cynicism, I remember with most pleasure the last World Series in which Ruth played, back in 1932, and which involved the New York Yankees and the Chicago Cubs. The game took place in Chicago, and Root was pitching for the Western team. The Cubs were giving Ruth an unmerciful riding down on the field, and the sallies were deliberately vicious and foul, having chiefly to do with his origin, upon which, as I have indicated, there may be considerable speculation. He had already hit one home run, and when he came to bat in the latter part of the game, the entire Cub bench came out to the edge of the dugout and began to shout filth and abuse at him.

Root put over the first pitch and Ruth swung at it and missed. There was a great roar of delight from the partisan crowd, which hated everything that came from New York, and the players redoubled their insults. Ruth held up one finger so that everyone could see it. He was indicating that that was just one strike. The crowd hooted him. Root pitched again and Ruth missed for the second time, and the park rocked with laughter. The Cub players grew louder and more raucous. The Babe held up two fingers. The crowd razzed him, and there was nothing good-natured about it, because his magnificent effrontery was goading them badly.

Two balls, wide pitches, intervened. And at this point, Ruth made the most marvelous and impudent gesture I have ever seen. With his forefinger extended he pointed to the flagpole in center field, the farthest point removed from the plate. There was no mistaking his meaning. He was advising crowd, pitcher, and jeering Cubs that that was the exact spot where Root's next pitch would leave the park.

The incensed crowd gave forth a long-drawn-out and lusty "Booooooo!" Ruth made them choke on it by slugging the ball out of the premises at exactly that point, the center-field flagpole, for his second home run of the day and probably the only home run in the entire history of baseball that was ever called in advance, as to both time and place

— Paul Gallico, 1938.

GALLICO WAS WRITING six years after the event, in his book *A Farewell To Sport*. The sportswriter is the ultimate fan, and Gallico can serve as a convenient and typical example. The sportswriter can willingly suspend disbelief. He can make his villains more loathsome and his heroes more divine. And sometimes he can go further than the simple distortion of reality to create a new reality — a falsehood that becomes popularly accepted truth and genuine myth. This is precisely what happened when my father, the late Joe Williams, reported on Babe Ruth's fifth-inning home run at Wrigley Field in the 1932 World Series. Whatever happened on the field that day was transformed by Williams and writers who followed his lead into a Bunyanesque tall tale so powerful that reasonable men like Gallico, even when they were shown it was false, refused to, or could not, abandon belief.

When the Yanks arrived in Chicago after sweeping the first two games of this unforgettable fall classic, the fans were in a mood to install a new god. Indeed, they already had their candidate picked out. John Drebing reported in the *New York Times* on the throng that greeted their train at the La Salle Street station: "At once a great roar went up for Babe Ruth, who was almost swallowed up by the crowd the moment he alighted from his car." And these were Cub fans. The public mood was such that a miracle, while presumably not specifically expected, would certainly be received without cold and rigorous scrutiny.

The inning-by-inning account in the *New York Times* said that Ruth "hit a tremendous drive . . . for his second homer of the game." But there were hints that some writers had seen something more. Robert Creamer, the author of the critically acclaimed biography *Babe*, quotes the account in the *San Francisco Examiner* as saying Ruth "called his shot." The *Times's* Drebing wrote, "Ruth came up in the fifth and in no mistaken motions the Babe notified the crowd that the nature of his retaliation would

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be a wallop right out [of] the confines of the park." But the New York *World-Telegram's* Williams was the only writer who said this:

The bambino hit two homers during the day, each of them a record breaker, and on the occasion of his second round-tripper even went so far as to call his shot In the fifth, with the Cubs riding him unmercifully from the bench, Ruth pointed to center field and punched a screaming liner to a spot where no ball ever had been hit before.

Nobody else has said Ruth had pointed to center. In fact, the headline over Williams's column said, with little ambiguity: "RUTH CALLS SHOT AS HE PUTS HOMER NO. 2 IN SIDE POCKET." Creamer notes this column and goes on to say, "Williams was a positive, opinionated observer and a vigorous journalist I believe that Williams' strong personality and the wide circulation given his original story in Scripps-Howard newspapers got the legend started and kept it going."

Now the other writers jumped on the bandwagon. Two days after the game was reported in the press, Tom Meany of the *World Telegram* wrote the Babe had "pointed out the spot in which he intended hitting his homer." Gallico wrote "He pointed like a duellist to the spot where he expected to send his rapier home." One day later, another New York writer, Bill Corum, said Ruth "pointed out where he was going to hit the next one, and hit it there," although, as Creamer points out, Corum said no such thing when he wrote the game up on October 2. That these first few days established the myth firmly is reflected in the fact that both the Reach and the Spalding guides for 1933 assume that Ruth called his shot.

The mythmaking was not quite over. Some three weeks later the one called shot became two. Again Williams was the reporter, although the source of the larger fiction seems to have been either Ruth or a nameless scriptwriter. The occasion was a radio show on which Ruth appeared, and which had been arranged by Williams's close friend, the flamboyant press agent Steve Hannagan. Were these Hannagan's words, spoken by the Babe?

Mr. Ruth was asked if he really believed he was going to hit those home runs when he came to the plate.

"I knew I wanted to hit them, but of course I wasn't sure. That's what gave me such a big kick — hitting 'em after saying I was going to. I've hit more than 650 home runs, but those two I hit off Charlie Root will always stand out above them all."

As an afterthought Mr. Ruth roared into the mike: —

"Can you imagine what a mug I would have been if I had missed them? Say, those people in Chicago would be laughing at me yet — and I wouldn't blame them, either."

This amplified version of the legend lasts, at least in Williams's columns and mind, for nearly three years. The last mention of *two* called shots occurs in May, 1935, in a piece Williams devotes to athletes who "had the stuff to back up" their boasts:

There was Ruth that time he called his shots against the Cubs in the 1932 World Series, twice driving home runs to the exact spot he designated, this being probably the most spectacular demonstration of self-belief in the history of baseball.

No serious revision of the legend begins until 1937, nearly five years after the event. There are primarily three versions of what Ruth actually did. One, he gestured toward the Cub dugout, threatening to slice a pitch in the direction of his hecklers; two, he was simply raising his finger to indicate he had one strike left; three, the gesture (and maybe it as also a raised middle finger) was meant for Root.

The first of these gains considerable legitimacy in that it is the version adopted in 1937 by Ruth himself, and offered to reporters while he was playing golf. According to Williams:

In the course of the round, somebody brought up the inevitable question — his greatest thrill. He wasn't sure. The day he fanned Cobb, Crawford and Veach on nine pitched balls with the bases full would always linger in his memory. So would that home run he hit against the Chicago Cubs in the 1932 World Series. This was when he pointed to the center field flag pole, announced to one and all the next pitch would go exactly there for four bases — and it did.

To many people this was the most dramatic moment in the history of modern baseball. To the Babe, it develops, it was a fluke. He wasn't trying to hit a home run at all. He was trying to hook a ball into the dugout of the Cubs, who had been riding him for an hour or more.

"That Grimm and those other guys were giving me hell, so I thought I would foul off a couple into the dugout just to have some fun. The first two pitches were outside — at least I thought they were — but the umpire called them strikes. The next one was in the same spot. I said to myself, 'He may call this one a strike, too, so I'll cut it into the dugout.' I swung too true. The ball went over the fence. True enough, I had pointed there, but what I wanted to do was ram the ball down Grimm's throat."

The obvious inconsistency here is that Ruth said he *did* point to the fence, but doesn't explain why. Still, he plainly says he was trying to slice one into the Cubs' dugout. This version is possibly supported by two columns written the day after the game, both quoted by Creamer. Philadelphia writer Jimmy Isaminger said the homer was preceded by "a satiric gesture to the Cub bench," and Westbrook Pegler said Ruth made "a warning gesture of his hand to [Guy] Bush" just before hitting it. After the fans had begun tossing lemons on the field in the second-inning, Ruth had *successfully* fouled a ball into the stands. Wrote Williams:

* Note that Ruth says the count was 0-and-2. So did Root, although Creamer says it was 2-and-2. To show how myths can manhandle factual history, look at the count on Ruth as recalled by different observers and participants, all of whom were there:

- 2 strikes, 0 balls — Ruth, Root,
- 3 strikes, 2 balls — George Magerkurth (the first-base ump) and the unsigned account in *The New York Times*.
- 2 strikes followed by 2 balls — John Drebing in *The New York Times*; Westbrook Pegler; Paul Gallico in *A Farewell to Sport*.
- 1 strike, then 2 balls, then 1 strike — Robert Creamer in *Babe*; Joe Williams in the *World-Telegram*.

Sewell got a base on balls This brought up Ruth and a grandstand fan let go a lemon at him. Ruth retaliated with a three-cushion shot of a curve ball, which went into the stands and caused no inconsiderable amount of ducking and scurrying.

This is the version accepted by both Gehrig and Ruth's buddy, boxer Mickey Walker, as reported by Williams:

The most fascinating stories, unhappily, are not always true. Biographers assure us George Washington felled no cherry tree, the she wolf did not wet nurse Romulus and Will Tell wasted no arrows shooting apples off junior's noggin. And now comes reliable testimony that Babe Ruth didn't call that celebrated home run.

It comes, singularly, from a prize fighter, yet not so singularly when it is pointed out that Mickey Walker and the Babe were the best of pals.

There came a night when the Babe and Walker and a kindred soul, Jack Schaefer, a hotel man and ardent sports follower, were sitting around nibbling on nutritious, body-building scotch, and the fighter put the question flatly to the old King of Swat, then retired: Did he or did he not call the home run he hit off Charley Root in the 1932 World Series?

He didn't.

"I had two strikes on me and the pitcher was levelling with speed curves," the fighter quotes Ruth. "We were kiddin' one another and I swept my arm, motioning to the outfield, trying to rib him into a fast ball. I was waiting for the pitch and when it came I belted the ball over the center-field fence."

The ball went into the center-field bleachers, not out of the park. . . . There was an immense amount of "kiddin'" (except it was razzing) and the ringleader was Guy Bush, another Cub pitcher, who, propped against a dugout, was directing a flow of invective at Ruth through cupped hands. And Ruth did make the gesture: in fact, he made several gestures, some even before the second strike.

It was just as easy to believe Ruth had actually called the shot as not and it made a wonderful story, so the press box went along with it. First intimation I got that not everybody in baseball concurred was at a dinner in Newark one night. I happened to be seated between Lou Gehrig and Joe McCarthy. I disremember how the subject came up, but Gehrig laughed: "The gestures were meant for Bush. Ruth was going to foul one into the dugout, but when the pitch came up, big and fat, he belted it." McCarthy only smiled quizzically.

The second revision of the legend, that Ruth was indicating he had two strikes on him and therefore one chance left, was Gabby Hartnett's. The Cub catcher's book was reviewed by Williams in 1950:

From now on it's going to take some mighty powerful persuasion to convince Virginia there's a Santa Claus. Particularly after what Gabby Hartnett's done to the most fantastic of all the Babe Ruth legends — you know, the one about him calling his shot in the '32 World Series.

It came in the fifth-inning All the while Ruth was at bat the Cubs, led by Guy Bush, a pitcher, had been trying to heckle the big fellow. Ruth was more amused than annoyed. From time to time he'd look toward the enemy dugout back of third, jabber something and laugh like crazy. He made several gestures. I have a distinct memory that once he pointed the bat at Bush who stood on the top step in the dugout. And just before he hit the home run from which Hartnett would now divest of the grand, matchless theater which was been associated with it for so many years, he did motion in the general direction of the stands in right center. I can still see him doing it. . . .

But Hartnett says, no, that's not the way it was. . . . "Ruth waved his hand across the plate toward the Cub bench. At the same time he said — and I think only the umpire and myself heard him — 'it only takes one to hit it.'"

The third possibility, that Ruth was gesturing at Root, is mentioned in Tom Meany's 1947 biography of Ruth.

We do know this: One, Root was a Cub. Two, Root was standing directly between Ruth and center field. And wouldn't this explain the apparent contradiction in Ruth's own account? If Ruth was threatening only the Cub bench, he would be gesturing only in that direction; couldn't he have been threatening Root, too?

I have a recent letter from Ruth's teammate, outfielder Ben Chapman. Chapman's version, which sounds remarkably like Ruth's, suggests just such an interpretation. "Root knocked Babe down and Babe pointed at center field," says Chapman, "but he was telling Root what he thought — he really let him have [it], *but* he did not call his shot."

Was the myth suffering because of these new revelations? Not on your life. While the writers were viewing the events of October 1, 1932 in a more coldly factual light, the hero they had created was keeping the fiction alive. In his autobiography Ruth embellished further. Not only had he called the homer, Ruth wrote, but he'd planned it the night before the game. The writer-fans who had forced the story on the Babe no longer believed it, but the Babe, ironically, had by now become a man of the faith.

DID RUTH CALL HIS SHOT? It's yesterday's news that he probably did not. My father, forgetting his seminal column, later maintained he did not. Did Ruth think he had called it? My father told me Ruth had gradually come to think he did. So their roles over the years had become reversed. Does it make any difference? Maybe Ruth was right in adhering to the story as a higher truth: a romantic vision. As late as 1965 Gallico reaffirmed his orthodoxy by remembering in *The Golden People* "that fantastic day in Chicago, when Root of the Cubs had two strikes on him and the Babe called his shot by pointing to the flagpole in center field and then hit the next pitch to the very same spot for a home run. Not only the World Series crowd and those of us in the press box, but practically every home in America thrilled as though the feat had been accomplished by our own son."

And even long after he came to see there was no truth to one of baseball's most celebrated legends, a legend whose seeds he had inadvertently sown, my father had this to say:

This much I do know. Even if Ruth didn't mean it, the thunderous drama still lives in my memory. And no amount of testimony to the contrary is ever going to change it in the slightest. I always was a pushover for wonderful fairy tales, anyway.

How Many Games Did the 1869 Red Stockings Win?

DARRYL BROCK

We know the Cincinnati club was undefeated in baseball's first pro season, but accounts differ about how many games they actually won. An examination and an answer.

ON OCTOBER 18, 1869, the Cincinnati Red Stockings defeated the Philadelphia Athletics, 17-12, in a hard-fought game at the Union Grounds in Cincinnati. The next morning the Cincinnati *Enquirer* reported the result as the 58th consecutive season victory for the undefeated home team. The rival *Commercial*, whose baseball writer had covered the Red Stockings throughout the long season and accompanied them on tours to both coasts, listed it as the team's 57th win in 57 games played.

Two weeks later the Red Stockings journeyed to Louisville. Playing on November 3 with only eight players (pitcher Asa Brainard had missed the train), they soundly thumped the Kentucky Base Ball Club, 58-8, before darkness ended the six-inning contest. Captain Harry Wright entered the victory in his team's scorebook as number 56.

The next day, with Brainard on hand, the Red Stockings took on a "picked nine" of top players from Louisville's various clubs. They won again, 40-10. On this occasion, however, Wright did not give the contest a number — nor did he count it among the team's victories.

The next game — the Red Stockings' season finale — took place on November 6. It was played in Cincinnati, against New York's powerful Mutuals. The Red Stockings won, 17-8. Wright counted the final victory as 57. From that point on, all "official" 1869 Red Stocking season totals, including statistics compiled by Wright and released to newspapers, would be based upon his core list of 57 games.

The *Commercial*, having evidently attuned itself to prevailing orthodoxy, echoed Wright's total of 57 wins in 57 games, even though that was the number it had printed three games previously. The *Enquirer*, also repeating an earlier figure, numbered the final victory as 58. The *New York Tribune* reported 61 wins in 61 games.

How many games did the Red Stockings win in pro baseball's inaugural season? Confusion has not dimin-

ished with passing years. While individual player stats — particularly those of star shortstop George Wright — continue to be taken directly or extrapolated from Harry Wright's totals, the number of victories in 1869 (and, by extension, the historic two-season win streak snapped by the Brooklyn Atlantics on June 14, 1870) varies.

The problem is two-pronged. First, the Red Stockings played and won more than 57 games that year. But how many more? Of those contests, which should be counted? And second, Cincinnati was involved in some protested games that were not counted as wins on every list.

Some papers printed lists of Red Stocking victories containing certain rain- or otherwise-shortened contests in which the Red Stockings were headed for sure victory. Leading the Baltics of Wheeling, West Virginia, 52-8, on June 30, the Red Stockings departed in the top of the fifth inning to catch a boat. On July 28, Cincinnati led the St. Louis Empires 17-0 when rain stopped play in the fourth.

Strictly speaking, those contests should not have been included. The rulebook required a minimum of five complete innings for a decision; Harry Wright scrupulously observed that.

There were also preseason games against "field" nines. Nobody has ever suggested that they be counted — even though at least one of those contests was relatively close. The Red Stockings defeated the "field" by only nine runs, 24-15, in their first warm-up game, April 17, 1869.

The "field" on that particular day included the best players from local amateur clubs, together with a few Red Stocking Juniors. The Junior players, mostly of high-school age, wore uniforms identical to those of the famous First Nine. They too went undefeated that year, winning all 17 of their games. Harry Wright used them as a sort of farm club from which he drew substitutes in emergencies.

Darryl Brock is completing a time-travel novel about the Red Stockings: *If I Never Get Back*.

The closeness of that contest, however, is somewhat suspect. Participants in preseason games shared half the gate receipts among themselves. They urged friends to attend, and doubtless tried to put on a good show. Perhaps the starters eased up a bit to lure spectators out in the future. Or perhaps, since four of the nine Red Stockings were newcomers to the team, they simply hadn't jelled as a unit. Only a week later, they drubbed essentially the same field opponents, 50-7. In any event, there has been no move to include such early-season exhibitions.

Conversely, nobody has suggested omitting any of the victories officially registered by the Red Stockings — with one possible exception, which will be discussed — even though some came against pathetically weak opponents. The Red Stockings blasted their archrivals, the Cincinnati Buckeyes, 103-8 and 72-15 (the latter in five innings). They beat the Fort Wayne Kekiongas, 86-8; the Cream City of Milwaukee, 85-7; the Riversides of Portsmouth, Ohio, 40-0; the New Orleans Southerns, 35-3; the Mutuals of Springfield, Massachusetts, 80-5; the Pittsburgh Olympics, 54-2; the Unions of St. Louis, 70-9; the Pacifics of San Francisco, 66-4 (six innings); the San Francisco Atlantics, 76-5 (five innings); Omaha City, 65-1; and the Marions of Indiana, 63-4.

Most of those clubs clearly didn't belong on the field with the Red Stockings. What they shared in common, however, was that they were established organized ball-clubs and as such recognized by the governing National Association of Base Ball Players. Member clubs could send representatives to the annual winter meeting to vote on matters of rules and procedures. They could also participate in formal matches — hence Harry Wright considered them legitimate opponents.

A *match* was a best-of-three series between two teams during the course of a season. Contenders were supposed to agree in advance whether a game was to be a “match contest.” If so, the challenger (not necessarily the visitor) had certain rights — such as selecting the type of ball to be used. The loser of the first game had the right to demand a rematch within a specified length of time. The team that won two games formally bested the other that season. In New York, a reigning champion kept the symbolic “whip pennant” until losing to a match challenger.

In Harry Wright's view — for the most part traditional and legalistic — an opponent therefore “counted” if capable of playing a match contest. Since “picked nines” did not exist as recognized entities and were incapable of engaging in matches, Wright did not count them.

By his lights he was undeniably correct. Yet the Association had relatively little authority. And the match system was rife with controversy. When facing strong inter-sec-tional opponents — most notably Philadelphia's

Athletics — New York teams used to claim that their losses had not come in match games. That way they could keep the championship streamer among themselves. That ploy was used against the Red Stockings in 1869 by the pennant-holding Brooklyn Eckfords, who maintained that the first of their two solid losses to the Cincinnati club had not been within the match framework. Wright quite properly counted the win.

In short, a case could have been made — as the *Tribune* evidently did — for stretching the list of Red Stocking victories beyond the boundaries of the match system. From today's standpoint it makes little sense that Wright counted the Red Stockings' victory over the weak Kentuckys of Louisville, while ignoring the victory over the stronger Louisville picked nine. And how about two uncounted wins against a group of San Francisco all-stars? In the wake of “Waterloo defeats” suffered by that city's leading teams (in five contests they had averaged only 4 runs to the Red Stockings' 58), a select squad of the losers' best players, calling themselves the “California Nine,” combined to “hold” the Red Stockings to a 46-14 win. Three days later the same players met the Red Stockings in Sacramento and again were defeated, 50-6. Decisive losses, true, yet those two contests, like the one in Louisville, were not counted among the Red Stockings' victories.

The other prong of the problem involves protests. Consider a famous game against the Troy Haymakers (a club seldom referred to by its official name, the Union of Lansingburgh). The Red Stockings had narrowly defeated the Haymakers in Troy, 37-31, in June. When the Haymakers journeyed to Cincinnati for a rematch two months later, the city overflowed with sporting fanatics from around the country. Gamblers bet huge amounts. The early “line” had the Red Stockings by a margin of 10 runs, and Haymaker bettors enjoyed the long end of two- or even three-to-one odds. It was rumored that Troy's John Morrissey, former U.S. boxing champion and current congressman from New York, had upwards of \$20,000 riding on the Haymakers.

Playing before a boisterous capacity crowd some twelve thousand strong, the Red Stockings lost the coin flip and went to bat first. They were ignominiously “white-washed” in the first-inning, a development that provoked another wave of betting. The Haymakers scored 6 runs in their half of the first. But the Red Stockings came back with 10 in the second to 7 for the Haymakers, then 3 in the next two innings while shutting out their opponents to tie the score at 13-13. In the fifth each team scored four times, making it 17-17.

Leading off the top of the sixth, Cincinnati rightfielder Cal McVey hit a foul tip that Haymaker catcher William

Craver failed to hold. McVey swung at the next pitch, and a second foul ball landed between Craver's feet. The rules stated that a "foul bound," a foul caught on one bounce, constituted an out. Craver snatched the ball up — with a handful of gravel, according to one account — and demanded of the umpire, "How's that?"

Observers at the press table, located behind the first base line, could not tell whether Craver had grabbed the ball in the air or on the ground. The umpire, J. R. Brockway of the Great Western Club of Cincinnati, a respected local player, judged with no hesitation that Craver had not caught the ball on the bounce, and that McVey was therefore not out.

At that point the Haymakers' president abruptly ordered his players from the field. To a crescendo of jeers and groans — and a few rocks from a gang of boys — they packed up their bats, boarded a waiting horse-drawn omnibus, and departed through the carriage gate. McVey held his position at the plate during the confusion that followed. Brockway finally mounted a chair and announced that the victory was awarded to Cincinnati because the Unions had refused to proceed with the game — a statement he reiterated and signed in the Red Stockings' scorebook.

For weeks, charges and counter-charges were hurled in the sporting press. The Haymakers claimed they had been victimized by a partisan umpire, and that they had taken the only honorable course in departing. Red Stocking supporters charged that the Haymakers had been ordered to pull out of the game in order to protect the stakes of big-money interests in the east, who had been getting innng-by-inning accounts via telegraph. Majority opinion tended to support the Red Stockings; the Troy club had been involved in too many questionable games in the past.

In any case, both teams had agreed to the choice of umpire at the game's outset. His decision was final. The requisite five innings had been completed; he was perfectly within his rights to award a victory.

In later years, writers scanning the list of Red Stockings' game scores have called the contest a tie. But in 1869 virtually nobody except the Haymakers did so. The Cincinnati team won by forfeit — simple as that. Had the Red Stockings quit the diamond in Troy (or several other cities) where the umpiring had been questionable at best, they could have counted on an identical decision being rendered against them.

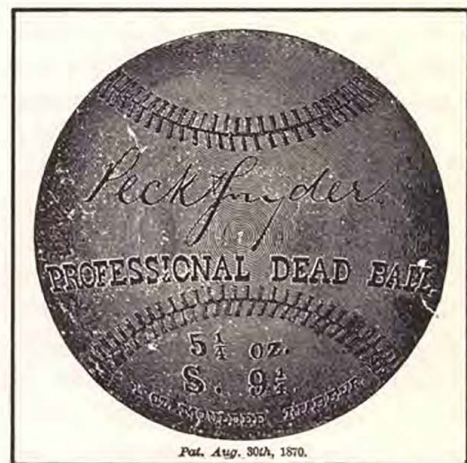
The Red Stockings had been involved in a strangely similar occurrence only three weeks earlier, on August 5, against the Central Citys of Syracuse. On the previous day, the Red Stockings had easily defeated the Syracuse visitors 37-9. But in the rematch, with Brainard mys-

teriously missing and catcher Allison unable to play his usual position because of badly cut and bruised hands, the two teams were tied 22-22 after seven innings.

In the top of the eighth, the Red Stockings broke loose for 14 runs before making an out. As dusk approached, it became evident to the Cincinnati press that the Syracuse players, particularly the pitcher, were stalling in hopes of the game being called and the result reverting to a tie. When Harry Wright went down swinging for the first out, the Central Citys charged that he had done so deliberately. Wright hotly objected, but the argument continued during the next three batters' turns. Finally — with McVey coming up to bat — the Syracuse team was ordered from the field by its president. Not all of the players immediately responded, but play stopped. McVey stood at the plate for five full minutes. Finally umpire Joe Doyle of the Cincinnati Buckeye Club awarded the victory to the Red Stockings, citing the Central Citys' refusal to continue. The game was called with two out in the top of the eighth, the score remaining as it stood — 36-22 for the Red Stockings. Nobody except the Central Citys ever considered it anything but a Cincinnati victory.

In sum, while several of the Red Stockings' wins might be considered equivalent to modern-day protested contests, they were counted as full-fledged victories at the time. There is no reason now to change that practice. But there is substantial reason to add the three victories against those relatively strong "picked nines" from San Francisco and Louisville to Harry Wright's total, making the 1869 record 60-0 and the 1869-70 victory streak 84 consecutive games before the loss to the Brooklyn Atlantics.

Sixty victories without a loss! A memorable total, one representing the most accurate measure of the Red Stockings' unparalleled dominance during the momentous season of 1869.



Pat. Aug. 30th, 1870.

Unknown and Phenomenal: Minor-League Batting Champions

JOHN E. SPALDING

Little noted nor long remembered, minor-league hitters routinely bat .400 or better and slug like supermen. Oddly, few of them go on to major-league stardom.

WHEN FORMER AMERICAN LEAGUER Willie Aikens batted a phenomenal .454 for the Puebla Black Angels in 1986 to shatter the Mexican League record, he also established the mark for the highest average by a minor league batting champion in the twentieth century. The previous mark was .446, set in 1919 by Frank Saucier of Wichita Falls in the Big State League.

Although my research was confined to this century, Aikens's average tops the highest mark reported for the nineteenth century, a .452 average recorded in 1895 by Bill Krieg, a first baseman for Rockford of the Western Association.

For many years, the highest minor league batting average was listed as .477 by Walter Malmquist of the Nebraska State League's York team in 1913. However, as David Kemp reported in SABR's *Minor League Baseball Stars, Volume II*, Malmquist probably never achieved that average.

An asterisk also goes to Gary Redus, who batted .462 to win the Pioneer League title in 1978. The league, however, was a Class A Summer League with a seventy-game schedule.

Players in the several Mexican leagues that have been part of Organized Baseball since 1955 have produced the minors' top average in sixteen of the last twenty-seven years.

On the eighty-six-year champions list, the Mexican League — aided by climate, altitude, and a lively ball in some years — has had eight champions. Others with more than two leaders are the Mexican Center League and Pacific Coast League with six each; the American Association and Western League with five apiece; the California League with four; and the Southern Association with three.

The names of a few well-known players dot the list, including Hall of Fame members Billy Hamilton, Jake

Beckley, Paul Waner, and George Kell. Hamilton, Waner, and Kell were the only minor-league champions to win batting titles in the majors. They won six among them.

Thirty-nine of the seventy-eight players who won minor-league titles had some big-league experience, but only nine played in as many as 1,000 games.

So, the names of many of these top hitters are familiar only to the devoted followers of bush-league baseball.

A number of these less familiar players had long and productive minor-league careers. The records of fifteen of them are included in SABR's two *Minor League Baseball Stars* books.

One is Frank Huelsman, who won the minor-league championships a record five times — in 1901, 1903, 1911, 1913, and 1914. Huelsman's 1914 statistics originally were reported at fewer than 300 times at bat, but new information about the continued play of several Union Association teams after the league dropped to three clubs shows Huelsman hit .424 in 323 at-bats, according to SABR member Bob Hoie.

Two-title winners were Oscar (Ox) Eckhardt, Francis Boniar, Ramiro Caballero, Teolindo Acosta, and James Collins.

Among the few leaders still active in the majors are two former California League champions, Rudy Law, who had a .386 average with Lodi in 1977, and Kent Hrbek, who batted .379 with Visalia in 1981.

Researching these top hitters was no easy task, I discovered last year when I acquired a scrapbook containing photos and clippings about the career of George R. (Frenchy) Lafayette, a first baseman-outfielder who spent nine years in the Pacific International, Pacific Coast, and Texas leagues in the 1920s.

In digging up his records, I found that Lafayette had hit

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.428 with Yakima in the Pacific International League in 1921, his second year in pro ball. That was the highest average by a minor-league batting champion that year. I wondered who the other yearly leaders were.

Since I couldn't find a source listing this information, I decided to compile my own list. But to determine the champions I had to set some standards.

Since December 1949, baseball's official rules have determined who wins a league title. Before that, each league president determined the winner. When the batting title rules were codified for the 1950 season, the initial requirement was that players perform in at least two-thirds of their team's games to qualify for the title. In 1952, this was changed to a minimum of 2.6 times at bat per game. The rule was altered again in 1957 to require a minimum of 3.1 plate appearances per game (including at bats, sacrifices, bases on balls, and hit by pitcher). In 1974 the rule was again changed for the minor leagues to a minimum of 2.7 plate appearances per game.

The rules also set down a procedure by which a player who doesn't achieve the required minimum of appearances still wins the title: if the addition of the additional appearances needed to bring him to the minimum produces an average that is higher than that of the runner-up. Since I felt there should be some minimum, I considered only league batting champions who had at least 300 official at-bats.

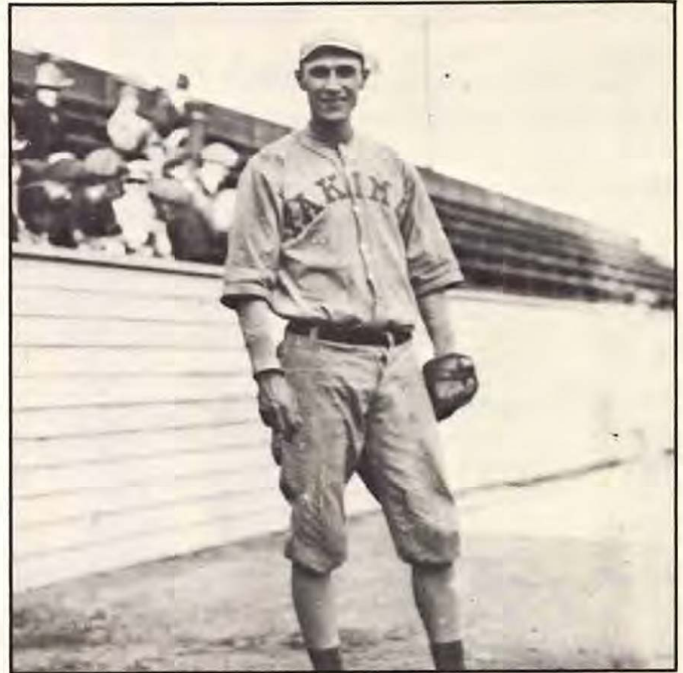
My compilation is at odds with the Hillerich & Bradsby Co., which honored minor league champions with its Louisville Slugger award from 1934 through 1968. The award was a hollow sterling silver bat, at least until the price of silver went out of sight. Then the company switched to a silver-plated bat. In 1969, H&B dropped the award in favor of giving each league champion a plaque with a model of his bat attached to it.

The first H&B champ was Jimmy Saunders, manager and outfielder for Martinsville in the Bi-State League. His 1934 average of .423 was compiled in only 222 times at bat. The addition of 78 at-bats to bring him to 300 pushed his average below that of my winner, Phil Weintraub, who hit .401 at Nashville in the Southern Association.

I used the same adjustment for other Louisville Slugger champs who failed to reach 300 at-bats. Ed Zipay in 1936 and Luis Hernandez in 1960 qualified as champions under this system, but Jim Grudzis in 1942, Don Stafford in 1952, and Tony Oliva in 1961 did not.

Stafford, who played for Salisbury in the North Carolina State League, actually did not have the highest average in 1952, but his .408 won the Louisville Slugger award anyway.

Patricio Lorenzo, who played at Lamesa and Borger in the West Texas-New Mexico League that year, had a



George (Frenchy) Lafayette

batting average of .415. Lorenzo did not, however, have the required 367 at-bats to qualify outright for the league title and has now been declared the winner under the special provision of the scoring rule. When his average was recalculated at 367 at-bats, it dropped to .392, which was still twenty-nine points higher than the average of the second-place batter.

Rex Bradley, vice president of amateur relations and special projects for Hillerich & Bradsby, told me that Lorenzo wasn't given the award because of his failure to win the title outright. Lorenzo's true average was reported in the 1953 *Sporting News Baseball Guide* as .416. Actually it was .4149, which rounds upward to .415.

The averages reported in other record books and guides show several other rounding errors. Bill McGilvray's average was reported at .372 in 1906, when he was with Pueblo in the Western League, but it rounds to .373. Huelsman was with Salt Lake City in the Union Association in 1913 and his average was reported at .422, but it rounds to .423. In 1930, J. Bernard Lewis of Lindale in the Georgia-Alabama League actually hit .423, but the guides reported it at .422.

The closest race for the minor-league title was in 1950, when Oscar (Chico) Sierra of Hornell in the PONY League hit .4217 to edge T. Russell (Red) Mincy of Marion in the Western Carolina League, who hit .4214.

Two of the champs played together in 1937 and 1938 at Beckley in the Mountain State League. Earl (Red) Martin, who led the minors with a .400 average with Beckley in 1937, was a teammate of Murray Franklin, who hit .262 in fifty-one games that year. The next year, Franklin

led the minors with a .439 average, and Martin was the runner-up at .392.

Their batting averages were higher than those of the major-league batting champions in all but ten years, nine of them between 1901 and 1925. The only recent major-league champion to lead the entire nation was Rod Carew of the Minnesota Twins, who hit .388 in 1977, two points

higher than Law's .386.

For the entire twentieth century, the composite average of the minor-league champions is .4028. This compares with .3558, the mark the 172 American and National League champion hitters combined to achieve.

The champs produced long hits as well as lots of hits, with forty-two slugging .600 or higher. The top slugging

20th-Century Minor-League Batting Champions

Year	PLAYER, TEAM AND LEAGUE	GM	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	AVG
1901	+ Frank Huelsman, Shreveport (Southern Assoc.)	121*	487	98	191*	31	10	9	—	15	.392*
1902	+ Hugh Hill, Nashville (Southern)	91	358	99*	149	—	—	—	—	—	.416*
1903	+ Frank Huelsman, Spokane (Pacific International)	98	418	89	160	35	11	6	—	14	.392*
1904	+ Billy Hamilton, Haverhill (New England)	113	408	113*	168*	32	8	0	—	74*	.412*
1905	+ Charles Hemphill, St. Paul (American Assoc.)	145	560	122	204*	38	12	5	—	40	.364*
1906	+ Bill McGilvray, Pueblo (Western)	139	531	109	198	—	—	—	—	32	.373*
1907	Jacob Beckley, Kansas City (American Assoc.)	100	378	65	138	10	4	1	—	12	.365*
1908	+ Bob Edmundson, Galveston (Texas)	96	366	73	143	—	—	—	—	23	.391*
1909	Harry Welch, Omaha (Western)	151	527	81	196*	41	15	7	—	51	.372*
1910	Frank (Cy) Forsythe, Pekin (Illinois-Missouri) (1)	85	305	53	116	—	—	—	—	21	.380*
1911	+ Frank Huelsman, Great Falls (Union Assoc.)	135	516	117	212	48	15	17*	125*	25	.411*
1912	+ Charles Johnson, Trenton (Tri-State)	109	400	86	161	—	—	—	—	22	.403*
1913	+ Frank Huelsman, Salt Lake City (Union Assoc.)	122	473	123*	200*	36*	20*	22*	126*	16	.423*
1914	+ Frank Huelsman, Salt Lake City (Union Assoc.)	92	323	80	137	27	5	23*	89	12	.424*
1915	+ Walter (Big Bill) Kay, Binghamton (New York State)	125	447	98*	169*	—	—	—	—	35	.378*
1916	+ Henry Butcher, Denver (Western)	145	541	116	204	31	20*	15	—	32	.377*
1917	Jack Hurley, Hagerstown (Blue Ridge)	86	325	53	125	19	0	1	—	4	.385*
1918	+ Howard (Polly) McLarry, Binghamton (International)	103	335	51	129	26	7	4	—	15	.385*
1919	+ Joe Wilhoit, Wichita (Western)	128	526	126*	222*	41	10	7	—	13	.422*
1920	+ Lance Richbourg, Grand Rapid (Central)	87	311	63	129	12	9*	2	—	13	.415*
1921	George (Frenchy) Lafayette, Yakima (Pacific Coast Int.)	111	418	132	179	43	16	12	—	30	.428*
1922	Jack Schaefer, London (Michigan-Ontario) (2)	100	407	79	167	27	21	9	—	9	.410*
1923	+ Moses Solomon, Hutchinson (Southwestern)	134	527	143*	222*	40*	15	49*	—	12	.421*
1924	T. P. Osborne, Mount Pleasant (East Texas)	101	396	93	171*	48	3	23	—	46*	.432*
1925	+ Paul Waner, San Francisco (Pacific Coast)	174	699	167	280	75*	7	11	130	8	.401*
1926	Bill Diester, Salina (Southwestern)	106	428	110*	190*	33*	4	27	—	10	.444*
1927	David Miner, Okmulgee (Western Assoc.)	103	339	72	139	29	3	18	—	10	.410*
1928	+ James A. (Danny) Boone, High Point (Piedmont)	128	468	123	196*	40	11	38*	131*	11	.419*
1929	Edward Kallina, Midland (West Texas)	94	367	126	159	28	7	44*	—	16	.433*
1930	Tony Antista, Bisbee (Arizona State) †	109*	444	127*	191*	36	16*	17	100	18	.430*
1931	+ E. Gordon (Babe) Phelps, Youngstown (Mid-Atlantic) (4)	115	436	71	178	29	9	15	88	9	.408*
1932	+ Dick Gyselman, Albuquerque (Arizona-Texas)	99	421	104	165	24	12	2	—	14	.392*
1933	+ Oscar (Ox) Eckhardt, Mission (Pacific Coast)	189*	760	145	315*	56	16	12	143	15	.414*
1934	+ Phil Weintraub, Nashville (Southern Assoc.)	101	372	101	149	36	7	16	87	12	.401*
1935	+ Oscar (Ox) Eckhardt, Mission (Pacific Coast)	172	710	149	283*	40	11	2	114	8	.399*
1936	John E. (Ed) Zipay, Fostoria (Ohio State)	74	298	59	125	24	5	21	69	9	.419*
1937	Earl (Red) Martin, Beckley (Mountain State)	91	360	80	144	39*	14*	8	96*	7	.400*
1938	+ Murray Franklin, Beckley (Mountain State)	94	385	91	169	31	13*	26*	110	13	.439*
1939	Robert (Joe) Schmidt, Duluth (Northern)	120	440	114*	194*	29	9	31*	133*	17	.441*
1940	Edwin Schweda, Lubbock (West Texas-New Mexico)	114	469	142	198	39	15	11	118	7	.422*
1941	Lewis Flick, Elizabethton (Appalachian)	117	502*	127*	210*	37*	13	5	116*	20	.418*
1942	Bill Deininger, Sheboygan (Wisconsin State)	104	376	99*	149*	34*	5	9	95	28	.396*
1943	+ George Kell, Lancaster (Inter-State)	138	555	120*	220*	33	23*	5	79	14	.396*
1944	+ James A. (Rip) Collins, Albany (Eastern)	100	323	62	128	40*	8	3	77	14	.396*
1945	Arden (Cotton) McCaskey, Bristol (Appalachian)	106	437	72	164*	26*	14*	2	96	5	.375*
1946	+ Earl J. Browne, Owensboro (Kitty)	92	350	84	150	18	3	21	104	2	.429*
1947	Jim Prince, Midland (Longhorn)	108	415	111	178	31	6	34	141	4	.429*

mark was .907 by Ed Kallina, who hit .433 in ninety-four games with Midland of the West Texas League in 1929. Kallina had 333 total bases in 367 at-bats, with 28 doubles, 7 triples and 44 home runs. He also hit 6 homers in seventeen games at Sherman, Tex. before the Lone Star League folded earlier in the year. When he wasn't slugging the ball, Kallina pitched.

Three other minor-league champions slugged .800 or better. The highest among these was an .891 by Caballero of Guanajuato in the Mexican Center League in 1962, followed by Aikens' .862 last season and .833 by Moses (The Rabbi of Swat) Solomon, who set the then-minor league record for home runs with 49 at Hutchinson of the Southwestern League in 1923.

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Year	PLAYER, TEAM AND LEAGUE	GM	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	AVG
1948	Joe Kracher, Kilgore (Lone Star)	113	383	87	166	36	3	12	104	10	.433*
1949	+ Frank Saucier, Wichita Falls (Big State)	96	316	75	141	33	4	8	74	12	.446*
1950	Oscar (Chico) Sierra, Hornell (PONY)	93	358	99	151	28	2	21	114	12	.422*
1951	D. C. (Pud) Miller, Hickory (North Carolina State)	119	426	115	181	32	1	40*	136*	2	.425*
1952	Patricio Lorenzo, Lamesa & Borger (W. Tex.-New Mex.)	85	347	88	144	30	4	16	92	10	.415*
1953	+ Russ Snyder, McAlester (Sooner State)	138	556	137	240*	32	16	2	84	74*	.432*
1954	Neal Cobb, Crestview (Alabama-Florida)	115	435	108	188	27	8	5	124	3	.432*
1955	Frank Bonair, Hornell (PONY)	99	356	71	155	32	1	18	100	11	.435*
1956	Grover Jones, Dubuque (Midwest)	100	330	105	135	25	6	26	120*	8	.409*
1957	Frank Bonair, Reno (California)	110	443	102	193	33	15	11	138*	4	.436*
1958	+ James McAnany, Colorado Springs (Western)	119	438	108	175	29	1	26	117	8	.400*
1959	Billy Smith, Boise (Pioneer)	100	308	80	120	21	1	10	74	2	.390*
1960	Luis Hernandez, Guanajuato (Mexican Center)	79	297	70	120	26	7	13	64	23	.404*
1961	Tommie Martz, Hobbs (Sophomore)	98	354	117	137	18	5	4	36	49	.387*
1962	Ramiro Caballero, Guanajuato (Mexican Center)	113	423	123	175*	25	0	59*	170	3	.414*
1963	Armando deLeon, Guanajuato (Mexican Center)	88	317	60	120	19	1	3	44	3	.379*
1964	Ramiro Caballero, Leon (Mexican Center)	121	460	135*	175*	29	1	35*	145*	3	.380*
1965	Alfonso Peciado, Guanajuato (Mexican Center)	130	529	103	224*	48*	14*	11	147	11	.423*
1966	+ Celerino Sanchez, Campeche (Mexican Southeast)	99	357	69	160*	50*	21*	7	82*	34	.448*
1967	Hilario Pena, Campeche (Mexican Southeast)	102	404	60	159	61	3	1	49	9	.394*
1968	+ Jim Hicks, Tulsa (Pacific Coast)	117	407	100*	149	32	7	23	85	14	.366*
1969	+ Bernie Carbo, Indianapolis (American Assoc.)	111	404	83	145	37	2	32	76	7	.359*
1970	Miguel Suarez, Tampico (Mexican Center)	126	460	105	181*	37*	4	14	101	15	.393*
1971	Teolindo Acosta, Yucatan (Mexican)	133	441	75	173	22	11	7	71	17	.392*
1972	Don Anderson, Jalisco (Mexican)	130	445	76	161	31	2	8	68	0	.362*
1973	+ Jim Dwyer, Tulsa (American Assoc.)	87	349	63	135	22	8	1	40	7	.387*
1974	Teolindo Acosta, Puebla (Mexican)	122	464	93*	170*	17	6	2	43	20	.366*
1975	+ Gene Richards, Reno (California)	134	501*	148*	191*	29	10	12	58	85*	.381
1976	Fred Frazier, El Paso (Texas)	83	309	73	114	22	4	6	72	2	.369*
1977	+ Rudy Law, Lodi (California)	122	451	124	174	22	5	9	88	37	.386*
1978	+ Dane Iorg, Springfield (American Assoc.)	89	345	73	128	20	0	24	87	1	.371*
1979	James Collins, Chihuahua (Mexican)	124	470	95	206*	35	10	6	60	33	.438*
1980	Roberto Rodriguez, Laguna (Mexican)	88	334	50	135	17	6	1	34	10	.404*
1981	+ Kent Hrbek, Visalia (California)	121	462	119	175	25	5	27	111	12	.379*
1982	+ Michael Wilson, Albuquerque (Pacific Coast)	99	368	77	139	25	6	2	56	25	.378*
1983	+ Chris Smith, Phoenix (Pacific Coast)	123	449	88	170	31	5	21	102	4	.379*
1984	James Collins, Mexico City Reds & Cordoba (Mexican)	109	403	81	166	35	4	6	59	12	.412*
1985	Oswaldo Olivares, Aguascalientes & Campeche (Mexican)	110	441	85	175*	22	14*	5	49	20	.397*
1986	+ Willie Aikens, Puebla (Mexican)	—	445	134	202*	38	3	46	154*	0	.454*

+ — Played in major leagues.

* — Led minor league in category.

(1) — Benny Kauff, Parkersburg (Virginia Valley), reportedly batted .417, but no official figures are available.

(2) — Floyd (Babe) Herman, Omaha (Western), hit .416 in 310 at bats, but did not qualify for the league batting championship.

(3) — Issac (Ike) Boone, Mission (Pacific Coast), hit .448 in 310 at bats, but did not qualify for the league batting championship.

(4) — Augustin (Gus) Dugas, Kansas City (American Association), hit .419 in 327 at bats, but did not qualify for the league batting championship.

A Conversation with Clyde Sukeforth

C. E. LINCOLN

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Who managed the Dodgers in Jackie Robinson's first game? Sukeforth did. And the second too, he will tell you. In fact, at 86, Sukeforth is a font of anecdote and opinion.

ON APRIL 15, 1947, Jack Roosevelt Robinson stepped onto the diamond at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn, New York, took his position at first base, and became the first black this century to play major-league baseball. On April 15, 1987, marking the fortieth anniversary of his historic breakthrough, the Jackie Robinson Foundation and the Brooklyn Dodger Hall of Fame held a brief ceremony on what was once the site of Ebbets Field. At almost precisely the hour when Robinson first appeared in a Dodger uniform, several hundred people gathered on the patio of the Ebbets Field Apartments — the housing development that has been neatly tucked into the familiar four corners of the old ballpark in Brooklyn (McKeever Place, Montgomery Street, Bedford Avenue and Sullivan Place).

The ceremony unfolded on the same spot where the famed Ebbets Field scoreboard had once stood and Abe Stark's advertisement had read: "Hit Sign, Win Suit." The celebrants looked out on Bedford Avenue (which by all accounts had not changed all that much), where the "Duke of Flatbush," Edwin Snider, had plunked nearly half of his home runs. Speeches of fond remembrance were made, Jackie Robinson Day was proclaimed in Brooklyn, and a symbolic second base with Robinson's number 42 was presented to the people of Brooklyn. Finally the names of Robinson's Opening Day teammates were read. The last name, Clyde LeRoy Sukeforth, echoed through the tall apartment buildings and left in a whisper. Afterward someone asked, "Who was Clyde Sukeforth?" Well, he was Jackie Robinson's first big-league manager — the first man, by every account, to write Jackie's name on a major-league lineup card. Sukeforth had been asked to manage the Dodgers on an interim basis after Leo Durocher had been suspended from baseball only four days before the season opener for associating with gamblers. For the record, his interim basis lasted one game — at least according to the Baseball Encyclopedia — in which the Dodgers defeated the Boston Braves, 5-3. But by his own account and that of Red Barber, the former Dodger broadcaster, Sukeforth managed

the next day and also won. Then Burt Shotton took over as manager for the remainder of the 1947 season. But Clyde Sukeforth was more than just a footnote to history. "He was placed in a very difficult situation," says Rachel Robinson, Jackie's widow. "And he responded like a gentleman. He befriended Jack. He understood what was going on around him. I'll never forget him."

A former catcher for the Cincinnati Reds and Dodgers, Sukeforth played ten seasons in three decades. His last appearance as a player came in 1945 when, at the age of forty-three, he was asked by Branch Rickey to become the Dodgers' third catcher. "I thought things were bad because of the war," he says. "But when Mr. Rickey asked me to bring my equipment to spring training, I thought we'd hit the bottom of the barrel. But I wound up catching a few games that season (thirteen) anyway. Never thought about my age. Felt pretty good as a matter of fact."

Now at the age of eighty-six, Sukeforth — who later worked for the Dodgers as a scout, coach and manager — lives in Waldoboro, Maine. Below he describes his role in the making of American history and recalls some other memories from forty years in baseball.

See, coming from Maine, I never thought about color. Didn't see many black people around and when I got involved in scouting for Mr. Rickey, didn't think they were anything different than the folks I knew back home. I don't feel I did anything special. I was just there.

I remember Opening Day back in '47 pretty well. I know there was a whole lot of fanfare and excitement goin' on, that's for sure. Durocher had been suspended by the Commissioner just a few days before, and that's what all the talk was about. Mr. Rickey just told the coaching staff to decide among themselves as to who would manage. See, I knew Mr. Rickey was bringing Shotton in.

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Shotton was coming out of retirement and all, and I was supposed to keep real quiet about all this. So in the meantime the coaches got together and I guess, somehow, I was chosen to be the manager. I really didn't do anything different from what Durocher had done in spring training. Same lineup. Yes, except for Jackie. And we even had a problem there. Didn't know where to put him.

And this'll tell you what kind of athlete Jackie was. He'd been a shortstop in college, I believe, and had played the year before at Montreal as a second baseman. Never really worked out at first base. Well, we had this fella Stanky over at second. Couldn't really move *him*. Reese, Jorgensen was the rest of the infield, so when he came out to the park for the exhibition games we started to hit Jackie ground balls at first, you know, teach him how to make the stretch, and so forth, and he picked it up like he'd been playing there all his life. I'm not saying it was his best position, but he learned it quick. And he was more than adequate.

I'd have to say at that point that he was the most extraordinary athlete I'd seen play the game. He could've played any of three sports he played in college, as you know. He could've played pro football or basketball. He was just a great athlete. And to make his debut at first base was really something. Here was a guy who was supposed to be a second baseman and he started out over at first base. And if I remember correctly, the Dodgers didn't move him over to second base full time until 1949. He played second a lot in 1948, but he really didn't move there until two years after he broke in.

Anyway, I remember writing out the lineup card, didn't think anything special of it. I just wanted to follow what Mr. Rickey and Durocher wanted. I guess I have a copy of it somewhere around. Looking back, it was a part of history, but at that point, I just wanted to get the season started before Mr. Shotton arrived. There were all sorts of photographers and newsreel cameras around home plate, all around the park. I felt the excitement. It was Opening Day and all that, but there was so much more going on.

Hard to remember, but I'm certain, yes very certain now that I look back — fact I got a picture of myself with Billy Southworth at home plate — that I took the lineup card up to the plate that day, handed it to the umpires and to the Braves manager, Southworth. Nothing was said that I can remember. So much noise. That's what I remember. I handed them the cards and walked back to the dugout. The Dodgers took the field and that was it. The season started. Simple as that. At least for me.

Some of the guys on the team did some crazy things. Things I don't even want to talk about. Things that really embarrassed Mr. Rickey after all the work he had done. If these guys had only known how it hurt Mr. Rickey. He

expected a lot from the Dodgers.

I suppose that was my claim to fame, but Red Barber tells me I've been cheated out of one victory. And when you've got 50 percent of your victories taken from you, that's a lot [laughing]. It doesn't much matter to me. I know we won that day and I *do* know that I managed the club the next day and if I'm correct we won that game also. But I'm only credited with one victory as a manager. One and oh. Perfect record. Red says I should have two.

The other thing I'm remembered for in history is old Charlie Dressen blamin' me for sendin' in Ralph Branca when that fellow Thomson hit that long 213-foot home run. Long home run, wasn't it? I guess everyone over the age of fifteen at the time has second-guessed me or Dressen, but I know Dressen second-guessed *me*. I remember it clear as a bell. I was down in the bullpen in the Polo Grounds on that day [October 3, 1951, when the New York Giants defeated the Dodgers in the rubber game of a three-game playoff to win the National League pennant]. The game was going along pretty good when Dressen gets on the phone and says he's sendin' down two more guys to the pen. He sent down Erskine, who had pitched the day before, and Clem Labine.

Now, you know Erskine was in no shape to go right back out there. So here comes Labine wanderin' down there with his shoes off. Now, Labine had to have his ankles taped if he was gonna pitch. I took one look at his legs and his ankles weren't taped. So I didn't think he'd be ready, either. And Branca was throwin' pretty good. He *really* was. So here's Erskine nursin' his arm, Labine is lying out in the sun getting a tan — he's *lyin'* out there — and the only guy I got is Branca. And there's absolutely nothing wrong with him. Absolutely nothing. And I tell Dressen that. So when the time comes, in goes Branca. And I thought we'd get out of it. Next thing I know, the guy hits this pop-up — I swear it was a pop-up — that lands in the front row of the grandstand and that's all she wrote.

Afterward, all I heard is, "You sent in the wrong guy. Sent in the wrong guy. Where was Erskine? Where was Labine?" Erskine was tired. And Labine was at the beach. And that's history, also.

Nothing much else to my career. I miss the game. I really miss scouting, looking for players. I've always said, what makes a great manager? Great players. What makes a great pitching coach? Three good pitchers. But you've got to find them first.

Say, that delicatessen on Bedford Avenue right across from center field still there? Geez, they had the best corned beef sandwiches and the best pickles. That's something you don't forget. That was a great place. That Ebbets Field.

One-hit Games: Triumph or Tragedy?

WILLIAM RUIZ

Unnoticed behind the no-hitter, the one-hitter has its cast of heroes and trivia. It's also the only major feat in baseball that often comes accompanied by regret.

CONSIDER THE ONE-HITTER. What is it? The triumph of a brilliant pitching performance? Or the tragedy of a no-hitter missed? For certain, it is a little-noted aspect of baseball. Herewith everything you've ever wanted to know about one-hitters but never thought to ask.

Bob Feller holds the record with twelve of them. Nolan Ryan is second with nine, and Steve Carlton holds the National League record of six. From 1900 to 1986 there were 779 different one-hitters by 504 pitchers (including eight in the Federal League and counting only games that were played to the full nine innings). The odds against a no-hitter are 1,300-1; the odds on a one-hitter are 300-1.

Is there correlation between no-hit and one-hit pitchers? Fully 91 of the 151 no-hit pitchers hurled at least one one-hitter: a solid 61 percent. Conversely, 92 of the 504 one-hit pitchers threw no-hitters: 18 percent. So the odds on a one-hit pitcher throwing a no-hitter are about 5½-1.

Generally speaking, power pitchers with long careers tend to pitch both no-hit and one-hit games. However, Lefty Grove won 300 games without one of either. And seven different pitchers won more than 200 games without recording either feat. On the other hand, Mike Kekich, who won thirty-nine games in his career, had one-hitters in each league. So have twenty-three others, John Tudor being the most recent. Mordecai (Three Finger) Brown, who had one-hitters five different times in the National League, is the only pitcher to throw one in the Federal League as well as another major league. Only Nolan Ryan had three in each league, and Rick Wise alone had two in each.

Bob Feller holds the records for one-hit "streaks." He had one-hitters in four consecutive years (1938-41), took three years off to serve in the Navy, and then had a three-year stretch of them (1945-47). That's seven con-

secutive playing seasons: another mark. Feller also holds the record for longest gap between first and last career one-hitters: the seventeen-year, eleven-day gap between April 20, 1938 and May 1, 1955. Ah, but if Nolan Ryan throws another one-hitter, he'll break Feller's mark. Going to the other extreme, Urban (Red) Faber holds the record for longest gap between one-hitters: the thirteen-year, eight-month, eleven-day break between September 15, 1915 and May 26, 1929.

Brother and father-son combinations? Thought you'd never ask. The Brothers Barnes (Jesse on July 4, 1919, Virgil on July 10, 1927), Coveleskis (Harry on May 30, 1914, Stan on September 19, 1917), Niekros (Phil on September 5, 1969 and Oct. 2, 1976, Joe on July 2, 1970), Perrys (Gaylord on August 26, 1968, Jim on June 10, 1975). The only father-son combination is the Colmans (Joe Sr. on September 9, 1954, Joe Jr. on September 23, 1973 and May 6, 1975).

Victims? The St. Louis Browns and Boston Red Sox each were one-hit four different times by Feller, and the hapless Red Sox another three times by Guy Morton. The Tigers were one-hit three times by two different pitchers — Addie Joss and Bobo Newsom — and the White Sox three times by Water Johnson.

On fifty-three different occasions the single hit ruined an otherwise perfect game. Five different times the leadoff batter hit safely and the next twenty-seven hitters were retired. The pitchers and the pesky hitters: Jerry Reuss (Eddie Milner, June 11, 1982), Jim Bibby (Terry Harper, May 19, 1981), Woodie Fryman (Ron Hunt, July 1, 1966), Robin Roberts (Bobby Adams, May 13, 1954), and Curt Simmons (Bill Bruton, May 16, 1953).

William Ruiz is a baseball researcher in New York. He was assisted in this article by Ray Gonzalez, one of the original 16 SABR members.

Cy Young (naturally) is the oldest pitcher to throw a one-hit game; he did it on May 30, 1908 when he was forty-one. Von McDaniel was the youngest: eighteen.

One final conclusion on one-hitters. Pitchers who

allowed the hit in the first five innings probably remember the game with some pride. Pitchers whose no-hitters were broken up after the fifth probably feel some regret. That's the schizoid nature of the one-hit game.

Most One-Hitters

Feller	12	Coombs	4
Ryan	9	Cuellar	4
Johnson, W	7	Douglas	4
Joss	7	Fromme	4
Brown, Mordecai	6	Fryman	4
Carlton	6	Mathewson, C	4
Alexander, GC	5	McDowell, S	4
Blyleven	5	Morton, Guy	4
Maloney	5	Pierce	4
Newsom	5	Raffensberger	4
Palmer	5	Rogers	4
Seaver	5	Trucks	4
Sutton	5	Turley	4
Walsh	5	Vaughn	4
White, Doc	5	Warneke	4
Blue	4	Wise	4
Camnitz	4	Wyatt, W	4

Team One-Hitters

AL		NL	
Cleveland	59	Chicago	61
Chicago	54	Dodgers	49 (Bk 31, LA 18)
New York	42	Cincinnati	46
Detroit	38	St. Louis	42
Athletics	36 (Phil 20, KC 6, Oak 10)	Philadelphia	38
Washington	32	Giants	36 (NY 25, SF 11)
Boston	31	Pittsburgh	31
Baltimore	24	Braves	30 (Bost 18, Milw 8, Atl 4)
St. Louis	19	Montreal	16
California	12	Mets	14
Minnesota	11	Houston	12
KC	10	San Diego	11
Texas	7		386
Milwaukee	4		
Toronto	4		
Mariners	2		
	385		
		Federal League	
		8 altogether	

Extra-Inning One-Hitters (13)

Pitcher	Date	IP/W-L/Score
White	Sept. 6, 1903	10, Won, 1-0
Wicker	June 11, 1904	12, Won, 1-0
Overall	July 17, 1905	10, Won, 1-0
Pfiester	Sept. 18, 1906	10, Won, 1-0
Corridon	May 8, 1907	10, Won, 3-1
Cole	Aug. 2, 1911	10, Won, 1-0
Ames	Sept. 19, 1915	10, Won, 1-0
Newsom	Sept. 18, 1934	10, Lost, 2-1
Haddix	May 26, 1959	12 1/3, Lost, 1-0
Veale	Sept. 19, 1965	10, Won, 1-0
Jones, R	June 19, 1975	10, Won, 1-0
Blyleven	June 21, 1976	10, Won, 1-0
Leach	Oct. 1, 1982	10, Won, 1-0

Losing One-Hit Games (32)

Pitcher	Date	Score
Donovan, W. B.	May 13, 1902	3-2
Winter	April 18, 1905	1-0
Orth	June 10, 1906	1-0
Leifield	July 4, 1906	+ 1-0
Raymond	April 20, 1908	2-0
Overall	Aug. 10, 1908	3-2
Pastorius	Sept. 6, 1908	1-0
Gray	Aug. 28, 1909	* 6-1
Warhop	June 3, 1910	3-1
Fromme	May 4, 1913	1-0
Allen	July 17, 1914	3-2
Griner	July 30, 1914	2-1
Douglas	Oct. 2, 1914	2-1
Johnson, R	Aug. 5, 1915	1-0
Hendrix	Aug. 1, 1916	3-2
Cooper	June 18, 1918	1-0
Steele, B	June 30, 1918	2-1
Newsom	Sept. 18, 1934	2-1 (10 Inns)
Grissom	Sept. 6, 1937	2-1
Bevens	Oct. 3, 1947	3-2 (World Series)
Blackwell	Sept. 12, 1950	3-1
Feller	April 23, 1952	+ 1-0
Burdette	June 16, 1957	1-0
Haddix	May 26, 1959	xx 1-0 (Lost in 13th Inn.)
Monbouquette	Sept. 6, 1964	2-1
Meyer	Sept. 12, 1964	+ 1-0
Ellsworth	May 15, 1965	3-1
Hendley	Sept. 9, 1965	x 1-0
Hassler	Sept. 8, 1974	1-0
Dotson	May 18, 1983	1-0
DeLeon	Aug. 24, 1984	2-0
Hough	June 16, 1986	2-1

+ = Leifield, Feller, and Meyer lost as their pitching adversaries also hurled one-hitters (Cain, Brown, and Bertaina, respectively)

* = Not a typo, Gray issued 11 walks and lost 6-1

x = Hendley lost to Koufax perfect game

xx = Pitched 12 perfect innings



The Algona Brownies, Champs of the West

DAVID KEMP & ROGER WILDIN

A storied black team at the turn of the century. . . and a neat bit of research.

IT IS SEPTEMBER, 1903. The Algona Brownies, independent champs of the Upper Midwest and Colored Champions of the West, are scheduled to play a baseball series in St. Paul against the Winnipeg Maroons, runaway champs of the Northern League — an Organized Baseball circuit. The series is to last seven games, with the first two scheduled to be played at St. Paul's Lexington Park. How did the Brownies-Maroons series come to be? The story is an important chapter in the baseball history of the Upper Midwest.

The Algona Brownies were one of the finest independent teams in the Upper Midwest at the turn of the century. They were also one of the finest collections of black ballplayers to be gathered during those years. How did a salaried town team from Algona, Iowa develop into a regional power featuring several of the leading black players of the day?

You can begin with the team's owner, E. J. Murtagh. The consummate self-made man, Murtagh was in his mid-thirties when he owned the Brownies. Born in 1868 of Irish-American parents in Waverly, Iowa, he had begun as a bookkeeper at a creamery. By 1900 he was the president of several local banks and a delegate to the 1900 Democratic National Convention. His real-estate partner was fellow Algona businessman Gardner Cowles. During this period Cowles was in the process of building a newspaper empire that still bears his name. Murtagh resembled the comfortable corporate owner of today much more than he did the struggling Irish-American owners of many local teams in the region at the time.

Although Murtagh did not leave business records for this period, he did leave a diary. It is an excellent account of the Brownies' fortunes. Interspersed among family notes, fishing results, crop reports, and business and political comments are daily notes on his team.

A photo of the 1898 Brownies includes two black players. A box score in the June 19, 1900 *Upper Des*

Moines Republican lists a win by a pitcher named Hardy. This is perhaps Art Hardy, who is listed in Robert Peterson's *Only the Ball Was White*.

Murtagh's diary for March 23, 1901 lists a trip to Chicago. June 7, 1901 mentions that an "Indian pitched for Algona for the first time." This was a player by the name of Eastman. The entry for June 10, 1901 states, "Algona has 11 salaried players, 5 darkies, 5 whites and 1 Indindian [sic]." The black players were: George Hopkins, a pitcher who had played for the Page Fence Giants in 1895; Pete Burns, a catcher who had played on the Page Fence Giants for five years; George Williams, a second baseman; "Kissing Bug" Rose, a first baseman; and Hardy, the pitcher.

The 1901 Brownies played sixty-four games. Their season record was 39 wins and 25 losses. Included were games against Waseca, Minnesota, and Sioux Falls, South Dakota. George McBride was playing third base for the Sioux Falls nine. (See: *The National Pastime*, 1985). Playing for Waseca were pitchers Billy Holland and George Wilson and catcher Robert Woods. They were all well-known black ballplayers.

In late July 1901 the Brownies participated in a tournament at Garner, Iowa that was billed as the Iowa championship. The participants were: Albert Lea, Minnesota; Mason City, Iowa (with an unidentified pitcher who had played for Baltimore in the American League the previous year); Algona; and Garner, Iowa. The umpire for the tournament was a Marshalltown, Iowa native, Cap Anson, celebrated not only for his twenty-seven seasons of stellar play, but also for his racist feelings.

Waseca beat Algona 8-4 for the championship. "An-

Roger Wildin is a SABR member who farms near Algona, Iowa. Dave Kemp is the editor of Minor League Committee Newsletter. Bob Davids contributed to the article. He grew up east of Algona in north central Iowa.

son made a good umpire," the game account read. "His decisions were impartial, and while not better than ordinary umpires make, they came with authority and the players did not kick . . . He managed the Chicago ball business so long that when Chicago lost a game that all laid it to him, and two years ago got a new manager . . . Anson made a competency out of baseball and enjoys his lot. He's the right kind of a man to handle popular sports, clean, honest, good natured, and self-respecting."

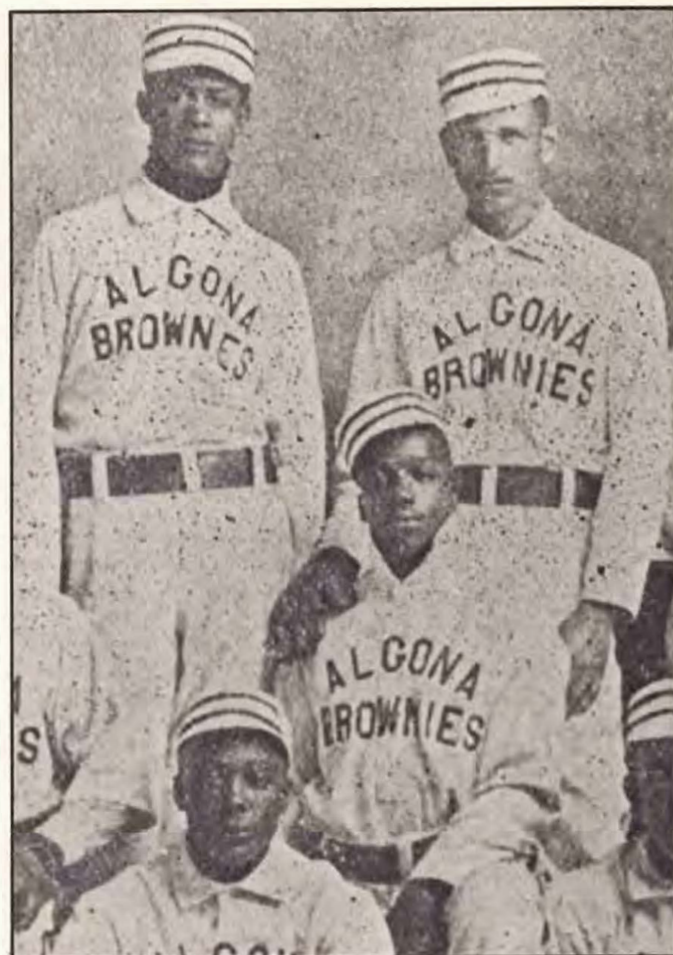
ON AUGUST 4, 1901 THE BROWNIES traveled to Chamberlain, South Dakota to play Sioux City, a team that had been in the Western League. During the game "Kissing Bug" Rose let drop an easy popup. He related later that he did so because a cowboy had hollered out: "Drop it, nigger, or else." Algona won 11-4.

On August 10 a tournament was announced for Lake Benton, Minnesota. Teams featured would be Algona, Litchfield, and Waseca, all of Minnesota; and Sioux Falls and Flandreau of South Dakota. The tournament failed to materialize. On August 26 Murtagh noted that his team disbanded after having won 39 of 64 games.

The April 30, 1902 *Upper Des Moines Republican* announced that H. J. Tremain and Charles Cramer had traveled to Chicago and had come home with Algona's baseball team. Pete Burns returned at catcher. George Hopkins returned at second base. Bert Jones, an Algona veteran who had not played in 1901, returned. The rest of the lineup included: Bert Wakefield at first base, Albert Toney at third base, Harry Moore and William Barton in the outfield, and George Richardson at shortstop. The pitchers were Robert Woods, William Horn, and a player named Heiskell. Heiskell was the only white player.

What were the backgrounds of the black players for the Brownies? Bert Jones and Bert Wakefield were two of the last ballplayers to play in Organized Baseball. Jones had pitched and played outfield for Atkinson of the Kansas State League during the 1896-98 seasons. In 1899 he played for the Chicago Unions. Bert Wakefield had played for Emporia in the Kansas State League in 1896 and 1897. Harry Moore was twenty-eight years old in 1902. He had played first, second, and the outfield for the Chicago Unions/Columbia Giants teams in 1894-1901. George Hopkins had played for the Unions in 1890-1899. Bert Jones had pitched for the Unions in 1899-1901. Albert Toney had also played with the Unions. George Richardson returned for another year with the Brownies.

It is difficult to determine the Brownie record in 1902, because Murtagh's diary during the season is not available. The only story in the Algona paper is a May 28 front-page team photo that includes an announcement of



Clockwise from upper right: Jones, Holland, Toney, unidentified Brownie

a June 4 game with the Des Moines League nine. The significance of 1902 seems to be that the key players for the 1903 championship team gained a year's experience.

Murtagh's diary of May 4, 1903 noted: "H. J. Tremain went to Chicago tonight after our Colored Base Ball Team." May 8 stated that "Murtagh spent P.M. watching the colored players work out. Nine players are now here. There were more to come."

The May 13, 1903 *Upper Des Moines Republican* reported that all but two Brownies players had arrived and were housed in the old Algona hotel across from the public library. Richardson and Foster [Rube?] were "yet to report and they are expected by early train."

The same account described the lineup for the 1903 season. Catcher was "Rat" Johnson. From examination of the 1903 team photo and from an account by Sol White, we believe that this is George "Chappie" Johnson. First base was a Robinson called the "fastest first baseman in the country." George Richardson moved to second from shortstop. Albert Toney moved in at shortstop. Danger Talbert from Omaha was at third. In left was Sherman Barton. Harry Moore moved to center. Willis Jones was to be in right field.

The pitching staff was quite formidable, with Bert Jones and William Horn returning. Added to the staff was Waseca lefthander Billy Holland and an eighteen-year-old Chicago phenom, John Davis. There is no further mention of the Foster named in the May 13 announcement. Davis is listed as having played for the Chicago Union Giants.

The Brownies began their season with home-and-home series against Sioux Falls and a two-game series against Sioux City. Both were in an Organized Baseball circuit, the Iowa-South Dakota League. LeMars and Council Bluffs, Iowa were the other two league teams.

Sioux Falls beat Holland 4-1 in the first game. Algona won the second 6-1 on Davis's five-hitter. The third and fourth games in Sioux Falls went to Algona, 4-2 and 2-1. The first was an eight-strikeout effort by Davis. The *Sioux Falls Argus-Leader* concluded: "All in all the contest was about as good an exhibition of the nation's game as has been seen on the local grounds for many a day. A good sized crowd was kept on its tiptoes throughout and went away well satisfied . . ."

Algona defeated Sioux City twice, 11-4 and 6-0. The Sioux Falls papers noted that the Sioux Falls Canaries began the league season winning twenty-one of their first thirty-four games. They had played well against everyone except the Brownies. By mid-July Sioux Falls was overcome in the standings by the LeMars team. Joining the LeMars team in late June as a catcher and outfielder was Branch Rickey. This was his first summer in Organized Ball. The league folded around the first of August because of poor attendance. While LeMars did not play the Algona Brownies in 1903, it is likely that Rickey was aware of the Brownies' reputation. How would this later affect Rickey's perception of black players?

On June 16, 1903 the Chicago Union Giants gave the Brownies their second defeat, 3-2 in 10 innings. "Algona and the Union Giants played a great game of ball before an immense crowd," Murtagh noted the next day. "Algona won 8 to 4."

On June 18 he wrote: "We won score Algona 7 Giants 4 . . . baseball receipts \$172."

June 20: "The Giants beat Algona at Des Moines 3 to 2 Attendance 1300." The *Upper Des Moines Republican* estimated the crowd at 2,000.

The Brownies continued winning against local teams in Iowa, South Dakota, Minnesota, and Illinois.

August 11: "Brownies defeated Rock Rapids 8 to 1. I had charge of game and took tickets at the big gate. Receipts of game \$235, about \$150 clear for Algona."

On August 12 the *Upper Des Moines Republican* story was headlined: *Brownies Win Title: Establish Their Claim to the Colored Championship By Taking 11 Out of 15 games*

From Giants. The account described in detail the game played at Des Moines. The Brownies won by the score, 2-0. They scored their runs in the following manner, the paper reported:

With Brownies on first and second Johnson hit across the diamond and Moore was forced at second, Rat beating the throw to first. While this was happening, Willis Jones started for home and was thrown out by six feet, though called safe by the umpire to the general surprise of the spectators, the Giants making strenuous objections. Johnson had taken second on the throw home and when the next man up hit into left Rat tried to score. The ball got there first and Campbell was taking no chances. He caught Johnson good and plenty in the short ribs and the two catchers rolled together on the ground. Rat was dazed for a moment and then rushed at his opponent, landing left and right on the head before a big nigger from the Giants bench rushed into the fray, swinging a heavy bat wildly. By this time both teams were engaged in the melee which might have proved serious had not an arrival of a detail of police put a stop to hostilities. In a few moments the game proceeded as if nothing happened.

Below the August 12 game's account was the first story on Algona's white team, the Algona Giants. Wesley, Iowa was upset because the previous Friday the Algona locals had "called in the colored population to steal the game." In other words, the Giants had used one of the Brownies' pitchers.

On August 17, Murtagh noted that: "Wesley played the Algona White team for a purse of \$100. Wesley won, score 7 to 4."

On September 1, the Brownies journeyed to South Dakota to play the Alexandria Maroons, the unofficial champions of South Dakota. The *Alexandria Journal* stated that the Brownies' record was 83-6. Alexandria was shut out, 5-0 and 9-0. The Brownies were described as "without a doubt the swiftest team in the West." The *Alexandria Journal* expressed this opinion: "Their style of play was something new to the Maroons who easily gave up the ghost."

The September 9 *Upper Des Moines Republican* declared the Brownies Independent Champs of the West. They had played 83 games, with 71 wins, 11 losses, and 1 tie. The Brownies lost to Ft. Dodge, Iowa and the Union Giants four times each. The other three losses were to Clinton, and Mason City, both of Iowa, and Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

The Brownies-Winnipeg Maroons series was organized the first part of September. Winnipeg had won the six-team Northern League with a 65-28 record, and finished eight and one-half games ahead of second-place Grand Forks. Winnipeg's captain was W. W. Kelley, brother of St. Paul Saints manager Mike Kelley.

The first two games were scheduled for the Saints' Lexington Park in St. Paul. Winnipeg was in a sense a Northern League all-star team. The Maroons had picked

up star pitcher Perry Sessions, who had already signed with the Saints for 1904, pitcher Shaw from Duluth, and Annis who played third base. The series was covered by papers from throughout the Upper Midwest. The first game drew 2,400 people. The second game at St. Paul drew 1,500 fans.

Shaw, who had pitched previously at Milwaukee, faced William Horn in the first game on Saturday. The *St. Paul Pioneer Press's* account began with a freak-show description of the pitchers:

Horn who pitched for Algona was just the opposite of Shaw, the midget pitcher for Winnipeg. The former was tall, very tall and slim, while Shaw weighs 115 pounds, is five feet high and claims the distinction of being the smallest pitcher in league company.

Winnipeg scored three runs in the top of the first. Algona countered with four in the bottom of the second. Winnipeg broke it open with five in the fifth and held on to win 8-6. Of note were the four players hit by pitchers: Kelley of Winnipeg and Moore, Toney, and Richardson of Algona.

Holland faced Winnipeg's Perry Sessions in Game Two on Sunday. Pitching a masterful 4-1 victory, Holland finished with 14 strikeouts. He was leading 4-1 in the bottom of the eighth, when, by one account, a curveball got away from him and struck W. W. Kelley, the Winnipeg captain, in the face. Kelley remained conscious for a few minutes but then slipped into unconsciousness. He was rushed to a hospital.

After the incident Holland was arrested and placed in jail. According to the *Manitoba Free Press*, "Investigation proved that the affair was purely accidental and he was released."

Kelley remained in a comatose state for several hours and eventually required surgery. The *Manitoba Free Press* account stated that he was probably fatally injured.

Would Algona's tremendous season end in the arrest of the Brownies' star pitcher and the death of Winnipeg's captain? The *Fargo Free Press* stated that the series was canceled as a result of the incident. In fact, the series continued.

The following day the teams met at Albert Lea, Minnesota with Algona winning 5-1. When the clubs played at Mason City, the Brownies won again, 9-8 on a ninth-inning pinch home run by George Wilson, who must have been picked up for the series. Algona won the fifth game at Postville, Iowa. The series ended with Algona's fifth win in six games, 6-3 at Lime Springs, Iowa. Perhaps the series ended a game early because of the Brownies' dominance.

Kelley would spend several months in recuperation at the St. Paul home of Saints president Lennon before

returning to Winnipeg in 1904. The following year Kelley would play in the Pacific Coast League.

There was mention of the Brownies playing in a tournament at Grundy Center, Iowa. Murtagh's diary for October 1, 1903 noted: "The baseball season ended Tuesday at Grundy Center. The Brownies played 105 games, won 88, lost 15, tied 2. A remarkable record."

Murtagh's diary for October 17, 1903 mentions arriving in Chicago. October 18, 1903 stated: "Spent a very quiet day at hotel (Palmer House) but went out to call on some of the Algona Brownies in the afternoon."

This was to be the last mention of the Brownies in Murtagh's diary.

They were scattered over the country. Rat Johnson played in Philadelphia, Horn in St. Joseph, Missouri, and Holland, Jones, Wakefield, and Richardson in Renville, Minnesota, where they played for the state's independent champions. Talbert, Toney, and Barton returned to the Chicago Union Giants in 1904 and became the team's mainstays for the next few years. Harry Moore accompanied Johnson to Philadelphia and played for Sol White's Philadelphia Royal Giants, the dominant eastern team of those years. He later played with the Chicago Leland Giants from 1907 through 1909. Holland and George Johnson would later play with the Royal Giants of Brooklyn. Bert Wakefield returned to Kansas City and in 1908-09 was instrumental in the organization of the original Kansas City Monarchs.

Sol White's summary of the state of black baseball in 1908 mentioned several players he regarded as major league calibre. Included were catcher Johnson, pitchers Holland, Davis, and Wilson, and all-around stars Moore and Talbert.

The Brownies were perhaps the most dominant western team ever organized during this period. Their effect on the perception of the role of black ballplayers by the fans of the Upper Midwest must have been extensive and quite positive. C. J. Murtagh's daughter-in-law told the authors in April 1986: "My husband always said that his father had one of the finest baseball teams around."

He certainly did.

1901 Chicago Union Giants

C Mitchell
1B Wakefield
2B Harry Moore
SS George Richardson
3B Danger Talbert
LF Willis Jones
CF Albert Toney
RF William Joyner
P Joe Miller
Lyttle

1903 Algona Brownies

C George Johnson
1B Robinson, Johnson
2B George Richardson
SS Albert Toney
3B Danger Talbert
LF Sherman Barton
CF Harry Moore
RF Willis Jones
P Bert Jones, Billy Holland
William Horn, John Davis

A Conversation with Willis Hudlin

WALTER LANGFORD

A steady pitcher in a hitter's era, the Cleveland rightander swears he saw a triple play start with a line drive off a fielder's head.

WILLIS HUDLIN WAS born on May 23, 1906 in Wagoner, Oklahoma. While Wagoner is now a city of more than 40,000 people, in 1906 it was no more than a dusty small town. Oklahoma itself would not become our forty-sixth state until the following year. But during the 1920s and 1930s Hudlin gave his fellow townsfolk plenty to be proud of.

"Back in Wagoner," says Willis, "I was in all sports, captain of the high school football, basketball, and baseball teams. We won the state baseball championship in 1926. I pitched a perfect game in that tournament and hit a home run into the lake beyond left field."

As a matter of fact, Willis won three games in two days. This sparkling performance inspired some fan in Wagoner to contact a friend who scouted for Waco of the Texas League. The scout arrived in Wagoner, became a believer, and signed Hudlin. Though he still had two months of school before graduation, Willis took a rain check on the studies until the next fall and took a train to Waco to begin his professional career.

Waco was a last-place team, but this didn't deter Hudlin. By August 5 he had won 16 and lost 11. Meanwhile, Detroit, the Yankees, and Cleveland were all bidding for him. The Waco club was asking \$25,000 and two players for Hudlin. The Yankees took an option on him, but when the deadline arrived for exercising it they didn't supply the two players. Then Cleveland scout Cy Slapnicka stepped in, closed the deal, and sent Willis off to the Indians.

"I joined the Indians on August 6, 1926," recalls Willis. "The first game I saw in Cleveland, I sat in the grandstand and watched. Our manager was Tris Speaker, who was pretty old for a ballplayer when I got there. When he came to bat I said to myself, 'Is that old gray-haired guy still playing baseball?' Well, of course he was still playing and doing a great job. He was more like a father than a manager to me.

"My first game was against the St. Louis Browns, and I was wild and scared. I shut them out for about four

innings, and then they started unloading. We wound up getting beat by 11-6 or something like that. My first win was that same year when I beat the Browns in a relief role.

"And then in 1927 I had quite a year, winning 18 games despite being hit between the eyes by a line drive that kept me out of action for two weeks. Otherwise, I might have reached 20 wins that year. Before the season started, I had signed a contract for \$3,500, but around the middle of the season they gave me a new one for \$4,500. The most I ever got in my sixteen years in the majors was \$12,500."

Willis passes off 1927 a bit too lightly. It turned out to be his finest season in the big leagues. By the time he reached his twenty-first birthday (and barely a year since he left high school), he was leading all American League pitchers with 5 wins and no losses. He was 9-2 before the end of July and indisputably the sensation of the league.

"He is one of the greatest pitching prospects to break into the American League since Cleveland picked George Uhle up off the sandlots," said Speaker. "Hudlin has remarkable natural ability, oodles of courage, and more pitching poise than I ever saw a rookie show."

Jack McCallister, the Indians' manager in 1927, added, "Hudlin is one of best kid pitchers that ever came up. He has everything and is the coolest article you ever saw." A sportswriter tabbed him as being "as cool as a January morning in Portland, Maine."

Hudlin was winning games every which way. In an early-season game against the White Sox, he relieved in the third inning and shut out Chicago the rest of the way to beat Ted Lyons, 5-4. On June 1 he beat Detroit 14-1 and allowed only three second-inning singles. On June 12 he was hit hard by the Yankees but still won 8-7, with relief help from Uhle. On July 31 he was touched by the Yankees for 14 hits but won anyway, 6-4.

Walter Langford is a retired professor of modern languages at Notre Dame and author of *Legends of Baseball*, from Diamond Communications.

But there is one game that Hudlin remembers best among his 1927 triumphs. The Indians were facing the Yankees in Cleveland's old League Park. It was officially "George Burns Day" to honor the first baseman who the previous year had set a new major-league mark of 64 doubles. Before the twelve-inning game was over, it had turned into Willis Hudlin's day. He relieved in the first inning with the Yankees already ahead by three runs and held the Yankee sluggers to just one more in eleven and one-third innings. The Indians rallied to win 5-4.

But the real hero that day, in Cleveland and around the world, was another young American who completed an astonishing feat. The date was May 21, 1927, and during the game word reached the park that Charles Lindbergh had completed his solo flight across the Atlantic.

Like so many bright young stars, Willis Hudlin never quite lived up to all the early acclaim he received. Even so, he had a distinguished career spanning sixteen seasons in which he registered 158 victories, all but one of them for the Indians. He remembers the various managers under whom he played, starting with Tris Speaker in 1926 and Jack McCallister in 1927.

"In 1928 Roger Peckinpaugh took over. He was a good, sound baseball man and was there the longest of the managers in my time, a little more than five years. Walter Johnson followed him and was our boss for nearly three years. He was a great man, and I never heard him use a cuss word. But he didn't have too many horses to work with. We didn't have a good infield in those days and that hurt me personally, because I was a sinker ball pitcher and got lots of ground balls on the infield.

"Next came Steve O'Neill, who was a good manager and a real fighter. Finally, there was Oscar Vitt. I believe he cared more about what the news media thought of him than about his job and the team. I left Cleveland early in the 1940 season before all the trouble erupted between Vitt and the players, but it had started a good while before and kept building up.

"We had some pretty good teams in my years with Cleveland, nearly always in the first division and close to winning a time or two. And we had a number of real good players. Our first baseman for a while was George Burns, whose specialty was hitting two-baggers. The short right-field fence in old League Park was made to order for George. Sometimes he could have made it to third base, but he stopped at second for the sake of his record.

"And Joe Sewell was quite a fellow. You know, he was a mean little devil and a great contact man at the plate. There were whole seasons when he struck out less than half a dozen times. But in one particular game the White Sox had a lefthanded pitcher who threw from away over here. I think it was Pat Caraway, and doggone if he didn't

strike Joe out twice in one ballgame. Boy, that tore Joe up. And it made headlines all across the country.

"When I first broke in, I was wild. Joe was playing shortstop and he'd yell at me, 'Dang it, Hudlin, strike somebody out once in a while when you get in trouble.' Of course, if I could have struck somebody out I wouldn't have been in trouble.

"And good old George Uhle. Oh, what a curveball he had! George came up with a slider during his career and called it the slider. The first one to use that name for it, to my knowledge. And we got Lew Fonseca from the National League, and he had one heck of a year in 1929 when he led the league in hitting. He was another one who could really hit that right-field wall. And we got three guys from the White Sox who helped us for a time — Bibb Falk, Bill Cissell, and Willie Kamm.

"Earl Averill was one of the best sweep hitters I've ever seen. He'd swing just like you would with a broom. But he could whack that ball with his broom stroke. And Wes Ferrell was one of the best short-fused pitchers there ever was. When he'd get knocked out of the box, which didn't happen very often, he'd take that glove and tear it and bite it, and sometimes he'd just sail it into the stands.

"We were playing golf one day and someone beat Wes on a bet of four or five dollars. Wes just fell down on that green and moaned, 'Dear Lord, I hope you'll take care of me.' Then he added, 'If I die, the money's right here in this pocket.' Oh, how he hated to lose! But he'd get over it in a little while.

"And Joe Vosmik. What a hitter he was when he broke in! Good, sound hitter. I guess it was about 1931 when he came up. But he always had bad legs, always limping. He busted his legs so easy. Hal Trosky could whack the ball off that wall in right field, and he hit a whole bunch of home runs. Boy, was he rough in old League Park! But when he got into that big stadium with all that space, it kind of caught up with him, mentally, I guess.

"Monte Pearson had as good an arm as you'd want to see, and a curveball. Never wanted to pitch. 'Oh, I don't feel good,' he'd say. But if you put him out there he'd just about pitch you a shutout. And Johnny Allen. Oh, he was a good pitcher! He was rough out there on that mound, and he'd challenge you. He wanted to win. And he's the first pitcher I know of who came up with a good, hard slider, though they didn't call it that until George Uhle named it later on.

"You know, the screwball in the old days was known as the fadeaway, especially when Christy Mathewson was throwing it. I piddled around with that pitch and got it down pretty good. I picked it up as a kid. In fact, I got it out of Christy Mathewson's book, one of those little old pamphlets you ordered through the mail for twenty-five

cents. I worked on it and worked on it. My sister used to catch for me, out in the back yard. I got to where I could throw it good, and it was effective during my short stay in Waco. But when I got up to Cleveland they said they didn't want me throwing it. They told me to quit using it because it would hurt my arm. It was probably Jack McCallister who told me not to throw it.

"The sinkerball was my out-pitch. I was a low-ball pitcher against all batters, even the ones supposed to be good low-ball hitters. My fastball sinker was my bread-and-butter pitch. But when I started losing it, I had to come up with some kind of a curveball, which I'd never had before. And there were no pitching coaches to teach you. So many pitchers back in those days would have been better if they had had the benefit of a pitching coach. You just went out and learned on your own. And the other pitchers mostly had the attitude that they weren't going to help you because you might take their job away.

"Bob Feller came up to Cleveland a few years before I finished. He could throw the hardest and best curveball I ever saw. He had some great years. And I expect you've heard about all there is to tell about Rollie Hemsley. Don't think I can improve on that. But he sure had talent. That's why they brought him to Cleveland, because Feller played in an exhibition game one fall where Hemsley caught him. Feller liked the way he caught so much that they brought Rollie over to catch him all the time.

"And in the year 1929, on August 11, Babe Ruth got his 500th home run off me. And you know, I can't tell you how many letters I've received through the years asking me what kind of a pitcher I was to let Babe Ruth hit 500 home runs off me! Actually, Babe only hit a total of five home runs off me, so I guess that wasn't too bad considering that he hit 714 before he quit.

"Another game I remember well was in Boston against Lefty Grove. He had us beat 3-2 when I came to bat in the last inning. We had two guys on base, and I hit one of Lefty's pitches out of the park to win the game.

"My biggest disappointment? It was against the Red Sox, too. I was pitching in Fenway one day and leading 3-1 in the ninth inning. And I'll be doggoned if we didn't have three consecutive errors on what would have been the third out to end the game. Then Jimmie Foxx came up and hit a home run over the left-field wall, and that's all she wrote. Like I said earlier, our infield was pretty shaky around that time. Cleveland had a great infield in the early 1920s and again by 1940, but it wasn't too good during some of my years there.

"The most unusual play I ever saw? That's easy. We were playing Boston one time when Joe Cronin was the manager. In the ninth inning they had the bases loaded and nobody out. Cronin was the batter and he hit a line

drive at Odell Hale on third. The ball went through Hale's glove and hit him in the forehead. Then the ball, without ever hitting the ground, caromed over to short-stop Bill Knickerbocker, who caught it for the first out. Bill threw it to Roy Hughes at second for another out, and he whipped it over to Hal Trosky at first for the third out and a triple play."

In the 1941 season Hudlin had a 14-10 record pitching for the sixth-place Little Rock team. He agreed to be the playing manager in 1942 and guided the Travelers to one of their rare pennants. Among the players on that club were Eddie Lopat, Wes Westrum, and Tommy McBride.

After that season Hudlin went into military service as a flying instructor, while continuing to pitch for Little Rock on weekends. And he also acquired a part interest in the Travelers franchise. In 1944 he was let out of the service because of his age. By August he was 12-3, and the St. Louis Browns recalled him to the majors.

Hudlin's old teammate Luke Sewell was managing the Browns, who were fighting for the American League pennant. Willis joined them in time to be eligible for the World Series, but got into just one game during the season and none in the Series. He was voted a half-share of the Browns' Series split. "I had the best seat in the house, and after all those years it was nice just being there," he says.

Hudlin returned to Little Rock for the '45 and '46 seasons with the Travelers. Then he sold his interest in the team and moved to Mississippi, where he owned and managed the Jackson club in the Southeast League.

After several more seasons in Little Rock and Mississippi, Willis signed with the Detroit Tigers in 1956 as traveling minor league pitching coach. Then the Tigers brought him up to the major league club as pitching coach for three seasons (1957-59).

"Jimmy Dykes came in as manager of the Tigers after the 1959 season." says Willis, "and he brought his own crew of coaches with him. After that I went with the Yankees as a scout and stayed with them for fifteen years. I finally retired from baseball in 1974, ending my forty-nine-year association with the sport. And it's a funny thing, but I missed out on baseball's pension plan both coming and going. The pension hadn't started when I retired as a player. To qualify later as a coach I needed four seasons, and I only got three."

Today Willis and Hilda, his wife of nearly forty years, live in Little Rock in one of the houses he built himself. It is a very attractive place, both inside and out, and it is apparent that Willis, always known as a perfectionist, has made as much a success out of his construction business as he did with his baseball career. And it is easy to see that he looks back with pride on the half-century he devoted to baseball as player, manager, owner, coach, and scout.

A Pitcher Winning A Batting Title? Ridiculous!

BOB BAILEY

Except that Louisville's Guy Hecker did it in 1886. Pitching, playing first base, and hitting well for most of the season, he edged some celebrated batters.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE may go together like a horse and carriage, but pitchers and batting go together like the 1962 Mets and winning baseball. There have been occasional flashes of pitchers displaying hitting prowess. Babe Ruth tied for the American League home-run title with 11 in 1918 while appearing in twenty games as a pitcher (seventy-five other appearances, accounting for 9 of the 11 homers, were as an outfielder or first baseman.) Walter Johnson hit .433 in 1925, but had only 100 plate appearances. Red Lucas ranks fifth on the all-time pinch-hit list. But a pitcher leading the entire league in batting? Out of the question.

Except in the 1886 American Association, when Guy Hecker of Louisville won the title. Hecker did it the only way possible — by pitching often, pitching complete games, and hitting so well that he had to be played when he wasn't pitching.

The story of Hecker's remarkable hitting actually begins in 1884. In the American Association's third season, the Oil City, Pennsylvania native dominated the league as few pitchers have ever done. He pitched 671 innings, won 52 games and had an earned run average of 1.80. His 385 strike outs and 72 complete games also led the league. Unfortunately for Hecker, his exemplary season coincided with Hoss Radbourne's incredible 60-win season for Providence in the National League. Radbourne topped Hecker, albeit slightly, in every category.

Still, Hecker had established himself as one of the premier pitchers in the country. Though Hoss was king of the hill, Guy had the clear edge in batting. Hecker's three-year batting average was a respectable .281, while Radbourne had hit .245 for his career through 1884.

In 1885 Hecker "slumped" to 30 wins in 480 innings pitched, almost 200 fewer than he had thrown the previous year. When he complained of elbow problems, many believed his pitching days were over, and the team management was grooming Toad Ramsey to replace him.

Hecker may have doubted he would return himself. He signed his 1886 contract before Christmas, 1885, and started a sporting goods business, the Hecker Supply Company. Nevertheless, Guy pitched opening day in Cincinnati and tossed a three-hitter. A week later he beat the strong squad from St. Louis with a six-hitter.

Although Hecker hit .318 during the first month of the championship season, Louisville's Pete Browning, New York's Dave Orr, the Athletics' Harry Stovey, and Cincinnati's Fred Lewis were considered more likely batting champs. Through May the American Association office released figures showing Browning the leader with a .373 average. Also among the leaders were four members of the St. Louis Browns: outfielder Tip O'Neill, third baseman Arlie Latham, and pitchers Dan Foutz and Bob Carruthers. *Sporting Life* showed Foutz leading with a .444 average. This sort of discrepancy was common for the times. The reporting of sports statistics came from varying sources. Newspapers kept one set from box scores submitted by their reporters, the teams kept another, and the league office received data from the official scorer. Many times these sources did not agree. This inconsistency leads to some confusion over the 1886 batting title.

Foutz and Carruthers had begun their major-league careers in 1884 with St. Louis. In 1885 they combined for 73 wins as St. Louis won its first pennant. In 1886 they would win 71 of 93 as St. Louis again finished first.

Foutz was known as a fast starter. He had led St. Louis in hitting the first two months of the previous season. Carruthers was the surprise. He had hit only .225 the year before and started slowly in 1886, primarily because of contract problems and a debilitating illness that was never fully diagnosed. After playing in five games the first two weeks of the season, he missed fifteen of the next sixteen

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contests. When he returned, he was lighter and weaker. But after about a week he began a run of eighteen games in which he went 7-2 as a pitcher and hit .400, including a 5-for-5 day at Philadelphia.

In early May, Hecker's season appeared to be over. His arm and elbow ailments of 1885 had returned. Through May 18 he had pitched only five games with a 2-3 record. Most of his playing time was spent at first base. There were reports that the Louisville manager, Jim Hart, felt Guy would not pitch again. Some wrote that the problem was a general disagreement between the pitcher and manager. There were trade rumors and reports of miracle cures. Hecker began to carry a galvanic battery with him for daily electric treatments on his arm.

APPARENTLY THE TREATMENTS HELPED. He returned to the box in mid-May. Pitching in a rotation with three days rest, he posted a 4-1 record for the next month. Nevertheless his power was gone. Hecker no longer possessed the great fastball that carried him through 1,100 innings the previous two seasons. He now threw a variety of curves and off-speed pitches. He developed a unique pitching delivery, here described by a local reporter:

Hecker has a pretty and lively style. He holds the ball idly in his hand for a moment, then suddenly turns around on one heel, and, if a man is on first base, he frightens him back to the bag by several lightning motions, when the ball leaves his hand and speeds over the batters square. Sometimes Hecker glances significantly at the umpire, then makes a hop, skip and jump, winding his arm beautifully over his head, and throwing the ball swiftly but accurately just where he has signaled to the catcher. His style is a great favorite.

Behind the pitching of Hecker and Ramsey, Louisville moved from seventh to third in June and began chasing the first-place Browns. The league statistics through June showed Foutz still leading with a .340 average. Carruthers was third at .336 and Hecker fifth at .333.

When Louisville's Pete Browning, the two-time Association batting champion, spent most of July in French Lick, Indiana taking the cure for his well-known intemperance, Hecker responded by hitting .379 (22-for-58) and winning eleven of twelve decisions.

The month's work moved Hecker to the top of the Association batting list with a .343 average. Carruthers had recovered from his illness to post a .341 average through July, good for third place. Foutz had cooled from his torrid start to .294.

When Browning returned in August, Hecker raised his league-leading average to .378 by batting .500 (29-for-58). Used exclusively as a pitcher that month, he had one stretch of seven appearances in which he went 23-for-35

(.657). On August 15, Hecker tossed a 4-hitter and went 6-for-7, with 3 home runs, 3 singles and 7 runs. His 15 total bases set a major-league record that was not broken for a decade. His 3 home runs and 7 runs still stand as major-league hitting marks for pitchers. One day later Carruthers had 2 home runs, 1 triple and 1 double for 13 total bases — an Association record had it not been for Hecker's big day.

Going into September, Hecker was leading the league with a .378 average, followed by Carruthers (.346), Browning (.337), and O'Neill (.333). In tenth place was the Mets' Dave Orr, who had raised his average from .280 level to .308 by hitting .448 during August. Many sportswriters were predicting that either Orr or Browning would claim the batting title; no one really thought that a pitcher could.

Hecker himself always claimed to be a warm-weather pitcher. In 1886, his record would certainly support that assertion: He was 1-8 and hit only .218 in September. Meanwhile, Louisville went 6-23, including a string of 13 straight losses, and dropped from second to fourth.

The season closed in mid-October with Charlie Comiskey's St. Louis squad on top by twelve games over Pittsburgh. Louisville finished fourth at 66-70.

The sporting press then began to speculate on who had actually won the batting title. Since each publication kept its own statistics, the lists were quite different. The *Philadelphia Press* had Carruthers first, followed by Browning, O'Neill, Orr, and Hecker. The *Pittsburgh Referee* gave the title to Hecker, with O'Neill, Orr, Browning, and Carruthers in order behind him. *Sporting Life* said Browning had finished ahead of Hecker, Orr, O'Neill, and Carruthers.

In mid-November the official American Association list announced that Orr was champion with an average of .346. Hecker and Carruthers tied for second at .342, and Browning and O'Neill tied for fourth at .339. So the pitchers had come up just short of their only batting title. Or so it seemed. More than 80 years later, game-by-game records were reconstructed for the *Macmillan Baseball Encyclopedia*. The result: Hecker by a nose at .342, followed by Browning (.340), Orr (.338), Carruthers (.334), and O'Neill (.328).

Had a pitcher won a batting title? The arguments can continue between official records and corrected records. But regardless of your position on the issue, Guy Hecker, pitcher, hit .342 (.376 on days he pitched) in 1886. A season worth remembering.



“Their Throws Were Like Arrows”—How a Black Team Spurred Pro Ball in Japan

KAZUO SAYAMA

Two visits by Philadelphia's gentle Royal Giants convinced the Japanese that baseball could be both exciting and harmonious. The seed was planted for pro ball in the Orient.

HERE WERE no professional baseball teams in Japan before 1935. Baseball had been introduced into this country long before that, but our teams were all amateur. Why were professional teams born in quick succession in 1936?

Quite simply, the visits of major leaguers. In 1931 an all-star team including Lefty Grove, Mickey Cochrane, Lou Gehrig, Rabbit Maranville, Lefty O'Doul, and Al Simmons visited Japan. Baseball fans were astounded at their overwhelming superiority: They played seventeen games, and won all of them.

Three years later, another American team arrived with Babe Ruth on it. Streets were crowded with people welcoming them. They won all eighteen games, and created a strong enthusiasm for baseball in Japan.

But these visits alone did not create professional baseball in Japan. Another professional team — a black club called the Philadelphia Royal Giants — had visited in 1927 and then again in 1932. It seems quite strange that this team has scarcely been mentioned in Japanese baseball books. The reason may be that the white Americans' visits were sponsored by the Yomiuri newspaper, which had one of the biggest circulations in Japan. Yomiuri was already thinking of having the first professional team in Japan. They gave the tour nationwide publicity, with the result that all Japanese knew about the visits and adored the team's stars.

On the other hand, the Philadelphia Royal Giants were not sponsored by any newspaper. They seem to have arrived through the efforts of a Japanese promoter named Irie, who lived in America, and he must have done little publicity work.

It was only by chance that I became interested in the team. Negro League historian John Holway wrote me a letter, asking for information on Biz Mackey's hitting the first home run ever in Jingu Stadium, Tokyo. I was surprised to hear about this, because we have often been

told that the first home run in the stadium was hit by the premier college slugger of the time, Saburo Miyatake of Keio University. After doing some research, I found that Holway was accurate. This was the beginning of my probe into the visits of the black team.

It was lucky for me that I was able to meet some people who had games with the Giants more than fifty years ago. It was fortunate, too, that the Japanese Baseball Hall of Fame still preserves some of the news articles about their games, though they are not detailed.

The Philadelphia Royal Giants were a big surprise to the Japanese players. Saburo Yokozawa, who played second base on a Japanese team, says, "I still remember how surprised we all were. I can even call back some faces of the Giants. I can't forget the big hit by Rap Dixon at Koshien Stadium. It flew well over the centerfielder and hit the fence on the fly. The park was far bigger then than it is now, and you must bear in mind that the balls used then were still dead balls."

No Japanese player could expect to hit that far. In Dixon's honor, a white mark was painted on the point of the fence, with his name on it. This mark remained there for a long time before the fence was torn down to make a bleacher.

Biz Mackey's home run, the first in Jingu Stadium, should be even more celebrated. The stadium had been completed in October of 1926, and no one had hit one over the fence. Mackey did it in a game against the Fresno, California team, which happened to be here at that time. It was a semipro team, made of Japanese players who lived in Fresno. The hit flew over the fence, bounced off the grass bleacher, and disappeared beyond it. Altogether, Mackey hit three over the fences in Jingu during the 1927 tour.

Dixon's drive to the Koshien fence and Mackey's home

Kazuo Sayama is writing a book about the Philadelphia Royal Giants.



Philadelphia Giants, Japan 1927

runs established the power of the black players, since these were the biggest parks in Japan. The Giants' fielding and throwing also astonished the Japanese. In the words of old Japanese, "Their throws were like arrows."

Their running was another phenomenon. They stole bases every time they needed to. The records show that they won all but 1 of their 48 games.

As the days passed, black players attracted much respect from Japanese players and fans for their gentle behavior. They never even complained about their one loss — a controversial 1-0 victory for the Japanese team. In fact, it should have been least a draw. As Jyukichi Koshiba, who played on the Japanese team, explained:

"The record might read that the Daimai team won in the game, but it was a win unlawfully acquired. There was one out. Runners were on third base and first base. The next batter hit a big fly to right field. We got two outs. But after the catch, the runner on third base scored. And the other runner was still running. He tried to go back to first. The ball was thrown by the rightfielder to the base before he reached it [but after the runner on third had scored]. Three outs. As you know, one run should have been given to the Giants. Nevertheless, the umpires admitted no score. Their assertion was that it was a double play. But the judgment was wrong."

Said second baseman Yokozawa, "The black players well knew that it was a misjudgment. A runner reached home before the third out was called. Double play? It was out of the question. They knew it. But no black player got angry at this, and soon allowed that wrong call. They seemed to be saying, 'It's okay. If you say it's a double play, it is a double play.' We Japanese players, too, knew it was the umpires' fault. But the Giants were too clean-cut. We lost the chance to make it correct." In checking the

record of the game, I found that the third base runner was Rap Dixon, and the other was Pullen. The batter was Cade.

This is not the only example of the Giants' gentle attitude. In the game against the Tomon club of Waseda University, Mackey was hit by pitcher Wakahara. Mackey made a face. The pitcher felt small, and, taking his cap off his head, bowed politely to Biz Mackey. In turn, Mackey made a Japanese bow in the same polite way. A happy mood prevailed.

The Giants were gentle and kind-hearted, both on and off the playing field. After expressing surprise at the Giants' size, Takeshi Mizuna wrote in the June, 1927 issue of *Baseball World*:

But their behavior is quite gentle. In the hotel, they keep quiet. The voices they use with each other are calm, and hardly audible. You would hardly know of their existence. When I asked them about the games in this country, they gave me some comments but in a very humble way. They are modesty itself. You'd think the voices of housewives in the back street of the hotel are far noisier. When there is no game, they enjoy billiards, or walking in the neighborhood. They show great love for children and play with them happily. I heard that they sometimes go to cafes where young girls serve tea or alcoholic drinks, but they never become rude. Not even a quarrel has arisen between them in these long months of travelling, I heard. I asked them about their impressions of Japan. Their first answer was they are really happy, and appreciated Japanese hospitality. In Kyoto, they enjoyed watching *Miyako-Odori*, traditional dances by geishas. In Tokyo, too, they visited the Shinbashi-Enbujo Theater, and enjoyed *Azuma-Odori* dancing. They seem to be entranced by their beauty. One of them said, 'I feel very happy. I am fortunate. We came here to play games, and had the chance to see many beautiful things. I wish I could tell my family and friends how happy we are. I wish they all could see this country of Japan.'

The Giants sent a message to Japanese baseball fans. I found a Japanese translation of it in *Asahi Sports* of April,

1927. Having no way to find the original, I've tried to put it in English again. This is not the exact message by them, but it should give you an idea of what they wanted to say.

After playing some games against Japanese baseball teams, we felt our respect growing. The biggest surprise we had here was the fact that Japanese baseball has already got the very essence of the game. Before we came over here, we often wondered, and talked between ourselves about baseball in Japan. Our conclusion was that Japanese baseball would still be immature. But when we had games against teams here, we could not help being stricken dumb by the wide difference between our surmise and reality.

While at sea, we dreamt of the country of Japan, which we were approaching, and talked about it many a time. One of our greatest concerns was — what kind of parks do the Japanese have? We were unanimous in deciding that Japanese ballparks would surely be very small, poorly equipped ones. They would be no bigger than Class D ballparks in the States. When we found ourselves in the magnificent Jingu Stadium, which is situated in the outer garden of solemn Meiji Shrine, and in the grand and imposing Koshien Stadium, we had to admit that we had had a double misunderstanding. Particularly, Koshien Stadium is grandeur itself. It has a capacity of more than 50,000 people, and is as big as any in the United States.

In the games, we marveled at the dauntless plays by Japanese players. The offense was not only brave but also understood inside baseball. Our team has so far lost one precious game against the Daimai Club. It was the game in which ace pitchers of both teams — Ono of Japan and Mackey of the Giants — showed a keen competition. Though we were defeated in the game, we feel proud that we played baseball of the highest level. We feel admiration for the crafty pitching Ono showed. But more than that, the team play shown in the game by the Japanese called forth our unbounded admiration.

We do believe that baseball will have prosperity here. And our admiration should not be confined to the techniques Japanese players have. Their sportsmanship, too, was worthy to be praised. Frankly speaking, no other people in the world play the game so joyously, disregarding the result of the game. Fans, too, we find sportsmanlike and gentlemanly. We would like to say true enjoyment of sports is to be gotten only by people like the Japanese. We do hope that Japanese baseball will have permanent prosperity. And at the same time, through *Asahi Sports*, we would like to extend our hearty thanks for many kindnesses shown us since we arrived here.

April 8, 1927, Philadelphia Royal Giants

Has any other team left such a courteous message to the baseball fans here? I don't think so. A member of the Giants, Frank Duncan, told John Holway; "We sailed out of San Pedro, California, to Yokohama, Japan. Went on La Plata Maru boat. Took us nineteen days going over. The people were wonderful over there. I loved them. I hated to see them go to war. Wonderful people, the most wonderful people I've come in contact with. We played all over — Osaka, Kobe, and into Nagasaki. They had some nice teams over there in Japan, but they weren't strong hitters. Pretty good fielders, fast, good baserunners. . . ."

A former Japanese player, Yasuo Shimazu, writes: "Several baseball teams visited Japan in those days from abroad. College teams, semi-pros and professionals. Each

impressed us. We could hardly expect to defeat any one of them. So it would have been too much expectation to hope for their uttermost sincerity in all games. To be sure, one team showed quite strange sights. All the players, except the battery and first baseman, took off their gloves when they were on defense. Some infielders turned the backs to batters, and showed their faces between their legs. These kinds of deeds might have been intended for the enjoyment of spectators. But we could not feel happy at them. In this respect, the Royal Giants played in a right way. They, too, might have felt nothing of Japanese competency inwardly, but they showed no sign of it. They kept on playing in a sincere manner. One of the examples was the case of Mackey's throwing. While they were practicing before the games, he threw from home to second base in a sitting position. We were simply surprised at his hard throwing. But once the games began, he didn't do that. After catching balls, he stood up and threw in quite a fundamental way. They had no signs of negligence.

"Some players of other teams made several kinds of funny shows. Some danced around before the spectators, and made strange sounds like those made by fowls. The players themselves! Those were the last acts we expected of players. The Royal Giants didn't display these kinds of deeds. Nor did they play pranks outside the park, which players of other teams often did. A member of the Giants, whose name I forget, said to me, 'I like Japan and the Japanese people. There is no racial barrier here. What a good country! I'd like to come back here again.' I believe that this was the manifestation of his true heart. Putting this and that together, I'd like to emphasize that the players of the Royal Giants were real Gentlemen."

Shimazu reminds us of the visits by major-league teams. In a game held in the rain at Kokura in 1934, Babe Ruth took to the field as a first baseman with a Japanese umbrella over his head, and Lou Gehrig, who was playing as a leftfielder, had rubber rain shoes on. In another game, when Lefty Grove was pitching, leftfielder Al Simmons laid himself on the field to show he had nothing to do but lie down and watch what Lefty was doing. They may have been intended their actions to be a show, but many Japanese fans weren't altogether happy.

The Royal Giants did put on a show one time. It was at Jingu Stadium after their last game in Tokyo in 1927. The Giants performed not in a mocking, but in a sincere way. Everything they did had something to do with baseball itself. No singing, no dancing, Rap Dixon threw a "straight" ball directly to the bleacher from home plate. Biz Mackey knocked balls into the bleacher from home. Rap ran around the diamond in fourteen and one-fifth seconds, and Frank Duncan in fifteen seconds. These

displays helped Japanese fans gain additional respect for the black team.

Barnstorming black teams often sang and danced. Why didn't the Giants? I think the reason is quite simple. They had no need to act like clowns. Japan has had no segregation. We have had a practice of welcoming every visitor from abroad as an honored guest — even if he is here for commercial reasons. The Royal Giants were guests, and they could act quite naturally. They felt no stress. So . . . “Was it a double play? Oh, yes, If you think so, it's a double play.”

I think this relaxed mood was very important to the history of Japanese baseball. The major leaguers played like textbooks, but they were too much for the Japanese players. Japanese baseball was only a baby, delicate and fragile. Everything the big leaguers had was too big for the baby. Every play, every show the major leaguers made could not help making the Japanese player recognize how small he still was. If he had seen, at that time, this big textbook alone, he might have been killed by the weight. David Voigt makes a similar point when he speaks of the attempts to plant baseball in Great Britain in *America Through Baseball*:

. . . the three great baseball missions were all undertaken under the mistaken notion that baseball could best be spread by professional advocacy in the form of a spectacular display of the game as played by skilled professionals. While by no means a total failure, the results of these displays were disappointing and sometimes even counter-productive . . . the very polish of the American professionals hurt the spread of baseball in Britain.

It goes without saying that Japan had quite a different sporting and historical background from that of England, and the relationship between Japan and America is not the same as that between Britain and the United States. Nonetheless, Voigt's point is well taken.

Why did the transplanting of baseball succeed in Japan? In my opinion, the reason was that the Japanese had a good shock absorber. “Spectacular display” by a “great baseball mission” could have been counter-productive here, too. But we were lucky enough to have the chance to neutralize the shock. The Royal Giants' visits were the shock absorber. Baseball has in it many elements that appeal to the Japanese mind, and it may safely be said that professional baseball would have been born in the course of time. Without the visits of the gentlemanly and accessible Royal Giants, however, I don't think it would have seen the light of day as early as 1936.

Another letter from Shimazu includes these very sentiments: “We heard that, though they [the Royal Giants] were not major leaguers, they were as strong as, or stronger than, the majors. I myself played in some games

against them, and saw many of their games here. I know it was true. But I'm still in wonder. I have been thinking of it in my sickbed since I got your letter. Why was it that we felt we could nearly win? We had the feeling after the game against the Giants that if we had tried *a little* harder, we could have won. In the games against the major leaguers, we were treated like children. We were at their mercy. We could do nothing. Babies against grownups — that was the impression we had. But in the games against the Giants, the whole impression is quite different. Of course, the All-American team was a star-packed team, and the Royal Giants wasn't. But as a whole, they could not have been so far away from the major leaguers. Then why was it that we almost always had close games? Was their batting not so good? Look, they blasted long hits when they were needed. They seemed to be able to hit as they wished.

“Here I'd like a jump up to a bold conclusion. Didn't they have abundant showmanship? In games they could have scored many more runs. But they took — or tried to take — the least runs needed. They never tried to take too much score. In so doing, they attracted the interest from the spectators, as well as from the opponent players. Even if a Japanese team didn't win, the hope remained. More spectators visited the next day. . . .”

Regretfully, not all games were reported in detail. In the scarce records we have, we can see proof of Shimazu's remark. When the Giants scored many runs, the Japanese team scored some runs, too. When the Japanese didn't score, the Giants often didn't score many, either. (To be sure, wide margins occurred in some games in small towns. The Giants were probably unable to keep the score close against really inferior opposition.)

The Giants seem to have let Japanese teams score some runs in the last inning if it didn't affect the result. This reminds us of the attitude of Satchel Paige, Josh Gibson, and other Negro League players in games against the Marine Corps; they deliberately gave the opponents a run to save face.

The Giants didn't push their powers too far. They were reserved, and their reserve might be said to have been for commercial purposes. But even so, how fortunate it was for Japanese baseball.

There is no denying that the major leaguers' visits were the far bigger incitement to the birth of our professional league. We yearned for better skill in the game. But if we had seen only the major leaguers, we might have been discouraged and disillusioned by our poor showing. What saved us was the tours of the Philadelphia Royal Giants, whose visits gave Japanese players confidence and hope. It is unfair that no words of gratitude have been spoken by the Japanese to this team.

MARSHALL & BALL
CLOTHIERS.



Oh, Mamma!

BABY ANSON

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