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SUMMER 2019 | VOLUME 41 | NUMBER 3 | THE OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF THE HALL OF FAME

NATIONAL BASEBALL
HALL OF FAME

Roy Halladay

2019 INDUCTEE



MEMORIES *and Dreams*

The Official Magazine of the Hall of Fame

THE NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME
AND MUSEUM

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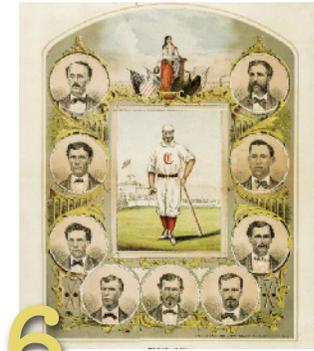
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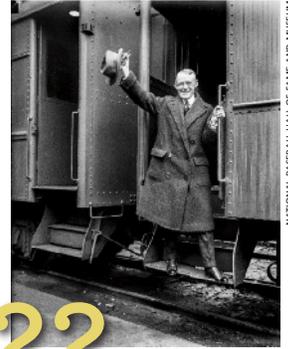
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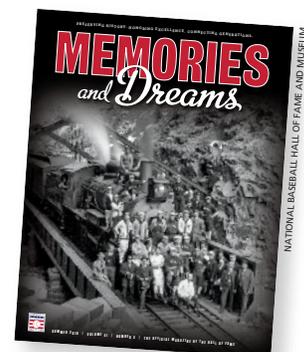
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Our drives to Hall of Fame Weekend turned into a tradition we cherished.
ANNE FELLER



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

ON THE COVER

The 1910 Chicago White Sox, traveling to Spring Training in San Francisco, pose for a photograph at the Royal Gorge Hanging Bridge located along the Arkansas River in Fremont County, Colo. Color has been added to the original photo, taken with black and white film, for the cover of *Memories and Dreams*.



In July, as the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum formally welcomes our six new Class of 2019 electees – Harold Baines, Roy Halladay, Edgar Martinez, Mike Mussina, Mariano Rivera and Lee Smith – we will also be welcoming the Museum’s next President, Tim Mead. At the same time, we will be saying farewell to a long-serving member of the Hall of Fame family, as Jeff Idelson retires from his role as President. This year’s Induction Ceremony will serve as the culmination of Jeff’s quarter-century with this institution and in the Cooperstown community.

The Hall of Fame has grown in nearly all facets of its operation since Jeff began his career at the Hall as Director of Public Relations and Promotions in 1994. He has helped keep the Museum relevant amidst a changing landscape in baseball history that included a strike-shortened season, Cal Ripken’s record-breaking streak, a nationally captivating home run chase and championship droughts ended in Boston and Chicago – all against the backdrop of a rapidly globalizing game.

As the Museum’s top ambassador to baseball, and to all who love the game, Jeff shared his passion for our National Pastime and the importance of the Hall of Fame’s mission: To preserve history, honor excellence and connect generations.

After 11 years as President, Jeff leaves the Hall of Fame in position to continue that mission: The Museum’s collection has grown in number to exceed 40,000 artifacts and three million Library pieces, while its footprint has expanded to three floors of interactive



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM



JEFF IDELSON, NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Tim Mead (top), who for the past 22 years has been the Angels’ vice president of communications, will become the Hall of Fame’s new President this summer. He will replace Jeff Idelson (above), who has worked for the Cooperstown institution since 1994 and will retire following the 2019 Induction Weekend.

exhibit spaces; Hall of Fame Weekend has become an annual destination for tens of thousands of fans, the highlight of the summer baseball calendar, and a much anticipated reunion for our Hall of Famers; and the Museum’s endowment, now nearing completion, will sustain the institution into its future. On behalf of the Hall of Fame’s Board of Directors, we are all thankful for Jeff’s commitment to the Hall of Fame over the past 25 years.

We are also welcoming Tim Mead as the next President of the Hall of Fame. A longtime executive for the Los Angeles Angels, Tim has spent 40 years working in baseball, all with the Angels. For the past 22 years, he served as the team’s Vice President of Communications, overseeing its efforts in media relations, publicity and broadcasting.

Deeply respected throughout the baseball industry – among players, executives and media alike – Tim has a great affection for the game and its history. We are looking forward to having him leading the efforts of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.

This year, as we celebrate the Museum’s 80th birthday and welcome six new Hall of Famers to the Induction stage, Cooperstown remains an exciting and enlightening destination for families and fans of all ages.

We are grateful for the leadership Jeff has provided to the organization over the last quarter-century, and we look forward to a bright future under the leadership of new Hall of Fame President Tim Mead, confident that the Hall will continue to thrive as the steward of baseball’s history and the spiritual home of the game we love! 🍌

SHORT HOPS

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For more information and news from the Hall of Fame, visit baseballhall.org.

Red Sox World Series Trophy at Museum July 6-7

The Hall of Fame will host Red Sox Weekend July 6-7, with the 2018 World Series Trophy on display both days. Museum visitors will have the chance to relive the 2018 season and create new memories in Cooperstown, where artifacts of the Red Sox's world title will be preserved forever.

The trophy will be on exhibit at the Museum from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday, July 6, and 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Sunday, July 7. Visitors will be permitted to take pictures with the trophy.

Throughout the weekend, visitors also can learn about the history of the Boston Red Sox through guided exhibit tours, artifact spotlights, player profiles, trivia contests, themed craft stations and other special opportunities.

The *Autumn Glory* exhibit, on display through the end of this year's Postseason, also honors the 2018 Red Sox – with artifacts, photographs and the 2018 World Series ring detailing the team's fourth World Series title in 15 seasons.

Experience the Museum as a VIP

Fans have the opportunity to explore the Hall of Fame through a special program designed to give Cooperstown visitors a VIP Experience.

The Museum has partnered with Cooperstown accommodations to offer this unique package, which features behind-the-scenes experiences at the Museum, including a Hall of Fame Sustaining Membership (\$125 value), exclusive after-hours access to the Museum on Thursday evening, a Library archive tour, a Museum collections artifact presentation and concludes with a private late-afternoon reception with light refreshments.

The VIP Experience is a great way to learn more about the Museum and baseball history, whether this is your first or your 50th visit to Cooperstown. It is only available for purchase through select Cooperstown Chamber of Commerce accommodations. Learn more at baseballhall.org/VIPexperience. Upcoming dates include Sept. 5-6, Oct. 24-25 and Nov. 7-8.

STAFF SELECTIONS



MIL STEWART JR./NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Name: Bruce Markusen

Position: Manager of Digital and Outreach Learning

Hall of Fame Experience:
Debuted March 1995

Hometown: Bronxville, N.Y.

Favorite Museum Artifact: Roberto Clemente's cap from his 3,000th hit

Memorable Museum Moment:

I've been fortunate to interview many Hall of Famers and baseball notables. I talked to Bob Feller so many times that I felt like I really came to know him well, especially the pride he showed in being a military veteran.

Another highlight was interviewing Buck O'Neil in the Grandstand Theater in 2000. Buck was everything that we've heard of – and then some. He completely enlivened the theater that night.

The chance to give Steve Blass and Dave Giusti, two members of the 1971 world champion Pirates, a tour of the Museum was a remarkable thrill. And meeting Joe Rudi, a key player for the A's dynasty, ranks high on the list as well.

MEMORIAL AND HONORARY GIFTS

THANK YOU to the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum donors for their recent gifts to support our mission to preserve history, honor excellence and connect generations. Memorial and honorary gifts are listed below.

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Tell us your stories

We love hearing about your connections to the stories in each issue of *Memories and Dreams*. Send your letters and notes to membership@baseballhall.org.

CORRECTION

Due to an editing error in the "Celebrating a Century" story in the Opening Day 2019 issue of *Memories and Dreams*, the names of Jerry Dior and Dave Frishberg were misspelled.

A Moment Alone

Class of 2019 prepares for July 19-22 Hall of Fame Weekend in Cooperstown.

BY CRAIG MUDER

The phrase is overused in the sports world, but in Cooperstown it truly fits. Induction Sunday is a once-in-a-lifetime moment.

And for the members of the Class of 2019, that moment is nearly here.

Harold Baines, Roy Halladay, Edgar Martinez, Mike Mussina, Mariano Rivera and Lee Smith will be inducted as the Class of 2019 on Sunday, July 21, on the grounds of Cooperstown's Clark Sports Center. The *Induction Ceremony* highlights the annual

four-day celebration of the National Pastime at the home of baseball.

What will the moment bring for the inductees? Not even the greatest players in the game's history can answer that question until the hour arrives.

"Obviously it's unbelievable, but beyond that, I don't know really how it's going to go, how I'm going to be, how I'm going to feel," said Mussina, who was elected to the Hall of Fame by the Baseball Writers' Association of America in January. "Am I going to laugh the whole time? Am I going to cry? I just don't know. We'll see."

Mussina pitched for 18 seasons for the Orioles and Yankees. A five-time All-Star, Mussina finished in the Top 6 of American League Cy Young Award voting nine times and won at least 10 games in 17 seasons. He retired as one of only four Live Ball Era pitchers with at least 270 wins and a .625 winning percentage. Making his numbers even more impressive is that he pitched for teams in the dangerous AL East his entire career, resulting in 59.5 percent of his regular-season starts coming in Fenway Park, Oriole Park at Camden Yards or Yankee Stadium.

Baines played 22 seasons for the White Sox, Rangers, Athletics, Orioles and Indians, earning six All-Star Game selections and twice winning the Outstanding Designated Hitter Award. An eight-time .300 hitter who reached the 20-homer mark in 11 seasons, Baines drove in 90-or-more runs eight times and ranks 34th on the all-time RBI list with 1,628.

Halladay, who passed away in 2017, pitched 16 seasons for the Blue Jays and Phillies, winning Cy Young Awards in 2003 and 2010 and finishing in the Top 5 of his league's Cy Young Award voting in five other seasons. An eight-time All-Star, Halladay led his league in complete games seven times. Halladay threw two no-hitters for the Phillies during the 2010 season, including one in the NLDS vs. the Reds.

Martinez played 18 seasons, all with the Seattle Mariners. A seven-time All-Star and five-time Silver Slugger Award winner, Martinez was a two-time American League batting champion who led the AL in on-base percentage three times. He was named the AL's outstanding designated hitter five times, an award that now bears his name. When he retired, Martinez was one of only six players in history with a .300 batting average, .400 on-base percentage, .500 slugging percentage, 500 doubles and 300 home runs.

Rivera pitched 19 seasons in the big leagues, all with the New York Yankees, retiring after the 2013 season with an MLB-record 652 saves and 952 games finished. A 13-time All-Star, Rivera helped the Yankees win five World Series titles and seven American League pennants. Rivera led the AL in saves three times and finished with 40-or-more saves nine times, a record he shares with Hall of Famer Trevor Hoffman. Yet he was at his best in the playoffs. In 96 Postseason appearances, Rivera was 8-1 with 42 saves and a 0.70 ERA, winning



An estimated 53,000 fans attended the 2018 *Induction Ceremony* on the grounds of the Clark Sports Center in Cooperstown. Another large crowd is expected this July for the induction of the Class of 2019.

PARKER INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM



PARKER FISHNATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Hall of Famer Chipper Jones smiles during the 2018 Hall of Fame Parade of Legends in Cooperstown. The 2019 Parade of Legends will be held July 20 as part of Induction Weekend.

World Series MVP honors in 1999 and ALCS MVP honors in 2003.

Smith pitched 18 seasons for the Cubs, Red Sox, Cardinals, Yankees, Orioles, Angels, Reds and Expos and retired as MLB's all-time saves leader, a title he held for 13 seasons. Smith's 478 saves currently rank third all-time, as do his 802 games finished. A seven-time All-Star, Smith led his league in saves four times and reached the 30-save mark in 10 seasons. Of Smith's 478 saves, 169 required at least four outs and 94 required two-or-more innings pitched.

Hall of Fame Weekend gets underway on Friday, July 19, with the annual *PLAY Ball with Ozzie Smith* event. Ozzie and his Hall of Famer guests will greet fans in the Museum's Plaque Gallery before heading out to a Cooperstown-area diamond to field grounders and reminisce about their playing days. The event, now in its 18th year, is a fundraiser for the Museum's educational outreach programs. Spots can be reserved by calling (607) 547-0385.

Saturday of Induction Weekend features the annual *Awards Presentation* at Doubleday Field. Starting at 4:30 p.m. on July 20, the event will honor 2019 Ford C. Frick Award winner Al Helfer and 2019 J.G. Taylor Spink Award winner Jayson Stark.

Admission to the *Awards Presentation* is free.

Immediately afterwards is the *Parade of Legends*, featuring the returning Hall of Famers riding down Main Street in trucks provided by the Ford Motor Company.

Sunday, July 21, will feature the *Induction Ceremony*, which is expected to last two-to-three hours. Admission to the *Induction Ceremony* is free.

Hall of Fame Weekend concludes on Monday, July 22, with the *Legends of the Game Roundtable* on the grounds of the Clark Sports Center starting at 10:30 a.m. Baines, Martinez, Mussina, Rivera and Smith will take part in the event, which is open to participants in the Museum's Membership Program. Tickets are \$10 for adults and \$5 for children 12-and-under, and are available at the Museum's Membership Desk or by calling (607) 547-0397.

The Museum will feature special hours during Hall of Fame Weekend (including opening one hour early for Members on Saturday, Sunday and Monday), and commemorative Hall of Fame Weekend merchandise will be available at the Museum Store.

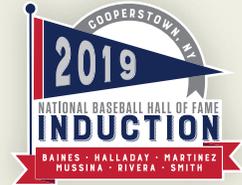
For more information and a complete schedule of Hall of Fame Weekend events, please visit baseballhall.org/HOFW. 📞

Craig Muder is the director of communications for the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.



HALL OF FAME WEEKEND 2019 PUBLIC PROGRAMS

Schedule subject to change



Friday, July 19

Museum Open 9 a.m. until 10 p.m.

8 a.m. - Noon

PLAY Ball with Ozzie Smith & Special Guests

Hall of Fame Plaque Gallery and Cooperstown-area diamond

Saturday, July 20

Museum Open 8 a.m. until 5 p.m.

Open at 7 a.m. for Members

4:30 p.m.

Hall of Fame Awards Presentation

Doubleday Field

6 p.m.

Hall of Fame Parade of Legends

(immediately following *Awards Presentation*) Main Street, concluding in front of Museum

Sunday, July 21

Museum Open 8 a.m. until 9 p.m.

Open at 7 a.m. for Members

1:30 p.m.

Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony

Clark Sports Center

Monday, July 22

Museum Open 9 a.m. until 9 p.m.

Open at 8 a.m. for Members

10:30-11:30 a.m.

Legends of the Game Roundtable featuring Harold Baines,

Edgar Martinez, Mike Mussina, Mariano Rivera and Lee Smith

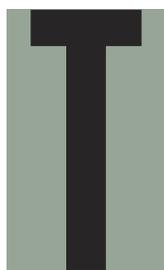
The Grounds of the Clark Sports Center

For more information on Hall of Fame Weekend, please call (607) 547-0397.

THE ROAD STOCKINGS

THE 1869 TRIPS BY THE CINCINNATI BASEBALL TEAM MADE THE GAME FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN ERARDI



he greatest road trip in baseball history was arguably the one that was the most ambitious: The 20-game, June-long, 1,821-mile trip by the 1869 Cincinnati Red Stockings.

Three months later, they capped a 57-0 inaugural season with a 4,764-mile trip to San Francisco and back aboard the Transcontinental Railroad, which was completed only the previous May with the pounding of the Golden Spike at Promontory Summit, Utah.

One hundred and fifty years later – this season – Major League Baseball is celebrating the sesquicentennial of the birth of professional baseball with an “MLB 150” logo on each team’s uniforms.

Two of those Red Stockings are in the National Baseball Hall of Fame: Shortstop George Wright, inducted in 1937; and his brother, center fielder/manager Harry, inducted in 1953. Harry is known as the “Father of Professional Baseball,” and his brother as the game’s first superstar.

The Wrights led the team to both coasts, foreshadowing baseball’s expansion to the West Coast 88 years later. Both of the Red Stockings’ trips – East and West – turned out to be masterworks of planning, although the former was incredibly less well-financed than the latter. Both trips were full of all sorts of challenges along the way (the Red Stockings embraced risk-reward and on-the-go adjustments) and laid a blueprint for what was to come in baseball.

The Eastern trip

The Red Stockings’ famous road trip began on May 31 at Little Miami Railroad Depot, today the site of Sawyer Point, an Ohio River park three-quarters of a mile east of Cincinnati’s Great American Ball Park.

The 32-day excursion was more like a rock ‘n’ roll tour than a baseball trip. Huge crowds turned out to see the handsome young men in their crimson hose and white-knicker uniforms in Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Boston, New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, D.C.,

where the Red Stockings received an audience with President Ulysses S. Grant.

They won all 20 games on the trip, and every game thereafter, playing before 200,000 fans.

But things didn’t start out so promising.

The day before the Eastern trip began, a game scheduled at the home park Union Grounds to raise money for their travels had been rained out. A shareholder in the club, Will Noble, had to borrow \$300 (\$5,575 in today’s money) from his wife to get the trip started. It bought the team tickets as far as Boston. But the 10 players and two club executives needed to eat and occasionally sleep in a real bed. That same night, club president Aaron Champion visited the players in their rooms at the Gibson House to ensure they weren’t drinking. It didn’t work. The next morning, Champion found that “some of the members of the nine, forgetful of [their temperance] pledges, had touched the rosy too freely.”

The Red Stockings, some grumpier than others, along with beat writer Harry Millar of the *Cincinnati Commercial* newspaper, boarded the train. Things didn’t improve. It was pouring in Yellow Springs, located just outside of Dayton. The boys headed northeast for Mansfield in the smoke-filled train.

Millar: “The boys, weary after riding so many miles, with the dampness of the misty atmosphere coming in the open windows, and at intervals almost suffocating, [were] again obliged to turn up coat collars and bind handkerchiefs around the [mouth, nose and] throat to prevent catching a cold.”

Some of the players tried to sleep. George Wright, armed with a long-legged wire spider, walked down the aisle and dropped it gently on the faces of the sleeping. Unsuspectingly, those who were pranked flicked the “spider” away, drawing laughs from Wright and those players who hadn’t yet dozed off.

The Red Stockings were a team full of characters, including a pool shark who was a hypochondriac, a boxer turned right fielder and a second baseman who couldn’t stop partying. Eight of the 10 were young,



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

The 1869 Cincinnati Red Stockings were one of the first openly professional baseball teams in the country. They embarked on two long road trips that year, winning all of their games.

ranging from age 18 to 23. Harry was 34, pitcher Asa Brainard 28. All were ballers – ballers at the mercy of Champion and his right-hand man, John Joyce, who had to keep the trip financially afloat despite the rain – even accepting a loan from the beat writer. Champion knew Millar’s family, and knew that Millar’s family had advanced their son a sizeable sum for his expenses.

Champion and Joyce gave Millar a promissory note Millar kept to his dying day: “Received of Harry M. Millar \$245 as a loan to the Cincinnati Baseball Club, to [be] repaid out of New York receipts of gate money ... Amount of loan guaranteed by John P. Joyce, A. B. Champion.”

In Rochester, N.Y., the game had barely begun when rain soaked the teams and their eager fans. The Red Stockings broomed off the puddles, spread sawdust in the mud and played on.

When the team arrived for their game in Syracuse, the outfield grass was a foot high and the fence was in a shambles. The Red Stockings had walked into the middle of a pigeon shoot. Harry couldn’t find anybody who remembered scheduling the game, so the team settled for a salt bath at a local spa for 35 cents apiece.

The week that made baseball famous began on Tuesday, June 15, and

ended six days later. But first it required a setup. It came on June 7, when the Red Stockings arrived in Lansingburgh, N.Y., a village on the north end of Troy, on the east shore of the Hudson River, 80 miles from Cooperstown.

It is a direct shot – 175 miles due south down the Hudson – to New York City. But even in those days, one had to take Troy before one could take Manhattan. And the Red Stockings did, 37-31. In Boston, they whipped four Massachusetts nines.

The Red Stockings arrived at Earle’s Hotel in lower Manhattan at 8 o’clock on June 14. At 1:30 p.m. the next day, officials of the New York Mutuals club called upon them, several elegant coaches at the ready, to ferry the impeccably clad Red Stockings across the East River to the Union Grounds in Brooklyn, Greater New York’s most famous ballpark. The crowd was wired, eager to see the youngsters from Cincinnati who had defeated the team from Troy. The spectators roared at the first sight of red, bringing cap-tips from the players. The ensuing 4-2 game – the Red Stockings scored twice in the bottom of the ninth inning – had the crowd on its feet. Even the newspapers crowed: “Bully for you boys,” wrote the *New York Gazette* reporter.

The low-scoring thriller, with defensive gem after gem, belied the



A map showing game locations in New York City during the Cincinnati Red Stockings' visit to the Big Apple in June 1869.

underhand era in which scores of 40 and 50 runs were common and was immediately proclaimed a classic. It brought out a huge crowd for the next day's game at the Capitoline Grounds (estimated at 12,000, by far the biggest baseball crowd to date). The Red Stockings walloped the powerful Brooklyn Atlantics, 32-10, then knocked off the Eckfords, 24-5, one day later back at the Union Grounds.

Three victories in three days over the best teams in New York, with the Red Stockings pocketing a \$1,700 share of the bloated gate receipts.

One huge foe awaited, the Philadelphia Athletics, adjudged by everybody as the strongest group of hitters anywhere, one through eight. The dizzying fame of the Cincinnati nine drew the attention of female admirers. As a light rain fell on the eve of the Athletics' game, a group of young women passed in front of the Red Stockings' hotel. They lifted their long skirts to avoid the mud in the streets, many revealing a flash of red stockings. The Cincinnati won the next day, 27-18.

Then home to a raucous parade, eight city blocks long, and a sumptuous banquet at the Gibson House. Club officials pondered what might come next.

The Western trip

A key to the Red Stockings' decision to travel to the West Coast in September 1869 was the earnestness of the invitation from W. L. Hatton, the proprietor of San Francisco's new enclosed ballpark, the Recreation Grounds, aka "The Rec," on the corner of Folsom and 25th. The San Francisco clubs would pay all of the Red Stockings' expenses and give them half of the gate receipts. Hatton himself traveled to Cincinnati to handle the details of the trip.

On Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 14, the Red Stockings departed for St. Louis. They arrived the next morning, played two games there and headed west, changing trains in Macon to the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

Millar: "The cars zig-zag [making it impossible] to stand erect ... Not only do they zig-zag, they jump up from the track ... In one place we counted seven freight cars in a triangular heap, with the locomotive about fifty feet in advance, alongside the track in a swampy hole."

In Council Bluffs, Mo., a stagecoach awaited, the "whip" (driver) choosing the convivial and graceful George Wright and Cal McVey to ride the platform with him. Millar, Charlie Gould and lone substitute Oak Taylor sat on top with the baggage and the rest of the party climbed inside. What a sight! The champion ball club of America bumping and bouncing toward their next great adventure.

In Omaha, Neb., Harry and the boys boarded a special Pullman "Silver Palace" car on the Union Pacific Railroad. The operator of Cincinnati's grand Gibson House hotel catered a party in a large, private compartment at the rear of the car that Hatton had reserved.

Millar reported everyone in "jubilant spirits," eating, drinking and carrying on. He also noted that the team's quartet of singers – Brainard, third baseman Fred Waterman, left fielder Andy Leonard and the writer himself – had improved considerably since the team's Eastern tour.

As for the Transcontinental train ride itself, Millar wrote: "It is almost impossible to keep the boys inside of the car [so anxious are they] to get a glimpse of everything attractive or novel."

Sightings of buffalo, antelope and prairie dogs created an uproar and dash for the windows. Harry and some others carried pistols and rifles and – in the custom of the day – took potshots at this menagerie from the train windows. At each stop, the players would hurry outside and toss the ball about to keep their arms in shape, much to the astonishment of the locals, especially the Native Americans and the Chinese.

Darryl Brock, a painstakingly detail-oriented researcher, described the scenery the boys would have seen in Utah Territory this way in his bestselling novel "If I Never Get Back": "We climbed through the rugged gorges of Echo and Weber Canyons, staring at thrusts of red sandstone towering hundreds of feet above – Devil's Gate, Devil's Slide, Witches' Rock – as we passed along the ledges barely wide enough for the tracks. The Weber River was spanned by a reconstructed bridge. The original had washed away. This one swayed alarmingly as the engineer stopped in midspan so we could look straight down into a chasm where the river flowed between rock walls."

Once in San Francisco, the Red Stockings routed the opposition in eight games over the course of 11 days, starting with a 35-4 drubbing of the Eagle of San Francisco BBC on Sept. 25. Among their other results were two wins over the Pacific BBC, one over the Atlantic BBC and a 50-6 triumph over a local Picked Nine that closed out their stay.

The "Frisco" clubs, however, had one custom the Red Stockings were not familiar with. At the end of the sixth inning, the teams observed a 10-minute intermission, "a dodge to advertise and have the crowd patronize the bar," Millar wrote.

Away from the ballpark, the Red Stockings enjoyed the sights of the Bay Area. There was no Golden Gate Bridge or Coit Tower, but there was Chinatown and the Cliff House overlooking the Pacific Ocean, where sea lions perched on the rocks.

On the Red Stockings' final night in San Francisco, they were feted at a splendid banquet, and the next morning headed for home.

The team's exploits were reported nationally. So familiar were the nation's ball fans with this team, that in western Illinois when the club stopped for a pre-arranged game with the Quincy Occidentals, they complained about the Red Stockings playing out of position. Harry had wanted to rest the sore hands of catcher Doug Allison. At the end of each inning, the fans called for Harry to put Asa in the pitcher's box and Allison behind the plate.

Finally, Harry relented and the crowd cheered. 📖

John Erardi, Greg Rhodes and Greg Gajus are the co-authors of the new book, "Baseball Revolutionaries: How the 1869 Cincinnati Red Stockings Rocked the Country and Made Baseball Famous."



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TRAVEL PARTNERS

WHEN RUTH AND GEHRIG BARNSTORMED FOLLOWING THE 1927 SEASON, IT CHANGED THE WAY BASEBALL WAS BROUGHT TO AMERICA.

BY JANE LEAVY

On Oct. 10, 1927, two days after the Yankees concluded the World Series with four straight victories over the Pittsburgh Pirates and 10 days after Babe Ruth hit his 60th home run, circling the bases crowing “Sixty, count ‘em, sixty,” the Big Fella set off on a victory lap across America with sidekick Lou Gehrig in tow.

The barnstorming tour, choreographed by their agent, Christy Walsh, called for the Bustin’ Babes and the Larrupin’

Lous to visit 21 cities in nine states in three weeks. Walsh called it “A Symphony of Swat.” The Omaha World Herald called it “the biggest show since Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey, and seven other associated circuses offered their entire performance under one tent.”

The itinerary – New York to Los Angeles – prefigured the arrival of Major League Baseball on the West Coast 30 years later and the tectonic cultural shift of the second half of the 20th century. It was also suggestive of Ruth’s evolution from a local baseball star in Boston in the years before radio, to a national celebrity at the dawn of mass communications and marketing.

The tour began in Providence, R.I., on Oct. 10, where Ruth had pitched the Grays to a championship in 1914. Before departing that evening, Ruth advised promoters of the next day’s game in Trenton, N.J., that he wouldn’t be able to attend a scheduled luncheon with governor A. Harry Moore. He had business in Manhattan and, he explained, “After the middle of the month, I’ll be on a train every night until November.”

HOME RUN KING AND LOU HERE FOR GAME AT
HIGH SCHOOL FIELD

WILL NOT ARRIVE IN TIME FOR LUNCHEON

–TRENTON EVENING TIMES

HOME RUN TWINS CALL ON MOORE

STATE HOUSE “STENOGS” IN TURMOIL AS

RUTH AND GEHRIG ARRIVE

–TRENTON EVENING TIMES

Babe Ruth swept into the great hall of Manhattan’s Pennsylvania Station either with or without two ladies not named Mrs. Ruth prominently clinging to his arm. He had or had not spent the night before in their company, calling out to a pal among the assembled scribes, photogs,

hangers-on, autograph addicts and redcaps gathered to see him off: “Coupla beauts, eh?”

His agent Christy Walsh thrust himself into the scrum. Among other things, it was his job to make sure the story remained an either/or – either it wouldn’t find its way into print until long after they were all dead or it would be forgotten in a blitz of favorable mentions of the visits Walsh had arranged to hospitals and orphanages, where Babe would be photographed being his best self.

Most Americans still thought the Babe was a happily married man – the photos of Helen with their daughter, Dorothy, in a Yankee Stadium field box at the World Series helped. Walsh could count on the discretion of the beat guys on the payroll of the Christy Walsh Syndicate who doubled as Ruth’s ghosts, but not on their editors. Not anymore. Not since Joe Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News*, America’s first tabloid, plastered photos of Babe’s mistress, Claire Hodgson, on page 1 in August 1925. And not with Bernarr Macfadden of *True Story* fame bankrolling New York’s newest scandal sheet, the *New York Evening Graphic* – known around town as the Porno-Graphic.

Walsh’s immediate task was to extricate Ruth from the mob that attached to him like an appendage. They had a train to catch. There was a ball game, a mayor and a governor waiting for them in Trenton.

New York’s Penn Station occupied seven acres of Manhattan real estate, stretching two city blocks along Seventh Avenue. With its two grand carriage entrances evoking Berlin’s Brandenburg Gate, a main waiting room fashioned of pink granite and modeled on the Baths of Caracalla – the biggest indoor space in the city – and a soaring concourse with a greenhouse ceiling confected of iron and glass, it was Ruthian in proportion. Penn Station – and the equally sumptuous Grand Central Terminal on Manhattan’s east side – were the nexus of travel and business in America’s largest city.

It was also a landmark in the professional relationship between Ruth and Walsh: It was here, on Feb. 21, 1921, that Walsh had secured Ruth’s signature on their first contract. Walsh’s grandson, Robert Walsh, an L.A. guy like his grandfather, tells the story as a scene from a noir movie.

Having forgotten to bring a contract to their first meeting the day before at Ruth’s apartment, Walsh arrived at the station early, which was not at all his style. (By 1927, he had grown accustomed to having trains held for him.)

“He waits on the platform,” Robert Walsh said. “Then out of nowhere, through the steam, there comes Ruth, beaming in a belted camel hair coat with an oversized cigar all aglow.”

While Helen Ruth diverted her husband’s many admirers, Walsh secured his signature on the wrinkled contract he had typed out in letter form, a copy of which would sell for \$21,510 some 80 years later.

Walsh couldn’t have imagined when he signed the Big Fella to that one-year deal – 15 minutes before Babe and Helen boarded the 4:50 p.m. train for Hot Springs, Ark., where Babe went to boil out before Spring Training – that Ruth would get this big. That the money would get this big. That the job would get this big.

The Big Fella didn’t set out to be a revolutionary. But in his anti-authoritarian soul, he understood the injustice of ownership holding all the financial cards. He had a firm grasp of his own worth and didn’t cotton to the inherent unfairness in the imbalance of power and money: “It isn’t right to call me or any ballplayer an ingrate because we ask for more money. Sure I want more, all I’m entitled to. The time of a ballplayer is short. He must get his money in a few years or lose out. Listen, a man who works for another man is not going to be paid any more than he’s worth. You can bet on that. A man ought to get all he can earn. A man who knows he’s making money for other people ought to get some of the profit he brings in. Don’t make any difference if it’s baseball or a bank or a vaudeville show. It’s a business, I tell you. There ain’t no sentiment to it. Forget that stuff.”

Why shouldn’t he get his?

Ruth thumbed his nose at the pooh-bahs in every front office of every major league club by hiring Walsh to promote and protect his interests, which he did zealously for 14 years, making Ruth the first professional athlete to make as much money from off-the-field exploits as he did on it and making himself the first sports agent in industry history – the original Jerry Maguire of Hollywood fame.

Ruth thumbed his nose at the autocrats of the dugout, managers like the Giants John McGraw, who exerted complete control of the game, moving men around the bases like chess pieces until the Babe came along, took the game into his own hands and remade it in his image. Who said bunt and slash was the only way to play baseball?

Who said you can’t swing away?

Ruth thumbed his nose at baseball commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis every time he barnstormed against Negro Leaguers and other touring black ball clubs as he had since 1918, and as he would that afternoon in Trenton against the Brooklyn Royal Giants, and again two days later in Asbury Park. True, Ruth wasn’t the only white player to compete against Negro Leaguers. But he was the Babe. He brought them welcome attention as well as a good pay day.

Ruth thumbed his nose at Landis in the fall of 1921 when he defied the capricious ban on World Series participants barnstorming in the off-season. He was suspended, for a quarter of the 1922 season, and fined his \$3,362.26 World Series share, for that act of defiance. The silly rule was soon taken off the books and Ruth was granted permission to barnstorm so long as he said “pretty please” and promised to be done by Halloween.

In his own unlettered way, Ruth understood something the big shots in the commissioner’s office wouldn’t get for decades about showcasing the National Pastime and creating a market west of the Mississippi: “I think we are doing something that is in the interest of baseball. I do not



Babe Ruth (left) and Lou Gehrig barnstormed throughout the United States by rail in the autumn of 1927, assembling teams of local players for exhibition contests. The tour brought the two future Hall of Famers to towns not included in the 10-city big league map of the time.

see why we are singled out when other big players, members of second- and third-place clubs in the World Series money, are permitted to play postseason games. I am out to earn an honest dollar, and at the same time give baseball fans an opportunity to see the big players in action.”

“Barnstorming” was an aviator’s term. But like the circus and vaudeville and the National Pastime, too, Walsh’s barnstorming tours derived from the oldest model of communal entertainment – the traveling troubadour. It had long been an off-season dodge for baseball players looking to make a buck. Ruth had doubled his income barnstorming in 1919 and 1920. When he agreed to play exhibition games after the 1921 World Series for \$1,000 each from Oct. 16 to Nov. 1, followed by a multi-city vaudeville tour, Landis took advantage of Ruth’s stubbornness and the archaic rule to make an example of The Babe and consolidate his power over the game.

That tour ended with a whimper in Scranton, Pa., with Walsh working behind the scenes along with Yankees management to bring Ruth to his senses. Undaunted, Ruth took to the boards in November – making as much money with song-and-dance man Wellington Cross as he lost in salary and fines.

A few lame Landis jokes were written into the script during a tryout in Mount Vernon, N.Y., before the show opened in Boston on Nov. 7. Cross crooned “Along Came Ruth” by way of an introduction to America’s best-known thespian. Ruth, who had come down with a bad case of laryngitis in Mount Vernon, gamely croaked his way through his solo, “Little by Little, Bit by Bit,” reminding the critic from the *Boston Post* that as a member of a Red Sox quartet no one was quite sure if Ruth was a tenor or a bass. A reviewer for the International News Service observed,

“You just knew he’d like to get his hands on the guy who wrote the song.”

Margery Lee, a society reporter for the *Boston Telegram*, sat behind Helen Ruth at the opening performance, noting the jeweled hands that played nervously with her beaded purse, the brown eyes that never left the Babe’s throat and her refusal to laugh at a single joke. Lee was kind enough not to mention the hat she wore, which resembled the back end of a turkey. Perhaps it was one of the 25 chapeaux, the *Boston Globe* reported, that she had purchased for \$840 the year before. Lee was rewarded with a marital scoop: “Babe Ruth in Danger of Being Kidnapped – Mrs. Babe Threatens to Take Him Away from Public to Farm”: “Honey-dear, does it hurt terribly?” she cooed. “Does his sweet little voice hurt him?”

“Rats, it’s all right,” said Babe, in a raspy squeak. “What’s a little sore throat to a big husky man? And suppose I do lose my voice? I’ll never be a singer anyway, and I could always go in the movies.”

“Oh, I’ll be so glad when I can have my hubby all to myself,” Mrs. Babe Ruth confided. “He’s such a busy man. I feel as if he only belonged to me when no one else happened to want him. Someday, people are going to find that I’ve kidnapped my own husband and have run away some place with him where we can lead a simple life away from grandstands and managers and photographers and all the annoying things that clutter up our life.”

But her hubby wasn’t made for sitting still. What made him “the complete American,” as the *New York Herald Tribune* would describe him in his 1948 obituary, was his restlessness and energy. Winking, swinging, mincing, sliding, he always seemed to be going somewhere, doing something.

Train travel wasn’t just a means of conveyance for ballplayers, it was a way of life – and the locus of a trove of Ruthian lore. He carried a portable record player with him on every road trip and, on occasion, staged impromptu concerts for the assembled masses, as he did one day while barnstorming in the fall of 1926. He held a barn dance beside a water tank when his train stopped to take on water in Montana.

Crowds gathered at railroad crossings and train stations every spring as the Yankees made their way north in advance of Opening Day. Babe’s “progress through the countryside was like that of a president or a king,” wrote New York sportswriter Frank Graham. “And the Babe never failed them. He would leave his dinner or a card game, even get up out of bed,

to go out on the platform and greet his admirers and shake the hands stretched up to him.”

Sometimes Walsh wired ahead that the Babe was en route; sometimes porters alerted stations down the line. Other times local newspapers published his itinerary, promising that Ruth would detrain and greet local fans. Occasionally, they got his schedule wrong, leading to cases of mistaken identity and this retraction. “Today’s Tragedy: Portly Pullman Passenger Nearly Mobbed.”

After 60

Walsh had announced plans for a 12-to-15-game barnstorming tour on Sept. 26, 1927. The carefully worded press release noted that permission had been obtained from Yankees owner Colonel Ruppert. He billed the tour as a competition for “the Copper Cup” – a continuation of the Bam’s season-long home run chase. Walsh printed the promotional brochure on yellow tour stationery in bold red ink:

AFTER THE SEASON CLOSES! AFTER THE WORLD SERIES ENDS!
THE BATTLE FOR THE HOME RUN TITLE CONTINUES
RUTH VS. GEHRIG
A SERIES OF POST-SEASON GAMES
FROM NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA
BABE RUTH AND LOU GEHRIG
THE GREATEST DOUBLE-BARREL BOX OFFICE
ATTRACTION
IN BASEBALL HISTORY – GOING OUT TO THOUSANDS
THAT CANNOT COME TO THEM.
TERMS: GUARANTEE WITH PRIVILEGE OF PERCENTAGE

When the World Series ended prematurely, Walsh had to scramble to fill their dance card. The only dates in place were those he’d arranged in Los Angeles, the Bay Area and Kansas City. Walsh later claimed that more than 50 cities vied for their services and he was happy to play them off against each other to up the price.

For the Babe, who had spent part of the offseason in Hollywood filming a movie, “Babe Comes Home,” with Swedish silent movie star Anna Q. Nilsson, this was old hat. Gehrig, the naïf, who had never been west of the Mississippi, allowed that it was quite an education traveling around with the Babe.

“We’d have been to jail more than once if Ruth didn’t know how to talk to traffic cops,” Gehrig said.

He was mystified by the absence of cowboys and Indians in the Ogden Canyon when they changed trains in Utah en route to California. The next day, just outside Oakland, Gehrig took a turn driving the locomotive and tooting its whistle while Ruth entertained the gentlemen of the press.

This was the third postseason tour Walsh had organized for the Babe and by far the most sophisticated. By now he had the formula down. At every stop, Ruth and Gehrig would visit hospitals and orphanages, attend luncheons and banquets – hosted most often by the Elks or the Knights of Columbus, organizations to which Ruth belonged – give speeches (written by Walsh), praise local dignitaries, sign autographs (including baseballs left behind as prizes for the winners of student essay-writing contests), conduct pregame hitting exhibitions, and captain teams composed of local



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

One famous picture from the 1927 barnstorming tour featured Gehrig and Ruth among a team of Japanese-American All-Stars at a stop in Fresno, Calif.

semi-pros, bush leaguers and a few big leaguers in games between the Bustin' Babes and Larrupin' Lous, for which Walsh demanded a guaranteed flat fee. Up front. And never in cash.

Walsh gave exclusives to “girl reporters,” whom he could count on for feminine fawning and teary-eyed puffery to round out the Babe’s rougher edges. In Lima, Ohio, in 1927, this strategy produced the following headline: “REPORTER SEES BABE, LOU; FORGETS SCORE.”

The year before in Minneapolis, Walsh got Lorena Hickok, then of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, and later the first woman to receive a byline in the *New York Times*, to coo over Ruth in the society column. “What you most notice, after you have become accustomed to his size, are his eyes. Instead of being cold and keen and sharp, they are warm and amber colored and heavy-lidded, as clear and as soft as the eyes of a child.”

In 1926, Walsh had double-booked Ruth into barnstorming games and vaudeville appearances with the Pantages theater chain. He dressed up as Peter Pan, painted scenery and ate Thanksgiving dinner with orphans in Seattle, posing among them with a Ruthian turkey leg stuffed in his mouth. By Walsh’s count, Ruth made 22 speeches; autographed a thousand baseballs; visited three college football camps (Notre Dame, Drake and the University of Minnesota); played golf with coaches Pop Warner, Howard Jones and Walter Hagen; and received instruction in how to apply stage makeup from Gloria Swanson and Bill Tilden.

Ruth’s act consisted of a seven-minute motion picture showing him doing his best Bambino stuff and training at Artie McGovern’s gym in Manhattan. At the end, he stepped through the screen into the footlights and delivered the words crafted for him by Arthur “Bugs” Baer, who saved his best stuff for his columns for the Hearst Syndicate (“Love is the last line in a ten-word telegram”) and for the ghostwritten columns he wrote under Nick Altrock’s byline for the Christy Walsh Syndicate.

Then, as scripted by Baer, Ruth would summon a handful of kids – five or so – to the stage to receive batting tips and an autographed baseball. Each was offered the opportunity to sing a song or dance or recite a bit of poetry.

Everything went swimmingly – Ruth netted more than \$29,000 on that 12-week, 14-city tour – until California’s deputy state labor commissioner, Stanley M. Gue, had Ruth arrested on charges of violating child labor laws on Jan. 22, 1927. The suit was dismissed summarily by an unamused judge by the end of February. Ruth and Walsh also ended up in litigation with the Pantages company over unpaid theatrical expenses.

Which may explain why Walsh decided they’d had enough of vaudeville when he planned the tour for the fall of 1927. Walsh availed himself of every modern method of marketing and public relations, and every new technological advance to capitalize on the Babe’s image. Newsreel cameramen were summoned to appearances in Trenton, Kansas City, Stockton and Omaha, where Ruth cuddled with the newly-crowned egg laying champion of the world, Lady Norfolk, aka Lady Amco, the Babe Ruth of

Layers. He booked a joint radio interview for Ruth and Gehrig on radio station KGO in Oakland, part of NBC’s new Orange Network created to serve the Pacific Coast. Ruth predicted that his home run record would never be broken and lavished praise on Columbia Lou.

Walsh sent dispatches to favored writers back in New York who could be counted on to write a column or place an item. John Kieran, the first sports columnist for the *New York Times*, commented favorably on the number of keys to American cities Ruth had received but also took the opportunity to note the number of cars Ruth had wrecked. Motoring north from Spring Training one year, Kieran wrote, Ruth totaled his new machine, telling the car dealer, “This is Babe Ruth. You know that car you sold me? Well, it’s off the road upside down in a culvert out there.

It’s busted up plenty.’

“We’ll be right out to fix it, Mr. Ruth.’

“Fix nothing,’ Babe replied. ‘Send me another car.’”

Walsh sold *Collier’s* magazine on an exclusive story of the tour, inviting its writer, John B. Kennedy, to join the traveling caravan. (*Collier’s* would run the story in April, at the beginning of the 1928 season.) He assembled scrapbooks bulging with glowing notices, including stories about Ruth’s longest home runs – those that traveled in myth from his bat into passing freight trains chugging behind outfield fences in Lima, Ohio, and Marysville, Calif., balls carried into posterity by rail.

On the train

The train bearing Ruth, Gehrig and Walsh pulled into Trenton’s Clinton Street Pennsylvania Railroad Station at 1 p.m. on Oct. 11. They were met by the enterprising promoters: George

Giasco, described in the press as a prominent Trenton athlete, and Joe Plumeri, the businessman who had slipped 10 \$100 bills into Ruth’s paw outside Yankee Stadium during the World Series as an inducement to jilt a previously scheduled game in Portland and train to Trenton instead. “This is for you if you’ll come and barnstorm,” came the reply.

So much for Portland.

Gehrig announced the game in Trenton during a Sunday evening radio interview broadcast from the new Fifth Avenue studios of WJZ, the flagship station of the NBC Blue Network, which had debuted on New Year’s Day. The 50,000-watt signal overwhelmed local stations for miles around and reached as far as Decatur, Ill., where the local newspaper reported that Gehrig had given “a very nice radio talk. To many listeners, it appeared that Gehrig is a sincere friend and respecting pupil of the Big Fellow, and is thankful to be playing on the same team.”

Listeners in Trenton were startled by the announcement and by their good fortune.

The 3:30 p.m. first pitch left just enough time for a handshake and a photo at the State House with Governor Moore, where 150 stenographers formed an impromptu receiving line, before they headed off to the Knights of Columbus headquarters to change into uniforms. The high school field did not have a locker room sufficient to accommodate them.

Still cameras and moving-picture machines waited for them on the



This “Bustin’ Babes” jersey, now a part of the Hall of Fame collection, was worn by Babe Ruth during his 1927 barnstorming tour.

MILY STEWART / NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

steps of the Capitol's west wing.

"Meet Lou Gehrig, Gov," Ruth said by way of introduction. "The kid don't say much," Ruth explained.

In the photo, Ruth stood front and center, clasping the governor's hand. Gehrig, who was named Most Valuable Player in the major leagues that very afternoon, was relegated to the side.

The caption identified a dapper gentleman standing behind Moore as "the business manager" of the Home Run Twins' barnstorming tour. That was where Walsh wanted to be, occupying the role he had created for himself, unnamed but acknowledged, presiding over the fray. But he wasn't the man in the picture. The editors got it wrong, a case of mistaken identity – which can happen when you're the fella behind the Big Fella. Walsh made sure that wasn't a regular occurrence.

Thanks to Walsh, Ruth was the first athlete to be as famous for what he did off the field (or what people thought he did) as he was for what he did on it. And in 1927, with Walsh's help, he would become the first ballplayer to be paid as much for what he did off the field as what he did on it: \$70,000 from the Yankees and \$73,247.34 in outside income, the equivalent of \$27,652,671 in 2016 dollars.

What began six years earlier as an agreement to syndicate ghostwritten stories under the Babe's byline had become not only big business but an entirely new kind of business: The management, marketing and promotion of athletic heroism. Together they were inventing a new way for athletes to be famous – and to profit from that fame.

The sports world had begun to take notice. Even the inveterate curmudgeon Westbrook Pegler, the former ghostwriter responsible for the treacly autobiography serialized under Ruth's name in 1920, had been forced to admit they were onto something new. Now a syndicated columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*, Pegler had given Walsh his grudging due in a Feb. 11, 1927, column, played as a scoop by the *Washington Post*: "Babe Ruth Now an Industry and Has Acquired a Manager."

Radical as it was to think of an athlete as an entity to be capitalized, the headline was new only to the newspaper's editors – Walsh had been in complete control of Ruth's affairs for more than a year. In fact, he had signed him to a new five-year contract in July. He gave the story to *New York Telegram* columnist Joe Williams, who reciprocated with a fawning profile titled "Christy Walsh, the Man Behind Mr. Babe Ruth." Said Williams: "He made the Ruthian bankroll what it is today."

Walsh now controlled every aspect of Ruth's financial life: Investments, annuities, insurance policies, endorsements, personal appearances and taxes. And he was involved in every aspect of Ruth's personal life, too. He would say later, "I did everything but [bunk] with him."

And one night, when only a single unoccupied berth was available on their overbooked Pullman, he even tried that. Ruth kicked him out of bed.

No funny business

The Trenton promoters recruited Nat Strong's Brooklyn Royal Giants of the Eastern Colored League to oppose Ruth and Gehrig, who played together on a pickup team of locals. The featured matchup was the Babe versus Cannonball Dick Redding, the player-manager of the Royal Giants, who at age 36 was far past his prime but still capable of throwing a no-hitter, as he had in August. Redding had Chino Smith, the league's batting champion, on his roster, but not much else. The Royal Giants had finished last in their league with a record of 15-31. But they came cheap.

And they were available on short notice.

Giasco would talk to Cannonball before the game about ensuring a good show: "Now look, you know why all these people are here. You know what they came to see. They're out here to see Ruth hit home runs, right?"

"Right."

"Now, when the Babe comes to bat, no funny business."

"Got ya. Right down the pike."

Three thousand and five hundred paying customers – and 3,000 insurgent boys – assembled at Trenton's High School Field on that Tuesday afternoon to see the fourth meeting between Ruth and the Negro Leagues pitching star. These occasions were a kind of historical amuse-bouche, a taste of what could have been had African-American players been allowed to play in the major leagues.

Gehrig doubled, singled, walked and popped to short against Redding. Ruth fled out, popped to second and smashed three home runs over the right field wall, each an occasion for a hundred boys to waylay him on the base paths. Clinging to his arms and wrapping themselves around his legs, they cried: "Oh, you Babe! Oh, you Babe!"

It took him 10 minutes to reach home plate and at least that long for police to clear the field. After his third home run escaped captivity in the eighth inning, the police gave up. A swarm of young boys chased Ruth into the dugout, where he fell, heaving and sweating, into the laps of sportswriters and Mayor Donnelly of Trenton, who was attending his first game in 30 years in hopes of persuading Ruth to return for a Halloween celebration.

"My God, they scared me stiff," Ruth said, taking a minute to catch his breath and regain his equanimity. He wasn't afraid for himself, he explained quickly. "I was afraid I would trample one of them – these spiked shoes would cut a kid's shoes off."

Two spectators were injured in the melee: Thomas Margino, 15, and Frank Carkowsky, 48, were treated at St. Francis Hospital.

For the second day in a row – and one of 13 occasions on the tour – the game was broken up by fan enthusiasm. Ruth and Gehrig were on their way back to the city an hour after the last pitch. They had a game to play the next afternoon against the semi-pro Bushwicks at Dexter Park on the border of Brooklyn and Queens.

By the time the tour concluded a day early in Los Angeles on Oct. 30 – the game scheduled for Halloween in Long Beach having been rained out – they had traveled 8,000 miles by rail, signed 5,000 baseballs and had been seen by a quarter of a million people who otherwise had no opportunity to see big league baseball, Walsh wrote in a widely reprinted press release. Ruth earned \$28,281.93, by Walsh's account. Gehrig was paid \$9,000, more than his 1927 Yankees salary.

Ruth earned an additional \$3,000 in Kansas City for posing in a pair of overalls called the Whizit, marketed by the H.D. Mercantile Company as the first item of men's workwear to make use of a zipper.

He declined an offer "for a fat sum" delivered by telegram to his hotel in Fresno on Oct. 29 to extend the tour with some dates in vaudeville.

"It's been a rough season," he said. "I ain't going to do a thing except you know what." ❗

Jane Leavy is the author of New York Times bestsellers "The Big Fella: Babe Ruth and the World He Created (from which this article is excerpted)," "The Last Boy: Mickey Mantle and the End of America's Childhood" and "Sandy Koufax: A Lefty's Legacy."



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Come One, Come All

Hall's inaugural Induction Ceremony in 1939 brought thousands to baseball's home.

BY SCOTT PITONIAK

He had been an adventurous kid – once hitch-hiking halfway across the city of Minneapolis to watch westerns at a five-cent movie theater, and another time hopping aboard an empty coal train car that carried him from Minnesota to Wisconsin and back.

So, when 18-year-old Frank Rekucki read the newspaper wire story that Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson and other diamond dandies were going to be in Cooperstown on June 12, 1939 – 80 years ago this June – for the dedication of what was then called the National Baseball Museum and exhibition games at Doubleday Field, the wheels in his brain soon were chugging like a locomotive with a full head of steam.

Driven by his love for baseball and wanderlust, the recent high school graduate stuffed some clean clothes into a bag and his life savings of \$16 into his pocket, and sneaked like a hobo onto a freight train heading 1,200 miles southeast. Rekucki arrived in the bucolic Central New York village two days early and wound up securing a spot so close to the stage on the steps to the Hall's Main Street entrance that he was able to shake hands with the likes of Ruth and Honus Wagner and get their autographs on cards. Later that day, Rekucki finagled a job as a "pop boy" at the Doubleday exhibition games, fetching sodas for the current major league players who were participating.

It was a road trip neither he nor anyone else among the 12,000-15,000 in attendance

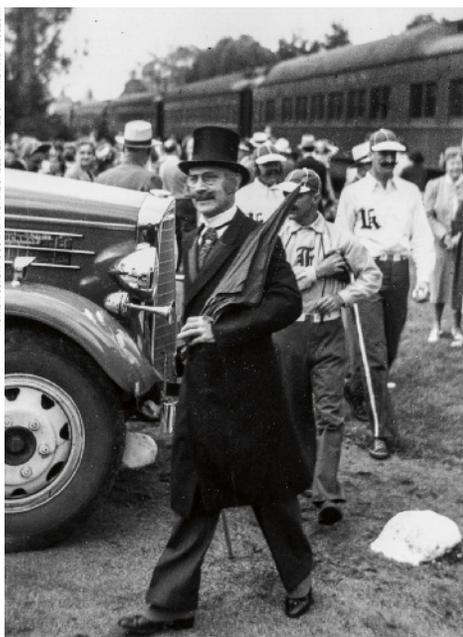
would ever forget. That manic Monday would start the trend of annual *Induction Ceremony* migrations to Cooperstown that continues to this day. At last year's ceremonies – they're now held at the Clark Sports Center on the outskirts of town – an estimated 53,000 showed up. That crowd was second only to the throng of 82,000 that turned out to welcome 2007 inductees Cal Ripken Jr. and Tony Gwynn. And that attendance record could be challenged by this summer's six-man class, headed by the Hall's first unanimous selection, Mariano Rivera.

Still, for historical significance and sheer star power, it would be difficult to top the first ceremony. You only get one chance to make a first impression, and this one was the equivalent of a fastball zooming off the barrel of a bat. A United Press wire service story wrote that "Cooperstown, a quiet, lazy hamlet in upstate New York, has never seen such a day as this."

No, it hadn't. And from that day forward, the village and baseball would become synonymous. Author James Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Country would become known for horsehides.

The Hall's christening was the high point of a four-month celebration of baseball's centennial that saw high school, college, American Legion and professional games played at Doubleday, site of the old cow pasture where Abner Doubleday purportedly invented the sport in 1839. To ensure the national focus would be on Cooperstown that day, Baseball

HOMER OSTERN/NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Left: Special train service was arranged for the inaugural Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony in Cooperstown on June 12, 1939, with local residents helping clear tracks that had not been used in several years. **Right:** A four-block parade down Main Street was part of the festivities for the first Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony. It remains an Induction Weekend tradition.



Left: Fans gather in front of Doubleday Field for games that were part of Baseball's Centennial Celebration and the first induction ceremonies in Cooperstown. **Right:** The inaugural Hall of Fame Game in 1939 started a tradition that continued through 2008, with big league teams coming to Cooperstown to play exhibition games. In 1951, Jackie Robinson and the Brooklyn Dodgers faced off against the Philadelphia Athletics at Doubleday Field.

Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis decreed that no big league games be scheduled.

The day included the issuance of a U.S. postage stamp commemorating the game's centennial; speeches by baseball's most prominent figures; a four-block parade, replete with marching bands; old-time baseball reenactments; and an exhibition game between 32 current and former major leaguers. It took years of careful planning by more than 100 committee members to pull it all off.

Special five-foot-long-by-two-foot-high reflecting road signs, featuring a large baseball and the words "Cooperstown" and "Baseball Centennial," greeted visitors on all of the roads leading into the village. Thirteen Pullman cars were added to the Centennial Special train from New York City. Cars also were added to accommodate extra passengers from Chicago and Boston. Trains had not traveled to Cooperstown in nearly five years, so stretches of rails had to be cleared of weeds.

Many visitors arrived in automobiles. Some came in horse and buggy. Others flew in, either on sea planes landing on placid, nine-mile-long Otsego Lake, or on regular planes touching down on runways in nearby Utica and Fort Plain. Still others hoofed into town by foot.

By the time the ribbon-cutting ceremonies commenced appropriately with the singing of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" shortly after noon, more than 4,000 people had shoehorned into the limited space in front of the dignitary stand on the steps leading to the Museum's entrance. The crowd included several major league players who had spent their own money

to journey to Cooperstown for the festivities. Many of them carried cameras and baseballs they had purchased from local vendors for 50 cents apiece in hopes of snaring autographs from Ruth, Cobb, Connie Mack and the eight other living Hall of Famers scheduled to take part in the ceremonies. Reporters and columnists from most of the major U.S. newspapers and wire services were on hand, along with radio stations and at least six newsreel companies.

Among the spectators were several of Doubleday's relatives, including second cousins William Doubleday Jr. and Laura Doubleday, each of whom still lived in the area. From the podium, Cooperstown Mayor Rowan Spraker welcomed the audience and told them that the Native American word "Otsego" meant "where meetings were held."

A few minutes later, red, white and blue ribbons were cut, the Museum's front door was unlocked and the key was presented to Landis. Amid a ruffle of drums, a roll call of deceased and living members of the Hall of Fame was heard. The honorees included Tris Speaker, Nap Lajoie, Cy Young, Walter Johnson, George Sisler, Eddie Collins, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Wagner, Mack and Ruth. Not surprisingly, the Bambino received the biggest ovation of the day. He was mobbed by autograph seekers once the ceremonies concluded and continued to be besieged a few hours later during the exhibition game at Doubleday Field. Although he had retired four years earlier, Ruth clearly remained baseball's towering figure.

"This was like the old days – my arm got terribly tired writing so many autographs," he

said. "I didn't know there were so many people who didn't have my signature."

Cobb arrived late and missed being a part of the ceremonies and the iconic photo of the original living inductees. The "Georgia Peach" said he had been delayed in Utica because one of his children became sick after driving across the country from his home in Menlo Park, Calif.

Following the parade down a Main Street swollen with spectators, two reenactment games were held. The first featured boys from Cooperstown High School, playing a baseball-like game known as town ball. The second game involved soldiers from the U.S. Army infantry. They dressed in uniforms of the New York Knickerbockers and Brooklyn Excelsiors, who in 1848 became some of the first uniformed teams to play the modern-style game. The third game of the triple-header was a seven-inning exhibition between current major leaguers. The ballpark's capacity was 10,000, but on this day roughly 12,000 showed up, leaving many fans to sit on the outfield grass just beneath the wall.

In 1989, on the 50th anniversary of the first ceremonies, Rekucki penned a 15-page letter recounting his memories. The correspondence is preserved in the Museum's research library.

Neither he nor the other pioneering attendees could have imagined they'd be trendsetters for annual pilgrimages to the place that's become home to baseball's history and soul. 🍊

Best-selling author Scott Pitoniak resides in Penfield, N.Y. His latest book, "Forever Orange: The Story of Syracuse University," will be published this fall.



Family Tradition

Cooperstown trips have become an annual rite for many Hall of Fame supporters.

BY ISABELLE MINASIAN

For Hall of Famers, the journey to Cooperstown is decades in the making. But for thousands of visitors each year, baseball's hometown is a destination that is always right around the corner.

Every year, hundreds of thousands of fans travel to the small village perched on the edge of Otsego Lake to visit the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum and to experience all that Cooperstown has to offer.

Some venture here to play, whether in baseball tournaments at the nearby Dreams Park or All-Star Village, or alongside Hall of Famers in the annual Cooperstown Golf Classic. Others come for the history, to conduct research at the Giamatti Research Center or to walk in the footsteps of the game's legends.

Of course, many visitors travel to Cooperstown specifically for Induction Weekend, where they have the opportunity to celebrate the career of a player they grew up watching. For some, though, trips to Cooperstown have become about more than baseball; they're about family.

James DiCairano and his family have journeyed to Cooperstown for Induction Weekend every year since 2004.

"It's always a three-and-a-half hour drive. Never any more or less," he remarked, noting how fortunate they are to be in such close proximity to the town.

"People always have these vacation spots that they look forward to going to every year. People here in New Jersey go to the Jersey Shore, or Cape Cod, but, for us, Cooperstown is what we look forward to. It's four or five days a year that you mark down on the calendar, and you always know where you'll be.

You're surrounded by other people who eat, sleep and breathe baseball. I leave (to return home) that Monday and I already start looking forward to the next year."

What began as an annual trip has expanded over the years to include a few times "when it's a little more relaxed," as well as the Hall of Fame Classic Weekend.

Classic Weekend, which happens on Memorial Day Weekend, debuted in 2009 and has proven to be a family tradition for many, offering fans opportunities to interact with Hall of Fame greats and recently retired MLB favorites.

"We're such huge baseball fans," DiCairano said, "so this became another great opportunity to create more memories."



PHOTO: COURTESY JAMES DICAIRANO

James DiCairano (left) poses with Hall of Famer Randy Johnson at the annual *PLAY Ball with Ozzie Smith* event during Hall of Fame Weekend. **Right:** DiCairano and his mother, Robin Craig, have their picture taken with Hall of Famer Jack Morris in the Plaque Gallery. DiCairano's family travels to Cooperstown several times each year.



Much has changed in Cooperstown in the years since the DiCairanos first joined the Museum's Membership Program, and James is quick to praise what he considers one of the biggest Induction Weekend changes: *The Parade of Legends* on Saturday evening.

"When we first started to come up, they had the Hall of Famers on seven or eight trolleys together, and now they've got the trucks, which makes it much more fan friendly."

The weekend "allows us to connect with



our heroes,” DiCairano added. “And I could never imagine missing an Induction Weekend.

“I’m a diehard Yankees fan. I’ve been waiting years for this, to see Mariano Rivera up on the stage, standing with his plaque and hearing his speech. Mariano, without question, is one of my favorites of all time, so it’s going to be a very special day.”

During their first visit in 2004, DiCairano admits it was “kind of a shot in the dark. We didn’t know where to go, or the lay of the land.”

They’ve learned a lot since those early years, and DiCairano is quick to encourage other visitors to return, particularly when it comes to visiting the Hall of Fame and Museum.

“Don’t try to take in the Hall of Fame in one day,” he suggested. “There’s so much, and I don’t think you can fully appreciate all the different artifacts and exhibits.

“I always enjoy going up and down Main Street and going to the shops. Almost every other shop is baseball-related. How unique is that?”

Though the DiCairanos’ visits to Cooperstown understandably feature a lot of baseball, they’ve also come to carry a deeper meaning.

“It’s become a very special place for myself and my family,” DiCairano said. “We’ve also gotten to know people throughout our years here. We look forward to seeing them every year. It’s another family up there, in a way.”

Isabelle Minasian is the digital content specialist at the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.



Cooperstown Bond

A father and son connect on a pilgrimage to the Hall of Fame.

BY JOHN ROSENGREN

The summer before he passed away, my dad, Bill Rosengren, granted me one final memory: A weekend at the National Baseball Hall of Fame. I knew he had always wanted to go, but now, being sick, he wouldn't do it without a nudge. I also wanted the chance to make this one final special trip with him.

Even though cancer had weakened him, he obliged.

So in 2005, like countless other fathers and sons, we traveled to Cooperstown, the first time for both of us. We flew from Minneapolis into Albany (because it was the closest airport) and rented a car to drive the balance of the 70 miles. Any journey to the Hall of Fame has the element of a road trip, because even if you fly – to Albany, Syracuse or Binghamton – you still have to drive the rest of the way.

Dad drove, because he always did. He had driven me to Metropolitan Stadium in the 1970s when he would go to the Twins' office downtown the day tickets went on sale and buy a pair for each of their scheduled doubleheaders. He had driven to County Stadium in Milwaukee and to Comiskey and Wrigley in Chicago in the '80s so we could watch baseball outdoors on grass after the Twins moved to the Metrodome. And he drove to Kansas City and Kauffman Stadium in the 1990s, where we reminisced about the foul ball hit by George Brett that I had snagged years earlier at the Met, the only ball I ever caught (even though I'd faithfully brought my glove to games).

Baseball had been our thing. Dad had passed his love of the game on to me. I remember him pitching a Wiffle Ball to me on

our suburban street when I was 4 years old (in the same neighborhood where Billy Martin lived in the 1960s; Dad told me how he waited with Martin at the bus stop but didn't talk to him), playing catch in the yard with a real baseball when I got older and him going to my games when we started wearing full uniforms. But it was at the ballparks where the love took root though baseball's oral tradition.

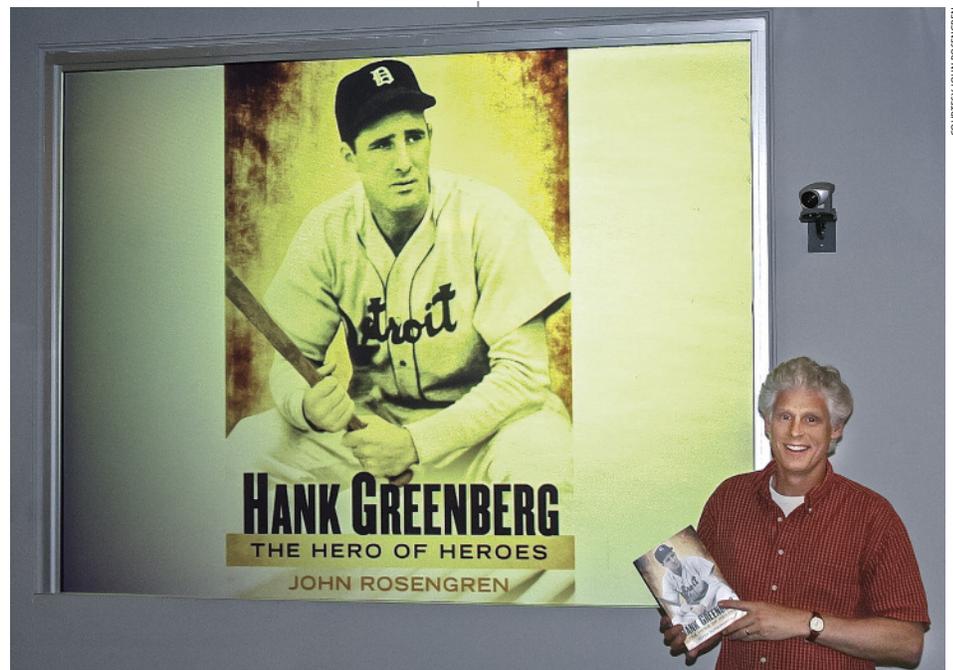
The pace of the game allows for fathers to pass along to sons the stories, explain the traditions and explore the collective memory. Between pitches and between innings, he told me how for a dime and a Wheaties box top he sat with other kids on the warning track at Minneapolis Millers games. He loved to recall

how Ray Dandridge, the Millers' African-American third baseman and future Hall of Famer, would toy with runners: Either lobbing balls that he had timed perfectly to reach the first baseman's mitt an instant before the runner's foot touched the bag, or by scooping up a hard hit ground ball, eyeing the runner and waiting, waiting before rifling a throw to first that barely nipped him.

When we finally made it to the red brick building at 25 Main Street in Cooperstown, we discovered it was a repository for all of those memories. In the Plaque Gallery, Dad immediately hunted down his hero, Ted Williams.

Dad, who had fulfilled his ROTC obligation with two years in the Navy, had deep respect for Williams as a hitter and a war hero. He'd told me many times about Williams' two tours of duty as a pilot and how his 521 career home runs could easily have been more than Willie Mays' 660 if he hadn't missed almost five full seasons serving his country. As a boy, Dad had taken the train to Chicago to see him play once at Comiskey Park. The Splendid Splinter made an indelible impression that day with a home run. Dad had never seen a more beautiful swing, a more graceful and gifted batter.

What about Rod Carew? I had gone straight to his plaque. Carew had been my boyhood hero, with his ability to bunt for base hits, to slap the ball to any field and with



Author John Rosengren holds a copy of his book "Hank Greenberg: The Hero of Heroes" during an *Authors Series* event at the Hall of Fame.

COURTESY/JOHN ROSENGREN



John Rosengren (left) traveled with his father, Bill (right), from Minneapolis to the Hall of Fame in 2005, fulfilling a lifetime dream for both of them.

that wonderful stance we loved to imitate. He animated the summer of '77 with excitement when he chased .400 and became my sentimental favorite as the greatest hitter. Dad reminded me – after Carew finished at .388 – how Williams had refused to sit out to protect his average and actually raised it to .406, going 6-for-8 in a doubleheader in Philadelphia on the last day of the 1941 season. No one, of course, has hit .400 since.

In the Hall's *Baseball at the Movies* exhibit, the *Field of Dreams* poster caught my eye. During my teens and 20s, I rebelled and we clashed. We argued about men and women, religion and politics. I went the liberal route; Dad remained a steadfast conservative. Baseball served as our demilitarized zone.

We shared mutual joy when the Twins won the World Series in 1987 and again in 1991. But we had caused collateral damage in between. So when I saw *Field of Dreams*, Kevin Costner's character making peace with his father inspired me to call mine and invite him to see the movie with me. Afterward, I apologized for the things I'd done or said that had been hurtful; Dad said he forgave me. Then he apologized, and I forgave him. We hugged and didn't need to say any more.

On the Museum's third floor, we watched the Abbott and Costello routine of "Who's on First?" Dad had told me about it, but I'd never seen it performed. We shared a laugh and I was able to understand his appreciation of the comedy duo.

In a souvenir shop across the street, when he saw me eyeing a Johnny Bench T-shirt,

Dad bought it for me. A catcher in my youth, I had admired Johnny Bench, hung a poster of him on my bedroom wall and worn No. 5. I immediately put on the shirt. Dad bought himself a Hall of Fame cap he wore the rest of the trip.

The Museum and sightseeing had worn out Dad. He asked to go back to the motel to take a nap. Dad was the kind of guy who never got sick, never missed a day of work. He'd made an appointment thinking he had a hernia, and the doctor discovered a tumor the size of a softball growing on his kidney. Later that month, after surgery at the Mayo Clinic, the surgeon informed our family that according to their database, it looked like my dad likely had three years to live. That had been two years ago.

Dad was a stoic Swede raised during the Depression among a generation of men who didn't talk about their troubles, let alone their emotions. When I'd ask how he was doing, he would reply, "All right, I guess," and change the subject. When he had told me on the flight that he was taking an experimental drug, it was my first hint how serious his condition had become – and how scared he might be.

We ate dinner that night on the Otesaga Hotel porch, with its picturesque view of the lake stretching between wooden hillsides. He had trouble swallowing his food. His terminal disease sat between us. What is it like to face death? I wanted to ask him. But it was not the kind of thing we talked about.

Instead, we reminisced about the day: The introductory movie that gave us chills, the Babe Ruth exhibit, the team lockers, the

Honus Wagner card, the statues of Hilda Chester and other early superfans – on through dessert.

We spent two more days touring the Museum and town. I loved that everywhere we went, we saw people wearing T-shirts or hats of their favorite teams. We had all been drawn there by our mutual love of baseball. Even among strangers, we knew we shared that bond. We treasured the memories the game had given us.

In the end, I think what we love about the game goes beyond the numbers; it's the way the players make us feel – the thrill of watching Rod Carew beat out a bunt or Ted Williams deliver a home run, the feeling of identification with a player in handling his baseball card or wearing his number. The measure of a ballplayer is the depth of those memories he's generated in his career. Those who have given us the most end up in the Hall of Fame.

As we pulled out of Cooperstown and began weaving along the shore of Lake Otsego on our way back to Albany, I was grateful for the chance to have visited the mecca of those memories. And more so, to have done so with my father. Because the measure of a man is the same as that of a player: The depth of the memories he's imprinted on others.

On our way out of town, I knew that we had given each other one more memory with our trip. 🍌

John Rosengren is a freelance writer from Minneapolis and the author of "THE FIGHT OF THEIR LIVES: How Juan Marichal and John Roseboro Turned Baseball's Ugliest Brawl into a Story of Forgiveness and Redemption."

DIAMONDS & RAILROADS

THE ADVENT OF REGIONAL RAIL SERVICE MADE BASEBALL AS WE KNOW IT POSSIBLE.

BY STEVE BUCKLEY

In 1969, during a year-long celebration of the 100th anniversary of professional baseball, the Massachusetts-based Fleetwood Recording Co. produced an album that sought to tell the history of the game in two action-packed, anecdote-laden sides of vinyl.

Produced in concert with Major League Baseball and narrated by actor James Stewart and broadcaster Curt Gowdy, the album had everything ball fans would have expected, from Russ Hodges' heart-pounding call of Bobby Thomson's Shot Heard Round the World to Vin Scully's rhythmic, exquisitely paced description of Sandy Koufax striking out Harvey Kuenn to complete the Dodgers legend's perfect game.

It also had some surprises, including a scratchy recording of an aging ballplayer from the 19th century reminiscing about the days when teams depended on America's railways to get from city to city.

"I was playing in Des Moines, Iowa, and you'd get on a train and you'd carry your bats and your own bag and your own uniform rolled up," the player said. "You'd get on a train with the old wicker seats, and they were burning coal, and you'd get in the car in July and August

and go from Des Moines to Wichita, Kansas, all night, part of the next day, and if you'd open up the window, you'd be eatin' soot and cinders all night, and if you closed the window, you'd roast to death."

Baseball. Trains.

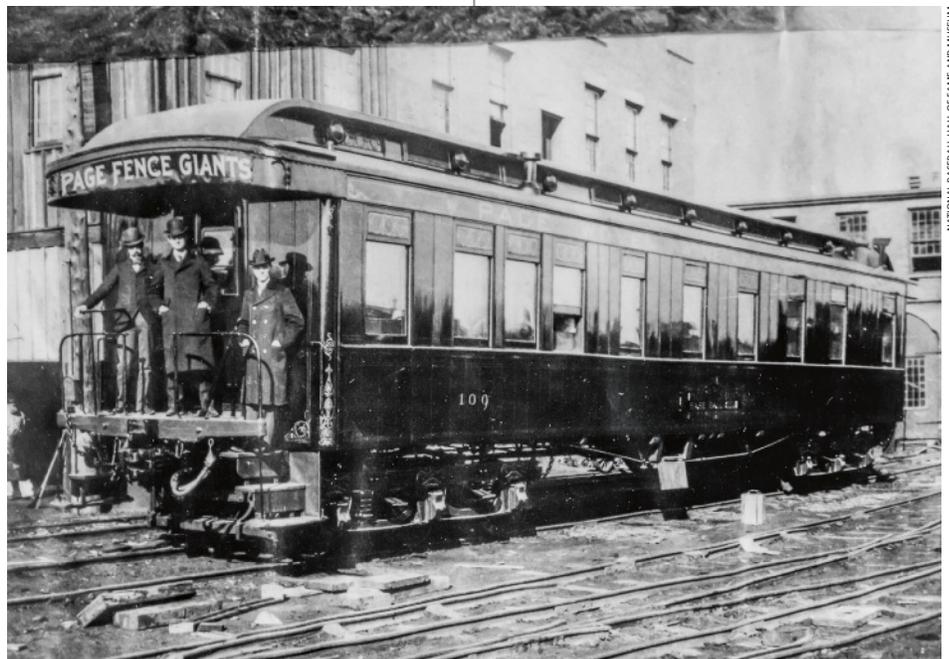
Without one, we never would have had the other.

"They kind of came along at the same time, and it was huge," said author and historian Peter Morris, who has written extensively on 19th century baseball. "Any time something is new and popular, anything that's a trend is going to hitch itself to that – metaphorically and in this case literally."

And baseball in the mid-19th century was clearly trending upward.

"But the whole idea of trying to get nine people from one place to another was not at all easy, at a time when the roads were still pretty primitive and most of the transportation was by water," Morris said. "Just getting over the Allegheny Mountains in the 19th century was an arduous task."

In 1848, when the California Gold Rush began, many fortune seekers from the east would travel by boat around Cape Horn in South America and then head north to San Francisco. The first Transcontinental Railroad, which opened in 1869, changed that. As Stephen Ambrose wrote in "Nothing Like It in the World,"



The Page Fence Giants, a top pre-Negro Leagues team of the 19th century that featured future Hall of Famer Sol White, traveled by train in a car that advertised the team. The advent of cross-country train travel in the mid-19th century allowed baseball to expand from a local to a national game. **Opposite page:** Hall of Famer Johnny Evers waves to fans from a train car. For nearly 100 years, trains were the transportation vehicle of choice for the big leagues.

NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM





HOMER OSTBERG/INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Players exit a train in Cooperstown after arriving for the June 12, 1939, Hall of Fame Induction Ceremony.

his wonderful biography of the Transcontinental Railroad, "... less than a week after the pounding of the Golden Spike, a man or woman could go from New York to San Francisco in seven days ... so fast, they used to say, 'that you don't even have time to take a bath.'"

That very year – 1869 – was when Harry Wright founded one of the first openly professional baseball teams, the Cincinnati Red Stockings. And just like that, teams from one city were traveling to play teams in another city, teams that had different uniforms, different nicknames and, especially before the evolution of baseball, different rules.

"You really don't have standard rules until you get teams from one city playing teams in the next city," Morris said. "You had players in Cleveland playing by one set of rules, and you had players in Cincinnati playing by a different set. But the rules start to become standard in the late 1860s as the railroad is connecting the country and you see the professional game of baseball coming. It's really not a coincidence."

When the National League was formed in 1876, train travel made it possible for teams to be located in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Hartford, Louisville, New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis. The league champion Chicago

White Stockings took four road trips during their 66-game season, the longest of those covering 12 games, 26 days and four cities.

Baseball would never have blossomed as America's National Pastime had not the railroads become advanced to the degree that passengers could travel from one city to another in hotel-level comfort. Those wicker chairs and coal furnaces would over time be replaced by plush seating and steam engines; by the 20th century, players were bedding down in sleeper cars and taking their meals in dining cars.

It was not always luxurious – certainly not by today's standards. As the late Boston Red Sox outfielder Dom DiMaggio wrote in "Real Grass, Real Heroes":

"The rookies traveled in the third car, the last one – the one that whipped from side to side every time the train went around a bend."

But, wrote DiMaggio, "Ballplayers from the 1940s will tell you to a man that when baseball teams started flying, a certain bonding that held teams together went out of Major League Baseball. We got to know each other as only you can when you're on a train together for 24 hours, or 36 or more."

Jack McCormack, the current traveling secretary of the Red Sox, said the late Johnny

Pesky, a teammate of DiMaggio's with the Red Sox, echoed those same feelings.

"He told me the players got very close," McCormack said. "A lot of card games, lot of time to talk to each other."

But just as the train was vital for the evolution of baseball to a national phenomenon, air travel made possible the 1957 moves of the Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Giants to Los Angeles and San Francisco, respectively, thus opening up the West Coast for Major League Baseball.

But this isn't to say that the train, in all its glory, has been dismissed by big league ball clubs as a mode of transportation. To this very day, some East Coast teams still rely on trains from time to time, and for the same reasons the Cincinnati Red Stockings were using them in 1869 – because they're the easiest way to get from Point A to Point B.

McCormack will occasionally use the railways when his math tells him they're a better way to go than the airports.

"Let's see, I've done Boston to New York, Baltimore to Philly and Baltimore to New York," he said. "We were going to go from Boston to New York on the day of the Boston Marathon this year, but we changed because of all the people trying to get out of the city after the race.

"We took a train last year from Baltimore to Philly, and it took 58 minutes," he said. "And it was about two minutes to the hotel once we got there. We were in the hotel in an hour and five minutes. Says a lot when you're usually going out to the airport and dealing with all that."

McCormack, as part of his job, has become a student of how teams traveled in the days before airports came into everyday use.

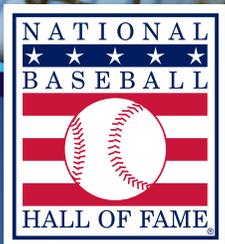
"That's why Monday off-days came to be, because teams on the east were traveling to the west – Chicago and St. Louis," McCormack said. "So you'd have those Sunday doubleheaders before making those 12-to-15-hour trips.

"I think it would be fun," he added. "It does get a little nostalgic, to me and to some of the players as well. I was thinking about that a while back when we were at the train station and there was a guy shouting, 'Allllllll aboardddddd!' and then, bango, you're off in five seconds.

"It reminded me that we were doing something from days gone by. It was a good feeling." ❁

Steve Buckley is the columnist for The Athletic – Boston and a longtime member of the Baseball Writers' Association of America.

**CLASS
OF
1985**



Left Field

LOU BROCK

LOUIS CLARK BROCK

Elected 1985 • Born: June 18, 1939, El Dorado, Ark.
 Batted: Left Threw: Left • Height: 5'11" Weight: 170
 Played for: Chicago Cubs (1961-64), St. Louis Cardinals (1964-79)



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Year	Team	G	PA	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	BB	BA	SLG
1961	CHC	4	12	11	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	.091	.091
1962	CHC	123	477	434	73	114	24	7	9	35	16	35	.263	.412
1963	CHC	148	588	547	79	141	19	11	9	37	24	31	.258	.382
1964	CHC/STL	155	695	634	111	200	30	11	14	58	43	40	.315	.464
1965	STL	155	697	631	107	182	35	8	16	69	63	45	.288	.445
1966	STL	156	678	643	94	183	24	12	15	46	74	31	.285	.429
1967	STL	159	724	689	113	206	32	12	21	76	52	24	.299	.472
1968	STL	159	712	660	92	184	46	14	6	51	62	46	.279	.418
1969	STL	157	710	655	97	195	33	10	12	47	53	50	.288	.434
1970	STL	155	729	664	114	202	29	5	13	57	51	60	.304	.422
1971	STL	157	721	640	126	200	37	7	7	61	64	76	.313	.425
1972	STL	153	676	621	81	193	26	8	3	42	63	47	.311	.393
1973	STL	160	727	650	110	193	29	8	7	63	70	71	.297	.398
1974	STL	153	702	635	105	194	25	7	3	48	118	61	.306	.381
1975	STL	136	574	528	78	163	27	6	3	47	56	38	.309	.400
1976	STL	133	544	498	73	150	24	5	4	67	56	35	.301	.394
1977	STL	141	521	489	69	133	22	6	2	46	35	30	.272	.354
1978	STL	92	317	298	31	66	9	0	0	12	17	17	.221	.252
1979	STL	120	436	405	56	123	15	4	5	38	21	23	.304	.398
19 Years		2616	11240	10332	1610	3023	486	141	149	900	938	761	.293	.410

All statistics are from baseball-reference.com • All bolded marks are league-leading totals • Bolded and italicized marks are major league-best totals
Awards & Records: 6-time All-Star • 8-time National League stolen base leader • 1974 Sporting News Major League Player of the Year

DID YOU KNOW ...

- ★ ... that Lou Brock led the National League in stolen bases every year except one from 1966-74?
- ★ ... that Brock hit .391 in three World Series appearances, and that his 13 hits in the 1968 World Series are the most ever by a National League player?
- ★ ... that Brock and Rickey Henderson are the only players in history with at least 900 stolen bases and 900 RBI?

WHAT THEY SAY ...

- ★ “Lou meant everything to us. As the season went on, more and more of us thought it was Lou who made things happen.”
 – CARDINALS SHORTSTOP DICK GROAT, ON LOU BROCK’S 1964 SEASON
- ★ “He was the catalyst.”
 – CARDINALS CATCHER TED SIMMONS



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Baseball in Britain

Red Sox vs. Yankees series is latest example of America's National Pastime in England.

BY HILLEL KUTTNER

On June 29 and 30, Adam Perry will don his Boston Red Sox cap and T-shirt before seeing his favorite baseball team play the rival New York Yankees.

But rather than the "T" delivering Perry to Kenmore station near Fenway Park, it'll be the No. 388 bus taking him to London Stadium.

Perry, a purchasing specialist in England's capital, is among 120,000 people who bought tickets to the two-game series, Major League Baseball's first-ever regular-season contests in Europe. The vast majority of those attending will be United Kingdom residents. Most others will come from mainland Europe and from the teams' hometowns across the pond.

Perry heads a 1,000-member group, Boston Red Sox Fans of the United Kingdom, with about half attending the London games.

"We'll go to showcase our team against our ancient enemy," Perry said. "It's incredibly exciting."

This is the ninth season to feature MLB games played outside the United States and Canada, beginning with a venture in 1996 to Monterrey, Mexico. Monterrey has now hosted 11 games across four seasons, while Tokyo, Japan, has held 10 games over five seasons. MLB also played two games in Sydney, Australia, in 2014.

That's on top of the 49 games over five seasons played in San Juan, capital of the U.S. territory of Puerto Rico. All but six of those were home games for the Expos during their final seasons in Montreal in 2003 and 2004.

Elsewhere, MLB players have participated in scores of exhibition and barnstorming games over baseball's history.

The 2019 season marks the first with even two non-U.S./Canada locations, following the campaign-opening Seattle Mariners versus Oakland Athletics series in March in Tokyo, and Monterrey hosting series between the Cincinnati Reds and St. Louis Cardinals in April and the Houston Astros and Los Angeles Angels in May.

Another curiosity: Three of the United States' four leading professional sports leagues will have played regular-season games in London in recent months, with the National Football League's three last October and the National Basketball Association's one in January. The National Hockey League held regular-season games in Sweden and Finland last autumn.

"Our goal and mission is to build the brand and game of baseball around the world," said Jim Small, MLB's senior vice president for international business.

"We think that bringing such a huge event – not just a major league game in Europe, but with those two teams (the Red Sox and the Yankees) – is going to create a shock," he said. "It's a big show coming to town – the town being Europe – so it's a huge opportunity for us."

Piggybacking on the event is MLB's annual European Elite Camp, featuring top high school prospects from the continent, on June 25-27.

MLB's London slate will continue in 2020, with the teams to be announced this summer. Also next year, baseball will return to the Summer Olympics after two consecutive absences. The fifth World Baseball Classic is set for 2021.

The London games are "something our entire organization is thrilled to be a part of," said Hal Steinbrenner, the Yankees' managing general partner. "We expect an exciting and intense pair of games, and appreciate the significance of representing our sport in such a meaningful way."

Surrey resident David Tait will be there. He'll enjoy the June 30 game from the upper deck, between third base and home plate. Tait has been increasingly drawn to baseball since a 2008 night, when, sleepless from bronchitis, he flicked on the television and watched part of a New York Mets game. Tait didn't understand much, like what constituted a called strike. But the game featured enough action to intrigue, and "the pitching fascinated me," he said.



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Catcher Andy Slight chases a ball hit by Mickey Doolin during a February 1914 game in London at the end of the around-the-world tour by the White Sox and Giants. Baseball returns to London this summer for a series between the Yankees and the Red Sox.

Top: Players for the Dominican Republic team stand prior to a 2006 World Baseball Classic game against Cuba. The WBC has been played four times and has brought baseball to fans around the world. **Middle:** Los Angeles Dodgers players sign and toss memorabilia across the dugout to fans before their game against the Arizona Diamondbacks at the Sydney (Australia) Cricket Ground in 2014. **Bottom:** St. Louis Cardinals outfielder Harrison Bader throws a ball back to the infield, on a triple by the Cincinnati Reds' Phillip Ervin, during the eighth inning of their game in Monterrey, Mexico, on April 13, 2019.

Within five years, Tait was hooked. Being a British Airways shift worker enabled him to return home near midnight, shower, grab a beer and watch entire games.

He eventually formed a Mets fan club and tweeted frequently. MLB officials invited him and other teams' partisans to a 2017 meeting in their London office.

"It was the first time some of us were in a room with other fans," Tait said. "Now, almost every MLB team has a (British) Twitter group."

It's a far cry from 1744, when, according to American historian David Block, the first mention of baseball appeared in a British publication: John Newbery's "A Little Pretty Pocket-book." Yes, baseball – not rounders, the game many Americans have long considered the sport's English precursor.

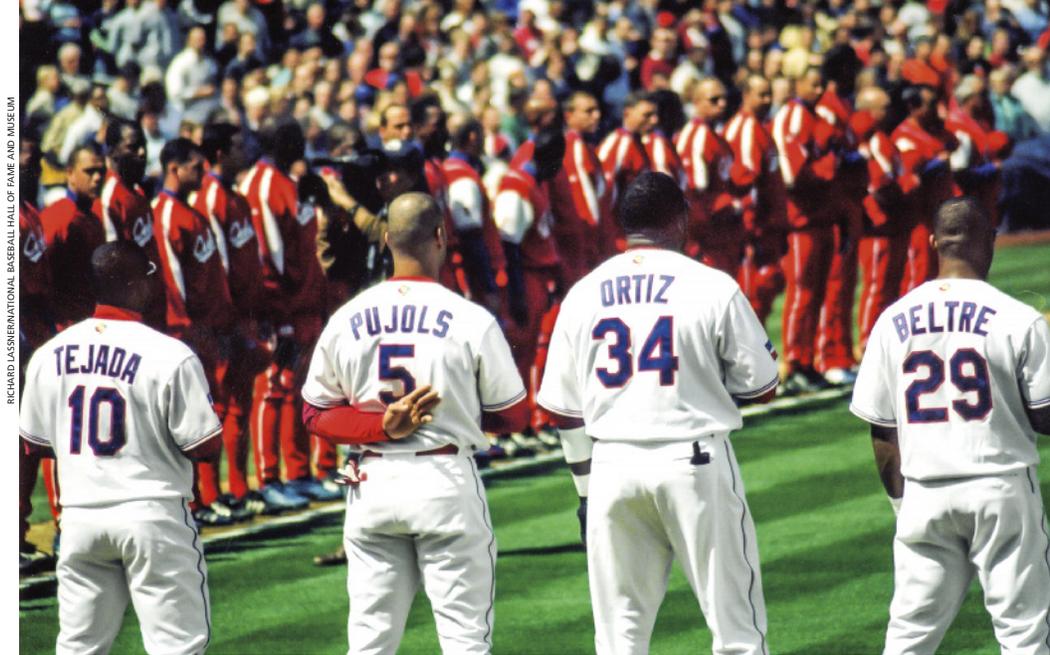
Just 19 words long, the mention, along with an accompanying woodcut, indicated that baseball involved a ball being thrown that someone struck (apparently with the palm of the hand, not a bat) before running to the first of three posts (not bases) and then back home.

The sport, of course, has journeyed far from where the book apparently placed it, in Newbery's native Berkshire County.

Baseball is a game that "in its infancy, we took from England, modified radically and are now taking back," said John Thorn, MLB's official historian. Baseball's return in June will metaphorically "show our grandparents how big we've grown," he said.

American baseball actually visited its homeland long ago.

The Boston Red Stockings (with future Hall of Famers Al Spalding their star pitcher and manager/outfielder Harry Wright, a Sheffield native) and Philadelphia Athletics interrupted the 1874 season for two months to



RICHARD LASSNER/INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

ERIC RYCKOFTAP IMAGES

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play 14 baseball and cricket exhibitions across England, beginning in Liverpool.

“It was not a success. The Englishmen were not impressed,” Thorn said.

Following the 1888 season, Spalding, by then an owner of the Chicago White Stockings, led several major leaguers on a world tour, with games in Australia, Egypt and Italy and a visit to England. A quarter-century later, in February 1914, the Chicago White Sox and New York Giants played in Chelsea at the conclusion of a nearly three-month global tour that included members of other clubs and several future Hall of Famers.

Perhaps the most acclaimed baseball game played in England also took place at Chelsea, between American Army and Navy teams late in World War I. The advertised attendance of King George V, who'd been to the 1914 game, helped draw several thousand spectators.

Players included three major leaguers, two of whom – pitcher and future Hall of Famer Herb Pennock and infielder Mike McNally – were members of the Red Sox who went on to play for the Yankees.

The game climaxed a summer league of eight U.S. and Canadian military teams based in England.

“In the long run, [the 1918 league] didn't do a lot for the popularity of baseball abroad,” said Jim Leeke, author of “Nine Innings for the King: The Day Wartime London Stopped for Baseball, July 4, 1918.” “What it did, especially the July 4th game, was convince the British we were reliable allies. ... The tide in France turned shortly after the game.”

A more recent American soldier in England who made an impact baseball-wise was Vern Cox. A farmer from Tennessee, Cox served



Ichiro Suzuki returned to his native Japan in March and played for the Seattle Mariners against the Oakland Athletics at the Tokyo Dome. (Inset) Mariners outfielder Domingo Santana slugs a grand slam home run in the third inning of Seattle's season-opening win over the A's. The two-game series marked the fifth time MLB has played games in Japan.

with the U.S. military at the Croughton Royal Air Force Base in the 1950s. He met and married a woman from nearby Northamptonshire, and their son, Danny, was born there in 1959.

Vern played on Croughton's basketball team; at a subsequent posting in West Germany, Danny served as a bat boy on Vern's softball club.

“I was always playing with the older guys,” said Danny Cox. “That helped me get good” – good enough to win 18 games for the Cardinals in 1985, pitch them to two World Series and earn a World Series championship ring with the Toronto Blue Jays in 1993.

Following the Cardinals' 1985 Fall Classic appearance, Cox and his mother, June, flew back to England for a relative's wedding. They attended an Oxford-Cambridge rugby match.

The unfamiliar sport “was fun to watch,” he said. “I'd ask what the rules are, trying to understand certain situations and what the next play might be.”

Similarly, he'll have his eyes on fans at the Red Sox-Yankees series. He and June plan to watch the broadcasts beamed from their homeland. For many attending, Cox said, learning baseball's intricacies could take some time.

“I'm curious about how the fans will take it in,” he said. “I want to see what the atmosphere is like.”

Hillel Kuttler is a freelance writer and editor. His articles on sports and on history have appeared in the New York Times, Washington Post and Wall Street Journal.



Two if by Air

Bob Feller, Satchel Paige teamed up for 1946 barnstorming tour that relied heavily on air travel.

BY BILL FRANCIS

A historic barnstorming tour, whose teams were led by two of the greatest pitchers in baseball history, took place almost 75 years ago and helped usher in a new era of opportunity.

It also changed the face of big league travel.

The year was 1946 and World War II had only ended the previous September. While the 16-team major leagues – still a year away from ending their longstanding color barrier – had stayed afloat during the conflict, many

ballplayers who served in the military were heading home hoping the layoff hadn't affected their game. Hundreds had traded in their baseball togs for military uniforms, maybe none more renowned than Bob Feller.

Feller burst on the baseball scene with the Cleveland Indians in 1936 before he had even finished high school. Arguably one of the hardest throwers of all time, "Rapid Robert" fanned 15 St. Louis Browns in his first major league start. Soon he was the game's top pitcher, averaging 25 wins a season and leading

the league in strikeouts from 1939–41. But the day after Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, the 23-year-old enlisted in the Navy and missed most of the next four seasons.

It was while aboard the USS Alabama that Feller, a savvy entrepreneur his entire adult life, began to seriously consider a unique barnstorming tour pitting a team of white big leaguers against a squad made up of Negro Leagues stars as a way to augment his big league salary when he returned to the field.

"I had it all laid out," Feller told William Marshall, author of "Baseball's Pivotal Era, 1945-1951." "I knew what I was going to do and I knew the people personally that I was going to have get the black clubs together – the Kansas City operator, Mr. (J.L.) Wilkinson, and Satchel Paige and many others that I wanted to oppose us."

After making nine starts for the Indians at the end of the 1945 season upon his postwar return, Feller reclaimed his throne as one of the sport's top hurlers in '46 with an American League-best 26 wins and 348 strikeouts. It was in mid-July of Feller's stellar comeback campaign that he announced plans for a coast-to-coast exhibition tour featuring an all-star squad of players from both the American and National leagues and a team of the nation's finest Negro Leagues players.



HEMARP IMAGES



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Left: Bob Feller was a licensed pilot and believed in the future of air travel for teams when he conceived his 1946 barnstorming tour featuring MLB and Negro Leagues stars. The tour was one of the first to take flights from city to city. **Right:** Satchel Paige's reputation as one of the best pitchers in the game convinced Feller to make him a headliner during the month-long tour featuring Feller's team of big league stars and Paige's squad of Negro Leagues standouts. The two would later be teammates when the Cleveland Indians won the 1948 World Series.

Having obtained Commissioner A.B. “Happy” Chandler’s permission to carry the tour beyond the 10-day barnstorming limit, the 27-year-old Feller’s ambitious plans called for a 35-game tour beginning Sept. 30 in Pittsburgh. The itinerary included stops in such outposts as Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Newark, New York, Columbus, Dayton, Louisville, Davenport, Des Moines, St. Paul, Omaha, Wichita, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Diego, Vancouver, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland and Tacoma. Feller even set a game in Versailles, Ky., home of Chandler.

Teammates on Bob Feller’s All-Stars included Bob Lemon, Mickey Vernon, San Chapman, Charlie Keller, Spud Chandler, Phil Rizzuto and Stan Musial. Satchel Paige’s All-Stars, among the top performers from both the

Negro National League and Negro American League, included Max Manning, Barney Brown, Hilton Smith, Buck O’Neil, Hank Thompson, Art Wilson, Howard Easterling and Quincy Troupe.

In his autobiography “Now Pitching, Bob Feller,” the “Heater from Van Meter” wrote about the elaborate logistics that went into his planned transcontinental trek in 1946. No one had ever attempted to use airplanes to crisscross the country, let alone playing a game in the afternoon then flying to a second game that night hundreds of miles away.

“I had put together a full roster of players whose combined annual salaries in the majors exceeded two million dollars,” Feller wrote. “The owners of the teams didn’t like that. They said they were concerned about their players getting hurt while barnstorming. Then

they really objected when they found out how we were traveling. We were going to fly.

“That was unheard of for professional sports teams. They took trains. They said I was exposing their athletes to even greater dangers. But I chartered two DC-3s for a month from Flying Tigers Airlines. We had ‘Bob Feller’s All-Stars’ painted on the side and took off to play 35 games in 27 days. We were the only baseball teams travelling by air. No other barnstorming tours were doing it yet, and the major league teams hadn’t started flying either. We were pioneering the practice of a professional sports team traveling that way. Today it’s hard to imagine teams going any other way.”

Feller had a longstanding affinity for air travel, as newspapers across the country wrote about the then 22-year-old fireballer learning to fly in 1941. As was reported in *The New York Times* on Sept. 24, 1941, he had been taking flying instructions at Cleveland Airport for three weeks and had soloed for the first time a week prior.

“Feller is interested in flying for the sport only,” said instructor Don Patrick. “He has flown a lot of miles on airlines and had been thinking about lessons for the past two years.”

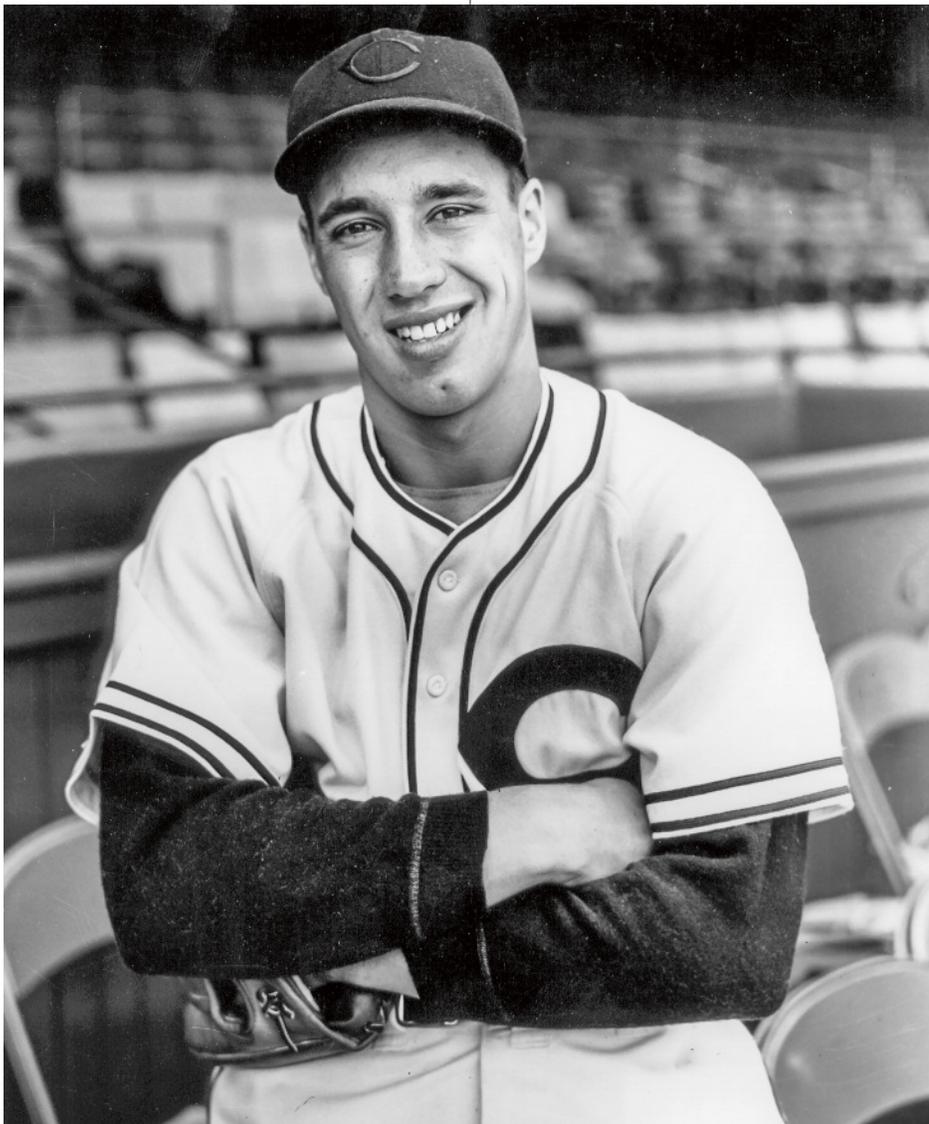
Having special access to an airplane that October came in handy for Feller.

“The only two games I missed conflicted with a contract I had made to appear at a milk convention in Atlantic City,” he wrote. “We were playing in California at that point of the tour, so I flew all night from Sacramento, made my appearance in Atlantic City and flew all night again to rejoin our tour in California.”

While big league teams traveling by airplane increased with the West Coast expansion of the Dodgers and Giants in 1958, trains were the dominant mode of transportation for baseball players for decades. After the Reds became the first major league team to fly to a game (going from St. Louis to Chicago on June 8, 1934), there were sporadic flights over the next decade, but it wasn’t until after World War II that plane travel became common.

There were reports in 1946 that a pair of future Hall of Famers were paid thousands of dollars by their teams to not take part in Feller’s barnstorming tour that offseason, partly due to the fear of planes crashing.

“Some of the owners objected to what I



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Bob Feller pitched for 18 seasons in the big leagues, winning 266 games despite missing almost four full seasons while serving in the Navy during World War II. Feller was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1962.

was doing so much they paid their stars not to barnstorm with me,” Feller wrote in his autobiography. “Tom Yawkey, the owner of the Red Sox, paid Ted Williams \$10,000 to stay home so he wouldn’t get hurt playing in a game or killed in a plane crash. Yawkey’s counterpart in Detroit, Spike Briggs, paid Hal Newhouser the same amount.”

According to Feller, not only did he cover all the air travel, he also carried “millions of dollars of liability insurance if either ballclub, black or white, went down.”

Buck O’Neil, in his autobiography, “I Was Right On Time,” addressed not only the air travel, but also the racial component involved in the 1946 barnstorming tour.

“I was looking ahead myself during the (Negro Leagues) series, to the biggest barnstorming tour ever, when Satchel Paige and Bob Feller were going to square off against each other with their own all-star teams in games all across the country,” O’Neil wrote. “I was excited to be chosen for the Satchel Paige All-Stars, along with guys like Hilton Smith, Gene Benson and Quincy Troupe, because I knew I’d be making more money in one month than I had made in the last six. And I was excited to be able to play against guys like Mickey Vernon, Phil Rizzuto, Johnny Sain and Stan Musial right after the big league World Series.

“But I may have been most excited about taking my first plane ride, since both teams traveled in [DC-3s]. That’s when we found out how the other half lived.

“I also felt that, even though it was black against white, this tour was an event that could have a real effect on big league integration, because it took place after Jackie (Robinson) had proven himself, and if a lot of us weren’t that lucky, we could at least prove ourselves against big leaguers in these games.”

In Fay Vincent’s book, “The Only Game in Town,” Feller told the former baseball commissioner: “We were interested in one thing, making money. I mean what else is there; yes we put on a good show; there was racial rivalry, not amongst the players, but amongst the fans. And we got a few laughs, they’re great friends of mine. They love me dearly. I love them dearly. I know all the guys. We made more money in that month of October than we made all year round.”

By the time they finished things up in

Bob Feller promoted his 1946 barnstorming tour through newspaper advertising. The tour featured a 35-game schedule in the fall of that year.

California at the end of October, approximately a quarter of a million fans had witnessed the unprecedented tour.

Stan Musial, who led the National League with a .365 batting average in 1946, joined Feller’s All-Stars after helping the Cardinals capture that year’s World Series. He told the *Sporting News* he didn’t care too much for the tour’s one-night stands.

“Good money in it, though. I sure wouldn’t do it if we couldn’t fly. It must be mighty rugged making jumps on a plane. At least we get some rest this way.”

The tour was described by “Satch, Dizzy & Rapid Robert” author Timothy M. Gay as “the most ambitious baseball undertaking since John McGraw and Charles Comiskey dreamed up their round-the-world junket in 1913.”

The *Sporting News*, in its tour wrap-up story on Nov. 6, 1946, called Feller the game’s greatest “money” pitcher, estimating he made \$80,000 barnstorming from New York to California that year. Over its 27 days, the tour visited 32 cities in the United States, 17 states and British Columbia.

“Sure, I’m tired,” said Feller, “but who wouldn’t be after travelling 15,000 miles? My arm is in great shape, though, and in a few days I’m going to settle down and relax for a couple of months.

“After all, you know a fellow is only young once.” ●

Bill Francis is the senior research and writing specialist at the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.



Game On

In-season exhibitions were once a major part of a big league team's schedule.

BY MATT ROTHENBERG

They harken back to a bygone era in baseball's major leagues. A pitcher finishing a game he started. Scheduled double-headers, particularly on holidays. Paying a dollar for a hot dog and a beverage – and getting change back.

In-season exhibition games.

Every year, all major league teams would play out their respective regular-season schedules, but if you're riding the rails between Chicago and Pittsburgh – and an off day pops up between series – why not schedule a game against the Kalamazoo Celery Pickers for some extra money?

This scenario and others have played out since 1871, the first year of the National Association. For a variety of reasons, ball clubs with open dates on their schedules would seek out contests against nearly all comers – major leaguers, minor leaguers, collegiate squads, semi-pro teams, company teams, local picked nines and whomever else wanted to take on the big leaguers passing through town.

At one time, there were no limits to the number of in-season exhibition games a major league team could schedule. Since the 1960s, however, such games have been gradually collectively bargained out of existence. The Hall of Fame Game, Cooperstown's annual contest that started in 1939 and ended in 2008, was the last of its breed. It's been replaced by the Hall of Fame Classic, a legends game between former major leaguers.

It is estimated that over 5,000 in-season exhibition games have taken place since 1871, according to researcher Walter LeConte, who has chronicled these games and whose findings appear on Retrosheet.org. Most of the games

featured on LeConte's lists involved a major league club and a non-major league club. In an introduction to his research, LeConte says that while they became "cash cows" for owners, these games were a way for players to practice their skills on the road," providing them with pocket

change or, for others, a tryout. Sometimes, LeConte stated, these games benefitted a charity or were meant to honor particular individuals.

For his purposes, LeConte defined an in-season exhibition game (which he referred to by the acronym ISEG) as: "[A] game that was not a league contest in which at least one major league club or a combination of major league clubs participated during the championship season of the league that it was a part."

While many of these matches provided your standard game of baseball, numerous others were played in interesting locations or were remarkable in other ways.

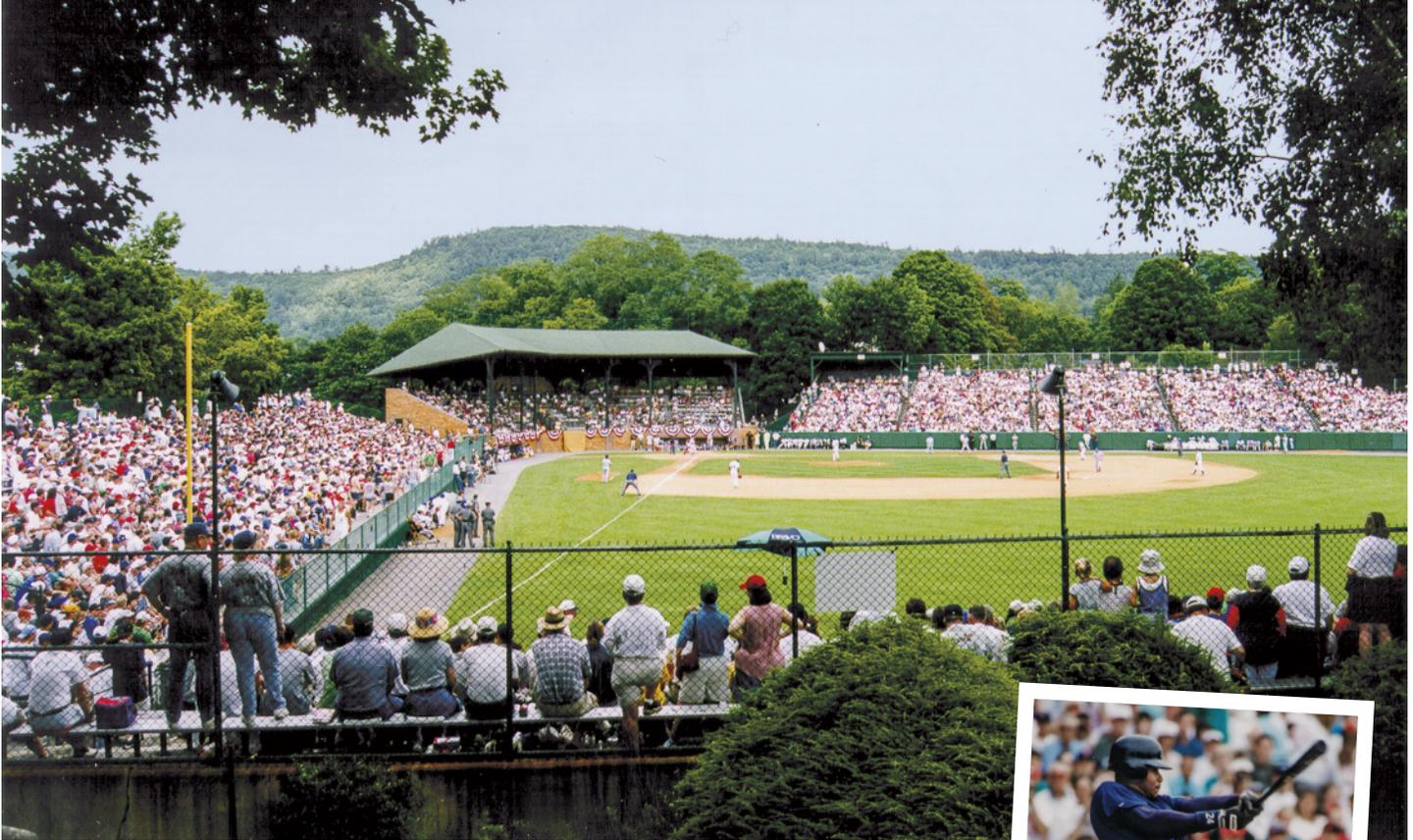
Before 1910, several major league teams traveled to Utica, N.Y., a convenient layover on the New York Central Railroad between Cleveland and Boston, to play the local minor league nine, the Pent-Ups. Not until Aug. 31, 1927, however, did a major league team play a team that was truly pent up.

That day, the New York Giants went up the

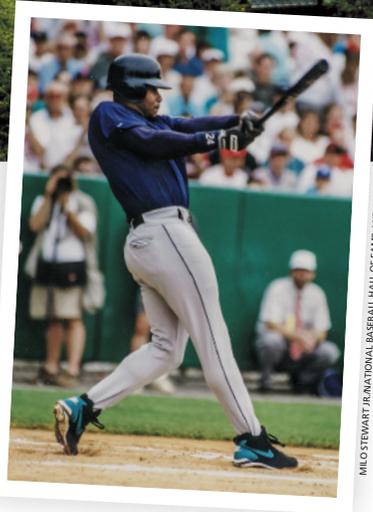


NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

In 1929, the Sing Sing Prison inmates played an exhibition game against a New York Yankees team featuring Babe Ruth (above) and Lou Gehrig. The Yankees prevailed, 17-3, thanks to a particularly outstanding performance by the Babe. The Hall of Famer hit three home runs, one of which, legend has it, traveled 620 feet.



The Hall of Fame Game was the last in-season exhibition game – other than the All-Star Game – permitted under the rules of MLB’s Basic Agreement. It was scheduled each year from 1939-2008 at Doubleday Field in Cooperstown. Dozens of future Hall of Famers played in the game over the years, making the trip to Central New York during the MLB season on an off day. Class of 2016 member Ken Griffey Jr. (right) takes a swing at Doubleday Field during the 1994 Hall of Fame Game.



MIL O STEWART JR. NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

river to Ossining, N.Y., to face a squad composed of Sing Sing prisoners. The prisoners, as part of the Mutual Welfare League program present throughout the New York State prison system, fell to the professionals, 12-4, in front of 1,500 fellow inmates. The Giants would return to the prison for exhibition games three more times, including a 6-5 loss in 1930.

On Sept. 5, 1929, what remained of Murderer’s Row had a row with an inmate team from Sing Sing when the New York Yankees traveled to the prison. Babe Ruth is said to have hit three home runs in the Yankees’ 17-3 rout, and following the game, he told the prisoners to “[c]ome down and see us at the Stadium – when you can.”

In-season exhibition games also offered opportunities for major league clubs to compete against African-American teams in the days when baseball’s color line was settling into place. May 31, 1889, was a day off in the middle of the American Association’s Cincinnati Reds’ four-game series in Philadelphia, so the Reds traveled to nearby Trenton, N.J., where they defeated the Cuban Giants, 1-0, in five innings. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* said Cincinnati received a “hard rub” from their foes.

Meanwhile, on the day the Hall of Fame

opened in Cooperstown – bringing players and thousands of fans to Central New York – an in-season exhibition game offered one more opportunity for a legend to take the field. On June 12, 1939, the New York Yankees traveled to Kansas City to play the Blues, one of their top farm clubs. Though he had not appeared in any ballgame since April 30, the final game of his famed streak, Lou Gehrig would play first base for the first three innings before a sellout crowd. Batting eighth in the order, Gehrig, “playing without distinction,” grounded out in his only plate appearance.

World War II offered more opportunities for ISEGs, several of which were used as venues for selling war bonds. The Great Lakes Naval Training Center near Chicago was a frequent host of major league clubs facing off against the base’s Bluejackets baseball squad. Contests were also played between major league teams and those from Camp Grant and Fort Sheridan in Illinois; Camp Shanks, Fort Hamilton and Mitchel Field in New York; Fort Dix and Fort Monmouth in New Jersey; and the Bainbridge Naval Training Center in Maryland, among many more.

On June 26, 1944, the Philadelphia Phillies traveled to Hyde Park, N.Y., defeating a military police battalion team, 17-1, in seven innings.

The military police were tasked with protecting Springwood, President Franklin D. Roosevelt’s family home in Hyde Park.

When the Major League Baseball Players Association began negotiating with team owners, creating the Basic Agreement, the number of in-season exhibition games was soon limited. The 1968 Basic Agreement allowed for no more than three exhibition games per club, not including the All-Star Game and the Hall of Fame Game, unless the MLBPA approved additional games. In the 1990 Basic Agreement, even more restrictions were put in place. By 2003, the only in-season exhibitions were the All-Star Game and the Hall of Fame Game.

Now only the All-Star Game remains. But the history of in-season, non-regulation contests remains a colorful part of baseball’s story. 📌

Matt Rothenberg is a freelance writer from Ossining, N.Y.

THE AUTUMN OF MR. OCTOBER

AT 73, REGGIE JACKSON IS ENJOYING HIS LIFE IN AND OUT OF BASEBALL.

BY HAL BODLEY

There has never been a stage large enough or a spotlight bright enough for Reggie Jackson. Yet turn off the lights, close the curtain and send home the boisterous fans, and a subdued, compassionate down-to-earth Reggie Jackson few people see begins to emerge.

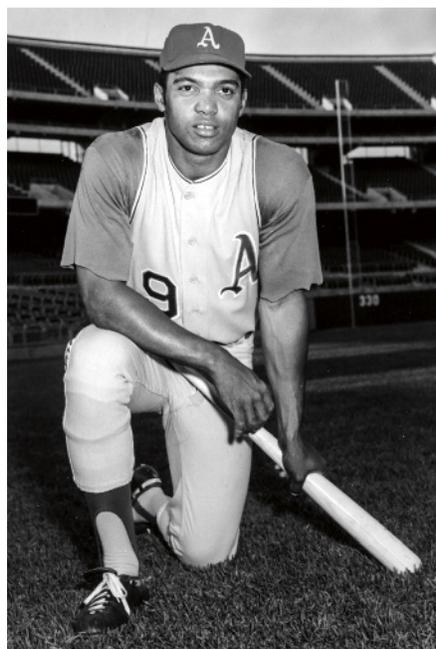
This is about Reginald Martinez Jackson the person, not Reggie Jackson the baseball player, whose awesome skills vaulted him to the Hall of Fame.

This is more about cars than home runs. More about life after baseball and a fulfilling, quieter time now that the volume has been lowered.

But this isn't to say Mr. October has slowed down or spends hours each day in a cushy recliner at his breathtaking home overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

Jackson, now 73, is still closely associated with the New York Yankees as special advisor. He puts on the pinstripes during Spring Training, working with young players "and doing anything they ask me to do."

He's also associated with many corporations, and last year began hosting a weekly national live radio show on SiriusXM, aptly titled



NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Reggie Jackson began his big league career with the Kansas City Athletics in 1967 before the franchise moved to Oakland in 1968.

Swing Away with Reggie Jackson.

"I do it out of my house every Saturday morning," he says. "We talk about current events in sports. We've had folks like Dr. J (Julius Erving). Jim Rice, Ozzie Smith, Kurt Warner, Mike Schmidt and Pete Rose on."

His new life seems just as fulfilling as

the 21 years he spent blasting home runs and leading the A's and Yankees to the World Series ... all while captivating fans with a flamboyant and dynamic bigger-than-life persona.

That gaudy, noisy, dramatic career carries on in yellowing newspaper clips, baseball record books and storytellers' minds. It was only fitting when Jackson was inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1993 that he stood alone on the Cooperstown stage. No one else was elected that year; he had the spotlight all to himself.

What does the Hall of Fame mean?

"That I was one of the best players," he says. "You get into a special fraternity that's a wonderful place to be. The respect of the other Hall of Famers, whether they're (just elected) Lee Smith, Edgar Martinez or Mariano Rivera, or whether they're Frank Robinson or Henry Aaron, the respect of the guys in the Hall of Fame makes you automatic friends. Many of the best friends I have are Hall of Famers."

I sat in a Catholic church in a Philadelphia suburb late one morning in the spring of 1994 at the funeral of Martinez Jackson. Reggie's beloved father had died on April 27. He was 89.

Reggie swallowed hard and held back tears as he spoke lovingly of his dad, himself a former second baseman in the old Negro Leagues. It was the elder Jackson who guided, motivated and pushed his son to be his best.

"He didn't want a sob story, he didn't want excuses. Just get the job done," Jackson said that day, standing outside the church. "My dad would always check to see if I was first string. If you weren't, you had to quit the team and come home to work in his tailor shop."

It was a little more than a year before the funeral that Reggie and his dad celebrated his first-ballot election to the Hall of Fame during a media event at New York's Sheraton Centre.

Memories are made of this. Reggie, the little boy, Martinez, the demanding father, embracing with warmth and love. He kissed his father on the side of his head that morning, a delight for the scores of cameramen present.

"I'm so proud," said Martinez. "Reggie got a



LEON HALL/GETTY IMAGES

Reggie Jackson joined the New York Yankees as a free agent following the 1976 season. The centerpiece of the Bronx Bombers teams that captured World Series titles in 1977 and 1978, Jackson stoked fans' interest in the team to levels not seen in decades.

college education. He has balance. That has helped him; he got a scholarship to Arizona State.

"To me, I don't think his ego was overinflated. He really wasn't boisterous. But he'll give you his candid opinion real quick and then it's up to you to carry on the conversation."

Martinez Jackson and his wife, Clara, who had six siblings, divorced when Reggie was 4. Clara moved to Baltimore and Martinez raised Reggie.

"I still share time (spiritually) with my mother and father every day," Jackson says. "I don't have to try to think about them. It's a great life that I have. I try to talk to God every day. I don't ask for much because I have been given so much. I mostly ask for his guidance, how to act, how to be, how to interact with people and try to do the right things all the time."

As we age, we often relive those cherished days of our childhood and perhaps recreate

them in some way. When Jackson was 16, he saved \$500 and bought a 1955 Chevrolet Bel Air. He drove it around the area near his home in Wyncote, Pa.

"I used to drive it to school (Cheltenham High). I was able to duplicate that car and still have it," Jackson says. "In fact, I have several 1955 Chevy Bel Airs in my collection."

Taken with the second overall pick in the 1966 MLB June Amateur Draft, Jackson was in the majors one year later. After nine seasons with the A's and one with the Baltimore Orioles, his dream of playing for the New York Yankees was finally realized in November 1976 when he signed a five-year, \$2.96 million contract. Soon after, he purchased a new burgundy Rolls-Royce Corniche, which is a flashy convertible.

Sportswriter Mike Lupica, who worked with Jackson on the 1984 best-selling autobiography

"Reggie," wrote about how important that car and Jackson's trips to Yankee Stadium were.

"He liked to head straight up Madison Avenue when it was time to go to the ballpark in the afternoon," Lupica wrote, "driving the Rolls-Royce good and slow, not worrying whether he made the lights or not, the cars in back of him blowing horns and the kids standing on street corners yelling his name."

Later, Jackson said, "I always did like that trip because I liked to watch the city change, the rich stores becoming Harlem, then over the Madison Avenue Bridge and into the Bronx and finally Yankee Stadium."

He still owns that Rolls-Royce among the many vintage cars in his enormous collection.

"I've been collecting cars over the past 50 years. It's been a passion and a wonderful hobby for me," Jackson says. "I've got cars from the 1940s, '50s and '60s."



STEVE REYNOLDS/NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

A longtime owner of classic and unique cars, Reggie Jackson maintains an impressive collection to this day.

One of his favorites is a Ferrari 275 GTB/4 Spider.

“And two Ferrari GTB Daytona coupes with very low mileage,” he adds. “One has just 7,000 miles on it and the other 16,000 miles. They have great history. I’m trying to sell the Daytona coupe with the 7,000 miles.

“There are several Mercedes-Benz collectibles, several Porches. And there are some American ‘muscle’ cars – Camaros, Chevelles. They’re all high-performance models from the 1960s.”

Pausing, he adds: “I’m getting older now and am selling some of my cars to lighten my load.”

Automobiles have always been important to Jackson and he’s loved putting together his impressive collection.

“This is what happens when you get old and have a couple of bucks,” he told a *Sports Illustrated* reporter during a visit to his sprawling 15,000-square-foot warehouse near the Monterey Bay town of Seaside, Calif., where he keeps many in his huge collection. “You try to go back and be young again.”

“But that ’55 Bel Air is still one of my favorites and I still drive it,” Jackson says.

Not too far from his warehouse is Jackson’s five-acre estate that overlooks the Pacific. It’s

there he’s found the serenity and peace of mind he cherishes these days. That’s a long way from the Bronx and Yankee Stadium.

Although he played for the Yankees for just five seasons (1977-81), this was Broadway. This was the huge stage and bright lights he craved.

In 1973, while playing for the Oakland A’s, Jackson said if he played in New York, “They would name a candy bar after me.” Within four years, those words came true.

As if the baseball stage wasn’t enough, Jackson became a star off the field when he appeared in movies and TV programs such as *MacGyver*, *Malcolm in the Middle*, *BASEketball* and *The Naked Gun*.

Arguably, the most memorable moment of his career came at Yankee Stadium in Game 6 of the 1977 World Series against the Dodgers.

“Yes, I believe I am most remembered for what happened in New York and the night of Oct. 18, 1977,” he says.

He homered on three consecutive pitches off Burt Hooton, Elias Sosa and Charlie Hough, leading the Yankees to an 8-4 victory that clinched the Series.

Jackson often looks back to that night.

“I felt great in batting practice,” he remembers.

“(Dodgers manager) Tommy Lasorda and Hooton watched me from the dugout. I had 50 swings and probably hit 30 balls into the bleachers.”

Because they were pitching him inside, he says he moved an extra six inches off the plate and kept hoping the Dodgers hadn’t noticed. In the second inning of that game, Jackson walked on four pitches.

Then in the fourth, “I said, ‘Please God, just let this guy (Hooton) throw me a strike.’”

Jackson sent the first pitch screaming to the right field stands, giving the Yankees a 4-3 lead. His blast in the fifth made it 7-3.

“I hit the second ball better than the rest of them,” he says. “As I was running down the first base line, I kept saying to myself, ‘Stay up, stay up.’”

Hough, a knuckleballer, faced Jackson in the eighth inning.

“I’d hit eight or nine homers off Wilbur Wood, Eddie Fisher and Hoyt Wilhelm, all knuckleballers, but here was Charlie Hough in there,” Jackson says. “The first pitch looked like a beach ball; it was like room service!”

And Jackson got it all. It skyrocketed majestically into the center field bleachers.

Somebody in the press box yelled, “If that isn’t an exclamation point, I don’t know what is.”

Watching it all from the other dugout was Hall of Famer Lasorda, who had succeeded longtime Dodgers skipper Walter Alston in 1976 and was managing in his first World Series.

“I always dreamed of the moment managing in the World Series, but Reggie Jackson ruined my party,” Lasorda said. “It’s still one of the greatest performances I’ve witnessed on a ball diamond. I just wish it hadn’t been at our expense.”

Jackson also homered in Games 4 and 5, bringing his total in the series to five. He finished with eight RBI and batted .450 in leading the Yankees to their 21st World Series title.

And with that, “Mr. October” was born.

Following the Series-clinching victory, reporters were interviewing Thurman Munson, who suggested Jackson would have better answers to their questions.

“Go talk to Mr. October,” the catcher said, giving his teammate a nickname that would last forever. Ask Jackson if the defining moment of his career is often on his mind, and his reply is a loud laugh.

“I don’t necessarily think about that moment every day, but I am reminded by people every day,” he says. “It’s a wonderful memory. Social media has been pretty good to me, continuing to spread the word. Young kids come up to me at the age of 7, 8, 10 years old and talk about Mr. October.”

Then he adds: “It’s like when I was a kid and my father pointed to Jackie Robinson or Hank Aaron or Mickey Mantle or Duke Snider, saying, ‘That’s who they are.’ The legacies of Babe Ruth and Mantle and Aaron continue because there were such great memories you tell your children about. Maybe that’s the way it is with my moment.”

Jackson’s home runs in 1978 were just as important, if not as impressive, when he helped the Yankees to a second straight World Series crown.

In the top of the eighth inning of the memorable AL East Division tiebreaking game against the Red Sox at Fenway Park, Jackson extended the Yankees’ lead to three runs with a monstrous homer to center field.

Bucky Dent’s historic home run had put the Yankees ahead to stay, but Jackson’s blast provided the ultimate margin of victory.

And there’s this sometimes forgotten piece

of history: Reggie’s first year in the majors (1967) was with the A’s – the Kansas City A’s.

It wasn’t until the next season the franchise moved to Oakland, where Hall of Famer Joe DiMaggio was a hitting coach.

For over an hour each day, DiMaggio worked with Reggie on how to always make contact. In 1969, Jackson hit 37 homers before the All-Star Break.

“I don’t know if it was so much the conversations we had as the interest he showed in me,” Jackson says. “That made it special for me.”



Reggie Jackson’s time with the Athletics included winning three World Series titles.

In 1973 and 1977, he was the MVP in the Fall Classic. In five World Series, Jackson hit 10 homers, drove in 24 runs and batted .357, nearly 100 points higher than his career average.

The most memorable moments, of course, were the three consecutive blasts.

Dodgers first baseman Steve Garvey later confided: “When Reggie hit his third home run and I was certain no one was looking, I applauded in my glove.”

It wasn’t just the World Series. He was a 14-time American League All-Star and won the AL MVP Award in 1973. During that season, he led the league in homers (32), RBI (117) and runs scored (99).

His time in New York was followed by five productive seasons with the Angels, and his 21-year career ended in 1987, fittingly back with the team with whom it all began – the

Athletics. When it was all done, Jackson had accumulated 2,584 hits, 563 homers and 1,702 runs batted in.

For someone as charismatic and flamboyant as Jackson, it could have been difficult when the lights were dimmed and the curtain came down. But like any great ballplayer, he’s made the adjustments.

“I’ve had a wonderful time with my life; I’m blessed,” Jackson says. “I don’t miss baseball because luckily I work for the Yankees. It’s a great relationship I have with the Steinbrenner family. I wouldn’t trade it for anything.

“To be honest, I feel like a family member. I don’t think they could ask me to do something I would say ‘no’ to. They are gracious and caring the way they go about things.

“The relationship I have with (Yankees general manager) Brian Cashman is genuine. We don’t agree on everything, but we work together on everything. He gets the final say and I’m on his program.”

Reggie wouldn’t be Reggie without an opinion, and it’s no different here.

“I think the biggest concern I have with baseball is really the lack of minority participation in the direction of the game,” he says. “Major League Baseball does its best to fulfill some of the quotas and the numbers, but the lack of participation of minorities with [its] direction is disappointing. This is something that stays on my mind.

“Thank goodness for the Yankees or I wouldn’t be around the game. They’re (others in baseball) afraid of me. Maybe that’s inaccurate. They are uncomfortable with me because I ask for a level playing field. They kind of push me away. Maybe gently, but they do it.”

In a sense, Mr. October has drifted out of the public’s watchful eye. And he couldn’t be happier.

There’s the frequent solitude of long morning walks on the beach when he thinks about faith and life. Or reading about infusing harmony and peace in your heart.

For Reggie Jackson, it’s no longer about looking back.

It’s about looking forward. 🍎

Hal Bodley, dean of American baseball writers, is correspondent emeritus for MLB.com. He has been covering Major League Baseball since 1958 and was a baseball editor and columnist at USA TODAY for 25 years.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

LEGENDARY TALES FROM BASEBALL TRAVELS HAVE BECOME A PART OF THE GAME'S LORE.

BY JERRY CRASNICK

Baseball players don't have the privilege of diving into the line and being met head-on by a heat-seeking missile disguised as a 250-pound linebacker, or skating into the corner and experiencing the spine-tingling sensation of a hard check into the boards. But the exacting nature of the sport is second to none. It's manifested in lengthy road trips, nagging injuries and fatigue that accrues over time.

For a handy frame of reference, just check out the travel itineraries of the Seattle Mariners, who log more than 40,000 air miles annually while competing in the American League West (and this year added to that total with a season-opening trip to Japan to face the Oakland A's).

Life on the road can test a player's character, fitness and competitive will. But it can also produce some bonding moments and memories that transcend the box scores and daily standings. The bus trips, team charters and assorted challenges of getting from Point A to Point B are an enduring part of the game's lore.

Here are a few MLB travel tales that show how imagination and a sense of humor can make the rigors of life on the road a little easier to endure.



Class of 2018 Hall of Fame inductee Chipper Jones was presented with this surfboard by fellow Hall of Famer Trevor Hoffman during his "farewell" tour in 2012. The surfboard is currently on display at the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

Can I get mine with extra anchovies?

In September 1991, a 55-ton support beam crashed through the roof of Montreal's Olympic Stadium and forced the Expos to play their final 13 home games on the road. The only respite from the 26-day, 28-game road trip was a 24-hour foray home to Montreal to do laundry and regroup.

Richard Griffin, the team's media relations director, left one of his suitcases at the hotel bell stand in Pittsburgh out of convenience because the team was returning to the Steel City a few days later for its second series at Three Rivers Stadium in a week.

By that point, Griffin had already shown he was adept at making the best of life on the fly.

Early in the 1990 season, the Expos were cruising from San Francisco to Montreal at more than 30,000 feet with a planned stop in Cleveland to refuel. The players were tired and less than enamored with the meals on their charter, so Griffin had an epiphany: He would commandeer an air phone and order pizza for the guys as a pick-me-up.

Griffin called the Indians' PR office for a list of pizza establishments near the Cleveland airport, then methodically ran through his options. He got a member of the cleanup crew at Domino's, who told him to try a restaurant called Dante's. When that tip failed to materialize, he finally struck pay dirt at a 24-hour joint called Pizza King.

"I ordered 14 pizzas 'all dressed,'" said Griffin, who today serves as the Blue Jays' director of baseball media. "That's a Canadian expression, I found out. The guy finally realized I wanted all the toppings and said, 'Oh, you mean 'loaded.'"

"At the end of the order, he asked me, 'Can I have your address?' And I said, 'Well, we're just passing over the Rockies right now.'"

When the plane touched down in Cleveland around 1:30 a.m., Griffin and the Expos equipment manager ascended the ramp to the gate and collected 14 pies after they were passed through a metal detector. They proceeded to disperse the goodies to the Montreal players and coaches, who quickly devoured them.

MICHAEL STEWART / NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM



**CHIPPER
JONES**

IN RECOGNITION OF
YOUR 20 YEARS IN
MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL
THANK YOU



“It always helps if you can take a lighter approach,” Griffin said. “You can remember something in a bad way, or you can say, ‘Hey, remember the pizza,’ or, ‘Remember those 26 days on the road and how we handled it?’ It’s all about how you position yourself.

“That’s the key.”

GPS, anyone?

The late Pascual Pérez won 67 games and made an All-Star team over 11 big league seasons. But his seminal moment in the majors might have come on a highway circling the city of Atlanta in August 1982.

Pérez, who had been traded to Atlanta from Pittsburgh a few weeks earlier, was scheduled to start a day game against Montreal when he literally lost his way. He spent three hours on Interstate-285 and didn’t arrive in the clubhouse until the national anthem was underway. By that point, Braves manager Joe Torre had opted for knuckleballer Phil Niekro, who combined with Gene Garber on a three-hitter to beat the Expos, 5-4.

“I stopped at a service station and the guy told me to find I-20, but I couldn’t find it,” Pérez later told reporters. “When I finally saw the stadium, I said, ‘Thank the Lord.’”

Pérez’s Atlanta teammates jokingly hung city maps in his locker stall, and he took the jibes in the proper spirit. Two years later, he was still wearing a Braves jacket with “I-285” on the back.



Pascual Pérez was traded from the Pirates to the Braves on June 30, 1982, and later that year had a memorable trip to Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium.

History has shown that players aren’t the only ones who can take wrong turns. After a 2-5 homestand in September 2008, Cubs manager Lou Piniella and first base coach Matt Sinatro decided to drive the 300 miles to Cincinnati for a series against the Reds. As Piniella dozed in the passenger seat, Sinatro missed the exit for I-75 and was approaching the Pennsylvania border by the time the duo realized something was awry.

Manager and coach bought a map at a gas station, recharted their course, navigated the rainy conditions and pulled into Great

American Ball Park at 5 p.m. Their scheduled five-hour trip had turned into an eight-hour, nip-and-tuck odyssey.

“I wanted to get my mind off baseball for a little bit,” Piniella told reporters. “I sure as heck did.”

Grand farewell

Chipper Jones was showered with affection and parting gifts during his farewell tour with the Braves in 2012. The future Hall of Famer received a custom surfboard from the Padres (now on exhibit at the Hall of Fame), a Stetson hat from the Astros, a fishing gift pack from the Marlins and a pool table and a Hawaiian vacation from the Atlanta organization. It was quite an array of goodies for his post-retirement man cave.

Delta Airlines made Jones’ final road trip one to remember when it posted a No. 10 decal on the side of the Braves’ season-ending charter flight in tribute – just as it had done with manager Bobby Cox’s No. 6 two years earlier. According to a *Wall Street Journal* story, Delta commissioned Atlanta chef Kevin Rathbun to prepare a sumptuous feast for Chipper’s last ride. The menu included lobster ravioli and Georgia shrimp-and-jalapeno sliders pre-flight, with crispy duck breast and orzo followed by pink lemonade cheesecake in air.

The mother of all trips

The Houston Astros found themselves at the crossroads of baseball and politics in August 1992, when the Republican National Convention took up residence at the Astrodome and forced the team to play 26 straight games on the road.

Over a span of 28 days, the Astros made stops in Atlanta, Cincinnati, Los Angeles, San Diego, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia. They endured five time-zone changes while traversing a 9,186-mile itinerary that pitcher Jimmy Jones likened to “a novel.”

The Astros did their best to keep things lighthearted. There were stories of clubhouse pranks and players waking up mid-flight with lit cigarettes dangling from their lips. Utilityman Casey Candaele, the team cut-up, wrote a daily diary for the *Houston Chronicle*. The players placed wagers on whose bags would be first off the airport conveyer belt, and Candaele came sliding out of the chute.

Shane Reynolds won a calf-feeding competition and pitchers Joe Boever and



A fallen support beam at Montreal’s Olympic Stadium caused the Expos to embark on a 26-day road trip in 1991.



Carlos Zambrano of the Cubs no-hit the Houston Astros on Sept. 14, 2008, in a game played at Milwaukee's Miller Park. Houston's Minute Maid Park was unavailable due to weather damage in Houston following Hurricane Ike.

Butch Henry combined to take the cow-milking contest during Farmers' Night festivities at Riverfront Stadium. Craig Biggio killed an off-day in Cincinnati by driving to Kentucky to tour the Louisville Slugger factory. And the team took a field trip to the nuclear submarine USS Houston that helped detract slightly from a four-game sweep at the hands of the Padres in San Diego.

During a game at Wrigley Field, outfielder Gerald Young held up a cardboard sign asking his mother to send him clean clothes. Some players didn't take long to burn through their \$150 laundry allowance.

"They don't make a suitcase big enough for 30 days," outfielder Eric Anthony said at the end of the trip.

It could have been a lot worse. The Astros posted a respectable 12-14 record during their odyssey and finished 81-81 after logging a

65-97 record the previous season.

"We started playing better the goofier it got," said outfielder Luis Gonzalez. "We had a good time because we knew we were going to be out here for so long and there was nothing anybody could do about it."

Relocated masterpiece

In September 2008, Hurricane Ike wreaked devastation on Houston and prompted MLB to find a new venue for a series between the Cubs and Astros. Atlanta was mentioned as one possibility before the commissioner's office settled on Milwaukee and baseball beneath a roof at Miller Park.

Cubs pitcher Carlos Zambrano made it a neutral-site night to remember.

Zambrano struck out 10 and threw a no-hitter in a 5-0 win over the Astros, with the only blemishes coming on a Michael Bourn

walk and an errant fastball that hit Hunter Pence in the back. Zambrano's gem was the first no-hitter in Miller Park's eight-year history, and the Brewers – who were playing in Philadelphia at the time – didn't come within 650 miles of it.

Thanks to devoted Cubs fans who made the trip up I-94, a crowd of 23,441 watched Zambrano dispense with the Astros in a tidy two hours, 17 minutes. His teammates doused him with beer in a back hallway celebration, and Zambrano later commemorated the occasion with a champagne toast with his wife and several friends at the team hotel.

"I'm a little confused right now," he said. "I still can't believe it." 🍷

Jerry Crasnick covered baseball for three decades for ESPN and several other media outlets and now works for the Major League Baseball Players Association.



Visiting Heroes

Martinez, Mussina soak in atmosphere during trips to Cooperstown.

BY BILL FRANCIS & ISABELLE MINASIAN

Edgar Martinez and Mike Mussina waited their turn for their calls to Cooperstown. So when the time came for their Orientation Visits this spring, both members of the Class of 2019 savored every moment.

Mussina, the longtime stalwart starting pitcher who split his career between the Baltimore Orioles and New York Yankees, and Martinez, the legendary Seattle Mariners designated hitter, toured the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum on March 21 and April 8, respectively.

New Hall of Famers visit Cooperstown in preparation for Induction Weekend, exploring the Museum and getting the details in order for the greatest professional day of their lives.

“Gratifying is a good word,” said Mussina, sitting in the Hall of Fame’s Plaque Gallery at a press conference for local media. “I’m an example of someone who didn’t win a ton of individual awards, I never won a World Series, and I never won 20 games in one season as a starter until my very last season. There’s a lot of players out there who are going to play their careers similar to mine, so it’s an example of the fact that you don’t have to win five Cy Young Awards and strike out 4,000 people as a pitcher to be able to be thought of as one of the best who ever played.”

“I did a lot of ‘almost’ stuff, but now I get to say that I went to the Hall of Fame instead of almost going to the Hall of Fame. Winning 19 games a couple years and being runner-up in the Cy Young and being in the World Series and not winning the World Series, I wish those things turned out differently. Those things

didn’t happen, but things turned out OK.”

Mussina joins fellow Class of 2019 members Harold Baines, Roy Halladay, Mariano Rivera, Lee Smith and Martinez as the newest Hall of Famers. They will be inducted July 21 on the grounds of the Clark Sports Center in Cooperstown.

“I haven’t really figured it all out yet. To be honest, the whole thing was a surprise this year,” Mussina said. “You listen to the guys on

MLB Network and they’ve been pretty accurate the last few years. And they’re making guesses on who is going to make it. Four (BBWAA) electees isn’t really what they were predicting. I’m smart enough to figure out who the first guy out is going to be. So when they called me at the end of basketball practice – I was still in the gym – the phone rang and it said ‘New York’ on my phone, I was like, ‘Oh man, this is ...’ It was just surprising to me. I wasn’t really mentally ready for it. So it’s been a little chaotic and crazy, but that’s OK. It’s exciting and I’m really looking forward to it, coming back in July and being a part of it.”

Mussina was a gifted starting pitcher for 18 big league seasons, the first 10 spent with Baltimore before moving to New York and becoming a Yankees favorite. A five-time All-Star and seven-time Gold Glove winner, he finished his career with a 270-153 record – winning at least 10 games 17 times – while making 60 percent of his starts in hitter-friendly AL East venues such as Fenway Park, Camden Yards and Yankee Stadium. The right-hander, whose 2,813 strikeouts ranked 19th on the all-time list when he retired, became the oldest first-time



Mike Mussina sits in front of a photo of the legends inducted into the Hall of Fame on June 12, 1939, during the inaugural Induction Ceremony. **Opposite page:** Edgar Martinez touches the Hall of Fame plaque of Roberto Clemente during his Orientation Visit on April 8.

MILLO STEWART JR./NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM



20-game winner when he reached the milestone at age 39 in 2008, his final season in the majors.

Martinez played his entire 18-year career with the Mariners, compiling a .312/.418/.515 slash line. He retired as one of only six players in MLB history with at least 300 homers, 500 doubles, and at least a .300/.400/.500 line.

Elected to the Hall of Fame in his final year of eligibility on the Baseball Writers' Association of America ballot, Martinez reminisced about his youth in Puerto Rico following his Hall of Fame tour.

"I was about 9 years old, and my aunt was watching what probably were highlights of Roberto Clemente in the (1971) World Series, and he homered and she was just screaming. But I remember after that I got really interested in the game," Martinez said. "Right away I went outside and started hitting rocks with a broomstick, and I kind of fell in love with the game. Clemente became someone I wanted to emulate, I wanted to be like him. He became a role model. It's like that for pretty much everyone in Puerto Rico."

Martinez began his professional career as a third baseman, but knee issues ultimately led him to transition to the role of designated hitter.

"At the beginning, it was kind of hard to accept (the transition to DH), because I didn't know how it was going to affect my career," Martinez said. "But I had to accept that the team was better when I was a DH. So I just accepted it and embraced the position."

In 1995, his first full year in that role, Martinez led the league in runs scored, doubles, on-base percentage and batting average, and helped carry the Mariners to their first ALCS appearance in franchise history. His success carried on through the next few years, and he won the Outstanding Designated Hitter Award so many times that it was renamed the Edgar Martinez Award.

"Discipline is key," Martinez explained when asked what makes a great designated hitter. "When the player is designated to be the DH, sometimes they think they have to hit home runs, but staying true to the type of hitter that I was helped me. I would take a walk if I needed to take a walk. I didn't change my style because I was a DH, and I think that allowed me to be consistent and do what I did best, which was using the whole field, being disciplined and not trying to do too much."

Despite all of Martinez's accolades, his journey

to Cooperstown was never guaranteed, and he's quick to appreciate the writers and fans who campaigned so vociferously on his behalf.

"The fans have supported me from the beginning, when I started playing in Seattle. It's a special relationship between the fans and me," Martinez said. "I think they really appreciate that I stayed there. Their support has been amazing. It means a lot to me, to make it in as a Mariner, and it's going to be a special time when they show up here in July."

Induction Weekend will cap a spring and summer that has been a whirlwind for both Mussina and Martinez.

"It's been pretty fast. You see a lot of things that remind you how big an event this really is and what an important place this is," Mussina marveled. "I wish I could have spent more time and had a chance to read a lot of what's been written on the exhibit labels describing the artifacts there. But it's an exciting place." 🍎

Bill Francis is the senior research and writing specialist at the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum; Isabelle Minasian is the digital content specialist at the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum.



Our Museum in Action

These ongoing projects are just a few of the ways the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum's mission is being supported today.

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WHAT WE'VE DONE TOGETHER

Bill McGowan jacket

Thanks to a generous gift from Matt O'Neal and the team at PrepMD in memory of their dear friend and colleague Tom Kenny, a jacket worn by Hall of Fame umpire Bill McGowan will receive much needed conservation work.

The jacket was worn by McGowan in the 1940s and early '50s. Later he gave it to Eston Wells, a student at McGowan's umpiring school in West Palm Beach, Fla. Wells also

wore the jacket when he umpired in the minor leagues in the 1950s.

The care and conservation of this artifact will ensure future generations of Museum visitors can learn about McGowan, who in 1992 became the seventh umpire elected to the Hall of Fame.

Photos to be digitally preserved

Thanks to a number of generous donors, photographs from our archive will be digitally preserved and added to our online digital collection, which you can browse at collection.baseballhall.org.



MILID STEWART JR./NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

This glove used by Stan Musial is part of the Museum's collection of more than 40,000 artifacts and is in need of conservation work.

They include:

- **Luke Appling** – Thanks to a gift from Joe and Gail Bosch
- **Roberto Clemente** – Thanks to gifts from Kerry DeMarco, Mitch Loran, R.G. Scherman and Daniel Torres
- **Jocko Conlan** – Thanks to a gift from Todd Bolton
- **Bill Evans** – Thanks to a gift from Todd Bolton
- **Sam Thompson** – Thank to a gift from Don and Eden Thompson
- **Early Wynn** – Thanks to a gift from R.G. Scherman

WHAT YOU CAN HELP US DO

Stan Musial glove

A glove (B-2724.63) used by Stan Musial is in need of conservation work.

Born Nov. 21, 1920, in Donora, Pa., Stanley Frank Musial began his pro baseball career as a left-handed pitcher in 1938 after signing with the St. Louis Cardinals. But while playing the outfield due to a shortage of players, Musial permanently damaged his left shoulder diving for a ball.

Musial's manager, Dickey Kerr, suggested that Musial turn to hitting – based on the fact that Musial batted .352 in his part-time outfield duty in 1940. The next year, Musial sailed through the Cardinals' minor league system before hitting .426 in a late-season call-up to St. Louis.

In 1942, Musial hit .315 as the Cardinals' everyday left fielder – one of only two times he'd be below the .320 mark in his first 12 full big league seasons.

As they say, the rest is history.

Musial's 22-year career put him at or near the top of baseball's all-time lists in nearly every offensive category. He batted better than .300 in 17 consecutive seasons and won seven National League batting titles with his "corkscrew" stance and ringing line drives. A three-time Most Valuable Player, "The Man" played in 24 All-Star Games.

Help the Museum care for and preserve this glove from one of the all-time greats.

Estimated conservation cost: \$1,500#

*Donations to date: \$110**

Support still needed: \$1,390

Estimate for conservation to be performed
 B.R. Howard and Associates
 * \$110 has already been received toward
 this project thanks to a generous gift from
 Robert S. Govers

Sponsor a page

Since we launched our digital collection online in 2016, we have added more than 75,000 items, including 15,000 photographs, 15,000 three-dimensional artifacts, 2,000 scrapbook pages, 30,000 Library documents and 100 oral histories.

Once an item in the Museum Collection or Library Archive has been digitally preserved and uploaded to the online database, the costs to store and make these images available continue in perpetuity. Ongoing costs include data storage, internet service and servers, plus ongoing development and maintenance of our digital asset management system.

To help cover these costs to maintain the free online database, you can sponsor the online display of an item from the Hall of Fame collection.

For just \$5 a year, you can have your name displayed on an artifact page within our online collection.

The pages available to sponsor cover a broad range of topics and interests, and more are added on a regular basis. Learn more and explore the collection online by visiting collection.baseballhall.org.

Digitally preserve historic photos of the Hall of Fame classes of 1976, 1977 and 1978

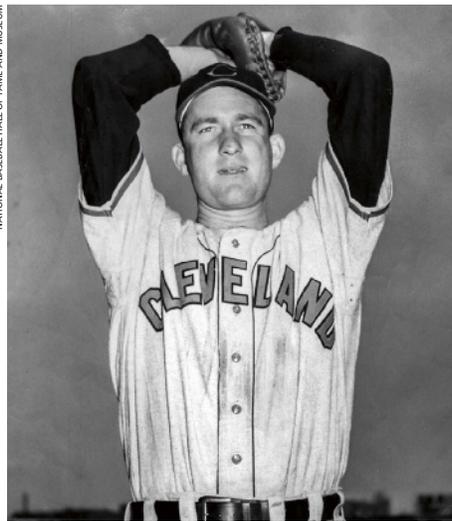
We need your help to continue our work to digitally preserve the Museum's photo collection, which contains more than 250,000 images. You can help us to preserve the images of the classes of 1976, 1977 and 1978.

Cost to digitally preserve images of:

Class of 1976

Oscar Charleston:.....FUNDED
 Roger Connor (9 images):.....\$45
 Cal Hubbard (15 images):.....\$75
 Bob Lemon (82 images):.....\$410
 Freddie Lindstrom (32 images):\$160
 Robin Roberts (180 images):.....\$910

NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM



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OSVALDO SALAS/NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM



Many images from the Hall of Fame classes of 1976, 1977 and 1978 can be digitally preserved with your support. Bob Lemon (top left) was elected in 1976, Ernie Banks (top right) and Al Lopez (bottom left) were among the members of the Class of 1977 and Eddie Mathews (bottom right) earned Hall of Fame induction in 1978.

Class of 1977

Ernie Banks (156 images):.....\$790
 Martin Dihigo:.....FUNDED
 Pop Lloyd:.....FUNDED
 Al Lopez (172 images):.....\$860
 Amos Rusie (9 images):\$45
 Joe Sewell (30 images):\$150

Class of 1978

Addie Joss (14 images):.....\$80
 Larry MacPhail (97 images):.....\$485
 Eddie Mathews (189 images):.....\$945

Additional projects online

We are grateful for all our donors and Museum Members for helping us to preserve baseball history. We have accomplished a lot together, but there is more to be done.

Explore additional projects, including artifacts, photographs and Library documents that are in need of conservation and preservation at our website. 📄

baseballhall.org/museumination

For more information – or to make a donation of any amount toward one of the projects – visit baseballhall.org/museumination or contact our Development Team at (607) 547-0385 or development@baseballhall.org.

FELLERS' JOURNEY

Our drives to Hall of Fame Weekend turned into a tradition that we cherished.

BY ANNE FELLER

I always enjoyed the drive to Cooperstown. You just keep moving along until you get to the sign that says “Cooperstown, next turn,” then you get off and pay the toll. You’re driving so long and you think you’ll never see it. Then all of a sudden, there’s a small sign that says “Cooperstown, Straight ahead.”

Suddenly, you’re coming down a slope and there it is!

We drove every time. Each year, we’d start at about 8 o’clock in the morning and we’d stop and have a late breakfast at the same restaurant. We were in Ohio, right across the line there – right off the highway (Interstate 90). Bob would go and fill up the car with gas,

and I’d go order – bacon and eggs and coffee. He’d just say, “You order for me, you know what I like.” Because, as you know, he was on a battleship (the USS Alabama) during World War II and he just ate what was there or not.

I wish the younger people knew more about how difficult it was – those war years on that battleship. He didn’t talk about it very much. It was just something that was a part of his life, but a big part.

It was route I-90, just keep on going. Through Ohio and Pennsylvania and then onto Buffalo and Rochester. It’s still a wonderful highway, not too much traffic, a couple of tolls here and there. We had no reason to stop anywhere. It was a long day, but it was not so bad.

He drove (until breakfast), then I would drive for a while, and he would read – he always had his newspapers. Then he would take the last lap, where we would stop to change again, and go into Cooperstown.

It would be light when we’d get there and we’d arrive in time for dinner. Afterward, there would be dancing at the Otesaga Hotel. But Bob didn’t dance. He wasn’t musical.

Ted Williams would come over and say to Bob: “Can I dance with your wife?” and Bob would answer, “No.” Then Ted would say, “Come on, Anne!” and off we went. That’s the way it worked.

Bob and Ted shared that experience of being in the war. They were always very good friends and they did a lot of things together away from Cooperstown, too.

Our most recent road trips to Cooperstown were in Bob’s Jaguar. It’s a gray car, with the jaguar on the hood. He kept it in good condition.

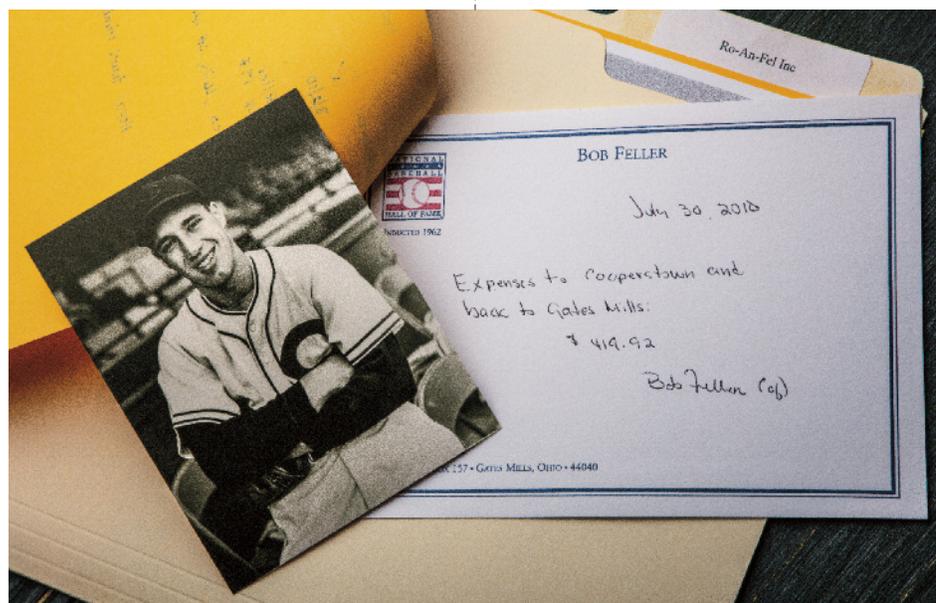
He liked that car. We had six acres, and a barn. He had a Caterpillar tractor, because that’s what he’d had when he was 19 or 20, and he found one to restore. But then he had to find another one, and he cannibalized the parts to fix the first one. It took quite a while to finally find one. It was something he could do, he enjoyed doing it, and he did it by himself.

But we weren’t going to drive that tractor to Cooperstown. Oh no, that would take forever! Those things were made to work on the farm.

I enjoyed coming to Cooperstown. Bob enjoyed it, too. When we were married, I said, “Let’s just go once,” and we did. He enjoyed it, and so we returned every year, and he really looked forward to seeing his friends. The drive to Cooperstown, with its beautiful scenery, became a part of that tradition.

The guys liked to argue. “I would have done better because” or “if” and then you get this big long story. I remember saying to Bob, “Do you think they’re making it all up?” and he said, “I don’t know.”

When you get to the Hall of Fame, that’s the top of the mountain. **1**



COLLAGE BY MILO STEWART JR./NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

Bob Feller’s annual journeys to Cooperstown with his wife, Anne, for Hall of Fame Weekend were usually taken in his beloved Jaguar. He would then meticulously turn in his expenses for the trip.

Bob and Anne Feller were married for 36 years before Bob’s passing in 2010.



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AROUND COOPERSTOWN

cooperstowngetaway.org

The Cooperstown High School boys' basketball team won the New York State Class C title on March 17, the first boys' state basketball championship in school history. From left: Ryan Lansing, John Kennedy, Ben Tafuro and Jesse Furnari enjoy a team victory parade down Main Street.