

An innovative anthology of articles on the national pastime, Ameridi offers history, lingo, statistics, nostalgia, investigative reporting, trivia, even a cartoon and TV commercial. No matter what your interest is in baseball, Ameridi has something for you in its lineup.

AMERIDI (American Diamonds): An American Baseball Reader

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3375.html?s=pdf>

***AMERIDI***

**AMERICAN DIAMONDS:  
An American Baseball Reader**

**Philip Von Borries**

Copyright © 2008 Philip Von Borries

ISBN 978-1-60145-411-9

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America.

Booklocker.com, Inc.  
2008

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION .....	1
I. HUMOR FROM AMERICA’S HEARTLANDS .....	7
Wild Pitch .....	7
The King And I...IBM That Is .....	10
The Phantom Of Pavilion Park Diamond .....	13
Bobby BasePaths .....	15
II. ARTS AND LETTERS .....	17
Baseball Lingo: The Language Of America’s National Pastime .....	17
III. FROM THE LAND OF THE ANCIENTS: A Look At An All-American “Combo” Star .....	25
Golden Boy .....	25
IV. ALL-AMERICAN QUIZMASTER .....	28
First, Last & Only: A Kind Of Different Major-League Baseball Trivia Quiz .....	28
V. INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISM .....	34
Vigil .....	34
Closed Minds, Closed Doors: Cooperstown And The AA Ten .....	38
VI. AMERICAN DIAMOND ARCHAEOLOGY .....	89
Lost Treasures: Diamond Artifacts Of The Chicago Cubs .....	89
VII. PUTTING UP THE BIG NUMBERS: Two Stats From The Dusty Vaults Of American Baseball ..	94
Twenty-Six .....	94
No Finer Staff...Ever .....	97
VIII. MODERN TIMES: Anthems For Ageless Heroes And Times .....	100
King For A Day, King For A Lifetime .....	100
American Ballplayer .....	102
My Captain, Oh My Captain .....	106
IX. RETROSPECT: .....	111
Lone-A Jewel .....	111
APPENDIX Louisville: The Lost City Of American Historical Baseball .....	121
The Louisville Baseball Timeline 1858-2001 .....	121
Seven for the Ages: Lost Giants From Louisville’s—And America’s—Baseball Past .....	162
Louisville’s Minor-League Statistics .....	167
INDEX .....	179

# I.

## HUMOR FROM AMERICA'S HEARTLANDS

### Wild Pitch

*"You don't have a heater," my father said to me when I was a fledgling hurler. "What you've got there, my chosen and beloved son, is either a passed ball or a wild pitch. And, sooner or later, you're going to get in trouble with one of them. Work on your control and practice throwing strikes. Don't worry about the speed. It will come in time."*

Every time I see my one of my father's younger protégés, I am vividly reminded of that conversation. And, the only time that this catcher caught me.

Because I landed up beaming (indirectly) his father, who was sitting in the living room. It's all very simple, you see.

I was a young, fireballing right-hander out of east Hell in the grand old 1950s, the apex of my career, feared by men and women alike (children and dogs gave me wide clearance, too). The "s" in my name stood for "strikeout". I was one bad piece of work.

And, certainly not afraid to come inside with the smoke. No one, I mean *no one*, dug in on me. *Take me downtown, and I take you down your next at-bat, pal.* I was in the tradition of all the game's great pitchers (my alter ego at that time was future Hall-of-Famer/Philadelphia Phillies star, Robin Roberts).

You get the picture. "Put a name on it" as the tough guys say.

Well, finally I went overboard (just like my father said I would) and this is who I hit. And, this is what he did for me.

The pitch had slipped, that's all I can say. It skimmed off the catcher's glove, continued to gain momentum and flight until it hit a tall, vertical-shaped screen in the back of his house. Directly behind that screen, sitting in his favorite chair on that fateful Sunday afternoon, minding his own business, relaxing and watching television...was his father.

The screen hung there, briefly, and then fell forward on him, bounced off his head and went to the floor. At first, I laughed. Then he turned, looked directly at me (the receiver was still unaware of what had happened), got up slowly and headed for back yard via the side door.

I stopped laughing because I figured I had maybe five more seconds on this Earth. I was wrong.

Looking back, I realized he could have run over me the way his generation (now popularly known as "The Greatest Generation", after the renowned book and television series) ran over the Nazis in Europe, the Fascists in Italy, and the Japanese in the Pacific.

That generation which had been robbed of its childhood by The Great Depression and its young adulthood by World War II, as a veteran of that conflict pointed out to me while I was working on this book.

(My father's losses and wounds were deeper still. At an early age—a few months short of his fifth birthday, he had lost his mother, whose classic looks and soft, genteel temperament perfectly matched her name—Salliegrace.)

But the catcher's father didn't run over me, even though I had violated the cardinal rule of pitching: never hit anybody *bigger* than you. And, I think I know exactly why.

He knew as soon as he came into the yard and saw me—pale with fear, visibly shaken, deathly afraid I had hurt him and on the verge of breaking down—that it had been an accident. Instead, somewhere in that awe-inspiring 6'2½", 220-pound frame—fronted by a enormous football chest (the product of his college football days), he found the patience to make everything right instantly without even so much as raising his voice (the hallmark of a great father).



*Penny-arcade Exhibit baseball card (1954-56 series) of Robin Roberts.  
(Permission to publish card granted by Paul Marchant, Marchant Cards, St. Louis.)  
(Eclipse BBHR)*

With a wave of his arms, he signalled to me and his son/catcher to switch positions, then went back inside the house, replaced the screen in the window of the den, sat down and resumed his television watching.

This is called “extreme grace under fire”.

Looking back on it, his actions were a work of logistical genius in three different ways. The line of tall and harmless bushes, which ran across the rear of the back yard, were now behind the catcher in question. And, as one might well suspect, those bushes were the perfect backup for a young, scatter-armed pitcher (whose pitching fantasies have already been catalogued).

As for the veteran, he had astutely taken himself out of harm’s way. Completely. His cosmos was safe. And finally, he had allowed the pitch-and-catch game to proceed. This is called “diplomacy far above and beyond the call of duty.”

Shortly thereafter, the veteran’s problems (and everyone else’s) were resolved when his good friend and my father—Col. Frank B. Borries, Jr.—converted me to an outfielder.

This is called “protecting the safety and well-being of the general public.”

## **The King And I...IBM That Is**

*Hitting is timing. Pitching is upsetting timing.*  
**(Warren Spahn)**

"Look," my father said defensively as I came through the front door, "I'm really sorry about what happened a few days ago. I want to make it up to you."

"You mean when you dusted me off three times in a pickup sandlot game at Christ The King Field?"

"You dug in on me," he said firmly and without remorse.

"I'm your son," I intoned emphatically, "not the last out of the World Series. It's not my fault you don't have enough speed to break a pane of glass."

"Speed! That's all you youngsters think about today. Well, tonight I'm going to take you to see a man whose fastball has been clocked at 104 miles per hour."

"You mean we're going to see Koufax in Cincinnati?", I asked excitedly.

"No," he said softly, "we're going to see Eddie Feigner at IBM Park."

"That's softball," I retorted. "You call that making it up to me, watching a bunch of old men play a girl's game?"

"You know," he said sadly, "I've always said a father and a son should do things together, and now that I'm reaching my twilight years..."

"Save it", I cried, now resigned to my fate. "I'll do anything to avoid hearing that 'twilight years' speech of yours again."

Having agreed, I found myself later that June night in 1961 heading towards IBM Park on the north end of Lexington, Ky. via one of the city's landmarks: New Circle Road, a 20.3-mile, around-the city, non-stop east-west "expressway" that included a 4.7-mile, 15-stoplight business district. (And still does. That's another story, but take it at this: the phrase "Kentucky engineering" is a contradiction in terms.)

As the lights of IBM Park grew closer, my father told me the whole story.

The team we were about to see were a barnstorming softball team, comprised of just four players: a catcher, a first baseman, a shortstop and a celebrated right-hander named Eddie Feigner who was naturally, "The King". Collectively, and he said this with a broad, proud smile, they were known (modestly enough) as "The King And His Court". Looking at him as he spoke these words with beaming pride, I instinctively realized that further discussion was useless. My father had indeed reached his twilight years, and the best thing to do was to humor him.

Still, there was some consolation. I was going to see IBM play, who in those days were quite simply a dynasty around the area. When they were through for the day turning out the world's best typewriter (it is said that the acquisition of an IBM typewriter was the first step toward serious writing), they turned their energies toward the softball diamond.

Nationally, in 1966, they put it all together to win the National Industrial Slow-Pitch Championship. In addition, their park was the envy of many a Bluegrass softball player, better built and maintained than many municipal parks. But that night at IBM was the "King's" night.

Feigner wasn't hard to spot.

Beefy in stature and wearing a crewcut, his massive right arm—which looked like Jim Brown's thigh—was a sure indication that he was an athlete. But what caught the eye the quickest were the team's uniforms: red, white and blue, bedecked with stars and stripes, and containing information to the effect that this was the "Original 4-Man Softball Team."

I would remember that word 'original' years later when Kentucky Fried Chicken began to enjoy competition from those who sought to duplicate their cuisine.





Cover of 1961 Eddie Feigner program.  
(Permission to publish program granted by The King And His Court, Kennewick, Washington)  
(Eclipse BBHR)

Stamping a uniform with the word 'original' is one thing. Getting a chicken to sit still during a similar branding is an altogether different matter.

Following short pre-game ceremonies in which Feigner declared that any ball hit out of the infield was a home run (I fell down between the stands when I heard that one; my father clearly was not the only one reaching his twilight years), the game commenced, and "*The Man*", as aficionados of great pitching are prone to say, began to "bring it."

He brought it from between his legs, behind his back, blindfolded, from second base, even in centerfield, raising it or dropping it as he pleased, sending it "out" or "in", sometimes at half-speed, other times at three-quarters speed, and occasionally at full-speed, which could always be identified by a loud "WHOOOOO" at the beginning and a sharp "POPPPP" at the end as it hit the catcher's mitt...all from a variety of deliveries including the figure-eight, the windmill, the slingshot and possibly something called the whirl-a-gig.

As the innings progressed, the outcome slowly but surely became obvious. IBM, a class outfit in its own right, was winning the battle, but losing the war against a man who had played softball, *for a living*, from Cuba to Pakistan to New York to California.

IBM denied him the perfect game, the no-hitter, the shut-out, but Feigner—the "King" from Walla Walla, Wash., permitted them little more than a few scattered hits and several runs.

Feigner concluded the evening's festivities with a vaudeville routine called "Shadow Ball" that was every bit as good as Abbott and Costello's famed "Who's On First?" routine.

And, then it was time to depart, leaving behind the magic and a little bit of history that still continues today, according to a recent article in *Sports Illustrated*. All that remains for me is the standing ovation that the "King" got at game's end, and the program of that game, now turquoised and yellowed by age, that I fought—through a mob of people—to get signed.

Warmest of all, I remember the smiles my father and I exchanged as I emerged victorious, with completely-signed program in hand.

"Well", he said contentedly, "I see you feel differently now. What'd you like best about the game?"

"You remember when he pitched to his son before the game?"

"Yes," my father said guardedly.

"Well, did you notice...that not one time...did he dust him off?"

His face seized up instantly. I'm telling you. I never ran so fast in all my life.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Author's note:** Eddie Feigner died in February of 2007, and his obituary appeared in the February 19, 2007 issue of *Sports Illustrated Magazine*:

"Died at age 81, Eddie (the King) Feigner, who barnstormed with the four-man softball team The King and His Court for five decades.

"Feigner started his abbreviated squad in 1946 on a dare after his nine-man Walla Walla, Wash. team routed a team from Oregon. Feigner, his catcher, first-baseman and shortstop won the rematch 7-0.

"Over the next 54 years, Feigner, whose fastball was clocked at 104 mph, pitched more than 10,000 games, often throwing between his legs, behind his back or from second base. He also pitched—blindfolded—to celebrities, including Johnny Carson, and in a 1964 exhibition game at Dodger Stadium, he struck out Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Maury Wills, Harmon Killebrew, Roberto Clemente and Brooks Robinson in order."

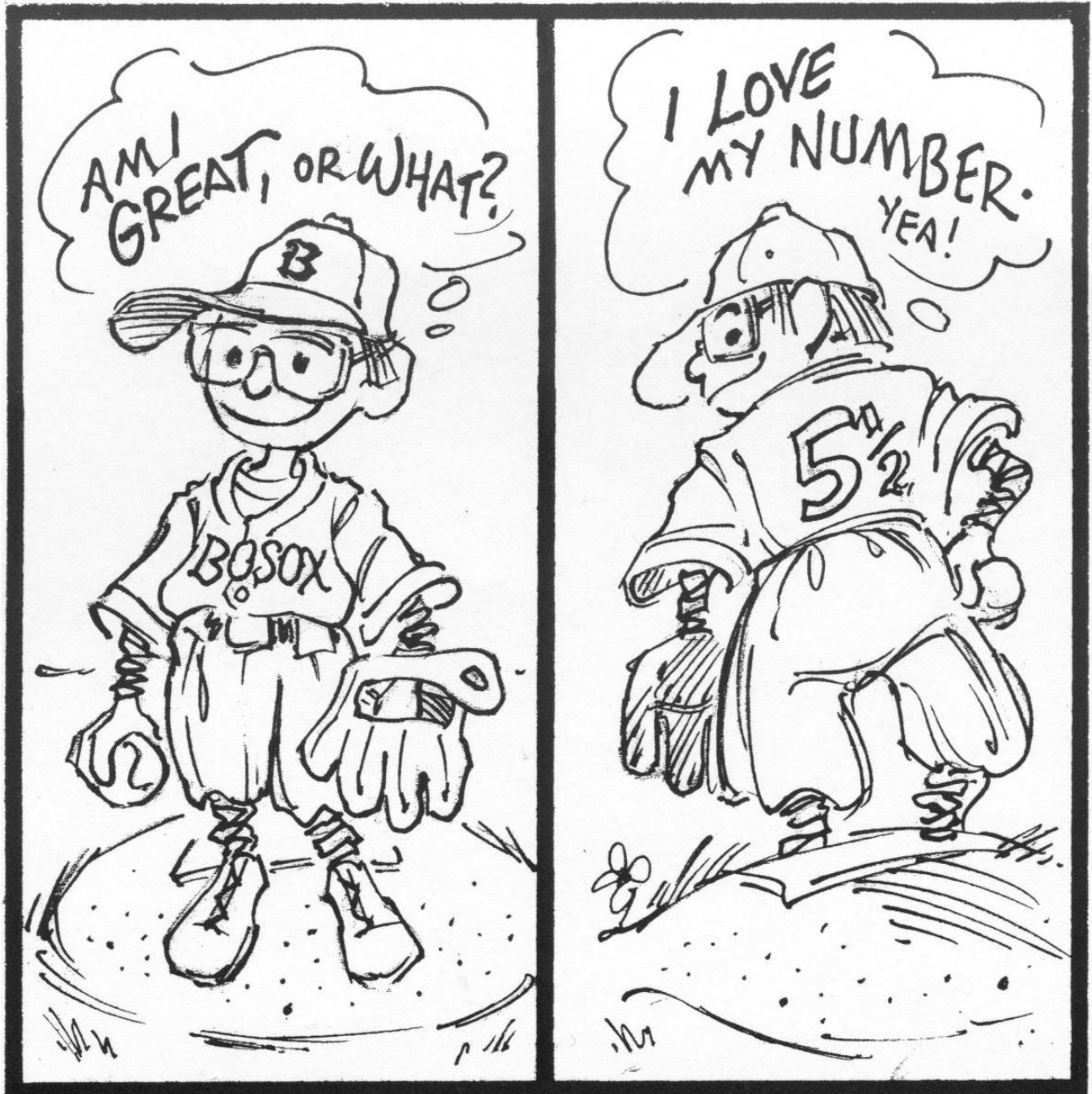
**The Phantom Of Pavilion Park Diamond**  
(Speculative Television Commercial)

Video	Audio
1. Wandering shot around Pavilion Park Diamond. Night.	1. (Silent)
2. Michael Richards suddenly steps out of the dark, points his finger at the camera while eating a hot dog and speaks. (His dress is that of a hard-core fan; <u>everything</u> has a Pavilion Park Diamond logo on it.)	2. (Richards hesitates, then speaks.) And where were you last night, my fine friends? Well, I can tell you one thing. If you weren't here at Pavilion Park Diamond, you weren't <i>anywhere</i> .
3. Richards continues to move around the park in a kind of humorous "Phantom Of The Opera" way, like he knows every nook and cranny, which he does, because he goes to <u>every</u> home game.	3. Ohh, I can see it all now, so very clearly now, as if it happened just a second ago. The sights, the sounds, the smells...last night at Pavilion Park Diamond.
4. Flashback to previous night.	4. I had a pure, all-beef hot dog on a wheat bun in my left hand, my baby in my right. She was carrying our drinks...and my scorecard.
5. Continue flashback.	5. We made our way to our seats for the game. And, ohhhh, what a game it was.
6. Flashback (scoreboard)	6. For 8½ innings, it was a pitcher's duel. Nothing but goose eggs. Man, I'm telling you, the tension was unbearable.
7. Flashback (center fielder getting up to bat)	7. And, just when I thought I couldn't stand it anymore, the center fielder got up and put the whole thing away. Gosh, I love that little guy.
8. Flashback of play	8. First pitch out of the box, he SMASHES IT over the other team's center fielder's head. He goes to chase it, man, and don't you know...it bounces off the center field wall and BACK through his feet.
9. Flashback of player running intercut with Richards yelling for him to score an inside-the-park home run.	9. Suddenly, everyone realizes that the little guy has a chance at an INSIDE-THE-PARK job and a chance for our team TO WIN IN THE BOTTOM if his wheels don't fall off. Like everyone else in attendance, I'M SCREAMING MY HEAD OFF for the little guy to score. GO, PAVILION

Video	Audio
	PARKER, GO! RUN FOR DAYLIGHT, OH FLEET PAVILION PARKER. SCORE AND SEND US HOME HAPPY...little giant.
10. Cut back to Richards briefly	10. And, HE DID...man.
11. Cut back to center fielder at home, lying on his back.	11. He slides and beats the throw easily. Then, 'cause he's so tired...winded, you know, he rolls over on his back and smiles at everyone.
12. Richards walking out of the ballpark	12. We won! We won. Oh, I laughed...I cried. I felt refreshed... renewed, revived... alive!!
13. Richards (full shot)	13. Oh, Shakespearean tragedy, man, if you missed last night's game. It was a doozy, It wasn't baseball, man. <u>It was a level above that.</u> It was <i>Pavilion Park Diamond</i> baseball.
14. Richards (push in on shot gradually)	14. Hey, tell you what. Meet you at tonight's game. Okay? You <i>know</i> I'll be there...and so should you.
15. Shot of Pavilion Park Diamond	15. (Voice-over) Pavilion Park Diamond...where the stars shine day and night.

**NOTE TO THE READER:** A “pavilion parker” is baseball lingo for a home run—when a player “parks one” on the pavilion beyond the outfield fence. Its origins date back to a certain field in Evanston (a north Chicago suburb) in the late 1980s.

**Bobby BasePaths**  
A Baseball Cartoon



Here I am. Bobby BasePaths, the great major-league pitcher.

I've got a great-looking uniform, and my favorite number on my back.



And I know how to walk around the mound like a real major-leaguer. And look tough at the batter before I throw.

And, I got a great assortment of pitches.  
Yep, I got it all.

*(Bobby BasePaths cartoon character created by Philip Von Borries; cartoon formatted and written by Philip Von Borries; cartoon illustration by Hank Chapman for Eclipse BBHR)*

## IV. ALL-AMERICAN QUIZMASTER

### First, Last & Only: A Kind Of Different Major-League Baseball Trivia Quiz

This is a bit of a different major-league baseball trivia quiz. Everyone loves baseball trivia quizzes, but the focus of this one is on players or teams who were the first, last or only of their kind to achieve a certain feat.

Some of the feats are major, others are unusual—but all are interesting. And, it's well worth the effort because every question is worth a home run or more. There are 18 questions (that's two games worth), plus three bonus questions, here in part one of this continuing series.

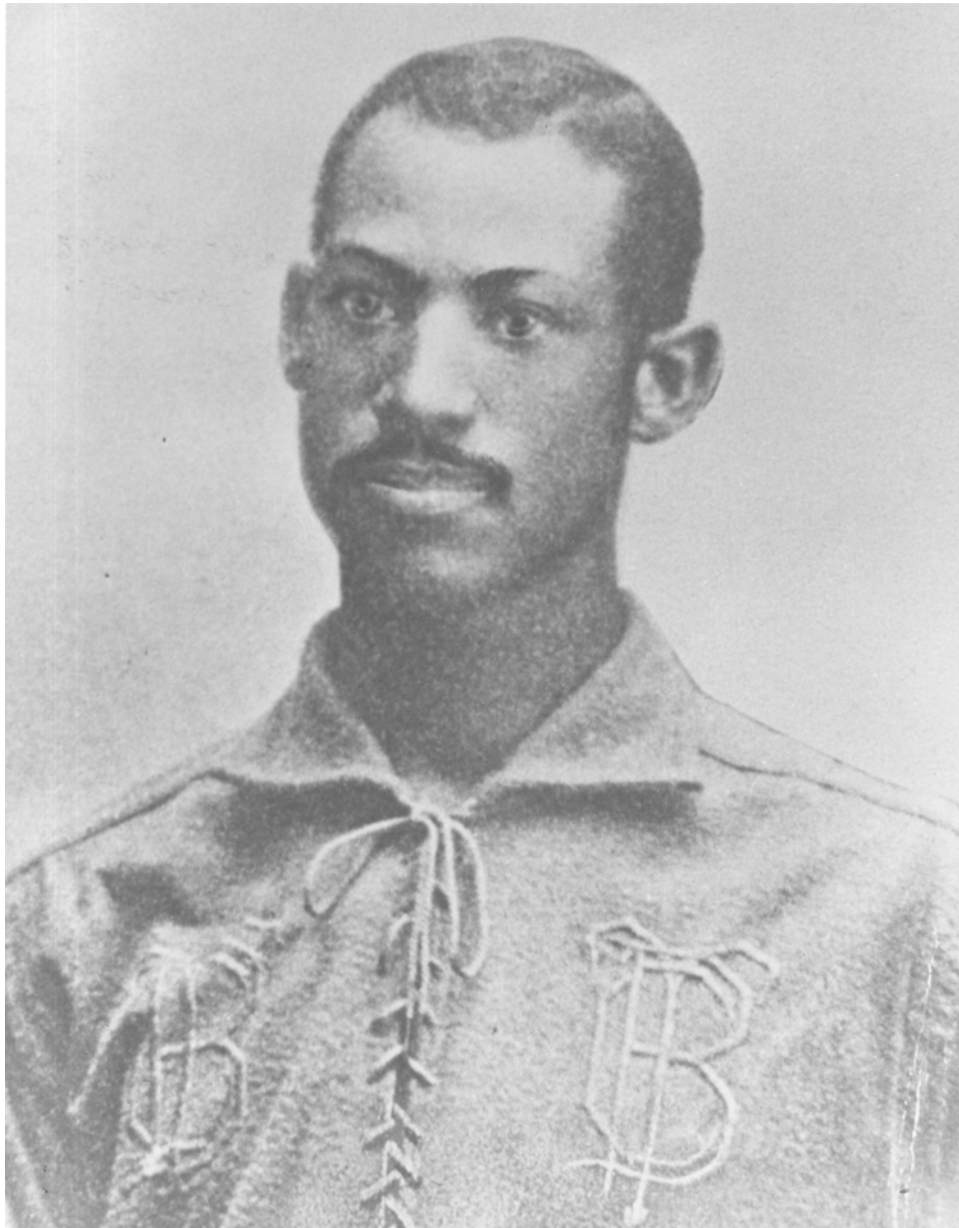
The umpire has just called "play ball!", so step up to the plate and see good your home run stroke really is.

\*\*\*\*\*

1. Name the major-league player who is in all likelihood the only big-topper ever to saddle a starter for the Kentucky Derby. Too hard? Here are two clues that will ease things up a bit. One of his brothers was a top-line star in both the National and American Leagues for years. Another brother is a favorite with trivia experts. With all this information, it's a solo juice job. And that's being generous.
2. Name the first man to hit for the cycle (single, double, triple and home run) in both leagues. Long way back. Dig it, man, dig it. Two-run jack.
3. Name the first team to vault from the cellar to the World Series in the space of a single season. Three-run homer if you get it.
4. Name the only man to hit a grand-slam in his first major-league at-bat. You're out of this league—and world—if you get this one. Double grand slam home run for you if you do (we are not worthy to be in your presence).
5. Can you name the first, last and only pitcher in major-league history to win a batting title? The ball has gone over the center fielder's head. Turn on them jets, and roll home with a stand-up inside-the-park job.
6. Major-league baseball's first historically-documented black ballplayer was this fine catcher, who made his career debut in Louisville, Ky. on May 1, 1884. His brother—an outfielder—debuted later that summer and became the game's *second* black major-leaguer. As you can see Hall-of-Fame Dodger Jackie Robinson actually *re-integrated* major-league baseball in 1947. Name these two historic brothers. A two-run homer for each.
7. Those two pioneering brothers were contemporaries of these three fine black ballplayers from the 19<sup>th</sup> century: John "Bud" Fowler, George Stovey, and Frank Grant. All three men have a "first" connected to them. A home run for each player correctly matched up with his first.

A. Fowler	1. First great black pitcher of the 19 <sup>th</sup> century
B. Stovey	2. First great black position player of the 19 <sup>th</sup> century
C. Grant	3. First great black player of the 19 <sup>th</sup> century
8. Let's switch to baseball's showcase—the World Series. Who got the first hit in modern World Series history? Hey, did we get up in somebody's "wheelhouse"? Jack this one out for a two-run homer.
9. Another one on this particular World Series. *Two* pitchers each recorded three victories in the 1903 World Series. Oh, baby, we're going to see what you're really made of. Muscle up, jack these out of the ballpark

into the lonely darkness of the night, and send them screaming to another area code. It's *un circuit* time, friends. You can do it. A three-run homer for both names. Hey, and a bonus shot—a Cy Young award—for the correct order.



*The subject of question #6.  
(National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.)*

10. Name the first rookie to win a major-league batting title. And, be warned in advance. This question excludes the 1871 National Association campaign, baseball's inaugural campaign when *everyone* was a rookie. Thus, you know going in and coming out that the correct answer is not Levi Meyerle, the 1871 National Association batting champion. And, you also know that this feat was not accomplished any earlier than 1872. Sounds hard, but it really isn't. It's a monster mash over the wall in center field...418 feet away. Hey, with one on. No less, no more.



11. He was the first player to pinch-hit grand slams in both leagues. Hanging curveball. Send it forthwith to the promised land. Grand slam. And, a three-run homer if you can name the player who duplicated this feat. I know, I know, the latter doesn't qualify under the setup of this quiz, which is restricted to first, last or only subject material. But hey, he's one of my favorite all-time players...and it is my quiz.
12. He was the first player to garner 200 hits the same season that he also posted his 3,000<sup>th</sup> career hit. Opposite-field home run to right for this seemingly ageless ballplayer who's an automatic for Cooperstown.
13. The triple, it has been said, is the "ultimate hit" (a "one and only hit", if you will) because it is the supreme blend of speed and power. By contrast, a single requires none of these, a double a little bit of each, and a home run is sheer power. For a three-run homer, name the career and seasonal major-league leaders in triples.
14. This All-American athlete with the All-American looks is believed to be the only man ever to play major-league baseball, NBA basketball *and* ABA basketball. Jerk it out, man, for a three-run homer. Yeah, baby, you're in the major leagues.
15. Name the only pitcher to date in major baseball history to hurl a winning Opening Day no-hitter: the date was April 16, 1940. Two-run homer, and that's mighty generous considering we're talking about a Hall-of-Famer.
16. In 1997, this former Chisox and Rangers catcher became the first manager in minor-league history to win championships in all three Triple-A circuits (past or present). Whew. Nasty pitch. If you get a hold of it, it's a three-run home run.
17. Name the first pitcher to hurl a no-hitter in his first major-league *start*. Yes, it was a long, long time ago...in a galaxy far, far away. That's why it's a three-run home run. Have you got the power? We'll know shortly.
18. The late Hall-of-Famer Richie Ashburn was one of the few players in 20<sup>th</sup>-century major-league baseball history to hit .300 in his final season: .306 with the 1962 Mets. For a solo jack off the left field pole, who was the first?

#### BONUS QUESTION #1

On August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1999, this Tampa Bay Devil Rays third-baseman became the 23<sup>rd</sup> player in the history of the game to accrue 3,000 lifetime hits. He also became the first to reach that mark with a home run. Name this future Hall-of-Famer.

#### BONUS QUESTION #2

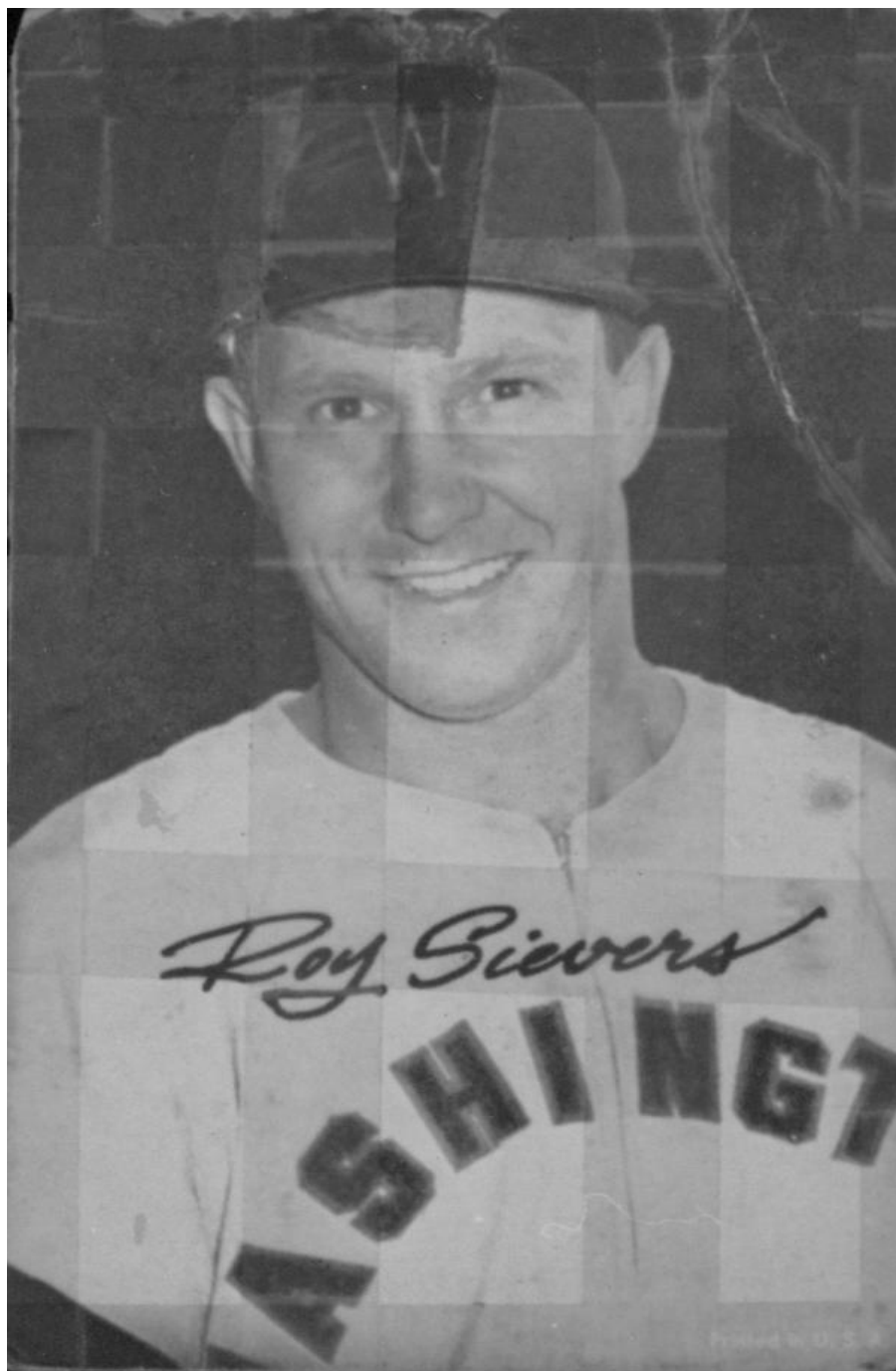
On April 26, 1905, this rifle-armed Cubs' outfielder threw out three runners at the plate in a game—the only time it's happened in major-league history. Name him.

#### BONUS QUESTION #3

On April 6, 1896, this Louisville National League infielder became the first major-league player to be X-rayed (a splinter of bone was subsequently removed from his wrist). Name him.

**ANSWERS**  
**First, Last & Only Quiz**

1. Hank Allen, who saddled Northern Wolf for a sixth-place finish in the 1989 Kentucky Derby won by west-coast star Sunday Silence over favored east-coast rival Easy Goer. Born Harold Andrew Allen, Hank Allen spent seven years in the majors (1966-1973) with the Senators, Brewers and Chisox. He is the older brother of Dick Allen and Ron Allen. The former was a longtime standout; the latter notched his lone career hit—a home run—for the Cardinals in 1972, the one season that all three played in the major leagues together.
2. “Long John” Reilly. He did it twice in 1883 with the Cincinnati Red Stockings of the American Association, and again in 1890 with the Cincinnati Reds of the National League.
3. The Louisville Colonels of the fabled American Association, who followed up an abysmal 27-111 mark in 1889 with a sterling flag-winning 88-44 ledger in 1890. The latter work propelled them into that year’s World Series against the National League champion Brooklyn Bridegrooms. Both were declared co-champions after winter weather shut the World Series down with the two teams deadlocked at three wins, three losses and one tie each.
4. Bill Duggleby, a pitcher no less, for the Phillies on April 21, 1898.
5. Guy Hecker, 1886, a .341 average with Louisville in the American Association. Who said pitchers can’t hit? Oh, and by the way, Hecker also went 26-23 on the mound that year. And, as you no doubt know if you’ve been reading this book carefully, he’s also the only pitcher ever to win both a batting title and a pitching Triple Crown.
6. Moses Fleetwood “Fleet” Walker and Weldon Wilberforce “Weldy” Walker respectively.
7. A-3, B-1, C-2. For the record, Fowler was a pitcher and infielder; Grant was a second-baseman.
8. Tommy Leach, who smashed a triple for Pittsburgh in the inaugural 1903 World Series tilt against Boston. He also scored the first run in modern World Series history.
9. Deacon Phillippe of the 1903 National League champion Pittsburgh Pirates was the first to do it, followed by Bill Dinneen of the inaugural 1903 World Champion Boston Red Sox. Phillippe was 3-2 for the series, Dinneen 3-1. For the record, the pair met in the finale of the best five-of-nine series. Dinneen’s 3-0 shutout gave him his third Series win, the title to Boston and deprived Phillippe of the chance to become almost certainly the only hurler ever to win four games in the same fall classic.
10. Pete Browning, the original “Louisville Slugger”, who took the inaugural 1882 American Association batting title with a towering .378 average.
11. Hall-of-Famer Jimmy Foxx was the first player to do it; Roy Sievers later matched this feat. Interestingly enough, the National League part of these records were both accomplished with the Philadelphia Phillies (1945 and 1963 respectively).
12. Paul Molitor in 1996.
13. Hall-of-Famer Sam Crawford with 309 career triples over a 19-year career (1899-1918; 15 with the Tigers, four with the Reds), and Owen Wilson with 36 three-baggers in 1912 for the Pittsburgh Pirates.



*Penny-arcade Exhibit baseball card, 1954-1956 series, of Roy Sievers (question #11).  
(Permission to publish card granted by Paul Marchant, Marchant Cards, St. Louis.)  
(Eclipse BBHR)*

14. Cotton Nash, a three-time All-American hoopster at the University of Kentucky, where he also lettered in baseball. His pro career included stints with the Chicago White Sox, the Minnesota Twins, the Los Angeles Lakers, the San Francisco Warriors and the Louisville Colonels.

15. Bob Feller.
16. Marvis Foley: Vancouver, 1989, Pacific Coast League; Iowa, 1993, American Association; and Rochester, 1997, International League.
17. St. Louis Browns slinger Ted Breitenstein, who pulled it off in the top half of an October 4, 1891 doubleheader against American Association rival Louisville. The 8-0 home win marked the beginning of an 11-year career (1891-1901), seven of those years coming with his native St. Louis in the American Association and the National League. Breitenstein's career work also included three 20-win campaigns.
18. Joe Jackson, .382 in 1920.

BONUS QUESTION #1: Wade Boggs

BONUS QUESTION #2: Jack McCarthy

BONUS QUESTION #3: Pete Cassidy

\*\*\*\*\*

### SCORING

ALL 21 Correct:	<b>BASEBALL GENIUS</b>
19-20 Correct:	Hall-of-Famer
16-18 Correct:	World Series Major-Leaguer
13-15 Correct:	All-Star Major-Leaguer
10-12 Correct:	Journeyman Major-Leaguer
7-9 Correct:	Class AAA Minor-Leaguer
4-6 Correct:	Class AA Minor-Leaguer
1-3 Correct:	Class A Minor-Leaguer

**VIII.**  
**MODERN TIMES:**  
**Anthems For Ageless Heroes And Times**



**King For A Day, King For A Lifetime**

This simple picture from the zenith of baseball's "Golden Era" (the late 1950s and early 1960s) is a remnant of a less complicated time when a young boy's wealth was measured by the following things: Converse sneakers; a Schwinn bicycle; a Trapeze glove; a steady allowance—the majority of which was invested in their baseball card collection; several good pairs of jeans, which always carried at least three packets of Kool-Aid that could be eaten or drunk; and a Louisville Slugger bat.

To outside eyes, they appeared to be mortal. But, this was an optical illusion. They were demi-gods in many matters far and wide, one of them food.

They ate anything they wanted. Their ultimate meal was a cheeseburger “run through the garden”, the works—onions, lettuce, tomato and pickle; an ice-cold cherry Coke; and hot French fries lathered in ketchup. They partook of this banquet as often as they wanted, because they could.

They were lean and flat-bellied from all that baseball. Not a trace of fat on them. The adults who didn’t envy them, loathed them—notably the ones on diets. Their family doctor considered them a medical marvel.

Their bravado on the field more than matched their audacious eating habits and lean build. On more than one occasion, they strutted majestically around the diamond, telling all who would listen to their madness that the home run they had just hit was just like those of ‘The Mick’. They made believers even out of the most demanding of skeptics because of “the look”. They wore a baseball cap with a baseball card stuck inside to make it stick up like the pros. It was tilted in the style of their hero. A wad of gum in their mouth further accentuated their youthful arrogance.

Certainly, they had the credentials—including *the number*—to back it all up, too. Number seven—Mantle’s number, *his number and his alone*, which had been sewn, colored, painted, glued, taped, even nailed (in some instances) onto their favorite baseball shirt, a white shirt with colored sleeves.

They were young, could drive a baseball into east Hell, and time had no meaning. Life was more infinite than the universe itself, an endless baseball game which they played all day long. Let adults worry. They had “The Mick”, and all was right with the cosmos. It was simple. No Visa bill, no mortgage, no car payments, no romantic attachments, no binding contractual obligations, no pressing business beyond the next game.

No nothing except baseball.

And, if by chance they were lucky enough to have a father like the one of the young ballplayer above, they found themselves in Yankee Stadium dugout one day, posing for the camera with Mickey Mantle (left) and Roger Maris (right). A diamond they could carry with them forever.

Like the stars flanking him, the centerpiece of this picture turned out okay, too. The son of businessman/philanthropist/sportsman Louis Wolfson (owner of 1978 Triple Crown winner Affirmed), Marty Wolfson grew up, married a beautiful girl named Karla, in time became one of the best Thoroughbred trainers in South Florida, and lived happily ever after.

Some people got it all.

**Note:**

Marty Wolfson won the 2006 Breeders’ Cup Mile with 24-1 longshot Miesque’s Approval, who was subsequently voted American champion male turf horse of 2006.

Other top Marty Wolfson trainees include Chaposa Springs, The Vid, Forever Whirl, Halo America, Miss Gibson County, Mr. Angel, Sharp Appeal, Stay Forever, Winfama, Wynn Dot Comma, Pomeroy, Express Tour, Mocita, Potra Classica and Prospective Saint.

*(Photograph courtesy of Mr. & Mrs. Marty Wolfson/Eclipse BBHR)*

## **American Ballplayer**

Frank Talmadge “Dixie” Davis (1890-1944) was an American ballplayer—a big-leaguer—in every way.

Over the course of 21 seasons spent at every level conceivable, from the low minors to the big leagues, the crafty screwball pitcher fashioned a lifetime 261-216 won-loss record (.550) off an 11-year 75-71 (.514) majors total and a 14-year minor-league account of 186-145 (.562). A vivid contrast to his meager size (5’10 1/2 ”, 155 pounds)

Along the way, the wily right-hander almost got the hapless St. Louis Browns past the Yankees into the 1922 World Series against another diamond mega force—John McGraw’s New York Giants; played alongside future Hall-of-Famer George Sisler; pitched a no-hitter of sorts; was twice a 20-game winner in the minors (in 1917 and again in 1919); denied ex-Louisville standout Grover Cleveland Lowdermilk (25-14, 250 Ks, 1.70) the 1917 AA pitching Triple Crown outright with a career-best 25 wins; and in the twilight of his career, saved the 1929 Little World Series for the Kansas City Blues by retiring the side in order in the 11<sup>th</sup> inning.

And he had his time in the majors, too.

After a decade in the minors, he hit his stride in 1920 with the St. Louis Browns, producing an 18-12 mark for the fourth-place Browns, their highest finish since 1908. The team was led by Sisler, who batted .407 off a major-league record 256 hits, a mark that stood until broken by Ichiro in 2004.

The 1920 work wasn’t a fluke.

The following year, on August 9, 1921, he hurled a complete 19-inning game against the Washington Senators, with the Browns finally prevailing 8-6. It was an extraordinary game from beginning to finish. Davis hurled a no-hitter the final nine innings, and in the 16<sup>th</sup> inning, apparently hit an inside-the-park home run, but was called out for failing to touch first base.

And on September 24 at Fenway Park, Davis pitched both ends of a doubleheader against the Boston Red Sox, losing the opener 2-1 (scattering nine hits), then cruising in the closer 11-0, rewarding Manager Lee Fohl’s confidence in him.

The Browns finished in third, recording their first winning season in five years with an 81-73 mark, Davis going 11-6

In 1922, the Browns had their finest season ever with a record of 93-61, Davis going 11-6 for a team that revolved around three major stars. First-baseman George Sisler led the league again in batting (.420), as well as runs (134), hits (246) stolen bases (51) and triples (18). Perennial staff ace, Urban Shocker, a right-hander, won 24 games while outfielder Ken Williams took the home run and RBI titles (39 and 155 respectively). In addition, Williams ran second to Sisler in stolen bases (37).

As a team, the Browns led the league in batting average (.313) and ERA (3.38) However, in their finest season, the Browns came up one game short at the end to the New York Yankees (94-60) following a tight pennant race. The Yankees subsequently lost the fall classic to the New York Giants for the second consecutive year.

In Davis’s final four seasons with them, the Browns came in fifth, fourth, third and seventh before Davis returned to the minors for good in 1927. Ironically, their lone pennant and World Series play came in the year of his death. Battling the Detroit Tigers all season long, Davis’s old club clinched the American League flag on the final day of the season with a home win over the Tigers. Their 89-65 record enabled them to win the AL flag by one game over the Tigers, ironically the same margin they had separated them and the champion Yankees in the 1922 AL pennant race. Pitted against their cross-town rival, the St. Louis Cardinals, the Browns then lost a see-saw 1944 World Series in six games.

Born on October 12, 1890 in Wilson Mills, North Carolina, Davis died of pneumonia in the ambulance that was taking him to a hospital on February 4, 1944, in Raleigh, North Carolina. At the time of his death, Davis was in the tobacco business at Oxford, N.C. and Virgilina, Va.

That’s all we know about him, but it’s more than enough. His life as a pitcher (and man) was rich and full, and he left his mark.

For that, he deserves to be remembered.



*Frank Talmadge "Dixie" Davis  
(Eclipse BBHR)*



**DAVIS, FRANK TALMADGE (DIXIE)**

Born, October 12, 1890, at Wilson Mills, North Carolina. Died, February 4, 1944, in Raleigh, North Carolina. Batted right. Threw right. Height, 5.10-1/2. Weight, 155. Specialty: screwball; considered to be crafty and shrewd. Home address in 1919: 14 Park Blvd., Winston-Salem, North Carolina. At the time of his death, Davis was in the tobacco business at Oxford, NC and Virgilina, VA

**Majors (11 yrs.) 75-71 (.514); Minors (14 yrs.) 186-145 (.562) Overall totals (21 yrs.): 261-216 (.550).**

Year	Club (Class)	League	G	CG	IP	W	L	Pct.	H	BB	SO	R	ER	ERA
1911	Knoxville (D)	APP.	34		257	17	11	.606	189	76	<b>181</b>	76		
1912a	Knoxville (D)	APP.	16		131	13	3	<b>.813</b>	80	39	162	24		
1912b	Cincinnati	NL	7	0	27	0	1	.000	25	16	12	17	8	2.67
1912	Columbus (AA)	AA	6	2	44	5	1	.833	22	31	28	13		
1913	Columbus (AA)	AA	44		273	17	16	.515	247	134	96	109		
1914	Columbus (AA)	AA	44		246	15	10	.600	252	127	107	125	100	3.65
1915	Columbus (AA)	AA	37		254	16	14	.533	226	157	116	125	84	2.98
1915c	Chicago	AL	2	0	3	0	0	.000	2	2	2	0	0	0.00
1916d	Columbus (AA)	AA	42		237	13	15	.464	218	114	121		86	3.27
1917e	Louisville (AA)	AA	44		292	<b>25</b>	11	<b>.694</b>	238	<b>131</b>	136	107	76	2.34
1918f	Philadelphia	NL	17	1	47	0	2	.000	43	30	18	25	16	3.06
1919g	St. Louis	NL	(traded to Louisville; no games played)											
1919h	Louisville (AA)	AA	48		<b>372</b>	22	20	.524	306	<b>161</b>	<b>165</b>	132	100	2.42
1920	St. Louis	AL	38	22	269	18	12	.600	250	149	85	117	95	3.18
1921	St. Louis	AL	40	20	265	16	16	.500	279	123	100	150	131	4.45
1922	St. Louis	AL	25	7	174	11	6	.647	162	87	65	91	79	4.09
1923	St. Louis	AL	19	5	109	4	6	.400	106	63	36	61	44	3.64
1924	St. Louis	AL	29	11	160	11	13	.458	159	72	45	84	73	4.10
1925	St. Louis	AL	35	9	180	12	7	.632	192	106	58	121	92	4.60
1926	St. Louis	AL	27	2	83	3	8	.273	93	40	39	56	43	4.66
1926	Kansas City (AA)	AA	(no games played)											
1927	Kansas City (AA)	AA	22		140	12	7	.632	124	59	51	60	56	3.60
1928	Kansas City (AA)	AA	31		141	8	6	.571	158	74	55	94	81	5.17
1929	Kansas City (AA)	AA	21		84	8	5	.615	84	35	30	45	38	4.07
1930	Kansas City (AA)	AA	4	0	12	0	2	.000	16	5	3	10	7	5.25
	Chattanooga (A)	SA	34		175	8	16	.333	210	97	78	120	94	4.84
1931	Chatt./Atlanta (A)	SA	16		80	4	6	.400	77	39	33	44	40	4.50
	Winston-Salem (C)	PDMT.	8		48	3	2	.600	43	40	37			

**Bold face indicates league leadership; official record compiled by Ray Nemec and Philip Von Borries.**

**LEGENDS**

<i>A</i>	<i>Sold August 23. Reported price, \$650</i>	<i>AA: American Association</i>
<i>B</i>	<i>Transferred September 11 as part payment for Packard.</i>	<i>AL: American League</i>
<i>C</i>	<i>Selected, but returned February 10.</i>	<i>APP.: Appalachian</i>
<i>D</i>	<i>Traded November 22 in the Barney, W.L. James and W. Killefer deal.</i>	<i>NL: National League</i>
<i>E</i>	<i>Drafted</i>	<i>PDMT.: Piedmont</i>
<i>F</i>	<i>Exchanged with Stock and Dillhoefer for Packard, Stewart and Baird.</i>	<i>SA: Southern Association</i>
<i>G</i>	<i>Traded to Louisville in the Clemons deal.</i>	
<i>H</i>	<i>Transferred in player agreements.</i>	

**MINOR-LEAGUE TEAM NAMES**

- 1911** Knoxville Appalachians (2-6; 1½ games behind Johnson City Soldiers with 58-38/.604 record; third were the Asheville Moonshiners)
- 1912** Knoxville Reds (2-6; 2 games behind Bristol Boosters with 56-46/.549 record) Columbus Senators (3-8; 7½ games behind Minneapolis Millers with 98-68/.590 record)
- 1913** Columbus Senators (4-8; 7 games behind Milwaukee Brewers with 93-74/.557 record)
- 1914** Columbus Senators (4-8; 10½ games behind Milwaukee Brewers with 86-77/.528 record)
- 1915** Columbus Senators (8-8; 33½ games behind Minneapolis Millers with 54-91/.372 record)
- 1916** Columbus Senators (7-8; 27 games behind Louisville Colonels with 71-90/.441 record)
- 1917** Louisville Colonels (2-8; 2½ games behind Indianapolis Indians with 88-66/.571 record)
- 1919** Louisville Colonels (3-8; 7½ games behind St. Paul Saints with 86-67/.562 record)
- 1926** Kansas City Blues (5-8; 17 games behind Louisville Colonels with 87-78/.527 record)
- 1927** Kansas City Blues (2-8; 2 games behind Toledo Mud Hens with 99-69/.589 record)
- 1928** Kansas City Blues (4-8; 11½ games behind Indianapolis Indians with 88-80/.524 record)
- 1929** Kansas City Blues (1-8; 8½ games ahead of runnerup St. Paul Saints with 111-56/.665 record). Won Junior World Series over International League champion Rochester Red Wings five games to four, taking the concluding game 6-5 in 11 innings on October 13, 1929.
- 1930** Kansas City Blues (5-8; 18½ games behind Louisville Colonels with 75-79/.487 record) Chattanooga Lookouts (6-8; 31½ games behind Memphis Chickasaws with 67-87/.435 record)
- 1931** Chattanooga Lookouts (4-8; 18½ games behind Birmingham Barons with 79-74/.516 record) Atlanta Crackers (6-8; 20 games behind Birmingham Barons with 78-76/.506 record) Winston-Salem Twins (6-8; 43½ games behind Charlotte Hornets with 55-79/.410 record)

**FAMILY NOTES**

Philip Von Borries is the great nephew of Dixie Davis's brother-in-law. Martin Von Borries, brother of Frank B. Borries, Sr. (Philip Von Borries's paternal grandfather), married Lucy Davis, the sister of Dixie Davis. Their only child was Mrs. Robert (Emily) Milks, the niece of Dixie Davis. Dixie Davis married Kirke Gregory, and they had one child—Dorothy Davis Campbell.

## My Captain, Oh My Captain

We only met Pee Wee Reese once, but that was enough, more than enough, to fully explain why Jackie Robinson had made it to the big leagues; why a packed house at Ebbets Field one night long ago had lit candles in honor of Reese's birthday; why everyone respected Reese (once in Cincinnati, when the abuse had become intolerable, Reese went over to his beleaguered second-baseman and draped his arm over his shoulder; it spoke volumes); why everyone liked Reese instantly...and most probably thought his given Christian name was Pee Wee; why Reese had been a champion at everything he had done, from marbles (where he had gotten his nickname) to baseball to life; why the Dodgers had retired his number and why Reese had made it to the Hall of Fame, finally, despite forfeiting three prime years to the World War II; and why Reese had been so complete a success in the complex and difficult art of life and living.

As a son, husband, father, ballplayer, broadcaster, business executive, and most importantly as a human being, Harold Herman "Pee Wee" Reese was in a class all by himself.

It was September of 1984, and we were standing in Louisville's historic Cave Hill Cemetery, admiring the new marker just unveiled for Pete Browning (we had written the copy for the new marker and also contributed design ideas). It was the centennial of the Hillerich & Bradsby Company, and as part of the celebration, the world-renowned company had—in concert with the city and then-Mayor Harvey I. Sloane—erected a new monument to Browning, the namesake of the bat.

We were part of a group of dignitaries and officials, an entourage that included Reese, who in due time was introduced to me. A brief question from Reese quickly led to a detailed response, and then more questions and more answers.

All of a sudden, we realized we were doing all the talking, while he stood modestly in the background, taking in all that I had to say. Of course, this was exactly his intent...and his great gift, to effortlessly put people at ease and make them the center, the focus, of attention. Not himself.

But, if ever Reese deserved to be in the spotlight, it was that year. He had just been elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame, the apex of a brilliant career and the symbol of an extraordinary life. We couldn't stand there much longer and ignore that fact.

And then, when hope seemed to be at its thinnest and almost gone, an idea struck.

"Pee Wee, I understand you're a baseball writer of sorts also," we said. He looked at me quizzically. "Surely," we continued, "you haven't forgotten that baseball classic, *The Louisville Slugger Playmaking Guide*, by Pee Wee Reese. No legitimate baseball player should be without a copy."

We both smiled and from there, it was off to the races for the both of us, an equal give and take. Just as it should have been.

The ceremonies over, Reese made way to take his leave. But, not before he left me with this.

"Young man," he said in front of the powerful assemblage gathered around the marker, "you've done fine work here on this marker. When I go, I want you to do mine."

I told him that that would be a long, long time. And, it was.

Years passed, fifteen to be exact. Then, in mid-August of 1999, Reese died at his home in Louisville at age 81. When I heard the news, I immediately thought of that day at Cave Hill, his engaging manner...and his final words to me.

We're going to keep our word, only, this will be our monument to him.

He was a man who had quietly and effectively moved the world, without benefit of vulgar self-aggrandizement and self-seeking publicity. Rather, he had done it with grace, style, dignity, noble purpose and quiet leadership. He was the essence of two of my father's cardinal rules of life. *Be a force for good in the world.*

And. *Don't be a showboat; rather, lead by example and deed.*



*Four standouts from the 1947 Brooklyn Dodgers, the team that broke the color line once and for all. Left to right: John "Spider" Jorgenson, Pee Wee Reese, Eddie Stanky and Jackie Robinson.*

*(National Baseball Hall of Fame Library, Cooperstown, N.Y.)*

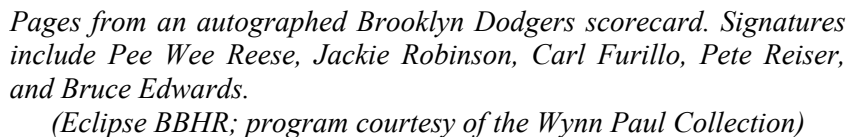
So, in the end, this pint-sized shortstop from an even smaller town in Kentucky who carried the heart of a lion, had made a difference, a big difference. In baseball terms, Pee Wee Reese was an "impact player" on all of humanity...and then some.

Yet, on the surface, you could barely see a trace of what Reese had done. You had to probe a little deeper, because Pee Wee Reese wasn't the type of man who told you that "he was the straw who stirred the drink".

Or some such similar drivel.

It was simply beneath him to talk about his accomplishments. And, they were many. Rather, Pee Wee was the personification of the old adage: actions speak louder than words. And, it goes a long way in explaining why the Dodgers assigned him the number they did. Number one. It fit him like his glove.

Good-night, my captain, but not good-bye. We'll see you on the other side.





*An assortment of stars from Pee Wee Reese's era as seen in this 1954-1956 series of penny-arcade Exhibit baseball cards.*

*The Exhibit Supply Company in Chicago operated from pre-World War I to the mid-1960s. Their cards cost a penny each in arcade machines, and the subjects included movie stars, cowboys, pretty girls, baseball players and other athletes. In 1979, Paul Marchant of Marchant Cards in St. Louis bought Exhibit when the founding Exhibit owner retired.*

**Top row:** Gus Zernial, Roy Sievers, Walt Dropo, Don Newcombe.

**Bottom row:** Don Larsen, Elston Howard, Nellie Fox, Lindy McDaniel.

*(Permission to publish photos granted by Paul Marchant of Marchant Cards, St. Louis)  
(Eclipse BBHR)*



*More stars from Pee Wee Reese's era as seen in this set of penny-arcade Exhibit baseball cards (1954-1956 series).*

**Top row:** Red Schoendienst, Robin Roberts, Ted Kluszewski.

**Bottom row:** Del Crandall, Bob Porterfield, Billy Bruton.

*(Permission to publish photos granted by Paul Marchant of Marchant Cards, St. Louis)  
(Eclipse BBHR)*



An innovative anthology of articles on the national pastime, Ameridi offers history, lingo, statistics, nostalgia, investigative reporting, trivia, even a cartoon and TV commercial. No matter what your interest is in baseball, Ameridi has something for you in its lineup.

AMERIDI (American Diamonds): An American Baseball Reader

**Buy The Complete Version of This Book at  
Booklocker.com:**

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/3375.html?s=pdf>