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The best of men will break into verse at times. It now becomes Ring Lardner’s hour. Ring, you must know, is striding toward Cleveland right now in order to help “cover” the republican national convention for the World-Herald. On the eve of the big conclave he steps to the front of the stage with the following, which he entities, “An Autobiography”:

Hardly a man is now alive
Who cares that in March, 1885,
I was born in the city of Niles,
Michigan, which is 94 miles
From Chicago, a city in Illinois.
Sixteen years later, still only a boy,
I graduated from the Niles High School
With a general knowledge of rotation pool.
After my schooling, I thought it best
To give my soul and body a rest.
In 1905 this came to an end,
When I went to work on The Times in Souse Bend,
Thence to Chi, where I labored first
On the Inter-Ocean and then for Hearst,
Then for the Tribune and then to St. Lews,
Where I was editor of Sporting News.
And thence to Boston, where later a can
Was tied to me by the manager man.
1919 was the year
When, in Chicago, I finished my daily newspaper career.
In those 14 years—just a horse’s age—
My stuff was all on the sporting page.
In the last five years (since it became illegal to drink),
I’ve been connected with The Bell Syndicate, Inc.
I have four children as well as one Missus,
None of whom can write a poem as good as this is.
Getting Started

Ring Lardner got his first newspaper job, so the story goes, when the editor of the *South Bend Times* came to his home in Niles, Michigan, in 1905, looking for his brother. Rex Lardner, who was four years older than Ring, had established himself at the *Niles Daily Sun* and Edgar Stoll, the *Times*’ editor, wanted to hire him. But Rex was out of town and Stoll asked Ring whether Rex had a contract with the Niles paper.

“I said yes, which was the truth,” Lardner wrote years later. “I asked how much salary he was willing to offer. He said twelve dollars a week. Why? ‘Oh,’ I said, ‘I thought I might tackle the job myself.’” When Stoll asked if he had any writing experience, Lardner said he often helped Rex, which was, he admitted, “far from the truth.”

Lardner, who had failed at a number of jobs, and not enjoyed any of them, was then working as a meter reader and collector of bad debts for the Niles Gas Company. (“I never heard of any good ones,” he wrote.) He was ready for something more interesting and was not about to let the truth get in his way. The following week, he reported for work at the *Times*, where, for twelve dollars a week, he covered everything from high school sports to Notre Dame football, with some general news, court reporting, and society and theater news thrown in. He never received a byline but it was the best on-the-job training a twenty-year-old reporter could have had.

Though his writing for the *Times* was competent enough for a beginner, it seldom gave any indication of the imagination he would apply in the future. One exception was a roundup of the previous year’s sports news that appeared on New Year’s Day, 1907. The first sentence showed he meant to have fun and he kept his tongue firmly in cheek throughout.
Lardner would summon up the memory of his days in South Bend a few years later in articles he wrote for the Chicago Tribune—his first “Memoirs of a Baseball Scribe” is one example—just as he wrote a number of pieces about leaving South Bend for Chicago, as shown in the second “Memoirs of a Baseball Scribe.” And he would summarize the origins of his career in a nutshell in the poem preceding this section that appears to have run only in the Omaha World-Herald, which ran nearly all of his Bell Syndicate columns.

Lardner’s first job in the big city was with the Chicago Inter-Ocean, where he wrote his first article on major-league baseball in 1908: “Twenty-Six Cubs Will Be Taken On Southern Journey.” He does not appear to have met any of these Cubs, nor would he write about them again until the following year when he was at the Tribune. But the article is noteworthy on two accounts. First, it adopts the jocular tone he would seldom abandon in the future when writing about baseball—Vicksburgers and Vicksburgerines, indeed—and second, a look at the Cubs’ roster in the closing paragraphs gives an indication of what Lardner and his readers were in for.

These were the Cubs of Tinker to Evers to Chance. They had played in the last three World Series, and won the last two, and were the reigning lords of the game. But beyond that, the team contained some great characters who soon came to enjoy Lardner’s dry wit as much as he enjoyed them. Players like Frank Schulte, Jim Schekard, Heine Zimmerman, Mordecai Brown, and others were story-tellers, practical jokers, poker players, drinkers, and all-around good companions who made numerous appearances in Lardner’s work. The players and reporters mixed freely on their long train rides together and Lardner took copious mental notes.

Nor did the players seem to object when Lardner made them figures of fun in print. They enjoyed his satirical parodies of popular songs, which he sang while accompanying himself on the piano, and regarded him as one of them. It may have been for the best, however, that the St. Louis Browns had left the Cubs’ spring-training site in West Baden, Indiana, before Lardner wrote of their best pitcher: “Rube Waddell left in his wake various broken hearts and bottles.” Lardner’s description of the first game ever played at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh shows he could
also write a sweetly evocative piece when called upon, while his story on the Cubs winning the 1910 National League pennant demonstrated the creativity that would always be one of his hallmarks.

Looking for more money—and, as he was about to be married, a less itinerant life-style—Lardner left Chicago late in 1910 to work for The Sporting News in St. Louis. He lasted there only three months before leaving in a dispute with his bosses, but he made the most of them, turning out 10 “Pullman Pastimes,” which gave his first extended look at the lives of ballplayers and reporters on the road. As such, they provided the template for the short stories that would make him famous. He then moved to the Boston American where he covered the Boston Rustlers—they would become the Braves the following season—who had yet another colorful bunch of players.

Another disagreement with management led to Lardner’s resignation during the 1911 World Series and he returned to Chicago. He was twenty-six years old and had worked at five different newspapers. It had been a remarkable apprenticeship, one that pointed him in the direction of bigger and better things.

South Bend Has Cause to Be Proud of Athletic Record the Past Year

SOUTH BEND TIMES, JANUARY 1, 1907

Looking back over the past year local followers of sport have three things to be thankful for. There were no fake fights pulled off in our midst, the High school football team went through the season with no deaths and only one defeat and the South Bend ball club did not run absolutely last. For the first of these sources of gratefulness, let us extend a vote of heartfelt thanks to the local promoters of pugilism, who have booked very few matches; for the second to the High school football team itself for its great and successful fight for the sectional championship; and, for the last, to the Terre Haute club, which absolutely refused to give up its hold on the cellar door.
There are also manifold matters of deep regret to the heart of the true sport lover, but these we will pass over in brief, since it is not good for the heart to be sorrowful at the opening of the new year. For one thing the tennis championship of Navarre Place was never satisfactorily settled. There were innumerable claimants of the honor, as there are of every championship title, but on the showing of all the wielders of the racket north of the bridge, it would be unfair to single out anyone as being superior to his neighbors. The bait casting club has not held its regular meetings for some time and there is really no telling whether or not it has breathed its last. The tournament arranged with Kalamazoo which was to have taken place last summer has been postponed until the 22nd of August 1952 and the locals are already hard at work in preparation.

The career of the 1906 South Bend baseball team is as a sad tragedy, which we will call “The Broken Elevator.” For some reason or other, the promoters of the play lost sight of the plot and allowed several villains to make their entrance at the wrong time and break up the action. These same villains were originally slated to appear in the role of heroes and their sudden change of heart was thus rendered all the more grievous. One of them was found guilty and sent to the reformatory at Grand Rapids, while another waived arraignment, pled guilty and is now serving a life sentence in the Three I league. The Grand Rapids prisoner has visited here twice on parole since his conviction and on both occasions, proved that he had entirely reformed and was leading a model life.

When the villains got in their cruel work, the play was running most smoothly, having only the production led by Actor Ganzet to cope with. The climax did not come all at once, but in chunks of a little at a time, until the damage was done and the stage too hot to hold the offenders. However, the chance for revenge has not passed forever and we all take comfort in the time-worn adage “He who laughs at the finish, laughs like——.

Begging your pardon for switching figures, the South Bend ship sank gradually until it struck what it thought was bottom. This afterwards proved to be merely the hull of another ship which had suffered a like fate and was covering the whole bed of the sea. For some time after the first sinking, those on shore daily cast anxious glances at the surface of the water and hoped against hope that the masts would be seen to rise again.
But there was nothing doing in the rescue line and the life saving crew was powerless to give sufficient aid.

However, to the cheerful among the owners of the South Bend ship there is ground for consolation in the fact that some parts of the vessel were not hurt by the wreck at all . . .

The high school football team of 1906 will be looked back to for many seasons by the members of elevens to come, with reverence and pride. The boys, under the skillful coaching of Donald DeShane and the captaincy of Otis Romine, swept everything before them with the exception of the teams representing Winona and the High school of a hamlet known as Niles. The only defeat of the season was suffered at the hands of the Winona aggregation, which is recognized as being in a higher class than the average high school team. The locals did not have their full strength in the contest with Niles, although the last named team was not one to be sneezed at by any means.

The Notre Dame football eleven was one of the best in the history of the college and this after a discouraging outlook at the opening of the season. The success of the gold and blue is due to the clever drilling of Coach Barry and the presence on the team of three or four stars of the first water. A victory over Purdue and a great fight against the Indiana team¹ are among the team’s achievements. Judging by the comparative scores, Notre Dame ranked well in Western football and the students are looking forward to a state champion eleven next fall.

The lack of snow last winter was fatal to the racing game in this city, as there is no track where summer racing can be held. If the plans of many of South Bend’s leading citizens do not go amiss, there will soon be a driving park in this city and the regular summer meetings will become a feature of local sport.

Rowing races in South Bend are mostly indulged in by teams of opposite sexes, which makes the sport doubly interesting, but precludes the possibility of making public the records. Boat races are numerous on the old St. Joe in the warm summer evenings and slow races have become quite a fad among the rowers.

Bowling has made rapid strides during the past twelvemonth and is now at its zenith in this city. The formation of the Elks’ and Antlers’ leagues has done much to bring the sport to its present place of popular-
ity and there has not been any flagging of interest in these organizations since the season opened. The bowling stars of former years have maintained their reputations and others, unknown previously to the sport, have come forward to take their places in the front ranks. Among the latter class are Chief of Police James McWeeny, for whom an average of 115 is now a mere bagatelle, and F.E. Hering, who rolls 233 in one game and, then, feeling sorry for his less fortunate competitors, drops to 98 in the next.

Golf has taken its regular place among the summer sports and its advance must be attributed partly to the efforts of Harry S. Turple, who instructs the members of the St. Joseph Valley Country club in the Scotch game. His able tutelage has aided many of the golfers to play a greatly improved game and as a result, to take much more interest in the sport.

That chess and checker records are not available is to be regretted. Playing the slot machines was very popular at an earlier season of the year, but has fallen off a trifle in the last two or three weeks. Curling is confined mostly to daintily scented boudoirs, although we have heard some curlers on the street.

Memoirs of a Baseball Scribe (Part 1)

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, JULY 15, 1915

Grand Rapids had a third baseman who thought that water was created for chasing purposes only. But for his insatiable thirst for something stronger this man would have been in a big league—a star in it, too. He might even have “gone up” if he could have got enough liquid refreshment at night. But no; he had to have it in the morning, which, as every ball player is supposed to know, is unethical.

He had a whip of steel and a fast ball as smoky as most pitchers’. He preferred warming up with some catcher to practicing in his regular position.

South Bend, where I first reported the pastime for gain, had two press tables. They were in front of the grandstand, on the field. Mine was a few feet from the visitors’ bench and the rival sheet’s close to the home dugout.

John Ganzel’s Grand Rapids team came down for a series and the third baseman proceeded to light himself up the minute the club got in town.
By game time he was so bad that Ganzel wouldn’t allow him to play. Being near the Grand Rapids bench, I heard the torrid dialogue between manager and man. Ganzel came over to me at length and asked that I print nothing about the matter. Being agreeable in those days, I promised to pass the story up.

The rival sheet’s reporter, however, had no such request from Ganzel and ran half a column of the stuff, with pictures. It was in his paper the next afternoon.

The afternoon after the next afternoon I took my place as usual and proceeded to write down the batting order in my massive score book. I was interrupted by a sharp pain in the shin. A ball had struck me, and the ball had been thrown by the steel whip of the Grand Rapids third baseman. He was doing his customary warmup stunt and one of his shots had escaped his catcher.

The catcher, Dan Howley, was standing directly in front of me, not ten feet distant.

“Move over a little, will you?” I said. “I don’t want to get killed.”

Dan moved to a position which made mine safe except from a ball thrown deliberately at me.

And right away there was a ball thrown deliberately at me.

I ducked and the ball whistled past my ear.

“What are you trying to do?” I yelled at the third sacker.

“You’ll find out if you set there long enough,” he said.

The ball had bounded back off the screen and he had recovered it. Taking careful aim, he shot at me again. Howley was quick enough to get his glove in front of the ball and divert its course.

“Cut it out,—!” said Howley. “You’ll get in trouble.”

“I don’t care if I hang,” said——. “I’m goin’ to get that bird.”

Howley picked up the ball and held it. The third baseman went to the bench to secure another ball. Failing to find one, he grabbed a bat and let fly. The missile fell short.

“Give me that ball,” I said to Howley.

Howley gave me the ball and, standing up, I threw it as hard as I could at my friend. If it had hit him in a vulnerable spot it might have hurt him. But he caught it in his bare hand and it came back several times as fast as it had gone. It missed target by inches.
Ganzel and the other Grand Rapids players were returning to the bench from their practice. I summoned Ganzel.

“——— is pegging at me,” I said. “You’d better make him cut it out.”

——— came over to the table.

“This is the guy [he didn’t say guy] that knocked me in the paper,” he said.

Howley interposed.

“No, it ain’t,” he said. “It was the other fella.”

“It don’t make no difference,” said———. “They’re all alike.”

“You lay off’n my ball players!” said Mr. Ganzel.

“It was the other fella,” repeated Howley.

“Whoever it was,” said, Mr. Ganzel, “you lay off’n my ball players or you’ll get killed. I’ll do it myself.”

Grand Rapids had lost two straight.

“The next time you tell me not to print a story I’ll run it on the first page,” I said.

“You do and see what happens to you,” said Mr. Ganzel. “I got a notion to fix you now.”

The arrival of Chief McWeeny (Jim) and a short speech by him saved my young life.

I shed few tears when ——— guzzled himself out of baseball and when Manager Ganzel suffered worse than death—the management at Cincinnati.

Lardner told this story somewhat differently for a 1931 article in the Saturday Evening Post. In that version the aggrieved player became angry when Lardner, the game’s official scorer, called an error on what he insisted was a hit.

Memoirs of a Baseball Scribe (Part 2)

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, JULY 28, 1915

There came a day in the late summer of 1907 when I was taken violently ill with big league fever.
“I’m going to Chicago for Labor day,” I told my boss.
“You have fine taste,” said he.
But it was not for pleasure that I was going.
I went, or came, and on my arrival called up a friend who had the honor of knowing Hughey Fullerton personally to speak to. On Labor day morning my friend escorted me to the newspaper office where Hughey was working. If we’d known anything about the metropolitan newspaper business we never would have sought Hughey at his office in the morning. Our ignorance took us there, and there, for some queer reason, was Hughey.
“Glad to know you,” ‘I said.
“Glad to know YOU,” replied Hughey, with no regard for the truth.
“This fella,” said my friend, “wants a job on one of the papers.”
“What line?” asked Hughey.
“Sporting,” said I.
“Well,” said Hughey, “I don’t know of any openings just now, but if you’ll go out to the game with me, we’ll talk it over.”
That day was one of the most enjoyable in my existence and doubtless the most boresome in Hughey’s.² He wasn’t writing baseball at that particular time and he put in an off-day at the Sox park purely as an accommodation to a busher whose dissertation on the national pastime must have been as entertaining as brown pop.
A canvass of the representatives of the various papers developed nothing in the way of a job and Hughey could have been forgiven if he had dismissed me permanently from his mind. But at the parting he said:
“Try to get up for the world’s series, and maybe we’ll have better luck.”
And it was at the fourth game of the series in Detroit. that he introduced me to Duke Hutchinson, sporting editor of the I.O., and Duke, in an unguarded moment, engaged me.³
A week later I reported at the I.O. sport desk for duty.
“Sit over there,” said Duke. “You’ll find shears and paste in that drawer.”
So I sat over there and opened that drawer. A large rat jumped out.
“Eighteen-fifty a week isn’t a bit too much for this,” I thought.
Twenty-Six Cubs Will Be Taken on Southern Journey

CHICAGO INTER-OCEAN, FEBRUARY 2, 1908

The world’s champion Cublets went so far last summer and fall that the training trip laid out for them seems short by comparison. The West Side bugs are rather glad than otherwise that their favorites will not stray a long way off. It will be an easy matter to secure daily tidings of the world beaters’ doings when they are as close to civilization as Mississippi.

Mr. Chance will load his likely stable on an Indiana bound rattler March 3. The car will first hesitate at West Baden, where the champs will bask in the baths for ten more or less sunshiny days. Very little actual work will be done at the Hoosier resort, the stop there being almost solely for the purpose of dragging the kinks from twenty-six frozen backs.

On the 14th, the band will ramble southward toward Vicksburg, Miss., where it will be loudly welcomed by all the Vicksburgers and Vicksburgerines. The inhabitants of this sedate city have been saving up all winter to make a big noise when the Cub flyer toots its station toot. Vicksburg is said to be the ideal spot for training, particularly at times when snow, sleet, and chill blasts kindly remain absent.

The champs will sojourn in Vicksburg until the 24th, playing exhibition games with the natives daily, or at convenient periods. On the 24th the Chicagoleans will again take to the road and will play in Meridian on the 25th. The monotony of the saunter homeward will be broken by the following stops.

Montgomery, Ala., March 26 and 27.
Atlanta, Ga., March 28 and 30.
Chattanooga, Tenn., March 31 (with Toledo).
Birmingham, Ala., April 1, 2, and 3.
Memphis, Tenn., April 4 and 5.
Nashville, Tenn., April 6 and 7.
Evansville, Ind., April 8.
Terre Haute, Ind., April 9.
Fort Wayne, Ind., April 10.  
Indianapolis, Ind., April 11.  
Dayton, Ohio, April 12 and 13.

From Dayton the team will go to Cincinnati, where the opening game of the real fight is slated.

Manager Chance will not be burdened by a large assemblage of hopefuls on the trip South. The team which swallowed the Tigers whole will be re-enforced by only five youngsters. These will be Catcher Evans, Outfielder Elston, and Pitchers Walsh, Merker, and Donahue.

Of this quintet Evans is a recruit from the Lynchburg Virginia league club. He was some slugger with the Southerners and was also considered one of the best receivers in the organization. Outfielder Curt Elston hails from Lancaster, of the Ohio and Pennsylvania circuit. He is touted as cute on the bases, a skillful trapper of flies, and a trusty batsman. There are a few other good qualities which this youth is said to possess, but no one seems to know what they are.

Martin Walsh has been heard of before. He is a brother to the famous Edward* of the same name and about the same size. He was seized from the Danville team, where he made an enviable record and was the source of many misgivings amount the batsmen.

The two other young pitchers are Chicagoans by choice. John L. Donahue is a former member of the stout Spaulding semipro team and Albert Merker heaved for the Swing aggregation of the Commercial league. They have both been the object of several major league scouts’ admiration for some time past and are said to ripe for fleeter company.

Twenty-six Cubs will be in the party when the start is made for West Baden. They are as follows:

Pitchers—Brown, Ruelbach, Lundgren, Frazer, Overall, Pfiester, Walsh, Donahue, Merker, and Durbin.

Cathers—Olis, Kling, Moran, and Evans.

Infielders—Chance, Evers, Zimmerman, Howard, Tinker and Steinfeldt.

Outfielders—Schulte, Sheckard, Slagle, Hofman and Elston.
West Baden, Ind.—Jack Pfiester and a miniature blizzard were almost simultaneous arrivals at this treacherous place today and their coming was about the only instance worthy of note. Jack was greeted with a smile by Manager Chance. The snow was not.

It appeared in time to dispel all thought of gamboling on the green, so gambling of less strenuous, but more costly nature was indulged. Southpaw Floyd Kroh, who called with four kings in a battle last summer, proved conclusively he had been putting in a hard winter of practice at the indoor national pastime and has added to his deposits of the Bolivar bank.

Mr. Pfiester was “called” by the peerless leader for not coming earlier to training quarters. As he is three ounces overweight, he will have to work night and day to get in shape for the first brush with the Giants. He says his arm has felt good all winter and that he has tried it out a trifle, not curving them, however. He came up from Cincinnati, a three hour and a half ride, which always takes five hours.

The athletes were hustled out of bed at seven bells and taken out to a covered promenade, bundled in heavy sweaters. They were hustled three miles around the track and then sent to breakfast. In the afternoon most of them varied the monotony by a hike to French Lick and a bath in the rejuvenating waters.

Jimmy McAleer and his fat Browns had stolen away in the night, bound for permanent training quarters in Texas. Rube Waddell left in his wake various broken hearts and bottles. He also left a note saying he would pitch all the games in the next world’s series against the Cubs and would call in all the fielders. This had a discouraging effect on Chance, and he does not know whether or not it is worth while to continue training.

Orvall Overall was the hardest worker of the day and he took off four pounds, leaving only a paltry 220 to carry around with him. Frank Schulte did not put in an appearance, nor did Jimmy Sheckard. In the latter’s case, Chance received a letter telling him that James had started for Hot Springs and would join the crowd there on Sunday.
The manager has to watch Jimmy Archer continually, because the latter has discovered an outlaw cave which sometimes is called the Archer cave, and the P. L. is afraid he will jump to the outlaws. Overall and Brown wish he would, as there is no chance of their winning a pool game or bowling match as long as he is in the camp.

If there is a cessation of snow, uniforms will be donned tomorrow. The 7 o’clock Marathon race has been ordered again, but Chance is not satisfied to let his youngsters and “oldsters” get away with nothing but that. If the blizzard continues and keeps the men off the playing field, a long dash over the hills will be added to the program. And there are some hills in these parts. A. Bert Semmens, standing on the top of one of them, looked down and saw Overall and thought it was Jimmy Slagle.

The Badger fight for the benefit of Catcher Malone is scheduled for tomorrow or Friday night. This squad has little time to stay in Indiana, and whatever is due to be pulled off must happen soon. The bunch will leave these parts Saturday for Hot Springs, and West Baden will be left without excitement until Tuesday, when the rest of the Cubs and Pittsburgh batteries will blow in.

There is no telling whether Acting Manager Tommy Leach will consent to let his pitchers work with the Chicagoans, as the latter thus would be given an opportunity of learning in advance what new deceivers Maddox, Willis, and the rest have in stock.

F. Chance has admitted he would not stay among the oranges. “I wouldn’t miss our fun this season for all the fruit in California,” said the P. L. “Of course, there is sure to be something beside fun, for I think the Giants, Phillies, Reds, and Pirates will be hard to beat. But our reception the first time we appear at the Polo grounds will be worth sticking around for. If you want to add any pet names to your vocabulary just open your ears and listen to what these ‘bugs’ call me and the rest of the boys when we make our entrance. We’ll be about as popular there as a distillery in West Baden.”

Floyd Kroh is sure to be as well received as Chance or any of them, for there are two Polo grounds fanatics who did ground and lofty tumbling stunts when he swung his long left arm in a mixup that followed Merkle’s generous act, but Kroh will meet the onslaught cheerfully if he is but given an opportunity to work against the tribe of McGraw.
First blood was reported today. Jimmy Archer showed up late in the afternoon with a dislocated cheek, caused by a disagreeable tooth. The jaw is to be lanced tomorrow, and in the meantime Jimmy is forgetting the pain with a long succession of strikes and spares.

Record Crowd Opens Forbes Field

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, JULY 1, 1909

Pittsburg, Pa.—Before the biggest crowd that ever saw a ball game the world’s champion Cubs beat Fred Clarke’s Pirates on Pittsburg’s beautiful new field this afternoon, 3 to 2. A throng of 30,338, or ninety one more than the former record, paid their good money to Messrs. Dreyfuss and Murphy, and there were at least 5,000 more who came in on invitations from the president of the Pittsburg club.

If there had been no ball game at all the masses of sweltering humanity would have paid for their coming, for the stands on Forbes field look out on some of the prettiest scenery to be found in Pennsylvania. And the stands themselves are pretty enough to draw sightseers even if there were nothing else for them to see.

A sight of the crowd was worth a journey to the park, although said journey is anything but comfortable. From early in the forenoon until the game started the masses of people crowded their way into the beautiful suburb, Bellefield, and fought for points of vantage.

The women came dressed as if for the greatest society event of the year, and perhaps it was for Pittsburg’s year. Gorgeous gowns, topped by still more gorgeous hats, were in evidence everywhere. Most of the gowns were white and formed a pretty combination with the prevalent green of the stands.

Beyond the outfield fences Schenley Park and some of the handsomest buildings of the Carnegie Institute were visible. The stands, themselves constructed almost entirely of Pittsburg steel and concrete, completely surrounded the field and yet were not big enough to hold the mammoth crowd.

There was an overflow from first base all the way around the outskirts of the yard to the home of Jap Barbeau and Harry Steinfeldt.
Policemen were scarce, but the throng, disappointed though it was by general appearance and the final outcome of the game, was a peaceable assemblage and was just as polite as it looked. When most of Pittsburg’s inhabitants and excursionists from the surrounding cities and villages had found seats either in the boxes or stands or on mother earth, Prof. Nerillos’ military band began attracting much attention to itself by parading toward the home bench. There the usual line of athletes was formed and the procession started for home plate.

At that point the Cubs themselves, officers and magnates of the two big leagues, including President Pulliam and Acting President Heydler of the National league, President Dreyfuss of the Pittsburg club, and President Ben Shibe of the Philadelphia Athletics, who came over to see whether or not Barney had anything on him in the way of a ballyard, joined the crowd and started for the flag pole. Then, without any of the usual accidents, the stars and stripes were hoisted with a pennant bearing the words “Forbes Field,” trailing a little below.

When the ceremonies at the flag pole had been completed the procession came back to the playing field and the two teams took their fielding practice amid more noise than ever has been heard in Pittsburg or the adjacent locality. When the gong rang for the beginning of the game, John Morin, director of public safety, which in English means chief of police, appeared in the middle of the diamond and looked bashfully up at the third deck of the box seats. There was seated Mayor Magee, and he threw the first ball on to the field. Director Morin caught it neatly and journeyed to the pitchers’ mound. From the slab the strong arm of the law hurled it almost over the plate and into the waiting hands of catcher Hackenschmidt11 Gibson. After that all human obstacles disappeared from view and the battle was on.

P.L.’s Team Leads Arabella to the Altar

CHICAGO TRIBUNE, OCTOBER 3, 1910

Cincinnati, Ohio—The wedding of Miss Arabella Cinch to Mr. Chicago Cub occurred this afternoon at the first Cincinnati Pastime church, Mr.
Garry Herrmann officiating. Ed Reulbach was best man and Harry Gasper bridemaids.

For some reason or other, several pews were vacant. But the guests who were present were charmed by the beauty of the ceremony. One of them was so charmed that he gave vent to his enthusiasm in loud conversation with Usher Brennan, and was led down the aisle and out of church by a policeman. The simple bat ceremony was to have been used, but it was decided at the last moment that it was too simple. So a bunch of Cincinnati friends of the bride and groom enlivened things by throwing some old and new boots at the happy pair right while the service was going on. Seven red boots were collected by the janitor after it was all over.

The marriage was the culmination of a long and romantic engagement. Mr. Cub met Miss Cinch down south last spring and it was a case of love at first sight on both sides. Miss Cinch’s parents were agreeable, but rivals for the fair lady’s hand tried to break off the match several times after the engagement was announced.

In July last, Mr. Pittsburg Pirate became a dangerous suitor and it was predicted freely that he would come between the engaged pair, for Mr. Cub was losing some of his good looks by a series of accidents and illnesses. However, Miss Cinch finally made up her mind that she would rather marry Mr. Cub disfigured than Mr. Pirate handsome. Mr. New York Giant hung around until the last moment hoping she would prove untrue to her first love, for he, too, was enamored of her, though he really was not in her class. But he knows tonight that it is all over with him and he may as well join with the rest in congratulating the newly weds.

A wedding breakfast at the Havlin hotel followed the ceremony. The parents of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Chance Cub, signed for all the refreshments, which certainly were some refreshments, believe them. The young couple will remain in Cincinnati until Tuesday night. Then they will go on a honeymoon trip to Chicago and will pass one day at the end of the week in Pittsburg before finally settling down to light housekeeping. They will be at home at Polk, Lincoln, Taylor, and Wood streets.

In other words, the score this afternoon was 8 to 4 in favor of the Cubs. The latter gave Harry Gasper an awful trimming and did some mean things to Bill Burns after Harry had been chased. Furthermore, the Reds did all the awful fielding of which they are capable, and they are capable
of a great deal. Ed Ruelbach had everything he ever had in his life, and it’s remarkable that the Reds hit him as hard as they did.

The P. L., seated on the bench, thought they must be getting the signs, not in any illegitimate way, however, so he had Kling and the big pitcher switch their signals two or three times, but the switching didn’t seem to do any good. However, it didn’t make any particular difference whether Edward was hit hard or not, for Gasper, Burns, and the Cincinnati defense were a strong enough combination to offset any heavy batting on the part of the home folks.

The Cubs were not shy with the stick themselves. They grabbed off thirteen base knocks, of which three were made by Henry Zimmerman, successor to John Evers. Steinfeldt really hit the ball harder than any one else on either club. He drove runs in with two singles and was the victim of two swell catches by Paskert and Miller of long, vicious swipes.

The victory gave the pennant to Chicago beyond peradventure. The Giants can win all the rest of their games and the Cubs can lose everything else on the schedule and it won’t make a bit of difference, so far as real results are concerned.

This is Mr. Chance’s fourth pennant in the five years that he has been the Peerless Leader. He is proud of the accomplishment and proud of the team. Also, he is looking forward to a night of sweet sleep, something he hasn’t enjoyed in a month.

This is a true statement. The P. L. has been worrying his head off because of the condition, or lack of condition, of his men especially his pitchers, and he was the most tickled gent in Cincinnati when this game was over and the flag was cinched.

In 1907 and 1908, after nailing the bunting Chance and his wife divided between them a bottle of wine. Subsequently, the Cubs copped the world’s championship. So you can bet that Mr. and Mrs. P. L. had a cold bottle tonight, and it was the same brand they had consumed in other years.

No, he isn’t superstitious. He said after the game that the number thirteen had made it possible for him to lead his club to the championship. It was his thirteenth year with the Cubs and he had berth No. 13 and locker 13 all through the season. When there was a twelve section sleeper he took the drawing room and numbered it 13. Once more, no, he isn’t superstitious.
Now that the strain is over, the Chicago players will have to go on working pretty hard. They will be asked to practice every morning here, at home, and in Pittsburg. Some of the regulars, Kling, Steinfeldt, and Sheckard, for instance, may be allowed to sit on the bench and watch some of the games, but the pitchers will keep on working in turn unless the P. L gets a hunch that some of them would do better resting. Hank Weaver will have a chance to butt in, and so will Frank Pfeffer and Tom Needham.

But we mustn’t forget the feature of the afternoon’s doings, which was the champion long distance triple play of the age. It helped Ed Reulbach out of a deep hole and Jimmy Sheckard was the hero of it, because he started it with one of the prettiest throws he ever made.

In the third inning, Egan singled to center. Corcoran was hit by a pitched ball. Gaspcr laid down a bunt. Zimmerman was slow to cover first and Reulbach’s throw was bad. so the bases were full with none out. Miller lifted a fly to Sheckard and it was a pretty long one, too. The fleet Egan started for home as the ball was caught. Sheckard’s peg hit bottom just at the edge of the infield grass. It skipped straight into Kling’s hands without wasting any time and Egan was tagged out. Corcoran was afraid to go to third on the play and Gasper, who had started for second, was forced to turn around and hike back to first. Kling’s relay beat him there and Archer did the rest of it.

Pullman Pastimes: Frank Schulte
Is His Own Entertainer

THE SPORTING NEWS, JANUARY 12, 1911

Never an ardent devotee of poker, never much of a reader or magazines nor novels and never a singer with enough confidence in himself to give the entire public the pleasure of hearing his voice, Frank M. Schulte, alias “Schlitz,” alias “Bud,” alias, “Wildfire,” alias “Schultz,” is thrown on his own resources when the Chicago Cubs are journeying hither and thither. And they certainly are some resources. Mr. Schulte careth not whether he has an audience. When he is in the mood to talk, he will talk
and talk loud, and he isn’t particular whom he criticizes nor who is listen-
ing to his monologue. Mr. Schulte is at his best after the Cubs have lost
a hard game. He likes to win, all right, but he doesn’t see why defeats
should be the cause of tears or post-mortems.

Aboard the sleeper after one of these defeats, for which two or three
slips were responsible, there are gathered various little knots of athletes
telling each other how it happened, how the beating could have been
averted, and mourning and wailing over the unkindness of fate. In his
seat all alone, or with a willing listener, sits Mr. Schulte.

“The boys seem to forget there’ll be a game tomorrow to play. They
act as if this was the last one they ever were going to get into. The pen-
nant is lost now, and there isn’t a chance for us to cop that World’s Series
money. Let’s hope the White Sox don’t finish first. A city series with
them will net the boys enough to worry through the winter on. They
didn’t trim us today because they played better ball. Oh, no! There never
was a day when any team played better ball than these ten-time champion
Cublets. Rigler called everything wrong and the luck was dead against
us from the start.

“You saw Jack Murray hit that one out of the ball yard? Well, that’s no
credit to Murray. He had his eyes shut or was talking to someone back in
the grandstand when he let that one loose. He didn’t meet the ball square.
Oh, no! The ball hit his little fingernail and bounded off over the fence.
Besides, Edward (that’s Reulbach) intended to get him to bite on his fall-
away. Edward didn’t want to get the ball over the plate. No, Edward was
blinded by the dust and he pitched within Murray’s reach when he really
thought he was throwing to catch Doyle off second.

“Yes, and Schulte played that ball wrong, too. He ought to have left the
park and stood on the approach to the elevated station. Then, you know
there was a high wind blowing. Otherwise, that would have been a foul
fly that Archer could have eaten up. But the pennant’s gone now and we
might as well arrange a barnstorming tour of some kind.”

Then, if feeling particularly good, Mr. Schulte breaks into song, so
softly that he can’t be heard more than two seats away.

“Kidney stew and fried pig’s feet—

“That’s the grub I love to eat.
“I guess there’s no use of our going to Boston at all, the way luck’s breaking against us and with all the umpires in the league ordered to give us the worst of it, we haven’t a chance to take a game, even from the Doves.

“ Heard a lot of talk about the champagne wine,

“ But a great big stein of beer for mine.

“ Here, boy, bring up that pair of cobs. Born and bred in the Rockies, sound as a dollar, catch him around the collar, hit him with a bootjack and—sold for 40 dollars to that gentleman right over there.

“ Fancy foods I leave alone.

“ For they ain’t the kind of grub I’m used to gettin’ down home.

“ Never mind, boys. There’ll be another ball game tomorrow and Schulte will play right field and bat third. Three cheers for the national pastime!”

This is followed by a few moments of staring out the window into the dark night. Then, if he is one of his rare poetic moods:

“This baseball season soon will end,
Or else I’m a liar;
Then I’ll go back to Syracuse
And drive my old Wildfire.
Against the fastest horse there
My old Wildfire will go
And show his heels to all of them
Upon the pure, white snow.
How glad I am the time is nigh
When reins and whip I’ll wield;
’Tis easier to drive a horse
Than run around right field.”

Another five minutes of staring out into the gloom. Then: “Kind of looks as if the Athletics would cop that other piece of bunting. Well, if we can recover from today’s hard luck and disaster and win a few more ball games on the field and forget the ones in front of the hotels, we may still climb up to that old pennant pole.

“ Just let Edward get that fall-away perfect and teach Leonard (King Cole) that the plate is only a couple of yards wide, and the swatters are not all eight-feet-two like himself, and let Harry McIntire slip that old
spitter across a couple of times and John Pfeister ease a few hooks over
with that left soupbone of his and patch the bones of big Orvie’s arm
together and have Mordecai warming up back of the clubhouse all the
time and Rich rolling a ball around in the palm of his hand, and maybe
we’ll get there yet.

“Course, there’s not much chance for us against all that hard luck and with
all the umpires leagued on the other side, but those old Cublets never quit.

“Say, if we should happen to win out against the umpires and score-
keepers and the president of the league and the President of the United
States and all the governors, that World’s Series would be pretty soft for
us, wouldn’t it? The Athletics would probably forfeit the games when they
knew we were going to play.

“I’ve heard a lot about this Eddie Collins. I’ve never seen him, but I
wouldn’t be surprised to find out that both his legs were cut off just below
the waist and that he didn’t have any arms and was stone blind. Harry’s
spitter will make him look sick. He’s never seen any good spitball pitch-
ing. He’s only been up against Ed Walsh. And those Philadelphia catch-
ers can’t be much account, either. Why, Detroit runs wild on them. Yes,
it does. The Tigers never get less than 46 runs against the Athletics. I
guess they must just waltz around those bases.

“Talk about Coombs and Bender. What would they do with Artis or
Joe or the P. L. or Frank Schulte up there?

“They’ve never seen any good batters except guys like Cobb, Crawford,
Speaker and Lajoie. No, I guess we’ll probably scare them so that they’ll
refuse to play.”

More looking out the window.

“Put on your own gray bonnet
With the big ‘C’ upon it
And we’ll board the Pennsylvan-i-ay.
In the town of Philly
We will knock them silly
On that first World’s Series day.”

“What’s the matter, Joe? Some one have a pat hand? Must have grabbed
’em off the bottom, sure. Don’t let them get the best of you.”
“But, just to argue, suppose we did get into that World’s Series, and the Athletics refused to run out of the park and Bender and Coombs didn’t make any attempt to faint, and Thomas and Livingston didn’t tell Mack their arms were broken, and suppose Harry’s spitter wouldn’t break and Orvie’s arm was as badly broke as I am, and Collins should happen to catch hold by accident, of course, of one of Leonard’s fast ones and we should lose a game or two or three or four. I guess we’d go off and die then. There wouldn’t be anything left in life. Of course, they’d offer us the losers’ end of the money, but we wouldn’t accept that. No, it would be much better to starve to death. What do you think about it, Mr. Kling?”

Mr. Kling is Mr. Schulte’s roommate and each is so doubtful about the sincerity of any of the other’s remarks that their conversation is a guarded affair.

“Lay off me,” returns John. “Your job is to get out there in right field, catch ’em when you can reach ’em, chase ’em when they go past you, throw ’em when you get ’em and hit ’em when they’re over. You don’t belong in the real mechanism of the team and you talk a lot too much for an outsider. You and Hofman and Sheckard ought to pay to get into the ballpark.”

“Yes,” is Mr. Schulte’s comeback, “and I guess you can lay off the rest of the season. You won’t have anything to do if we should happen to get into that World’s Series. Just as soon as O’Day says, ‘Brown and Kling for Chicago,’ the Athletics will tie their legs together for fear they might forget and try to steal a base or two. You can play pool with your right hand during the games, because it will be easy for you to do all that catching and throwing with that big mitt.

“Sing, sing. What shall I sing?
I’ll sing you a song about Johnny G. Kling.
When Collins starts stealing the bases on him, he
Will holler to Archer, ‘Help, Jimmy! Help, Jimmy!’
“I wish it would hurry up and be midnight, so I could go to bed.”