

GRIMES STOPS FOR A CHAT WITH THE HIRED HELP ON A TOUR OF HIS PREMISES

Unshaven Burleigh Looked Mean and Tough to Batters

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get him to draw a throw because Vance has a habit of throwing his arm up before lobbing the ball over to first. When he does, I'm taking off for home."

That situation came up in the eighth inning, as Grimes recalls it, and Watkins scored the game's only run. The Cardinals went on to win the pennant by two games.

"Of course, (Bill) Hallahan pitched a great game for us and made it possible but, as much as anything, I figure we won that pennant in the lobby," added Burleigh.

In looking back over the years, Grimes picks his words carefully. The last thing he wants to do is say an unkind word about baseball or those he played with or against.

Writers Helped Create Image

While hard work was his trade mark, so was the psychology of pitching.

When sports writers took note of his unshaven appearance on the days he was to pitch, Burleigh went along with it, allowing them to cast him as a Bluebeard, stubblebeard and cut-throat.

"Actually," admits Burleigh, "I did not shave because of resin. I had a heavy, black beard and when I shaved, it (resin) would irritate my skin."

But Burleigh was shrewd enough to realize the "unshaven" reputation could work both ways. If the writers wanted to label him as rough, unrelenting and mean, that was fine. . . . particularly if the batters started believing it, too.

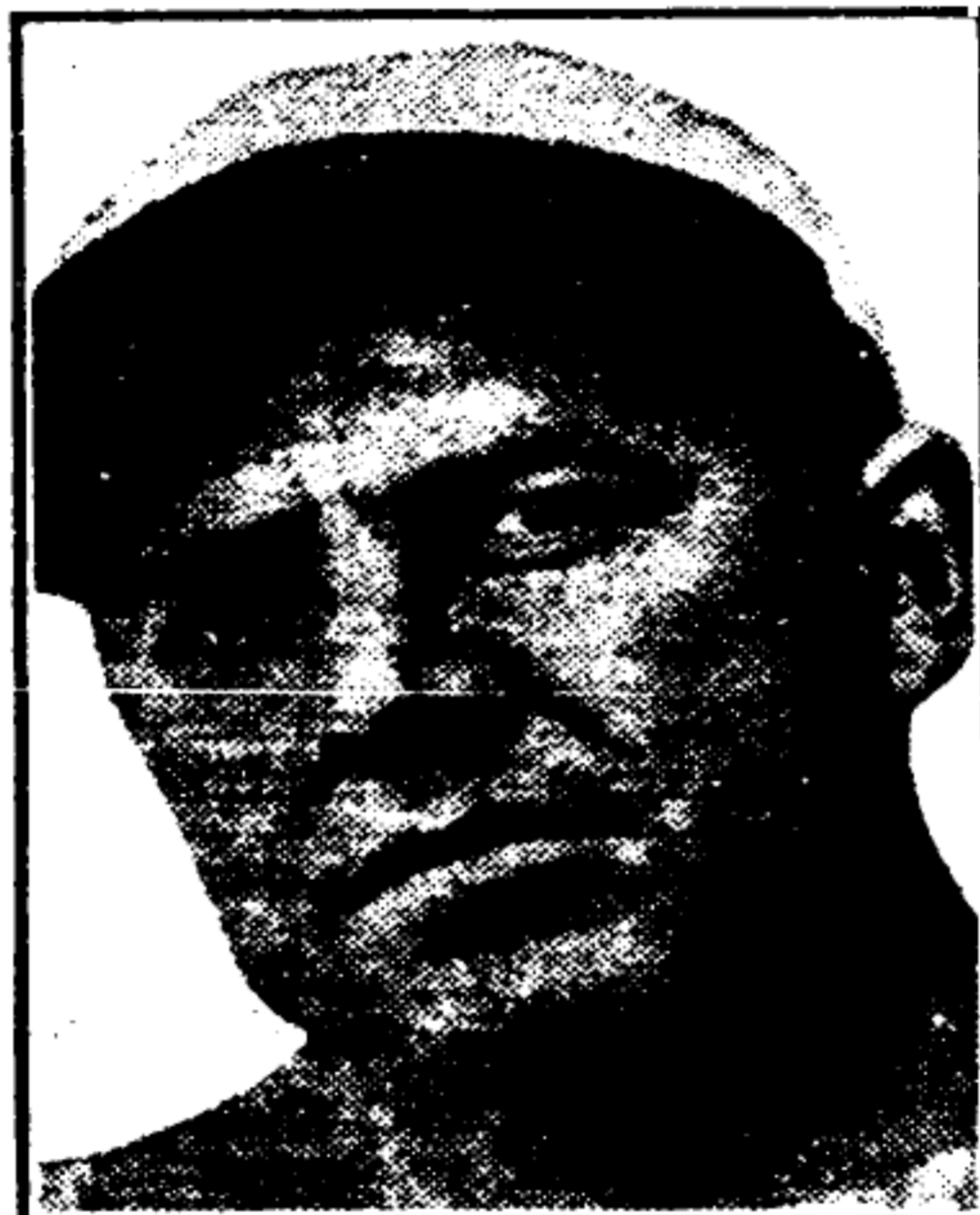
"I over-used them," he says now with a grin. "I took advantage of it. If the batter looked scared (particularly the rookies), I figured that gave me an edge. That's a part of the psychology of pitching."

Not as Big as He Looked

Grimes laughingly admits he began to wonder in his later days if the whole thing wasn't back-firing on him.

"I thought maybe the younger fellows (sports writers) were scared of me," he chuckled. "I often thought I would hate to have them on a jury."

Burleigh's reputation also prompted newcomers to think he was big in size. Actually, Grimes was small by present-day standards. He stood 5-9 with a



BURLEIGH GRIMES . . . when he was Old Stubblebeard of the majors.

normal playing weight of between 184 and 188 pounds.

"We had big men in those days," he added, "but I was relieving them all."

Getting back to the psychology of pitching, Grimes offered this example:

"I told Lou Burdette once that the psychology of pitching is terrific. If he (batter) thinks you are doing something illegal, let him catch you doing it once and he's sure. Then you've got him."

Big Edge for Burdette

Burdette may or may not have taken Burleigh's suggestion to heart but, a few years back, the righthander, then with Milwaukee, was the center of a charge that he was throwing the spitball.

"Whether he was or not isn't important," commented Burleigh. "They thought he was and that's all that was important."

As Grimes put it, they (batters) were so engrossed in trying to pin the spitter on him they didn't notice the fast balls and curves flying past them.

The spitball and Grimes, of course, are synonymous. As one of the last of the legal spitballers, Burleigh is an elder statesman on that subject.

Quite naturally, he takes exception to its reference as an unsanitary and dangerous pitch. He scoffs at its "flooding" the batter and umpire.

As for it being outlawed, he only

Spitball Expert Vetoed All Pleas to Teach Technique

TRENTON, Mo. — Burleigh Grimes often is asked for advice on throwing the spitter, particularly from young pitchers, but he never has taught it.

He says you add pitches only when you're mature and successful. You have to have the three pitches (fast ball, curve and change of pace) first. You start with brute strength and ignorance and take it from there.

smiled and said, "Last fall in Baltimore, I saw three spitters as good as I've ever seen." Then he added quickly, "Now I didn't say they were with Baltimore."

Burleigh recalled that his spitter was born following a trip to St. Paul and a game in which Hank Gehring pitched. Later, as Burleigh tells it, he went back home, got some basswood bark and tried it out. He was 12 or 13 years old at the time, but the spitter, for him, was born.

Now, almost 60 years later, Burleigh can look back on a career that has taken him to just about every port-of-call in baseball. . . . from Class D to the majors and back again as player, coach, manager and scout. In all his travels, Burleigh seemed to have missed only one stop. . . . Cooperstown, N. Y., and Baseball's Hall of Fame. But on July 27, he will add that port-of-call, too.

Quick to Accept Changes

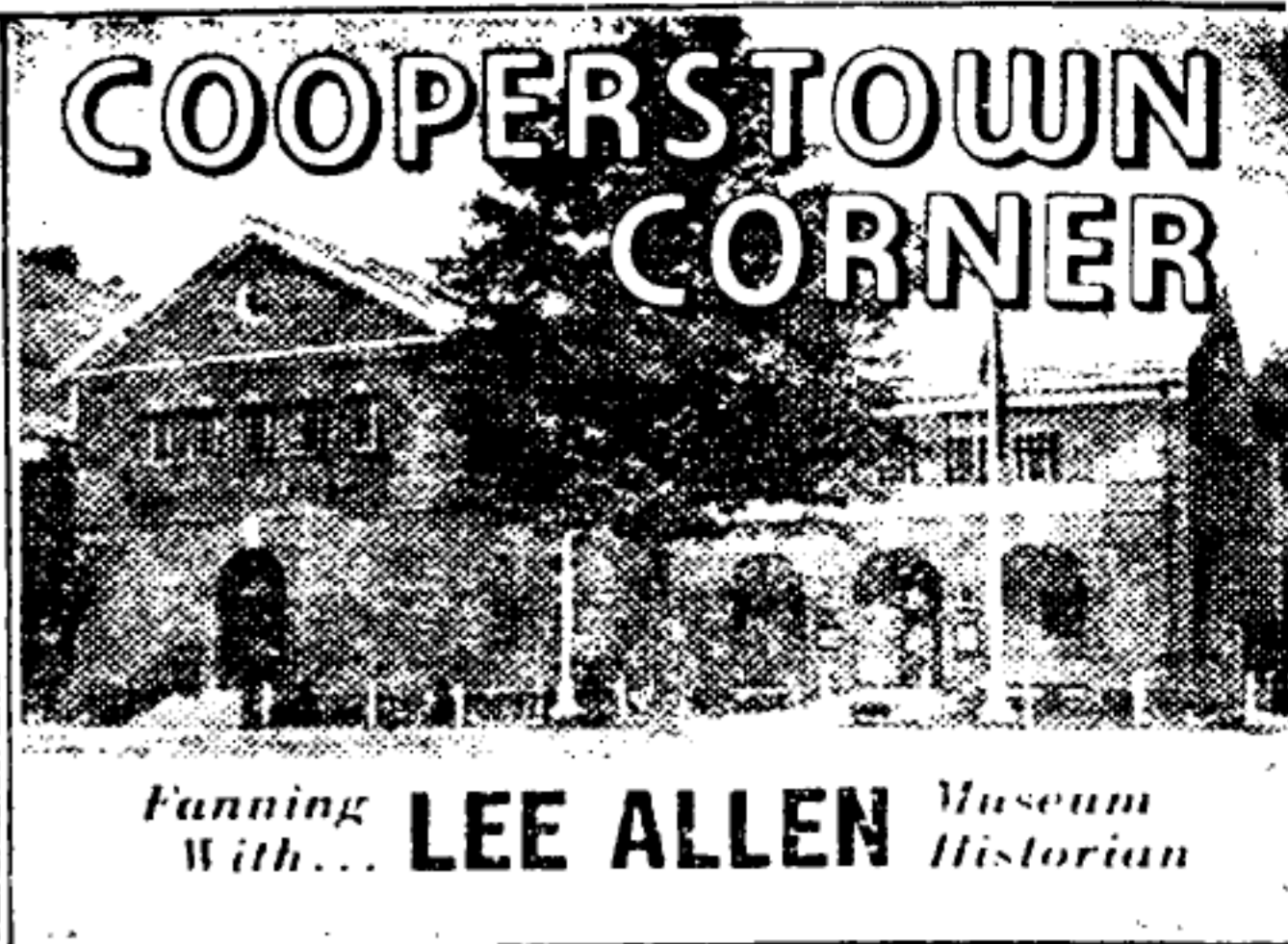
But if this should be the logical end to Burleigh's baseball wanderings, he doesn't see it. He admits the game has changed and there are, perhaps, some changes he laments. But he's quick to point out they are changes brought about by progress in science, economics and our present-day way of living.

Gone are the 75-cent fans at Ebbets Field and the rough-and-tough games that Grimes believes the fans wanted—and got. Gone, too, are the spitter and the razor-sharp spikes of Ty Cobb and the days when ball players talked baseball in hotel lobbies and didn't scurry off to picture shows and golf courses to while away the time waiting for night games.

Gone, too, is the cut-throat known as Burleigh Arland Grimes. In his place is the man who today hopes to return to baseball the good life it gave him.

In Burleigh's unfinished room at his home here, there's a spot set aside for a shower. The plumbing is there, but it's not connected. It doesn't really matter; Burleigh still has a lot of games ahead of him.

He's not headed for the showers just yet.



Fanning With... LEE ALLEN Museum Historian

Memories of Mighty Mite—Miller Huggins

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

The only public transportation available from Cooperstown to New York City is a bus that curves down through the Catskills, passing such places as Phoenicia and Big Indian to a point near Kingston where it joins one of those superhighways that lead with monotonous perfection to the Big Town. One of the places through which it passes is a speck on the map called Fleischmanns, a village that at this time of year is a resort for skiers.

I never ride through Fleischmanns that I do not think of little Miller Huggins, one of the six old-timers most recently elected to the Hall of Fame, the Mighty Mite who managed the Yankees in the early days of their greatness, leading them to their first six pennants.

The village of Fleischmanns was named for the family that found fame as manufacturers of gin and yeast. Max and Julius Fleischmann (the latter was once mayor of Cincinnati) owned a large chunk of the Reds in the days when Garry Herrmann ran the club. For their own amusement, they also operated a semi-pro club known as the Mountain Tourists at Fleischmanns, N. Y., and it was with that team that Huggins started his career as a second baseman in 1899. You couldn't prove it by the box scores, however, because Miller, in order to protect his eligibility at the University of Cincinnati, was using the name of Proctor. And it was as Proctor that he started his career in O. B. with Mansfield of the Inter-State League.



MILLER HUGGINS

Hug Scarcely Remembered as a Player

Huggins the ball player is largely forgotten and he seems destined to be remembered mostly as the man who fined Babe Ruth \$5,000. But he was a capable second baseman in his day and, in the six seasons he guarded that position for Cincinnati, starting in 1904, he was regarded as the club's all-time best, except for Bid McPhee. Then he was traded to the Cardinals in an ill-starred deal along with Ennis (Rebel) Oakes, a competent outfielder, and Fiddler Frank Corridon, a spitball pitcher, for Fred Beebe, a pitcher, and Alan Storke, a third baseman. Storke died at Auburn, N. Y., after an appendicitis operation before he could even report to the Reds.

It was the whim of a woman that made Huggins a big league manager. Helen Hathaway Britton inherited the Cardinals from her uncle, Stanley Robison, upon his death in 1911 and she took an active part in league affairs. Although she had Roger Bresnahan, also a Hall of Famer, as a playing manager, she disposed of him after the season of 1912 and gave the job to Huggins.

Miller was then still a regular player. He was a good leadoff man with a great ability to coax bases on balls from the pitchers and, although a little fellow (5-6½, 135), he could hold his own in the rough and tumble around second base.

Cards Rose From Last to Third Under Miller

Hug had a tailender in 1913, his first year as manager at St. Louis, but then he pushed the club up to third the next year, and that was the highest spot a St. Louis team had occupied in the N. L. since 1876. Then the team slid to sixth and eighth before rebounding again to finish in the No. 3 spot in 1917.

At this time, Ban Johnson, the dynamic president of the American League, was looking for ways to strengthen the Yankees, who'd had a succession of mediocre teams. He thought that Huggins was just the man to manage New York, and he asked J. G. Taylor Spink, the late publisher of THE SPORTING NEWS, to sound him out. Huggins wanted the job all right and Spink arranged that he meet with Colonel Jacob Ruppert, who owned the Yankees in collaboration with another colonel, the improbably named Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston. Huggins, a frugal and unsophisticated man, showed up for his interview with Ruppert wearing a cloth cap. The urbane colonel winced and almost decided not to offer him the job.

Miller began managing the Yankees in 1918 and remained with them until his death from erysipelas at the end of the season of 1929. Colonel Huston, who had been overseas in World War I at the time of the Mite Manager's appointment, always regretted that he had not been consulted, as he had his own favorite for the post in Uncle Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Dodgers. Huggins' job at New York was not really safe until Huston sold his interest in the club to Ruppert.

Huggins Was Master Psychologist

The foundation of Miller's greatness as a manager lay in his use of psychology in handling men. Waite Hoyt, Joe Dugan and various other great Yankees of the '20s who are still around can tell you that. He was a small man physically and in ill health most of the time, but he earned the respect of his players and he was the boss.

It was Huggins who introduced Leo Durocher to the major league scene, and it has always appeared likely that he saw in Durocher a replica of himself, a brash infielder composed of nerve and grace, not a good hitter but a good ball player. Huggins championed Durocher on the Yankees, and after his death it was taken for granted that Leo would move on, which he did, going to the Reds on a waiver exchange for the handsome but largely forgotten Clarke Pittinger.

There is plenty of room in the Hall of Fame for Huggins, who in his 12 seasons with the Yankees won six pennants, finished second twice and third twice.

He finished in the second division only once, in 1925, when the club skidded to seventh.

That was the year in which he plastered Ruth with the \$5,000 fine. It must have been a case of Mite makes right.