The PALIMPSEST

NOVEMBER 1922

CONTENTS

That 1900 Football Team 345
JOHN ELY BRIGGS

The World's Series of 1891 346
CHESTER H. KIRBY

Adrian C. Anson 374
J. A. SWISHER

Comment 379
THE EDITOR

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT IOWA CITY BY
THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER JULY 28 1920 AT THE POST OFFICE AT IOWA CITY IOWA
UNDER THE ACT OF AUGUST 24 1912

THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

The PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH
Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

PRICE—10c per copy: $1 per year: free to members of Society
ADDRESS—The State Historical Society Iowa City Iowa

THE PALIMPSEST

EDITED BY JOHN ELY BRIGGS

VOL. III ISSUED IN NOVEMBER 1922 No. 11

COPYRIGHT 1922 BY THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

That 1900 Football Team

The football season of 1899 had been a splendid success for the State University of Iowa. A fast, powerful, well-coached team had gone through a series of ten games without a single defeat. No opponent had crossed the Iowa goal line — a distinction which not another university team in the whole country could claim. Only five points had been scored against that Iowa eleven — the result of a place kick by Chicago against whom Iowa made a touchdown for an equal number of points. Later Chicago defeated Cornell University and outplayed Pennsylvania in a tie game. Victories by the University over Ames and Grinnell had established a clear title to the championship of the State, and after Nebraska had been decisively eliminated by a score of 30 to 0 and Illinois overwhelmed on Thanksgiving Day 58 to 0 (this game was ended by mutual consent ten minutes before the time was up), it was

the general consensus of opinion that the Iowa football team of 1899 was the best in the West if not also the equal of any in the East. At the close of the season Iowa had been admitted to the Intercollegiate Conference, popularly known thereafter as the "Big Nine".

So when the University opened in the fall of 1900 hope ran high for even more glorious achievements on the gridiron. Dr. A. A. Knipe, captain of the Pennsylvania championship eleven of 1894, was entering upon his third season as football coach at Iowa. All but two of the famous team of '99 were back in school, and at least seven of them had had two years of training in the "Pennsylvania system".

John G. Griffith, better known as "Reddy", was captain, playing his fourth year of varsity football. Though one of the smallest men on the team his ability to gain ground qualified him for the position of full back. At quarter back was Clyde Williams, a brilliant field general, accurate in passing the ball, and a marvel at returning punts. Ray A. Morton, the fastest man on the squad and former Shelby high school team mate with Williams, was ready for his third year at right half back. W. C. Edson, who had begun his college football career at Ames and played left half back on the University team the preceding year, conspicuous for his quick judgment and his stiff, leather-cased hand, was out for his old position. The captain of the famous team of '99,

Morey L. Eby, star end and tackle during three seasons, could be depended upon for almost any line or back field berth, while Bert Watters, the aggressive, sure-tackling right end, was ready to compete with all comers for his old position. Joseph S. Warner, over six feet in height, had played two years at left tackle and had developed into the best kicker on the team. At the other tackle position was Emmet F. Burrier, a powerful defensive player and just the man to head a tackle-back play. He had been shifted from his former left guard position of two seasons to make a place for Ernest H. Little, one of the biggest men on the squad but new to the game. James M. Brockway gave promise of being the same dashing right guard he had been in 1899. The position of "center rush" was the only real vacancy on the team. M. E. Baker, who had held the place two years, was not in school; and C. O. Briggs was scarcely in a class with the rest of the team either in experience or ability. Before the season opened, however, Asher W. Ely, a six footer, twenty-eight years old, bald-headed, and weighing over two hundred and twenty-five pounds, was induced to don the moleskins and filled the gap with entire satisfaction.

Three weeks before the University opened a dozen or more candidates for the team went into training at Linder's boathouse on the Iowa River two miles north of Iowa City. Living in the open; learning anew the fundamentals of tackling, kicking, block-

ing, passing the ball, and running interference; spending leisure hours fishing, rowing, and swimming; and devouring enormous quantities of the excellent food prepared by Mrs. Linder, the squad was in splendid condition for the first game on September 28th.

The season opened auspiciously when Upper Iowa was defeated by a score of 57 to 0 in a muddy game. A drizzling rain which converted the newly graded gridiron into a sea of mud absorbed most of the snap and enthusiasm that had characterized the Iowa team of the previous year. The only display of speed occurred during the first minute of play. After Captain Griffith had returned the kick-off twelve yards and Brockway had plowed through the line for three more, left tackle Warner circled the end on a fake play and ran seventy-five yards for a touchdown. But the ball soon became so slippery that fumbles were frequent, while the weight of mud-soaked uniforms and the recurrence of long runs were very exhausting. The game proved nothing as to the ability of the team.

Recalling the defeat administered by the State Normal team two years before, the friends of the Iowa team awaited with considerable misgiving the second game on the schedule. It was reported that while the Normal team was green, it had shown remarkable development under the tutelage of Fred A. Williams, a former Iowa star. The University eleven on the contrary seemed to lack teamwork and

its reputed speed. After the first five minutes of play, however, all doubt of the superiority of Knipe's men vanished. The first half, replete with fumbles and long end runs, ended with a score of 40 to 0 and during the second session, played in a pouring rain, the University team — composed mostly of substitutes — added twenty-eight points more.

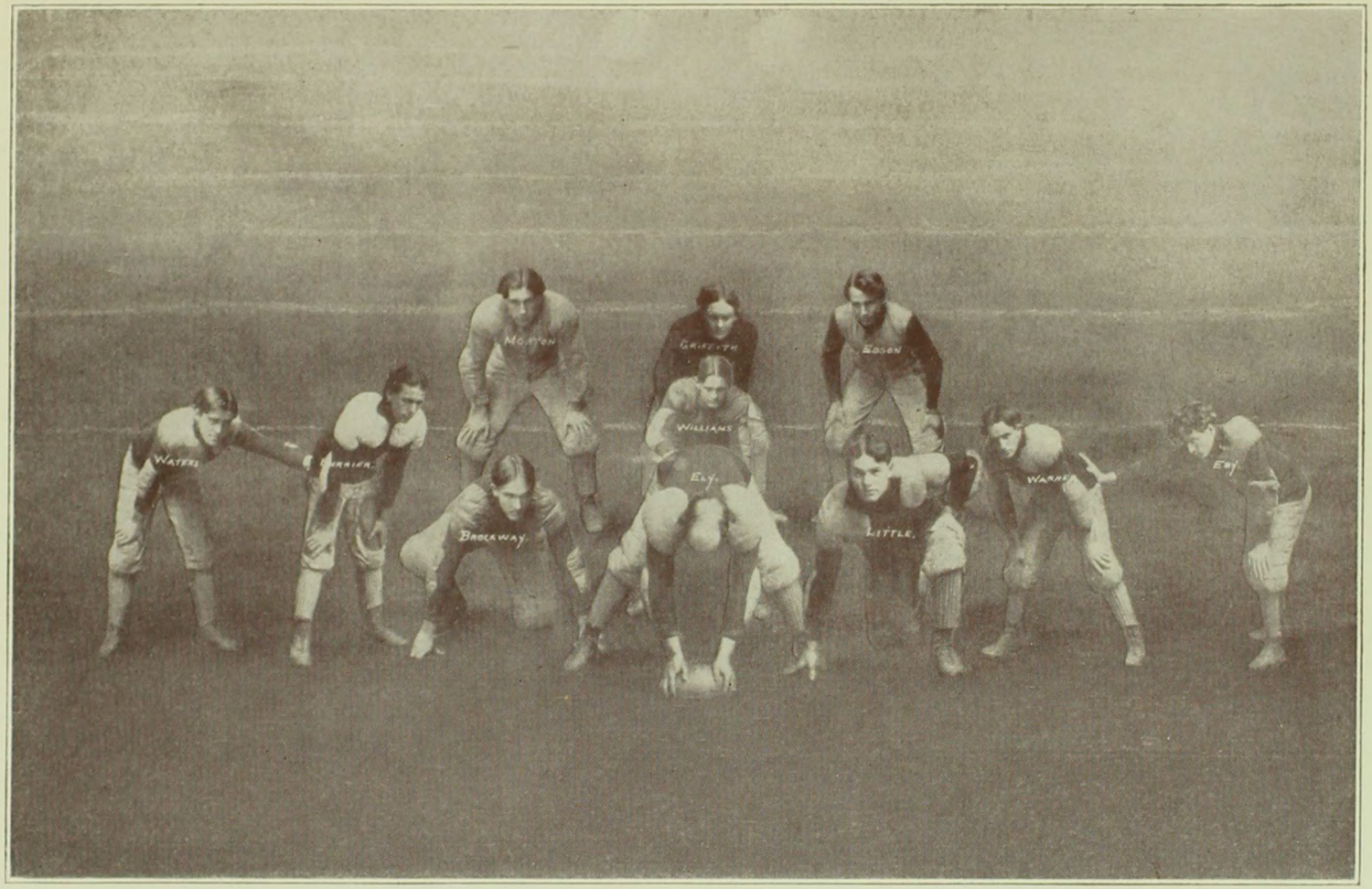
Thus far the defensive strength of the Iowa eleven had not been tested, but rumors came from Indianola that Simpson, the next opponent on the schedule, had a powerful team coached in the Pennsylvania style of play and fired with an ambition to spoil the Iowa record of an uncrossed goal line. The fact that two members of the team were brothers of Kennedy, captain of the Chicago team of '99, added color to the reports.

For a few minutes after the game began it appeared that the Hawkeyes had met their match. Simpson kicked off to the three yard line and Edson returned ten yards. Two line smashes failed to gain and Captain Griffith, almost in the shadow of his own goal posts, was forced to kick. From the forty yard line the Simpson players advanced steadily down the field until they made first down inside the Iowa five yard line. Twice the Simpson tackles were called back and bucked the line with all their might. The coveted goal was less than a yard away when they lined up for their final effort. But the Old Gold warriors held, Warner punted, and the

crisis was past. A few minutes later Simpson kicked from the forty yard line and Williams, with splendid interference, returned to the former line of scrimmage. A series of smashes gained twenty-five yards and Watters added thirty-five around the end. Three more plays and the score was 5 to 0 for Iowa.

The remainder of the game was an exhibition of sensational open field running and brilliant tackling on the part of the Iowa team. Twice Edson wriggled loose from a bunch of tacklers and ran for a touchdown — once a distance of forty yards and later sixty. One play in particular brought the spectators to their feet in admiration: Williams caught a punt and carried the ball sixty-five yards through the entire Simpson team for the final touchdown of the game. Only two circumstances dampened Iowa enthusiasm: fumbles were altogether too numerous and Captain Griffith was compelled to leave the game with a sprained knee — an injury that kept him on the side lines most of the remainder of the season.

The score of 47 to 0 over Simpson, while it indicated some brilliant offensive work, was no measure of defensive strength. A game with Ames, scheduled for October 19th, had to be cancelled on account of an epidemic of typhoid fever among members of the Ames squad, which left Iowa with no further preparation for the Drake game on October 26th. While the Hawkeyes were idle Drake held the strong Nebraska team to a score of 8 to 0. The Des Moines team had previously defeated Grinnell 6 to 0 and



THE IOWA FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1900

piled up fifty-one points against State Normal. A train load of rooters accompanied the team to Iowa City, determined that the Iowa goal line should be crossed and the championship of the State decided in favor of Drake. The railroads offered excursion rates and Iowa City was filled to overflowing.

During the first half the outlook was gloomy for the Hawkeye following. Both teams presented a stonewall defense. Time and again Iowa carried the ball within the twenty yard line only to lose it on a fumble. Once when the Drake quarter back dropped a punt Eby recovered near the goal, but Drake held within her three yard line and kicked out of danger. Just before the end of the first half Warner scored five points with a field goal by place kick. During the second period Iowa's weight and interference began to tell and four touchdowns were scored. At one time Drake stopped the Iowa march on her one yard line but later a Drake punt from the same position was blocked, Iowa recovered, and one plunge by Eby — who was playing full back in place of Captain Griffith — was sufficient to score.

The crucial test for the Old Gold team of 1900 came on November 3rd when they met the Chicago Maroons on Marshall Field. It was reported that Coach Stagg's protégés had a wholesome respect for the "corn fed" boys who had come out of the West the previous autumn and rushed them off their feet. While Chicago had been unable to stop the famous Pennsylvania "guards-back" play the pre-

vious week in Philadelphia, they were confident that the Iowa guards were not as formidable as those of the mother institution. At the same time optimism prevailed in the Hawkeye camp. Competent observers of the Drake game had been impressed with the great variety of the Iowa plays. In truth the Iowa team had a reputation for employing unique formations and being coached to take advantage of all the opportunities the rules afforded. The hot weather was blamed for the fumbling and loose offensive play.

Both teams were given splendid ovations when they came on the field at 2:30 o'clock. Fully six thousand cheering spectators filled the bleachers. The Chicago captain won the toss and chose to defend the south goal with the wind at his back. Iowa kicked off to the five yard line and the game was on. The Hawkeyes began with a cautious type of play which kept them on the defensive, punting whenever there was danger of being held for downs. Nearly ten minutes had elapsed before either team made an earnest attempt to score. Then Iowa took the ball on Chicago's forty-five yard line and, calling the guards-back and tackles-back plays into service, began to plow down the field. The heavy Hawkeye "rushes" plunged into the Maroon line for one, two, and three yard gains. Steadily foot by foot Chicago was forced to retreat. Again and again the referee yelled "First down, five yards to gain!" On the side lines the Iowa crowd cheered fran-

tically: "He-rah, hi-rah. Play ball, Iowa". Within fifteen yards of the goal the Maroon defense stiffened, Chicago kicked out of danger, and Iowa resumed the defensive.

Now came the Chicago rooters' chance to cheer. Taking the pigskin on their thirty yard line Stagg's men launched their one great drive for Iowa's uncrossed goal line. The first play gained eleven yards around end and was followed by a series of center smashes that were good for two first downs. A penalty against the Hawkeyes and a ten yard run netted twenty yards more. Then followed short gains interspersed with losses until Chicago was in position to try for a field goal. Twice within a few minutes Henry of Chicago attempted place kicks but both times the ball went wide. The tide seemed to have turned when Captain Griffith picked up a fumble and broke away for fifteen yards, but enthusiasm turned to gloom a moment later when the doughty captain had to be carried from the field, seriously injured. On an exchange of punts Chicago fumbled, Iowa recovered on the thirteen yard line, and hope once more revived. Here was a golden opportunity and the Iowans hit the Chicago line with every ounce of energy they could muster. At the critical point, however, they became a little too anxious, a trifle self-conscious, and the result was a fumble on the Chicago eight yard line. And so the first half ended — Chicago 0, Iowa 0.

The second half is a different story. The Iowa

team came upon the field fresh, enthusiastic, and determined, while the Maroons appeared tired, and dispirited, their confidence shattered. From the very beginning the fates were all with Iowa. Little caught the kick-off on the twenty-five yard line and returned it twenty yards. Eby, who had replaced Griffith at full back, made ten yards in two downs. After an exchange of punts, Iowa took the ball in the middle of the field and settled down to steady, smashing play. The powerful tandem formations of guards-back and tackles-back pierced the weary Maroon line for consistent gains. When the secondary defense came in too close Williams would send his flying interference around the ends with bewildering speed. It was on such a play that Edson made a brilliant fifteen yard run. Once Chicago recovered the ball but lost it a moment later on a fumble and the Hawkeye offensive was resumed. At six minutes to four Eby went over the goal for a touchdown and pandemonium broke loose among the Iowans. Over the telephone in Iowa City the Hawkeye battle cry could be heard distinctly: "Haw-haw-haw, hi-hi-hi, Hawkeye-Hawkeye, S. U. I."

Combining clock-like precision with splendid football strategy and brilliant execution, only five minutes were required for the Iowa team to send Edson across for the second touchdown. The remainder of the game was a kicking duel with all the advantage in favor of Warner. When the ball had been advanced within twenty-five yards of the Chicago goal

he substituted a place kick for a punt and added the final five points to the score. Probably the greatest thrill of the game came on the last play before time was called when Edson ran thirty-five yards to the Chicago four yard line.

Iowa had won decisively. Those who saw the game were extravagant in their praise of the westerners. The Chicago newspapers united in the opinion that the best team had won. More than that — the Iowans apparently possessed all of the qualifications of a championship team. To be sure the championship had not yet been decided but the showing at Chicago and the record of an uncrossed goal line were strong presumptions in favor of Iowa. The Old Gold eleven had met its first severe trial and had emerged victorious: only two more obstacles — Michigan and Northwestern — remained to be surmounted. Michigan could always be depended upon as a formidable antagonist. Already the Wolverines had ruined the hopes of three conference teams — Purdue, Illinois, and Indiana — and they had no intention of allowing Iowa to interrupt their series of victories.

Following the Chicago game the Hawkeye squad went into camp at Mt. Clemens near Detroit, where the men were taught an entirely new set of plays. That the team used a repertory of at least seventy-five formations and plays is a significant commentary upon the mentality of the men who composed it and the versatility of their game. Only the most

exact teamwork and wholehearted loyalty on the part of each man toward his fellows could make such a system successful.

By two o'clock on November 10th Bennett Park in Detroit began to fill with thousands of people who braved the raw, inclement weather to see the game that would probably decide the football championship of the West. The bleachers seemed aglow with chrysanthemums, and the Maize and Blue of Michigan was everywhere. With a strong wind at their backs and a sleet storm in the faces of their opponents, the Wolverines decided upon the strategy of a punting game. After the kick-off the teams lined up quickly, and Sweeley, star Michigan kicker, dropped back for a punt inside his five yard line. The Hawkeye rushes tore through the Wolverine line so fast that Sweeley barely had time to recover a bad pass from center. Once more he attempted to punt, but the pass was too high and an Iowan pounced on the ball. With indomitable determination to make the most of their advantage the aggressive Hawkeyes pushed Eby over for the first touchdown. Not quite two minutes had elapsed since the game began.

But the game was not yet won. Twice within the next few minutes the Wolverines, fighting grimly to turn the tide, advanced well into Iowa territory and twice Sweeley tried for a field goal. Each time he failed. Warner punted to the center of the field and Michigan — still placing her faith in the strong

right foot of the redoubtable Sweeley, and a favorable wind — was more than willing to accept a punting duel. The only flaw in their plan of attack was a failure to reckon with Williams. Catching the ball, he eluded the fast Michigan ends and sped down the field, dodging, hurdling, and sidestepping the tacklers who closed in on every side. Not until he had put nearly half the length of the field behind him was he brought to a stop. Springing into their positions, the Hawkeyes executed a series of end runs, double passes, and line smashes that completely bewildered the Michiganders who had been taught to stop only the guards-back play. Every scrimmage was a surprise. The Iowans played with the dash and confidence that comes from perfect teamwork and an unbroken line of victories. It was a beautiful exhibition of fast, clever football and resulted in another touchdown by Eby. The five or six thousand spectators, most of them Michigan students and residents of Detroit, could not restrain exclamations of admiration. Before the close of the period Iowa got possession of the ball near the middle of the field and by good generalship, hard plunging, and irresistible interference swept down the field for the third touchdown. And so the first half ended — Iowa 17, Michigan 0.

During the second half the Michigan defense stiffened, but Iowa changed tactics and began hammering at the Wolverine forwards who were already showing signs of fatigue. Steady line bucking grad-

ually broke down the determined resistance. Warner, Burrier, Morton, and Williams repeatedly plowed through for long gains. Edson scored the fourth touchdown and three minutes later Morton made a sensational fifty yard run to the Michigan fifteen yard line. Again his number was called. Tearing around left end, he dodged through four tacklers and made for the corner of the field. Along the goal line raced full back Sweeley. Both men hurled themselves forward with all their force as they met on the one yard line. Morton was lifted bodily into the air. Standing on his head he flung his feet over and jerked across for a touchdown. To kick a goal from such an angle seemed impossible. Down went the ball on the side line, out shot Warner's foot, and true as a die the pigskin flew between the posts. It was a wonderful kick.

Michigan no longer fought to win, but to score against the western invincibles. Clinching their teeth the Wolverines sent their backs into the line like battering rams. Fresh men were sent in when any weakened. Yard by yard they worked the ball down the field. But the Hawkeyes fought doggedly. Spectators marveled at their physical endurance, for not a substitution was made during the entire game. Finally the Michigan drive was halted and Warner punted. Watters, racing down the field, blind to the Michigan man's signal for a fair catch, tackled low and hard. Iowa was penalized fifteen yards and Michigan awarded a free kick for a field

goal. The ball sailed straight between the posts.

Playing in Detroit, far from home, and before a hostile crowd, the representatives of Old Gold had piled up the largest score that any team had registered against the Maize and Blue in seven years. Generalship, alertness, speed, resourcefulness, and precision were the factors that determined the outcome of the Michigan game. The Detroit *Free Press* described the Hawkeyes in a graphic manner: "They showed magnificent education and training from the tips of their long scalp locks to the soles of their perniciously active feet. Their brains worked like greased lightning set to clock work. They were shrewder than a strategy board and could mobilize in less time than is employed in an owl's wink. When they charged it was like a bunch of wing-footed elephants, and when they tackled one of the enemy it was as the embrace of a grizzly. They could kick harder than a gray mule with years of experience, and with the accuracy of a globe-sight rifle."

The championship of the West seemed to be settled. The experienced and versatile Iowa eleven had decisively eliminated two of the strongest teams in the conference. Northwestern constituted the only serious obstacle in the way of a clean Hawkeye slate and an uncrossed goal line, but Northwestern in 1900 was a name to conjure with. The Purple team had defeated Indiana, held Illinois to a scoreless tie, and finally scored a 5 to 0 victory over their old Chicago rivals. The fact that Minnesota spoiled

Northwestern championship hopes on November 17th, while Iowa was overwhelming Grinnell, afforded no assurance that the unexpected would not happen at Rock Island on Thanksgiving Day.

On the eve of the game both teams appeared to be in the best of condition. Iowa was confident of victory and Northwestern expected to keep the score low. Toward morning of November 29th, the day of the game, several of the Iowa players who were staying at a Davenport hotel awoke with severe pain in the stomach. They were covered with large blotches and beset by a terrible dysentery. Physicians managed to get them out of bed by noon, and in this weakened condition, sick and dispirited, the Hawkeyes entered the hardest contest of the season. Faint and trembling the men returned to their places after each scrimmage and played the game to the finish — not a single substitution was made. Just before the end of the last half after Northwestern had repeatedly threatened to score, only to be repulsed by the most strenuous exertion, Brockway and Little smashed through the strong, confident Northwestern line for forty yards on a series of guards-back plays. It was one of the finest examples of sheer courage in the annals of college athletics.

The contest opened with both teams playing deliberately. Northwestern kicked off to Morton who returned fifteen yards, but the Hawkeyes had no luck in penetrating the Purple line and Warner

punted. Northwestern lined up slowly. Quarter back Hunter called the signal for a tandem smash through Eby and Warner headed by the mighty Dietz. The backs were tense as they waited for the ball to be snapped; the forwards crouched low; Hunter opened his hands and the tandem started like a snowplow. There was a shock of contact: Dietz got beyond the line but was thrown back by Eby and Morton: the referee pulled apart the tangled mass of humanity. "Second down, five yards to gain", he yelled. An off tackle buck and another tandem netted the required five yards. "Dad" Elliott, the future evangelist, skirted left end, gaining seven yards by the wide flank movement, and then Northwestern settled down to steady work. Consistent gains with their tandem advanced the ball to the Iowa thirty-five yard line where Eby broke up the play twice before it was started and Iowa took the ball on downs.

So the battle raged. The Iowans, realizing that their strength would not hold out to the end of the game, tried desperately to score. During the first half the struggle was almost entirely on Northwestern soil. The Purple warriors were forced back to their thirty-five yard line. Again and again they were thrown for a loss. Compelled to punt, their kick was blocked by Eby, but the ever present Elliott recovered on the ten yard line. Twice their tandem struck a stone wall before Johnson punted. Griffith, who had recovered from his injury at Chicago, re-

turned the compliment with interest, the ball crossing the Northwestern goal line. Again Johnson kicked and Williams, in a thrilling run that brought the spectators to their feet, followed Morton through the Northwestern team for thirty yards. But the second chance for an Iowa score went glimmering when Morton and Edson slipped in the mud on attempted end runs and Warner's place kick was blocked. Again the Hawkeyes ran the ball back within striking distance, again the ends failed to recover a punt over the Purple goal line, and again Northwestern kicked to the center of the field.

Only a few minutes of the first half remained. The Old Gold players had more than held their own but the strain was beginning to tell. Gradually Northwestern was pressing into Iowa territory. The hearts of the Hawkeye rooters were sinking within them when of a sudden they were set pounding with joy. Eby broke through the line, accepted the ball from the Northwestern quarter, and raced for the goal line nearly fifty yards away. Iowa 5, Northwestern 0. If Warner had kicked the goal the game would have been won.

The most gruelling test of the famous Hawkeye team of 1900 came in the second half of that Thanksgiving game. Weak and sick but with the score in their favor they met the powerful, confident onslaught of the well-coached Northwestern eleven. Playing low and grimly, with teeth clinched, they stemmed the Purple tide again and again. For

twenty-five minutes the battle was waged back and forth in the middle of the field. Finally Northwestern reached the Iowa twenty yard line, only to see Johnson's drop kick go wide.

Warner punted only twenty yards and a moment later Northwestern tried another goal kick with no better success than before. An off-side play gave Northwestern the ball on the Hawkeye twenty yard line. Again the Purple half back tried for a field goal, but the kick was blocked and Williams recovered the ball on the Iowa five yard line.

Only a few minutes of playing time remained. The spectators were frantic: the Iowa rooters implored the team to hold while the Northwestern crowd, exultant in the unexpected strength of the Purple team, surged out upon the gridiron yelling themselves hoarse. For a while it seemed that the Northwestern invasion had been checked. Iowa refused to give possession of the ball to their opponents by punting, and the Hawkeye tackles, by desperate efforts, gained thirty yards before the Purple line could hold for downs. It was from there that Northwestern finally kicked the goal that tied the score.

For the second consecutive season no opponent had defeated the Iowa eleven and none had crossed the Iowa goal line. That 1900 Hawkeye football team, it was generally conceded, deserved the title of intercollegiate champions of the West.

JOHN ELY BRIGGS

The World's Series of 1891

The baseball season of 1891 was hectic and desultory. Attendance was poor. Baseball finance was close upon the rocks of bankruptcy. As the summer waned many disputes threatened to disrupt the world of organized baseball, and the future of the game seemed problematic.

In the Western Association — predecessor of the Western League — only two clubs managed to fight down internal dissension and resist the poignancy of an empty pocketbook. With grim determination, Kansas City and Sioux City struggled to finish the season. Before September the clubs representing Milwaukee, Lincoln, Duluth, and Minneapolis withdrew from the race, and soon afterward the Omaha club forfeited the remainder of its schedule to Denver and disbanded.

The final clash for the championship lay between Kansas City with a percentage of .517 and Sioux City with .542. It was agreed that the two teams should play a series of five games. To win four of these games would give the coveted pennant to Kansas City, while only two were required to cinch the trophy for Sioux City. Kansas City made a good start by winning the first game, but the second went to Sioux City, whereupon R. E. Mulcahy, secretary of the Sioux City club, informed his supporters

that "we are going to have the pennant just as sure as the sun shines and they needn't worry about the matter." He proved to be a good prophet for on September 18th the Western Association officially declared Sioux City champion. The remainder of the series was played as exhibition games.

Interest in the East centered upon the championship of the National League — the oldest and most respected organization of its kind. As the end of the season drew near it seemed certain that Chicago would win the pennant. During the last days, however, Boston won five postponed games from New York and with them first place in the league. The official percentage was Boston .630 and Chicago .607. Since this good fortune could hardly be attributed to necromancy, the partisans of Chicago were prone to charge that there had been a conspiracy to "throw" games to Boston. President James A. Hart of the Chicago club thought that New York must have shown either "downright dishonesty" or "gross incompetency" and declared his intention of leaving no stone unturned to discover the facts. An investigation was made by the directors of the National League, but nothing unsavory was found and the New York club was officially vindicated.

In the American Association — precursor of the American League — another Boston club had won the undisputed championship. Hitherto it had been customary for the leading teams of the National League and the American Association to play a post-

season series of games to decide the championship of the world. Since both of the winning teams in these leagues represented Boston in 1891, the question of superiority between the major leagues was not decided that year.

Meanwhile, however, Chicago baseball fans, undaunted by the official success of Boston, claimed championship for the Chicago Colts in the National League, and demanded an opportunity to demonstrate their prowess. The Sioux City Huskers, champions of the Western Association, were also casting about for new worlds to conquer. When baseball seemed to have come to a standstill the sport world of the West was suddenly rejuvenated on September 22nd by a telegram from President Hart stating that Chicago was willing to play "the world's series" with Sioux City. Definite terms were quickly agreed upon, and it was not long before the notion that the approaching contest was "for the world's championship" had been generally accepted. A series of six games was arranged to be played at Evans Park in Sioux City on the five days beginning with Tuesday, October 5th. The Western Association, previously overlooked in contests for the championship of the world, was at last to come into its own, and the battle was actually to be fought in the West. The fans were agog with delight.

The Huskers to play in the world's series! It was unbelievable — an unparalleled event. When it became known that the details had been arranged

Sioux City began at once to prepare for the historic contest. The whole Northwest seemed aflame with eager excitement. "Aberdeen will close the town and see the games" was the keynote of a letter from that South Dakota town, some two hundred miles away. It was expected that a special train would be required for the Chicago fans. People in Huron, Kansas City, Mason City, Cedar Rapids, Clinton, Lincoln, Omaha, Denver, and many other places wrote anxiously for particulars. W. E. Peak, passenger agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad on the Iowa and Dakota division, declared that "all you can hear is baseball." The people along the railroad, he said, "want us to run special trains from every crossroad."

Marshalltown in particular was interested, for the leader of the Chicago team was Adrian Anson, who had begun his career in that city. "Old Anson" was literally worshipped by the home town fans. One enthusiastic citizen gave vent to his feelings in a letter. "Marshalltown", he wrote, "will attend the world's championship games in a body. This is the home of Anson, the only 'Anse', and we will pull for our old boy, but we like the Huskers. They belong to Iowa."

In view of the intensity of interest throughout the West, it was confidently anticipated that an unprecedented number of spectators would descend upon Sioux City for the games. Besides the world's series the corn palace festival would be at its height.

The coincidence of two such events seemed certain to attract enormous crowds. New bleachers capable of seating ten thousand people were hastily erected at the park. By eight o'clock on Saturday evening, October 3rd, two days before the initial contest, a thousand tickets had been sold.

In the meantime there was much speculation as to which team was destined to be victorious. In as much as the Huskers and Colts had neither played against the same teams nor against each other, there was no basis for comparison, but that circumstance probably only added certainty to personal opinions. Lack of definite information was no hindrance to argument. Fans of all ages, colors, and temperaments, from far and near, talked or wrote or telegraphed about the games.

With enthusiasm at such heat, it must have been a remorseless weather god indeed who greeted Sioux City on the morning of October 5th with a chilly dawn. Cold weather and baseball are incompatible. Undaunted, however, the fans received the Chicago Colts with considerable pomp. Three brass bands and sixteen hack loads of citizens formed a parade and escorted them to the park, where the procession was greeted by "a couple of thousand people" who sat shivering on the hard seats. Humor was at a discount. A Chicago player attempted to "break the ice" by capturing a donkey that was browsing at the upper end of the race course; but it was a sorry farce and barren of laughter.

It was a tense moment at 3:30 when Umpire Tim Hurst called "Batter up!" and the first game began. Would the Colts gallop roughshod over the Huskers, or would the West vanquish the East?

When the first inning ended and the score stood Sioux City 2, Chicago 0, the fans could scarcely believe their senses. It seemed incredible. But perhaps the Colts were only toying with their opponents. Still, inning after inning was chalked up without a score for Chicago. The Huskers meanwhile ran in a tally in the fourth inning, another in the fifth, and three in the sixth. Not until the seventh inning were the shivering Colts able to make a score and when the game ended the Huskers had won by a score of eight to one. Captain Anson frankly admitted that his men had been outplayed. No team on earth, he declared, could stand out against such errorless playing. But perhaps this was only a pleasantry.

The weather on the second day continued cold. It was reported that the voice of the umpire congealed before it had traveled a bat-length. "Poor Timmie! his legs cracked like pine limbs in a winter wind as he meandered back and forth between the plate and the box, and large globules of water rolled over his eyelashes". During the intervals the spectators gathered what amusement they could from the antics of a drunken policeman.

The Chicago players, however, seemed to have found an antidote for the cold which had hindered

their play in the first game. In the fifth inning, the Huskers indulged in a succession of fumbles. A newspaper reporter, frankly disappointed with the performance, wrote that "the Huskers got to throwing the ball around just as the dear children toss about the autumn leaves, and came just as near hitting each other." After the first inning fortune went steadily against the Huskers, and before they could discover the Colts' secret of keeping their hands warm the game was over. Chicago's play had stiffened. Probably Anson had been joking about the merits of the Sioux City team.

Although the games were good, the attendance was not. That bogey of baseball had already ruined several clubs in the Western Association, and now threatened the world's series. In the hope of supplying with enthusiasm the warmth which the sun had denied, considerable space in the newspapers was devoted to advertising the series. Great black letters announced that the "World's Championship Games" were being played and spectators were advised to come early in order to avoid the rush. For only fifty cents, ladies being admitted free to the grand stand, "one of the greatest [games] ever witnessed on a diamond" could be seen; and "Anson, the great and only Anson" would take part.

Captain Anson, perhaps for the gratification of his father who was present at the third game, quit his regular position at first base and put on the catcher's mit. Neither team was confident and both

were now playing with the most genuine earnestness. Chicago, determined to win, played furiously. At first the game was closely fought on both sides, but in the fourth inning a Husker failed to catch a long fly at a cost of three runs. In the seventh, the Sioux City pitcher, Meakin, made an unfortunate throw which allowed two more runs and the jig was up. The game ended with a score of nine to six for Chicago. Without doubt Captain Anson had been sarcastic in his comment.

The Huskers, however, entered the fourth game determined to "be all or nothing." The raw north wind blew with equal unpleasantness on both teams — there was that consolation. It was a battle royal. If the game should go to Chicago, Sioux City could not win more than half the series, and Anson would not consider the possibility of a seventh game. The last inning came and the struggle was not decided. It was then that Billy Earle, with "his little black bat" drove the ball quite out of sight and brought victory to the Huskers by a score of four to three. Again the games were even — two and two. It was for the future to determine whether Anson was joking or not.

In order to conciliate the goddess of fortune who had begun to smile on the Huskers, an ardent fan brought to the fifth game an Indian mascot brilliantly adorned with war paint. The Colts were intent upon retaining their laurels, and the Huskers were equally determined to add to theirs.

For five innings, while the Chicago team gained two runs, the Huskers battled on without a score. Once in the third inning with two out Sioux City got a man on the bases and tried desperately to send him home, but their efforts were of no avail. During the same inning a Chicago batter drove the ball to the right of the Husker first baseman who leaped into the air "and when he came down he held the white sphere in his upraised palm like a modern restoration of the Rhodian colossus". Later in the game "Pop" Anson crashed a hot liner that seemed to be going for a safe hit into left field, but Van Dyke made a wonderful catch. In astonishment, scarcely believing his eyes, the umpire turned to Anson. "Cap, you're out", he said, and Anson declared it was the most brilliant catch he had ever witnessed.

Thus by virtue of spectacular playing the fifth game went to Sioux City; and the series stood Chicago two, Sioux City three. It was mathematically impossible now for the Huskers to lose the series, but the final game would determine whether they would win the championship or only tie. Could it be true that "Old Anse" had meant what he said?

It was indeed a splendid exhibition of baseball that the enthusiastic crowd of four thousand people witnessed on the following day. Never was a game more hotly contested and seldom was one more replete with critical moments. From the very beginning every player exerted himself to the utmost. Strategy and alertness were at a premium. In the

initial inning a Husker reached third base, and when the batter hit safely he dashed for the home plate. There stood Anson, his hands outstretched for the ball. Summoning all his speed, the runner slid across the plate in a cloud of dust just as the ball thumped into the catcher's mit above. Down went Anson's arm like a flash as he put the ball on the prostrate Husker whose impetus had carried him beyond the base. "You're out!" yelled the umpire, who had failed to see the runner touch the plate.

Thus the contest continued. Though Sioux City took the lead, neither team could secure a permanent advantage. In the seventh inning the score was tied. Then came the crucial eighth. Again a Husker reached third base, but in an overzealous effort to score he was caught between two Colts. Just when it seemed that the game would be won, hopes were blighted. The grand stand was in an uproar. Back toward third base raced the Sioux City player, with "Pop" Anson in full pursuit. Suddenly the Husker turned, ran straight into the arms of the burly captain, and when all seemed lost he dodged past and trotted across the plate. The game was saved.

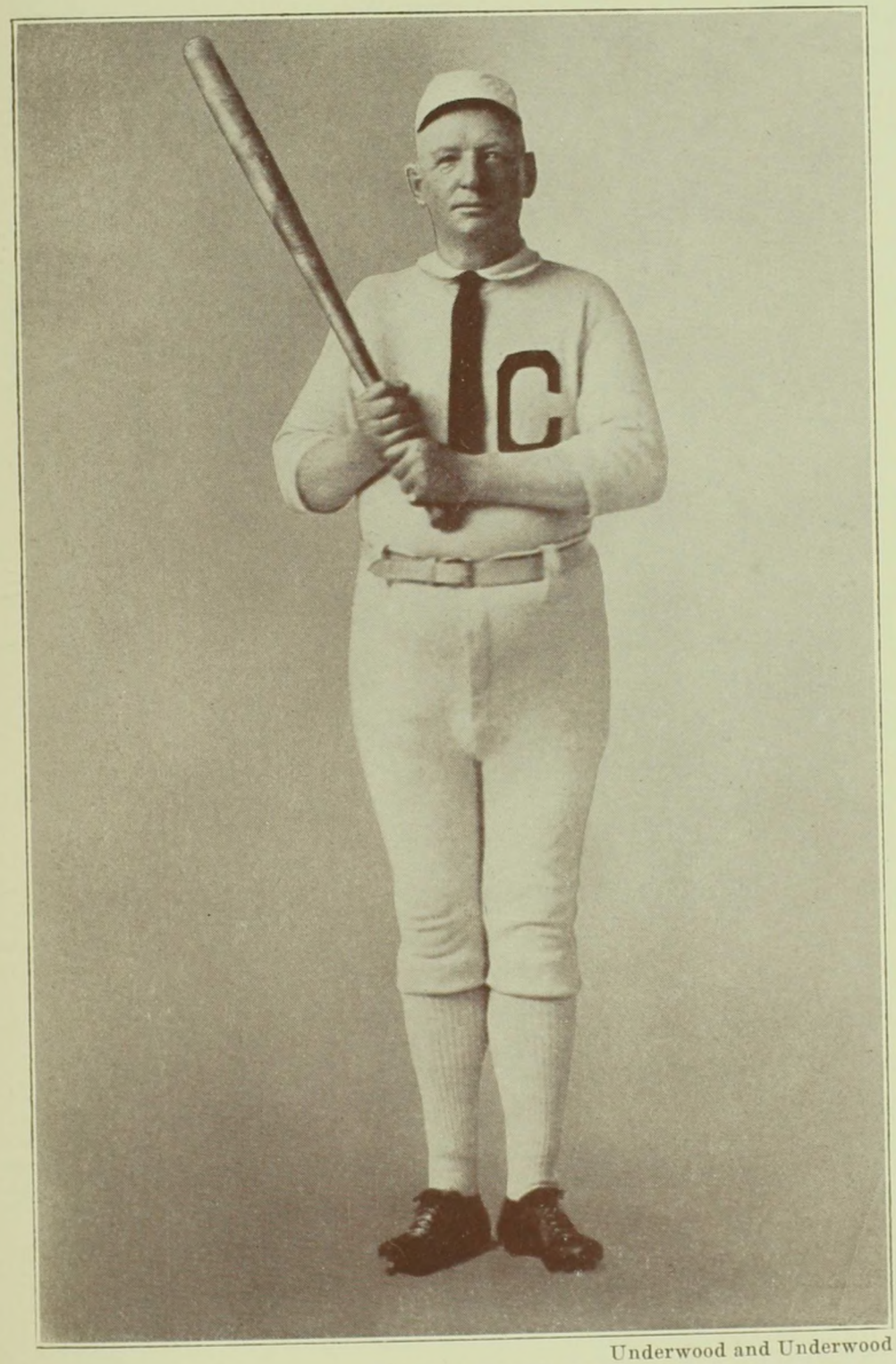
A few minutes later the world's series of 1891 came to an end. The Sioux City Huskers had "beaten the earth" by winning four of the six games played. "Pop" had not been jesting after all. Apparently no team could withstand such playing as that of the Huskers.

CHESTER H. KIRBY

Adrian C. Anson

"An uncompromising advocate of clean sports and athletics", said K. M. Landis, speaking of Adrian Constantine Anson, the grand old man of baseball, who died on April 14, 1922. For more than twenty years "Pop" Anson, as he was more familiarly called, was captain and manager of the Chicago National League baseball team. Indeed, to him probably more than anyone else, belongs the epithet of "father of the big league".

Adrian Anson was the first white child born in Marshalltown, Iowa, and there he began his baseball career. Even as a youth in his teens he was rated as a good player on the grass lots of his home town. In 1869 he matriculated in the State University of Iowa where his chief interest seems to have centered in baseball rather than in grammar, arithmetic, history, and penmanship. He is credited with having been instrumental in establishing the earliest form of organized athletics at the University. At the time he entered college he subscribed to a declaration that it was his "intention to engage in the business of teaching in the schools of Iowa" and that his purpose in resorting to the University was to prepare himself "for the discharge of this important duty." During the year, however, he seems to have altered his ambitions for his name does not appear again in the University roster.



Underwood and Underwood

ADRIAN C. ANSON

It was in 1871 that Anson began his professional baseball career at Rockford, Illinois. Later he joined a Philadelphia team. In 1874 he was a member of a team which invaded England to play baseball and cricket. While the Americans knew very little about cricket their terrific batting offset their defects and they won every game played, including a remarkable victory over the famous Marylebone All-English eleven. The score in this game was 107 to 105 runs.

It was while Anson was playing with the Philadelphia nine that he formed a close friendship with A. G. Spalding, star pitcher on the Boston team and the best-known patron of American sport. Due in a measure to this friendship "Pop" joined Spalding's Chicago White Stockings club when the National League was formed in 1876. Experts say that there have been few stronger nines in the history of baseball. Spalding was the leader during the first year but Anson took his place as captain and manager in 1877. "Billy" Sunday also played on the team for a number of seasons.

For twenty-one years Captain Anson piloted the Chicago "Colts", as they came to be called. Five times he won the undisputed championship of the National League. He was so much of a fixture in the Chicago club for such a long time that he was dubbed "Pop" in honor of this paternal relation. After he retired in 1897 the club was for some years referred to as "Orphans", an appellation that has since changed to "Cubs".

If there have been players whose performance surpassed that of Anson for a season, certainly few if any have equaled his record over a long period. Of magnificent stature — over six feet in height and weighing nearly two hundred pounds — he kept in good physical condition. Strong and active, clear eyed and of keen perception, he had few equals as a batter. During the twenty-two years he played on the Chicago team his grand batting average was .348 per cent. For three seasons — in 1879, 1881, and 1888 — he led the league in batting, and ranked second or third in other years. He seldom struck at the first ball. "I always liked to see how they were coming," he said, "so I braced to make it appear I was going to swing without any intention of striking. I would pass the first one and sometimes the second. Then I would make ready for a blow. It is always worth a called strike or two to know how the balls are coming, and then, you know, it takes only one to line it out."

As a fielder and base runner he merited the respect of the best of them. His regular position was at first base. In that capacity he stood at the head of the list in the National League, with a fielding average that ranged from .974 to .988 per cent.

Among those responsible for the development of the great American game, the name of Adrian Anson stands out preëminently. His professional playing began when baseball had just emerged from the old game of "rounders". In technique the sport

owes much to his playing, but it is in morale that his greatest service was rendered. Assuming a dignity unknown among professional players of an earlier day, Captain Anson and his team repudiated the tactics of ruffians. Anson insisted that his players ride to the ball park in carriages instead of in hacks; they stayed at the best hotels; and they wore dress suits in the evening. Because of his great ability as a player, but more particularly on account of his wholesome influence "Pop" Anson is one of the most conspicuous figures in the history of baseball. He played for the love of good sport: he flourished at a time when a base hit meant more than a week's pay.

Genteel, courteous, and frank, full of appreciation for good playing, and always willing to give the opposing team a square deal, Anson earned the confidence of the members of his own team and was also held in high esteem by his opponents. He never wrangled with the umpire. Instead, he submitted his arguments in a statesmanlike manner and did not hesitate to yield a point if the decision went against him. There are instances of contesting teams withdrawing a protest, upon being assured by the venerable captain that a fair decision had been rendered. Though a strict disciplinarian, he never fretted or scolded. His clean sportsmanship, whether he received fair treatment or not, made him a favorite everywhere.

On the seventieth anniversary of his birthday, "Pop" Anson was buried in Oakland Cemetery, near

the park made famous by his playing. He used to say that he wanted the epitaph, "Here lies a man that batted .300", inscribed on his tombstone, but the world has accorded him a finer tribute. He will be known to posterity as a baseball celebrity — a man who fostered, protected, and developed the greatest of all American sports — but he will be honored most for his character and sportsmanship.

J. A. Swisher

Comment by the Editor

THE PURPOSE OF PLAY

The uses of athletics are many — good, bad, and indifferent. Some people earn their living by playing ball or turning somersaults. Others, with highly developed acquisitive traits, capitalize the physical prowess of men as a method of enriching themselves. Even the colleges do it.

Athletics in mild form contribute to health, and in gentler diversions recreation is furnished. To those who lead a sedentary life physical exercise provides a wholesome safety valve for energy.

Students of social psychology declare that athletic contests satisfy the instinct for combat. The bootless pastime of abusing the umpire may have tended to keep America out of war! Team play combines the development of leadership with useful training in coöperation.

Sportsmanship — including fair play, friendly rivalry, fortitude in the face of defeat, and gracious acceptance of victory — is perhaps as important a purpose as any.

In America amateur athletics are largely confined to the schools. Paradoxical as it may seem, the opportunity for play is often responsible for keeping boys at their lessons, while in college the eligibility requirement induces many a man to study when the efforts of the most inspiring instructor would fail. Strangely enough it is by the standard of athletic

achievement that the American youth frequently selects the college where he will study mathematics, language, or law.

Athletics furnish the most potent influence in arousing the spirit of loyalty and unity that characterizes college life. Lest alumni lose that spirit they are annually enticed to a homecoming — by a football game.

For the hundreds of thousands who have filled the Coliseum, Stadium, or Bowl, who have shivered or roasted on hard plank seats, devoured peanuts, smoked tobacco, and howled at the athletes, physical exploits have always possessed peculiar fascination. The populace wants to be thrilled — and it matters but little apparently whether the spectacle is a bull fight or a ball game. The perversion of college athletics into commercial exploitation is a travesty on games played for fun.

There are people who see competitive sport chiefly as an opportunity for gambling. Always demoralizing, betting has sometimes been the cause of criminal offenses against the contestants — as when the Iowa football team was poisoned just before the final game in 1900.

Perhaps the most innocent amusement that public sports afford to lookers-on is an occasion for courtship, though it would seem that only the most sanguine would choose such a time and such a place for such a purpose.

J. E. B.

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF IOWA

Established by the Pioneers in 1857
Located at Iowa City Iowa

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY

The Quarterly Journal of History
The Palimpsest—A monthly magazine
The Public Archives Series
The Iowa Biographical Series
The Iowa Economic History Series
The Iowa Social History Series
The Iowa Applied History Series
The Iowa Chronicles of the World War
The Miscellaneous Publications
The Bulletins of Information

MEMBERSHIP

Membership in the State Historical Society may be secured through election by the Board of Curators. The annual dues are $3.00. Members may be enrolled as Life Members upon the payment of $50.00.

Address all Communications to

THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Iowa City, Iowa