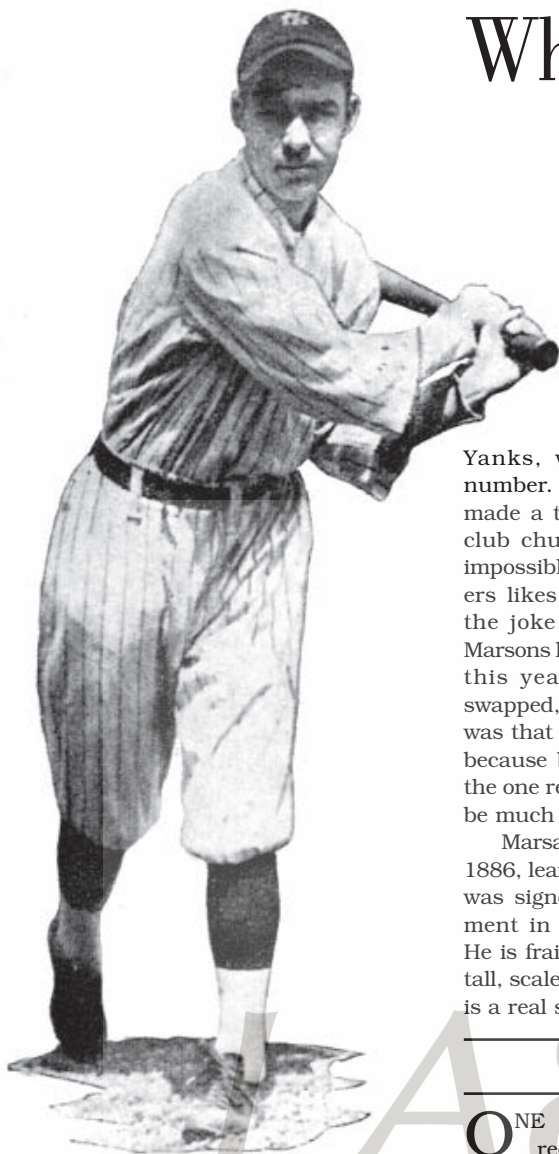


Who's Who on the Diamond

Thumb Nail Sketches of Baseball's Leading Stars



ARMANDO MARSANS

A WELL known big league scout, after returning from Cuba, some years ago, imparted this information to a New York daily scribe; "Them Cubebbs are fast, snappy fielders, bo, but they can't hit." And that was the impression fandom had of Cuban ball tossers for a long time. They could field like blazes but they couldn't kiss the onion.

Then Senor A. Marsans hove in sight bearing a big bat and wearing the Cincinnati livery. He proceeded to soak the apple to the tune of .317 in 110 games, stole 35 bases and scorched the outfield with his speed. Fandom rubbed its eyes and gazed at Senor Marsans. For here, in very truth was a Cuban baby, who could hit like sin, field like the devil and run the satchels like Hades.

Marsans made considerable record for the Reds during his first three years in the majors, his lowest swat mark being 297. After his return from the Federal

League, to the St. Louis Browns, his work fell off and the rail birds said the Senor was abso-bally-lutely through, as a star. Meantime, Lee Magee, another former Red Star, last year with the

Yanks, was also considered a back number. So the Browns and the Yanks made a trade, Magee for Marsans, each club chuckling in high glee, for it was impossible to stick either one with players likes these two, thought they. And the joke of it is that both Magee and Marsans have been playing sensational ball this year, whereas, when they were swapped, the attitude of the club owners was that neither could possibly get stung because both players were so punk that the one received in trade couldn't possibly be much worse.

Marsans was born in Havana, Cuba, in 1886, learned the game there and in 1907 was signed for the first regular engagement in the U. S. A., by New London. He is frail in build, about 5 feet 9 inches tall, scales slightly under 160 pounds and is a real speed merchant.

EARL HAMILTON

O NE of the most unusual pitching records in baseball is that of Earl Hamilton, the little port-sider, who has since joined the colors to battle the Hun.

Last season, with the St. Louis Browns, Hamilton lost 9 straight games, couldn't get a solitary win and allowed an earned run average of 3.14 off his benders. So certain were the diamond sharps that he was through as a player, that every club in the American League waived on him and allowed the Pirates to try him.

This season Earl simply waltzed through his games, copping six straight wins for a perfect twirling record before he left for Uncle Sam's league.

Hamilton's best record was made after having been in the majors for eight years and in baseball for ten years.

Little Hamilton, who weighs something less than 160 pounds and is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, was born in Gibson City, Ill., July 19, 1892. As a youngster he played many of his sand lot games in the outfield instead of in the pitcher's box. When only 17 years old the Springfield club of the Western Association signed him. Here, he won 13 and lost 9 games his first season in professional baseball.

His generosity that season knew no bounds, as he gave 145 free passes to first base, an average of over 7 passes per 9 inning game. Also, he allowed 186 hits, over one single for every inning pitched, and collected 167 strike-outs, an unusually high average.

Joplin tried him in 1910 and Ham went through the league like a Missouri cyclone, winning 19 games, and improving greatly in control.

The Browns signed him late that season and the following year, although he won but 5 out of 17 games, he allowed an earned run average of only 1.85 runs per game. A cagey little pitcher, with lots of sand, Hamilton's main fault has been indifference and carelessness. He showed this season how good a pitcher he is, however, when he wants to be, and when his Major League existence is threatened.

It was the threatening rattle of the old tin can that caused Earl's comeback.

OTTO L. MILLER

BOROUGH HALL, the trolley cars, rubber plants, baby carriages and Otto Miller are all fixtures of Brooklyn. Cross the bridge from Manhattan any summer's day when, the Brooklyn club is at home and you may see these sights, so dear to the Brooklyn heart.

But in seeking Otto, be sure you specify which Otto Miller you want. There are some thousands of Otto Millers in Brooklyn, who follow numerous professions, such as preaching, plumbing, chauffing, banking and the like, but to view our Otto Miller you must hie yourself to Ebbett's Field. For Otto is a baseball backstop and a good one, you'll note, as soon as you see him stopping a few of Larry Cheney's wild spitters.

After breaking into baseball in 1908 with Sharon, Pa., and being sold, to Louisville in the American Association the following year and then to Duluth, Otto went to the Brooklyn club and has been there ever since. For 9 long years has Otto Miller seen his Brooklyn friends and ball yard pals go and come; for 9 long years he has seen baseball pennants come and go, mostly go, (from Brooklyn) and still day after day has Otto patiently and loyally squatted back of the plate and inserted his anatomy in front of the wild pitches of the Dodger twirlers.

Miller has never batted .300 in his life; in ten years of bush and big time baseball

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the greatest number of bases he has swiped is 15, and he has never been termed by the ball sharks the greatest catcher who ever busted a finger. But Otto, withal, is some catcher, a steady, dead game player, a loyal ballyard slave to his employers and a deservedly hot favorite with the Ebbetsville baseball bugs. For if ever there was a player who gave his club every bit of playing ability and energy he possessed, his monicker is Otto L. Miller.

He was born in Minden, Neb., June 1, 1889, stands six feet tall and weighs about 185 pounds. He isn't a frequent hitter but is a long walloper and is an ideal backstop for a pitcher to work with as he knows batters and is a patient, heady, persistent worker.



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