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COLLINS *vs.* DALY

EDDIE COLLINS has changed his mind about remaining with the United States Marines. Shauno Collins will also return to the White Sox when the training season starts. Let's hope that young Tom Daly, the catcher, will also find a berth with a big league team—for what would baseball be without a Collins AND a Daly?

Collins and Daly have been hall-marked of baseball fame these many, many years. When, for thirty changing seasons, have the big leagues been without a Collins on some payroll? When, in the same stretch of time, have the clubs lived through the strife without a Daly? And in how many seasons have the big circuits been shy both a Collins and a Daly, somewhere along the line? There are always Smiths in plenty. There are always Millers, and you can't find many seasons without a Brown or Jones achieving fame. But when it comes to solid, substantial baseball, to families that are always in the

forefront, always present with the goods, trust to Collins and to Daly—they are always on the upper deck, and always giving the eager fans the best that's in them.

Oddly enough, the Collinses have focussed their keen lamps on Boston through the baseball ages. For more than twenty years, there was a Collins on a Boston club. Look through the scores, from 1895 to 1915, and see how seldom you will find a game without a Collins in the line-up. The Collins' tribe centered on Boston, and gave Boston noble service; the Dalys scattered their attentions, lived in many cities, always made more than good. There have been topnotch Dalys and headline Collinses, year after year, and, besides the great men of these names, a flock of minor lights, bearing the same proud monikers, have come and gone. Some of them couldn't quite sustain the major pace; some of them had to drop out of the fastest company—but whenever a Collins or a Daly got in action, he did the best he could, he never shirked, and, while he lasted, he was loved of fans and fellow-players.

Chief members of the Collins set to break into fame have been Jimmy, the greatest of third basemen, Hubert, star for years with Brooklyn, Eddie, the matchless jewel of the Athletics and the White Sox, Ray, the lefthanded Red Sox pitcher, and Shauno, with Comiskey's team for many summers. Besides these star performers, we learn that there was a Fred Collins, who played the field for Boston in 1902; another Fred—or, perhaps, the same—who shone for awhile in Pittsburgh gardens during 1902; a Frank Collins, who played the outfield for St. Louis in 1892; a collegiate Collins, who disported himself most acceptably with Pittsburgh and Boston three seasons back, and a Billy Collins, who, a few years ago, wore the uniform of Braves and Cubs. Sundry others of the Collins stock came and went, leaving only a brief imprint on the sands of baseball time, but, no matter how long or short their stay, they always played earnest ball and gave all they had.

Hubert Collins, dead long since, was a neat and easy-moving player either at second base or in the pastures, a good batter, and one of the best-liked of the old time brigade.

Jimmy Collins, marvel of third basemen for long seasons, was one of the great stars who can never be forgotten. He was the king of third sackers for many years, and a whaling batsman too. Perish, now, one and forever, that old story about Collins being an outfielder by trade, and accidentally, as it were, being converted to a third baseman. He played some ball in center field for Boston, simply because the infield was overcrowded, but, in the minors, had been a third baseman and a shortstop, and a crackerjack at both positions.



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Ray Collins was a college southpaw, and was an impressive figure among the American League lefthanders till he gave up the game two years ago. He was one of the best of all sinister flingers, and a bright, keen witted thinker, too. So were all the Collins tribe—who ever heard of a bonehead whose name was Collins?

Eddie Collins, who broke into the lime-light eleven years ago, started as a modest substitute, and soon became one of the greatest diamond artists of all time.

Shauno Collins has ever been a hardy batsman, a neat outfielder, and able to play a nifty game on first. He was a worthy member of the tribe—and so were the others, less renowned. Nearly all the Collins boys, strange to say, have been infielders or outfielders. They laid off the battery-work; no Collins has been famous as a catcher, and only one, Ray, ever took to pitching.

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The Dalys—counting in the Daleys, Dailys, Daileys, and Dealeys, all phonetic members of the horde—outnumbered the Collins' clan, and had men for all the fielding positions. Noble service have the Dalys done the game—their escutcheon shines bright as that of the Collins' race, and they have accomplished marvels at the bat, upon the slab, and in the field.

As far back as 1883, we find a Daily listed at Cleveland, and another Daily at Providence in 1885. From that time on, the Dalys crowd the box-scores and the record-books. One of the most famed of all was One Armed Hugh, Hugh Daily, maker of great strikeout records despite his disability. He was a pitching star of the most sensational pattern, and, with his one wing, fielded surprisingly well. Then there was Tom Daly, a brilliant catcher with the Chicago Colts, afterwards an infielder of classy quality, able to go anywhere inside the diamond and make good. The Dalys took well to catching. There was the original Tom, just mentioned; there was Pat Dealey, who caught at Boston in 1885; Con Daily, who backstopped for many big league clubs, hit hard, and lasted many seasons; Joe Daly, who took them off the bat in Boston during 1892; and Tom Daly II, who has been with both the White Sox and the Cubs, but now wears the uniform of Uncle Sam.

Willie Daley, a wild but formidable lefthander, did good deeds at Boston in 1889. Ed Dailey pitched acceptably for the Phils in 1885. Jud Daley capered in the outfield for the Reds eleven years ago. The Athletics had an outfield Daley in 1913; the Yankees had one in 1914; a youth named Daly was, for a time, on the Browns' infield during 1912, and the old books show miscellaneous Dalys and Dailys performing, infield and out, for the Phils in 1886, Brooklyn in 1912, Washington in 1887, Indianapolis in 1888, and many other burgs for little spurts of time.



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