

The Psychology of Pitching

AN INTERVIEW WITH RUSSELL FORD ON HERE IN BASEBALL



BY JAMES S. HAMMOND.
RUSSELL FORD, known among baseball players and fans alike as "that mysterious pitching marvel," was apparently applying some new sort of five-finger exercise to an old, well-nigh incapsulated ball when I entered the clubhouse at the New York American League plant. I wanted to get a close range look at this wonderful boxman Nemesis of Tyrus Cobb, John Franklin Baker and Tristram Speaker, the batting prides of the Han B. Johnson organization, and ask him what he had to say about his many pitching triumphs.

Ford is one of that class of slabs who possess something more than the skill of a strong right arm. He carries a strange mental force to the corner of the diamond with him whenever he goes in to pitch feeling perfectly "right" that gets on the nerves of the greatest batters more effectively than his puzzling curves and shoots.

felt his sharp retort had occasioned me to employ, and uttered the following explanation with unquestionable affability:

"I was practicing a new clutch which has suggested itself to me and promises greater accuracy and higher speed, as I suppose my automobile friends would put it. It means tipping the ball along the rough seams instead of taking hold of it any old way."

There could be no question of the highly developed intelligence of young Mr. Ford. I assured myself of this deduction by the time he had explained to me that new grip on the ball which I found him studiously practicing when I entered the clubhouse. He displayed no marked mannerism, but, on the other hand, there was nothing of the commonplace in his demeanor. I was pleased to find him the quiet, impressive strategist I had expected to meet.

The conventional human being would probably have made the customary display of welcome greeting and asked what he could "do for me," but Mr. Ford did neither. His mind placed me at ease and commanded me to proceed with the object of my appearance in his presence to my entire satisfaction.

here is material for a true psychological baseball study. There must indeed be something strange and deeply interesting about this unique baseball celebrity, and as soon as the opportunity was afforded me I set out to investigate it, filled with keen enthusiasm for a phenomenon so interesting and out of the ordinary.

WRECK OF THE UNLIE A GRAPHIC STORY BASED ON FACT

John Welsh Narrates Thrilling Adventures of Wreck in Pacific and Isolation on Desolate Island—How He Alone Survived.

John Welsh is living in Liverpool, England. It is 52 years since Captain Charles Adams, of Portsmouth, Neb., first heard him tell of the loss of the *Unlie*, and so great an impression did it make that he remembers the story almost word for word. He has heard it many times since. It was in the plain little sitting-room of the Wells-street Sailors' Home, where John Welsh was boarding in 1860, that the two men met.

"Hello, John. Where have you been?" asked Adams.

John Welsh was a young man, but the eyes he turned to his friend were those of one old in suffering.

And I thought to myself, when I first heard these solemn expressions, and yelled, "All hands below—man the pumps!"

There was hardly any motion to the ship, and the sea was quiet, but the strain of the heavy weather had been too much and the *Unlie* had sprung a leak.

All that day we worked over the pumps. By evening we were ready to drop where we stood and the water was no lower than when we had first taken to the pumps.

me, one night. "I don't want to live like poor old Dave did. I'd rather die in my senses."

maker, and then I remembered the smile that had come to the lips of Tom Collins at the last. That brought me back to the world at me and climbed the sky.

When we were on the crest, the horizon looked as though the rim of the earth and been scalloped with a giant knife.

Our oars bent as we pulled to where the ship had been, hoping that some of the men might rise, but the suction had claimed them all. Not so much as a cap was there to show that our comrades had ever lived.

When the boat beached, six haggard, tottering men stumbled into the sand. Some threw themselves on the ground, groaning or panting. Others started in search of water, but Mr. Clark stopped them and roused the others. There was danger that the tide might carry away the boat and he drove the men to pull it high and dry before leaving it.

Bill Dawson and Joe Bell had been sitting for some time and the loss of Brickett affected them terribly.

One afternoon the surf was booming and roaring against the coral reefs and sand that meant that the boat would be washed up on to the beach and I hurried down to the water. Tom Collins was desperately weak and his non had grown nothing.

When I roused myself the fish was nearly chilled and I upbraided myself for carelessness. Scrambling up the bank, I hurried with it to Tom. He was stretched out on his back, his arms open as though he were about to embrace some one. There was really a little smile on his lips, but his face—his face was grey, grey as the mist and the sea.

After that I don't remember. It seems as though I slept for years, and set dimly recalling running about the island and talking to old Dave about who had disappeared. I felt no surprise at seeing him and never even thought to ask him where he had been. "Don't say the world at me and climbed the sky."

There was no danger of wreck, but the ship was straining all the time. We never had a chance to ease up on timbers and stays that were bearing all their stand. Every time I went below for a little rest, I waked up hoping the wind had dropped, but always there were the great seas leaping all about us.

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"This can't go on much longer," said the captain. "It isn't in the nature of timber and cable to stand it."

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PORTRAITS OF THE MONA LISA SISTERS

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er son of a family beneath her own exalted position.

family and married the elder brother of Amerigo Vespucci—from whom our country takes its name. The rejected lover, so the report ran, had caused the death of the great Lorenzo's daughter, and Simonetta touched by his side in it, while he pulled the ring off. Who was she? It was not an illusion.

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