

# THE GASHOUSE GANG



**ME AND PEPPER** Martin had a barrel of fun during those Gashouse years, but let me tell you: a fella ain't got no better buddy in the world than his brother.

Paul Dean, of course, was my younger brother. The press dubbed him “Daffy” to go along nicely with my own special moniker, but to me, he ain't never been nothing but Paul. Aside from his excellence on the pitching mound, me and Paul are sorta apples and oranges. Quiet, reserved, polite and mild mannered, Frisch was never gonna find my brother Paul tackling cattle on a Sunday afternoon! Whereas I'm always up to something, moving about, hemming and hawing, Paul could sit down in an easy chair and not stand up for hours. I knew, from an early age, that it was my job to stick up for my kid brother.

It became my mission to make sure that Paul was paid fair enough for his services to the St. Louis Cardinals. When I realized that me and Paul got paid half as much as Wild Bill Hallahan, another pitcher on the team, we went on strike. After all, **Babe Ruth** cost the Yankees more than \$100,000 that year. Me and Paul cost the Cardinals nothing but a few headaches.

I wasn't having it no more, so I figured me 'n' Paul needed to make a point. The next time we were on the road with the team those managers found us munching a bucket of fried chicken, shooting the breeze under a live oak tree instead of catching the Cardinals' train. Can you believe ol' Frankie had the nerve to fine me and Paul for this behavior? I went crazy, I'll tell ya, turned the locker room upside down, tore up my uniform and everything. When the reporters found out about that, they wanted the scoop. I was all too eager to repeat the scene in front of their fancy **flashbulbs**. A week later, I wisely recognized I wouldn't come out on top of this fight and me and Paul went back to the team to continue our winning ways. But, I'll always stand up for my brother. I may be the best pitcher in the world, but I'd say Paul's

the only other player who's got to be pretty darn close.

You know, me and Paul actually have an older brother, Elmer. Not much of a ball player, but a fine fellow nonetheless, proud to also claim the name Dean. Funny thing about Elmer is, once we actually lost him. It was 1926, the summer I was 15. Me and Paul, my



father and Elmer had just finished clearing one cotton patch, so we piled into a few **jalopies** with our neighbors, heading out in search of another. Me and Paul and my father were in the first and Elmer and the neighbors drove the second. Our caravan came to a railroad crossing and the car I was in crossed the tracks. Unfortunate thing was, a train came along 'bout that time and Elmer's car had to wait for it. When the caboose finally cleared the way, we was gone, out of sight, and Elmer's group never caught up. With no telephones and hardly any money on hand, it seemed our brother was lost for good.

It was four years before we found him! Elmer was just eating some grub in a restaurant when he overheard an old man reading a

newspaper article about Ol' Diz pitching up a storm down in Houston. Elmer recognized me in the paper as his brother Jay Hanna, and he took himself right down to Houston and got a job at the ballpark selling peanuts to the crowd. We was finally reunited!


'Course it were the younger Dean brothers who became the dynamic duo on the ball field. Paul signed on to the Cardinals in March of 1934. I told them press people that me and Paul were gonna have a family contest to see who could win the most games. I figured whoever won between us would most certainly lead the National League in wins. I couldn't see how nobody could beat us Redbirds with not one, but two Deans on the team.


And I told them we'd be sure to win 45 games between us. And, darn, if I didn't make good on that promise. I went on ahead and won myself 30 games with Paul performing not too shabby either, winning himself a solid 19. For those of you keepin' track out there, that's a total of 49 wins for the Dean brothers.

Didn't I tell ya? It ain't braggin' if you go out there and get it done.



## EXTRA INNINGS!

 Dizzy and Daffy Dean went on strike hoping to earn equal pay. Can you find an example of a group on strike or completing negotiations?

 Dizzy and Daffy lost their brother, Elmer. Newspapers often have a “lost and found” section. Locate this section. Write a lost and found ad from the Dean brothers to Elmer.

**Learning Standards:** I can write for a specific purpose and audience. I can use the newspaper to locate information.

## POP UPS

**GEORGE HERMAN “BABE” RUTH JR.** played 22 seasons in Major League Baseball from 1914–1935. He is widely considered to be one of the greatest players to ever play the game.

**FLASHBULBS:** Cameras during the 1930s used flashbulbs the size of a modern day light bulb.

**JALOPIES:** A jalopy is another name for a very old, junky car.