

August 4, 1943 Hall of Famer Schlickerrieder

The Kingsport Cherokees, behind a pair of complete game efforts from rookie pitchers Warren "For Crying Out Loud" Schlickerrieder and Melvin Nee, sweep an Appalachian (D) League doubleheader from the first-place Bristol Twins.



Melvin Nee Warren Schlickerrieder
Kingsport Cherokees

For their efforts, an obviously jubilant *Kingsport (Tenn.) Times*, nominates the two first-year players for inclusion into the Appalachian League Hall of Fame.

Schlickerrieder, a four-year letter winner in baseball at Manhattan College in New York, secures a 10-4 opening-game victory allowing the Twins four runs in seven innings on eight hits, three walks and three strikeouts ... Nee, a 19-year-old right-hander, is even more impressive, yielding only five hits and earning his first career shutout in a 2-0 victory.

Originally signed by the Atlanta Crackers on May 23 as an outfielder/first baseman, Schlickerrieder will go 5-5 in 15 games for the Cherokees, including one shutout, while hitting an even .200 (24-for-120) in his only season of professional baseball.

In early June, just before leaving for a week's vacation back in New York, Schlickerrieder offers the writers a compromise on the spelling of his name, "I know Schlickerrieder is a lot to put in a box score, so if it'll make it easier, you can just write 'Slick.' That's what the boys call me anyway."

The Drink that Keeps on Giving *Kingsport Times, July 18, 1943*

Warren Schlickerrieder and Yves Girard go for things in a big way. At least they did Friday night. So badly did they want a five cent cold drink that they got off the players' bus in Johnson City after the game in Erwin and stopped for a refreshing pause.

That slight stop cost both of them exactly \$8.94. Nope, there isn't that much tax on a soft drink in Johnson City. The two hurried for the place where the bus was, but it wasn't – and they spent a hectic night, which included riding a taxi to the airport and trying to thumb a ride to Kingsport.

After discovering that no one was willing to pick up two stranded players, they decided to try their luck at thumbing back to the Cardinal town. They were picked up by a big red car, so they say, and arrived back from where they started. They played ritzy and spent the night in a hotel, catching an early bus back to Kingsport Saturday morning.

"That was the most costly drink we ever bought," both of them said.