

Oh, <sup>Christ</sup> ~~Cripes~~, I'm a busy guy. You know that I was with the Yankees in 1920 & 1919 ~~and~~ 1922, don't you? Then I went to the Red Sox and come back to the Giants in '28. Phila in '29 and '30 and then I went to Brooklyn in '31, '32 and '33. Then back to the Giants in '33 and '34. Started as a pitcher.

Well, when I was a kid I played ball, you know. I was a pitcher and in 1912 I pitched the <sup>Bay View</sup> ~~Fairview~~ (?) Grammar School of a championship that year. We had a woman manager, a teacher, Rosie Stultz was her name. Seventh grade teacher. She managed the team. We won the championship. 14 at the time, was all I was. Won the championship of the city, played all the other grammar school district champions. I pitched that championship game. Never lost a ballgame for them. Then I quit for a while and went back to playing ball in 1916. Fooled around a little bit, but kind of lost interest in it till they started the Native Sons <sup>League</sup> ~~Teams~~ here. Had to be born in Cal. to join. Well I pitched the Sons to a championship, too. Lost one game, but that was disqualified cause they had a "ringer" a professional player on the team...so they were disqualified and I won that game too. Had no idea of being a professional at that time. Didn't know how good I was, know what I mean? But I could hit and run like the dickens.

In the Native Sons I used to pitch and hit fourth. Pitched them to a championship and that fall the SF club signed me to a contract and I joined them in 1917. To show you how fast I was, there was 50 fellows in training in California and the manager of the ballclub put a \$5 gold piece (didn't have paper money in this part of the country then, all gold) at home plate and put all the players in center field, and I slid into home plate and picked up the \$5!

Then in 1917 they farmed me out. SF team had a wonderful pitching team. Great pitching: Bill <sup>Steen</sup>~~Steen~~, Spider Baum, Olaf Erickson. They had a great pitching staff and I was just a kid.

Sent me to Des Moines, Iowa and the third or fourth game I pitched a line drive hit me and knocked that finger off, see. Well, I went to the hospital and blood poisoning set in, had to stay there about a month. Couldn't pitch for quite a while. Then in 1918, when I was 21, went to the <sup>SF again.</sup>~~Giants.~~

See, I didn't even graduate from grammar school. They took me out of grammar school and put me to work in a slaughter house. See, my father believed that if you learned <sup>a</sup>~~the~~ trade, why that was the thing to do. Only he was 50 years ~~xxx~~ ahead of <sup>time</sup>~~the game~~, see. Now's the time to learn a trade. A fellow now knows a trade, gets more than a banker! See? And

✓

*in addition, besides getting more than bankers,*  
~~Only~~<sup>^</sup> he gets more than a banker gets. Gets vacation with pay, insurance paid, hospitalization, welfare and everything else. My father was 50 years ahead of the times, see. Would have been better if I had a good education, then. But, of course, I know that education~~s~~, that's <sup>half</sup> the pleasure of life,  
<sub>n</sub>  
See, I know this. I educated myself a little bit so's I could converse with people. Met a lot of people. In those days, course, some parents would have objected their son becoming a ball players. But My dad didn't thing a thing about it. He was elated, if anything.

Sad thing is, see, my Dad died in 1918 when I was in the Navy. As I was telling, see, in 1918 I joined the <sup>SF Seals</sup> ~~Giants~~ and I was the best pitcher on the staff. And July of 1918 a fellow by the name of Newton Baker, Secretary of War, come out with a directive, either work or fight. And I'd ~~xxxx~~ had enough of working in the slaughterhouse when I was a kid. So I joined the Nave. When I got out of the Navy of Jan. of 1919, I was drafted with the New York Ynkees, and that's when I joined the Yankees, as a pitcher. But I had a bad arm, hurt it piting for the Navy. Didn't do much in the Yankees. Then went to Boston in 1923 and tried to pitch upe there, but I couldn't pitch so they sold me to Salk Lake City, where I pitched a little bit, but you know, the high altitude out there, you could hit a ball with one hand and hit it our of the ballpark. So I said

✓

So I said to the manager of the ballclub: I am now an outfielder. but he said, you can't play the outfield. Well, I says, I'll learn.

So I played the outfield and led the Coast League in hitting that first year, with 392. And you know the rest of it.

Course I'd hit 398 in the majors. Closer to 400 than anybody ever hit ~~at that time.~~ <sup>+ didn't get it..</sup> Only eight fellows in the history of baseball ever hit 400. I have the highest batting average of any guy living. Yeah, rest of the guys are dead. I'm talking about lifetime average. 349 some odd.

So that's the story of my life! Could have made a movie of that, huh. ~~Was going to make a movie, too.~~ <sup>but you can't</sup> Lot of things on the sidelines, can't be printed, you know.

~~Story~~ Oh, years ago I went to Japan with a ballteam and I coached at six universities overthere and started professional baseball in Japan.

Went over one year with an All Star Team. Don't know , but I liked the people. ~~liked the universities.~~ <sup>interesting country, interesting people.</sup> See, I like people who you're not wasting your time trying to help them. You don't waste your time, you know. Teaching Japanese and teaching Americans is just like day and night. American kid knows more than the coach, see. Always did. These american baseball players today, even the pros, they think the oldtimer's living in the past. They won't talk baseball with you, they'd rather talk stocks, bonds and real ✓

estate. And their commercials and the things that they autographed, you know? They don't care to discuss baseball.

Course when I was playing there wasn't that much to do. Wasn't any television or any other of that malarky. Sit around the hotel lobbies and talk baseball. in St. Louis, at the old Buckingham Hotel, there was a fountain and on hot nights you'd sit around the fountain and talk baseball and then go out <sup>how to</sup> ~~and~~ beat the ~~same~~ guys the next day! People all around the hotel, any of those hotels, knew the ballplayers names, all of them. Couldn't buy a thing. Yeah, we'd sit around and talk baseball, how we'd beat the buys the next day. So, if you did that, you know it must have been better baseball, then. ~~Thk~~ I never saw so many ballclubs hit into double plays in my life, as I do today. It's the cancer of baseball and they can't figure out how to beat it. When I managed I was trying to think how I could I stay out of the double play, all the time. Bunt, hit and run, steal, million things can beat it, but they just get up there and slug and can make 7 , 8 , 10 double plays a ballgame!

They don't even thing about a high average. Bet you that when they get up to the plate they're not even thinking about how the fellow's going to pitch to them, if he is! There is some fellows that are trying to pitch nowadays. Used to talk about every hitter, in the clubhouse, in

my day, guess they still go. Used to have meetings every day, how to pitch to a fellow, how to play him, see? In my day, you know, a fellow'd be trying to pitch to a spot on you.

They'd have the infield and the outfield around so they'd ~~hit~~ pitch low curves to a fellow. Well, he certainly couldn't hit the ball to left field. They'd made him hit it the way they wanted him to hit.

I started with about a 37 - 38 ounce bat. Only weighed 170 when I played. Between 169 and 171. Very few of them were down at the end like they are now....<sup>most</sup> ~~all~~ choked the bat, even myself. Could never swing from the end of the bat, used to choke about 2 inches.

Yeah, I went over there, to Japan, in 1931 <sup>on</sup> with an All Star Team. And the following year <sup>2</sup> ~~went~~ back to coach the Six University Leagues, with Moe Berg and Ted Lyons and myself. That's ~~12~~ '32. In '33 <sup>2</sup> ~~went~~ back there to make a contract to get another big league ballclub over there with Connie Mack, and Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig and Fox, and Lefty Grove.

Then in '37 was supposed to bring a ball club over there but got a wire from them that due to the confliction<sup>(sic)</sup>/in China, we were unable to bring the clubs over. "Confliction" they called it. Then, after the war, went over in '49, wanted to do that cause I knew if we brought a baseball team over there it would cement friendship between these people and us.



But MacArthur wouldn't let me in there. See, in '49 when <sup>I finally</sup> ~~MacArthur~~ got in there Jees, it was terrible. The people were so depressed, you know, I was there in the <sup>years also</sup> ~~early days~~ and their cry used to be Bonzai, Bonzai. But in '49 they were ~~so~~ so depressed that when I hollered Bonzai at them, they didn't even respond. I <sup>left there</sup> ~~went back again~~, 6 weeks later, and all of Japan was Bonzai-ing again!

Oh, Jesus, so many of my friends in Japan got killed during the war. So many. Well, you know, in time of war we all get bitter, you know. See, there's one thing I knew about them: that they were going to be tough opponents. For so long their God is the Emporer. And they have no fear for death, none whatsoever. You know that any time boys go up in the airplanes and drop it down the smokestack of a ship, he certainly isn't showing fear. Well, see, if the Emporer's their God, then they all became heroes, see? They figure on reincarnation, these people, see? Well, when you battle against that, it's bound to be rough. Course we outsmarted them and outproduced them. That's what did it.

When I got there after the war, I thought all they'd talk about was the bomb. But they didn't seem to be excited or vicious about it/<sup>at</sup>all. At least those I talked to didn't.



In the fall of '34 I had talked to them about professional baseball there. They couldn't understand why their baseball wasn't up to our professional standards. Well, I tried to tell them that they were playing college baseball only, ~~with~~ with boys quitting at 21 or 22, while that's just when we're starting. See, they always ~~wanted~~ wanted to see if they could beat us when we went there, how superior we were. See, that's their psychology. If our team beat them, why nobody would go to another ballgame. What's the use of seeing something inferior, they'd think. Now, our psychology is different, we're going to beat them as bad as we can beat them, and the hell with it. Don't care to see how much superior they are. Now, we'd have more people going if we beat the Japanese teams over here. If they beat us, wouldn't be anybody coming. They'd say, Well, those bums. Right? See that? Our psychologies are just opposite. And in other ways, too. When we blow a horn in an automobile, we want to get the people out of the road. Horn blows: Get out of the way. We're coming! Right? Well, when they blow the horn, they're telling the pedestrian, "We see you." We see you. Honk, honk, we see you. But we blow a horn, get out of the road. So when the horn blows in Japan, they don't jump or anything, they take their time and move very slow because they know they're not getting hit with the automobile, cause the driver's told them he sees them. Correst?

✓

American ballplayers are getting \$100,000 ~~or so~~ <sup>for 3 yrs</sup> to play in Japan.

Even minor leaguers. They don't come over here, cause they got good pay over there. Why should they come here? Doby was over there, Newcomb couldn't make it. About 10 or 12 American ballplayers over there. See? But a Japanese player comes over here, can't speak the language, doesn't know what to do, why he's better off there. And the pay is pretty goo over there.

You know, I named the Tokyo Giants. I was with the Giants at the time when I started professional baseball there. Veek, when he had the White Sox, wanted to bring over Nokegema<sup>a</sup> (?), first baseman. ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>They</sup> wanted \$600,000 our money, to sign up. So the manager of the Japanese team says, yeah, ok, you give us Nelly Fox and a couple of other guys and ~~some~~ money and we'll give you Nokegema. See, wanted to deal, see. But in the next place, Nakegema wouldn't want to come! In fact, the baseball player in Japan is more important than the ballplayer in America. National hero. Number one guy.

I was with the Yankees when they played in the Polo Grounds and they used to bring in about five or six hundred people! But, as you know, the Giants were the big team then, when McGraw had them. But Ruth came over there, and broke all the records and people started coming. Wasn't did ✓

the Yankees win, no that wasn't the question everyone asked. What did Ruth do, they wanted to know. Goo natured fellow. Nice to all the other players. All the ballplayers loved him. Always playing and joking with everyone. *I used to go to Coney Island with him. Ride to Phil. in his car with him.* Great fellow. Certainly an asset to baseball.

See, I got along with all ballplayers at all times. When I first broke in with the San Fransico baseball club in 1917, as a kid from Butcher Town, why, I was kind of timid, you know, just out of the sticks and all. I went out there and remember once I went up to the batting cage (thought I was a pretty good hitter, you know?) Well, one of the players, says, Out in the outfield, bush, shag those balls. So I went out in the outfield and shagged the balls and never got up to the cage again until I got some kind of reputation. That's the way it was. In the early times the players used to try to protect themselves and protect each other. They didn't want any kids coming into the game and take their job or their friend's job. This day and age, why everyone's catering to the youngsters.

We had to pick it up ourselves. No coaches then. Managers spent pretty good amount of time with the player, though. Not many kids broke into a ballclub in those days. If one did, during they year, then, why it was an event, see? So the manager didn't have so many fellows to keep watching and keep teaching, so he could spend some time with the rookies.

It's certainly a lot softer now, than it was. How can they give these fellows, sight unsee, without knowing what inside their bodies, what kind of a heart they have, what kind of intestinal fortitude they have, give them \$100,00 to sign a contract. This seems to me...I can't understand it. Imagine, if the Bank of America here would go down to the university at Stanford, get the honor student there and give him a couple of <sup>hundred</sup>/thousand dollars and say, some day you're going to be one of the big shots in the bank. Same idea. They wouldn't dare do that, would they? I can't understand that when a man proves himself and he'd got the ability, like when Ruth was in his tope, or Cobb or Di Maggio, or any of the great stars, and after you make good, why I think those are the fellows that should get the dough. I don't think they should give it to some fellow who's unproven. They throw so much money away. If I was playing today and playing for the salary that I played for and they got some kid and payed him \$10,000 to sign a contract, why I'd kind of be disappointed ~~and~~ in the whole set up. I led the national league in hitting, hit 289 and hit 254 hits. Broke the record. And I got a \$500 raise in Phila. And had to play 10 or 12 exhibition games to get our salaries, too. Here if a ballclub plays one exhibition game a year, why they're moaning like something happened to them.

✓

Aw, no kidding. I was lucky to get \$8,000! In 1930, I'd led the national league in hitting and ~~made~~ <sup>hitting 368</sup> ~~xxxxxxx~~ and they cut me \$1,000! So, I was just born thirty years too soon, it was depression, no kidding! I'm telling you the truth!

I loved to play! Gee, when I was playing ball in the big league my bats were jumping up and down in the trunk ..couldn't wait to get in the ballpark, grab that bat. Course when I got a hitting streak! Some fellows are in a batting slump all their lives. Must be drudgery for those fellows to go to the ballpark. But, I mean, I couldn't wait till I'd get there.

The last day of the season, I was traded from NY over to Phila for a boy name of Fred Leach. McGraw gave me \$20,000 release to Phila. Went over there, and of course, as you know, led the league that year. The last day of the season, I was tryint the break Babe Ruth's record, and John McGraw pitched two left handers against me, being a left hand hitter, and of course papers were kind of ribbing McGraw about trading me and all. I was trying to hit 400! MCGraw pitched Hubbell and a couple of others. Hubbell was, in 1929, in his prime. Well, I had <sup>247</sup> ~~240-odd~~ hits going into the last day of the season and I had to have 3 hits to tie Hornsby's record and 4 hits to break it. He had 250 for the season. So I

✓

So I had 3 for 3 off Hubbell, and really thought I just might break Hornsby's record. I was kind of shaky, but the fourth hit was a home run over the fence to break Hornsby's record and I went on to get three more hits ~~xx~~ off Walker. Got 7 for 7 and last time I was up got a line drive off Walker and a kid made a shoe string catch. But I got 254 hits, broke the record by 4 hits. Following year, Terry went and tied that record. Never been beaten, but tied by Terry.

Why I used to look around the infield and if I saw a hole, why I'd try to hit the ball through the hold. Wouldn't try to hit it out of the ballpark, or anything. Got a lot of home runs, 30 some odd, but never went up there to try to hit home runs. Always tried to do something with the ball.

*When I first st to play <sup>base</sup> ball that if*

It was an unwritten law ~~that~~ a batsman ~~would~~ hit 3 and 0 <sup>at</sup> any

time <sup>The net</sup> Any time he <sup>came</sup> up there <sup>ball</sup> he was knocked down 4 consecutive times.

*They're yelling so much today about the beanball. Be better off if they target <sup>about</sup> My God, fining a man cause he throws at them. They've got an iron helmet <sup>about</sup> an umpire \$50 a batter!*

on their head, haven't they? If I was pitching today, I'd see if I could

skip them off their head! We wore a felt hat, and I saw many a ball coming

*at* at my noggin. How they could get hit in the head, anyway, is beh[ond] me.

If they can see it, ...well. It's part of the game.

*broke my rib.*

Why ~~they broke my fingers~~, they broke my elbow. Hit me in the shoulders, hit me in the legs. A ballplayer will ~~struggle~~ fight himself out of it. Drag the ball and spike the pitcher. Ballplayer himself should fight out of it. Why are the general managers and the managers hollering. They don't have to go up there and hit, do they? What are they screaming about? And what they're doing is scaring all the ballplayers in baseball. About this beanball. Why the umpire going out and warning these pitchers. How does he know, ball could have slipped, couldn't it? Only human being, it's not a lathe, not a piece of machinery. Only a human being, ball could slip, with the perspiration on his fingers, ball could slip. I've seen a lot of fellows throw a ball lands 10 feet in front of the plate! And a lot hit the screen, not trying, see? And here the umpire "warns" them if they just come close to somebody!

Fuzzy Huff got in a discussion with someone about the line drive that hits the pitcher in the head. What about that. Nobody says anything about that. Nobody "warns" anybody! Why Score got hit in the noggin, didn't he? Bill Pierce got hit in the head. More pitchers get hit in the head than batsmen. If they can hit those line drives back, why can't the pitcher protect himself? As I said, the shoe is on the other foot! Got so bad in St. Louis, when Gabby Street managed, that the catcher used to say to

Well, here you go, Frank" and i used to duck, see? <sup>And go</sup> Play against Malone and Bush and those fellows, pitching out of white shirts, why you go down once every time you get up there.

*manager the Cubs*

Hornsby used to give the signs from the bench to the pitcher and we used to watch H<sup>O</sup>rnsby give those signs and know what was coming. When he'd put his head back and shake it, why that was the knock down sign. We knew we were going to get knocked down before <sup>the catcher</sup> they knew it.

*Hartnett*

Last day of the season, against Chicago, <sup>Huff</sup> is catching and Bush is pitching and I'm standing at the plate and Hornsby's in the dugout giving the sign to Bush for a fast ball ~~and~~ (see, he'd give the sign to the pitcher and then the catcher would flash all the signs, but the pitcher would shake them off, except the right one), so ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>Hartnett</sup> Huff gives the curve ball sign to Bush and he shakes it off, and I turned to <sup>Hartnett</sup> Huff and says, Don't you know Hornsby wast the fast ball, <sup>Gabby?</sup> ~~Fuzzy?~~

That's what we used to be thinking about all the time, talking baseball. How are we going to get the signs from pitchers. All of them had some little peculiarity, you know. Now a lot of men give signs, like Hornsby, from the bench, but instead of doing it like Hornsby and giving it themselves to the pitcher, they give it to some other man on the bench, one different man each inning or so. But Hornsby himself called every

pitch...at least in the latter part of that season in Chicago, he did.

McGraw would call all the field plays, but not all the pitches. He was a great man for the curve ball you know. If a fellow could keep throwing curve balls...well, I'd guarantee that the guy at the plate has less chance of hitting a good curve as any other ball. Hit that ball only once in a while. Course some guys can hit that curve pretty good -- take Felipe Alou.

I marvel how they hit the ball back then. They used to use licorace and make the ball as black as your hat. And they'd rub it up on a nail. Why just imagine Ty Cobb, hitting the emory ball, the spit ball, the coffee ball the mud ball, the parrafin ball (used to chew coffee beans and ~~mix~~ spit it in the seams, and parafin to make it shine and skip). Just imagine Cobb hitting 360 and more lifetime, for more than 20 years, hitting 400 several times! Imagine. Like a fellow once said to me (when Cobb was about 70 years old), at a testimonial dinner for Durocher, after Durocher had talked a little about the great Willie Mays and all, I got up and said that evidently Mr. Durocher never saw Mr. Cobb and Mr. Babe Ruth and several others like Joe Jackson and Harry Heilmann, saying that Mays was the greatest baseball player that ever lived. He's a great baseball batter and he can run the bases pretty good, but he couldn't carry the bat of any player. No chance. And I talked about Cobb hitting all those

✓

all these mud balls and all and 367 for more than twenty years, see? Well, one of the players said to me, what Do you think he'd hit today, with this lively ball. Well, I said, he'd hit as much as Mays, 345, or 350, something like that. So the kid~~s~~ says to me, Well, why do you say he was such a great hitter and ballplayer, if he could only hit, with this lively ball, this white ball, only 345 or so. Well, I says, you got to take into consideration that the man is now seventy years old!

Yeah, Ty Cobb with this ball would have hit 600, without the mud ball and the meory ball and all. And sometimes I fielded the same ball for three ballgames. Used to go in the stands and they'd throw it back in the ball game. Public never kept the ball. Threw it right back into the field. That's only since Babe Ruth, you know, keeping the ball. Always khrew the ball back in the ballpark before that. That's a pretty good expense too, all those balls.

I managed DiMaggio his last year. Tell you how great he wash my first year managing, 1935, he hit 397 for me. I had him playing in right field. It was always my contention that the best arm should be in right field. Stop the guys from going froom first to third. Weak arm in right field can let a guy go from first to third. Andy kind of an arm's OK in center field. So I had DiMaggio playing right. Went up to the big league, ✓

made him play center. But in 1935, we got off to a bad start. We went on the win the pennant. I got six ballplayers and \$25,000 for DiMaggio! And the next year I finished seventh of the eight clubs in the league, with him. Yankees went on to win pennants with him. Shows you how important one man can be for a ballclub Especially DiMaggio.

Yeah, when I was 59, I played in a game at Vancouver. Hit a ball that, if I was in my prime I could have walked all around the bases with, but as it was, I managed to waddle to third. And I had a pair of glasses on when I hit that ball, too.

Toporcer and Chick Hafey, Spec Meadow, all wore glasses. Today, they got a better racket: they wear contact lenses.

Played for Huggins, McGraw, Max Cary, Bill Terry, Burt Schotten, Frank Chance. All of them. Chance in 1923, with the Red Sox. Just shows you how good a manager is, take Frank, and he was one of the greats, you know they say, <sup>if you haven't got</sup> ~~you got~~ the horses you haven't got a Chance! Huggins was a timid fellow + McGraw was a roaring lion and a wonderful man to me. I respected him. Great man.

Fun to play for. Enjoyed him. You see, some managers, when you're going good, why, they'll say hello to you, take you to breakfast in the morning, but when you're going bad, they don't talk to you. If you're going good you don't need the manager to slap you on the back, it's when you're

✓

you're going bad, you need the manager to slap you on the back and take you to breakfast. I learnt a lot by being managed by some of these fellows. When I took over managin the ballclub, first thing I said in a meeting in the clubhoute: about 2x 30 or 40 kids in the clubhouse there, and I told them that I was going to try to treat them the way I wanted to be treated when I played. And that's the way I managed all my life, and I managed for 24 years and have yet to fine a baseball players. When a manager fines a ballplayer, he shows weakness. When you fine ~~an~~ a player and expose him to the rest, you're losing a valuable player. Right away, if you want to trade him or something, the other club says, well, better leave him, he's a bad actor, drunkard, or been fined several times and if O'Doul can't handle him, how could we? Ya see? So the value of the player depreciates by these managers fining them and taking their money from them.

It's very simple. See, there's no man indespensible. No man, I wouldn't care if he was Mickey Mantle or who it was, any of them, if they don't abide by the rules and regulations, why get rid of them, get somebody else. I would rather have just a mediocre ballplayer than a star who's going to be a star but take the whole ballclub into the gutter! Do you see? They did without Babe Ruth and they did without Lou Gehrig and they're doing without Cobb and the rest of them. So you see, they're not indespensib

✓

Id' just say, Do you like it here. "Yeah, I do" Well, then, abide by the things that I set down. If you don't , just pack your bag, don't wait till I tell you, just pack it and leave. Off. Let them fire themselves. If you want to stay, abide by the regulations, if not, pack you bags and say, I fired myself!

Never played for Hornsby, thank God. See, he didn't smoke, so he didn't want anybody else to smoke. He got up at 6 o'clock in the morning, so every one of the boys had to get up at 6 AM. He didn't read a newspaper in the clubhouse, so you weren't supposed to read a newspaper in the clubhouse. Now, I don't think that's fair, do you? But he liked to sit around the lobby and wink at girls! And he was a great player. Greatest right hander that ever lived. You see, lot of people, lots... like Cobb, when they manage they think everybody out to do like they do. Cause things may be simple for them, you know. Like me, hitting was simple. I could see the ball up there like a balloon coming in there. I was agile and fast with the bat and had good eyes, quick reflexes and I wasn't afraid of the ball. And it was simple. But it's not that easy for some. And there's a lot of things I can't do, seem simple to somebody else. Hitting golf balls isn't at all simple for me!

But Hornsby, off the field, you know, he was a pretty good guy.

✓

I didn't believe in his tactics on managing, because he seemed cruel.. you know stand on the bench without giving the pitcher any courtesy at all and going out there and saying Well, gee, tough luck today, young fellow. Today's just not your day, maybe next time out you'll have a little better pitching luck, you know. It's a lot of luck, pitching luck, young fellow. But he used to stand on the bench and call the pitcher out of the box without going out and bring in the other pitcher from the bench. Only one I've ever seen do that. I'm sure it wasn't lazyness with him, cause he just wasn't a lazy guy. To have a discussion with the umpire, why he'd run out of that dugout any time.

I tried to watch the ball as long as I could as it come up to the bat. Kind of hard to see it actually hit the bat, though. No, i think it's impossible. You watch and watch and try to see it, but I don't believe you can see it. It's travelling at such tremendous speed, how can you see the bat hit the ball. You watch the ball and try, but you can't. Even a very fast camers, right on it, can't distinguish the moment when the bat hits the ball. It's a blur, see? But if you're watching it, you're staying on it and that keeps your position and keeps you from pulling up, so you watch and watch. If you say to yourself I'm going to watch the bll hit that club, which is an expression, see, then you'll hit the ball. But

✓

I don't think you can see that. Got to watch the bat hit the ball, though, or try. But when it comes in contact with it, the ball's just travelling too fast. See, I could see the spin of the ball. I'd know, when the ball was halfway there whether it was going to be a curve or what. Absolutely, I could see the spin of the ball. I could see the ball revolving. See, the ball's revolving. You can see the way it's revolving. I could!

Had number on the backs in the big league, but not when I was with SF. In fact, didn't have numbers when I went to the Yankees, I believe. Can't really remember. Soon they'll all have names on their back and they won't sell any programs. You know, they used to go through the stands, 'Can't tell a player unless you have a program.' Yell it out "Can;t tell a player without a program", "Can't tell a player without a program".

What'd we do if we got hurt or something out in the minors where there weren't no trainers or anything? Ha! We just went out and played! Rubbed your arm with a little alcohol, and played. Got really hurt, you could go home...without pay. These fellows squawking about conditions, playing ~~day after~~ <sup>a game after a night game.</sup> day, you know. I used to play Sunday monring at Stackton, get an egg sandwikk and go and put the wet uniform on and play ~~a second~~ <sup>in Sacramento</sup> one in the afternoon! Ride 60 or 70 miles on the bus. Used to play at Oakland on a Sunday morning, og go over on the ferryboat and get a bean

✓

sandwich, carry my own uniform and play in Recreation Park in SF in the afternoon, put the wet uniform on. That was professional baseball. Pacific Coast League.

Des Moines, Iowa, we'd get on a train, and you'd carry your bats and your uniform in your own bag. Get on the train with the old wicker seats <sup>they were</sup> burning coal, ~~then~~ Well, you'd get in the car in July and August and go from Des Moines to Wichita Kansas, see, all night and part of the next day, and if you opened up the window, you'd be eating soot and cinders all night, and if you closed the window, you'd roast to death. See? So, you got off that train in the morning and if you had the winders open, why you'd all ~~xxx~~ look like you had a black mask on and if you closed the window why you didn't sleep all night. And these fellows are squawking today, with their jets and air conditioning and all! Why in St. Louis, if you slept with a sheet on you, in my day, you'd be sleeping in a puddle of water! See? And get up and play ball the next day. Now they're air conditioning the stadiums, too! What next?

If I had it to do all over again I'd be a ballplayer...without pay! Yeah. I liked to play. And I'd have played without pay. That's why I never squawked when I didn't get big salaries. I liked to play too much. They couldn't have kept me from playing! Plus the thrill of hitting one

✓

with a great big crowd around. Maybe I was a ham, I don't know. Maybe a little ham in me. But what's the use of doing something when no one's looking. Empty ball ~~park~~ park with a guy throw a great breaking curve to you and hitting it on the <sup>this</sup> ~~bean and sending it~~ out of the ballpark. What's the use of that. Wouldn't be a thrill, would it? Nothing to ~~it~~.

I was no angel, you know. See, my time, my playing time was during the prohibition, see? Well, I had brains enough not to drink that bathtub gin and <sup>stuff</sup> ~~all~~ that some of the players did. Course when beer came in in 1932, that was OK. I had a lot of rest. I liked to sleep, all right. Well, I think everybody does, when they're in their twenties or so, you know.

I smoked a little. Shouldn't have smoked any, but I did. Started when I <sup>herding sheep</sup> was in Butcher Town. Wanted to be a tough cowboy, see? <sup>Smoke That Bull Durham, see</sup> ~~That's why~~. Wanted to grow up before I was grown up. Then it becomes a habit. But I have a lot of will power that way. I could stop anything. Stopped drinking coffee in 1929. Thought it ~~was~~ soured my stomach, so I quit drinking it. Can't be so bad, though. But I thought it made me nervous and soured my stomach. <sup>Elton, Nevada?</sup> Smoked once in the high altitude, in Denver or someplace and it made me smoke, so I said, What's the use of smoking? <sup>So I threw them away,</sup> ~~And I quit~~. But I had tried to stop several times before that. Bad habit. Becomes something that you do, just like you walk. Habit.