

1965

INTERVIEW WITH JOE WOOD

R There were several things I didn't have good in my notes that I wanted to ask you about. One was your Daddy. What you said about your Daddy intrigued me and I want to hear more about him.

Well, he had such a full life. He was a brilliant man. He was a lawyer, but that didn't keep him from getting the gold fever. Oh, my God...he went to Alaska, must have been in the late 1890's, and while up there he got the Yukon diarrhea. Course I didn't go with him, I was only a kid then. He left us back here with his parents, my brother, my mother and I.

But he got this Yukon diarrhea and the Yukon was frozen and he had to walk out of there to save his life. He'd gotten so bad off with this Yukon diarrhea that he had dwindled away so, he had no feeling in his legs. He had to look down to see which way his feet were going. Wrapped his feet in gunny sacks and walked out of there...30 miles a day! And when he did come out, the doctors told him to go barefooted in the sand to try to get some feeling back in his legs, which he did.

Then, soon after that, we left here to go back East. He left from here originally and then come back to the Middle West where he met my mother and married her, and my brother was born in Kansas and

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I was born in Kansas City, Mo. Later on, we settled out in Colorado. Yes, he was a lawyer. After he got out to Colorado, before he stuck out his shingle, he got the gold fever again. He went out all through California and Nevada gold rushes. He went through Death Valley with Death Valley Scott, you've heard of him. Then he come back to Colorado we lived in the ^{Uray?} ~~xxxx~~ little town of ~~New Re~~ (?) in the Southwestern part of Colorado. Put out his shingle. His law partmer there was ^{later} /the Attorney General of Colorado. He was mixed up in some big law suits there ^{for} by the Western Federation of Miners and they sent the state militia to guard him during those trials! We were there five years. He was sort of a roving person. Early nineteen hundreds. Those five years we were there from 1900 to 1905, he was a great trial lawyer, and he never lost a case in front of a jury!

So, after that, we moved back into Western Kansas, where he ~~xx~~ originally met my mother and married here. Where my brother was born. ~~Max~~ Harley C. was his name, but they called him Pete and they called me Joe. Well, we stayed there five years and that was another five years that he never lost a case in front of a jury. While there he was attorney for the Missouri-Pacific and the Santa-Fe Railroads. Besides, he had one side of every case that come up in the courts. In those days, I was only

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a kid. Hadn't even started to play ball yet. We left there in 1910, and I played professionally in 1907.

I did all his briefs on the typewriter!

When I was 17 years old, I joined the Hutchinson club in the Western Association and my father went down to Hutchinson, Kansas with me.

I had signed a contract with Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in the three I League, through my brother, who had a ball playing friend ~~xxxxxx~~ who was going to Kansas University at the time my brother was graduated.

~~He~~ My brother was graduated in law, also, from Kansas University, Lawrence, Kansas. Well, this frind, Lefty Holmes, he was telling him what a

great estimation, you know. ~~big~~ ball player I was, my brother/~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~. And he ways, well

why ~~and~~ don't we get him into professional ball? And this Lefty Holmes

arronged for a correspondene with a fellow by thename of Belden ^HGill (?)

and he was president of the Cedar Rapids club at that time, and he

signed me up. I don't kow whether I signed up for a particular....I

played any position, and I don't know whether I signed up for an

infielder or a pitcher or what.

Anyhow, it happened that what I signed up as, he was pretty well filled with in his playe, so he had a mutual frind, by the name

(Jay Andrews)

by the name of Doc Andrews, who was manager of Hutchingson, Kansas, and he just turned me over to Andrews, and that's the way I got in. No sale, just turned me over. We used to see this Belden Hill (?) when we were training with the Red Sox down at Hot Springs Arkansas, and he said he always rued the day when he turned me over to Jay Andrews at Hutchinson ~~City~~, Kansas.

Never did step foot in the Cedar Rapids club, they turned me[over right away and I went on to Hutchingson. See, I was only a kid, just 17 years old, and my dad came with me. I imagine, being a lawyer, he wanted to see just what the contract was, and so forth. We were living out in Western Kansas, ^{SS} Neff city (?) was the name of the town. Ness, n-e-double s, Ness City. Only ¹¹⁶ ~~160~~ miles West of Hutchinson, so when the train went down there, he came along and I signed up. ^{He went home + I stayed} Looked very good to him. ~~Singe~~ signed for \$90 a month, for the season. When that season was over, they sold me to Kansas City, Mo, in the American Association, Class A League, in those days. I stayed there till, I think about August, when a Boston scout come through and picked me up for the Red Sox. That's the story.

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Yes, Rube was at Indianapolis at that same time, but I don't remember pitching that opening game. But I wouldn't know...my memory isn't worth a darn.

I had great success that spring against the big league clubs coming up through Kansas City, playing exhibition games. I'd go in, and I was pretty fast, and I had a lot of strike outs and so on. But it was the middle of the year before a scout came to look me over.

It was just as respectable to be a ballplayer than as it is nowadays, the only difference is that you have more college men in baseball now than there were then. See, my father, he didn't believe in forcing anybody to go to college. If I had wanted to go, he would have helped me, but ~~it~~ all that was on my mind, was baseball. So, he didn't insist. Even in those days, many and many a ballplayer would still play big league ball, and get to college, report to the club a little bit late, and they'd make it up. But I had no idea that I wanted to go to college. Afterwards, I thought I'd have been glad if I had, cause many and many a time I've been ~~asked~~ called upon to make a talk and so on and when it comes to getting up in front of a crowd, I'd freeze.

Now, it's the same way with me and my ~~many~~ boys, Larry. I don't insist on my boys going to college. I talk to them about how necessary

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is and what advantages they gain by it in later years, but.

3 boys + 1 girl

Well, I have ~~xx~~ one that went to Yale and two went to Colgate. They all got their degrees. Funny part of it is, the one that was the best ballplayer in the family didn't get into pro ball because he went in the army and hurt his arm. He was a ^{1st}~~third~~ baseman at Colgate and the next to oldest boy was a pitcher. They all played baseball, you know. But when he got back out of the army, he couldn't throw a ball, couldn't even play for Colgate. But now he's got a big job. He'd the administrator of the ~~Ed~~ Elliot Community Hospital, Keene, New Hampshire.

Two of them signed with the Red Sox. Joe, the oldest boy, got quite a trial with them. He tried two or three times, but never did make the grade. Other boy signed, but they sent him to Scranton, and they didn't bring him back up.

I had no idea, when I first signed up, that I'd ever get to the big leagues. I'd never paid any attention to the Big Leagues,

or anything of that sort, because, Lord, when I went to Boston I was only 18 years old. I joined the Red Sox in August of 1908 (may have been July), and I wasn't 19 until that October. (76 on the 25 of this month, you know). Youngest on the team at that time.

*17 in Hutch
18 in KC + Boston
same year*



But after I d pitched a few games up there, I knew I'd make it. Cause there was mobody as a fast as I was, except Walter Johnson! Threw that fast ball and just enough curves. Never threw a change of pace. If I had it to do over again, I'd have one. They used to tell me about it, the other pitchers, you know. There was no coaches in those days to show you how to throw those things, ^{so on} ~~you know~~ I only threw enough curve balls to let them know that I had one so that they wouldn't get a toe hold ~~to~~ lookig for my fast ball all the time. Just fast and cruve, that's all Just rare back and let her go!

The first manager was Jim McGuire. The next manager was Fred ~~Lake~~ Lake. Next was Patsy Donovan. Next was Jake Stahm. Next was Bill Corrigan. That woumd me up at Boston.

Well, yes, that's true about the Bloomer Girls. I'll tell you about that. There've been many and many a story about that, expecially that commentator, Bill Stern, he made a story out of that.

Now, here's the sotry. In 1906[^] we come back from Colorado to Kansas in 1905[^] and in 1906 (well, I was playing on the town team in ^(amateur) this little town of Ness, Mansas, in 1905[^] ^{1906 --} I played everything, pitching infield. Just a little town team.) We were playing a game when they come through there. There were not the Boston Bloomer Girls, they were ✓

what you call the National Bloomer Girls, out of Kansas City. Fellow
by the name of Logan Galbraith ([↓]Galbreath) (?) heoh, they were
advertised on posters several weeks before they got there, you know.
That was their publicity. There were only 2 boys played regularly
on the team. The third baseman, they called him Lady Madison, he put
on a wig. And the catcher's name was Chant or Chance. Then they had
another pitcher, by the name of Compton, called him Lady ^{waddell & he wore a} (~~CAN'T MAKE OUT~~
~~THE NAME.....SOUNDS LIKE LADY WYDELL YOU ALL LEAGUE~~)^{wig.}). The people must
have known that they were men. Although, they'd go around those
country gowns, and they'd put those wigs on pretty good, but they must
have known.

Well, they came in the fall of 1906 to play this exhibition
game with us in Ness City. They'd go along to all the little towns.
Well, I had a good game against them, and this Logan Galbraith who owned
the club, offered me I believe, \$21 a week to finish the last three
weeks with them. (Either it was \$21 a week, or \$21 for the three
weeks, I can't remember) Well, I went on and finished the season with
them, and wound up in Witchita, and went home from there. And that
winter I signed with Cedar Rapids.

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Course, see there weren't any locker rooms in those days. In those days, even at Hutchingson Kansas there were no locker rooms. Each fellow each couple that roomed together would have a rooma and they'd have the old bowl and pitcher and you'd pour the water in and wash. In the hotel room. That's the way we'd wash after a game. We went home from the ballgame in uniform....we did~~x~~ that in the big league too, for years. Went on busses and later, taxis. Went for years, in busses. And later, we rode streetcard to the ballpark, in uniform.

Didn't have any clubhouse in those days either.

See, I didn't wear a wig. And, sure they knew I wasn't a girl. That was legal as far as the Bloomer Girls were concerned. Anybody, except the farmer boys, would know that there were a few that weren't girls. But, I never wore a wig even. They had, oh, 4 or 5 or 6 girls along, and they had post card with pictures of the Bloomer Girls onit, you know. And these girls they'd sell those things around, see. That's what they did.

We did have one good girl ballplayer, though. You've probably heard of her, her name was Ruth Eagen. First baseman. And she could grab that ball. She played first base with a catching blove and she

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she could hit pretty well, too. In order to fillin, they'd put a girl here and there. Now, if I'd play shortstop, they'd put somebody in at second base, and they'd probably move the third baseman someplace else, put the fellow, I forget what his name was, they called him Dolly Madison, but I can't remember his name. Well, I would say, see they'd have this fellow in center field and he'd really cover all three, but they'd put a grl in right and a girl out in left. And when I played shortstop or somebody else, man, would play shortstop, why they'd have a girl on third, with a boy alongside of me at short, who could cover around, see. That's the way they did it. Same catcher all the time, though. Name of chant or Chance, Chance I think.

Yep, I guess they made expenses, the Bloomer Girls. Not an awful lot more, I don't imaginw. They went from town to town in busses... short jumps. Same thing exactly as the House of David later on.

I played three weeks there, and as I say, I don't remember whether it was \$21 for the three weeks or \$21 a week. No, I guess it was \$20 a week.

Wound up in Wichita, which was less than[200 miles from where I lived. I don't remember just what my Daddy thought of it. I don't remember that he said anything at all about it. It was an opportunity ✓

to go with them and earn this money. I'd worked all my life as a kid here, making 50¢ or a dollar, \$4 a week or something like that, and the chance to make this \$20 a week, we were very poor, and Dad had lost his money on speculation on Western Kansas land, so that looked good to me.

Dad made one fortune, he was pretty well off at one time, but then he lost it all that same winter in that speculation in that Western Kansas land.

Well, that winter, when I signed with Cedar Rapids, with Belden Hill(?), they turned me over to Hutchinson. And that's the story.

I think when I went to Kansas City, they paid me \$250, which I thought was all the money in the world!

I'll tell you the story of where my father finally settled. He had four or five sisters and one brother living. His folks had died. The estate was divided up so much for each. He came to me in 1910, after I was in Boston, and he says, could you kind of help me out, I'd like to go back home and do a little trial work in Milford and start a chicken farm on the old place, and if you help me out, I'll pay off the other heirs and we'll go back. So I did, and that's the story.

He started a chicken farm, but he found there was no trial law



work in Milford to speak of. It was all searching records and so on. So he wound up right here. He died here in '44. In a month he would have been 90!

Now, when we lived in Colorado, Larry, I ^{often} look back on it now, I see these wild west pictures, in the movies and on TV and so on. We went through all that in real life. ^{Big} Real stage coaches with the guard sitting up there with the rifle on ^{the} his back, ~~was~~ guarding the gold shipment coming down from the mines. Saw all of that in real life. All of that. I get quite a kick out of those western pictures. Course they enlarge a little on it! Every day, when we lived out there, I used to see those busses coming down from the mines loaded with gold, with the ² ^{men} ^{on it} with rifles. Course, all the ones you see now, the horses are just running like the devil, you know. But you never saw them but trot, really. Six horse teams, of course. Never saw any one of them run like that in all those years. 1900 to 1905. *In 1905 we left there + went to Ness City in western Kansas.*

I was just back to a reunion this year. Every five years they have the Old settler's Reunion in Ness Kansas and all the old fellows come back. This had nothing to do with baseball. Just the old inhabitants. I never miss them. I go back every five years, ever since I've been out of baseball, of course. When I was in baseball, I couldn't



go cause I was playing, but every since I've been out.....I've been to the last five of them and I'll go to every one of them as long as i live. That's the real old wild west. We were only 60 miles north of Dodge City! ~~I used to play~~ I played ~~golf~~ golf in Dodge City when we were out the last time.

The Ness City team played, well, like in Port Jervis here, they'd play somebody from Matamora, or a team from down here in Berryville(?) just across the river. That's the way it was in Ness Ctty. We'd play teams that were about 10 or 15 miles away, like, well, let's see if I remember, teams from Ranson (?), teams from Ellis, Kansas, teams from Bazine (?), teams from High Point (that's down south of Ness City). They were the town teams, just like I was part of the Ness City team. You'd just go out and play ball with the town team and if they saw you were any ~~good~~ good, they'd let you play for a while to see what you could do. No pay, of course. We got our uniforms, sponsored by different concerns in the town, see. We had NESS CITY across the front, but that's all. Nothing on the back like they do sometimes now.

Baseball isn't like that any more, though/ They have scouts all over the country and anyone with any ability , the scout can pick him up just like that. Like Walter Johnson, they picked ^{greatest pitcher,} him up. Best,

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I think, that ever lived, and they picked him up in Coffeerville (?)
Kansas.

Yes, its absolutely right...it was just ^{sheer} ~~pure~~ accident that my
~~my~~ brother happened to know this fellow and happened to tell him about
me and all. Now, in Kansas Cit , i didn't have such a good record,
but I had a lot of strike outs ad so on, I was terrifically fast, ad
it wasn't until August or so that they sent Fred Lake as a scout for
the Red Sox to look me over. ~~He didn't sign me up.~~ He recommended me
to them and John I Taylor got in touch with me by letter and I went up.
But really, back in those days, if you didn't have somebody like that
going to bat for you, you'd be back in the sticks all the time.
Course I ddn't get any of that money they gave the Kansas City clob
for me. They didn't do that. I imagine that if I would have known any-
thing in those days, or my father would have known anything about base
ball, that I might have held out for \$300 or 4 or 500 dollars. Some-
thing like that. Same thing when they bought Rube Marquard. Called him
, when he was bought, they paid \$11,000 for him, and they called hin
the \$11,000 lemon for a great many years. But I doubt if Rube got any
money out of that, I don't know.

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Tris Speaker had been there, ^{had} when I ~~got there~~, and they sent him out to Little Rock. He come back about a month after I joined, and we started to room together and we roomed together in the American League for 15 years! *Boston & Cleveland.*

Oh, there was nobody close to him as an outfielder, I don't think. He played at the edge of the road back of second base. Curses that was the dead ball in those days. But he could turn at the snap of the bat, you know, like that. He had that instinct, he knew where the ball was going and he'd turn and look over his shoulder and spot it and run. Oh, he was the best of all time. He has that reputation. You can talk about DiMaggio and so on, but they weren't in Speaker's class. And Oh boy, I'll say he could hit, yes sir! He was strong as a bull. He was just perfect. I don't think Spoke ever had an enemy! Great person. Great personality. He was a fighter and all that, but not the way that Cobb did. *After 1912 WS he came here for 2-3 weeks & I went down Texas with him for 2-3 weeks.*

Ty Cobb didn't have very many friends. But Cobb, to me, was one of my very best friends. Speaker was a different kind of person entirely. But Cobb was absolutely square in what he did, too. He'd always tell the ballplayers, now just give me room to get in there. If you don't I'll just make room. Now, what the hell, that's fair, isn't it?

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Sure, Speaker was very fast, but of course, he didn't go in for base stealing like Cobb and Myland and Max Carey and that bunch. But any way he stole quite a few bases all the time.

He went to Cleveland in 1916, but I didn't ^{play in 1916} go. My arm was so bad. I went to a chiropractor down in NY. Frazzee, you've heard of him, the theatrical man who bought the Red Sox. Well, he immediately cut my contract \$2500. I told him I wouldn't report, but the reason I wouldn't report was cause I couldn't throw. I didn't play at all in '16, and I had this correspondence with Frazee all this time and he finally come up with if I would be able to seal myself to any club that was also satisfactory to him, it was OK with him. So that's what I did.

Course I told them I could pitch, but when I got there I couldn't so I went to the outfield. I was always a good ballplayer, Larry. And I'd signed up that first time in Hutchingson as an infielder. The only difference was that as a pitcher I was the top of the heap and as an outfielder, I was just another ballplayer. I didn't have any trouble making the change. Lord no. I could go get them as well as anybody. I wasn't as good a hitter as some of the other fellows, but I got along there too. Hit 366 one time there, but that was the only time in my life I ever hit over 300! I was around 290 most of the time.

The last time I pitched in Boston, I did it with a bad arm. I got 15 - 5, according to the way I figure it. Had an earned run average of 1.49, too. Only pitched about half the year, and I'd lay off for two or three weeks between pitching times. I never pitched without a sore arm after 1912. That was a real tough break for me. You'd have heard a lot more about me if I hadn't have hurt the arm. 1912, I won ³⁴~~24~~ and lost 5! Got 3 out of 4 in the World Series. Three ³⁻¹ victories and one defeat. Only about a dozen of us ever got three out of one series, you know. But I broke my thumb in ^{1913.} ~~the 1912 series~~. I went over to field a ball on a wet field and I slipped and fell on my thumb. Had what they call a subferiacial ~~9~~ (?) fracture right in there. Maybe I went back in too quick or something. I guess I'll never know just what was wrong with the arm. Somethig went wrong. What it was I'll never know.

Then, in the last game of the World Series, Larry, the score was tied and they had one run off of me in the 10th inning. There was a man on second and two men out and Chief Meyers hit a ball that got me right ^{on} ~~in~~ the right side. When I pitched, I pitched with so much exertion that I couldn't stop, like most pitchers do, but I'd move clear down over here. And that ball hit me on the hand. Well, they put ^{Clyde English} ~~Al Bridwell~~ in

for me and he hit the ball that Snodgrass missed and we got 2 runs that inning and that's the way we won.

Course I went and pitted up that ball that hit me and threw the Chief out. *Bruise, no bleeding.* He hit that ball like a short and I just threw my hand out and knocked it down and it didn't roll too far away and I picked up and threw it to get the man crossing the plate. Yes, I was 23 years old then.

And when I was 24, my arm gave out. I didn't like it. *Then appendicitis in 1914, and a sore arm in 1915.*

I didn't do a thing all of 1916. I stayed right here. Our son was born that year. I went all that winter of '15 and '16 to this chiropractor in nY, A.A. Crusious (?), in Times Square. He had to practice behind locked doors then, because it wasn't legal then, for a chirogracter to practice. And I used to go work out at the Columbia ~~Gym~~ Gym with Andy Copley. But I couldn't even raise that arm. Couldn;t put in it my pocket without the other hand helping. *still there,* Now that's one thing that bothered me. The big guns in Baston, you know the owners and Jake Stahl, the manager and all. I think they thought I was fooling or something, telling them my arm was bad. But I was so crazy about baseball, I loved to be in there, but I just couldn't, that's all there was to it.

And all the years that I played the outfield, I'd have to go every spring to a chiropractor, and if there was a place where there wasn't a chiropractor, I'd go to an osteopath so he could loosen this up. They claimed that it was the nerve supply that ~~was~~ fed into that shoulder that was doing it. Whatever it was, they'd loosen up my spine, and then I could throw. I don't know what it was, but I know damn well that I couldn't throw, every spring, until I'd go to them and have them adjust my spine. They said there was a vertebrae sitting on the nerve or something.

And, oh, I'd exercise all the time. I put a trapeze up ^{a pipe up} and ^{in the attic} I used to hang on that to stretch the arm. I did everything imaginable.

I let them think, in 1916, that I didn't show cause I wouldn't take the cut that Frazee put on me, see. They thought that's why I didn't show up. 1916. Then in '17 they ^{sold} ~~sent~~ me to Cleveland.

See, in other words, I never reported to Frazee at all. I did report to the Boston Red Sox in Cleveland, there was a meeting of Corrigan and Joe Lanon (?), who was then president of the club. Now just when Frazee took over, I just can't recall right now....no, yes....no I can't recall just now. But Frazee was the guy who give me permission to sell myself to a team agreeable to both of us, like I said.

Now, I went over there to Cleveland as a pitcher. I didn't tell Spoke I couldn't be a pitcher. I think I did start one game, but I didn't get too far and I tried to pitch another game but each time I did, I couldn't raise my arm for a week or 10 days after. So I finally gave up and during the war, they called away so darned many players that they brought minor leaguers back up, like Bob Becher who used to be with Cincinnati and Eddie Onslow, the old First baseman. They tried a lot of those fellows out in the outfield. Finally, Lee Fohn said, well why don't we put Woody out there?

Well, they put me out there, and I got a good start, hit 296 that year, and stayed there. Then a little later on, instead of playing regularly every day, when Elmer Smith came back to the club, he played against right hand pitchers and I played against left handers. I could throw from the outfield just as good as I ever could. Yep, I'd have them work on that arm every spring, a chiropractor ^{or} and an osteopath. I could throw just about as good...but I noticed, when I went over there to Cleveland and tried to pitch,...well, there were very few pitchers ever lived, Larry, that had a fast enough ball to really rise, and I was really one of them, Walter Johnson and I were the ones in those days. Well, I could notice then, that I didn't have it.

I still tried to exert myself just as much as I ever did, but the ~~arm~~

Zip was not there.

What to do? Play the of.

~~just wasn't good enough.~~ I was still only 28 years old.

You know if I had't have gone to Yale, I could probably have stayed in the American League. I was there for 15 years you know. I probably could have played 5 or 6 years longer in the American League. But I had this opportunity to go to Yale and they assumed my contract at the same salary, The big break that I had, was when I got through at Yale and went out to California to my brother. He had a venture that I finained. He had a golf driving range right on Wilshire Blvd.

I remember that 1912 game with Walter Johnson very well.

I could remember being nervous in my first game and I could remember

being nervous in other games, especially the first world series game

in The P.G. against Jeff Zeaman.

I pitched...but the minute you get out on that mound it's all over.

The minute you start to throw that ball...it's all over. But I can't

remember being nervous at all in that game with Walter Johnson. Well

now, you see, the reason that that was a big game, if you remember

the history of that game..well there are 4 of us today that hold the

American league record of 16 straight games. 16 straight wins without

a defeat. At that time Johnson had 16 and lost his 17th. I had about

11. Old Foxy Clark Griffith comes in and Walter Johnson should have

the right to defend his record, 16 straight. So he challenges Joe

Wood to beat Walter Johnson. What the hell, we pitched against one

another many and many a time.

And so they advertised us like prize fighters with biceps and

triceps and all that stuff publicized and talked about. Only time

I can remember that the fan were sitting right along the third base

lines and the first base line! Instead of ~~sitting~~ sitting back where the

bench usually is, we were sitting on chairs right up against the fans.

That was in Fenway Park. Fenway Park opened in 1912. Played in the old Huntington Avenue Grounds before that, when I first joined.

Well, the pressure was great that year, in this regard: even though I won 34 and lost 5, many and many a game I finished up for other pitchers, or I'd finish up in between pitchers, you know. And that may ~~be~~ have been the reason for the arm going, too. I do remember being nervous in a few games, before they started. Yes, that's true.

But there were only two that I could really remember. My first game in the big leagues against the White Sox in ~~Balkinusk~~ Boston, at the old Huntington Avenue Grounds, and I went along pretty good for a few innings and then I couldn't get the ball over that plate, the damn thing was swinging in there, I couldn't see it! And that first World Series game, I think, until we started...then it was all over and I wasn't nervous. The biggest day for me was that first game.

I don't ~~remember~~ know whether you remember it or not, but that first game, in the 9th inning, we were one run ahead 4, to 3 and they had men on second and third and one man out and I struck out Fletcher and Crandall. That was the first time Crankall had ever struck out in the Polo Grounds! Well, ^{last of the} ~~I thought in that~~ ninth inning, a base hit will beat us and a sacrifice fly will tie the score, and then I struck out both of them.

I don't think there were any two better than Hooper and Speaker!

((THIS WOULD EMBARRASS ME....Duffy Lewis was just one of the three))

Duffy Lewis did have a good arm, as good an arm as anybody, but he just didn't compare to the other two. All three of them had good arms. Speaker had a beautiful arm, Hooper too. Now, Harry Hooper, to me was one of the finest ballplayers that I've ever seen, but he was behind Speaker. Speaker overshadowed him. Same thing with Cobb and a lot of those players on his team. Same way with Walter Johnson and the pitchers. Yep, Harry Hooper and there's another one, Clyde Milan should be both of them in the Hall of Fame. Never even mentioned.

Course I was at the top of the heap as a player, and then when I was at my peak, at the age of 23, ^{The next year} I couldn't play!

Honey Fitz, you know the grandfather of President Kennedy? Well he was Mayor of Boston and he rode back and forth with us every day ^{from NY to Boston} ~~to the ballpark.~~ _{in Re 1912 W.S.}

Boston Globe might help in getting the words to Tessie.

HOWARD.