

INTERVIEW WITH GOOSE GOSLIN

I haven't got any sign up here, cause, you know, you advertise or anything and they make you pay for it. 60¢ it costs to have a billboard... but it's the idea of it...so I said, well I'm not going to have that billboard any more. Just put my name up on a little stick. Made me so mad. I've had thousands of people come here and they all know me, so I don't have to have any billboard there. They bothered me, you know, sent letters and all, that I'd be taxed for the billboard. Well, when it come and it was 60¢, I thought, well, after all that bothering.....if it had been \$5 you know, I'd have paid it. No more billboards for me. Wouldn't even know how to make a check out for 60¢! ~~M~~ I just couldn't do it, you put down "Sixty", but that's sixty dollars. No, after all that, no billboards for me!

Born and raised 18 miles from here. Salem. Born on Carpenter Street, bought a house in Glasboro and it's on Carpenter Street. So you might say that I was born in one town on Carpenter street and lived the rest of my life on the same street, different town!

See, I was always playing around in the sand lots, you know. Got a job through playing baseball, with the Duponts and I was hired as a pitcher. This umpire saw me, see, and he says, I can get you a professional job next year, kid, with Rochester. Well, I loved baseball, I ate it. Never

thought I'd ever play it professionally though. See, it was one of those things that came to me natural. I didn't have to go out and train or ~~pr~~ practice a whole lot.

Anyway, Rochester had all the pitchers they wanted for the next year, so this fellow, Bill McGowan, he was later dean of the American League umpires, he says, Well, I can get you a job down at Columbia, South Carolina. I says, Yeah? Anyplace, I don't care where. I'd have played for nothing, you know.

So I went down there for a year and a half and then Clark Griffith came down and looked at me with the owner of the Washington ballpark. Both dead now. Well, he says, Kid, I'm going to take you up with me. I was 20 years old then. I thought, Well, my oh my, isn't this something! I couldn't wait till I got up there.

Turns out Washington didn't ever play a World Series that I wasn't in it. '24, '25, and '33! Got a lucky hit in the '35 World Series. You see, your lucky to come to bat at a time to drive an important run in. I told the umpire when I went to bat in that game, the Series with Detroit and the Cubs, I hadn't had a hit, so I said to the umpire, If they pitch ~~that~~ that ball over this playe, you can go take that uniform off! And sure enough, first ball in there, I was lucky enough to hit

hit it right between them.

See, I was hitting good in the minor leagues and they used to send me up as a pinch hitter. Hit 390 in the minor leagues. So, one day the manager says to me, Kid, how do you hit left handed pitching? I says, don't make no difference to me. (I'd never hit against a left handed pitcher before in my life!) Well, I was just lucky enough to hit a home run to start with. Well, he says, you're going to be our pinch hitter from now on.

So, I continued as pitcher and I pitched a few more games and hitting pretty good when I was pitching, so the manager comes to me again and says, I'm going to put you in the outfield, kid. You seem to hit the ball pretty good.

See, I was raised on a farm and always worked hard, you know. Hefty work. I was just naturally strong from doing all of that, see. I could swing that bat pretty quick. Many times I pitched and palyed the outfield both! The club I was with, they won the pennant two years in a row , but they sold me before the end of the season , and I went to Washington. But they were so far out in front they figured that they didn't really knead me any more..they had it won.

Man by the name of Geaorge McBride was managing Washington when I come up with them. Then Donie Busch, then Bucky Harris in about '24, won the pennant in his first year. He was the best manager I ever played for and I've played for quite a few. Thought he was the smartest baseball man that I ever played for. Mickey Cochran was a very good manager, but I didn't think he could compete with Bucky Harris. Bucky was the type that would get mad and fire right up and in two minutes it would be over. But oh, I loved to play for him.

Then, my last year in baseball, 1938, Clark Griffith called me (I was released from Detroit in '37) and he says, Well, you started with me, and you might as well finish up with me. So I went back for one more year. I didn't complete the last time at bat, even. Hurt my back. Lefty grove was pitching and he was pretty fast, you know. Well, I swung that bat and hurt my back, so they sent a pinch hitter up for me. That was the last time I ever picked up a bat, didn't even finish my time at bat, and it was the one and only time a pinch hitter was ever put in for me!

Well, I was getting tired of it by that time. In there for 20 years, you know. Getting to be work. That's the thing. When you're young you feel like running and everything else, but after you've had it for that long, why you've had enough. Lived out of a grip for 20 years. That's enough.

I'll never forget that ball that went over Freddy Linstron's head. And Hank Goudy, Stepped on his mask and slipped, you know. 1924 World Series. Beat the Giants. Flukey bounce won the game for us. I'll never forget Clark Griffith's expression on that, he said, Muddy Rule didn't have a hit in the whole World Series and he was a bat and he popped this ball up. Goudy threw off his mask and ran to catch the ball, you know, looking up at the ball and he tripped, he kicked the mask, kicked it right in front of him and missed the foul pop and we won the game of the World Series. Final game, 10th inning. Well, Clark Griffith says, That mask bit Goudy. Got a good bite. I was 24 then. Born in 1900. Whenever the calendar turns over another year, why it keeps track of my age.

We used much heavier bats than they do now. I never used less than a 37 ounce bat. Now they use less than a 33 and they're hitting the ball so far. Must be an awful fast ball. Our balls were very different. The seams of the ball stuck out more, now they seem to be almost embedded in the ball. Don't see how they make the ball curve at all. Ours stuck out in the air and when you twisted your arm, why you could curve the ball. Now, seems just as smooth as a golf ball. Covers are so tight on there now. Balls were heavier too. Ruth used 42 ounce bat. We used to steal each other's bats. We'd get a dozen at a time, you know, and have it in our

in our lockers. Well, he'd go in my locker and they looked pretty good to him, so.... And I'd go into his and one day I loaned one of his bats, and I knew it was his favorite bat, but I thought, well I'm just going to get this, cause he had taken three off me that day. I'd had a brand new batch sitting in there. So I got his favorite bat and, oh, he come in hunting for it, and I had hid it in our clubhouse, see, in Washington. Well, you know what he had. He had 26 little notches in that bat, where he'd hit 26 home runs off that bat! See, I knew that, and I knew that he'd want that bat and hunt it up. So he comes in and we kidded a little and I gave it to him.

I think that led bat is a good psychology. See by the time you get your bat in your hands it feels light as a feather. Yeah, its a good psychology.

Oh, yeah, my biggest thrill was to go to Washington when Walter Johnson was there. I remember them kidding me a lot when I left here. Why, they said, when you get up to the Big Leagues, they'll strike you out just as fast as you come up. Well, or course that minor league manager told me, Kid you're going to the big leagues and you're going there to stay. So, Faber at that time was the outstanding pitcher. Well, he was pitching that day. About the thrid game that I had played in in the Big Leagues.

I got a home run off him. So, when I got to the clubhouse, see, I didn't know who was pitching, didn't make any difference to me. So, I says, to the boys in the clubhouse, I says, Who was that pitcher out there? And oh, boy did they razz me! Can you imagine, they said, don't know who's pitching! Oh, they give it to me. Best pitcher in the league! I didn't care who he was, didn't make any difference to me. Aw, I was a big dumb kid, one pitcher was the same as another. Come up to the big city to the big leagues, being raised on a farm, no city life at all, you know. Well, I can tell you, that was a great thrill! Hitting that home run off of Faber! And those guys, they were so mad, cause they couldn't hit a hard foul off of him!

1926, I think, he retired as a pitcher. Pitched the final game which Pitts. beat us in the World Series. Final game in the rain. Wouldn't have played the game in weather like that today, I don't think. See, we laid over three days, cause of the rain. Had to play the seventh game. I'm positive really that we shouldn't have lost that game cause the umpire couldn't see the ~~game~~ ball, and it fell at least a foot and a half foul, about the 8th inning, Max Carey hit the ball and two runs scored off it. But I know it was foul cause the ball hit in the mud and stopped. It was right on the foul line. We'd had them 3 - 1, but then they come back and won the next 3 games off us. Tough one to lose.

I got two records. One of them's tied and the other one's never been beat. One is that I hit in four consecutive double plays! I mowed those guys off of bases like shooting blackbirds off a bush! And I hit every ball good and never got a base hit.....hit into four consecutive double plays! I've been kidded so much about that that it didn't take long for me to enjoy it! What makes me really mad is that there was a boy name of Cribbage, played for Chicago; he tied me! Now I didn't like that. I wanted to be the double play champ!

The other record is the six straight hits in a World Series. That's never been tied. There've been five, but not yet six. Had seven home runs, too, in World Series. Some of these days one of the boys will break that record. These boys always breaking a lot of records.

You know, I don't believe that most of the stories you hear about salaries in my day really existed. You know, when you sign a contract, you take an oath not to reveal your salary, cause it would cause dissention on the ballclub, cause somebody might be playing better ball on the club and somebody else getting more money and then he'd say, well, I want more money. Now these writers telling about these salaries, they're only guessing. They don't know, and I know I never told mine and I know that I kidded a lot of the players and they never told me. I never told mine. Nobody ever knew



knew what I was getting paid in baseball. That's one thing that was strict. Take the last year that DiMaggio played for the Yankees. He was supposed to get \$1000,000 . Well, the year before, he was out so many games. Well, you know you're not going to buy an unsound or crippled race hourse. Well, they didn't know whether ~~he~~ he could paly regular or not. Now, I'm not taking anything away from Joe DiMaggio cause I think he was one of the greatest, but nobody knows, I I know that they quoted my salary a lot and they never had it right.

I never thought I was underpaid, cause I went at that office pretty hard when I signed my contracts.No, sir, I didn't get underpaid. Not by Clark Griffith either. He was all right. He was as good or better about pay than any of them. He traded me good, I know that. Well, he was more than a father to me, that man. If I'd stay out late at night, he'd know it. How hed know, i don't know yet. But he'd call me down to his apartment and preach a bit to me, and then he'd always say, Now you promise me you'll never do it again?

Yeah, we had 11 o'clock curfew, but you know, when your young you always want to run around and go to dances, night clubs or something like. Well, you'd sneak out and go ~~up the stairs~~ out the far elevator, or some thing like that.

Course when I had the Trenton ballclub with Gov. Hoffman, I'd try to keep the ballclub down, far as hours and all. But you couldn't do it. They're very young kids and they don't mind. See, they're just breaking in and not making any money, \$200 a month or so, so they didn't care. \$200 a month don't mean much.

As a general rule, I'd be inclined to think that the ballplayers today are much better. Back in the 20's you could name about 15 outstanding stars, and after that they just had fellows to fill in the positions. But there were some really great stars: Ty Cobb, I played against him, and all the old timers.

But today, as a general rule, the game's much faster. I'd like to see Ty Cobb steal 90 bases today. The way the pitchers can...well if they don't have the proper move to first base, they just have to learn the proper move nowadays, to keep that guy from getting a big ~~margin~~ lead. The schooling of ballplayers today is oh, way ahead of the old time. They have that small fast ball, too.

Cobb, Manush, Wingo, Fathergill, Veech...all over 350 hitters. I hit 379 once, but I usually ran around 350 or so. I just swung at the ball I didn't think about averages or runs or anything. I just swung at that ball

One year, I was out in front of everybody else in the league about 20 or 30 points all year, my batting average. Well, Heinie Manush kept gaining and gaining and gaining on me. We played our last game in St. Louis and Heinie Manush was playing for St. Louis. Well, do you know that it came my last game at bat and ~~if~~ if I make ~~xxxxxx~~ an out, I lose. Well, he was ~~279xxxx~~ 79 and I was 79 and some fraction, and if I make an out my last time at bat, I lose the league batting title. I'd had that information before I went to bat, one of the ~~s~~ sportswriters sent it down to me. They said ~~xx~~ Now if you go to bat and you make an out, Heinie Manush is going to win the batting championship and we don't want you to do it...don't get up at bat. Well, you see, you only got one out of three to hit. So I wasn't going to go, but Bucky asked me, what do you want to do. Well, I said I wanted the championship, all right, but some of the fellows on the bench said, Oh, they'll call you yellow if you don't get up there. Well, that was enough. I couldn't take that. So I went up to bat, and darned if they didn't get two strikes off me before I could get my bat off my shoulder. I took, cause I didn't think they were good. I was waiting for a good ball, know what I mean. Well, they called two strikes on me before I had a good ball and I turned around there and stepped out of the box and sort of had a discussion with myself while I put some dirt

on my bat, you know. I wasn't afraid of striking out, see, but then there was that championship and...well I didn't know what to do. And then it come to me. I called the umpire over and called him every name I could thing of. Trying to get him to throw me out of the game!h I stepped on his toes. I pushed him. I did everything. I says, you ain't got enough stuff in you to throw me out of the game. You're afraid to throw me out. I dare you to throw me out. You dirty, dirty, dirty.

Well! That umpire looked at me and said, You better get up to that plate. And you better be <sup>swinging.</sup> hitting. He says, If I wanted to throw you out, I'd throw you clean over to Oshkosh!

That's really true. And <sup>gee,</sup> ~~do you know~~ I got a lucky hit! Saved me. That was 1928. Umpire was <sup>Bill Guthrie.</sup> ~~Big Duffy~~. I remember when I was calling him all those names, I said, Why those balls ~~were~~ (the strikes he called) weren't even close. He turns and says to me, There's no close. It's either dis or dat!

~~xxxxxx~~

You know, if it means anything to you, that hit that I got in the World Series wasn't as big a thrill as the one I got to win that batting championship!

I was there the time in the World Series that Joe Medwick got ...

well, it wasn't really Joe Medwick, it was the fans that were mad cause it looked like we were going to get beat. I think they got 7 runs in one inning, or something like that. And they weremad~~s~~, so they all kept saying let's just quit now, we'll never make seven runs, you know. So they threw practiaally everyting they had, lunches and papers and all right out on the playing field. But they wasn't mad at Medwick so much as they were just disgusted that we were going to get beat.

I don't think threr's any~~thing~~ one could compare, for fast balls with Walter Johnson, except maybe Bob Feller. I happened to be lucky enough to hit the first home run off of Feller, you know. Oh, see, I was naturally a fast ball hitter. When they'd throw me up slow stuff, curves and all, I wasn't so good at that. You'd have to furnish your own power for those, see. But of course, those fast balls, [ if you got a hold of one of them, why they were gone. I think Ted Lyons and Irwin Schoker and Herb Pennock, I don't think they've ever thrown me a ball over the plate yet. They had great control, could throw through the eye of a needle if they wanted. But they'd always keep it on the corner, just on the corner.

Yep, I took Bing Miller's job with the Senators when I first come up, but he helped me all he could. Give me his bat that I liked! Following year

he was traded.

Now the first time I got traded was a funny thing. We were playing in Chicago and were going to St. Louis. Sam Rice was my roommate. So we get in St. Louis about 8 o'clock in the morning and have breakfast.

Now, they have a zoo, where we stopped not far away from the hotel.

So, I thought I'd ~~go~~ go over to the zoo. ~~I~~ They had bears over there and we used to give them peanuts and things like that. And look at the monkeys, you know. So, I don't know nothing about it, and I come back to the hotel and Sam's sitting there waiting for me. He says, You're in the wrong hotel. Well, I didn't get it. He says, I tell you, you're in the wrong hote. I says, What do you mean, I'm in the wrong hotel? He says, well, you'll find out. So I smelled a mice some~~how~~ how, and he looks at me and says, Did you know that they traded you to the St. Louis Browns. I said, No! Did they really? Well, it broke m'heart. I got along all right, though, even though it meant that I had to go out an play against my own team!

I'll never forget Freddy Marbury, one of the greatest relief pitchers, he was pitching. They traded me for Crowther and Manush. So Freddy come out and he says, Oh, Gosh, you and I are old buddies, but when that ball game starts, it's going to have to be different now! But

he was right down my alley, cause he was a fast ball pitcher, and i truly loved those fast balls. Had to go that same day, you know, over to another hotel, another clubhouse, another uniform. And the St. Louis Browns was a very bad ball club then, and I didn't have too much chance with them, ~~xxx~~ <sup>cause</sup> they didn't have any good hitters and they'd all walk me all the time. I didn't have a chance. They'd just put me on and figure the next guy would be easier. It made it tough for me, it really did. And it's so hot there, too.

But they finally traded me back to Washington the same time that Earl Whitehill came from Detroit to Washington. And I figured with the two of us there, we were a cinch to win the pennant. And we did. But the next year was a depression year and Clark Griffith called me on the phone and said, come on down, I d like to talk to you. He told me that he though I was worth more money than he could possibly pay me. Said we won the pennant but didn't make any money at all. That was a very bad depression year, see, Roosevelt closed the banks in '33. Well, he said, if you can trade yourself, or make connections, I'll be glad to trade you.

Well, Mickey Cochran came down to my home that year for a while. He says, I got a chance to manage that Detroit ballclub. What's chances I can get you frm Washington? Well, that was right down my alley. I said,

I'm coming. Well, if you get there and I'm there too...well, that Detroit club was the toughest club of all in our fight for the pennant this year... if the two of us are there, why, we'll win that pennant.

So Connie Mack let him go and two days later I got a telegram from Mickey, saying You belong to Detroit! Well, I walked right into two more pennants.

I liked Connie Mack all right. He was a pretty good old man, I'd say. I'd say he ~~was~~ was a baseball man, but as an owner, he wasn't good as Clark Griffith in the knowledge of the game or understanding of the players. See, Griffith was a father to his players. He wasn't boss. He tried to help. Everyone that played for him, they always thought a lot of him. I think that Connie ~~am~~ was a little more cold with his players. Didn't treat them like one of the family.

I was never the type to get a swelled head, I don't think. See, I was just a country boy and I had more fun playing with the fellers. We used to wrastle around and one thing and another. I never even realized that this was big doings. It was a game to me. I ate it and I loved it. Till I got older and the bones got a little frickle, or something. Stiff and all. then it was different.



Now I can say the same thing about Babe Ruth, he was one of the greatest and never, never got a swelled head. Some of them, and one of them was Al Simmons, thought he was the biggest swelled head ever was in baseball, and he was a great ballplayer, but he could go on about Al Simmons, and that's about it. Babe Ruth, well, I saw him stand and autograph for hours, even little colored boys. He'd rub them on the head and say, well that's another home run for me.

I knew Babe very well. He and I used to go to nightclubs a little bit when he'd come to Washington.

In the off season, I loved to hunt and fish, but mostly hunt, and then I'd go to Florida very early. Had a farm up there near Salem with some very good hunting grounds on it, especially duck shooting, and I'd be there couple three months and then go down to Florida and take out a membership at the Bayshore Country Club and play golf every day down there till spring training started. Good life. I realize now how good it was.

Oh, Babe Ruth deserved every bit of that reported ~~\$80,000~~ \$80,000 he earned. Why he'd bring all the fans in. I know down in Washington, one day, day before the Yankees would come in, we'd have maybe 3,000 or 5,000 fans and then Babe would come in ~~in~~ with the Yankees and we'd have 20,000! Oh, he was a picture up at the bat. He just looked like it

it was so easy. He'd hit the ball and it'd pop up and the ball would come down in the next street, or something. Oh, he could hit a ball! Boy, I didn't like Babe Ruth when he come to bat. He used to hit the ball so high, you'd have to wait for it 5 minutes for it to come down and by the time it did come down you'd be dizzy looking at it. Why he made three bases a lot of times, without hitting the ball out of the infield. Pop it up and everybody would go over after it and till it come down he'd be running and it'd curve when it was coming down, and there he'd be on third base! Did that more than once. He was my idol. ~~My hero~~ I copied everything he did at the plate.

I had the same number throughout my whole career: No.4. But I'd have taken any number, really. I never cared about superstitions.

I think it's a shame for the Yankees to win every year, now. I think that's unfair. I really do.

Detroit was the best town I ever played in and for. Always had a rooting section <sup>out</sup> there. <sup>Schoolkids in there for free. Often from the U.S.</sup> Never fail. They'd all yell, Yeah, Goose, when I come out on the ballfield. <sup>We weren't allowed to throw balls into the stands, you know. But I had 4 balls in my 2 back pockets.</sup> Always managed to throw a couple of balls out to them during fielding practice. Wasn't allowed, though, you know.

But fans never made a difference to me. In fact, I used to love to play in Phila. cause they used to razz me so much. They'd call me, Hey

you big farmer boy! Get back to that South Jersey farm, where you belong!

Oh, I used to love that.

*Rommel was pitcher*  
One day, I was up at the plate in Phila. and one guy yells out to the pitcher, "Hey, <sup>Rommel,</sup> throw that big nosed guy up your throat, and see ~~if~~ <sup>f</sup> he can hit that over the fence!" And sure enough, the first pitch <sup>he made, zoom.</sup> ~~was hit~~ out of the park. I'll never forget that.

And another incident I'll never forget: we were playing in Cleveland and the ground was dry and parched and the balls were bouncing all over. Some guy hit a ball out to me and it took a bad hop as I went to get it and it hit me right in the mouthk. Well, out went six teeth! Some fan out in the stands hollered out, "<sup>why don't you</sup> ~~You should have~~ put the glove in your mouth!" Oh, if I could have ever got a hold of that guy! Here I am spitting out teeth and blood streaming down...!

You know, in my younger days, I never realized that anyone was throwing at me. Up at the plate, you know. Well, one day Sam Rice and I are having dinner and I says, Sam, how is it that they're never so wild when they're pitching to you. How is it when I go up to the plate..wham, right at my head! Why, Sam says, you're so dumb...they been throwing at you for two years and you don't even know it! That's true.

Ernshaw admitted in a story a couple of years ago. He said that I

he said that I was the only one that he ever threw at. Hit me on the leg, but hit on the rollof my stocking or i'd have had a broken led. And Mickey Cocran says, shure I called for that ball... what do you want to do, take out bread and butter away from us?

I played hard. I gave it everything I had when I played. I didn't fear nothing. As I say, I was a big dumb kid. Didn't care. I'd fight a bull without a sword!

All those years, I didn't like those trains very much. Train, taxi cab, hotel, cab, train, and then all over again. Could just about fit in theose pullman's anyway. How poor Schoolboy Rowe could ever ~~xxx~~ rest in one of them, I don't know. He was 6'4", you know.

Well, we played a lot of bridge and all. Not allowed to play poker but we'd steal up to one of the rooms and have a good game anyway. Didn't want us to gample, see. Well, we'd lose maybe, but not bad.

Yes, I think I'm the only one to make the big leagues, ever, from South Jersey. Course North Jersey, that difference. More up that way. Oh, I'd ride 10 miles on a bicycle to go play ball, and then get a spanking when I'd get back, cause I'd get home too late to milk the cows...and without anything to eat all day! Kids nowadays don't have that kind of interest in the sand lots the way they did in my day.

I'd like to say one thing to Young America: I think that baseball is the best sport they could ever take up. It 's the cleanest. Well, all through my baseball career I heard people say, Aw it's crooked. But all these years though my career, I never saw a game wasn't straight. See, every fellow's out there for his average. Batting average, pitching, fielding, so forth. They're all out to win. To be a winner. No such a thing as throwing any game. Course when I came into the league that baseball scandal in 1919 with the Chicago White Sox was hard to live down for a long time. We used to hear about it a lot. I certainly don't think ~~in~~ much of these fellows for throwing the game like they did and then us fellows have to come along and make up for their reputation! And they must have been good ballplayer, too. You take up that game and you'll meet the finest people and have the finest of accommodations, hotels, travel, everything. It's more than a good life...it's delicious.

First game I played in the Detroit Tigers came to ~~my~~ town...to Washington. They put me in right field. Ty Cobb got on first base. But I wasn't frightened of anything! I just loved it. I'd have played for nothing if they'd have let me play. I'd have played for nothing. But Ty Cobb got on first base, and Bobby Veech hit a ball right up against the wall and I caught it right off the wall and Ty Cobb started home. Well,

I had quite an arm. I could throw pretty good. So, you were supposed to relay the ball, to the infielder, then to the catcher at home, you know. But instead, I threw the ball all the way in, and it caught Ty Cobb. Just happened to be a lucky throw, know what I mean, just happened to hit the spot. And did he call me everyting, and how dumb I was and how I'd be back in the minors in about one week, where I belong. Oh, he was going at me. That was the first game I played in.

How them people can sit out in that sun on those hard seats out in the bleachers is beyond me! All that time sitting there in all that heat.

I remember one game, we were playing the Yankees up in New York, on the 4th of July. Double header. Well, they beat us about 22 to 2, that first game. So Sam Rice and I, our lockers was right along side one another. Sam say, as we're changing the soaking uniforms, well, I don't think we'll have such a tough time this second game. I think them guys have swung themselves out.

Well, we went out and they started in again. Sam and I had run back in that left feild (And at Yankee stadium that's a long, long ways) and every time we looked up somebody was hitting a ball over our heads or in between us. So sam says, Listen (as a general rule, both of us went after the ball) when the next ball's hit out here, either you take it or I'll take it, but

but both of us are NOT going this time! So they kept bombarding again and Sam would say, That one's yours, or I would say, "There you go Sam, that one's yours" Back and forth. Miller Huggins was managing. Sam says, come on let's go by the Yankee dugout and give them a blast! They had about 10 or 15 runs in that second game, see. So sam yells in "Tell them guys to hit those balls the other way, you got me wore out!" That's true oh, all of us were wore out. It was hot. They best us I think 22 and 23. Scored about 45 runs those two games off us. That's when they had Ruth Gehrig, Lazzeri, Meusel, Schang catching. Had a lot of power. They could really hit that ball.

We used to love to play against the Yankees.

My, I used to think I could see the ball hit that bat. That is really true. I only need glasses nowadays for the fine print. I had good eyes.

Yep, I remember one time the fans were giving one of the umpires a real hard time. One of the fans had had quite a few drinks and he kept calling the umpire blind. Well, the umpire was getting real mad at him, cuase he didn't let up but was giving him the business all the time. So the umpire says, I'd like to go up there and punch that guy right in the mouth! I was on first base, and finally the umpire yells over to him, "Shut up, you drunk". The drunk said, "Well tomorrow I'll be sober and

and you'll still be blind!" I'll never forget that. That was funny.

Only got thrown out of a ballgame once in all those years. Course that time I tried to get thrown out, but they didn't do it. I never did any good to kick to an umpire whether he calls a ball or a strike. When they make a mistake, you know they have to make decisions so quick that many a time , by accident, they just call the wrong thing. But they'd never take a call back. Might make it up on the next pitch, but they'd never take a call back.

I wanted to play all the time. I loved baseball. I slept it, I woke ~~wake~~ up with it. When I started around the sand lots here in South Jersey, that's when they used to take baseball more seriously, around these little towns , well, I used to strike out a few of them, all right. But when I got up to professional ball, I found it was different. The harder I threw that ball, the harder they hit it/ Our manager, Zinbeck, he comes over from where he was playing at third base and says, Kid, I you don't pitch where I tell you, you're going to get one of us killed out here! Well I threw and I threw and I threw and I finally ~~kn~~ struck out a batter in the seventh inning. The game was tight: one to one or two one or something. So I went in there and threw my glove down and says, Well I finally struck out one of those so and so's. So the manager says, Dont be so proud of



proud of yourself, kid, that was the pitcher....and I believe he's only got one eye! But professional ball was a lot different than playing around in the sand lots.

Yes, I believed it in my own mind that I saw it -- saw that ball hit that bat. I really did. Saw it right on up to my bat.

I think I was the originator of the change of pace. See, I used to take such a long stride. Throw me a couple of fast balls and then they'd throw me a slower one and I'd be off stride, I'd be all out in front. I'm almost sure that that's why this change of pace was developed. Cause when these guys were going at me, they just used to throw the fast ball and a curve ball, and sometimes, of course, the spitball. But they needed that slower ball, for me.

I could see a knuckle ball. I could see the seams of the ball. Some of those good knuckle ball pitchers, I could see those seams. Couldn't tell whether it was a fast ball or a curve, but a Knuckle ball and a spitball you could see. Cause the ball wasn't turning.

Oh, I did everything when I was pitching in the early years. Used to scratch the ball with a tack hidden in my glove. (can't even hardly rub the ball today).