

INTERVIEW WITH EDD ROUSH

Well, see I played amateur baseball up around home. Now back in those days ever little town had an amateur clob. And so did Oakland City. Course, they didn't have too many scouts, but Evansville, Indiana, 30 miles from where I lived, was in Class D, Kitty League. So they called me up one day, would we come down and play with them. Well, we were all used to going around everywhere, see. We never really got any money out of it. Except we used to hire pitchers. We had a good ballclub. All fellows right around Oakland City. Well, I went down to Evansville, playing the infield. Was a ~~xxx~~ left handed fielder. Born left handed, but learned to field right when I was a kid, cause they didn't have any gloves to fit left handers.

Well, Evansville likee me and signed me up. Put me in the outfield. Could throw with either hand, but the right hand ball didn't carry, cause it wasn't really a natural throw. Then, in 1913, they went down to the Old Central League, Class B, two classes higher. Well, thought I might as well go back to the natural throw and bought a glove to fit on the right hand and went back to throwing left handed. Then, all the time I played ball I was a left hand thrower. Used to get out in the outfield and field those ground balls like an infielder! Course today you got a lot of those one ✓

handed outfielders. They get as big a glove as they can get and slap at the ball.

Course the first month of the season in '13 with Evansville in the Central League, I was hitting 586. Everything they threw up there, why I was hitting someplace!

I was just a little old farm boy, see. My parents knew I liked to play ball so much and it was OK with them. I was aplaying all the time, when I wasn't working. Used to play with my brother, Fred. He was good. Great catcher, but trouble was, he didn't want to catch. No, see, his name is spelled F-R-E-D, but my name, E-D-D, my dad wanted it that way, he would always say, to keep it from becoming Edward or something like that. Edd, he wanted it to be, nothing else.

Dad was killed in 1918, in an accident, latter part of '18. Course, I had gone to the White Sox in the fall of '13. Was up there a month, I think and the last three weeks or so, of the season, they sent me to Lincoln Nebraska. Weel I jumped them and went to the Federal League. Had that outlaw league, the Federal League. Went to Indianapolis. See, I was getting \$125 a month playing in organized baseball, but I got me \$1,000 for playing over there ~~xxxxxxx~~ for the season. Did that for three or four years. They had Frank McPort (?) come out of the Cleveland club, second

✓

baseman; Bill McKechnie was over there, Esmondh playing short, man by the name of Charlei Carr playing first base. Ben Campbell(?) came from the Boston Braves. Benny Kopf. Course they were class double A players, minor leaguers. Al Kaiser came from the Cincinnati club. Everett Booth, Jackie Shears, and myself.

Well, they had me as a left handed pinch hitter, but I was having a hitting streak so they said, well we better get you in there. So I played the last half of the season in left field. Hit 333 that year. Won the pennant. It was a good class double A league. Now we had Cy Falkenberg, came off the Detroit ball club, George Mullin, came off the Detroit ball club, Bill Reardon, catching for the Boston Braves (now they was all playing in the major leagues, at the time, I'd say each club in that league had 5 to 7 major league ballplayers).

Then we was bought and sent to Jersey, whole club. Then old man Ward of the Ward baking Co. out there in Blkyn died and he had financed the league so they got together and split up the doings. Bill Ball got the St. Louis Browns, Chicao Cubs went to fellow by the name of Wickets (?), St. Claire and the other fellows sold back to organized baseball. Course when it broke up, the Federal League, I was sold to the Giants. Got there in the middle of July. Now they had Benny Kopf, foxx in right field and George Burns in left

so there wasn't anyplace for me. So he traded Mathewson, myself and McKechnie to Cincinnati for Buck Herzog. Stayed there till '27, when they traded me back to New York for George Kelley.

I got along all right with McGraw. Course I wouldn't sign a contract with him. Well, I knew what he was like, see. Call you all sorts of names if you made a bad play. I was with him that half a season in '16, see, and I knew doggone well that if he started in on me, someone would get hurt. So, I was getting \$19,000 from Cincinnati in '24, '25, and '26. Well, they sent me a contract in New York for \$19,000 but I sent it back and told them I wouldn't play in New York. Well, they sent me one for \$20,000. Well, no use sending it back, cause I wasn't going to sign anyway, so I sent a letter to Mr. Doyle in New York and told him I wouldn't sign for any kind of money. I wanted to be sent to another ballclub, that's what I wanted. Didn't want to go back to New York, see, I knew what McGraw was like. Well, we wrote back and forth and I wrote and said I wanted \$30,000! Wanted to make it high enough so that they'd send me to another club, see.

So the club went on south and on the way back I got a letter from McGraw asking me to meet him in Chatanooga. Well, I went down there. I knew he had gone on ahead of the club to talk to me, see. Went over to the hotel and registered and the clerk tells me Mr. McGraw wants to see you.

8
Well, It was ~~11~~ 8 oclock and I hadn't had my breakfast, so I went over and ordered my breakfast and sat down. Well, couple of minutes later, bellhop comes over and says, Mr. McGraw wants to see you in room so and so. All right I says, tell him I'll be there. Well, I sat there till about 10:30 and the ballclub started to come in. Round about 11:30, one of the coaches come up to me and says, McGraw wants to know why you aren't up there yet. Well, I says, I'll see him when I'm good and ready. Well, if I had hurried up there, see, He'd thinkyou know. So I says, what time does the ball club go out. He says, they got to be in uniform by 1:15. I says, all right So Iwaited till a little after 12 oclock. Knocked on the door. He comes to the door, shakes hands and says, What's the heck's the matter with you? Don't you want to play ball for me. Why, heck no, I says, I don't want to play ball with you. I says, I'll be back in Oakland City, I^Ndiana in 10 days Oh, he says, we'll get along all right, don't you worry. I says, yeah, I heard that one before, too. See, the first time he'd start calling me soandso, somebody's going to get hurt. Well, we was still out in the hall, so he says, come on inside. He shuts the door and we sit down. He says, Now, you know this game as well as I do. You play that game and I'll never say anything to you. Well, I says, that's another one I heard before. But the first time something happens out there and you start in on me, I'm

you'll be hurt. I want you to send me to some other ballclub. I don't want to try to play ball for you.

Well, he says, you're either going to play ball for me or you're not going to play for anybody. I been trying to get you back every since I sent you to Cincinnati, see. I'm sure not going to let you go now, to some other ballclub.

All right, I says, if that's the way you feel about it. If you give me my salary, I'll try it. But I still say I'll be back in Oakland City, Indiana in 10 days!

He says, all right what do you want?

I says, twenty five thousand dollars.

"I Can't pay it"

Well, I took my hat and started to the door. Where're you going? he says. Well, I'm going back to Oakland City, Indiana, why?

Wait a minute. Come back and shut that door, he yells. Well, I come back in and shut the door. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a three-year contract for \$70,000.

All right, I says, I'll take it. He says, well I'll have to call up Stoneham. You don't have to call up anybody, I says, you're not making these cracks without you know what you're doing, I says. I'll tell you what you

what, I'll come back in 20 minutes, and you have that contract made out.

Well, I got out of there, went to the trainer's room, got my uniform went back and signed the contract, went out and played 6 innings with the ballteam. Got ~~2~~² hits out of 3 times up! Course, one leg was going one way and one the other. But I played everyday, 6 innings a day from then. I hadn't had any training before that, see.

Till 1930 I played the three year contract out, see. Hit 324 over there that year. Wanted to cut my contract to \$15,000! Well, I quit! I told him. If that's all you want to pay, you can forget about me. I just ain't going to play any more. I was 37 years old, had maybe 5 or 6 more years. So I quit and didn't play and didn't even think about playing.

In '31, Sindney Wilde, had the Cincinnati ballclub, lost everything playing the stock market and was trying to hold on to the ballclub. He called me from Tampa Florida and wanted to know if I'd joint the club. Well, I says, I can't join you, I belong to the ~~Cincinnati club~~ New York club. Well, McGraw says I could have you for the waiver price if I could talk you into playing.

Well, I quit, I says, I been out a year and I'm 38 years old. I quit. Well, he kept talking and talking and the next night he called me up again.' Wanted to know whether I'd reconsidered. Why no, I told him. Well, three

three days later, he calls me up from Cincinnati. Wanted me to go to Louisville, when the team was there, and talk about it. Well, I says, I'll come up to Indianapolis to talk to you, but I don't know what for, really.

Well, I got out there, and he only had two hours before his train left. I went up to the room and I got to feeling sorry for him, man had such a lot of money, see and lost it all in the stock market. He'd given me my start, too. He was trying so hard to hold on to that ballclub. I told him, God damnit, you can't beat anybody with that club. You've sold all the ballplayers that were any good that you could sell.

Well, he says, you're a drawing card over in Cincinnati and I'd like for you to come on over and help me out. So, I finally told ~~me~~ him, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll give me \$15,000, I'll come, but if you pay that, you're a fool. You better spend that money for some young ballplayer that might develop into a star. I'm on my way out. Matter of fact, I don't know whether I can play at all. Been out a year. Told him my age.

Well, I went home and started packing. Well, there was snow all over the ground wherever we went. I used to run around under the stands in the ballparks, to try to get in shape. Played with them and we only won one ball club out of the first eleven they played! I knew that would happen. I was playing with rubber all around me, see. Didn't have time to get in

shape and was charley horse all over, see. Put those rubber things on and kept them on. Finally was able to get some rest and then played left field regular. I knew where to play them. I'd play some of those line drives to shortstop. Course I was beginning to slow up, but when a fast man slows up, he's still fast. And I was still fast, when I quit, though I'd slowed up some.

I could hit to any field. See, up to '21 they had a dead ball. Well, you just couldn't hit that ballwell, only way you'd get a home run was if a feilder'd fall down or a ball would be hit between two outfielders in a long ball park and you'd make it home. But you couldn't hit that ball ...well, I caught many a ball mashed on one side. Come at you and you look at it and it'd be flat on one side, see. Course they weren't wrapped tight, the yarn wasn't wrapped tight. You could just smash it in. And again, we had to hit against emory balls and everything else. If a ball was fouled off and dropped back and had a rough place on it, why you'd just take your finger and push it back down and throw it back there. If it had a sliver off there, you'd just pull it off and give it back to the pitcher. ~~Never~~ Never threw any balls out...less they were ripped pretty bad. Why, we didn't use more than three or four balls in a ballgame! People threw balls back that went in the stands. Course what started them keeping them

✓

was Babe Ruth. Babe Ruth'd hit all those home runs and when he'd foul off, why people would want to have those balls. And the Yankees said they could have the foul balls that came back in the stands. Well, everyplace started the same thing, then. Same as with autographs. When he started giving out autographs, why everyone wanted everyone else's autograph. Well, that really started with Hollywood, you know, the actors, that autograph business.

Course there was always a crowd waiting to see you before the game, but they didn't want no autographs. Wanted to see you, shake hands with you, yell to you, walk a piece with you, something tlike that, see.

Naw, I didn't ever payany attention to the crowd out there on the field. My mind on the game. Million of them hollering out there wouldn't bother me. Naturally, you know what you're worth, by the kind of ball you play. Course I was a guy that^{wasn't}~~was~~ always in trouble.....only time I ever got in trouble was at contract time, you know. @therwise I always got along with everybody and I was always out there hustling every game. And you disregard friendships out there on that field. If my own brother was playing, why he would get beat if he didn't get out of that baseline of mine! Kept my spikes sharp, I did.

Course, back in those days, they knocked you down a lot. One day I saw that pitcher shaking off all the pitches and I though to myself,

✓

Well, here comes the duster. Back in those days, they'd pop you down, see. Sodown I went and when I got up I said to the catcher, You know, you're liable to get someone hurt with that duster. Well, he shook his head another time or two, and I went down again! Well, I turned around and said to the catcher, Now I'm going to tell you something. You give me dusters again and you don't be aroud this ^{plate} ~~plate~~ whenever I come in here! I'll scratch you're ears off. I tell you right now. Well, he didn't say anything(can't remember who it was) and I think I doubled and fellow got a base hit and then I come into the plate and he's reaching for that ball, you know. Well, I hit him with the top of my foot on the back of his ear. Those spikes were sharp as razors and I pretty near ~~cut~~ ^{cut} his head off. I never got any more dusters from him. Never said a word to me.

Never had a fight in my life. Course I used those spikes, after I told them, stay out of my way, that basepath's mine. I wasn't afraid of any of them, that's a cinch. I cut through many a shin guard. You know, catchers would plunk that foot down and I'd come right in with the heel.

[I remember once out in Pittsburgh, Pie Traynor was on third base and got in front of me, down on his knees, and I took him, bag, clothes and all. I told him, now don't you ever do that agin, cause next time, you're going to get really hurt. Done the same thing with Hartnett over there in Chicago, when he get down on his knees front of the plate. Cut his

✓

glove right off him.

Well, from then on, course nobody like the New York ball club. No fans did. Well, soon as I stuck my head out of that dugout, fans'd ~~start~~ start booing. Well, did that straight up until the third inning, Chicago this was. Well, that was all right with me.

If the fans would ever let up a little, see, I'd go over to the fence and say, what's the amtter, no more music? I got to have a little music when I play. Oh, they always wanted to swap Hack Wilson for me, every day. And I'd always go over to them and say, where's the hollering, whe're's that music, you know? Naw I didn't pay any attention to them, see, just let them holler. Never went out and holler back at them, wouldn't be any use at all.

Well, it's a different game from those days. See, they put that livly ball in in 1920. That's when Horsnby started leading the leagues. See I led with 321 in 1919, and then they began to hit 370 and 390 and 400. Well, they put a livlier ball in there to help the long ball hitters, see. You take this light bat to connect with this light ball...well, the pitchers wouldn't let you do it. See, back in ~~those~~ the old days, you couldn't hit that ball ut of the park. You'd have to run for them. Take ~~Home~~ Home Run Baker, the most he ever hit was 11, I think.

✓

You take back in those days, we were hitting that dead ball and trying to do something with it. See they're all swinging those light bats for home runs. See, the fans all want those home runs. You might as well face it, if you can hit 35 or 40 home runs, why you got it made, see? Sure they all swing from the fence. That's what they expect. That's what they want. Take the owners today, who wants a spray hitter? They want home run hitters.

Well, you take your managers, to day. They're not managers. They have the last say, yes, but your coaches are your managers, today, outside of Stngle. Coaches are out there running your ballclub. Your managers are the speachmakers. Go to dinners every night. Go out and make talks. If you can't do that today, why your'e a poor mngr. Back when we played, the managers always said, let the owners or the business managers make the talks, I want to run the ballclub. I'm not going to run around every night making speeches. That's what they do today.

See, Matty, he wasn't really a manager. He'd sit on that bench and during I'd come in ~~after~~ a close ballgame, and say, what do you want me to do, Matty Well, suit yourself, he'd say, you know how to play this game. I always said a pitcher isn't any good for a manager! He didn't know...see, he was a pitheer So, we played our own game out there. Played our own defence, we did. Hal Chase was always playing against us and betting against us. We never

We never knew whether he would throw the game or not throw it.

Matty was a nice fellow. Everybody got along with him. He'd get along with McGraw for the simple reason that he didn't say anything. McGraw would call him Bix Six and everything else you could think of and Matty would never even open his mouth. Six Deep. Yeah. I remember when McGraw stayed in Cincinnati and we went on to Chicago. He stayed over to make ~~a~~ ^{our} trade. Coming back on the train from Chicago, McKechnie and I were sitting back on the observation car and talking about how happy we were to be traded. Matty come ~~xx~~ out and sat down and listened, but Matty never said anything. Finally I turned to him and said, Well Matty, aren't you glad to be getting away from McGraw? Well, he says, I'll just tell you something. You know, to me, it's like being home in the spring of the year. I been with this ball club for 16 years. To me, it's home. Of course, I realize that I'm done as a pitcher, but I'd like to stay in baseball and act as a manager. And, by the way, he says, tomorrow, you're my centerfielder. McGraw told me that if I put you in center field, you'd make me a great ballplayer. All right, I says. So, we get to Cincinnati and Matty puts me in centerfield. Greasy Neal's on the ballclub. Well, the game goes on and I was always hollering for the ball. I'd holler three times: I got it, I got it, I got it. While I was running, see I was listening to tell where the ball was going. Soon as

it was hit, I'd know where it was going. I didn't have to watch it. Well, Greasy wouldn't holler! So I'd ~~xxxx~~ take a look at him. If I could catch that ball and get out of his way, I'd catch it. If it was going to be a tie, I'd just cut behind him and let him on through. Well, went along for a few weeks that way. Never'd holler, see. Didn't have much to say to me, anyway. Finally, ~~xxx~~ one day he sat down aside of me on the bench, says, Roush, I want to tell you something, I guess you know already. He says, I been trying to run over you ever since you come over here. I wanted to play centerfield and Matty put you in center. But, well, you're too good a ballplayer for me! You're far away the better ballplayer, you don't even have to watch that ball! From now on, I'll holler.

And from that time on, why Greasy and I got along fine. But for those first two weeks in there, I didn't know what I was doing. Like we was playing football. Grew to be one of our best friends, he and his wife.

Well, in 1919, the year we won the pennant, we only had four outfielders and one of them wasn't any good and they let him go and then when McGee got sick, they only had two of us, Greasy and I. Well, Matty says to me, what are we going to do for an outfielder? I says, put Rube Bressler out here, the pitcher. He can hit, while Greasy and I can cover the outfield. And Rube played left field ~~xx~~ all the rest of that season. Well, I told

✓

him, now I may want to move you out here after every pitch. May not, but then I may. And I don't want to have to holler at you, see? Well we went along fine for about a week, and then Rube come over in the clubhouse, sits down aside of me ans says, Well, sir, I just want to know something....Now, I know we're playing it right, but I don't understand why, when you put me in a certain place on a certain hitter, that we might move three or four times on that same hitter?? Well, I says. Rube, I been playing the outfield more or less like I hit. And more or less like I know the other fellows hit. I know all these hitters and I'll put you, for a right[handed hitter, over in left field. Now, you play him more or less in left field. Couse I over there with you. Now, the first ball, we move back a little bit, cause he's going for a long one and we want to be back there where it's at. Then the next ball we move back a little more and over towards the foul line, and if the next is a strike, that's two balls and a strike, then , we move away from there a little bit, because he's not so sure now what he's going to get and he may take another strike. And if he does, and it's 2 and 2, then we take off for center field. He's got to protect that plate, see, and he's not going for the long one. Now there's always exceptions to a god rule, see, And I know just who those fellows are that swing just the same on the third strike. But most are going to protect that plate when they

✓

get two strikes on them. They're not going to pull that ball unless it gets away from the pitcher, or something. Well, he says, I just wondered why we had to move. He says, never did know that before!

Now Rube, I'd say, I'll holler for a ball plenty of times and if I holler for that ball you get out of the way, cause I'm coming at it. Well, he was like all pitchers. He backed ~~x~~ up and fell down on fly balls, till he got used to playing it, see. After a while and you're out there day in and day out, why you learn to run for the ball instead of just keep backing up on them, see? ~~xxxx~~ You see pitchers out there in practice, backing up on all those fly balls, finally they all just sit down right there, see. Well, course they're not used to playing the outfield. But Rube made a good outfielder, and he was always a good hitter, you know.

You don't need to think so much nowadays. You don't have the base stealers, don't have the bunters, the dragers. How many of them today can even ~~putt~~ that ball? Can't even boot the man over. See, they're not taught to bunt, and if they are, they're not taught the right way to bunt. Now, you know, you should face that pitcher if you're going to bunt. Only a few fellows can stand sideways and bunt. Any time you face that pitcher and keep your knees loose and go down after the ball, not up, with your thumb on the end of that bat, why you can push that ball any way you want.

But they don't want to bunt nowadays. And they're going about it all wrong.

Why I'd hit many a ball past that third base fore that baseman's got his hand up. They didn't come on in for me. Didn't charge me.

Now I used to play this way: a man on first and second, with one man out...you're trying run on second, see. Winning run on first. I used to put on the hit and run. I'd turn around soon as that pitcher started the pitch and forward that ball, see. Third baseman's got to come in. Then there ain't nobody to cover third base, see. They could throw to second base, but most catcher's didn't think that fast. They're surprised that I'm going to bunt and the catcher's off guard, so he's trying to get out there and getting that bunt, see.

Oh, yes, got to play with your head. Now I've also done this: man on first and second. Put on the hit and run. All you got to do, cause the thrid baseman's got to come in and you're shortstop 's got to cover. Wll, I turn around like I'm going to bunt and all I have to do is slap that ball. second baseman runs over to cover first. So you got the thirs baseman and the second baseman coming in. Now, that's one thing, I could always get a piëce of that ball, all right. If there was a pitchout, I could always turn that bat loose, see!

✓

I used the 48 ounce bat. Heaviest anyone ever used. But it was a shorter bat, see. Had a big handle. I had more trouble with pitchers that didn't have anything than I did with fast ball pitchers. Cause, I never swung my head off with that ball. All I done was snap at it, see. Your guiding power's in your wrist, you know. Didn't have to choke that short bat, see.

But I get disgusted with baseball now. In the first place, it's all home run baeball. They got the strike zone clear down to below the letters and then they got so that they wouldn't call them above the belt and they took the spitball and this that and the other way from the pitchers. Well, what the heck! Who the hell wants to sit up there and watch somebody hit a home run. By thunder.

Course you have more people in the stands. You got more people that there was, anyway. But your baseball today...why they got all kinds of rules and regulations different than they used to be. Can't talk to any like in the stands, I mean body, /can't do anything. Boys go out there and just hit. Sure, fore the game started we always used to stand around and talk to somebody in the stands, down in the boxes, you know. Sometimes they'd come down to the bench, too. But all that was stopped. And they're not really playing any baseball....and inside baseball. ✓

I did use a lighter bat and a little longer bat against left hand pitchers. But other than that, I stayed with that 48 ounce short bat all season. But they always left you in there, all right. Might be last of the ninth and I'm the last man up, they'd still let me in, even if I didn't get a hit all game.

Naw, they couldn't hit me in the head with a hand full of shot! Why I could always get my head away in time. Anyone should have been able to do that. Many a time that ball come straight at me.x

I used to be a move around hitter, see. Never stand still. Just as the pitcher'd loose that ball, I'd step where I wanted to be, so as to hit the ball where I wanted it. Got into position to hit it right, see. Never did that till the pitcher just turned the ball loose, see, and then it was too late for him[to change.

No, they're just a damn liar if they say they can see the ball hit the bat. They djust can't do that. They'd loose sight of that ball just before it hit the bat. Well, if you was really doing it right, maybe could see it.

Sure, I saw Fred Tenney and Jim Vaughn when they both [itched those no-hitters. I was on the Cencinnati club. Had a sprained ankle or some thing though, and I wasn't in that game. Jim Thorpe played in my place,

the great Indian. Couple of us were hurt and they left us in Cincinnati. Finally they got Jim Thorpe from the New York club to help out, see. He played in my place and he's the fellow that got the base hit that drove in the run. He was a good ballplayer, you know. But he couldn't hit right hand pitching, couldn't hit the curve ball. Just one of them things that he just couldn't do well. He sure was fast in that outfield and good when he got on that base. But you had to get him on there. I used to run around the ballpark in Cincinnati, and I was pretty fast myself, ~~xxx~~ and I run with a long stride, see. Well, I'd take three strides to his two, but that fellow stepped out there and lord, he'd beat anything I ever saw! We used to stand around the ballpark, just to see him run. And I'd run with him, just as hard as I could run, and he'd get me just trotting along!

I said to him one day, Jim, I says, anybody in those Olympic games ever make you run your best? He looked at me and said, Never saw anybody I couldn't look back at! Oh, yes, he could run all right. Great runner. I run with a long stride, see for the simple reason that in that outfield if you don't take long strides running for a ball, you're head keeps bobbing up and down with every stride and makes that ball look like it's bobbing up and down too, and then when the ball comes down, why you get it without any trouble.

✓

We used to have a little fellow in the league by the name of Gigger Statz (?). Wasn't very big, but he was a good outfielder. He'd move soon as that ball was hit, see. Now there's a lot of them were good outfielders, but the really star outfielders were few and far between. Now, Speaker and I played short outfield. When I walked out to that outfield I always told the pitcher, make them hit over my head. Anybody can catch them coming in, see, but I liked to go out for them. I caught two balls in one ballgame in Cincinnati that was hit over my head and I never even expected to catch up to the ball. Well, I run it out, figuring at trying to get to the man on third base. Well, them two balls were line drives and I just wheeled around soon as they were hit. Now, I knew about where the ball ought to come down and when I got near to where the ball should be when it come down and if it wasn't down yet, I just looked up and there would be the danged thing, just coming down. Well, I caught both those balls with my bare hand! See, it was on that side, so I just caught it with the bare hand.

Sure, I covered second base a lot of times. Coore, in 1920, in the National League, they put the livly ball in. Well, I didn't know it. We'd used the old ball in spring training, see, and we opened the season in Cincinnati there and a fellow who couldn't even hit the ball out of the

out of the infield, he was making me run and run. Well, that went on for a couple of days, and I said to myself, by thunder, these guys ar getting awful strong up there. Well, they told me, they put a livlier ball in the national League, didn't you know it. Well, No, I says, what is it, a secret on this ballclub? Well, that's what moved us back, I moved right back after that lifly ball come in. And the infield moved back . They used to play short too, cause that dead ball would hit the ground and it wouldn't have no bounce to it, so they could play short.

No question about who the greatest player I ever saw was: That was Ty Cobb! That fellow would do anything. Lot greater ballplayers than Cobb in fielding, maybe, like Speaker covering the outfield, but Cob b was terrific at running base. Like Carl Mays told me when he come to the Cincinnati club from the Yankees, you have Cobb and you have the winning run on in the ninth inning and if Cobb come up, you could bet your life that he'd get as far as thrid base fore you gould get that man out. He'd get on there some way or another, he says. He'll steal second and third, too, before you can get that next man out!

✓

Course, nowadays, they may steal a base when it doesn't mean anything
You know, get in a lopsided ball game and they'll be stealing two and three
bases and all. Well, what good are those stolen bases? I never would steal
a base that way. What's the good of that. Take a chance on getting hurt
when there's noyou want to steal when it means something!

Oh, Hal Chase was ~~xxxxxxx~~ one of the best I ever saw step on that
bag. If he wanted to win, he could really come up with that ball. But if
he didn't want to win, he'd come over that bag late. Really a great fielder.
And I played with Bill Terry, too. But he was the best I ever saw.

That Chase beat any I saw. Why, they used to play him at second base!
Now for a left hand thrower, you got to be pretty good to play second base.
But he was trouble. We all knew that Chase was...well we all knew, but
Matty would'nt do anything about it. Now I hit ahead of Chase in the battig
order. I hit thrid and he hit fourth. And he'd get ina ball game and he'd
lose. He might have three base hits , and matty was always playing the
hit and run. (?)

Seem Matty went in the army and that's when they got Pat Moran.
Spring of '19, see. Well, we got Dalton who (?) was supposed to go to the
New York ballclub, but McGraw gave us Daubridge for Hal Chase, see? Cause
Hal Chase was down in Cincinnati and McGraw I guess, though he could handle

thought he could handle him, see. But everybody wknew what he was. Always was that way. Even with the old Hilltoppers over there. Same way in the Chicago White Sox. That's when I first met him, in '13, when he was there.

Sure I was told about that 1919 series. After the second game. We had a ballgame in Cincinnati. Beat Cicotte one to nothing first ball game. Well, in the second game, Sallee won four to two and

(interrupted by lunch and then visitors)

No, we never did do anything like this outside stuff, these commercial and endorsements and all. That all started with those All Star games and all that stuff, the Hall of Fame and all. And Babe Ruth did that, too.

Well, I can't say I got any more of a thrill oft of one thing than out of another. Just like the Hall of Fame. I was never much on excitement. Never got exciting much about anything. Get more or less a little thrall if you get a base hit, you know. Feel good, happy. But a lot of people jump up and down and holler and whoop. Why, I could go to a basketball game, baseball game or any other kind of game and I never see any reason to jump up whooping like that. Well, people are just that way. Maybe something wrong with me, but oneof those things. Heck, if I make a good play, I'm happy but I know that' I'll probably have to make a bad play sometimes, so what's the use of getting so happy when you make a good one? ✓

These same people who wave their hats at you and cheer and whoop and holler and all will be the same ones who [will boo you first thing you do wrong I saw it more or less as a business, that's all.

I always felt this way about the Hall of Fame: I should have been in it and I guess a lot of the others should have been in it a good while ago. And they got some in there haven't any business in there, if you want to know the truth. That Hall of Fame ~~was~~ should be a man that could run , good fielder, good baserunner, good hitter and a man who could think on top of that,....and a good thrower. Now I've seen fellows that have all the ability in the world, all those things....but he couldn't think. Now what's the good of that. I'll tell you one of them;; George Harper. Man could hit, could run, could throw, but he was just as liable to get on second base and run on to first as he was to go on to third! Now there's any number of those kinds of ballplayers. That's no good. Played alongside of George Harper in Cincinnati and in New York and he told me, I'm glad you come over here to NY. I says, Why. He says, well, I'll have a good year, cause you always tell me what to do with the ball in the outfield, when I can get it. And it's true, I always run over and told him whether to throw to first or second or try for home, you know. Well, he was just as apt to throw to the wrong base as to the right one.

✓

Why Fred Tenney and Red Russell, there's two others. They had baseball ~~sense~~ sense though, even though they weren't at all smart, you might say. We'd go to the dining room, several of us, and if Red got a letter from his girl friend, one of us would have to read it to him, and answer it for him. Joe Jackson they say was the same. I don't know about him, but what I 've hears. Great ballplayer. I think he got sucked into that thing.

I was told about that after the second ballgame in Cincinnati. Fellow there at Cincinnati knew all the gamblers and they were playing all the Cincinnati politicians dough. He was a friend of mine and he come to me after the second ballgame. I'd caught a ball in that game that's would have gone into the temporary bleachers out there. Happy Felsch hit the ball. With two men on. Would have won the ball game, too, as it turned out. Line drive and I caught it right by the fence. We won it 4 - 2, I thin,'

Well, that night, we all hung out at the Metropole Hotel, in Cincinnati. We'd congregate there and then we'd get cabs and go down to the station. So, we's all standing around there waiting for the cabs to go to the station and this fellow comes over to me. Roush, he says, I want to tell you something. He said, did you hear about the squabble that the White Sox got into last night after the first game? No, I says, what kind of a squabble. Well, he says, a gambler got to them and they're throwing the series to the Cincinnati

✓

ball club. They were supposed to get so much money after the ball game last night, but the gambler didn't give it to them. Well they beat up on him and they had to get Kid Gleason, he was the manager, and they had a hell of a go around! He says, and they didn't get their money, so they decided to go out and win if they could. Well, I didn't pay too much attention to that

Well, we go into Chi. and ~~Kirby~~ Kerr beat us and then Cicotte loses ~~and then~~ to Heller 3 - 0 and then Williams loses and so we win 4 out of 5 ball games! And that year we were ~~if~~ playing 5 out of 9 , you know. Well, we come back to Cinci, and we had Kirby, 4 to 1, in the seventh inning of the ball game. Dutch Reuther is pitching. I always did think that Dutch was....now I should'nt even say that..... well, anyhow, we finally got beat 5 - 4 in 10 innings, see. Well, the next day, Sallee got beat 3 - 1 or something like that. Then we got to go back to Chicago for the 8 and 9th ballgame, see. So, I'm standing thereagain, in front of the Metropole Hotel and the same fellow comes over to me. Roush, he says, I want to talk to you a minute, come over here, will you. Well, I says, what is it. He says, you know what I told you about the gamblers getting to the White Sox? Well, they got to some of the players on your own ball club. Well, he didn't tell me who or anything, that's all he said. Well, I didn't say any thing to anybody. We went on to Chi. and as we were gettin g dressed in

✓

the clubhouse. Well, Moran got a hold of me, before we went down to the field. ~~Hexayx~~ I says, before you start this meeting Pat, there's something I want to say. He says, all right what is it/ Well, I says I understand that the gamblers got to some of the players on our ballclub and I'll be damned if I'm going out there to knock myself to death trying to win a World Series with those guys throwing ballgames!

Well, Pat got up and asked me to come over to him. We went to Jake who was the captain of the club. ^{and the three of us went in the washroom.} / What exactly do you know, he says. Well, I only know what I been told, I says. Well, he says, then just wait a ~~minut~~ minute. Hobb (?) was pitching that day. He says, Hobb anybody ever offer you anything to sell out this baseball game? Hobb says, yep. Fellow said that ~~the~~ five \$1,000 bills he was holding was mine if I loose the ball game today. Pay says, what'd you tell him. Hob says, I told that so and so that if ever I saw him today I'd punch him in the nose. That was Hart for you, weren't about to get to him, no sir.

So, we go out there. I got a three base hit off ov Williams. Two men on and I think we scored three runs that first inning. ~~Wouxk~~ Wound up beating them 10 to 5, see. Well, Pat said to Hod, if I see anything off you that don't look good today, I'm taking you out of there. Well, we win the ballgame and the series is over and I don't think any more about it, see.

✓

Till that fall, that is. ~~It~~ It began to come out when Cicotte spilled the beans, see. He finally just give up and spilled the beans. He told the same damn story was told to me, see. That after the first ball game they didn't get their money and they went out and tried to win. Well, the writers have done everything but print what he said, see. Because the writers said that Cincinnati never had a chance.

We had six of the greatest pitchers in either league! Right that year. We had Jimmy Ring, Duth Reuther, Sallee, Hod Eller, Luky, Ray Fisher (?). Had as good or better pitching staff than the Chicago club. ~~Now~~ Now then they were the pitchers. In the outfield, we had Jackson, Neal and myself. And Duncan. Al Collins. Well now, at third base they was even, with Grove and Buck Weaver. They had the edge at shortstop and they had the edge at second base, but I think we had the edge at first base. Now, behind the plate they had Schalk, we had Wingo and Reardon. Schalk was a good catcher. He was a hustler, you know. I seen him climb that screen and catch foul balls, you know. Wasn't a great hitter, but he was a fellow in there hustling all the time, see. I was there with him in '13, see. good arm. You'd go out to see Schalk, see, just to see him hustle.

✓

I could never figure that out myself, see, why those newspapermen was with the White Sox so. How the hell does a newspaperman know about a ballplayer? How the hell do they wote on a man for the Hall of Fame, anyhow? I can't figure it.

But a lot of the old writers were good writers: Frank Graham, Kinny Whatshisname, now in the Hall of Fame, old writer s were good base ball men. ~~xoxwixkxkxkxkxkxk~~ They 'd go out with the players, sit down and have a talk with them, and they'd learn something about the game. They were into it up to their ears and they loved baseball. What have you got today. Your radio announcers and your TV announcers, well, thy make a big show out of it. You can go to a ballgame and turn your radio on and listen tothe announcer, "He's going back, going back , goinb back..." and all the time he's just ~~a~~ standing there or coming ~~n~~ in!

Yes, Hal Chase led the league in '16, I led it in '17, and Heinie Groh was leading in ~~ix~~ 1918. I was going awful good that year, hitting well over 300. And Heinie got in a slump. Well , I thought he should get it, you know, threee years, three hitters, that's good. So I said to him one day, If you don't hurry up and get going I'm going to lead the league myself! Well, he says, you might as well start, cause it looks like I'm through. So, I started hustling. Basehits and all. By golly, climbed way

✓

there, and then my Dad had the accident and I had to leave the club in Chicago. But I would have led that league sure as thunder if I hadn't had to leave. Only lost by a couple of points at that.

Come back in 1919, joined the club three days before the season opened. Didn't believe in spring training. Only took me three or four days to get in shape. Now, why should I come down and fuss around. They didn't have ballparks then the way they do now. Why the outfields would be either very hard or very soft. Sand some places, hard the next. No, I didn't think that was any good at all. So I wouldn't come ~~down~~^{down}, that's all. Anyway, all you did, you just come down to the ballpark and I remember when I come down ~~xx~~ with the Federal League, you could throw your glove ~~xx~~ up in the outfield, against the fence, and the wind blew so hard it'd stay up there! Well, we trained hunting jackrabbits from then on. No, I didn't like that at all. Course they tried to take care of the infielders, but the outfielders that soft and hard stuff, that's no good. Now, they got nice ballparks and they really work at keeping them up nice.

I remember every time I'd come out to the outfield in Brooklyn they had pockets ~~xxx~~ full of rocks. They didn't have no grass. Any time a fellow hit a line drive out to centerfield you had to brace yourself, cause you didn't know where the ball would go. Might scoot, might go

might go one side or the other, might go over your head, and might take a real nice hop right to you. You just braced yourself. Boy, I'd like to see them now, playing in those kind of places!

Now what the hell, they come down here and play 35 or 40 ballgames before the season opens! Want the money, that's all. We never had these regular shenanigans. We played amongst ourselves. That way you get to see what the youn fellows can do. You used to put your regular outfield with a yannigan infield, see.

Yeah, they had a lot of fooling around with rookies then, but.... I never will forget once....we had a rule, when the bell rang, all the regulars would go out and hit. Well, anybody else could go and hit before that bell rang. Well, I might be up there hitting and soon as the bell would ring, out would come George Burns. He was the lead off man and he wouldn't let you hit another ball for love nor money. You're supposed to have a chance to hit two balls, see. Well, if you'd only had one ball and that bell rung and out come George Burns, why he'd push you right out of there.

They used to do those things, see. I didn't like that a dang bit. When I was playing, I never minded if that rookie went up to the plate and swung a time or two. But, of course, some of them would hit for weeks, if you let them. But I never seen any sense to going up there if your going good,

✓

anyway. Why hit and hit if you're going good. Time after time I'd never take any hitting practice at all. Didn't see the use of it. What 's the use of getting your wrists and hands tired and all. Just like in the out-field. I'd go out there and drop ~~x~~ maybe two or three balls. That's all.

Now McGraw always went down the batting order. Told you how to [pitch to every hitter.....and how to play them too. Then when he'd got donw, he'd say, anybody got anything to sa y? Wll, nobody ever had anything to say, of course, cause they knew what was going to happen if they ever siadanything, you know. See, McGraw was really a great offensive manager, but on the defensive, why he was one of the poorest managers I ever knew. That's just my estimation, of course, See, I used to mak~~e~~ a study of my own of the pitching staff and the hitters of everyone we come across. I don't know what he made a study of, cause his thoughts sure were different from mine on that. Well, anyhow, he got to Hank Wilson. Hack Wilson hadn't given us any trouble cause I'd told them, now keep that ball outside to Hack Wilson and don't give him anything ins~~ide~~. Don't try to dust him off cause that's the ball he likes, that duster. Well, he gets up and says, pitch high to hack wilson. Hight outside and high inside! So then he says, anybody got anything to say? Wll, I says, yeah, I have. You're not going to pitch high to Hack Wilson are you. (We was in ChaicagoO) with that

✓

short right field. He'll throw them over that right field fence all day, you pitch him high here. He says, I ought to know ~~ww~~ how to pitch to him, I had him on my ballclub! Well, I says, you run him out of your ballclub pitching low to him, too. Well, sure enough, he hit them over that fence.

Well, next time we come up against Chicago, Hornsby had the club. Hornsby went down the batting order and he come to Wilson and says pitch high and outside. Well, McGraw says pitch high, high inside and butside. So I gets up and says, well your pitcher's going to pitch high to Hack Wilson again? Beat you three ballgames pitching high to him I hear you say you're going to pitch high again? Hornsby says, Well I'm just telling you what Mr. McGraw says, I don't care how you pitch to him, long as you get him out. Well, we got along fine, cause we pitched low to him, see. Oh yes, Hornsby and I got along fine. I could say to Rog, what do you want me to do, and he'd say, well, suit yourself, you know this kid well as I do. Course I knew the game, all right. And I wasn't afraid to try something in a pinch too.

Course he and McGraw got on to each other often in New York. McGraw would get on him for something or other and Hornsby'd tell him to go to hell. He'd say, I'll play for somebody else, but you ain't going to ride me every time something don't come out right. Oh, he was a fine ballplayer. Don't

✓

why he had all that trouble out in St. Louis. Think it was with the owner more than anybody else. And the owner let him go. I got along with him all right. He was a fellow didn't drink, didn't chew, didn't smoke...but he'd gamble. Gamble all night. Shoot craps all night, many a time. Always in to the gamblers for something. Used to hear stories how the gamblers wer going to knock him off, you know. Hoodlums, you know.

Well, when I was starting out, you know, I played the infield. Shortstop, second base. Started out with the town team, but when I got up with ~~a~~ ^{the} big team in town, when I was about ~~13~~ 14 or 15 I played with the big team, see. Well, that's when they put me in the outfield. First game I played with them, I played the outfield. Think I played the rest fo that year in right field. Never will forget it: they all stood around on main street, it's a little town you know, somebody didn't show up, the one of the outfielders. Well, the manager of the team was talking to one of the officials of the town and he says, why don't you put that Roush kid in, in place of the guy that didn't show up. Well, I was kind of a ~~sky~~ shy ~~a~~ kid and I was backing down out of there, see. Well, he says, we'll wait a few more minutes. Well, we waited a little while and he finally come over and says, come on, I'll give you a uniform. Well I whaked out four base hits out of four times up, and played a pretty good game in right

✓

I thought, didn't miss any, at least. So, then I was their regular right fielder for the rest of the season, which didn't have long to go, see.

Well, the next year, fo course, I was right in the middle of it.

We re-organized the club and I was the first baseman. BPlayed first base all that year. Fellow we had playing second base was about 6 foot 2 or 3. And the ball was going through his legs most of the time.

Well, the next year, I said to him, you play first base and I'll play second base, cause you make too many balls go through your legs. Well, he says, all right, I'll play first base. And we really had a good club.

Well, I heard about some fellows getting money on that club, and I wasn't gettingnay, so I started raising cane about it, see.

Well I went over to the Princeton club. Getting \$5 a day for playing with them, too. We come back to Oakland City to play and beat them! Played with Princeton for about a year and a half, I guess, and that's when I went ~~to~~ to the Kitty League, in 1912. End of the season.

