

INTERVIEW WITH DAVEY JONES

Now you take a lot of the very finest players, and you know, they made poor managers. Course Cobb didn't have the disposition. Babe couldn't even manage himself. Walter Johnson was too easy going. Walter was a grand fellow. One of the nicest guys I ever met. Matter of fact, I was the first big leage player he pitched to. I always was the lead off, that was my specialty.

You know, it was a funny thing. I was warned ahead of time, by the manager of that Washington team. Joe Contillion and I were great friends, always kidding each other. And before the game we were watching this guy with those long arms, ~~xxx~~ big hayseed, he looked like, you know. So Joe says, you better watch him, he's got more spped than anybody I ever saw, and I'm going to pitch him today. Well, I didn't pay much attention to Joe, cause he was always kidding about this and that. But after Walter pitched that first ball, I could understand just what he meant. I did hit a ball, though, down to the shortstop, I think. See, I was one of these punch hitters and I never did have too much trouble with Walter. Choked up on the bat and took a real short swing. Didn't have too much trouble with the sppe dball men, or those that had a change-up. But Johnson was mainly fast and he had a curve ball, bt

it wasn't too good. Fast ball was the main ball. He threw it from a sidearm and it had a jump to it. It'd get by you before you 'd get your bat started. These fellows today couldn't come close to hitting him. They wouldn't get that bat started. They take too long a swing, now. Have that bat way back here like a golfer, and by the time.... See they try to call the turn and when they go to swing, they try to hold back..... That was very seldom the fact when we were playing, because the hitters took a shorted swing and they didn't stab the bat from way back like a golfer does.

I used a pretty heavy bat. Kidd of a bottle bat. Nellie Fox is using the same model now, that I used. Heinie Groh's was really bigger and heavier than the bat I used. I didn't use a topheavy bat. These fellows today use that topheavy bat cause they wait and try to hit the ball right at the "center of oscillation" they call it.

But I had a lot in the handle and lots of space from the handle to the end of the bat, more of a bottle shape. Must have been about 38 ounce bat, and not long. Choked up a couple of inches, with the hands together. Got a little more force that way. The fellows that keep their hand apart, see, they do that more so they can hit and run, you know, punch the ball to the right field or left field. But with your hands together, you have more force, but less control over direction.

✓




Cobb used to say, about me, there's a man never hit a bad ball in his life!

See Cobb used to have 3 or 4 scrapbooks full when he was playing, but I never kept a scrapbook. Course my mother and my sisters and my wife did, and occasionally I'd send home something that I'd cut out of a paper.

Sam Crawford was a good deal like me. We never liked this hero worshipping stuff. We didn't care about getting in the limelight. Altogether different from Cobb. Cobb wanted to be in the limelight all the time. Take the newspapermen out and by them dinners and things of that sort. He was a little different. But Crawford and I never cared much for that.

You know, a player is a hero one minute and a bum the next. Those are the things that I didn't like too much. I didn't play either one of them up too much. Course, playing by the side of two fellows like Cobb and Crawford why of course, it was kind of difficult to get much publicity. Good deal like a member of the chorus in a grand opera where there's two prima donnas! They get in the limelight, you see, and get the publicity. I know that they were both star players, and two of the greatest.

In 1901 I started. I came from college to Rockford and from there To Milwaukee. Milwaukee was in the American League for one year, the year it



was organized: 1901. I came here from Rockford and finished the season for them. I'd gone to college at Dixon Illinois. Studying for the law. Suppose to be a lawyer. Went there from 1899 to 1901. Only had a two year course at that time. I graduated and all as a lawyer, but I was never admitted to the bar. Got into baseball before I could be admitted to the bar.

There were really, very few college ballplayers. The professional ballplayers didn't think very much of the college players, see. And very few of them went into professional baseball. I was a poor boy. Came from a poor family and I had to work my way through school. Matter of fact, I was mentioned and appointed to West Point when I got out of high school. MacArthur was appointed the same time. He was from Milwaukee and I was from Portage, little town in the center of the state here. But I had a chance to go down to Dixon, this small school in Illinois, with all my expenses paid and a little more to boot, to play baseball and football. Didn't care much for football, guess I wasn't rugged enough. Anyhow, spent two years there. On the athletic team. I was the sprinter on the team. I run a little professional foot races too. At that time they had that. Didn't make a business out of it, but I did get a little money on the side for each race I ran. The promoters got the money, you know, and they ran the race. Usually I'd run the 100 in 10 seconds, but I broke that several times. Matter of fact, I beat Archie Hun several times

before he won the championship in the Olympics. Used to run against him and beat him pretty regular, too. That was always one of my chief assets, sprinting. I was really pretty fast, and in the outfield, you know, you have to cover a lot of ground. I had a good arm to. I think, you know, I was one of these average ballplayers. Average hitter, average baserunner. Course the baserunning was harmed cause I was leading off. Back in those days, it was either hit and run or sacrifice. They don't play the same as they do today. When I got on a base, I didn't take a chance of stealing. I'd wait for the hit and run or the sacrifice.

For instance, the first World Series game we played in Chicago. I got on the first time up on the first ball pitched. Back in those days, two players had signs among themselves. Didn't take signs from the manager or coaches or anybody like that. Took from each other, our own signs. Even the manager didn't know what they were, half the time.

Well, that first time, Schaeffer, who was second in the batting order, give me the hit and run sign on the first ball pitched. Well, the ball was low and I stole second. If the ball would have ben where he could have hit it or done anything with it, he would have. But, as it happened it was low and outside and the catcher couldn't even make the throw, it was so far down and I was on second already. Johnny Kling was the catcher. Probably the best catcher that ever lived. Had a better arm than even Archer. See Jimmy Archer

threw from a stooped position. Short arm throw. Kling had the speed, had the pep and was always in position to throw. Very seldom out of position to throw the ball. Threw a very light ball, too. Lot of people don't realize that one catcher might throw a light ball and another a very heavy ball. His was light. Very light. Flew down there every time.

Now, we had a catcher, Nebberschmidt, that threw a ball down there would knock a glove off your hand. Just like a piece of lead! Many people don't realize that things like that are a big factor in baseball.

Bresnahan threw a heavier ball than Kling, but he was very good. As an all around catcher, I'd put him after Kling. Course I didn't know much about Chic Meyers. He was a good catcher, but slow, you know. Little bit clumsy on the....well, never saw much of him.

I really got started when I was a kid. Even before I was in high school. Little town of Cambria. My dad was a city street commissioner there. Had charge of taking care of the streets and water works and things of that sort. Went to school there until high school. It wasn't big enough to have a high school, so I went to Portage High School and stayed with my sister there in Portage.

✓

Played baseball, football and track. Captain of all three teams for all my high school years! Course back in those days there were no coaches or managers and really the captain had to do all the corresponding and arranging of the schedule and everything else. So I was really a busy guy there!

You know, when I got playing with Dixson Colege, we went up to Rockford to play a couple of exhibition games before the regular three I league season started. Rockford was in the 3 I . In the first game, I had quite a day. Had a fellow name of Elliott, pitching. Went to Cincinnati afterwards. He was their star and a pretty good pitcher. Well, I got 4 hits off the guy and i did everything a fellow could do in baseball. After the game, why they wanted to sign me up for the Rockford team. But of course I had to be with the college, supposed to finish in June of that year. So, I told ~~xx~~ them, sure, after the college season (sic) is over. Well, they said, sign the contract now and we'll be all ready for you to report. No, I says, I don't think I should do anything like that. He kept after me and after me and after me.

The next day, we played them again and gave them an awful beating. Think we beat them 10 to 2 or 12 to 0 or something like that. Oh, it was a terrible score. College team beating a professional team like that, didn't make them look too good. Anyhow, after the second game, boy oh boy, did he want me. He sent me telegrams, don't sign with anybody else, we'll do better

✓

than anyone else, and all that.

Well, just before the college season ended, he came down to Dixon. He had a contract all ready. So I said, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll sign with you (they offered \$85 a month) if you'll take the Dixon team up there instead of the team you got. Well, he looked at me and kind of laughed, and finally he says, you know, you got something there! I'd like to say OK, but I've got two or three fellows, one of them's the pitcher, that I'd like to keep. But if you'd like to take some of these players with you, well, give me their names. So I named seven of them, and he signed them up! Took us all from Dixon to Rockford.

We joined the Rockford team on about the 20th of June. They were in last place, when we got there. On Labor Day, the last day of the season, we were playing for the championship! Ha. Brought the team from last place right up to first place...but we didn't win it.

Funny thing, too...you know lots of times a game is decided by inches. Well, I was responsible for losing that last ball game! ~~I~~ There were a couple of men on base and there was a hit near center field (I was playing left field) and I tore over toward center field, just managed to catch it, stumbled and my knee hit my elbow and knocked the ball out of my hand. Now can you imagine. It's almost unbelievable how you can lose a game, lose a

lose a pennant, lose a World Series, even, just by a little thing like that.

That was the deciding factor of the game. ~~I'd caught the ball~~ I'd caught the ball, had it in my hand, and then hit my elbow and it pops out of my hand. Now, that's almost unbelievable, isn't it?

Well, I joined Rockford. Just lucky really. Started out, you know, when I got out of high school, for a few months during the summer, with a railroad. Now with my parents, it was the money factor more than anything else, that made them happy to see me go into baseball ~~and~~ as a professional ballplayer. See, when I joined Milwaukee I got a bonus of \$500, which, if I'd have worked on the railroad, I'd have had to work 6 months for. And it would have been some time before I could make money out of the law. You know you have to build up a practice and get into an office as a messenger boy first, you know. I just couldn't even afford to go to West Point, see?

Course, playing baseball wasn't as respectable a thing to do then as it is now. Tell you a funny story about that: You know Margaret and I were sweethearts in ~~high~~ high school. They were quite religious people and my wife still is, but her family were really very religious. When I got into baseball, they wouldn't let her have anything to do with me! Back in those days, you know, a ballplayer was just a bum too lazy to work. That's what they considered it. For that reason, we had to break up, see.



Well, after a while, I met a girl at Dixson College and married her. And Margaret married a doctor, a heart specialist at Mayo's out in Minnesota. Lived right near Rochester. See the ballplayer was taken from every walk of life, you know, and players were not considered more than, really, high jackers or bums. They didn't have any of the respectability that they have today, and today you'll find many more ballplayers college graduates and come from respectable families and so forth. Course, far as ~~they~~ that was concerned, they picked up a ballplayer from farms, meat markets, on the road, you know, from any and all walks of life. Matter of fact, might be a son of a millionaire or the son of a blacksmith. But, at that time, not many from colleges.

Usually they'd stay a while in the minors but I was at Rockford for about 6 weeks. Matter of fact, I signed up with Milwaukee when I was only down at Rockford for about a month. Course, I created quite a racket down there I'd pitch one day and play infield one day and be in the outfield the next and I hit about 413! Now, see Milwaukee was in the American League and at that time that was an outlaw league. I had really been sold to Chicago as a matter of fact, but I jumped to Milwaukee. That's the only way I could get a bonus, see? If I'd have gone to Chicago, <sup>to the Cubs</sup> why the owner of the Rockford team would have got a commission, but not me.

✓

What prompted me to go to the American League was, of course, that \$500 bucks, right off the bat. That was the factor. Wasn't getting any more salary, I think the limit in the National League then was \$2400 and that's what I signed with Milwaukee for, too. Soon as the 3 I league season was over I came over here and finished the season with Milwaukee. We were on the road most of the time. Joined them in Chicago and then we went East.

Just to show you the difference between the players at that time and the players today: you know today they have coaches and trainers and instructors of all kinds? Well, a ballplayer had either got it or he hasn't I joined the Milwaukee team in Chicago on a Saturday. It was raining, but we dressed and then went out to the park. Dressed at the hotel, in those days, and then went out to the park in uniform on the horse-drawn buses.

The team (Milwaukee) was transferred to St. Louis and became the original Browns. ~~Played in the~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ I was part of the group that first played in that park that they play in now, in 1902. Played with ~~them~~ about 6 of the Milwaukee team that transferred. I was one of the six.

Now, I had joined Milwaukee <sup>in Chicago</sup> /on that rainy Saturday. We sat in the grandstand and the first time I saw Comiskey he was down on the field with his pants rolled up, with a couple of sponges and a pail, soaking up water around the bases, trying to get the diamond in shape to play! That was the

the first time I saw Charlie Comiskey. ~~Sax~~ He started from nothing, you see, and became a millionaire from baseball.

Well, anyhow, it rained and we couldn't play, so the next day, we played a double headre. The first game we played was probably one of the greatest games I ever played in my life! First big league game and my best. I'd never seen a major league baseball park. I'd never seen a major league game, and here they come and take me straight from the minor league, put the uniform on and put me leadingoff. Second time at bat, I made the longest hit I ever made in a ballpark. Over the right field fence. There was only one other ball ever hit over that right field fence. And of course the fences were further away then. And the ball was deader. Off of Callahan, second time at bat. And I made three catches in the outfield so that every time i'd come in from the outfield, the whole crowd just stood up and cheered me. Never had sseen anything like that. Course, I was really quite fast, then, and from then on I never was a bench warmed, except when I was hurt or something, for 15 years!

As I say, I played about 21 or 22 games in St. Louis. We played at home a few series , but then we went on the road to Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago. We had quite a ballclub. Won 19 out of those 21 games in 1902.

Well, when we got over to Chicago, I got a call from James J. Hart,

✓

president of the Cubs (weren't called the cubs, then, but were later on) of the National League team, and wanted me to come over to his office. Well, when I'd signed with Milwaukee in Rockford, they asked me to keep it quiet, and not to tell anybody until the news came out of Milwaukee. But in the meantime, Hart came to Rockford to look me over, because the owner of the Rockford team had told him about me, thinking about selling me to Chicago, as I said.

So, he came out and looked me over and we just happened to have played Terre Haute and Three Finger Brown pitched the game for Terre Haute. Course at that time, he was just a minor league, like I was. Well, I had another great day, did everything a ballplayer could do in one game and after the game I was called down to the Hotel and Hart wanted me to play for the Chicago Nationals. I told them that I couldn't (because I'd already signed with Milwaukee but I didn't tell them that). About a week later, it came out. Over the Western Union, to newspapers all over the country. Well, the newspaperman got me out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning to verify the statement, signing with Milwaukee, you know. That was when the American League was just forming, that was their first year. 1901. So, I verified it.

So, that day in Chicago, I went over to see Hart again. He says, well, you're going pretty good, aren't you. I said, Yes, that's right, we've got a good ballclub. He says, Hey, you know I've lost a lot of good ballplayers

and I'd like to sign you up. Would you consider jumpint to our club? Well,

I says, what have you got to offer? (Course they were always jumping back and forth then, a contract really didn't mean a thing at that time).

So, he ~~says~~ thought for a minute, gets up, walks out of the room and sends his clerk down for some cash. I guess he thought cash was a little more inviting than a check. Went down and got \$500 in cash. We passed the time a while, till the money arrived and then he got up and got it from the clerk and hands it to me with a contract and says, Now here you are, \$500 and the contract for the highest salary on the club, \$3600! Two year contract.

Well, what could I do? I'd been playing for \$2400 and here's a contract for \$3600, the highest salary on the ballclub and \$500 right in a bunch, which was quite a lot of money in those days. So, I signed.

Well, he called up the ballpark and got the manager, Frank Seeley. He says, I've signed a new outfielder and I won't tell you who he is. Take it from me that he's OK. Put him in the outfield this afternoon. So, Seeley went out on the field and tells the captain, gee, we've got a new outfielder and I'm supposed to put him in the outfield this afternoon and I don't even know who he is! Isn't that a funny?

Course I didn't say anything to anybody, not even to my roommate. Just packed my bag and club-bag (In those days you know, we carred our clubs

✓

(sic) in a little bag that held two of them) and went out to West Side Park.

Of course, the St. Louis team only had three outfielders. <sup>They</sup> ~~xxx~~ all got in the bus to go to the park and looked around and I was missing. Anybody know where Jones is? My roommate says, no, I don't know where He is, ~~but~~ he was just back in the room, I know that. Well, they waited for me as long as they could and then went off. Manager says, Well, let him get out there the best way he can....we won't wait any longer for him!

So they ~~went~~ out and played. Had to put a catcher in right field and really he lost the game for them, misjudging a fly ball.

Well, when I came up, I wasn't taking anybody's place or shoving off anyone that was on the club. They'd already let their old outfielder go before they even signed me. The players in those days, were like anybody else, if they knew a player was coming up and likely to take your job away, they'd be likely to resent it and give him a cold shoulder. But they didn't do that to me. I got in that first game, see. Made good right at the start.

Now, on the Cubs, most of the stars had already jumped over to the White Sox, like Griffith, Billy Sullivan, Dummy Hoye. Ha! That Dummy Hoye. It's hard to explain about him. It was hard for him, I imagine. Hard to get signals and all. Course we all learned the hand signals and he was a corking player, all right. Good outfielder, hitter, all of it. He was a ballplayer

✓

a good deal like myself. Chop hitter, good basebunner. Good all around player but not a star in any particular branch of it.

Sure I played against Keeler. Many times. Played him when he was on the Yankees. Matter of fact, first all star team, picked from the American league, he was on it. He was a corking player. Little fellow, chop at that ball. Don't suppose he ever made a home run in his life, but he "hit 'em where they ain't" as he used to say. And boy was that a team, that 1907 all star American League team: Ke was in left field, Fielder Jones was the center fielder and Keeler was the right fielder, then they had Chase, Jajoie, Wallace and Collins, then Rube Waddell, Mullen, Schreckengost and Sullivan, Walsh...that was the team! Don't know why they picked me, cause I wasn't an outstanding player, but I did play good ball that year.

When I jumped to the Cubs, in 1902, I'd only played 22 games or so with the Browns, as I say. I was going very well, but I got the typhoid in August and had to stay in the hospital the rest of that season and part of the winter. But I recuperated and in the spring I weighed 196 pounds, I gained about 100 pounds (?????). I'd just eat and eat and eat all the time, you know after the typhoid.

We trained out in California, the Cubs did. ~~Treated~~ They treated me fine. Played centerfield out there and one day, we were playing Bklyn






and I was responsible for three runs and we beat them 3 - 2, so I made good right at the start, you see.

That team had Frank Chance (Evers didn't come till that fall, 1902), Bobby Lowe, (knew him again, ~~xx~~ later), and Germany Schaeffer was there too.

I remember once I was on third base, ready to score, when Germany Schaeffel stole FIRST BASE from SECOND BASE!!!!!! I'm standing there and he stole first, see he was trying to confuse the pitcher. See, the score was tied, with two men out in the ninth inning. ~~Wax~~ Cobb was up to bat. When the first ball was pitched, Schaeffer let a yell out of him and ran to second, to draw the throw from the catcher, so that I could score from third, and I was fast then, it was my specialty. But the catcher refused to throw to second, cause he didn't want to give me a chance to score. Well, pitcher got wound up and set for the next pitch and the first baseman was playing backk, like usual, and schaeffel lets a yell out of him and he tore back to first like a wild indian! Dove into first, head first, from second, and there nobody there, of course. But he did that thinking that the pitcher would be confused and throw the ball over there with nobody there to receive it. But nothing happened. Course we were all just amazed. Even I, on third, didnt



know what he was pulling. I was as amazed as the rest. Well, here he is on first base again. And of course the crowd is yelling and everybody is confused and all. Ha! Well, again the pitcher ~~walks~~ gets set, and again he steals second, and then the catcher threw to second and I scored the winning run. Now, what do you think of that?

And afterwards, Schaeffer goes up to the official scorer and says, I'm entitled to 3 stolen bases, you know, put them down! It was wonderful.

Now here's a baseball story, and a true one: We were playing in Chicago, the first year I joined, 1906. Cobb wasn't a regular that year, he was a fill-in. I played center, Crawford right and MacIntyre played left. In 1906.

That year I was ruptured, you know, and was operated on and couldn't finish the season. Oh, I've had a lot of accidents. But anyhow, Schaeffer had been out of the game for about a month and <sup>Donahue</sup> ~~Red Donahue~~ was pitching for us, and

we were in Chicago playing against Doc White for the White Sox. So, comes the ninth inning, score was 2 to 1 in favor of the White Sox. We had a man on first and the pitcher up at bat. Now Red Donahue was one of the worst hitters

in the league. Never hit 100 in his life, I don't think. Well, Red used to like to get up there and take his swings, anyhow, you know, he was quite a guy. So, Bill Armour, our manager, asked Schaeffer if he was all right,

and would he go up to hit for Donahue. So Schaeffer says, sure, I'd love to ✓

left handed pitcher. So, Schaeffer gets ~~xxx~~ his bat, and there's Donahue, getting ready, you know, swinging his bat around. Ha! Well, Schaeffer say, Red, the manager wants me to hit for you. Donahue looks at him, Who the hell are you...going to hit for me! Oh, that got him real mad, put Schaeffer in to hit for him. Red comes over and catches sight of me ~~zigging~~ sitting there ~~in the~~ on the bench, you know. Well he sits down and folds his hands, madder than a wet hen, you know, cause they took him out and put in a pinch hitter.

Well, Schaeffer walks over and looks up at the grand stand. Takes off his cap and says, Ladies and Gentlemen: You are now looking at Herman Schaeffer, Better known as Herman the Great, the Greatest Pinch Hitter in the World. I'm going to hit the Ball in the Left Field Bleachers. Thank You. And he turns around and walks up to the plate. ~~Never~~ Of course, they're all giving him the old raspberry, you know. He never hit over 2 or 3 home runs in his life in one season, you know. Well, second ball that Doc White pitched he did just exactly what he said he would: he hit it in the left field bleachers. Wel, boy oh boy, you ought to have seen him. He stood at that plate until he saw that ball going into the left field bleachers and then he tore down to first just as hard as he could run, and he slides into first and stands up, takes off his hat and says, Schaeffer Leads at the Quarter! Then he tears down to second and slides into second, and says, Schaeffer



Schaeffer leads At The Half. The same at th~~ird~~ and at the plate. When he slid into the plate, he turned around and says, Schaeffer, Winner By a Nose! Took off his cap, walked over to the grandstand and says, Ladies and Gentle men, I want To thank YOu for Your Attnetion! Ha! Well! It was one of the funniest things I ever saw in baseball. Today, that's so unusual, they'd think a guy was crazy if he did that, but in those days, you know, you could pull stuff like that, and how the crowd enjoyed it.

And here's the funny part of that ~~story~~ story: He came over to Red Donahue, who s still sitting there like a stone image, see, his arms folded over him. Course I was laughing ~~my~~ head off. So he says, Red, how'd you like that? Well, Red says, not a goddamn ~~bit~~ bit better than I'd have done myself! (don't supposed he ever hit a home run in his life, you know)

And, of course, winning the ballgame that way, 3 - 2, that made Schaeffer. He was back into the game. He folowed me in the batting order, hitting second. We were playing next in Cleveland and a big fellow name of Eddie Jost, big sidearm man, Schaeffer couldn't hit with a paddle. Well, he comes up, Schaeffer does, for the first time, and of course everyone in the grandstand's going Hurray Schaeffer, you know, for winning that way the day before. They give him a great big send off. Well, he tood three swings and struck out. Second times he came up to bat, it was still Hurray Schaeffer

struck out again. Third time at bat, no commotion at all. No ovation.

Fourth time up, I think it was the 9th inning, Schaeffer didn't want to get up to bat again. He walks up to me and says, If you get on that base, I'm going to bat you over the head. Ha! I took one look at him, and started to laugh and laugh. And I did get on base and Schaeffer had to get up the 4th time, and of ~~xxx~~ course the crowd's going Take the Bum Out. That's baseball crowds, you know. Take the Bum Out. That'll show you how quick a guy can i turn from a hero to a bum. That's a typical story and it's absolutely true. Every word of it. Yessir! Ha! Yessir!

But Schaeffer would keep doing things like that, you know. Good for the team, all right. He'd enliven the team all the time, doing something. Not cracking jokes, you know, but he was just funny, naturally funny. And he was a smart player too. Good all around player.

Came up to Detroit in 1906, as I say. They treated me fine, but they didn't treat Cobb very good when he got there in 1905. See, there was kind of a clique there with MacIntyre, Mullin, Warner, Killian and that bunch. They didn't like Cobb. I guess they were kind of tickled to death that I come up, cause that pared the clb down some and they had only MacIntyre, Crawfore, Cobb ad myself in 1906. Cobb went right out to make good you know, and id make good, right at the start. His first game with Detrot, he got in good. ✓

Well, I come up in 1906 and on St. Patriks day we had a hitter's team....

you know, wa choose sides....and Schaeffer was the captain of the Dutchman  
and Red Donahue was captain of the Irish. Had the Dutch against the Irish.

Well, each on eput up \$5 on the game. Of course, I wasn't either Dutch or  
Irish, but I went on the ~~Irish~~ Dutch team. So did Cobb. Both played on Schaeffers  
team. Crawford and MacIntryre went with the Irish. Well, Sam, you know, he  
was always a little parsimonious and he figured that they had the better ball  
club...wanted to be on the winning side, get my five bucks, you know.

Well, it just happened that Red Donahue and a fellow name of McCaffi~~y~~  
McCafferty, young fellow were pitching. Well, we knocked Red out and they put  
in this McCafferty. Just seemed like the breaks went for me that day. I  
went back of Cobb that day and caught a ball that I don't think any other  
outfielder in the bueiness would ahve even got close to. And another ball  
was hit on a line over Schaeffer's head towards center and I made a dive for  
it on a run and got it. Well, I made three catches in that game that just  
opened their eyes, you know. Course I was fast, and I could make those  
catches. Sprinting was my specialty, see.

~~Well, I was the manager, I know, I~~ And see, at that time,  
the outfield was pretty well filed and there wasn't any place for Cobb, then.  
Sam was in right, MacIntyre in left and I was in center. If there would be a

would be a place at all it would be in center. But after that day, why Cobb didn't have a chance.

After the game, Armour the manager went over to the newspapermen and says, That was the greatest exhibition of outfielding that I ever saw in baseball. And that appeared in the paper. A lot of life is just luck, you know. Now, I might have gotten 3 or 4 easy catcher out in the outfield that no one would have paid attention to. But these plays were made to order, to make sensational plays. Boy, I was solid after that. I was a regular and treated that way by everyone.

But now, Cobb, he asked for it, really. He had a rotten disposition and he was everything for Cobb. Didn't care about anybody but himself and didn't even care about his mother or his father (well, I don't really know that about his father). You knew that Cobb's mother murdered his father, didn't you? When we were down there in 1906, Cobb went up there to the trial, she was arrested for murder. Supposed to have shot him through the window. Anyway that's the way the story goes. He was supposed to go away on a trip, but suspected her of something and sneaked back and she shot him. Cobb went up there to the trial. She was acquitted. She claimed she thought he was a burglar. So, you can see, his life was kind of tragic. A thing of that kind hangs on a fellow, you know.



But anyhow, we played that way till about the middle of the season when I was ruptured. We were in Phila. and it was raining and ~~ix~~ slippery out there and I was running down to first and slipped and ruptured myself. Had to carry me off the field! Sent me back to Detrit and they operated on me right away.' So, that give Cobb a chance.

I'll tell you, it's true. The regulars did a lot of dirty tricks on Cobb when he come up. But I'll tell you, ~~ax~~ for instance, when we were training at Augusta, we used to leave out gloves and shoes out in a little house there adjoining the groundkeepers and we had this room to keep our stuff in. We got out there one gay, and Cobb missed his shoes and glove. Well, I think Contillion and some of the guys had hid them. Partly kidding, but they didn't like him, and I don't know that it was so much kidding or not. Really they did give him a lot of grief. So, anyhow, he went out there and when he couldn't find his shoes or glove, he right away accused the colored groundkeeper's wife of stealing it. Called her a lot of hames that he shouldn't have called her and Charlie Schmidt says, You're no man at all. You wouldn't call any woman any names like that if you were. Cobb, says, None of your damn business. Schmidt says, well I'll make it my business. So they went to it. Well, a few of us got in there and broke it up, but in the mix up, Cobb had Scratched Smitty's face and it bled a little. No real damage. But the papers came out

about a big fight and about Cobb trimming Smitty and all. Ha! He couldn't ~~xx~~ lick one side of Smitty, he was a bull, you know. Smitty had come from the Minneapolis club with me and I was pretty friendly with him. We used to be together a good deal. On the day that he read that, Smitty said to me, I'll show these guys down South here that he can't lick me, before we get out of the South, he says, I'll show that guy.

Well, nothing was said until we got over to Meridian, Miss. We played an exhibition game on our way up North. It was only a short distance of 4 or 5 blocks from the hotel to this ballpark, and we walked it. Smitty and I walked together. We were talking about different things. When we got there, Cobb and someone were tossing it around and Smitty and I put on our shoes and got ready and then Smitty walked over to Cobb and ~~xy~~ says Now, dod, dummit, I'm going to give you that licking I promised you. (dod, dummit, that was his way of swearing, he'd always say that, "dod dummit"). So, they squared off. Cobb threw his glove down and Smitty hit him over the left eye and knocked him about 10 feet square on his back. Oh, boy, did he hit him a crack! Powerful man, you know. Like a bull. He was the strongest man I ever knew, or ever saw. So Cobb got up on his knees and Smitty gets his fist ready but Cobb put up his hand and says, I got enough.

See, Cobb, Crawford and I ~~a~~ had no. 7, 8 and 9 lower berths. I'd sit there and Cobb took a gun out of his pocket and put it under his pillow. Well, I thought, that's funny. Guy carrying a gun around with him. Ballplayer! I said, What are you carrying that gun for? He says, well, some of these damn Yankees get fresh with me, I'll show him why I'm carrying this gun. That was his disposition, see. Now, he had no business doing that. He was just asking for trouble. And that was the answer he give me, and several of the players standing around heard him.

He ought to have had more sense than do things of that kind. Just asking for trouble. He resented ~~re~~everybody, it just seemed. You couldn't make any remark.....course I could tell you a lot of things about Cobb, cause I was probalbly the best friend he had. I used to try to fight for him and stick up for him when he'd get in messes. More than once I separated him. Iseparat~~d~~ him and Moriarty once and got the worst of it. I stepped between them one day in the clubhouse.

In 1907, after the World Series, we went to play an exhibition game on a Sunday, in Chicago. Then we ~~zanz~~ came up to Kenosha to play on Monday. Well, on the train from Chicago to Kenosha, Cobb and I sat together. He didn't have ~~any~~ many friends that would sit and visit with him, you know. Donahue was friendly with him. And Schaeffer was too. We had gotten \$1600 on the Word

Series. Of course Cobb was betting <sup>on</sup> about \$1800 that year, his first ~~year~~ series, too. Well, we got talking and ~~x~~ <sup>he</sup> said, gee I dont' know what to do with this money (he probably never had that much money in his life). He says, I think I'll invest it in cotton down ther, in Georga. Well, Ty, I says, you're young, haven't any ties of any kind, why don't you buy some of that CocaCola, that company down in Atlanta. Why don't you go over and investigate th e Coca Cola company. Well, he thought for a minute and said, I don't know anything about that company, and cotton is in my country, it's the main industry. Well, that's all was ~~xx~~ said except that I remarked that Coca Cola was selling so well down South that pretty soon it would be up North, too, cause It's a nice drink. Never mentioned it again.

<sup>several</sup>  
Well, ~~xxxx~~ months later, we again wer sitting together on a train and that reminded me of our conversation about the Wrod1 Series money and I asked him, Ty what did you do, did you buy cotton or did you buy CocaCola. Well, he snaps his fingers and says, Gee, I been meaning to tell you that all summmmer. I took your tip and wentover to Atlanta and met some of the people there and put it all in CocaCola!

Did you know that I'm also a pharmacist? Well, it happened this way: my younger brother was a druggest. ~~xxx~~ He worked in a drug store at home and ~~they~~ <sup>I</sup> sent him to Michigan, <sup>to study it.</sup> When he got his license there in

Michigan, he got a job in Detroit and was living with me.

I had an opportunity to get a drug store in Detroit and thought it would be a good idea to do that and put him in to run it, and I could spend my off time in it. I was still playing with Detroit at the time. Called it the Davey Jones Drug Company. I had five stores there at one time. Well, so I bought this store block down from the YMCA, practically downtown, half a block from the Detroit Athletic Club, course the Detroit Athletic Club wasn't there then. Wasn't built till later. Anyhow this store was convenient for people shopping downtown and looked good, so I bought it in 1910.

After the game was over, I'd go down to the drugstore, see. And of course, I got a lot of publicity. Pictures of me up at the fountain drawing sodas, and so forth. And a lot of the fans, too, soon as the game was over, they'd go down to the drug store to have me draw them a soda, you know. That was great fun, those times. Sometimes you couldn't even fit in the drug store and my business was very very good. 1910. And I spent all my off time, when I was playing with Detroit, and evenings there at the drug store.

Well, when I was on the road, I'd take textbooks with me, see. The first year, we did very well. I made more money out of the drug store than I did playing baseball. It was highly patronized. It was a nice business there. Well, that went along till I got through in Detroit, 1913, and went to the

went to the White Sox. Then in 1914, I jumped over to Pittsburgh, in the Federal League. Stayed there three years. First year I was there a ball hit my ankle and blood poisoning set in and I was out the rest of the year. Well, the president of the club, I went to see him towards the end of the season, to tell him that I didn't think I could play any more. He says, stick around, we like you here. We'll pay your salary, don't worry about the money. Oh, he was a grand guy. One of the richest men in Pittsburgh. He lost about 3 million on the ball club just like that, without a question. But he was a fine fine fellow. Well, he says, it's up to you. I'd like to have you stay, and we'll pay your money and keep your position, but if you want to go, you decide. Well, I says, I think I better go. So he called the clerk in and they paid me the rest of my salary in full. They paid me the biggest contract I ever got.

No, see, in 1914, I thought I'd like to quit. The drug store was going very well, and I thought it was time. I got a telephone message by the name of Kessler, manager of the Pittsburgh team. I was in the drug store during the winter of 1913-14, this was. He says, have you signed up yet. I says, no I haven't. He says, can ~~xx~~ I talk to you. I says, sure. Well, in just about 15 minutes he was down at the drugstore. He was in Detroit at the time. He said he was managing the Pittsburgh Federal and wanted to

have me on the ~~xxxx~~ team, how about it. Well, I said, It ~~seems~~ sounds good, if the compensation is satisfactor. Well, he says, well pay you . What do you want. Well, I thought for a minute and I thought I better make it high, cause you can always come down, if necessary. Well, I'll tell you, Doc, I says, I'll sign a two year contract for \$7500 a year, \$15,000 for two years, with a \$5,000 bonus. He thought for a moment and said, Well, I'll take it up with the owner. Never said a word about it being too high, or anything. Well, this was on a Monday, and Tuesday comes a certified check for \$5,000 and a contract for \$7500 for two years. That was a lot of money then, 1913. So, I took the \$5,000 and added it to the cash I had and bought the lot, vacant lot adjoining the drug store. Two old houses, 45 feet. Cost me \$12,500 all together, with the vacant lot and all. So, I got it free and clear. I figured that property was pretty valuable, or would be in a few years, and ~~xxx~~ too, I was protecting myself, in case the drug store lease ran out and they wouldn't renew, I could just build a drug store on the vacant lot. That was in the winter of '14. Well, in 1917, a guy come along and offered me \$45,000 for it! And I refused it, that's how valuable that property was. Well, see, that kind of put me on my feet.



But about being a pharmacist, see, in ~~1902~~ 1910 to 1915, when I got through playing ball, I got textbooks and I would work in the store and I got to know the drug business pretty well. When I got all through in 1915, got my check and so forth, I rented ~~xxxxxxx~~ my apartment in Detroit and went out to California, for a vacation. Well, I bummed around for two or three weeks, and then I thought, what the devil can I do. I can't just keep on doing nothing.

So I took a course in Pharmacy at the University of Southern Cal. Stayed there till I graduated. Got my licence there. And I also got a Ph.D. degree from the University of Southern California. I came back and took the state board exam from the Detroit Board of Medicine and been in the drug business from then on. For forty years! Yes, I spent two years in California studying. 1915 to 1917.

But you're wonderinf if you didn't see where I played ball in 1918, aren't you? Well, that was wartime, you know, and the last game of the

I visited the bench of series, /the White Sox. And between games, it was a doubleheader, I went over to the Detroit bench to say hello. Well, the crowd was hollering for Bill Donovan to out and pitch the second game, last game of the season. So bill turned to me and said, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll go out an pitch if you'll play left field. Jennings, said , sure, that'd be fine.

and he turns to one of the players and said, go in and take off your uniform and give it to Davey. So I put on the uniform and played left field that last game of 1918....AND I got the last put out. I hadn't played since '15. They have that ball now in the Hall of Fame. Last ball hit before the First World War!

I remember that ~~1909~~ 1909 World Series very well. You know, the first four games, I walked when I came up. But after walking the first four games, the fifth game, I thought, well Babe Adams, who was pitching ~~for~~, in Pittsburgh, he's going to give me a nice fast ball and I'm going to take a crack at it. Well, I took a toe hold and he came across as I expected and I hit it out of the park! It was the first ball pitched. That was the only time a home run has been hit to start a World Series game in 45 years. I think Woodring hit one later.

The 1907 Series, you know, I hit over 300, but more than that, I stole more bases than the rest of the team put together. I stole 4 of the 7 bases stolen! Well, it just happened that way, I guess. In 1907 and '08, you know, I was playing against my old teammates. Had a lot of fun with them.

You know Frank Chance and I were buddies. We were just like two brothers. He was an awfully nice fellow. Very nice disposition. But he

was stright with the pāayers. Didn't want any kidding or anything, you know.

If you'd come in the clubhouse and start singing, after losing a ballgame,

boy, oh, boy, he'd get sore as the dickens. But he was an awful nice chap.

We almost cried when I was sold, you know.

Well, Evers was a great pivot man, and Tinker of course, he was a great shortstop. Wonderful shortstop. He covered a lot of ground, you know.

Course you didn't have the opportunity to make the double plays that you make today. Guys don't sacrifice or don't hit and run the way we used to.

Now, they can hit into two or three double plays a week! We'd never do that.

Now, here's a funny story. We were playing Phila., when I was with Detroit, and Cobb and <sup>the umpire,</sup> Billy Evans, this was in 1912, were chewing the

rag, and having an awful time with each other, you know. Jack Coombs was

pitching. <sup>Ernie</sup> He was afraid to put Cobb out of the game, you know, cause the

crowd would really get on him. They wanted Cobb in that game. Well, ~~er~~ with

me it didn't make much difference, see. Well, I came up to bat in the 7th

inning, and I hadn't had a word with him. I just went up like I always do,

and got some dust on my hands to grip the bat, you know and he yells over,

Get out of that box! Well, I turned around and said, what the hell is biting

you. I'll get out of the box when I'm ready. See, I couldn't understand why

he yelled at me that way, cause I wasn't doing anything out of the ordinary

but just what any other player would do, and he took me by surprise.

So, I says, "I'll get in the box when I'm good and ready" "You will, eh?"

he says, ~~na~~ and he yells to Jack Cooms, "Go ahead and pitch" "Well, I says,

go ahead and have him pitch, I can just spot him a couple of strikes and then

hit him" Well, I can see that pitcher just as if it happened today. I stepped

out of the box, and Jack Coombs, the first two balls he pitched, was in the

dirt" Well, I stood there laughing. And the next one was way outside.

Course Jack never did have very good control. He had a lot of stuff, but

poor control. Well, the next one was way way outside. So I stood out of the

box, and got a base on balls and never got in the batter's box!

Well, I finally scored, as it happened, and when I did, you know,

I kind of turned around and give him the laugh, you know. "I ought to punch

you right in the nose, Mesays." Yeah, I says, I heard you used to be a prize

fighter and any time you think you can punch me in the nose, you can start...

right now, or any time you name! Ha! I had a kind of a Welsh spirit you know,

and I didn't like to take that from anyone. He says, Yeah, you're out of the

game and you better be in the clubhouse after the game, cause I'm going to

fix you! Well, I'll be in there waiting for you, I said. '

So he put me out of the game, and the crowd, of course, got on him.

I went in the clubhouse and it was the 8th inning, and sure enough he comes

in the clubhouse and starts in. Well, before I could start in, three or four of the other guys, Donovan, Willis, Mullin (I can just see them) grabbed him and threw him head first out of the door, right on the concrete. Ha! Tore his pants and all, he was a mess. But that was the last of that, I thought.

Well, the next morning, during practice, I got a telegram that I was suspended. So I went up to the office and some of the fellows got together and signed a telegram explaining just what had happened and sent it off to Ban Johnson.

Well, Just before the game, I got another telegram that the suspension was lifted and Evans was fined \$50! So that was a time when the umpire got the worst of it!

There was a time Cobb got suspended too, you know. One of the crucial periods in baseball history, too. I'll tell you the whole story now, cause I know it from A to Z. I was right on the spot.

We were playing in NY and while we were having batting practice, during a little lull, there was a guy sat right in back of our dugout. He was a big hoodlum and kept calling Cobb all the names that he could think of....oh, just awful! So, there was a policeman along in front of our dugout and Cobb walked over and tapped him on the back and said, Don't you hear that man abusing me and calling me names? Why don't you do something about

...the fellow turned around and never even answered Cobb. Just

went along , out of his way. Course, you could hardly blame him, I guess, cause he didn't have any orderes to do anything I suppose, unless the guy actually did something to arrest him for, you know.

So, a little bit later, a fellow name of Farrell, president of the NY team, sat in the box right at the end of the bench, and Cobb went over and told him about what this guy was doing. Well, he didn't know anythig about it, and coulding do anything, ~~either~~ either.

Well, the game started, and Cobb told the umpire..it was so awful he told the umpire. Now Cobb says that Silk (??the umps name, I guess??) told him not to pay any attention to the guy. So Silk wouldn't do anything.

Now, in the 3rd inning, I'd come in from left field and Cobb from center and we met at about 3rd base and walked together from there to the dugout. And I could hear when this guy yelled out "I know you and whole damn family and I know your mother.....and a lot of unkind words about her being intimate with the niggers down south, in very plain terms, you know. Well, boy, oh, boy, when I heard him say that, I just jumped up in the air and I was ready to jump on him. I said to cobb, If you don't go up to knock that guy's block off, I'm going to do it. So Cobb, went up, with tme , up in the stands, and I was up there with him, and he give this guy an awful geating. There was only one guy who interfered with them, and I give him a kick so

hard I got my foot black and blue up to the ankle and could hardly get my shoe on for a week afterwards.

So Cobb was suspended. Course he really beat that guy up. Nobody but that one ~~xxxx~~ guy tried to stop him. See, he was so repulsive, his ~~ax~~ language, that everybody had moved away from him. He was practically singing along in the stands there. You never heard anything like the language that that guy used in your life, I know I never did.

Well, anyhow, Cobb was fined \$500 and suspended. That was on a Thursday, and on Friday, Sam and I were talking about how shameful it was that a guy could be fined and suspended for just defending himself. I said it's about time that we players are doing something to protect ourselves. We're out there and were just helpless. Nobody would do anything for us. The police, the club owners, the umpires, nobody would do anything. They'll throw bottles and cans and call us any names they can think of and we just have to take it. Well, it's good that we're coming to the point where we won't have to sit down and take it any more. So I sat down and wrote a telegram to Ban Johnson saying that we, the undersigned, members of the Detroit baseball club would refuse to play tomorrow's game unless Cobb's fine is reimbursed and suspension lifted. and I was the first one to sign and Crawford was the second and we held a meeting, and everyone of them signed, except



except Donovan, who was home at the time. Now we did that on a Friday.

We played the game on Friday, as usual, but on Saturday, we went out and practiced before the game. Well, of course the telegram appeared in the <sup>paper</sup> paper, as a threat that we had made.

As the game was about to start, I went up to the umpire and asked ~~xxxx~~ him whether Cobb was to be allowed to play. And he said no, he'd had no word from the president. So, I started waving the players in and said, Come on ~~xxxx~~ boys, lets' go. No game today. (They got a picture of me doing that, in the Phila. Bulletin...waving them off the field.) Well, we went back in the clubhouse, took off our uniforms and went back to the hotel.

Jennings sensed that we really meant it, and he, to protect himself, had collected a bunch of the semi-pro players around Phila. to make up a team and they went in and put on our uniforms and played the game. Course It wasn't much of a game, they got beat ~~22~~ 22 to something. Wasn't much of a ballgame. But they played it and the receipts of that game were something. Couldn't get the crowd in the park, you see, they'd all come out wanting to see what would happen.

Well, that was Saturday. On Sunday, of course, on account of the Blue Laws, there was no game. On monday, the presidents of all the clubs met with Ban Johnson in Phila. They were there, ready for the fight. So Namen called

a meeting of the players before he went to the presidents and owner's meeting. He begged us to go back and play. Said, you know I got that investment, that new park. He says, I been broke many a time, but if you fellows quit on me ~~xxx~~ now, I'll be worse off than I ever was cause we got a big mortgage on that park and we'll never handle it without you fellows. You're going to have to protect me now. He says, Davey, what do you think about it.

Well, Frank, I says, you know we're not asking very much. Time and time again we go out and play with pop bottles being thrown at us, we've been insuled and taken all kinds of abuse, and I for one have taken every thing that I'm going to take. Now, unless you promise to give us ballplayers protection out on that ballfield, I'll not put on another uniform. Now that's not asking very much...protection on the ballfield. And he asks Crawford, and Sam says, What davey said goes double for me. Then he turns to Jim Delahanty who game him some of that Irish slang, you know, and boy, oh boy did he let ~~it~~ in for Ban Johnson and all the owners and presidents and all. That's enough, says Namen, that's enough. I know how you feel and I'll tell them how you feel, and what the trouble is.

He went to the meeting. They were all there: Griffith, Comiskey, Connie Mack, Hedges, bradley....president of every club was there, including Ban Johnson. He told them all about the meeting that he'd had and what I'd

Well, Bank Johnson says, I f we give in to these ballplayers now, we'll have to give in for every little thig. We can't to it, and Im going to fine every oneof them \$100 and take two or three ballplayers off each club, Frank and we'll make up just as ggood a ballclub as you have now! Ha! That was a lot of hot air.

Well, he come back and told us that we were all fined \$100 apiece and he's going to make up another club. Well we told him to ~~gell~~ Bank Johnson to jump in the lake and fine us ~~\$kxx~~ \$1,000, if he wanted. He was really down, Namen was. I never saw him so remorseful in my life.

Then, that day, Monday, the Boston team had ~~had~~ held a meeting and Tris Speaker, the captain of the team sent a telgram to the president of the club, that the Boston team would refuse to play on Wednesday until our demands were given in. All the Detroit games had been called off, you see. Some arrangement was made so we didn't forfeit the gamesthat we missed on Monday and Tuesday.

So, on Tuesday, Schaeffer came over from Washington and said that they had held a meeting in Washington and they would back us up, too. They would refuse to play any until the demands were met. Well, they weren't really deamands, they were requests for something we thought we were entitled to. And they thought so too, but they didn't want to give in to us at all.

Anyhow, they held another meeting after Namen told them that he couldn't do anything with us, couldn't prevail on us to play. Well, <sup>Johnson</sup> ~~one~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ said, well, we'll fix those guys, and then MacIlery jumped up and said By God, you're going to do it. You're going to do what those boys want. By God, we're playing your salary and you're going to do what we tell you to do! And he made a run for him and it took three or four other owners to keep <sup>They took Johnson out of the room and went on without him.</sup> MacIlery from jumping Ban Johnson./ So they held ~~and~~ meeting and told Namen to have a committee of three or four of us come over and see if we could settle it.

Namen came back to the hotel and told us what had transpired. Well, none of the players wanted to go over, but I said I'd go, after all, we weren't asking for anything we weren't entitled to. So Namen and I went over. Ha! we walked into that room, great big room, like a ballroom, and they were all sitting around, you know. Well, it was just like going into a morgue. Boy, oh, boy, I never saw such a gloomy looking bunch in all my life. All the owners. I knew most of them. I'd played for them or against almost all of them, you know.

Clark Griffith seemed to be the spokesman and asked me what it was that we all wanted and would I tell them just what we expected and all. So I stood up and I said, Where's the president? Well, they said, we're meeting

without him. Well, I says, thank you, but I'd like to have him here and have him hear what I've got to say. So they sent for him and (HEE, HEE, HEE) ((He's got the giggles for about the millionth time())) he took a seat right next to the door, so he could get out fast if anyone else wanted to pop him one.

Well, I got up and made my speech in the middle of the floor. Now, I said, as far as the president is concerned, we know he doesn't give a damn about us players. All he cares about is having us get up there so he can draw a nice fat salary. That's as much as he cares for us. And ~~xxx~~ for the rest of you: some of you have been ballplayers and know what we have to put up with. Now, I know that some of you want to settle this. And exactly what we want is this: protection on the ballfield. And that's what we're going to get.

Clark Griffith gets up and says, Well, you're entitled to it! You go back and tell the rest of your ballplayers that were going to give them every protection we possibly can. If any of the ballplayers or anybody on the league if anybody calls you a name or throws anything at you, you stop the game and have the umpire gut that guy out of the ballpark.

I said, that's exactly what we want. We held a meeting and told them all and we all were satisfied that that was what we wanted.

Well, the next day, we go over to Washington. I got up to bat

SOMETHING WRONG HERE, HALFWAY THROUGH THIS TAPE, LONG, LONG, LONG

SILENCE.

People today are a little different than they used to be . They used to be a little bit rougher. One day over at Cleveland, I run over after a foul ball, over near the bleachers, and there was a real shower of pop bottles thrown at me. X Must have been about 10 or 15 pop bottles. A shower. And , boy, did I ever back out into the field. You bet interference was called and the man was out...and I probably could never have gotten that ball.

See, there were crowds all around the outfield, in those days. Course there were policemen there to keep the crowd back, but they weren't too much help. In that 1907 Series, I remember I went back near the crowd waiting for a fly ball, and there was a whole shower of paper rolled up in balls, you know, and they threw them up and golly I couldn't tell which one was the real ball. So I called for interference (same game that Sam had an incident in, you know?) and we had an awful fuss about it, cause it was the pennant game but the umpire wouldn't allow it and called interference.

1907

We played the first game of that series on a Friday, Phila and

Detroit. It was in the 7th or 8th ining and there was aman on first and a man on second. Plank was pitching and there was one man out. Jimmy Collins was playing third for Phila that day. I was up and Jimmy never figured that I would bunt at a time like that, man on first and second and one man out.

So, that's just what I did. I laid down a bunt, cause we needed a run....

~~winning~~ tying

~~tying~~ run wasn't even on yet. Well, Jimmy come crashing down for that ball

and he threw it over the first baseman's head. ~~And I know what I know~~

Two men scored and I went to third on it. And I soored on a long fly that

won the ballgame, 4 to 3. We were scheduled for a double header on Monday

and it rained on Saturday, so Connie Mack wanted to play three games on

Monday! One in the morning and two in the afternoon! Well, Jennings refused.

That game went 17 innings. Tied 9 to 9. Started with Rube Wadell...

no, the spitballer started. Rube was sort of nervous, as he would be in a

tight pinch. We used to hit him, that Detroit club. But oh, boy, he had the

stuff. Gee ~~whittakers!~~ <sup>burn</sup> He could ~~whip~~ them through there! They'd coming in

looking about that size, you know. (don't think he was quite as fast as Walter,

but he had an awful lot of speed and he had a much sharper curve than John-

son did.) Rube pitched overhand, you know, and that curve ball would really

break. But, with all that stuff, he couldnt' beat that detroit team.



I'll tell you a little story about Rube Waddell. In 1907, they made the last trip to Detroit, four game series. They were leading Detroit by 8 games when they arrived. So they sent Rube, who with Bender and Plank was the star, Daggart was a kind of second string pitcher, he had a great spitball. Boy, he had a bigger spitball than Ed Walsh, but he couldn't control it. Well, anyhow, they sent Rube ahead cause they wanted him to pitch the first and the fourth game and wanted him to rest up.

So when the team got there, Rube was registered at the hotel but nobody knew where he was ((giggles again)). Well, about 10 o'clock in the morning, there was a guy come in from Orchard Lake and told Connie Mack that Rube was out there fishing. So Connie, Bender and Schrengrist hired a car and went out there. (Schreck was a kind of a nut, you know, like Rube Waddell, who was a great pal of his). So out they go to Orchard Lake and inquired all around and then they see this boat out in the middle of the lake, anchored out there, with apparently nobody in it. So they thought he might be in that boat and they hired a boat to go out there, and, sure enough, there's Rube stretched out in the bottom of the boat, sound asleep, with an empty bottle of whiskey and a little string of fish ((tremendous giggles)). This was about 11 o'clock in the morning, with the sun beating down on him, and there he was, sound asleep in the boat. And he was supposed to pitch that after-

noon. Well, he did. He pitched a corking game, and we had a tough time beating him, but we did, 2 to 1.

And the next day, we beat Plank, and that's a funny one too: Plank pitched the second game and in the 9 inning, we had 3 men on bases and they had us beat 4 to 3. Two out and I was up to bat.

Well, we had a fellow by the name of Drake. Right handed hitter and the only thing he could do was hit. He was a good hitter, but a rotten fielder and he could hardly throw at all. The only thing we kept him for was his hitting. So, that's the situation: 3 men on bases, two out, ninth inning, me up to bat. Here was the question: Whether to put Drake in to hit for me, cause he was a right handed hitter and Planck was left handed pitcher.

Well, Donoven, Jennings and I got together. ~~xxx~~ I said, here's the point, you can see Bender over there warming up, and if you put Drake in, why they'll just put Bender in to pitch. Now, do you think I can hit Plank better than Drake can hit Bender, that's really the question. So, they decided to keep me in.

I'd hit against Plank so much, I knew his style of pitching. So, he couldn't very well give me a base on balls. He give me two balls and I knew he'd have to come across that plate with the next one. He had good control and he couldn't afford to walk me, he was just trying to get me to hit those

bad balls.

And did I connect it then. They all scored and that won the ballgame.

Well, the next day Bender pitched and do you know that the very same situation came up in the 9th inning again. Except there was only one man

out. I came up to bat, one run <sup>behind</sup> behind, ninth inning, with the bases full.

Same thing exactly. Came across with a single and scored two runs. But

that was something. Two games in succession to have the same thing happen.

Those things only come up once in a lifetime, you might say, and there it

happened two days in succession!

I haven't seen any players today to equal those pitchers then. But

I'll tell you, Kopak (!) he probably come close to Rube Waddell. Yep, Kopak

would compare pretty favorably with Rube Waddell, but I don't think he ~~was~~

is quite as fast.

You know, they used to have a bell, right on the end of the bench,

and they'd pull that bell as a signal that batting practice was over and the

man who was in charge of keeping the grounds, he'd pull this bell to end

batting practice, and let the other team have some practice. Well, we were

playing one day, and there was only one umpire in those days, you know. He'd

stand in back of the pitcher and call the balls and strikes. Course they

weren't as accurate as they are now. Oh, no. Ha! They'd call a ball when

when you couldn't put a strike more perfect across the plate.

Anyhow, this umpire is in back of the pitcher, see. And a fellow went to steal ((giggles uncontrolled)) and the umpire turns to see it and the catcher thows to get the man out and the ball hits the umpire in the back of the head...knocks him down flat on the ground. Well, Mullins went on over to this bell, and starts ringing the bell and the umpire gets up and looks kind of startled you know, hearing this bell and all. Oh, that was funny.

Jack Sheridan would get pickled pretty near every night, you know. He'd drink like a fish. He was umpiring one day in Detroit when I stole second. There was just the one umpire and he was back of the pitcher and as I slid into second the ball come in to the base, real low. Well I was between the umpire and the ball and it was down in the dirt and I just picked it up and tumbled it out to center field and went on to third. ((absolutely over come with giggles)) Well, the third baseman went over to the umpire hollering and yelling and told him about it. Jack come over to me and said, Now what do you mean by that. If I thought you did that on purpose, I'd fine you \$10. Oh, I said, Jack, you know I wouldn't do anything like that. Boy oh, Boy, I'll never forget that look on Bobby Wallace's face. He was jumping up and down. Oh, boy!

No, it's just not true that Cobb trained and practiced all the time. He'd practice less than any other player on our ballclub. He was a natural ballplayer and he had a very keen mind and was always looking to take in every advantage possible. That man didn't know what it was to t~~rain~~ain. We'd go out for morning practice and then we'd come in and a few of us may take a ~~na~~ sandwich or something. You know what he would eat? A whole apple pie, and four or five bottles of cocacola. That would be his lunch. I've seen him do it time and time again. Apple pie and coca cola.

Now, one day, I remember, he came in late. We'd had our practice and Moriarty and I were in the clubhouse, changing into a dry uniform. As we were in there, Cobb came in and Moriarty made the remark about him being too good to come out and practice with us. Well, one thing led to another and finally they went at it. Boy, I jumped in between them and one of them hit me back of the ear near knocked me out. I had jumped in to try to separate them, which was a damn fool thing to do. I really got the worst of it. There wasn't any winner, I was the looser, that's all! ((now both of you are giggling to beat the band))

Now I don't know as I ought to say this, but Hughie Jennings was drunk pretty near all the time. He didn't even know what was going on in the ballgame. Didn't even know our signals. He'd come out there sometimes and

and he'd be in a complete stupor. He'd raise cane, you know and call people names. Oh, the language he'd use to some of the ballplayers. Crawford was going to choke him one day, you know. He jumped onto Sam for misjudging a ball, which anyway he didn't misjudge, and Crawford was about to choke him. Not only Crawford, but me too. Course he never said a word to Cobb, he was afraid to. Cobb would have jumped him in a minute if he said a word to him. But, see the team was successful, so they kept him on. He came there in 1907 and won three pennants. Yocky, the wealthy owner of the club, didn't like him, I know that.

We had a team that the players were smart players. We had a team that every player on the club knew just as much about that game as the manager did. We didn't really need a manager, except to keep the players from getting into fights and being disorganized, you know. But when the club went out there on that field, they played the game. Now, course, Cobb was not a team player. He played individually all the time, but occasionally, when he felt like it, he'd take out signs.

Take 1907. We had an outfield there that there was never any comparison. You never had three fellows on one team like that. And do you know that in 1907, the three of us scored more runs than the entire Washington ballclub and more than the next five highest in the league. Crawford, 154

games, scored 102 runs; I played in 128 games, scored 101 runs; Bobb played 150 games, scored 99 runs. Three of us scored over 2x 300 runs! More than the whole Whatington ball club.

Take batting averages. I hit about 290 or so; Crawford hit about 330 and Cobb about 360, so we had a general batting average for the three of us of about 330, which led the league, of course. When they compared us with the Boston team outfield of Speaker, Hooper and Lewis, they said that they were better defensively. Their fielding and their assists were better. But do you know that they never had a year in their life together to compare to the one we had in 1907! We had more assists.....well, we've got the record and anybody can look it up in Spalding's Guide. As far as covering ground in the outfield, why Cobb and I could cover as much ground as any two outfielder as ever played the game. (course Crawford wasn't too fast). s

Now, they say Speaker was a better outfielder than Cobb, but I'd take Cobb any day, cause Cobb was much faster. I'd take him in preference cause he was so much faster. Speaker was a fancy ballplayer, graceful and

He made every catch look easy.  
all./ But he couldn't half cover the ground that Cobb did.

That Willie Mays is of course, a great outfielder, no question about it. I would rank him with Speaker without doubt. He's fast, he uses good judgement out there.



Of course, we had a bigger mixture of players than they do today. We had dumb guys, smart guys, ~~xx~~ crazy guys, college men. We had a different assortment. Just as in any profession...lawyers, doctors...some are pretty dumb, some are smart.

Mathewson was a prince of a guy. Smart as a whip. He was a well educated, high class guy. ((tiny giggled)) I remember we had a fellow name of ~~Ak~~ Bauerman, used to catch Mathewson in NY. Big raw-boned guy, who'd get in the dining car on the train and order a steak and take it up by the bone and chew on it. That kind of a guy...rough! You found a lot of those kind of guys in baseball, I guess there still are, but not as many as when I was playing. Well, Mathewson was a really high class fellow. He was nice. And a first-class pitcher, oh, boy. He had a nice curve, real good break to it, and then he had what he called his fade-away. That was his favorite.

But best of all, I guess, was Johnson. I'd pick him over any of them. No question but that he was the very best I ever saw.

The best competitive player I ever saw was ~~Frank~~<sup>Hal</sup> Chase. Not Cobb, ~~Frank~~<sup>Hal</sup> Chase. He was even better than they say. He was the greatest competitor ever. That guy could make plays on that infield that other guys wouldn't even think of. He could throw to third base ~~xxxx~~ faster than the pitcher himself! I've seen him do it time and time again. And he was the only one could stop Cobb

on the bases. Never went from first to third on an out when Chase was playing. He could bounce around that infield like a ~~fm~~ rubber ball. He was really fast on his feet, ~~Chase~~ Chance was. When he played first base, he played in right field, and he'd still beat you to first base. Oh, you couldn't pull anything on that guy. He'd outguess you all the time and be wherever you were before you were. Yes, he was without doubt ~~the~~ the one best competitive ballplayer ever.

Honus Wagner would probably be my second choice. There was a great ballplayer. He could do everything. I'll never forget one day during the world series one day, I spiked him sliding into the base. He went down with his hand, you know and I was sliding in. It was purely an accident. Those things happen. Well, we were travelling to the other city, on the train, and about 3 o'clock in the morning, someone's pulling me out of my berth. Well, I turned around and there's Wagner. Hey, he says, you're the one that spiked me today and I want you to have a drink with me. And he holds up a pint bottle!

Wagner was kind of an easygoing fellow. Not temperamental at all. He was just the clamest nicest guy. After a game, you know, he'd go up to his room, and rather than go down to the dining room and have a five course dinner, he'd have a pitcher of beer and a plate of ~~xxx~~ cold meats sent up to him in his room. ((giggle fit)) Did Crawford tell you about when we

went up to visit him one night? He had called us up in Chicago. We were stopping at the Lexington ~~in~~ there and he was stopping at the Great Northern. ((Larry, that sounds like NY, not Chicago!)) So he called us up to go and visit with him. So we went up there, after our dinner, and here he was just eating. He had a big pitcher of beer and a platter of meat and crackers. That was his dinner. He was a nice chap. But he was always peculiar in that way. He liked to have that kind of dinner and he wouldn't go out and eat with the ballplayers in the dining room. That was his style.

They didn't like Cobb. Cobb was very much disliked, even on his ~~own~~ own team. As I said, there were only three or four guys on the whole team who would even talk to him. I was one of them. We got socially associated with him, the wife and I and his wife and him. In a lot of ways, I felt that Cobb was being persecuted and I took his part in a lot of cases. One day we were playing in Detroit and the Cobb slid into the plate and the Cleveland catcher tried to block him off of the plate and Cobb come sliding into him. Well, he kicked Cobb in the back, as Cobb was laying there. Boy, he hadn't any more kicked Cobb than I was out there and got him around the waist and half carried him out there toward his bench. Got a hold of him and carried him away, before Cobb could even get up! Lajoie said he never laughed so much in his life. He used to say, And all of a sudden, what the hell, you're

out there dragging that big guy away. And he was bigger than you were'.

Carrying him away from the plate. And Lajoie would roar with laughter. You know , he was manager of the Cleveland team at the time.

Well, playing 15 years, you have a lot of memories, you know.

Yes, it's true. Chase was crooked as hell. That was the main thing against him. That's the reason everybody was down on him. He was sent from the Yankee team on that account. He'd cheat at cards, load the dice, oh, he'd do anything. He was just a crook. And he was mixed up in that Black Sox deal. Why, he'd take money to throw games when he was at Cincinnati. Yes, that part of it is true. But still, he was the best I ever saw. Nobody could beat him. If he'd have been honest, he probably wouldn't have been a better ballplayer, but he would have gotten more credit for it.

I feel sorry for those fellows. They could have been so popular.

Chase and Cobb. But they had such rotten personalities. Everybody despised them. Well, I 'll tell you one thing Cobb did to me, his best friend on the ball club and the guy/<sup>who</sup>would always fight for him and as good a friend as he ever had: He was in a slump, and when he got in a slump you just couldn't talk to him. His wife, now nobody could. He was meaner than the devil. Well, he was in a bad slump, only got a hit or two the whole week.

We were playing in Boston, and Jake Stall was the first baseman. Rip Collins



couldn't hit the pitcher. That was very apparant.

Anyhow, the next day, again, he wouldn't play. He ~~says~~ said he wasn't going to play as long as that guy (meaning me) was playing. Course he was in this slump and he didn't want to play, wanted a little rest till he could go back and start hitting again, see. But he wanted to put the blame on somebody else. Well, they went and called him up to the office. All the newspapermen had got on to it to. Gee, he didn't have anybody at all on his side. I don't even think he had his wife on his side for that one. Picking on me, of all people.

So they called Ty to the office and asked him what the matter was. Well, he says, that guy, can't even see the hit and run sign! Oh, they said, suppose he did miss the sign, which the other players tell me he didn't, so what? That's no reason not to play. You're just making an excuse cause you couldn't hit that pitcher. Who told you that, says Cobb. Who told you that! Never mind, he says, you're going back to playtomorrow, and you're not getting any moneyfor today , you know, you're salary is docked. And its out of the question to take Jones out of the game. Namen told me all that afterwards. Your salary will start again when you start playing again.

Well, that shows the kind of guy he was. One year, 1910 or '11, it was, both Crawford and I were hitting away like fools. And Cobb was in a slump

He wouldn't talk to either one of us, cause ~~we~~ were hitting and getting publicity and he wasn't hitting and not getting any. Wouldn't say a word to either one of us. Boy, he was a tough man. He'd pull the worst tricks, no question.

~~Sixty-six~~

Do you know the experience that I've had...well life had been good to me. I enjoyed every minute of it. Baseball, of course, gave me help when I needed it. It's been very wonderful to me. You know, I could have been a lawyer, a fulltime pharmacist, but it's been wonderful to me. I'm independent and wealthy. Why I'll never be able to spend all the money I've made. Course I was pretty near broke in '29 and '30. That took almost everything I had. Built it up again, though.

I ve been the luckies guy. My first wife was the loveliest woman. She had a wonderful personality. We had a wonderful life together. We lived together for 52 years, you know. She was a rare and wonderful person. I've got 8 ~~grat~~ grandchildren. Wonderful family.

See a lot of ballplayers didn't realize that they've got a future and that their baseball life is very short, and they should prepare themselves for it while they're playing. You never can tell how short that career is going to be, or when you're going to get hurt and can't play



and when you get out of baseball you should be prepared for something else,  
and I was prepared, and well prepared, too.

See, in my day, none of the fellows ~~was~~ prepared for when they  
would get out of baseball. Well, only a small percentage of them were edu-  
cated and they weren't in a position where they could step in and take a job.  
They didn't have any profession or anything. Now, ~~after~~ in the off season, in  
Detroit, I myself didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bum around. So, I got a job with  
the telephone company and it was a good experience.

Now, you'll laugh at this. You wouldn't think anything like this  
could happen in a major league game. There was this catcher, name of Brody,  
Steve Brody ((paroxsms of giggles, you too)). He was on 3 base when Sammy  
strang hit a ball to left center. Well, I shagged that ball down and thre  
it in and threw Steve Brody out at the plate and he would have had a three  
base hit, but Sammy was so anxious for Brody to get home that he was coaching  
and yelling at him and forgot to get on base himself. Now, you wouldn't  
think that could happen, would you?

And here's another one! We were playing a game in Pittsburgh and  
we had a left handed pitcher name of Jimmy St Grand. He was a left handed

pitcher and a right handed hitter. He'd have a little jump every time he'd go to hit, you know. He couldn't hit a foul off anybody. Well, one day, in Pittsburge, he was pitching and the manager says, Jimmy, why do'nt you turn arond and see what you can go hitting left handed. See, he was a goo pitcher, had a lot of stuff, but, boy at the bat he was a mess. Well, he turned around and hit left-handed. Phillipi was pitching to him, and darned if he didn't hit the ball. Hit it down to Wagner.....and instead of running down to first, he run to third! (HILARIOUS LAUGHTER AND GENERAL ALARAMS)

You wouldn't think that could happen, would you, well if I hadn't sen it I wouldnot have thought it could happen either.

Wagner siad, I was standing there with the ball in my hand and looking at this guy running to third and I'll be darned if I knew where to throw that ball. He had me all mixed up too!

F I N I S