

BOB BAUMAN

This conversation between Bob Bauman and Walter Langford is being taped on April 1, 1988 in Busch Stadium in St. Louis.

WL: Where were you born, when, and where you grew up?

BB: I was born^{2/26/09} and raised in St. Paul, MN. I came from a family of 10 children, and I was the youngest - 7 sisters and two older brothers.

One brother became interested in training while working out at Lexington ball Park in St. Paul. He was working with a fellow named Mike Kelley, who was a manager at that time in the American Association. It was AA ball, which is now AAA ball. I used to go out to the ball park when I was a kid, rolling skating from school and get there about the 4th or 5th inning, and maybe help put scores on the scoreboard. ~~Get about~~ I'd get about 25 cents a week for that. I got interested too in working around the clubhouse.

In 1920, believe it or not, St. Paul had some good ball clubs at that time.

I used to work around the clubhouse, wash uniforms, shine shoes, and all that.

So then Mike Kelley sold the ball club to a fellow names Bob ^{Connelly} ~~Conroy~~, who worked with Miller Huggins and the Yankees. We weren't really a farm club, but we

worked with them. And I think Huggins at that time had an interest in the St. Paul ball club along with ^{Connelly} ~~Conroy~~, who was a scout. He discovered Hornsby.

He was one of the best scouts in the country at that time. Then my brother moved to Minneapolis, and I went and worked with him, as the Minneapolis

clubhouse boy during my high school years. At that time I was going to a

Central High School in St. Paul. To show you how I got started, it was during

the winter time and a one-armed referee ~~was~~ who was refereeing hockey games out at the Hippodrome Rink in St. Paul. I'm center ice for St. Paul High School, and

captain my senior year. He's getting ready to drop the puck, and he says,

"I hear you're going to be the trainer for the St. Paul ball club."

Now that's news to me. I hadn't even thought of it. Here I was, a senior in high school and playing hockey. At that time I was working at the Minneapolis Arena skating rink. My brother was trainer with the Minneapolis hockey club, and I used to help him. I wasn't worth a damn in that hockey game that day.

Time went on. This was about the middle of the winter. One day I got sick at school, and I went down to the nurses' room. She said, "~~You're going~~ You'd better go home." I hadn't been home a half hour when the telephone rang. It was the secretary of the St. Paul baseball club, and he says, "Mr. ^{Convey} ~~Convey~~ would like to talk to you." As soon as possible." So, as sick as I was, I went to downtown St. Paul. I must have looked terrible, and here I was, a kid 19 years old. And he said, "We've heard a lot about you, and we'd like to hire you as trainer for the St. Paul baseball club, starting this spring." I couldn't say no, but I thought, "How am I going to finish school?" I was a senior that year.

So I went back to school and talked to my teachers, and they said, "Go ahead. Take the job." I talked to the principal, who was a good friend of mine, and he said, "Bob, you can make up these classes in night school. You go ahead." So that's when I joined the St. Paul ball club. My brother was the trainer at that time for the Minneapolis club, so we had a rivalry in the family between the Twin Cities.

So I went south that spring with the St. Paul club. All the players looked at me kind of funny. And my first roommate was Russ Van Atta, who came out of Penn State, a lefthanded pitcher who was later with the Yankees. He just died recently. A funny thing happened the first day. Oscar Roettger, a first baseman, had been up with the Yankees but they sent him back down to become a first baseman, because he could hit. And he hit over .300 for St. Paul. We trained in Mineral Wells, Texas, and in those days the trainer didn't have anything to work with. I brought down from St. Paul a bunch of towels and said, "Well, these have got to

last a player a week each. And Oscar was stepping on his towel the first day, and I said to him, "Hey, that towel's got to last you a week. Get off it. Use it just for your body." He said, "Whaddaya mean?" I told him, "You just came down from the Yankees, but here a towel has to last you a week." And some weeks you may not get that." He always told that story on me afterwards.

On that St. Paul ball club I had some characters. I had Johnny Murphy, who later was general manager of the Mets, and Dusty Cooke and Ben Chapman, and Billy Rogell, Jack Saltzgaver, Elmer Miller, Bubbles Hargrave. We had some great names, great ball players. One year we had seven fellows hit over .300, another year we won 112 ball games and finished second behind Kansas City. Joe Cronin was with K.C. at that time. And I had some characters, like Lefty Gomez.

Lefty joined us in Milwaukee in '32. Lefty Leifield was our manager. He joined us on a Sunday. He didn't have any shoes, so we gave him a pair of floppy shoes. He was sitting on the bench during this tight game with Milwaukee which goes into the 9th inning with us leading by one run. Leifield says, "Gomez!" Gomez jumped up and grabbed a bat. "What are you doing with a bat?" "I thought you wanted me to hit." "Get down to the center field bull pen. It looks like we might have to use you." He had to go across the field to get down there to the bull pen.

(Please enter
remarks)

Sure enough, they loaded the bases with nobody out, and he called Gomez in. He came across the outfield, shoes flopping, whistling 'Marching through Georgia.' When he came in it was getting dark, and he blew that ball right by 'em. He struck the side out and we won the ball game.

The Yankees sent him down for me to put some weight on him, because he only weighed about 135 pounds. He was a tall, gawky kid. He had some bad teeth, and they told him to get his teeth taken care of. We had an off day and I told him to go the dentist. He asked what I was going to do. I told ~~to~~ him, "Oh, I'm taking an outing with my wife and my sister." He says,

"I'm going along." The dentist can wait." We took a trip on the St. Croix river. We got to where we were going, and I said to my wife, "Let's take a boat trip." We looked around for Gomez and can't find him. So the three of us got on the boat and we were going down the river, with bluffs on either side and lots of rocks, The ~~guy~~ guide on the boat said, "Look at that crazy guy up there trying to climb up the side of the cliff." I said, "That's Gomez!" I told the guide, "Pull over there. I've got to get him down. That's my meal money." When we got to the shore, I hollered, "Hey, get down here before I lose my job." If he fell and broke a leg, I'd have been in trouble. Gomez came down and asked what the trouble was. I said, "Hey, if anything had happened to you, I'm through. You're supposed to be at the dentist's." He was like that, and he never changed. One time recently he was talking to some group and I was there. He ~~said~~, "Hey, this guy here gave me my first whirlpool. He stuck my elbow in the toilet bowl and flushed it."

Cooke and Chapman were only 19 at the time and had played the year before in B ball in Charlotte. When we went to Louisville, right next door to our ~~Hotel~~ Kentucky Hotel there was a burlesque show. I took them there, and Dusty exclaimed, "Whooley!" I never knew anything like this was going on." Chapman played third base, and everybody in the box seats behind first base moved out. Later the Yanks put him in the outfield. In one of his first years with the Yankees he stole 61 bases, which was a mighty high total in those years. Later he was manager of the Phillies (1945-48) and he got in trouble because of his racial attitude.

WL: Tell me, in what year were you born?

BB: 1909. (Feb. 26)

WL: Nearly all the major league teams trained in Texas back in the '30s.

BB: Oh, yeah. I remember we played one day in Ft. Worth with the temperature in the 90s, and the next day we played in Amarillo and it was 32. And the wind never stopped blowing all day.

WL: So, after you left St. Paul, did you come here?

BB: Well, here's what I did. I used to commute back and forth. In 1928, somewhere around the last part of ~~September~~ August or the first part of September, ^{Lee} ~~Max~~ ⁽²⁾ Daly was a broker down here in St. Louis and head of the athletic board of St. Louis University. And they were bringing Hunk Anderson down from Notre Dame to coach football at St. Louis U. He brought Chili Walsh, Bucky Dahman, Christy Flanagan, and all those guys. Do you remember all of them?

WL: I was a student there when they were heroes.

BB: Well, they all came down here. So now they're looking for a trainer. They offered my brother the job, but he was with the ^{hockey} ~~Harper~~ Club in the winter time and told them he couldn't take the job. So ^{Connelly} ~~Connelly~~ and Daly, who were good friends and were sitting up in the stands, called me up there and asked, "How would you like to come to St. Louis U. this fall and be the trainer?" This was too much! But I said, "All right, I'll take it." I didn't know what I was getting myself into. The first night I came down here, and this actually happened, They had a ~~S.I.~~ ^{big} house down here on Washington Blvd. right near the funeral parlor on Lindell Blvd., and all the football players from out of town were housed in this one place. So, when I came in on the train around noon time Mr. Daly met me. This was after the baseball season. He took me around and showed me the University, the Gym, and all that and introduced me to the coaches. I remember they made a cot for me down at the S.L. House that night, until they could find me another place to stay. I went to bed that night and was sleeping right down by the front door. About five o'clock in the morning the Coach shakes me and says "I've got a sick kid upstairs."

So I went up there (you won't believe it, but the kid is still living in St. Louis, retired, by the name of Eddie Davis). I examined him and said "You've got an ~~atta~~ acute attack of appendicitis. I can't handle you, and I don't even know the doctor's name or where the hospital is." I said to Chili Walsh, "This kid's got to go to the hospital." He said, "Well, we'll take care of it." I went back to bed and at 7 AM Chili shakes me again.

He said, "I've got another sick kid upstairs." He was a kid named Joe ^{Babka}~~Pattin~~, whose home was in St. Louis but he was living in the House. I said, "Oh, no, this can't be. This kid's got an attack of appendicitis too." And this was my first night on the job!

To shorten the story, I went up to the gym. We were working out at Grand and Laclede at that time, which was the circus grounds at the old ball park. That was where we played until the old Sportsman's Park was ready for us to move in there. The first two or three games we played at Public High School Stadium. I was in the training room, which was a little place about as big as this one we're sitting in (maybe 7' by 10'). That was where I had to work. I had one lamp, and that was it. Nothing else. That was it. And I had 50-60 players to take care of. It's a good thing I wasn't experienced, because I didn't know any better.

About 2 o'clock that afternoon Babka comes back from the hospital. He looked like death walking, and he looked at me. Davis was still in the hospital. I asked, "What did they say?" He replied, "They gave me this bottle of white medicine to take and told me to come back. I had some indigestion." I said, "Are you hurting?" He said, "I'm in pain." I told him to get on the table, and when I just touched the area of his appendix he jumped like he was shot. I told him, "Forget it. You go right back to the hospital. You don't belong here."

I went back to the House that night and I told Chili, who was the Coach, for Hunk didn't stay, "Chili, this job's too tough for me. I'm going home." I hadn't even unpacked my bag. He said, "Now wait a minute. This is an unusual thing and may never happen again. Now believe me." I said, "No, I'm not ready for this job. This is beyond me." He said, "Don't you do a thing."

About that time the telephone rang. It was a call from the hospital, from Father ^{O'}Reagan ~~(P)~~ who was our athletic moderator at that time. He told Chili, "Come on out to the hospital. They're going to do emergency operations on both kids tonight." As Chili left the House, he said, "Don't you make a

move until I get back here." So I waited until he came back and he said, "They operated on both kids and they're going to be fine. You unpack your bag."

It wasn't until years later we had Hal Smith ~~up~~ in Milwaukee who had an attack of Appendicitis. We flew him home and he went to Jewish Hospital and was operated on. That was the next case I had after those first two.

WL: You owe Chili a debt of gratitude for keeping you here, then. If you'd gone home, who knows what your career would have been?

BB: That's right. I don't know what the future would have held. So then I stayed here for 50 years. I commuted back and forth from 1928 ~~to~~ 1945. I got married in the fall of 1928 to a girl from St. Paul, but in 1935 we had an incident happen that was bad. She was carrying a baby at the time, and we were down here for me to take care of football. We would go back to St. Paul for the ^{base}ball club, which I had done for 8-9 years. She had an attack of appendicitis and they operated on her, but we didn't have any antibiotic drugs at that time and she developed septicemia. They didn't realize at the time she was carrying a pneumonia bug, and she never made it. I was left with two children, the youngest being two years old on the day my wife was buried. The other one was five. So now I'm at a loss. I had been working here with a doctor who was a physiotherapist, and he got hold of me and said, "You know what you're going to do? You're going back to school." And you're to stay here at St. Louis University."

He talked and talked and finally convinced me. He wanted me to go back and study physical therapy. I said, "Okay. So I got enrolled at St. Louis U. I went to spring training in '36 with the St. Paul ball club down in Florida. I had gotten my high school diploma in '29, and now I studied physical therapy. That was a struggle. After spring training I spent the summer here, and in the fall of that year Rickey called me in and offered me ~~an~~ a job with the Cardinals. I asked him what I was going to do.

He said, "Well, I want you to go to spring ~~training~~ training and handle the ^utrainer's job there. We've got a whole new camp opening up and a lot of minor leaguers, about 400 of them. I want you to sort of supervise and run the camp.

I asked, "What have you got for me afterwards?"

He said, "I'm ~~not~~ sure yet.

"You're not sure? Well, let me think about it."

I go home and hadn't been home a couple hours when the telephone rings again. The Browns asked me to come and talk with them about a job. Bill DeWitt offered me the job with the St. Louis Browns as the major league trainer. With Rickey I wouldn't be the major league trainer, because Doc Weaver was still in the job. The Browns offered what to me in those days was a good contract. I asked what about my St. Louis U. job. He said, "When the season's over, you go right back there, stay with them, and keep on with your studies." I said, "That's great. I'll take the job." You couldn't beat that.

The following fall, a funny thing, Don Barnes, the Browns' owner, gave a party out at his place toward the end of the season. During the party I ran into Rickey and he asked, "You satisfied with the Browns?" You still got a job waiting for you with the Cardinals if you want it." I said, "No, Mr. Rickey, I'm real satisfied with the Browns."

WL: Were you still with the Browns when they won the pennant?

BB: Oh, sure. 16 years with the Browns.

WL: One of the people I talked with for my book was Luke Sewell.

BB: I'll tell you something about Luke Sewell. He came in to see me just before the opening of the season. We trained at Cape Girardeau that season of '44. He said, "Bob, we've got a rough, tough ball club, but we've got a good shot to win the pennant this year." I said, "So?" "When we go on the road with this bunch we've got, I want someone to check on them every night" I told him, "Well, I've never checked any major league ~~club~~ players. Hell, I don't know if anyone ever checked a major league team before. Maybe one or

two guys. He said, "I'd hate to get someone from the outside to do it. I'd rather have someone like you do it." I said, "I'll take it home and think about it. I'll let you know tomorrow." I got to thinking about it and remembered we always checked the football team and the basketball players at the University. I always checked them all the time. But with the college boys it was a lot different. So, I went back the next day and said, "Luke, I want to talk to the players. He said okay and so I got up in the upstairs clubhouse of the old ball park and I said, "Fellows, your manager thinks you can win the pennant this year, and he's concerned about some of you boys. He's asked me to check you in when we go on the road. I'm going to consent to do it, and I want your cooperation. I'll only do it on one condition. Now if anyone has any beef, give it to me now, because when I check your room I don't want any guff from you. I'm putting it right on the table to you. If you have anything to say, let's say it now." There wasn't one guy that said a thing. And ^I never had a problem.

WL: I listened by radio to the last game when the Browns won the pennant.

Sig
BB: Let me tell you a story about ~~Jack~~ Jack Jakucki. Before the last game which we won to beat ~~xxx~~ the Yankees, they were staying at the _____ Hotel. Zack Taylor was a coach then, and he was talking the next morning. He said, "You know, that Jakucki, I don't know about him. He walked into the lobby ^{bag of liquor bottles."} last night carrying a ~~little box~~ You know, he was an alcoholic. Before he went out to pitch that last game, he came up to me and I said, "Sig, you got anything to say to me?" He ~~said~~ started to giggle and ~~said~~, "You know, last night Taylor was in the lobby when I walked in with a bag. Taylor stopped me, and asked if I was going to start drinking. I told him no, I wasn't going to touch ~~xxx~~ the stuff. But I've had a few this morning." He went out and pitched a hell of a ball game, and we beat 'em, 5-2.

WL: Dutch Leonard told me he beat Detroit that same day to assure the pennant for the Browns, and they invited him and his wife to come to St. Louis and be a part of the pennant-winning celebration. And Luke Sewell

told me that after the Browns won, he went over to Don Barnes' box and Barnes was so emotional he was crying like a baby.

BB: Oh, yeah, he was emotional. He came into the clubhouse and hugged me and cried on my shoulder.

WL: Were you still here when Veeck took over the Browns?

BB: Yep. With Satchel Paige and others. Now Satch was an intelligent man. I mean, he could speak a couple of languages, he could dance, he could play instruments. He was really knowledgeable. Evidently he must have done a lot of reading. He rode across the aisle from me on the Pullman all the time. You wouldn't believe this, but he would answer his correspondence at night on that Pullman, and he would be pecking on a portable typewriter nearly all night. But that wasn't all he would do. He'd bring fish, then he'd have the porter bring him a couple of pails, and he'd clean those fish, right on the Pullman and across from me. Then he'd give the fish to the porter with instructions to take them up to the dining car so he could have them for breakfast.

Frank Saucier was a college graduate, cum laude, a smart guy, got Satch on the train one day and asked him, "Satch, you're a smart fellow. ~~What are these~~ On Noah's ark, what

were the ~~Pullman~~ doors made out of?" Satch said, "They're oak." Then Satch said,

"I've got a question for you. What were the hinges made out of." And

Frank couldn't answer. So Satch told him, "They were made out of leather."

That's how he was. Another time we were in the clubhouse, where Satch always was the last one to take a shower. He was always kind of embarrassed about going in with the rest of them. So one day the guys had a contest. They tried to see who could toss one of the small bars of soap into the soap tray and have it stay there. None of them could do it. About that time, Satch got tired of waiting and went on in, and Clint Courtney said, "Satch, you always have great control, let's see if you can toss this soap into the tray and make it stick. Satch calmly took the piece of soap, tossed it into the tray, and it stayed right there. Courtney said, "Aw, you can't do it again." So Satch up and did it again and then said, "I just don't know what I can do until I try it."

Now, Courtney got into another deal. He said, "Satch, you go behind the plate to catch and I'll get on first base and take my lead, and I'll bet you \$10 you can't throw me out. Or, you go to shortstop and I'll run from the plate, and you try to throw me out at first. The third one is on a fly ball to the outfield, I'll tag up at third base and you can't throw me out at the plate. \$10 on each one." Well, Satch threw Clint out at second by ten feet, and from shortstop he got Courtney at first by a wide margin. The fly ball hit to the outfield went almost to the wall, but Satch still threw him out at home plate. What a guy! Even when he went fishing he came back with the biggest ^{bullhead} ~~fish~~ I ever saw. He put it in the shower room and none of the guys could believe it. It must have weighed 300 pounds. Satch said, "I just wanted to let you know that I was out fishing."

The first time I saw Satch was up in St. Paul. We didn't know who he was, but they were saying he could really throw. We went barnstorming at the end of the season. Some of the St. Paul players and some amateurs got together and went up to play a game in Dakota against Satch. It was on a Sunday afternoon and Satch struck out 18. And he could imitate Bojangle Robinson to a T. Satch could do anything, and he was such an intelligent man.

And Johnny Berardino was on the Browns in those days. Later he made quite a career out in Hollywood, movies with the Our Gang kids and everything. Now he's a star on TV. Quite a career out of that - more than he had with the Browns.

I could go on telling stories about all the guys we had. Bobo Newsom, for example. I used to get on him all the time, and when he left here he was pitching for Detroit. One day he was on the mound against us, and George McQuinn was still with us. I told George, "Here's some scraps of paper. ^{come in from} ~~xxxxxxx~~ When you ~~xxxxxxx~~ first base next inning, throw these on the mound. When Bobo went to the mound, he made _____ come out and pick up every scrap of paper.

That '44 group of Browns was the loudest group of fellows I've ever been

around. But when they got on the field ~~they~~ you couldn't hardly hear them. You remember ~~it~~ the '44 season started with the Browns winning the first nine in a row, at that time an American League record. That sort of set the pace for the whole year, and we really had some ball games. Jimmy Dykes was managing the White Sox and he had a guy who had come out of the service. This guy/would sit next to Dykes and all he was there for was to agitate. He would call our guys obscene names and all that stuff. We were getting fed up with it. George Caster came in as a relief pitcher once and our guys told him what was going on. Well, this guy was sitting right next to Dykes on the bench. Caster wound up and threw the ball right into the dugout at that guy. And when he did it all our guys charged their bench. Red Hayworth was the first one in there and he grabbed this guy and hit him and knocked him underneath the bench. Ellis Clary was right after him and started stomping the guy with his spikes. That was the end of that bit of trouble. Dykes was up on the water cooler hollering, "Please, please!" They finally carried that guy out on a stretcher. Caster's pitch had gone right between his head and Dykes' head. If it had hit the guy it might have killed him.

We had Pete Gray, too. You know, the one-armed outfielder. We were leaving Toledo after playing an exhibition game there, and Caster got hold of a couple of fish and threw them in Gray's pocket. We were at the train station in Toledo, and when Gary found the fish in his pocket he started to charge Caster. George put one arm behind him and said, "Come on, let's go at it!" We had to pull 'em apart.

And they used to play tricks all the time on Jack Kramer, another of our pitchers who used to bring his own drink out to the park in a thermos bottle. One day some guys got hold of it, emptied it, and then urinated in it. When Kramer took a swig, all hell broke loose. And Kramer was strong. One day he challenged _____ in the clubhouse, and others had to stop them, for he would have killed _____.

There was another battle we had up there when Haney was ^{the Browns'} manager.

One day Vern Kennedy was pitching for us against Detroit and ~~Tebbetts~~ Birdie Tebbetts, who was quite a jockey, was riding him all through the game. He was really on him, calling him every name in the world. Kennedy was mad, I mean he was MAD. He came out early the next day, waiting for Tebbetts to show up on the stairs near the clubhouse downstairs. And he kept sending the batboy down there, saying "Tell me when he comes in." Kennedy had been sleeping on this all night. He had won a pentathlon in Philadelphia and was hard as rocks. He still lives down here in Missouri and comes up for the Senior Olympics every year. As soon as the batboy came up and told him Tebbetts was there, Kennedy went downstairs. He walked over to where Tebbetts was sitting on a stool and said, "I don't like ~~like~~ what you called me yesterday. Get up off that damned stool." He grabbed Birdie by the collar and hit him, knocking him right on his can. Then he walked out.

Haney heard about it, and he was a fighter himself. He came in and said, "Move all the trunks back. Tebbetts is coming up here to fight Kennedy." Tebbetts brought Rudy York up with him. But just before they got squared off, Del Baker, the Detroit manager, came in and said, "That's Get back downstairs or I'm going to fine all of you." all." And it ended there, much to Haney's disgust. Kennedy would have murdered him, because he was in so much better shape.

You know, there are so many things that enter into a pennant race. Like even gimmicks. Doc Weaver taught me that they can be useful. In '64 with the Cards, I thought we had a good chance to win the pennant. At that time I was holding down about four jobs - I was going to school, working for the University, working out at Scullin Steel, and working on my thesis. I was going to get my degree in Physical Therapy after going part-time for 12 years. So they gave me access to all the files out there at Scullin Steel, because my thesis was on industrial injuries. Dr.

Leo Wills ~~was~~ was a doctor out there at that time. I said to him, "Doctor,

(Fife Ratner)

would you like to go along with me on a little gimmick?" He asked, "What is that?" I said, "Start sending me some cards from your place down in Naples, Florida, making predictions. I'll put them on the bulletin board. You're pretty knowledgeable about baseball and these players. Let's try it." So he took the name of Fifi LaTour. I've saved some of those cards and I'll show you. He'd send those cards and every time I'd put them up on the board. "So-and-so is going to do this and So-and-so will do that." Like Flood is going to get three hits and things like that, and some of the things started coming true. McCarver or somebody is going to have a good series, or this pitcher is going to throw a shutout. The guys were looking for the cards every day. It even got to the point where Dick Young, the NY sportswriter, we won the pennant after/that season, went to Florida looking for ~~Fifi~~ LaTour. Everybody thought it was a strip dancer I had dated some time, and a fortune teller. And he started looking for her down there, not knowing that this was a male, Dr. ~~Willard~~ ^{Leo Willis} Lepine. So that was one of my gimmicks.

Then I put some pills out there on the table. I put Hitting Pills, RBI Pills, Shutout Pills for the pitchers - all placebos, you know, and they started taking them. Let me tell you where the pill thing started. Roy Partee ^{was a} ~~the~~ catcher who was with us for a while, I said/ to him one day, "You know, ~~you~~ ball players are gullible as hell. They'll believe anything, some of these guys." He asked what I meant. "Well, I could put some pills out there, call them sex pills, and they wouldn't last a day. Partee said I had to be kidding. I told him we'd wager ten dollars and had him spread the word around quietly that I've got some new pills that are sex pills, and you watch 'em disappear.

Well, the first day I did that, we came in after the game and there wasn't a pill in the ~~bottle~~ ^{bottle}. During the game the guys were sauntering back in there to get the pills. So I put 'em out again and it happened again. Roy Partee said, "I can't believe this." So I told him I would put the clubhouse guy on it to find out who was doing it. Freddie Hofmann, our coach,

was one of the guys stealing the pills. The clubhouse man told me Hofmann would come up there and just take a handful of them. Freddie was up in years then, and he needed some help. And Bryan Stephens, a pitcher who was with us then, and his wife were hoping she would get pregnant. They had been to doctors and everything, but nothing happened. He took some of those pills and gave them to her, and I'll be damned if she didn't get pregnant! Mind over matter. Partee never forgot that.

Now, here's the best thing that happened. We're in Boston, and Pellagrini is playing shortstop for us. He hadn't been home since spring training. He had a beautiful blond wife. He came up to me as we're going into Boston, and he said, "Bob, would you mind giving me some of those pills?" I asked why, and he said, "Oh, I'd like to stay up all night." I gave him some pills, and the next day he came in and said, "It didn't work. I fell asleep in a short period of time." I asked how he took them, and when he told me, I said, "Oh, you took them all wrong. Here's the way you need to do it." And I changed the dosage for him. He came back the next day told me it worked just fine. Partee paid me the ten dollars, and he's still talking about it today. He says he's never told Stephens about it, and if he did Stephens would probably kill him.

But those gimmicks worked. Hitters were hitting better, pitchers were throwing more shutouts than before, and everything. I want to bring some of those cards I have at home and show them to you.

One time we were in Pittsburgh for five games, after losing a tough game in Philadelphia. There was a telephone right in the middle of the clubhouse, and after infield practice everybody was in the clubhouse when the phone rang. I said, "Hey, Fifi Latour^o on the phone. She said we're going to sweep the series. So-and-so is going to do this and somebody else is going to do that." And you know, it worked out that way.

When Howsam was here in the 1950s, this is exactly what happened, though some people may doubt it. I belonged to a group here that was into hypnosis,

We had dentists, doctors, and everybody in the association. I studied hypnosis with a psychologist and psychiatrist, and I was accepted into the group. The first time I really tried it, in San Francisco, was the day after Gaylord Perry pitched a no-hit game against us. I got our pitcher the next day, Ray Washburn, on the table and I said to him, "I'll tell you something, Ray. Look at me. You're going to pitch a no-hitter today. Believe me." I know there was one mention of it in the paper, saying I had called the turn on it. But I tried to put it in his mind, they call it wakeful hypnotism.

One other thing I did, and it scared me so that I never used it after that. We were in Cincinnati, and I told our pitcher, Ernie Broglio, "Broglio, you're going out there tonight and pitch a hell of a ball game, but you're going to give them one run." He goes into the ninth inning and we're winning, 2-0. He hits the first hitter, who goes to second on an out. A wild pitch sent the runner to third, and he scored on a fly ball, and that was the only run they got. I said to myself, "This scares me", and I quit it.

WL: That was when Ernie was still winning games, before the ^{famous} trade.

BB: Oh, you know that trade? I was in Houston with the team. Bing Devine called me some time during the morning and said, "Bob, we just made the trade." We're sending ~~Broglio~~ ^{Brock} to the Cubs for Brock." I asked, "Who's Brock?" Then I told him, "Well, you're getting rid of a pitcher who's not going to do them any good. He's got elbow chips and he's damaged goods." I had told Bing before and that's why we got rid of him. And Brock won the pennant for us.

BB: Stories galore! Did you read the McCarver book? It's all "I this and I that." And he rips a lot of people that I think a great deal of - Bob Burnes, Joe Schults. By the way, I got into the hypnosis thing through a guy named Tracy, when we had him with the Browns. Remember him?

WL: No, I don't think I do.

BB: Well, ^{Bill} ~~Charlie~~ DeWitt met him in New York. He came up to their suite

while they were there for some meetings. One of the wives had a headache, Charlie DeWitt's wife, so Tracy said, "I'll cure that," and he hypnotized her. Cured the headache. Charlie came back here and said to me, "Bob, would you mind if we hired that guy for spring training? What do you think?"

I said, "Well, I think we have one first baseman who maybe can use a little hypnotism." I didn't know a thing about hypnotism at that time, but I thought maybe it might work. So he took the guy to spring training out in California. But the first baseman wouldn't have anything to do with him. Meanwhile, Tracy got himself in solid. He started hypnotizing, had classes in it, and that. He had a fellow named Owen Friend, he was from across the river too, and Tracy hypnotized him one day, and told him he was going to hit two home runs. Well, he had never hit a home run in a long time, and he hit two that day. So help me! So you get to thinking that there's something to ^{it} ~~it~~. That's where I got the idea and started studying it later on. In the '50s hypnotism was really coming into its own. But it finally got to where some players were putting Joyce on. We had a young pitcher with a sore arm. He didn't ask the pitcher which arm was sore, but said, "Oh, you'll be able to throw just as hard as before." Well, he was talking about the wrong arm all the time. That didn't work out too good. Finally, ^{Zack} ~~Zak~~ Taylor, who was our manager, said "No way" when Joyce wanted to go on the coaching line. Zack said, "Get him out of here."

(and he always was accused of throwing the spitter),
One time Nelson Potter was pitching, /and the big umpire who played football, Cal Hubbard, threw Potter out of the game for it, and Nels was suspended for 10 days. During that time Potter went back to his home, got his wife pregnant, and when a baby boy was born he named it after Cal.

Potter left here and went to Philadelphia. While he was here he helped pitch the Browns in the '44 World Series. Well, one day we were playing the Athletics and Potter was pitching for them. Joe Schultz and I were out the night before, when I took ^{him} out to some friends of mine in Essington. We

didn't get home until 5 o'clock in the morning. Joe was ^{not} likely to have to catch, for he just handled the bullpen. Joe was really sick, down in the bullpen. In the 9th inning he was called in to pinch hit against Potter, with the bases loaded. I can tell you that if Joe had swung at one ball he'd have fallen flat on his face, he had such a bad hangover. He took six pitches and got a walk that brought in the winning run. After the game ~~the~~ ^{their} trainer, Jim Tadley, came over to our clubhouse and Schultz and I were still there, always being the last ones out of the clubhouse. Tadley said, "Something funny happened after the game today, that never happened before. You got Potter fired." Joe said, "Whadaya mean?" Connie Mack came down to the clubhouse. This he did very, very infrequently; I'd never seen him do it before. But he came in and fired Potter, saying "You're through." You weren't giving your best out there."

Well, he did Potter a favor. ~~When~~ Potter went to the Braves and helped pitch the Braves to the '48 World Series.

Stories, Stories, stories. I've got them about Vern Stephens and Jack Fournier. How we brought Stephens back from Mexico after he jumped the club to go to the Mexican League. How we held the train up in San Antonio until he got back there. How Fournier went down to Mexico, met him in Monterrey, walked him across the border, and - what's the fellow's name that was hiring all the plyers up here?

WL: Jorge Pasquel.

BB: His brother was at the border in Laredo, but Fournier got Stephens by there, and brought him on to San Antonio. We had just played an Exhibition game in San Antonio, and we had to hold the train up. The minute they got on we pulled out, and the sportswriters were going wild, wanting to get the story. Lot of Excitement. Stephens had left all his clothes down in Mexico, and Fournier had gone to pick them up.

B O B B A U M A N

(Follow-up conversation in his office on February 28, 1989)

Birth date: Feb. 26, 1909

Case of young SLU player who dislocated a shoulder. Bob took him into training room and told guard to let no one in. Boy's father came, but couldn't get in.

Family members still alive: One sister who turned 100 last October just died recently. Two still living, one going on 90 and the other 85. One brother died at 85, another at 69 - he was a trainer for the San Francisco Giants.

Conrey is Connery.

BB: Lefty Gomez joined us (St. Paul?) in Milwaukee on Sunday for a doubleheader. Lefty Leifeld was our manager. In the 9th inning of the first game we had a 2-run lead when we got in trouble. They filled the bases. Just before that, in the 8th inning, Leifeld hollered down the bench, "Gomez!" Gomez jumped up and went to the bat rack and grabbed a bat. Leifeld told him no, to go to the bullpen and get loosened up in case he might be needed. Well, they loaded the bases with no one out and Gomez was called in. He came walking from the bullpen away out in center field, with a pair of shoes away too big for him. The Yankees had just sent him down (at 2-5) to put some weight on. As he came in, he was whistling "Marching Through Georgia." The Milwaukee players were calling, "Where did you come up with this goofball?" So Gomez goes in and strikes out three in a row.

(Arrangements for taking care of his two young children after his first wife died.)
This year will be 50th anniversary of marriage with his second wife.

Vern Stephens going to Mexico and returning:

He was disgusted down there and wanted to come back. Our scout went down there and brought him back across the border. Jorge Pasquel's brother was working on the border at that time, but they slipped by him for he wasn't on duty at the time. They walked across the border and everybody was waiting for him in San Antonio. The writers were clamoring all over and the minute he got on the train we took off. The first stop we made, in Austin or someplace, all the media people hopped off and sent their messages.

What year did you join the Cardinals?

BB: The year after the Browns left here - 1954. I was all set to go to Baltimore, but the Cards' GM called me up and said they would like me to join them. I said, "Well, Doc Weaver is going to have to ask me." He had been there since about 1926, and I didn't care to go in there if he didn't want me. He was a good man, a helluva man. The players loved him. He'd do so much for them. I retired as the Cardinals' trainer in 1970, turning it over to Gene Geiselman, who had been working at that at SIU while I was still there. He showed promise and I suggested he be brought into the Cardinal organization. I sent him down to St. Petersburg, and in about '69 he came in here.

In those days all the equipment we had was a hand lamp. That's all we had. Now there is all this ultra-modern high-tech equipment. Whirlpools came in while I was training. The Yankee trainer had the first one. Now we all have the most sophisticated equipment available.

Now I work almost every day (when he's here at home) with Gussie Busch. Like isometric exercises and rubdowns, etc. He'll be 90 on March 28. He's been down in Palm Beach since the first of the year.

With my second wife I had a daughter, who now lives up in cold country - Grand Rapids, Minnesota. She and her husband both are teachers. My son Vic from the first marriage is out in Oregon; he's married and they have two sons. And my son Gene works here for McDonnell-Douglas and has for 25-30 years. He has one son who is a lawyer in Tampa and another who's a computer specialist,

out in Denver. And a daughter who is in the real estate business in San Francisco. And I'm due to be a great-grandfather pretty soon.

We've lived in St. Joan of Arc parish here for 30 years. I've never been too active in parish affairs because I traveled too much. I was gone for about 6 months out of the year.

This whole complex here in the Stadium was planned and set up by me and the architects.

One of the most unusual injuries I've taken care of through the years was when Minnie Minoso ran into the outfield wall. That was really bad, and the doctors told him he might never play again, but two weeks later he was playing again.

(Three incidents where Bauman was instirumental in saving the lives of men who were thought to be dead. One was choking on something and Bauman had to force people carrying him out to let him get hold of him and apply the Heimlich maneuver). He's handled many severe dislocations; the secret is in getting it right away.

His pleasure over Bill White being named President of the NL.