

At Iowa State in the first game, Kansas was leading by one run, 8 to 7. There were two down and Iowa State was at bat with a man on third and the call 3 to 2. This was in the last half of the ninth. The runner from third started with the pitcher's arm, the batter struck out, the catcher dropped the ball, the runner from third crossed the plate, but the catcher threw to first in time to retire the side. The umpire called the player out and apparently the game was over. Immediately I ordered our boys to grab their equipment and start for the club house on the run. The rooters and team members charged the umpire, claiming that the runner was safe and the umpire changed his decision. Both umpires then came in and concurred with the home team's desire.

Coach Timm overtook me in the left field on the way to the club house and said, "Phog, the umpire called the runner safe." I said to Coach Timm, "Cap, there is a man scouting this game from the Boston Red Sox called Becker. He is an old umpire. You look him up and he will tell you the rules. The ball game is over." I had quite a time getting my boys off the field because in the case of a fire or dog fight everybody wants to see it. I finally pulled them into the dressing room under the stadium and then Timm came to me and said, "Phog, the score is tied." I said, "Well, Cap, it might be a tie in your mind but according to the rules the ball game is over. If you want to argue with anybody see Mr. Becker who knows the rules." Coach Timm was most polite and courteous but insisted that we play some more baseball. We took our showers and went to the hotel.

Louis Menze came down to the hotel later and said that in his opinion he thought we were right, but when the players and the crowd ran to the umpire and the umpire changed his decision then he was not sure so he looked it up. Rule 52 clarified the matter definitely for him. Scout Becker of the Red Sox, Louis and I had a fanning bee that evening and the next morning Coach Timm and Louis and a group of us played golf. Becker said there was no doubt in his mind from the beginning. But it was not my job to find Becker; it was my job to know the rules and not argue with anybody. So if you read anything in the papers about the thousand rooters swarming on the field, you perhaps felt that I would be right in the center of the argument, but if you would have bet on this situation you would have lost all your money in this case. I had the rule on my side and there was no need to argue; in fact, there was every reason why I should absent myself from any declamation or oratory.

So thanks, Mac, for expressing hope that I am not going to play semi-pro or pro baseball. We are playing amateur baseball and we are keeping it amateur, at least during the time we are playing our opponents, and at all times when we are admonishing the boys to put the fight into the game and not at someone who is calling the decision.

I take it that you paid me a compliment because in the last part of your sentence you state as much. But even some of our best friends and those who care most about us read with apprehension and fear rather than the meaning which you set forth. But I will not let you down, Mac, I'll do the job in the same manner that I have admonished the boys to do it.