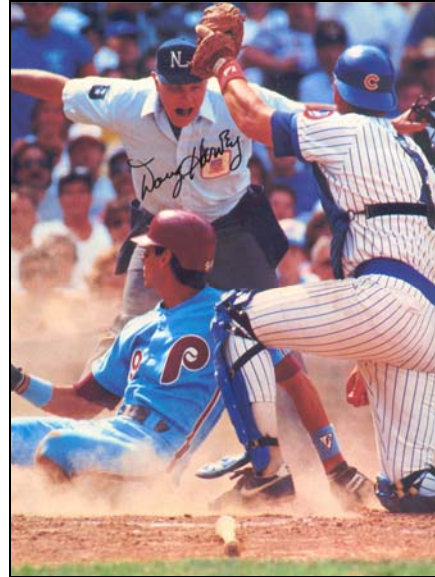


"BASEBALL RAMBLINGS" ...A Discussion With DOUG HARVEY¹



Introduction

I'm not a speech giver, I'm a talker! And I'm going to talk to you today a little bit about my career, a little bit about something I'm doing now...but I want to tell you what they always say of great speakers. They say "well, he's the Cadillac of speakers." Well, I don't carry notes and as far as being a Cadillac of speakers I'm more like a Nash Rambler! Mainly because I ramble between points and I just jump in where I think God meant for me to go, and that's the way I talk. So, at any time during my little dissertation should you have a question please raise your hand and we'll go right into it. To me that's just another way to ramble!

Growing Up

I was born in Southgate, California in 1930 and I will be 70 years old come March 13th. I was raised in the Imperial Valley. My Dad was from Indianapolis...just outside of Indianapolis.

We have a picture at home of Dad's State Fair hog that he won a blue ribbon with. Dad was still 'country'...even though we were living in downtown...well, outskirts of Los Angeles. Back in those days it was still 15 to 30 miles between boroughs. Within the inner mountains it is just one megalopolis but what I'm talking about is if you went from LA to Long Beach, you would get in your car and drive out of LA and you'd drive for 20 to 30 miles and

¹ *Doug Harvey is a retired major league baseball umpire where he presided over games for 31 years. He is a cancer survivor and is the National Spokesman for the **National Spit Tobacco Education Program**. Through January 2002 Harvey has spoken to over 156,000 individuals about the health risks of spit tobacco. This is a transcription of remarks made by Doug Harvey at the San Diego Ted Williams Chapter of the Society for American Research (SABR) meeting on January 29, 2000, edited by Tom Larwin.*

nothing but open ground and then hit Long Beach. That's the way it was when I was a kid.

Well, in 1940 things had not progressed too marvelously in the way of people. But Dad said that this place is getting too crowded. Being an ex-country boy he moved us to Imperial Valley...we arrived on Greyhound bus at 12:30 at night and it was 97 degrees...I said he moved us to hell! There is no doubt in my mind it was the hottest summer they had in like 40 years.

When we arrived and I took my first step out of the bus and I went (Harvey makes crunching sounds with his feet) and I looked around and I stepped on a cricket! Well, that was fascinating because I learned in Imperial Valley in those days you could not walk across the street without stepping on crickets. You would hear the cars going down Main Street and they would go (again Harvey is making crunching sounds) killing all of these damn crickets. So, they finally got smart down there and they got the spray planes out and they sprayed the town at 4:00 in the morning. Helluva lawsuit...two ladies lost their birds. Their canaries died...helluva lawsuit. But the great thing about it was we killed all of the crickets?!

Roots

But I think to myself, and I told my wife, I think that the one mistake that I have felt that I made: I wished that I would have raised my kids in a country setting.

I really do. I think that in the country you learn the difference between right and wrong and there is no black and white, it is all just people. You learn the difference between right and wrong because in a small community, especially back in those days, if you did anything wrong the cops were all over your butt. And if your Dad got word of it, he'd kick the hell out of you. Or your Mom would, in our case, beat the hell out of you. My Mom beat us until she started breaking clothes hangers. Wooden clothes hangers! Once we started laughing back at her then your spankings were through.

That's the way I was raised. So, I got to be about 13 years of age when finally she quit spanking on me. But I think that it was great way to be raised.

Don't Dare Me

People don't realize that when I was four years old my Dad and Mom took me to Queen of Angels Hospital in Los Angeles and they said, "take him home he will be dead in six months." I had a 2500-to-1 chance of living. I had nephritis...sickness of the kidneys. They took me around the corner about a mile away to Children's Hospital...the first woman surgeon in the State of California...she said, "I don't know whether it will do any good or not but we'll try." And she operated on me and they took my insides out and I have a scar about that big (Harvey gestures on his right side of stomach area) and they took the insides out and laid them on a tray and cut me over here (he gestures to

his left side) and stuck a hose in that end. They just washed it all out! And I lived.

I just recently survived cancer where they gave me a 30% chance of living. And I don't really understand "I can't do it." I just don't know...I'll give you a good 'for instance'. I came home and it was a pretty cold part of the year, it was toward the end of the year. And I told my wife...my hair was always cut in a flat top, and I told her "I think I'm going to let my hair grow. It's been a long time since I had it grown." And she says "don't you dare. I like your hair the way it is." So, I went back on the road and six weeks later I come back and my hair is all grown out. Because don't you tell me 'don't you dare!' Harvey dares!

And so I went that way with long hair for about three years and we get in the middle of the summer and it's hotter than the devil and I said to her 'you know, I think I'm going to cut my hair in a flat top again.' She said 'please don't honey, I like it the way it is.' That was some 30 years ago. You can get a helluva lot more with 'honey' with me than you can telling me what to do.

Ejecting People...Nicely

When umpiring the final words from Harvey were "now let tell you something, I've listened to you haven't I?"...(the manager would respond) "Yes you have"...then I would say "you haven't changed my mind...now we're going to go

on with this game either with or without you."

My methodology was to put everything in their hands...always put it in their hands...that's the way I taught and how some of the better umpires in the league worked, guys like Frank Pulli and Gerry Crawford...these were two of my better pupils. But I always taught 'em that..."put it in their hands." Let them know..."OK, we're going to go on with or without you - it's up to you. If you stay you're gone. Well that's in your hands. Do what you want." And that's the way you eject people...nicely!

Learn One Thing

I went into umpiring at age 16. I got into officiating because of the fact that I could not stand the referees that worked our basketball games. You have to understand something, too, I was 5' 8" and weighed 90 pounds when I entered high school. I went out for the JV football team and I made it. Played basketball and baseball. Those were the great days where you played football and you came in with your football gear and you handed it in here and you walked over to this other window and you pulled your basketball gear, and then you got a basketball and you started in with basketball.

I prefer it that way...I wish the hell we would go back to it. I think you would see more triple athletes, and the better athletes would be playing three sports.

Maybe the small schools could turn out better athletes instead they have to play football and either track or baseball, and most of them don't want to go out for baseball because they want to be faster when they come back for football. So the coaches make them go out for track. I don't believe in that. I think that they should have to play as many sports as they can.

I wrestled as a 90-pounder, and I wrestled in the 107-pound class in my first year. I had something inside of me. I could not stand not to compete. And I don't know why...I don't know what that's all about. But that's deep inside of Doug Harvey.

I had a great coach in high school by the name of Bob Farrell who told me "you have less talent than any of the starting five on our basketball team." Farrell was our football coach and he coached the basketball team because the coach that was coaching it got sick and quit. Well, in one year he took our basketball team from a school of 600 students to the semi-finals of the Southern California State Championship at Redondo Beach. Compton High School beat us by two points. And that's a school of 2300 and their starting five the next year was so good, when I was in junior college, they were USC's freshman team. And we beat their asses. But, we competed, and the coach, I never forgot, he told me "Harv, you have less talent of any of our starting five but you have more heart than any kid that I ever met for competition. Not to

win, lose, or draw but to compete." And I've been that way all of my life. When I set up to get started in umpiring Bob Farrell told me one thing he said "I'm going to give you something that I think you will really make you a final man." I asked, "What's that?" He said, "for the rest of your life learn some one thing every day."

Well, I learned today that it is the Society for American Baseball Research...I knew of SABR but I didn't know what the hell it meant. But to learn some one thing is very important to you. Try to do it. And if you go home at night and you sit down and really think to yourself "now what the hell did I learn today." And nothing comes easy...I used to carry a dictionary with me...get out an encyclopedia. Spend five minutes...three minutes...two minutes...you will learn something new every day. Can't hurt you.

Getting to the Major Leagues

This lesson that Bob Farrell gave me helped me when I got into the minor leagues. Professional baseball is 124 years old...in 1876 it was started. I'm the only umpire to go from Class C baseball to AAA to the major leagues, in the period of one year. I went to AAA for one season and then I went to the major leagues. I'm the only one to ever do that in the history of the game. It will never be done again...there is no Class C!

When I went into the minor leagues I was about 6'2" and 170 pounds, good looking

fella, liked a few drinks, liked to toddle a few. And my partners would always say "hey, let's go down to the Kern River, there's broads down there. C'mon we'll go down and chase the broads for the afternoon it's hot and everything in Fresno California."

For air conditioning in those days in our hotels they would put a big, big fan at the end of the hallway. If you wanted your room air-conditioned you opened up the transom and you cracked the door a little bit then you put something against the door so somebody didn't sneak in in case you fell asleep and took a nap. But I remember those days, and I would tell them "no, I've got things I've got to do, just got to do some things...I've gotta do some laundry, call my Mom..." well, I lied! Probably the only lies I ever told in my life. But I tell you what I did, it got me to the major leagues quicker than anything, other than the fact that I could umpire...what I did was: I studied my rule book two hours every day for every day that I put in the minor leagues. Two hours every day...I never missed.

Section 8.05 of the Rule Book

I recall a situation where Buddy Kerr, who was the manager at Fresno and former 2nd baseman for the old New York Giants, and I was there umpiring the ball game. He had a runner at 2nd base. A young fellow named Vic Davillilio was pitching for Visalia...Vic Davillilo, whether you knew it or not, was a pitcher in the minor leagues. Vic was pitching, and he

went into his stretch and just about the time he looked back this runner broke for 3rd. Well, Vic gives him one of these looks (Harvey gestures) and when that guy went he just turned and threw it to 3rd base, and the 3rd baseman was ready for it. However, the base runner reversed, dives back to 2nd base, and I say 'you're safe.'

Out comes Buddy! "Ha! Ha! Got you Harv! Got ya! Got ya! Got ya!" I said "do you really Buddy?" He says, "a man can't not throw to an unoccupied base, it's a balk!" Now this is getting loud! I said (softly), "Buddy, I'm so proud of you." Buddy and all of the idiots in the stands are going nuts. But he's hollering out there and I just told him quietly "Buddy I'm so proud of you" and he got this dumbfounded look that I strived for. "What do you mean, Harv?" I said "to think that somebody in this God-forsaken league is studying the rule book besides me. That pleases me so much." Kerr replied "don't give me that Harv, it's a balk, it's a balk, it's a balk!" Then I said "I am so proud of you and I realize the rule you are speaking of, it's 8.05 sections, a to m, 13 ways to balk, you are speaking specifically of 8.05j which states a man cannot throw to an unoccupied base." I read on, "comma, except for the express purpose of making a play...where the hell was he running to?" Kerr said, "Goddamn it Harv, you got me again." And, you gotta remember that this is my second year of umpiring in professional ball.

A Break in San Diego

The reason that I got the job in the California League happened because I was in San Diego. I umpired 155 games three years in a row here, in five months of baseball. I was working triple headers on Saturdays and double headers on Sundays. But I had it my mind that's when I was going to give it a shot. I remember that I told the guys my plans while I was watching the great Don Larsen throw his perfect game on TV...I was working at the Playhouse Bar up on El Cajon Boulevard. I was bouncer there from 10 o'clock at night until 2 o'clock in the morning. Then we'd scrub down the bar and everything in there and then we'd open the bar at 7:30 in the morning so that the early drinkers could come in...I'd pour em' their drinks and forget them and go scrub down the steak cooking plate in the kitchen and then mop the floors and then head for San Diego State. That was my job.

But this one day I was standing there and we were watching this game and I'm watching Larsen do his job and I said "that's it boys" and they said "what Harv?" I said you guys are going to be watching me on that someday. They were puzzled and said, "What are you talking about?" I said, "I'm going to umpire in the major leagues." And I got laughed out of the bar that day. Laughed out of the bar. Eleven years later they were watching me on TV working my first World Series in 1968.

You have to make your promises in life to yourself. You have to set goals. There was no doubt in my mind. I didn't learn these things in school. I learned them the hard way. I'm the last of the umpires to not go to umpires school. I did not attend any school I did it the hard way.

But I was umpiring in San Diego and I got to the ballpark down in El Cajon (a suburban city east of San Diego)...it was a semi pro game. And I didn't know anything about it and I just got there and I was assigned to work the bases. Two man system. Then this other fellow was supposed to work home plate, and he slapped his shin guard on...and he went "oh-oh...my God." I said "what's wrong with you." He says "...just a stitch." "Oh, God damn," I said, "what the hell is wrong?" The guy said, "I don't know." I ask, "Can you stand up?" He said, "Yeah, it's when I bend over." So I said, "Fine, you work the bases I'll work the plate." You always carried your gear and you wore the same pants on the bases as you did behind the plate. So, it was no big deal. I went to my little DeSoto that I had, slapped on those shin guards, and got out there and I'm calling balls and strikes.

About the third inning the guy catching says, "hey kid, you're doing a pretty good job." I said, "I appreciate that." Then he said, "Well, especially for so important a game." Whoops! I said, "What do you mean an important game?" He said, "you don't know, do you?" I replied, "No sir, I don't." He said this is the final game of the five game set between LA county,

which they were, and San Diego county for the championship between the two counties. I said, "Well, that's nice." I guess it was big to him and, you know, I could have asked him what's it going to mean to him...probably a party when they get home...I don't know. But, we go back to work and in the next half inning he comes out and he says, "by the way, was the guy at the first base supposed to work the plate?" I said "yeah." He said "he was supposed to work the final game for three straight years and he hasn't worked the plate yet." I said, "no kidding."

We finished the game...no problems there...and everything works out fine...and I walk over to the other umpire. I'm not in too good a mood. The guy says "hey Harv, thanks." I say "no problem." I'm taking off my gear and I don't want to hear it. This guy walks up and he said, "Young fellow, you worked a pretty good game." And I said, "I'm glad you realized it." And I'm kicking em' off and I'm really mad. And this guy said, "Well, you have a minute to talk?" I said, "Not really, what's on your mind?" I'm teethered. The guy hands me a card. He says, "my name is Mr. Murphy and I'm the head scout for the Milwaukee Braves." He continues and asked, "Did you ever think about turning professional?" I said, "yeah, I've written 50 letters and I can't get anybody to answer one. They want me to go to school and I can't afford it. I broke my leg and split the bone eight inches playing football at San Diego State and was in cast for 27 weeks." I noted that it took

another 20 weeks to straighten out my left foot which was cut in at about a 25-degree angle. I said "now I'm working my ass off to pay off that \$800 God dang gasoline bill that I worked up when I wasn't working cause the coach at San Diego State took my working job on campus." He said "whew, you had it pretty good." I said, "Yes I have." He questioned me, "if I can get you a job do you want to go to work?" Whoa...did I calm down. I said, "I certainly would." He said "fine, here's my card...if you don't hear from me in a week, you call me at that number." I said "fine."

Getting Married

About a week and half later I get a telegram which stated "you are now on our list of umpires to work the California State League." I worked the California State League for three years then met my wife there at the end of the first year and married her at the end of the third year.

I told her before we got married, even before we got engaged, that I'm on an eight-year program to make it to the major leagues. If I don't have my foot in the door in eight years I will be out of baseball. I wanted her to know that I was in my second year then. She said "OK." And she understood and she said "go for it big guy." She's always been in my corner; she's done a great job.

You have to realize that my average for being home in San Diego, sleeping in my

own bed when the Padres moved here, was nine nights a season. Nine nights in seven months. Back then we used to go to spring training for 30 full days. Now they only go for like 10 to 12, maybe 15 days. Before the Padres, when I was working in LA, my average was maybe three nights at home because the only time I'd get there was when I flew into San Diego, sleep over a night, pick up my family drive them to LA, she'd drive the kids back and I'd hop an airplane and go on to San Francisco. We couldn't afford that \$50 flight for her to go up to San Francisco. We couldn't afford the extra it would cost to keep her in a hotel up there.

The one thing that I did promise her was the fact that any time that there was a special baseball event I would take her to the event assuming that I worked them. My first two special events were the All-Star games in Cleveland and New York. We couldn't afford those but after that she flew to all World Series' and I flew her first class, which back then didn't cost as much. It cost like \$50 more to fly first class across the nation.

Well you have to remember when I signed on in 1962 my salary was \$7,000. I was getting along on \$16 per day per diem. Per Diem pays all meals, hotel, cleaning, \$2 a day to the clubhouse man, and taxi cabs to and from the ballpark. So, you had to stretch your per diem pretty hard when you were in places like New York, and maybe Montreal. Most places like Cincinnati and places like that you could get a room fairly cheap. See, what you

did was you found a hotel that had a guy who loved baseball as a manager. And you worked deals. You know, I'll get you tickets while you'll give me a cheaper rate at your hotel.

Anyway, to get back to my career, this guy got me the job and I was three years in the California League. I went from there to the Pacific Coast League. At the beginning of the Pacific Coast League season I am at a meeting with the League President and I told him that I am not looking for any special favors but I'm newly married...I had been married like four months. As a result, the guy sent me to San Diego but one time the whole season!

I Will Always Remember Bob Gibson

In 1962 I will never forget...I had these two teeth knocked out by a Bob Gibson pitch. It broke them off at the gum line, and I spit them on the ground. Shag Crawford was umpiring with me, and he came up to me about three innings later, and my mouth bleeding like hell and I'm just spitting blood, and he says "you got blood on you!" I said "yes." He said, "What happened?" I said, "I lost two teeth." He said "are you nuts?" I said, "No, they're down there some place!" He said, "What are you doing? Why don't you go and have somebody look at it?" I said "they can look at it after the ballgame." Gibson knocked 'em out in the second inning, but I finished the ballgame.

I went on and had a dentist look at them and he said, "Well it's going to take more work than this. You're going to have to take time off." I said "not in the world. Just give me something to stop the bleeding." He gave me a shot in the arm with vitamin B and I went on my way. Two months later they were infected and I called the League office and I said, "I got two teeth that are broken in my face." They said "you can't go home because we're sending Barlick home tomorrow in order for him to get ready to work the World Series." Because he suffered a heart attack a year and a half ago the League was going to make sure he was rested. They told me I can't leave. So, I asked if was OK that I go see a dentist -- I had paid for the last one. They said "oh, yeah, sure."

I go see the dentist and he said "here take this cotton" and he put it in there. Well, I put the cotton there day in and day out. And it bled all over my pillowcases in the hotel and I said "that's BS." So I threw the cotton away and I stuffed chewing tobacco in there. And I went to the end of the season this way, and I remember September 15th. I received a call in the old Pittsburgher Hotel (I remember those old big skeleton keys you used to have to carry, those big ones). Anyway, I remember I just came out and we're doing a Saturday day game, and I locked the door and then the phone rang. I stopped and I run back in and I got it just in time. It was one of those old big round black phones. And my wife

says on the other end "honey I'm at the hospital and I'm going to have your child."

You probably don't realize when you read about these guys playing today who leave the ball clubs and go home for a week and a half while their wife has children and such. In those days, no umpire was allowed to go home for childbirth. So I said to her, "well, God bless you baby." Then I leave the room. I'm on codeine and infected. I'm still bleeding. I'm sticking chewing tobacco on it every minute of every day. I've got the "Game of the Week" on national TV. It's either Digger O'Dell or Billy Pierce who is going for a 16th straight win for the Giants against Pittsburgh, and I've got the plate. And, at the same time, my wife is having a baby, our first child. It was an interesting day. It goes down to a nothing to nothing and Smokey Burgess was the catcher for Pittsburgh. And he came up with a guy on second base, and he chunked one over the first baseman's head and it's a one-nothing ball game.

So, I did my work that day. The codeine kept me in a kind of a happy attitude!

Question: I know my work ethic. I have off days. I have days when my mind is on something else. As an umpire how do you concentrate day-in, day-out?

Harvey. Very forcefully! I mean you just force yourself to concentrate. You have to understand something, too. You have to understand that the difference between a ball and a strike is the width of a pencil line. That's the difference in the mind's eye of an umpire. You show a pitch on TV and it looked like the exact same pitch as the one before but is called differently. The difference between the two pitches is in the mind's eye of an umpire. The width of a line, that's it.

To call the play at first base is a magnificent endeavor because you have to watch the ball come across the field...a good two-thirds of the way and, in the meantime, while you are watching it you're adjusting your position. You take a right angle from where that ball is thrown. You want that right angle. If it's thrown from shortstop you bounce up so that you are at a right angle to that ball when it passes you. You take your eye off the ball, your computer up here (Harvey points to his head) says the ball is coming, the ball is coming, the ball is coming—it should hit now, and you had that all in your mind, and it's happening. You go to the base and you watch the foot. If the foot hits the base before you hear the pop of the glove then the man is safe.

Doug Harvey had 27 years of basketball...I took it right onto the baseball field. Because in basketball it was always down on one knee with (he imitates a referee's whistle) "41, you've got him by the arm son...you can't do that." And that's the way I'd referee

basketball. Baseball was the same thing. (He whistles) "No, he's safe." Same time, I would tell them. They knew what that meant; the foot hit the same time as the glove was hit. So, you're asking yourself "but how do you do it?" Because, I'm trained to do it! You have to understand that. I'm not just a guy on the lines that has walked out and done it.

So, I say to you, you want a thrill, volunteer to be an umpire. I'd like you to go just work the bases some day. Just go do that. You're going to love it. Try the slow-pitch stuff. You'll love it. Ask my son, he tried it! He said, "I've never seen so many idiots in all my life."

The reason I got started at age 16 is because we had that run-and-gun outfit that went to the semifinals of the California State Championships...I played center at 6-foot 2. But we would get the ball, throw it out to the side court to Babe Henry. I would head down the other side of the court. Babe Henry would hit Red coming across the middle and I'd be there to either take a pass and give it back to Babe or lay it up. We would beat them to the other end because of the fact that we were playing in 75-foot gymnasiums which are now, what, 96-foot, and you had to beat them down. If you didn't, they would set up the zone defense. Everything was on defense. At 6 foot 2, and 165 pounds, I could climb with anybody.

Question: Baseball is full of colorful nicknames. Could you share with us your nickname in baseball and how it came about?

Harvey. You know, normally, Andy, I wouldn't do this. By the way, fellas, Andy Strasburg is the gentleman that got me here today. He asked me to come down and I told him I would. It takes five and a half hours to drive down here and I have to drive back tomorrow morning because we're having a Super Bowl party. I know what Andy speaks of. I was in baseball 31 years and about the last...what was the year the Padres won the first pennant...'84? I went until '92, so it was over the last eight or nine years.

They called me "God." I've never spoken like this to any other organization or even mentioned the fact that they did call me God, except for one time. *Sports Illustrated* came out with a write-up and I did not give them the story, but the guy on a sidebar wrote the story that they called Doug Harvey, "God." And all of the players called me "God." And, so for your idea of what was taking place, I'm going to tell you the true story on how my nickname "God" came to be.

So, here we were in New York with the Padres, it's raining and I'm told that it would be hard to get this night's game in. I said, "you don't understand, Frank (Cashin), I work every night to get games in, very hard." If you look in the rolls

since I became crew chief, I had lost less games than any man probably in the history of the game. And I worked less double headers come August than any crew had. So, you should pay attention to those things. Yes, I will work hard.

So I ask, "Is there a reason to call the game?" He said, "It's going to rain tonight and it's going to rain all night, but it should be fairly light. Tomorrow, it's going to rain all night. It's going to be fairly heavy. The next night you will not come to the ballpark the way it's looking now. We will call you at the hotel and it will be off." And the Padres were leading their division. I think New York at the time was leading their division. But anyway, I said, "No problem, we're working." I'm working the plate that night so I know we are going to get the game in as long as a lightning storm doesn't start, believe me.

We get to the third or fourth inning. Two outs, nobody on base. Mookie Wilson at the bat for New York. The pitch comes in, Mookie hits a one-hopper. Ka-boom, high one-hopper. You had to know Steve Garvey. Steve Garvey is playing first base. Well, Steve has to back up a little bit and he's got his hand out to the pitcher. Now, it's 35 feet to the first base bag. He's already got his hand out. The ball hasn't reached him yet. With his gesture he's telling the pitcher, 'forget it, I've got it.' The pitcher is already breaking toward first where he belongs for a toss, but stops. Garvey, meanwhile, when he pushes off his back foot in the

little bit of mud back there, slips and he goes down to one knee...and now there isn't anyone to throw it to, because he's already told him I've got it, you know, 'let Superman handle it.'

And now of course, we're in trouble, the umpires, not Garvey. So what happens? The next guy up is Darryl Strawberry. First pitch downtown, Sadie Brown, bam, gone. First pitch. Right there, bang, hits it 90 miles. We get to the sixth inning and the Padres are still down 2 to 0 and it starts raining hard. I called, "time out!" "Get the field covered" I tell the grounds crew. By this time I've already repaired the infield like eight times. We repaired the infield 17 times that night to get the nine innings in. But now it's too much. I said, "Cover it." It's getting a little slick around here and get it covered. I told Country Joe West, great friend and great guy, you make sure they get the cover on with no problems and I'm going to go and change some of my gear so I can get some dry shirts and stuff on. He says, "Sure Harv." Well, I'm in and I'm changing and here comes Joe. He's loud...he's raucous...he's North Carolinian. He's a hell of a guy, but he comes in and he's laughing. The whole room just reverberates. "Joe, what's so funny, son?" I ask. He said, Well I went and sat in the Padres' dugout watching." I said, "Oh Joe why did you sit in the Padres' dugout for, for God's sake, they're mad at me right off the bat." He said, No, listen," he said, "Garvey come in and said, 'Dad gummit, Joe, didn't anybody think to check the infield before this game?' And

Joe says he told him, "Yeah, the chief checked it." They always called me "chief" because I'm half Indian. He said the chief checked it. Down at the other end of the bench, Terry Kennedy is taking off his gear and he's got his chest protector and his shin guards in one hand and he slammed them on the bench and said, "well, that doesn't count, that son of a bitch walks on water!"

So now we go from New York to Chicago and we have a dear friend, Jerry Holtzman...a great writer and honest. When you told him something about a play, even if it was against the club, he wrote it exactly as you told him. That's all we every asked of any writer. There were only a few of them that we trusted to that extent. And so we were in Chicago and I'm out checking the field and making sure everything is going right because I just worked the plate or whatever, and I'm watching. I go in and nothing is said to me or anything. They said Holtzman came by, Harve, and said to say hi to you. I said, that's fine. The next morning I lift up the *Tribune* and there in huge, bold type, "God visits Chicago." That's how it started. So, anyway, that's the story.

Question: What is the quality of today's umpire and is there any validity to the strikeout controversy, and if so, what do think?

Harvey. TV and baseball itself is ruining the game. That overhead camera that gives you shots. I told both presidents, both of them, you people don't seem to understand. There's a 17-inch-wide plate. I went out for two straight years and I judged the umpires. They're better than ever before. They are absolutely outstanding. I sit behind home plate and I tell them, "I don't care what you say, I'm here to judge the umpires, I'm going to be working, I'm not here to enjoy your damn game. I want to see the strike zone."

I've had several scouts tell me that there's no way, Harv, that you can sit up here and tell whether the guy's missing them or doing what's right. I said, no kidding, sit right here. Pitch would come in and as a catcher would catch it, I'd say, "that's a ball." Next pitch, "That's a strike." Sitting 100 feet back, 120 feet back, I'm within 90 percent of calling what the umpire is calling. I said, "don't tell me I can't tell after 31 years here plus four years in the minor leagues...a total of 35 years...that I can't tell what an umpire is doing in the way of a job." Then I would go sit at the side for two innings and watch his up and down movements, watching for height. I can tell what the hell they are doing. I can tell if they miss a play at first base from back there. They are better than ever.

I turned in two bad reports in two years. Horrible reports. One of them was on a guy named Cousins and the other guy was Shulock, both in the American League.

Shulock was over sitting on the rail between innings talking up a storm to some people over there. That's not professional. He was wearing a cowboy gold belt buckle about that big (Harvey gestures with his fingers about four inches apart); it looked horrible to me. He gets the closest play in the world and he's one of the guys, "yeah, he's out." Let me tell you something, if you don't **SELL** the play, I as a manager am coming out. The only difference is, with an umpire like him, he doesn't believe in umpiring. His way, the cool way, is "if you come out, I'll bury you." That's the way he umpired. Well, I don't approve of that. I think that every man has his right—any time I had a close play, I assumed they'll be out on that. If they didn't come out, I'd say, you are some kind of idiot. You should have been out on that one. So, when they came out, it wasn't something I wasn't expecting. And it didn't bother me when they came out, except for one thing. If they get up like this (he places the palm of his hand within an inch of his face), I'd say, "You know you're way too close...back off or get out," and they would back off!

I used common sense with everything I did. Common sense will take you further in life than the greatest learning in the world. Learning by doing is the greatest thing you can have in the world, in my opinion. My mother was the greatest worker I've ever seen in my life, and so was my dad. Don't get me wrong. My dad carried ice for the Union Ice Company for 22 years in downtown LA. I've seen him take a 300-pound chunk of ice, take a

single bladed ice pick, and reduce it to 12 and a half pound sections in a matter of no more than 5 minutes. He was great. And then, the way he had to reduce it was to put it in a gas fired chopper, chop it up, take it out, put it in a 100-pound sack, take it up those stairs to the Elk's Club. Great man. He never weighed over 170 pounds in his life. He was strong as a bull. But the day I picked Dad up, I was wrestling at the time, I picked him up from behind. I was fooling around with him, and I broke his ribs. I knew then that he was getting older.

Question: You were a physically fit person, what are your comments on the umpires that are not exactly the picture of fitness?

Harvey. Well, what are your comments on Tony Gwynn? He looks like hell all the time and he does a pretty good job, doesn't he?

Question: Well, there's hell and then there's pitiful.

Harvey: I know. I put in to be president of the National League when Coleman got it. I submitted a bio and an application. The guy I submitted it to called me on the phone and said, "Harv, who wrote your bio and application?" I said, "I did both, sir." He said, "Those are the two finest

examples of what should be handed in of anybody I've ever seen." I replied, "I appreciate it." It was a big man, one of the owners. I talked to another owner after that and I asked him "did you guys get my application?" "No," he said, "it was never handed in."

The umpire's association, over 25 years ago, gave to President Chub Feeney the right to take any umpire off the field, send him to a fat farm as long as you pay him. And not one president has ever done it. Years and years have past. I asked Bill White, "Why don't you do it? You complain about it!" He said, "oh no, I couldn't do that." What the hell are they doing as president? So, I don't understand. Needless to say, I didn't get the job.

Joe Amalfitano came up to my wife and me at a function, I don't even remember what it was, and he said "you know Doug will never get another job back in baseball." She said "why?" He said, "he's too honest and he's too strong." And that's the crime of it to me.

Question: Can you talk about the first umpire's strike when all of the umpire's wanted to strike about 20 years ago?

Harvey. 1963. I'm an original signer on the document that formed the association. It was the National League Umpires Association. Now the reason we

did this, that we formed the Association, umpires at the time were getting \$100 a year in retirement for every year of service. When I retired at age 62 I would have gotten \$3,100 a year in retirement. We asked them to better our retirement because at the time we were getting \$1,500 a series for the World Series and the losing players were realizing \$18,000 each. We asked them to raise that and they said 'no' to both suggestions.

At the time, I had to pay 50 percent of our Blue Cross/Blue Shield costs. For the first two years that I was in the league, neither my wife nor I were covered with insurance because I couldn't afford the \$75 a month that it cost us for our half of Blue Cross/Blue Shield. So, these were the things that we first took to them, and they said 'no.' What we told them is that we had better hear from you in discussion before July 4. This was May 5. We picked July 4, Independence Day, intentionally. We knew that there were double headers across the board. Every place they were playing there were double headers scheduled. We said if we have to walk, we didn't say we were going to walk. We told them "if we do not hear from you by July 4, we will take action." That's all we told them. And, they came around.

The American League did not join us because Cronin told them, "you go ahead." He opened the drawer and said, "you see these," and threw a sheaf of letters out on the desk. "These people all want to

umpire in the major leagues and I can get any of them. Hell, I'll hire 20 postmen to take your places."

Well, everyone thinks that it's easy. Let me tell you something. I can take any of you folks out here with a decent background in baseball. I can teach you to call balls and strikes, fair and foul, out and safe. Those are really important parts of umpiring. It would take me about six months, but I'll build you up close to maybe triple A, double A, at least. But let me tell you something, its how you handle it when the shit hits the fan...that's what makes a good major league umpire. Not how you are built. Not one percent of you in this room here has it within you to have a guy get in your face and scream his whole head off.

Let me tell you Doug Harvey's rule of thumb: "Anytime they get personal, you're gone." You come up and tell me, "Harvey, that was a horseshit call." Fine, that was your opinion of my call. The minute you walk up and you say, "Harvey, you're horseshit, you're anything, you're gone." I won't call you something, don't you call me something. There was a man, Ray Perry was his name, in minor leagues, who walked up and said, "you freaking hot dog." And he's gone! He said, "I didn't curse you." I said, "I won't call you names, you don't call me names."

There's a cute story. We had white shirts in those days in the minor leagues. Ray Perry came out and he was a tobacco chewer. Every time he'd say, "oh,

bullshit." And he would just talk slobbingly. So, I said to myself, you've got to get to this guy. I'm at second base and I've got a close play and out comes Ray Perry. Ray said, "Bullshit." And I said, "Ray, let me tell you something." Oh, he stopped right away. I said, "I'm going to look down at my shirt, and if there are ANY tobacco stains on my white shirt, I'm going to eject you." I looked down at my shirt knowing full well that I was a tobacco chewer and I'd been spitting all day and there were some little ticks down there. I knew they were there, but I had him loaded. I looked down at my shirt. When I looked up and started to go like this, all I saw was his butt and his elbows going around the end of the dugout. He ejected himself!

Question: The rules are clear on the repercussions of major gambling on baseball, so what's your opinion of Pete Rose's lifetime banishment?

Harvey. In the first place, let me tell you something. Mr. Bart Giamatti was the gentleman that nailed Pete. When Bart was assigned the president's job, I saw Bobby Brown, American League President. And I said, "Bobby, what makes a professor emeritus a logical contender to be the president of a baseball league?" The man is head of Yale University or Harvard one of them. He said, "all I know is that the guy loves the game. He's written several books on it. He

absolutely is taken with the game. He hangs around all the time. He's an astute gentleman and learns quickly. I think he'll be great."

I said, "Well, like everyone else, I'll give him a chance." My opinion: he was the best baseball man to ever come down the runway. The first thing he did was walk in and hold a meeting with his crew chiefs and tell all of us, "you go back to the three members of your crew and you tell them, I am going to back the umpires. You are my police force. When you start getting overbearing, I will come down on you hard. But if you can show me common sense, decency, the way to run a game, hardboiled but with good sense, I'll back you to the hilt."

And he did that marvelously and he was terrific about it. When he nailed Pete Rose I was in Cincinnati. I wish I had saved the newspaper accounts of it because there was a lot of things there that were not released to the rest of the United States. Right off the bat they had his signature on these "over and unders" they call them. I come out as a gambler and I set the rate and I see Cincinnati is playing Pittsburgh today. Cincinnati has beaten Pittsburgh three out of four games this year, Cincinnati's got the "Big Red Machine," everybody is healthy...we'll put this Cincinnati minus four. They expect them to beat Pittsburgh by four runs that day. Pete Rose would go down and bet that they don't beat them by four runs. Betting on

his team. We'll bet on it, but the come is not going to make it.

Or, he might bet knowing more about the pitcher that's going to be in against him. He adjusted his lineup to go against that pitcher. He would have a three-run lead and a couple of men on base with two outs and he'd tell his pitcher, "You're worn out." He'd put in a pinch hitter that he knows can't hit that relief pitcher out there. The guy strikes out with a man on second and third. Then he puts in a new pitcher, the guy gives up one run and Pete wins his bet. That was the danger. That was the fallacy of Pete. Pete Rose had a horrible gambling habit, according to all news reports.

I was at a racetrack outside of Cincinnati...and I'm not a racetrack fan. One of my umpires said there's nothing going on, it's an off day, come on we'll go out there and have dinner. I'm a \$2 better. I go out and bet \$2 on a horse. I go out there and I'm betting \$2 and I hear over here, "seven, seven, and seven on number 4." I thought, "what the hell, that is Pete Rose!" The guy would punch them out and Pete Rose, goes \$700, \$700, and \$700--\$2,100--on one horse for one race. Now, don't tell me that that isn't a sickness. This is my own judgment of what I'd seen. No one bets \$2,100 on one horse to win, place, and show. That's just not done.

The man had a problem. Had you not been guilty and the Commissioner set you down for life, what would you have done?

Wouldn't you have hired a lawyer? Would you have signed what he had signed? I think Pete Rose, eventually because of his numbers, may be the first man ever forgiven who was kicked out of baseball for life. But he is going to have to serve a penance.

Question: Back to your earlier days in the major leagues, the infamous balk controversy of the 1960s. Can you talk about how that came about?

Harvey. 1962. Warren Giles had gripes from the ball clubs about balks. And they said, "they're not stopping, they're not stopping."

Here's the way they used to pitch. If you're in a car and I get you out there in the parking lot and I say "go forward," and you get going five miles an hour, and I say "now go backwards," you can't just go backwards. Even though you may not even hit the brakes, just take from one gear to another, you stop the impetus forward and you start backwards, correct? What have you done? You basically had to stop. Somewhere in there, there's the stop of action. The motion to where there is nothing going forward with impetus. That was our idea of a halt.

So Giles said, "no, we want a full second's stop." All right now, what's a full second? Here's a guy who used to referee

basketball. Ten seconds to get across court, ten seconds to shoot the free throw. "One thousand one"...that's a full second. One thousand one...it wasn't happening. You're making a definite stop, but it's not "one thousand and one." He said, "I want it according to the rule book." The rule book stated "one thousand one"...a full second. So, we hit them with 61 balks in three and a half weeks. And they decided it wasn't worth it.

It was 1962, because I go up to San Francisco, I have my first plate job. And, they make two changes that year. So I get Billy Pierce pitching. He looks in, he winds it up, he comes in with the first pitch of the game. I said, "Strike one." Al Barlick comes down from first base, "hold it, hold it." He could knock that wall down with his voice. I say to myself, "What the hell have I done, it's my first call in major leagues and it's a ball." Well the other part of the rule was that you couldn't lift your foot. You had to put it in there, and you had to spin on it. In those days, they didn't wear the nub shoes. You put a pair of spikes on, put your foot on a rubber, and try and spin on it. You can't do it, it's impossible. But those were the typical calls that they were insisting on. It isn't anything to do with what is wrong with the umpires.

They talked about the rule of throwing at people. Back in the 60s they would throw at a batter and you'd say, "alright that's a warning. If you do it again, I'll eject you." So, you go on and in the next inning the

guy walks up from the other team and drills the guy. "Alright, that's a warning for you." Well by then you had a fist fight. So, what do you do? They said, "Now if a guy drills a guy, you tell him, 'no more.' You are going if it happens again, and you're going too, Mr. Manager, if your pitcher does it." Well, they say, "yeah," but that's weak. Come up with a better rule if you don't like it, that's my opinion. Because at least it stopped them from throwing at each other, basically. But it takes an umpire with guts to call that!

Question: I did want to mention that SABR has an umpire rules committee among their various committees and they do both the top umpires of the century, with Doug Harvey is at number 2 in the survey.

Harvey. Who the hell was number one? I'm as good as Bill Klem in case you're interested.

Question: Lee Gutkind wrote a book in the 70s.

Harvey. The Best Seat in Baseball, but You Have to Stand: The Game As Umpires See It.

Question: My understanding from reading the preface is that your crew did not like the book.

Harvey. Did not like it? I went through it and I get 12 typewritten pages of innuendos and lies. I took it to the Umpires' Association. It would have taken me \$25,000 to stop the dispersal of the book. \$25,000 is what it would cost upfront...then go to court. I didn't have \$25,000. The Umpires' Association was trying to kick me out of baseball because of the book.

I told the league office, don't let this man Gutkind in our dressing room. He came down and said, "I'm supposed to sit in the umpires' dressing room." I said, "Not tonight." He said, "Please contact the office. I thought they would have contacted you." So I called the league office and asked, "What the hell is going on?" Their response was, "Doug, I've checked this guy out. He's marvelous, he loves baseball, he's going to do a great book."

Well, he didn't. He slit throats right and left.

In baseball, one of the things that I'm a little upset about is how people are written about. Take, for example, the gentleman in Atlanta, the pitcher, John Rucker. I'm upset because in baseball circles, whether it is with a team of umpires or with players, there are all

sorts of things said (i.e., in the locker room). I think we get carried away and think you can use free speech for anything you want to say outside, too. I think that's what that kid, Rucker, did. But I don't condone the writers and people who are condemning this kid. I just know it happens. You say things amongst you as men that you basically would never say in public. Umpires are the same way.

The year that that book was written, I had Art Williams, I had Harry Wendelstedt, and I had Colosi—Italian, German, and Black. And me...half Indian. They are the ones who started calling me "chief." Well, they started on me as chief, and I called Wendelstedt "Herr Vindlestedt." We called Colosi, "Waffle," and we called Williams, "hey, fella," because "we don't want to call you 'boy.'" That's the way you talk with these guys. You talk with each other every place you go. You eat with each other. You sleep in hotels with each other. You are with these guys for six straight months and you get to where you know each other like brothers. I can say anything I want to my brother. I mean I can tell my brother things I couldn't tell others because of our relationship. And he'll tell me, "I'll kick your tail, I'll punch you out," which he always could as a young fella.

But, you can't do that anymore. It's a different world now. As an umpire and player you travel with the same people. And you are with them for every night

for six or seven months, including spring training. You're not around your family.

My wife, after I'd be home for maybe three weeks, she would say, "Doug, you're not with the fellas now." She would say that because I'd use curse words up a storm...that's the way you talk in the dressing room. I mean it's every second of every minute...that is, unless you're a ball player in a game and you walk up to an umpire...then you don't use those words!

END