

Babe Ruth

Reference book "Who Was Babe Ruth"

By Joan Holub

I was born on February 6, 1895 in Baltimore, Maryland. My parents named me George Herman, Jr. I was one of 7 kids. Only my younger sister, Mamie, and I survived. I was a bad kid. I stole apples from the store, I skipped school, I played baseball in the street and I snatched whiskey from my daddy's bar. At the age of seven my dad dropped me off at the St. Mary's School for Boys. This was a school that orphans and unwanted boys came to. The first few night's, I cried myself to sleep. All the teachers woke us up at 6:30 in the morning. We had a watchman keep his eye on us at all times so we couldn't sneak off or misbehave. It was a very strict place. One day in the schoolyard I met a man who changed my life! His name was Brother Matthias. He was a great baseball player. Baseball was THE POPULAR sport at this time. Brother

Matthias was calm and firm but always fair. He paid attention to me like no one else ever had. I really looked up to him like he was my new father. Brother Matthias started a baseball league with about 40 teams. He chose the best players at the school. I was so good at baseball that when I was 8 I played with 12 year olds. I was left-handed and the school only had right hand gloves, this made it harder for me to play baseball. I was a great catcher. One day I made fun of the pitcher so Matthias asked me to give it a try. I was outstanding! I was a real natural. I stayed at Saint Mary's school for 12 years.

Jack Dunn, the head coach of the Orioles minor league team, came to watch me one day. SHIRT/HAT/STADIUM He offered me 600 dollars a year to pitch for his team. I was thrilled and surprised! I didn't know in the pros you got paid. Along with the rest of the Orioles I took the train to Fayetteville, North Carolina. ■ never been outside of Baltimore before. One of my teammates showed me how to unfold my bed from the wall. My teammate told me to

rest my arm in the pouch above my bed. The next day my arm was stiff. My teammates started laughing hysterically at me! They played a joke on me! The pouch was actually for storing clothes. My teammates were surprised that I ate 3 stacks of pancakes! They were more surprised by my pitching. Since I was only 19 when Dunn gave me my contract he had to become my legal guardian. My buddies on the Orioles referred to me as "Jack's newest babe". It is from this I became Babe Ruth!

*I enjoyed my time at the Orioles but Dunn sold me to the Red Sox. **SHIRT/HAT/STADIUM** I really made it NOW! I joined the team July 11, 1914. I was a great pitcher for the Red Sox. "Coach I want to try and hit the ball for our team. No you are a great pitcher and we need you out there on the mound". By 1918 I was one of the highest paid players around, I got ten thousand dollars a year. That was awesome! Finally I got a chance to hit! It was a homer. That year I hit 11 homers! I still couldn't keep myself out of trouble! One night the manager knocked on*

my door I said come in I pretended to be sleeping. The manager yanked down the covers and I was still in my street clothes. I had been out all night long partying. After that I decided to behave. I made 29 homers this year. I thought ■ stay with the Red Sox forever! But I was wrong.

In 1920 I was sold to the NY Yankees.

***SHIRT/HAT/STADIUM** On July 19 I broke my own record.*

*I had 30 homers. By the end of the season I had hit 54 homers. I spent many nights playing **POKER**, getting drunk, smoking and joking around with my friends. Even though I would stay out late I played at the top of my game. I had many friends and fans. By now I was a star! I was hitting the ball out of the park. Pitchers were afraid of me. I was making double what the Red Sox had paid me. I made hitting homers look easy. It didn't matter how famous I got I was a regular guy. In 1926, I made a promise to a sick boy in the hospital. I promised I would*

