

## Information for: LeRoy "Bud" Parmelee

Information Source: <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/s/a/t/Frank-A-Sattler/GENE3-0006.html>

Descendants of Andreas Silvernail (Generation No. 6)

11. LeRoy Earl<sup>6</sup> Parmelee (Edith<sup>5</sup> Kinney, Minnie E.<sup>4</sup> Silvernail, John<sup>3</sup>, John<sup>2</sup>, Andreas<sup>1</sup>)<sup>6</sup> was born April 25, 1907 in Lambertville, Monroe County, Michigan, USA<sup>7</sup>, and died August 31, 1981 in Monroe, Monroe County, Michigan, USA. He married Ortha Elizabeth Alice Smith Private, daughter of Frederick Smith and Anna Scharer. She was born Private.

Notes for LeRoy Earl Parmelee:

The following text is from the back of his 1933 Goudy baseball card (No. 239). "New York Giants - One of the leading pitchers in the Giants' ascent to the National League throne. A right-hander, 6 ft. 1 in. tall and weighs around 195 pounds. Started professional career with Toledo in 1926. First went up to Giants in Fall of 1929. Spent the greater part of three years in the minors, but came back to New York club in 1932 and won a regular place. He has overcome his early tendency toward lack of control in pitching. Born in Lambertville, Mich., April 25, 1907."

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The following paragraphs are from a Monroe County Historical Museum pamphlet for an exhibit for Leroy "Bud" Parmelee that ran from February 26 to June 7, 1984:

Born April 25, 1907, the son of Lambertville's Dr. O. E. Parmelee, LeRoy Parmelee was the only lifelong resident of Monroe County to have had a prolonged major league baseball career. He played for a veritable "Who's Who" of noted managers such as Casey Stengel, John McGraw, Bill Terry, Charlie Grimm, and Connie Mack.

Parmelee began playing professional baseball in 1927 when he left Eastern Michigan University to sign a contract with the Toledo Mud Hens - - then managed by Casey Stengel. In 1929, John McGraw became interested in the big right-handed pitcher and Parmelee was purchased by the N.Y. Giants. He was sent to various minor league teams to gain experience, but the Giants quickly recalled him near the end of the 1932 season after he had won 14 and lost 1 for the Columbus Red Birds.

Parmelee became one of the powerful "Big Four" of the Giants' pitching staff. These men were instrumental in winning the Pennant and the World Series which made the Giants the 1933 World Champions. During this year, his best full season in the majors, he had a record of 13 wins and 8 losses. Parmelee also pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals and the Chicago Cubs in the National League and played briefly for the Philadelphia Athletics in the American League. In addition to Toledo and Columbus, he played for Louisville, Minneapolis, and San Francisco in the minors. Parmelee was always known as a hard throwing, fastball pitcher who, on a bad day, could be wild. He was one of the better hitting pitchers at the plate.

After he retired from baseball, Parmelee came back to Monroe County where he was well known for his career with the Automobile Club of Michigan as a sales counselor and manager of the Monroe branch. He was also an avid hunter throughout his life. LeRoy Parmelee died on August 31, 1981 at the age of 74.

### Chronology of Parmelee's Baseball Career

1926 Pitches no-hit game for Fremont, Ohio Twilight League team. Casey Stengel of Toledo Mud Hens begins to take notice.

1927-29 Played for Casey Stengel's Toledo Mud Hens

1929 Contract purchased by N. Y. Giants from Toledo for a reputed \$75,000.

1930-32 N. Y. Giants send him to various minor league farm clubs to gain experience.

- 1932 Won 14 and lost 1 for Columbus Red Birds. At the end of the season for Columbus, recalled to pitch for the N. Y. Giants.
- 1932-35 Was one of the "Big Four" on the N. Y. Giants pitching staff.
- 1936 Traded by N. Y. Giants to St. Louis Cardinals for Burgess White. "Dizzy" Dean of the Cardinals comments: "Me, Paul (Dean), and Parmelee will win the Pennant."
- 1937 Traded to Chicago Cubs for Lou Warneke.
- 1938 Sold to Minneapolis Athletics in the American Association. Voted to the American Association All-Star team. Is drafted by the Philadelphia Athletics in the American League.
- 1939 Philadelphia Athletics sell him to the Louisville Colonels (AA).
- 1939-40 Pitches with distinction for Louisville.
- 1940 Pitches Louisville Colonels to Little World Series where they win over Rochester.
- 1941 Bought by Boston Red Sox for their San Francisco farm club.
- 1941-42 Returns to Toledo Mud Hens where he started sixteen years before.
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The following article, "Parmelee - Baseball Treasures of Another Day" by Jim Taylor, was printed in the Toledo Blade on March 15, 1981, Sec. D., Page 3:

Monroe, Mich. - The pages of the scrapbook fan open, and there is Mel Ott, cocking his right leg, Carl Hubbell curling his left arm, the famous screwball on its way, a grim John (Muggsy) McGraw, a grinning Dizzy Dean.

These are not scraps, faded reminders of a man's youth, his greatness, his frailty. These are treasures.

LeRoy (Bud) Parmelee sits in the kitchen of his neat, spotless home, the sunlight splashing through a window onto the pictures of baseball's royalty, and he brings these people back and makes them pitch, and hit, and catch again.

Parmelee, who grew up in Lambertville and signed his first professional contract with manager Casey Stengel and the 1926 Toledo Mud Hens, joined the New York Giants in 1929 and became a member of one of the game's great pitching staffs.

Big, fast, wild, Bud Parmelee played for the growling legend, McGraw, and then dour, distant Bill Terry as the Giants rushed to the 1933 National League pennant and on the the world championship, four games to one, over Washington.

Earlier, the Giants had their "Big Six," Christy Mathewson, and now they had their "Big Four" and there they were, the newspaper photographs curling at the edges, Hubbell, Prince Hal Schumacher, Fat Freddy Fitzsimmons, and Parmelee.

"I guess I'm the only living player who can say he played for these three managers, John McGraw, Casey Stengel, and Connie Mack," the 73-year-old said.

His World Series ring with the diamond in the center catches the sun and winks.

"Know how much I made that year we won it all?" Parmelee asked.

"No, but I'm curious."

"I got \$700 a month. The next year - I was 13-8 in 1933 - they raised me to \$7,000 a year. Players today make more taking a shower than I did in a career. My tops was \$8,000 from the Cubs (at the tail end, 1937), and then I made five, six hundred from the city series with the White Sox. I was a first-line pitcher. I always won more than I lost."

He was, too. Over 10 major league years, Parmelee had a 59-55 record and if he could have controlled his steamy fastball that rode in on a right-handed batters' hands, it would have been better.

The lean left-hander, Hubbell, was the ace of the Giant staff, his pitching arm flapping by his side ("almost as if it was disjointed") from throwing the screwball. He would win 253 games, and 20 or more five times, including 23 in 1933.

"Oh, it was a great team, all right," Bud Parmelee recalled, his hands playing over the scrapbook. "I always told Hub he could have helped us with the money. The Giants sent him a blank contract, letting him fill in the figure, and he always made it \$20,000 or less. If he'd asked for what he was worth, it would have helped all of us."

He says it without a gint of bitterness. The years have been gentle; he remembers the good times, the friends, the stories he found funny and can still laugh at.

There is a picture of an older Parmelee with a bright-faced kid, kneeling in Minneapolis uniforms, and you're aware it has special meaning because it is the first he shows you.

"Know who that is next to me?" Parmelee asks. He can barely wait to tell.

"Looks like Ted Williams, but he's so skinny and so young."

"Yep, that's Ted and me at the 1938 American Association All-Star game when we were with Minneapolis. He was 19. Oh, what a hitter."

Parmelee lived in that lovely springtime of baseball - play all summer and hunt all winter, eight teams to a league, the clackety-clack of pullman rides, the poker games far into the night, the long road trips, a New York where you could walk the bright lights without fear of getting mugged.

A clipping popped out of the book and fastened Parmelee's attention. It was the story of a doubleheader, July 3, 1933, the Giants defeating the Cardinals twice, and there were 000 000 000s all over the page.

"We pitched a double shutout, Hub and I, and count the zeros - 27 or them. Hub went 18 innings to win the first one, and I beat Diz (Dean) in the second, 1-0, in nine. In those days, you'd pitch all the way because there wasn't any help. We didn't have relief pitchers like they do today."

Those were the Cardinals of Dizzy Dean, Joe Medwick, Pepper Martin, Frankie Frisch, the Gas House Gang that a year later would win the pennant, the series, and a slender, fire balling Dean would win 30.

"Look at the time (of game)," Parmelee pointed, "1:25 - we didn't fool around. We threw the ball."

At 6-1, 212 pounds, Bud was a threatening figure on the mound and few hitters, noting his reputation for wildness, would dig in.

"If the did, I moved them out of there. It was my living, " Parmelee said, almost apologetically.

In those days, it was customary to knock down a batter on the 0-2 count. He expected it. Then the wide curve outside.

"We were supposed to loosen them up. We didn't throw to hit them ... but then of course you never knew, " Parmelee said, his voice trailing.

"I recall facing one of the great hitters of the National League, Hack Wilson of the Cubs. McGraw hated him, and I look over to the bench - McGraw gave the signals from there - and he's signalling for me to dust him. So, I did. He started out for me, and I started in for him, but about halfway, he changed his mind and went back, picked up his bat and got back in the box.

"I don't look at the bench because I know McGraw is giving that sign again. Shanty Hogan was catching, and he keeps pointing to McGraw. I've got to dust him again. This time he stayed put. Shanty must have told him the sign was coming from McGraw. He was rough, and tough, and mean. They called him Little Napoleon."

He had nicknames, this strong youngster who captained his Lambertville football, baseball, and basketball teams - Bud, Tarzan, Doc.

"I always thought they called me Tarzan because of my build," Parmelee said, indicating a picture taken on a Florida beach of an athlete with broad shoulders and thick chest, "but Jim Gallagher said it was because I was out on a limb so often (walks, etc.). There was a onetime softball player named Bud Parmelee - no relation - and that's how the Bud got started, and my father was a doctor, so I became Doc to some people."

He characterizes Stengel, who invented his own language, as a comedian, "but tough on older players. He told some veterans here in Toledo who were on their way down and studying the stock market to buy plenty of railroad stock because you'll be riding a lot of trains out of towns.

"Connie Mack was a gentleman. I'll tell you a story about Mr. Mack. He'd always call you mister, by the way, and he never raised his voice, and never swore. I don't know how good a manager he was, because I wasn't there long with the Athletics, and he'd sold off his great stars because he needed money."

"Roy Mack (Connie's son) sent me a contract that I called a 'minor-league contract' and I sent it back. That happened again, and he said 'we think you're a minor-league pitcher' so I said if I make this club and I'm still around the first of June, you pay me what I'm asking, and if I'm not, I'll pitch for what you're paying. They were in spring training and they finally met my demands."

"I pitched good ball for them, but you couldn't win with that club. I was 1-4 and June 1 was approaching. I went to Mr. Mack and said I was willing to pitch all year for his salary, but he said, 'No, I'll pay you what you wanted and keep you all season.' A few days after that, he called me up and said Donie Busch, who had bought the Louisville club (Double A then), thought a lot of me (we'd been together at Minneapolis), and he wanted me for his team. 'I've sold you to Louisville,' Mr. Mack said."

"He then handed me a check and I was paid for a whole season at my price, even though I didn't pitch for the Athletics, and he was having financial troubles. That's the kind of man Connie Mack was."

The days, months, and years did back flips and we were there in the Polo Grounds with its deep, deep center field and its snug home-run pockets along the lines in right and left. Bud Parmelee was winding, Mel Ott crouched in right, Rogers Hornsby wiggled his back foot at the plate...it was all coming back...

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The following paragraphs are from *Baseball in the 30's, A Decade of Survival, An Illustrated History* by Donald Honig, 1989:

Page 29 (1931) -

"In 1930 the pitchers had been partially disarmed by the unnatural liveliness of the ball and the game spun crazily on an uneven axis. An entertaining spectacle, yes, but many of the game's purists were appalled, among them John McGraw, at the time one of baseball's dominant figures.

Al Lopez, then a rookie catcher for the Dodgers, recalls one incident that typified the year's cannonading and helped turn McGraw's wrath against this liveliest of lively balls.

'Roy Parmelee was pitching against us this day in the Polo Grounds, the bases were loaded, and Glenn Wright was up. Parmelee threw him a fastball; his fastball had a natural slider like break to it. Glenn started to swing, saw the pitch breaking away, and kind of half threw his bat at the ball, almost one-handed. He got out in front of it and hit it down the left-field line. Remember the Polo Grounds, how short it was down the lines? Well, Glenn hit it just hard enough for the ball to drop in for a grand-slam home run. We could see McGraw throw up his hands in the dugout, and, we heard later, he said, 'What kind of baseball is this?' I think he made up his mind right then and there that the ball was too lively and that something had to be done. The way I understand it, that was the beginning of softening the ball up a bit.'

So, like something that had undergone a winter of obedience training, the major league baseball was tamer and less spirited in 1931 than it had been in 1930.

'Naturally the owners said the ball was no different,' Burleigh Grimes said. 'They always said that. If that were true, then it meant that all the pitchers in baseball had improved unbelievably in one year's time.'

The National League batting average dropped from .303 to .277, while the American League, with a shorter fall to make, went from .288 to .278. There were more shutouts, lower earned-run averages, fewer traumatized pitchers. A batting average - Chick Hafey's .349 - considered nondescript the year before was good enough to lead the National League in 1931. (If the average was comparatively modest, then the race for the title itself was exciting: Hafey's .3489 just nosed out Bill Terry's .3486 and Jim Bottomley's .3481.)

The most precipitous personal decline was endured by the Cubs' Hack Wilson, who tobogganed from 56 home runs to 13 and from 190 runs batted in to 61, though by all accounts Hack still led the league in boozing."

Page 157 (1937) -

"Charlie Grimm's second-place Cubs led the league with a .287 batting average, getting strong performances from veteran catcher Gabby Hartnett (.354), second baseman Billy Herman (.335), and outfielder Frank Demaree (.324). The Cubs, however, had traded one of their top pitchers, Lon Warneke, to the Cardinals for first baseman Rip Collins, who had a disappointing year, and right-hander Roy Parmelee, who was 7-8.

More About LeRoy Earl Parmelee:

Last Residence: Monroe, Michigan 481617

Occupation: Professional Major League Baseball Player - Pitcher & Insurance Agent

SSN: 352-05-09397

SSN Issued In: Illinois7

Children of LeRoy Parmelee and Ortha Smith are:

13. i. Roy O.7 Parmelee, b. November 6, 1935, Monroe, Monroe County, Michigan, USA; d. November 6, 1996, Sylvania, Lucas County, Ohio, USA.

14. ii. Jan Parmelee, b. Private.

15. iii. Annalee Parmelee, b. Private.