

# EXTRA INNINGS NEWSLETTER

The Official Publication of Extra Innings

"All Star Issue"

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## Bookmarks Normalization And Top Four Hundred Draw Grandstand Manager's Response

We have recently discovered the "Society for American Baseball Research" and their annual publication, "Baseball Research Journal." They've just published their second Journal, 80 pages of articles on subjects obscure enough to delight the dedicated baseball fan.

Frederick Leib has contributed a fine profile of Ernie Lanigan. If you have to ask: "Who's Ernie Lanigan?", chances are this publication is not for you. On the other hand, if you really want to acquire an in-depth knowledge of baseball history, The Society for American Baseball Research beckons the way. (O.K. Ernie Lanigan was an early baseball historian and researcher. His publication, "Baseball Cyclopedica" 1920, with annual supplements through the 1920s, is a classic among historians and collectors. A copy goes for about \$50 on the trading marts).

The Society has published two editions of Baseball Research Journal. They are \$3.00 each, postage included, and can be ordered from Robert Davids, 4424 Chesapeake St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20016. Make checks payable to the Society for American Baseball Research.

We've read, with great pleasure, Bill Veeck's "Thirty Tons A Day." Except in an oblique way, this is not a baseball book. Rather, it is an intriguing account of Veeck's experience operating Suffolk Downs race track. As we can look back on a career of writing handicapping articles for racing publications and several years of handling publicity for Ohio race tracks, the subject was, perhaps, of greater interest to us. Also, since we now live in Rhode Island and have viewed with bemusement the political activities effecting New England racing, the inside story was intriguing.

The only fault we find is the price of the book, a problem which relates to the high cost of everything these days. ("EI" has held the line, but it's bending as our suppliers keep raising prices). At any rate, at \$8.95 (Viking Press) we'd suggest you try to influence your local library to obtain it or wait for the paperback edition.

Speaking of paperbacks (which now cost almost as much as hardbacks did a few years ago) Robert Angell's "The Summer Game" and Roger Kahn's "The Boys of Summer" are both available.

As might be expected, the Normalized "Top 400" brought a quick response from the Grandstand Managers and, as usual, some provocative ideas are included. From Peter Hirdt, Ridgewood, N.Y. (known to many table gamers for his columns in All Sport Digest) we hear... "...with regard to the Top 400, it's just as interesting for me to look through the ratings as it is to play them. The only disappointment for me was that the ratings were done on a 'best season' basis, rather than a lifetime rating. It's tough for me to accept Ellie Howard and Smokey Burgess as the best catchers, while Bench and Cochrane rank toward the middle of their group. Also, I would disagree with some of your selections, but this is of course so subjective that I probably shouldn't have bothered to mention it at all (but Bob Allison?)."

Which all leads to my asking if you might provide me the statistical info which is required to rate other players, or do lifetime ratings with normalization taken into account. I know the basic statistical processes through which these types of adjustments are made (I picked up an A in Math 45!), but I also know that it would take years of work or a computer (or both) to develop these ratings without the aid of the stats of Sagarin and Swistak."

Editor's Response: Pete centers on several major problems we faced. The best season vs career totals was resolved in favor of a best season. Too many players played too long and their career totals suffered. Mickey Mantle who ended with a below .300 career average is an example. While you do get a player who, for one season, ranked with the greats (Cash in 1961, for example) getting too much emphasis, the "best season" concept also allows us to include still active super stars. It is unlikely that Willie Mays will ever again equal his previous "best seasons" and more likely his averages will decline as he stretches out the string as an active player. Anyway, that's our defense.

The inclusions and exclusions created a lot of correspondence while we were settling on the makeup of the "top 400." Bob Allison can be considered No. 401. After the list came out, we counted again and found we had 402 (with Babe Ruth appearing twice, once as an outfielder and once as a pitcher.)

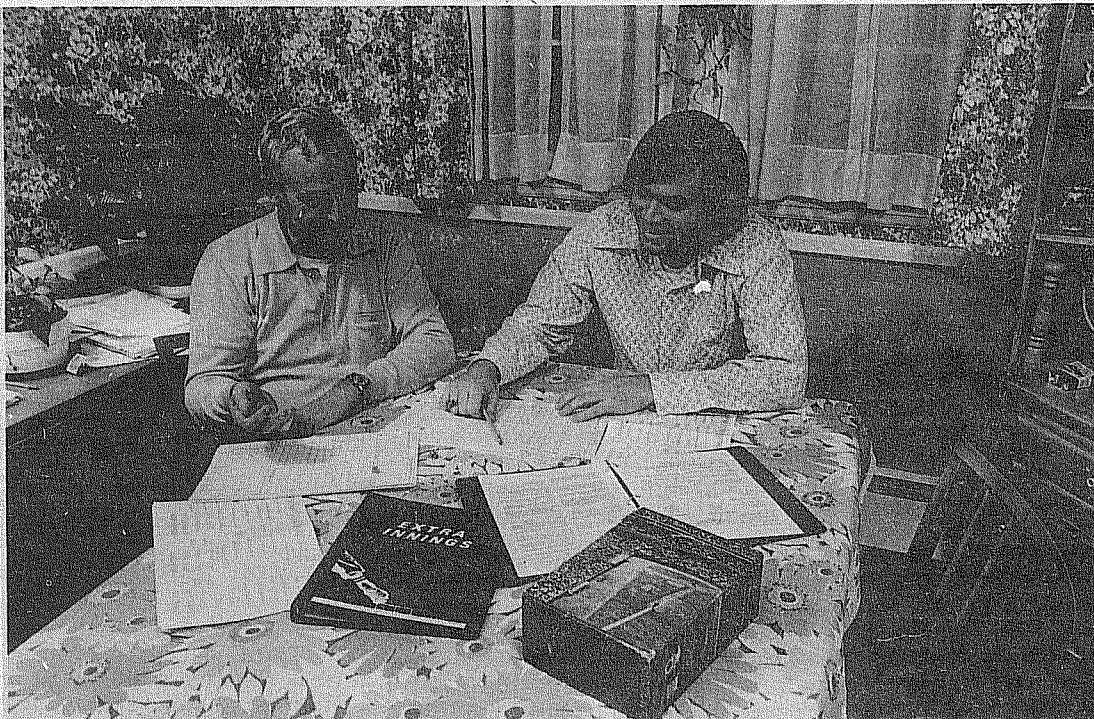
You've got to consider the total effect of a player's ratings, particularly as he'll perform in "EI". Smokey Burgess has very low power statistics (1-1-1, 1-1-4, 1-4-3) and is rated as Limited Defense. We'd expect he'd be used in a competition with players from the "top 400" mostly as a pinch hitter, his

primary role in the majors. Ellie Howard's power factors are also much lower than those of Johnny Bench who is also rated a Superior Defensive player while Howard is not.

As to Mickey Cochrane's rating, it is taken from 1930 and that gave us a problem. We elected to use the seemingly "best season" from a player's records. In a sense, we were focusing on the circumstance that many players are honored for hitting achievements that are rather phoney. The inflated averages of the 1920s and into the 1930s, particularly in 1930 when the entire National League average was .303, puts a different perspective on Terry's .401 (becomes .352 normalized); Hack Wilson's 56 HRs would reduce to 42 (with 500 ABs); and certain players lose a lot in the translation. Players like Pie Traynor, George Kelly (whose election to the Hall of Fame this year baffles us) and many others whose stats are impressive, until measured against contemporary averages and then reassigned on a normalized basis, suffer. Yet, players of recent years experience an increase in values when it is understood that they have been high achievers in a time when the league averages are depressed.

We expect the list and the concept will provoke a great many more comments.

(Continued on Page 2)



The first "EI" games, using "normalized" players, had the game's designer, Jack Kavanagh, and Jeff Sagarin who, with John Swistak, had produced the math and

concepts of "normalization" as rival managers. An All-Time Brooklyn Dodger squad split a double header with a Mod Squad, players who were still active in 1972.



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## From The Bench

The reason we've advanced the mailing of this July issue is we have again been contacted by the Major League Baseball Players Association with a threatened law suit and a hint of criminal charges. MLBPA is acting in behalf of licensed companies (licensed by MPBPA) to use players names and stats.

We aired this issue last summer. At that time, with the second edition running out of stock, and with ambitions to produce an even better third edition, we ceased advertising. When we resumed this Spring we prompted another challenge from Dick Moss, legal hatchet man for Marvin Miller.

What is mostly at stake here is whether the MPBPA can impose a minimum royalty payment of \$2,500 for games sold by mail (\$5,000 if retailed) as well as a 5% royalty on sales. For those companies doing large volume business (APBA, Strat-o-Matic and, particularly, Sports Illustrated, owned by that conglomerate, Time, Inc.) the minimum is not a problem. For little old "Extra Innings", hoping for 500 sales (\$5,000), a year to be handled out of Jack Kavanagh's basement and garage, and any other newcomer trying to earn a place in the market, it presents barrier which we consider a breach of the anti-trust laws.

There are a number of other arguments, but we won't air them here. "EI" fans, we hope, as well as anyone who is fed up with big business (and, believe me, sports, players, owners and games companies are BIG BUSINESS) will be heartened to know we have decided to stick it out. Quite likely we're sticking our neck out, too. As this is written we are awaiting for the MLBPA to take whatever action they are going to take. Since that might, in some way, restrain us from conducting our "business", we decided it best to make sure the July newsletter got out.

One way or another we'll keep you informed about what is happening. Right now, we don't really know what to expect. My family is concerned. "Suppose they padlock your business premises," my wife asks? "How will I get the car out of the garage?"

## Designated Hitter

The Designated Hitter role, adopted by the American League for 1973, provides no particular mechanical problems for "Extra Innings." Assuming that the National League follows suit next season, or soon after, it will end the inclusion of individual pitcher's hitting lines as part of team rosters. Actually, we have never included this data with the historical rosters or the new "Top 400" normalized. We have, instead, mostly as a space saver, provided a standard pitcher's hitting line. When a pitcher has been used extensively as a pinch hitter by his team (Newcombe, Ruffing, etc.) we have included his individualized hitting lines with the team rosters.

We're not quite sure what we will do with the 1973 rosters. Obviously, we will not have sufficient data to individualize American League pitchers for batting, if we have any data at all. To include the National League pitchers for individual hitting would result in team rosters for that league being substantially longer. It is both a mechanical printing problem and one of games playing esthetics. We'll delay decision. The total passing of pitchers batting for themselves, from both leagues, may make our decision for us.

So far as our own personal reaction to the use of the Designated Hitter goes, we don't like it. Tradition, nostalgia, etc. have a lot to do with this personal dissatisfaction.

But, primarily we don't like it from a table gamer's point of view. "Extra Innings" is designed to provide values of both realism and gamesmanship. While we recognize that spectators at the ball park may be stimulated by more base hits, runners circling the bases and, maybe, get goose pimples from seeing fly balls sail over the fences; the table game player does not enjoy the same visual satisfaction - unless he has an extraordinary vivid imagination.

One of the primary appeals of playing table baseball is that the table gamer is managing. One of the challenges of managing is the use of pinch hitters for the pitcher or designating that the pitcher sacrifice. A lot of the gamesmanship goes out of table baseball when the advocate manager simply sets down a lineup of hitters and is induced to "hit away" in most situations.

A solution for many players will be to utilize leagues and teams from the past, rather than teams of the present. It has always been the concept of "Extra Innings" to provide as many options as possible to the owners of this game.

Therefore, it will always be possible, for example, to replay the 1973 American League season at its conclusion, and not use the Designated Hitter at all. Instead, schedule all pitchers to hit for themselves and use a standardized pitcher's hitting line (simply using the .160 standard built into the Historic Team rosters). Or, for certain pitchers whose bats are better than the average pitcher's has been, assign them a more appropriate value.

## Normalization And Top 400

(Continued from Page 1)

And we thank Pete, a Fordham student, apparently majoring in math, for recognizing the value of the research by John Swistak and Jeff Sagarin and the computer use that produced the charts of data.

From Bob Bucknam, Sun City, Arizona. "Have had time to play a few games with the third edition and want you to know that I thoroughly approve the changes, particularly the team Es and DP's and the individual ratings for pitchers' Ws and Ks.

The Top 400 Normalized, as far as I am concerned is a great success.

I have two leagues going now (slowly), one a six team circuit from 1972 A.L. The other, the 20th Century League, is composed of the '27 Yankees, the 29 Athletics, and the Cubs, Giants, White Sox and Tigers made up of players from the Top 400. I had to add a player or two to fill in the rosters but that was easy to do with your explanations.

I enclose a couple of boxscores, one each from each league. Matty's masterpiece is still hard to believe, but it happened. It is still more incredible that Grabowski, the least likely batter in the Yank lineup got the only hit and the only walk off Big Six.

The original Extra Innings was a great boon to the hobby. The third edition is really something!

From Thomas Hum, Nova Scotia, we get an early report on competition among the "Top 400": "...the third edition is producing uncanny realism. Willie Keeler and King Kelly are getting many base hits, mostly singles; Ty Cobb has only been nabbed once while attempting to steal second; Dazzy Vance has already pitched a shut out; Rube Waddell is striking out the batters, Hank Greenberg is slugging home runs and the only reason Babe Ruth and Jimmy Foxx don't hit more homers is because of the numerous walks they receive. In short, an excellent game, well worth the price. Must write to the Special Election Committee of Baseball's Hall of Fame to consider voting Jack Kavanagh into the shrine!"

Ed Comment: Tell Morgan Bulkeley to move over.

And a flash from Ted DeVries who (finally) completed his replay of the 1948 American League season.

"First, all batters who were up to the plate at least 200 times, official at bats, batted within .015 of their final season average with one exception - Barney McCoskey. This was due to an error in the batting average chart for left handed batters. McCoskey batted .326 for the year. The chart should read 2-6-2/2-6-5 rather than 2-6-2/2-6-2. Discovered this after checking my ratings. (Ed. Note: never caught until now, printer probably prejudiced against left handed .326 batters.)

"Second, all pitchers with more than 75 IP finished within ten percent of their K and W totals.

"Third, except for several freak occurrences - Pesky hit ten HR-most batters duplicated their extra base hit totals.

"Plan to replay 1947 NL season next. This was the year when Blackwell had his great season,

his only one, and the Giants banged out 221 homers and still finished fourth. Once again, hats off to a superlative invention.

P.S. Perhaps someday there will be an EI cult. (Ed. Note: There already is. Of course, it's the world's smallest cult).

Extra Innings 20th Century League Game #2 AT THE POLO GROUNDS. Christy Mathewson hurled a one-hit 1-0 shut-out over the Yankees. Emil Meusel's homer into the upper deck in left in the second inning was the only run of the game. Only hit off Mathewson was a single by Grabowski in the third. Matty walked Grabowski to open the sixth and Hoyt sacrificed the runner to second. No other Yankee reached base.

YANKEES	AB.	R.	H.
Combs cf	4	0	0
Koenig ss	4	0	0
Ruth lf	3	0	0
Gehrig 1b	3	0	0
R. Meusel rf	3	0	0
Lazzeri 2b	3	0	0
Dugan 3b	3	0	0
Grabowski c	2	0	1
Hoyt p	2	0	0
	27	0	1

GIANTS	AB.	R.	H.
Groh 3b	4	0	0
Frisch 2b	4	0	1
Terry 1b	3	0	1
Ott rf	4	0	0
E. Meusel lf	3	1	2
Thomson cf	3	0	1
Bresnahan c	3	0	0
Bancroft ss	3	0	1
Mathewson p	3	0	0
	32	1	6

Yankees 000 000 000-0  
Giants 010 000 00x-1  
E-Koenig. RBI-E. Meusel. HR-E. Meusel. SH-Hoyt. DP-Yankees 2. LOB-Yankess 2, Giants 4. BB-Hoyt 1, Mathewson 1. SO-Mathewson 5, Hoyt 1.

## Sher-Co Baseball

We won't make it a practice to critique and analyze competitive games. Mostly, we'd find our credibility questioned. We can make an exception with Sher-co's fine game because it is not imitative of other games. Our basic attitude toward other table baseball games is that they offer the games player nothing new; only a somewhat different technique of doing the same thing.

When someone brings out a game that has unique characteristics and is honestly presented and marketed, we're delighted to tip our batting helmet.

Sher-co's radically different from EI. Although playable in either long version or short (about 30 minutes) its orientation is mechanical and manipulative. Based upon a conversation with its designer, Steve LeShay, a statement we made in an earlier EI newsletter is verified. We said that, with the exception of the Sports Illustrated Game, all table baseball games result from their inventors designing a game which suits them. (SI simply designed a game to market on instruction from its management, Time, Inc.).

(Continued on Page 3)



(Continued from Page 2)

Mr. LeShay obviously likes a game board and its fullest utilization. Whereas we designed a game to avoid moving facsimile players around, he has designed a game which utilizes them realistically.

By using a grid, the defensive team can position its players. When a ball is hit it goes to a grid placement. Depending upon the defensive team's prejudgement, it can go through the infield or land safely in the outfield. Further, long files can be either caught in the deep outfield, hit the fence or go over it, depending upon the home ball park. The grid is adjustable according to the dimensions of the home field.

The game's short comings are only liabilities according to the individual player's tastes. Sher-co's inventor apparently sets small store in precise duplications of players individual skills. Batters are grouped into three sections: .000 to .199; .200 to .274 and .275 on up. Players will repeat their "real life" results only in a general way. Home run output is equally loose. Players who hit 20 homers are in the same grouping as Willie Stargell and others who hit twice as many. There's no provision for triples and doubles. All players have the same likelihood of hitting them.

Pitchers are rated according to ERAs for strike out and base-on-balls ratios similar to EI's first edition. Pitchers have no effect on reducing the batting against them, other than to have a participation in the issuing of walks or reduce base runner action by registering strike outs.

It is somewhat frustrating to another designer to discover a clever idea not extended to its fullest development. "Extra Innings" could be adapted to utilize the grid game board of Sher-co's game. However, it would be presumptuous on our part and would not really serve our own purposes as a games player. We are motivated to replay entire seasons. We need a 15-20 minute contest to have any hope of reaching that objective. We also find it a necessity to squeeze in games where we can, requiring a solitaire approach. Sher-co can be played on a solitaire basis but, we think, is much more enjoyable two-handed, long version, between two knowledgeable adversaries.

It is more like "Big League Manager" in its appeal. It offers a good evening's entertainment, with maybe a double header being contested.

We are also most pleased to discover that Sher-co has elected to provide their rating method with the game. As with "EI", this means you can set up games for any teams or leagues for which you have the statistics and be able to extend competition in future seasons.

Knowing that one of the apprehensions table gamers have of a new product is that it'll turn out to be a mickey mouse game or derivative of one or more of the games already available, we can assure you that Sher-Co's game is well conceived, unique, major league in its materials and presentations. Sher-co sells direct by mail. You can order from them for \$8.50 (\$7.50 plus \$1.00 for postage). Sher-Co Games, Sales Dept., Box 524-E1, Malaga, N. J. 08328. Tell them Jack Kavanagh sent you!

## "K" Ratings For Batters

David Pluta, Bayside, N. Y., in a recent letter touched upon a subject a number of "EI" players have brought up. He said: "Do you think it would be possible to have MK and PK (minus strikeouts and plus strikeouts) batters?" The answer is a qualified, "yes."

We debated whether we should add this value to the game when we were designing the third edition. It is obviously a touch of realism when Bobby Bonds records high strike out totals and Matty Alou fans infrequently. It has some effect on the play of the game for a strike out sits the batter down without having possibly moved a base runner ahead with a fly ball or a ground out.

Offsetting this, it slows down the play of the game for the table gamer has to adjust another factor as each batter comes to the plate. Also, as many "EI" fans like to compute their own rosters it adds to the time spent in doing this. And, we must wait on the Official League statistics to learn how many times a player has fanned during the season.

From our point of view, marketing a table baseball game, we are conscious that those who purchase "Extra Innings" between seasons do not expect to get major league rosters based upon a season that was completed over a year ago. Christmas is a time when many young table gamers persuade parents to order a game, or use gift money for this purpose. We have felt it a callous indifference of many games companies to sell, during the 1972 yuletide merchandising spree, games based upon 1971 statistics. There isn't enough time between the end of a major league season and the Christmas buying season to set up new rosters (or cards) unless the unofficial stats are used. What we do is ship all games ordered after Labor Day with a notice that the rosters based on the season still in progress or just completed, will be mailed separately when available. This means about the middle of January.

When we get the Official League stats we must compute the walks factor for each batter and separate the records of players who have appeared with more than one team. It means we are pushing hard to do the statistical work, get the materials printed and into the mails. That we achieve this a month or more earlier than competing games is a matter of satisfaction to us. But, we would prefer to be able to compile and distribute rosters as soon as the final out of the season is made.

But, yes...starting with the 1973 rosters, available with the January, 1974 newsletter, we will include an RK and PK factor. Not all table gamers will use it, of course. But, to David Pluta and hundreds of others to whom it is a factor, it will be an important addition.

It will follow the basic design of the PW and MW feature, applicable where the batter is significantly higher or lower than the norm and serving as a counter balance to the pitcher's influence on strike outs.

## First Third Edition Play With Normalized Squads

The All Time Brooklyn Dodgers and the Mod Squad, players who were active in 1972, split the double header which marked the first "normalized" contest played with "Extra Innings."

The historic occasion was February 25, 1973. The "Elysian Fields" was the dining room table at the Kavanagh home. Jeff Sagarin who, with John Swistak, developed the mathematics of normalization, managed the Mod Squad with the venerable ex-Ebbets Field usher, Jack Kavanagh, serving as "Uncle Robbie's" proxy.

With Jeff as a weekend guest, we had completed the final edit of the third edition of "EI". The games were played from printer's proofs of the charts ... and what games they were!

Credit for winning the actual first game ever played goes to the assorted Dodgers who were assembled from the pool of the "Top 400" for the occasion. In a tightly pitched game, Dazzy Vance, with relief help from Hughie Casey, outdueled Bob Gibson, 2-1.

The second game was a see-saw slugging match, with the Mod Squad scoring twice in the bottom of the ninth, as Carl Yastremski and Joe Torre batted in runs, to pull out an 8-7 win.

The Dodgers were the home team in the opener. The Mod Squad scored first in the opening inning when, after Maury Wills and Pete Rose had been retired, Yaz walked, went to third on a Clemente single and scored when Willie Mays singled.

The Dodgers knotted the score immediately when leadoff man, Jimmy Sheckard, class of '01, who normalizes wonderfully, socked a home run.

The game settled into a scoreless duel, with Vance, the top strike out pitcher of all time, via normalization, chalking up Ks in each inning.

The Mod Squad threatened from time to time. Pete Rose opened the third with single but didn't advance. Norm Cash started the fourth with a single but stayed at first. Maury Wills began the fifth with a walk and stole second. A walk to Yaz put two men on but Vance pitched his way out of the threat.

Meanwhile, the Dodgers broke the tie in the bottom of the fourth. With one out, "Hall of Famer" Zach Wheat tripled and, after Jacques Fournier struck out, Jackie Robinson smacked a single to score Wheat. Jackie stole second but Pee Wee Reese ended the inning by flying out to Yaz in left.

Norm Cash led off the sixth for the Mod Squad and reached base on a walk. He moved to second on Joe Torre's slow roller to Pete Reiser, pressed into service at third base due to an absence of more established third sackers from the Dodgers among the Top 400.

But Reiser flashed great form on the next play when he speared Johnny Bench's shot and doubled Cash off second.

The Dodgers continued to go

out docilely as Gibson retired them in one, two, three order in the fifth and sixth. He gave way for pinch hitter Rico Carty in the seventh, an inning when the Mod Squad again threatened. Vance who yielded walks to Wills, again, who stole second, again, and Yaz, who had three free passes in the contest.

With Lindy McDaniel now pitching for the Mod Squad, Pee Wee Reese doubled with two out and Babe Herman batted for Vance, grounding out. This brought Hughie Casey in from the bull pen to protect the Dodger one run margin.

Willie Mays greeted Casey with an inning opening single in the eighth. When Willie tested Campanella's arm, he was thrown out on a steal attempt. Cash fanned for the second out, Joe Torre then doubled. Johnny Bench's fly to Sheckard ended the threat. In the ninth, after Hank Aaron, batting for McDaniel, had gone out and pinch hitter Al Kaline, swinging for Wills, had made out, Pete Rose kept hopes alive with a double. However, Casey got Yaz on a fly out to Dixie Walker and the game was over.

The first contest was in the books, the Dodgers had won the opener!

The second game was a wild contest. After a scoreless first inning, Jackie Robinson put the visiting Dodgers on the scoreboard in the second with a double to score Fournier. A Hank Aaron homer in the bottom of the second knotted the score at one to one.

The Mod Squad erupted against Dodger starter Burleigh Grimes in the bottom of the third, scoring three times on two singles. Johnny Bench singled to start the inning. He was sacrificed to second by pitcher Tom Seaver. Maury Wills drew a walk as did Pete Rose, loading the bases. Carl Yastremski then doubled to score Bench and Wills, with Pete Rose holding at third. Frank Robinson then grounded out to second, Rose scoring, and Aaron ended the inning with a fly to center.

The game remained scoreless until the top of the sixth when the Dodgers edged a run closer. Dixie Walker hit a lead off triple and came in on Sheckard's infield ground out.

The Mod Squad regained the run in their half of the sixth on Aaron's single, followed by his advance to second on a Cash ground out. Joe Torre was hit by a Grime's spitter. Johnny Bench's ground ball to first baseman Fournier forced Torre at second, Aaron moving to third, and "Tom Terrific" Seaver singled Aaron home. Wills lined to Jackie Robinson and the game was 5 to 2.

The Dodgers picked up another run in the top of the seventh, when Jacques Fournier lined out a home run. Again, the Mod Squad regained their margin in the bottom of the seventh. Pete Rose doubled to lead off and scored on a Yaz single. This run was scored off Van Lingle Mungo who'd replaced Grimes after Duke Snider had batted for him.

(Continued on Page 4)



# I Was There... by Jack Kavanagh

When you grow up with Ebbets Field in your backyard and, later, get hired as an usher, you're going to have been there for some fascinating occasions. My three years as an usher - imagine, getting paid to watch the Dodgers! - coincided with the coming of Larry MacPhail as the General Manager and the surge from a decade of second division

(Continued from Page 3)

In the eighth inning the Dodgers roared into the lead with a four run outburst. Pete Reiser led off with a single. After Dixie Walker fanned, Jimmy Sheppard hit his second homer of the two game series. Seaver then was touched for a single by Roy Campanella and the fleet-footed Casey Stengel of 1914, went in to run for the Dodger catcher. After Zach Wheat drew a walk from a faltering Seaver, Casey loped home with Wheat moving to third on Fournier's double. An intentional walk to Jackie Robinson set up a double play possibility but Pee Wee Reese's slow grounder had to be played to first while Wheat scored, the Dodgers going ahead 7 to 6. Babe Herman batted for Mungo and was walked but Reiser, whose single had started the rally, flied out to end the inning.

The Dodgers waved Don Newcombe in to pitch the bottom of the eighth and he mowed down the Mod Squad in order, including Willie Mays, pinch hitting for Seaver. With Hoyt Wilhelm's knuckler doing the trick, the Dodgers went down in order in the ninth.

The bottom of the ninth found the Mod Squad trailing by a run and Don Newcombe on the mound to protect the margin.

At this point the fantasy was disturbed by Sally Kavanagh who chose that moment to announce she'd been holding up dinner for twenty minutes and asked when were we going to get those papers off the dining room table.

"Win it or lose it, but don't send the game into extra innings, even if it's called 'Extra Innings'," I instructed Jeff.

"Newk can't win the big ones," reminded Jeff, and immediately Maury Wills singled and stole second. he moved to third as Pete Rose grounded out, Robinson to Newcombe covering first. With the infield pulled in Yaz singled to left, to tie the game. Newcombe then balked, with Yaz moving over to second base with the potential winning run. An intentional walk to Frank Robinson set up a possible double play. However, Hank Aaron's ground ball to third baseman Reiser had to be played to first, both runners advancing. Another intentional walk to Norm Cash loaded the bases. Preacher Roe replaced Newcombe and was welcomed by Joe Torre who singled home the game winning run!

The ground crew rushed out with a tarp that looked suspiciously like a dining room table cloth and the game was replayed over Sally's dinner. Jeff pointed out that, while it was a small sample, the teams scored 18 runs in two games, an average of 4.5 per team, exactly what the normalized game is programmed to produce.

finishes ("Over confidence might cost Brooklyn sixth place," says Uncle Robbie) to a third in 1939, second in 1940 and a pennant in 1941.

Many are the memories: Joe Medwick, apparently resenting Pee-wee Reese taking over at shortstop from his pal of the Gas House Cardinals, Leo Durocher, spitting tobacco juice into Reese's glove. That was when infielders left their gloves on the grass behind their positions when they changed sides after each inning. Dolph Camilli gave Pee-wee, just a kid of 22, a chaw of his tobacco and Pee Wee returned the squirt into Medwick's glove. After the game Medwick challenged Pee Wee. Camilli, team captain and brother of former heavyweight challenger, Frankie Campbell, who was killed in the ring by Max Baer, stepped in and slugged it out with Medwick. It was a wonderful pier eight brawl just outside the Dodger dressing room under the rightfield stands.

And the memory of Lonnie Frey, Cincinnati second baseman, stroking a line drive into the screen atop the rightfield wall. The game was scoreless in the ninth inning. Dixie Walker, master at playing the angles of the wall and balls rebounding from the screen, set himself for the ball to drop back. He waited and waited while Frey circled the bases. The ball never came down. The newspapers reported that the ball had become stuck in the screen. That wasn't so. I was "working" in Section One, Upper Stands and had a perfect view. There was a small ledge, about three feet wide, forming an angle between the scoreboard and the wall. Before the game workmen were replacing some two by fours and knocked off work leaving one board open. That's where the ball went. It dropped straight down from the screen and went through an opening a fraction wider than the ball itself. Next day the workmen rebuilt the platform so it sloped and never again did a ball disappear and cost the Dodgers a game.

And the memories of the many fights the Dodgers staged, often for strategic reasons. One game they were losing to the ever pressing Cincinnati Reds. Junior Thompson was setting the Dodgers down in quick order. Trouble erupted when on a tag play at second, involving Pete Coscarart and the sliding Billy Werber, they went rolling on the ground. Both dugouts emptied and rushed toward the middle of the diamond. For some reason, my eye picked up Joe Gallagher coming out of the Dodger dugout. Joe was a burly reserve outfielder who had become Durocher's hatchet man in the rhubarbs which broke forth with great frequency.

While everyone else rushed toward second base, Joe cut across and singled Junior Thompson out of the crowd of Red's players. He spun him around and slugged him. After the umpires had restored order, Thompson was discovered staggering around behind third base, out of his feet. He was unable to resume pitching and the Dodgers piled up the winning runs off his replacement.

I was there when a punk jumped umpire George Magerkurth from behind and wrestled him to the ground and sat astride him, pummeling away. The next day the Daily News had a picture of the incident. In the background was an usher, apparently watching the mele without offering to help. What happened was this: after a game the ushers ringed the infield to keep the fans from walking across the diamond. The scuffle took place along the first base line, inside the cordon of ushers. The picture was snapped at the moment the usher heard the commotion and turned. The next day the usher was called before Larry MacPhail to be personally fired for failing to react. Happily the usher was sporting a black eye which he explained had been obtained a second after the picture was snapped. Reassured, MacPhail promoted the usher to be a captain of ushers, entitled to wear a white uniform coat.

Actually, the usher had obtained the shiner in a donnybrook at McCauley's Bar and Grill that evening in an engagement that had nothing to do with umpire Magerkurth but, rather, who was going to take what girl to what prom. The usher? Well, guess.

But, the memory which most relates to a classic baseball situation came during the 1941 World Series. Of course, I was there when Mickey Owen missed the third strike on Tommy Henrich. I remember with a sick vividness.

It was the fourth game of the series. My usher's station, as a captain, was the area between the Dodger dugout, first base side, and the screen behind home plate. It was my assignment to guide celebrities to their box seat locations. I resented it. Here were the Hollywood stars, Randolph Scott, Groucho Marx and others who never came to Ebbets Field, using seats which had been occupied all season long by loyal Dodger fans. But one dignity whose presense among politicians and the stars of stage and screen I didn't object to was Casey Stengel then the manager of the Boston Braves. Noticing that Casey was alone and sitting at the end of a field box, I set a folding chair in the aisle next to him and watched the game from there. It was a revelation. As a life-long Dodger fan and Ebbets Field usher, I had thought I knew inside baseball. I heard more astute observations from Casey during the third and fourth games than I'd ever heard before.

So, we come to the fateful ninth inning. The Dodgers led 4-3. The win ties the series and makes up for the previous day's bad luck when Freddie Fitzsimmons was literally knocked from the box by a line drive which broke his kneecap when he was pitching a shutout over the Yankees. Hughie Casey is pitching and Sturm and Rolfe go out easily. Stengel is putting on his top coat and I'm getting ready to vault over the railing and protect that precious Dodger infield turf from the footprints of the mob.

Then, with the count three and two on Henrich, he swings...he misses...he runs to first as the ball squirts past Mickey Owen

and rolls to a stop almost in front of me and Casey Stengel.

The game continued without interruption. Hughie Casey stalked back to the mound and began blazing the ball in a blind rage. DiMaggio singled. But Casey quickly got two strikes on Keller and then it's a double off the right field wall. Yankee fans are going wild and Dodger fans are stunned. The Dodgers are stunned. But not Stengel. He's been trying to get someone's attention in the dugout to get them to call time and steady Hughie Casey down ever since the missed third strike. He's practically on the field, leaning over the low railing. But the dugout is down to his right and he can't see into it and no one is looking toward him.

The brainy Durocher has frozen. The keen minded coach, Chuck Dressen is immobilized. Panic has set in on the Dodger bench. Never once during the carnage was time called, never did Leo go out to steady Casey down. Instead, Hughie's neck got redder and redder and he threw fast ball after fast ball and the Yankees slugged the ball all over.

After Keller's double put them ahead, Dickey walked and Gordon doubled. Then Rizzuto walked and, finally, Johnny Murphy, in the game as a relief pitcher, grounded out. The Dodgers went out in order and that was that. Stengel left. He didn't come back for the final game the next day.

I left the ball park and took a cab to McCauley's Bar and Grill. It seemed a place for solace. When I walked in the bar was lined with silent men staring grimly into their shot glasses. Usually a beer crowd, the situation called for strong drink. The place was silent with Dodger fans keeping a stunned vigil. I found room at the bar and was served. The evening wore on. Some went home and God help the wife who asked why the man of the house was late and where he'd been. Most stayed, still nursing the wounds of defeat. I stayed, my mind on that dreadful parade of Yankee hitters who'd bombarded Hughie Casey while Durocher sat in the dugout and Casey Stengel screamed for him to go out to the mound and settle down his pitcher.

About midnight a friend of mine, Jim McDonald, whose job at Ebbets Field was to cater the needs of the broadcasting team, Red Barber and Al Helfer, came in. "You forgot," he said. Only then did I remember Jim and I had a double date to see "Life With Father" then playing at the Empire Theatre in New York. Fortunately, Jim had the four tickets and mine had been an empty seat. "Life With Father" ran a long time on Broadway, setting longevity records. But, I never did get to see it. By the time the 1942 season (baseball or theatrical) came around, I was in the Army. I wasn't there when the Dodgers lost the pennant drive to the Cardinals. Well, that's the way it was for Dodger fans. We earned our moments of triumph because we had emotional Purple Hearts for all the wounds we suffered in combat with the fates that plagued the Dodgers.



# In Memory of a True Fan

As the 1973 baseball season began, my father's lifetime of baseball interest ended. He passed away, at 82, on April 5. In his final weeks he'd regressed and was no longer aware of events outside his hospital room. But, until those final weeks, he maintained a keen interest in everything in sports, and baseball in particular.

With Dad, baseball was the cornerstone. From opening day to the last out of the World Series in the field of sport, only baseball existed. Oh, he'd take a cursory interest in the Masters, the Derby and other major sports events and keep an eye on the Stanley Cup Playoffs and the winding down of the professional basketball marathon. But, his preoccupation was with baseball. He read everything there was to read. He objected to eliminating fielder's assists from boxscores.

In his last years he watched games on television, all of them. A lifelong Brooklyn Dodger fan he adopted the Mets and followed their fortunes (and misfortunes) closely.

To me, my father was the best of all kinds of baseball fans. He was tolerant of the extroverts who toted bedsheet signs around Shea stadium. He accepted those who proclaim their loyalties to a major league franchise by wearing buttons, waving pennants and donning baseball hats. But my father was one of a fast diminishing breed of old time fans. To me he'll always be a man in a dark blue suit wearing a hard straw hat. If you've seen pictures of John McGraw taken in the 1920s, that's my perpetual image of Dad.

He was a letter carrier. He didn't make much money. He didn't have much to spend on baseball games. But, he'd see a couple of games a year. He'd be there hours early to watch every bit of batting practice and infield drill. He'd keep a scorebook account of the play of the game. He'd savor the game.

He had his favorites. Harry Lumley, Jimmy Sheppard and Willie Keeler from the early years of the century; then Zach Wheat, Nap Rucker and Doc Scanlon; Dazzy Vance and Hank DeBerry from the twenties; Al Lopez, Van Mungo and Buddy Hassett in the thirties; Dolph Camilli and Cookie Lavagetto in the forties; then Gil Hodges, Pee Wee Reese and Carl Furillo (Dad enjoyed "The Boys of Summer" immensely); and, when the Mets arrived in the sixties, he adopted Tom Seaver, Ed Kranepool, Jerry Grote and others. But, Dad admired from afar. It would have been alien at any time in his life, to ask for an autograph or intrude on a player's time. Dad watched from the grandstand.

Dad grew up at a time when every community had its own baseball team. And, although he grew up in the New York metropolitan area, there was plenty of space in those days. He was born in Hoboken, N.J. and played his first boyhood sandlot games there. Then the family moved to Brooklyn. They lived a few blocks away from the home of the Brooklyn Superbas (a pre-Dodger nickname) and he divided his time between playing ball on South Brooklyn sandlot

diamonds and working his way into Washington Park (which preceded Ebbets Field). He ran errands for the visiting team's players and, once in awhile, they'd let him shag fly balls.

In his late teens he moved to Flatbush and joined the neighborhood semi-pro team, the Kensingtons. In the last several years, between visiting hours at the hospital, for he was in and out of the hospital often, I would go to the Brooklyn Public Library and scan micro film records of the Brooklyn Times-Union for boxscores in which Dad appeared. I made photo copies of some of them and presented them to him to his great delight. The Kensingtons were a great semi-pro team of the pre-World War One era. In 1910, playing mostly on Sundays, they won 26 games and lost only two. The losses came when they stepped up in class to play the Washington A.C. In those days Sunday professional baseball was banned in New York and the Brooklyn National League team played on Sundays as the Washington A.C., meeting local semipro teams with big followings.

Dad played rightfield for the Kensingtons. Not all the boxscores may have appeared in the Brooklyn Times-Union for 1910. But, on the basis of those which did, he batted .324 and was charged with only one error, a throw which hit the baserunner.

Later Dad played on various World War One teams while serving in France with the AEF. When I was a small boy I used to accompany him to ball games he played for his local post office team during the 1920's. I could never understand why the Subs beat the Regulars so often until he explained that the Subs were young substitute letter carriers and the Regulars were not the regulars on the ball team but the aging regular letter carriers.

Letter carriers used to work long, long hours, including half of Saturday. But, when Dad would get home from work, if I wasn't off playing with other boys, he'd get out a bat and ball and a couple of gloves and we'd go over to Prospect Park and he'd catch or hit fungos as long as there was daylight.

His all-time favorite player was Zach Wheat. The first major league game I ever saw was in 1927. I was seven years old and really don't recall the event. It was an end of the season game between the New York Yankees and the Philadelphia Athletics. The Yankees had already clinched the pennant and the only interest left was in whether Babe Ruth would break his own home run record.

Connie Mack's A's were about to succeed the Yankees as the powerhouse of the American League. They had a team of fading veteran stars and young players who were taking over. Mickey Cochrane, Al Simmons, Jimmy Foxx, Lefty Grove and others had just arrived. Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins and Zach Wheat, who'd been released by Brooklyn the year before, were in the twilight of their careers.

Of course, the Yankees had Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzari, Combs, Hoyt and the rest of that fabulous 1927 crew. But, I was there to see

Zach Wheat. Dad did not want me to have missed seeing the greatest Dodger of them all.

The last game I attended with Dad was in 1971, again at the Yankee Stadium. It was Old Timers Day and some of those 1927 Yankees were back for an appearance. Dad enjoyed seeing so many former stars but, when we were leaving he said: "Well, that's it. I just can't take the ramps and steps and hard seats any more." I guess it was at that point I finally realized that the vigorous father I'd always known was a very old man. His spirit was so young that it fooled you. He always talked about the teams that were playing now and what was going to happen this season and next season. He didn't look back. He accepted today's players as the equals of players from the past. Above all he admired their defensive skills, although he had no patience with artificial turf.

We never got around to discussing the designated hitter rule. You see, Dad was a National League fan all the way. Between the game he took me to in 1927 and the game I took him to in 1971, he never went to Yankee Stadium. He went to the Polo Grounds from time to time, particularly if the Dodgers were playing. But, the designated hitter rule was only an abstract concept and he would not give it much thought until the National League might consider it. But Dad would not have welcomed it. His idea of a great ball game was a 1-0 defensive game. He didn't need home runs to interest him. He'd much rather enjoy a pitcher's battle than a slugging match.

I've always wished that the Baseball Hall of Fame would honor a real baseball fan. The kind my Dad was. He appreciated the skills of great players but didn't hero worship athletes for possessing them. He paid his way into the ball park and, if possible, sat a little apart. It pained him to be exposed to the father and son combination who seem to be living out a compulsion to conform to the suburban image of "dad takes junior to the ball game." He'd observe that the kid's interest was in the vendors of hot dogs and cokes, not in the players. Worse, the father would often be overheard misinterpreting the play of the game. It was inconceivable to my Dad that a man could come to maturity without knowing about the infield fly rule or realizing that a pitcher had failed to back up a base or a base runner advance on a batted ball.

I have an apprehension that the promotional interests, which have afflicted us with Bat Day, Cap Day, and other stimulants to attendance, will install a bronzed figure of their idea of a "typical fan". He'd doubtlessly be holding a transistor radio to his ear, to be told what was happening before his eyes, and burping an air horn.

On one of the last occasions where I went to a Mets game with Dad some idiot in a Mets tee shirt seated himself behind us. He had an air horn which he concealed under his shirt. Throughout batting practice he kept bleating it into our eardrums. People in front would look around and he would assume a look of innocence.

Finally Dad turned around and said: "Look, if someone hits a home run or does something really good, blow the horn. But stop honking it all the time in my ear." This advice was ignored. Finally there was the playing of the Star Spangled Banner. The final notes were accompanied by another beep on the air horn. At this point a large man, seated another row back, spun the horn blower around and clobbered him. This brought the police running up the aisle demanding an explanation. Dad pointed to the prostrate air horn virtuoso and said: "He wouldn't stand up for the National Anthem and somebody must have hit him." The cops dragged the air horn addict away and we settled down to watch a ball game.

So, if I had any choice in designing the tribute to a "typical fan," he'd be the man in the dark blue suit and straw skimmer, keeping a boxscore with a stubby pencil. He wouldn't have to look like my Dad, just so he looked like the kind of a baseball fan who saw that his own sons always had a bat and a glove, encouraged them to appreciate baseball as a game of skill and science, and followed the game year after year.

And, so, Dad is gone. I'll no longer be making monthly visits from my home in Rhode Island to his apartment in Brooklyn. I won't have him to talk to about the latest developments, the trades that were made or should be made, or to ask about players from before my time.

Books about sports were his great joy. The day before his final illness he'd just finished reading: "The Toy Bulldog", the autobiography of Mickey Walker and, just before that, had read Nat Fleischer's "Terrible Terry McGovern." I used to dig through New York bookstores to find books he'd like. Mostly, they were about baseball; but Dad liked all sports, provided they didn't intrude on the baseball season. When I drove down to see him for the last time I had a package of books in the car. Now I'll have to read them alone.

Dad led a quiet life. Baseball was his outlet. He'd often despair over the inability of players to execute properly. To him a base on balls was almost a serious crime and walking the opposing pitcher was the grievest of offenses. But, he forgave.

But, he never forgave Walter O'Malley for taking the Dodgers away. The day of his funeral the procession from St. Saviours Church to Holy Cross Cemetery passed down Flatbush Avenue, a few blocks from where a massive apartment complex now stands on the site of Ebbets Field. I turned to my sister, Sr. Shawn, S.S.N.D., and said: "the people in those apartments are probably wondering why their building just started trembling."

And now he rests at Holy Cross Cemetery. That he is in heaven none who knew him doubt. Depending upon your interpretation of what the final reward is, he's either watching Zach Wheat play or someone has just announced: "Now playing right field for the Kensingtons, John Kavanagh...."



1922 NY GIANTS - MGR J. J. MCGRAW 93-61 FLDG: 3-5-3 TO 3-6-4 DP: 3-1-1 TO 3-3-4

NAME	G	POS	BA	RNG	B	HR	3B	2B	L	R	
BANCROFT	156	SS	.321	AAR	B	1-1-1	1-1-3	1-3-5	2-6-5	2-6-3	
CUNNINGHAM (MW)	85	OF,PH	.328	AR	R	1-1-2	1-1-4	1-3-6	3-1-2	2-6-4	
FRISCH	132	2B/3B	.327	S	B	1-1-2	1-2-1	1-3-2	2-6-3	2-6-5	
GROH	115	3B	.265	AAR	R	1-1-2	1-1-4	1-3-3	2-4-4	2-4-3	
KELLY (MW)	151	1B	.328	AR	R	1-1-6	1-2-3	1-4-3	3-1-2	2-6-4	
MEUSEL	154	LF	.331	AAR	R	1-1-6	1-2-6	1-4-4	3-1-1	2-6-5	
RAWLINGS	88	2B	.282	AAR	R	1-1-1	1-2-1	1-3-4	2-5-1	2-5-1	
ROBERTSON	42	OF,PH	.277	AAR	L	1-1-5	-	1-3-2	2-4-5	2-4-6	
SHINNERS (MW)	56	OF	.252	AR	R	-	1-1-3	1-2-3	2-4-2	2-3-6	
SMITH	90	C,PH	.278	AR	L	1-2-2	1-2-6	1-4-4	2-4-6	2-4-6	
SNYDER	104	C	.343	AR	R	1-1-3	1-1-6	1-4-2	3-1-2	3-1-2	
STENGAL	84	CF	.368	AAR	L	1-1-6	1-3-3	1-4-4	3-1-6	3-2-2	
YOUNGS	149	RF	.331	S	L	1-1-3	1-2-1	1-4-2	2-6-4	2-6-6	
	IP	T	ERA	BB	SO		IP	T	ERA	BB	SO
BARNES, J	213	R	3.51	1-2-3	6-4-6	MCQUILLAN (S/R)	94	R	3.82	1-4-1	6-4-6
BARNES, V (R)	52	R	3.48	1-2-5	6-4-2	NEHF	268	L	3.29	1-2-6	6-5-1
CAUSEY (R)	71	R	3.18	1-4-5	6-5-3	RYAN (R/S)	192	R	3.01	1-4-1	6-3-5
DOUGLAS	158	R	2.63	1-2-5	6-5-1	SCOTT (S/R)	80	R	4.41	1-3-3	6-3-1
JONNARD (R)	96	R	3.84	1-3-3	6-3-1	TONEY	86	R	4.17	1-3-6	6-5-6

1928 ST LOUIS CARDINALS - MGR WM MCKECHNIE 95-59 FLDG: 3-5-3 TO 3-6-3 DP: 3-1-1 TO 3-3-3

NAME	G	POS	BA	RNG	B	HR	3B	2B	L	R	
BLADES PW	51	OF, PH	.235	SLO	R	1-1-3	1-1-6	1-4-6	2-3-5	2-3-2	
DOUTHIT	154	CF	.295	AAR	R	1-1-1	1-1-2	1-3-2	2-5-6	2-5-3	
FRISCH	141	2B	.300	AAR	B	1-1-4	1-2-2	1-4-1	2-5-4	2-5-5	
HAFFEY	138	LF	.337	AR	R	1-2-5	1-3-2	1-6-3	3-1-4	2-6-6	
HARPER	99	RF	.305	AR	L	1-2-6	1-3-1	1-4-1	2-5-5	2-5-6	
HIGH	111	3B/2B/PH	.285	AR	L	1-1-4	1-1-6	1-3-2	2-4-6	2-5-2	
HOLM	102	3B/OF/PH	.277	AAR	R	1-1-2	1-1-5	1-3-6	2-5-3	2-4-5	
MARANVILLE	112	SS	.240	AAR	R	1-1-1	1-2-1	1-3-3	2-4-1	2-3-3	
ORSATTI	27	OF/1B/PH	.304	AR	L	1-2-3	-	1-5-4	2-5-4	2-5-6	
ROETTGER	68	OF	.341	AR	R	1-1-5	1-2-2	1-4-4	3-1-4	3-1-1	
SMITH	24	C	.224	SLO	L	1-1-3	-	1-3-3	2-2-4	2-3-1	
THEVENOW	69	SS	.205	AR	R	-	1-1-4	1-3-2	2-2-3	2-2-2	
WILSON	120	C	.258	AR	R	1-1-1	1-1-2	1-3-3	2-4-4	2-4-1	
BOTTOMLEY	149	1B	.325	S	L	1-2-6	1-4-2	1-6-6	2-6-1	2-6-5	
	IP	T	ERA	BB	SO		IP	T	ERA	BB	SO
ALEXANDER	244	R	3.36	1-2-2	6-4-6	MITCHELL	150	L	3.30	1-3-1	6-5-2
FRANKHOUSE (R/S)	84	R	3.96	1-4-3	6-4-1	REINHART (R/S)	75	L	2.87	1-3-6	6-5-4
HAID (R)	47	R	2.30	1-2-6	6-2-6	RHEM (S/R)	170	R	4.14	1-4-2	6-4-5
HAINES (S/R)	240	R	3.18	1-3-3	6-4-2	SHERDEL (S/R)	249	L	2.86	1-2-5	6-4-3
JOHNSON (R/S)	120	R	3.90	1-3-2	6-2-2						

1929 CHICAGO CUBS - MGR: J. MCCARTHY - 98-54 FLDG: 3-5-3 TO 3-6-2 DP: 3-1-1 TO 3-4-1

NAME	G	POS	BA	RNG	B	HR	3B	2B	L	R	
BECK	54	3B/SS	.211	AR	R	-	-	1-2-2	2-2-6	2-2-3	
BLAIR (MW)	26	INF/PH	.319	AAR	L	1-1-3	-	1-3-6	2-6-3	2-6-3	
CUYLER	190	RF/PH	.360	S	R	1-1-6	1-2-3	1-4-3	3-2-2	3-1-5	
ENGLISH	144	SS	.276	AAR	R	1-1-1	1-1-2	1-2-6	2-5-2	2-4-5	
GONZALEZ	60	C	.240	SLO	R	-	-	1-1-4	2-4-1	2-3-3	
GRACE	27	C	.250	SLO	L	1-1-5	-	1-2-2	2-3-6	2-3-6	
GRIMM	120	1B	.298	AR	L	1-1-5	1-1-6	1-4-1	2-5-2	2-5-5	
HARTNETT (PW)	25	PH/C	.273	AR	R	1-2-4	1-4-2	2-1-4	2-4-5	2-4-5	
HEATHCOTE	82	OF/PH	.313	AR	L	1-1-2	-	1-3-6	2-5-6	2-6-2	
HORNSBY	156	2B	.380	AAR	R	1-3-2	1-3-5	1-6-3	3-2-4	3-2-4	
MOORE	37	PH/OF	.286	AR	L	1-2-1	-	1-2-4	2-5-1	2-5-2	
MCMILLAN	124	3B	.271	AAR	R	1-1-2	1-1-4	1-4-1	2-4-6	2-4-4	
SCHULTE	31	C	.261	AR	L	-	-	1-2-3	2-3-6	2-4-3	
STEPHENSON	136	LF	.362	AAR	R	1-2-1	1-2-4	1-5-2	3-2-1	3-1-6	
TAYLOR	64	C	.274	AR	R	1-1-1	1-1-3	1-4-1	2-4-6	2-4-5	
TOLSON	32	1B	.257	SLO	R	1-1-2	-	1-2-6	2-4-3	2-4-1	
WILSON	150	CF	.345	AR	R	1-3-3	1-3-5	1-5-4	3-1-4	3-1-2	
	IP	T	ERA	BB	SO		IP	T	ERA	BB	SO
BLAKE	218	R	4.29	1-4-4	6-4-3	JONNARD (R/S)	28	R	7.48	1-3-5	6-3-6
BUSH (S/R)	271	R	3.66	1-4-1	6-4-3	MALONE (S/R)	267	R	3.57	1-4-1	6-1-6
CARLSON (R/S)	112	R	5.16	1-3-1	6-4-3	NEHF (R/S)	121	L	5.59	1-3-3	6-5-1
CVENGROS (R)	64	L	4.64	1-4-3	6-4-2	ROOT (S/R)	272	R	3.47	1-3-3	6-3-1