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Steph

REMARKS: LITTLE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1989
1:30 P.M.

CONGRESSMEN SHAYS, ROWLAND AND MORRISON, MRS. VANCE, DR. HALE, MR. TALBOT, MR. DELVECCHIO, COACH GALLA, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LITTLE LEAGUE PLAYERS AND STAFF, FELLOW FANS. AND A SPECIAL HELLO TO THE NEW EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL ON PHYSICAL FITNESS AND SPORTS.

WILMER "VINEGAR BEND" MIZELL, A FORMER GREAT PITCHER IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES.

IT IS A PLEASURE FOR ME TO WELCOME ALL OF YOU TO THE WHITE HOUSE. THE WORLD SERIES STARTS THIS WEEK. IT IS FITTING THEN THAT THIS WORLD CHAMPION BASEBALL TEAM IS HERE WITH US TODAY.

THAT TEAM, OF COURSE, IS TRUMBULL, CONNECTICUT. THE 1989 LITTLE LEAGUE WORLD CHAMPIONS. WHOSE AMAZING TRIUMPH PROPELLED THESE KIDS, HEAD-FIRST, INTO THE SPORTS HEART OF AMERICA.

YOU KNOW, CASEY STENGEL ONCE ASKED OF THE EARLY-1960S NEW YORK METS, "CAN'T ANYBODY HERE PLAY THIS GAME?" // SADLY FOR HIS THEN-HAPLESS TEAM, ALMOST NO ONE COULD. // VINEGAR BEND, NATURALLY, WAS A NOTABLE EXCEPTION.

WELL, IN 1989 TRUMBULL EMPHATICALLY COULD, AND DID, PLAY THIS GAME. AND IN THIS SPECIAL YEAR FOR LITTLE LEAGUE -- THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST ORGANIZED YOUTH SPORTS PROGRAM -- YOUR SPECIAL TEAM BROUGHT THE TITLE BACK TO WHERE LITTLE LEAGUE BEGAN.

IT WAS SPECIAL BECAUSE OF SELF-DISCIPLINE AND HARD WORK -- HELPING TRUMBULL BECOME THE FIRST U.S. TEAM IN SIX YEARS TO WIN THE LITTLE LEAGUE WORLD SERIES.

AND ITS FEELING OF SPORTSMANSHIP -- KIDS SCRAPPING AND COMPETING, THEN SHAKING HANDS AFTER THE FINAL OUT.

THIS TRUMBULL TEAM WAS SPECIAL BECAUSE IT KEPT ITS EYE ON THE BALL. // SORT OF LIKE WHEN ONE OF MY GRANDKIDS TOLD ME HE WANTS TO BE A BASEBALL PLAYER WHEN HE GROWS UP. I ASKED HIM WHY. HE SAID, "BECAUSE POLITICIANS DON'T GET THEIR PICTURES ON BUBBLE-GUM CARDS." //

BUT MOST OF ALL, TRUMBULL WAS -- IS -- SPECIAL BECAUSE OF A FEELING OF FAMILY -- FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS, MOTHERS AND SONS. KIDS OF ALL AGES, BANDING TOGETHER EVIDENCED BY THE MORE THAN 15,000 PEOPLE JAMMING THE STREETS OF TRUMBULL TO WELCOME THE NEW WORLD CHAMPIONS BACK HOME.

THEY WERE THERE, YES, TO CHEER YOUR TRIUMPH. BUT ALSO YOUR LEARNING THE LESSONS OF LITTLE LEAGUE.

LESSONS LIKE FRIENDSHIP AND GENEROSITY. LIKE "DO UNTO OTHERS" AND DOING YOUR BEST. LESSONS WHICH GO BEYOND BALLS AND STRIKES. AND WHICH HAVE MADE LITTLE LEAGUE A GLOBAL INSTITUTION.

THIS YEAR MORE THAN TWO AND HALF MILLION PLAYERS IN 33 NATIONS PLAYED LITTLE LEAGUE BALL -- THEY KNOW THOSE LESSONS. SO DO THEIR 750,000 ADULT VOLUNTEERS. AND SO, IF I MIGHT ADD, DO PAST LITTLE LEAGUERS. ON A PERSONAL NOTE, MY FOUR BOYS PLAYED IT.

I COACHED IT. AND BARBARA? BACK THEN THERE WERE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF TEXAS KIDS IN LITTLE LEAGUE. AND AS I'VE OFTEN SAID: THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I THOUGHT BARBARA BUSH WAS CAR-POOLING THEM ALL. //

SO I KNOW YOUR PRIDE. AND THE PRIDE WE TAKE IN YOU. A CHRIS DRURY, FOR INSTANCE, BEATING TAIWAN TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME. OR DAN MCGRATH, SQUEEZING THAT FINAL OUT AS 40,000 PEOPLE ROARED IN DISBELIEF. AS DID THE ENTIRE NATION.

THEN, THERE'S ANDY PAUL. ANDY, I CALLED CAPE CANAVERAL THIS MORNING ABOUT YOUR HOMER AGAINST DAVENPORT, IOWA. // THEY TELL ME IT'S SOMEWHERE IN ORBIT BETWEEN WILLIAMSPORT AND HARRISBURG. // OR DAVE GALLA, KEN MARTIN, CODY LEE, AND JASON HAIRSTON. // I WISH I HAD TIME TO MENTION ALL 15 PLAYERS.

AND DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT FORGETTING ASSISTANT COACHES BOB ZULLO AND ED WHEELER. OR THE MAN WHO LED THE WAY.

I'VE HEARD SOME PEOPLE SAY FRANK ROBINSON AND ROGER CRAIG SHOULD BE NAMED MANAGERS OF THE YEAR. WELL, THERE SHOULD BE A RECOUNT IF TOM GALLA'S NOT RIGHT UP THERE IN CONTENTION.

WHAT MEMORIES YOU'VE GIVEN US. AND WHAT MEMORIES YOU'LL CHERISH. OF GREAT HEART, AND GREAT PLAYS. OR THAT CROWD CHEERING, "U.S.A., U.S.A." AT WILLIAMSPORT.

AND OF THE SPIRIT WHICH SAYS THAT NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE. IN LITTLE LEAGUE. OR IN THE BIGGER FIELDS OF LIFE.

YOU KNOW, WE LOST A MAN RECENTLY WHO EMBODIED THAT SPIRIT. HE WAS THE FORMER PRESIDENT OF YALE, AND THE COMMISSIONER OF BASEBALL. HE LIVED JUST A FEW MILES FROM WHERE YOU DO, AND HE WAS MY FRIEND. BART GIAMATTI WAS A POET AND SCHOLAR. HE WAS GENTLE AND SENSITIVE.

HIS LIFE WAS A METAPHOR FOR HONESTY. HE ENNOBLED PUBLIC SERVICE.

BART GIAMATTI KNEW, AND LOVED, THE FACT THAT THIS MARKS THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF LITTLE LEAGUE. BUT IT'S ALSO ANOTHER 50TH ANNIVERSARY. AND I'D LIKE TO CLOSE BY NOTING IT -- AS BART DID EARLIER THIS SUMMER. IT CONCERNS, IF YOU WILL, A HERO OF MINE. AND ALSO, AS THEY COME TO KNOW HIS STORY, I HOPE OF TRUMBULL'S KIDS AS WELL.

HIS NAME WAS LOU GEHRIG. HE WAS A HALL OF FAME FIRST BASEMAN IN THE 1920S AND '30S. BUT MORE THAN THAT, HE WAS A GOOD AND DECENT MAN ABOUT WHOM A TEAMMATE SAID, 'EVERY DAY, ANY DAY, HE JUST WENT OUT AND DID HIS JOB.' FIFTY YEARS AGO, LOU GEHRIG WAS STRICKEN BY A FORM OF PARALYSIS WHICH NOW BEARS HIS NAME. THE DISEASE ENDED LOU'S RECORD CONSECUTIVE GAMES PLAYED STREAK, AND CAUSED HIS RETIREMENT FROM BASEBALL.

EVEN SO, HE TOLD THE JULY 4TH, 1939, CROWD AT YANKEE STADIUM, "I CONSIDER MYSELF THE LUCKIEST MAN ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH."

THIS STORY HAS BECOME AN AMERICAN PARABLE -- WHAT AN EXAMPLE FOR THESE KIDS. AND HOW RIGHT THAT WE RECALL IT ON THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS UNFORGETTABLE FAREWELL.

BUT LESS KNOWN IS WHAT LOU GEHRIG DID AFTER HE LEFT THE YANKEES. DYING, WEAKER BY THE DAY, HE COULD BARELY MOVE HIS BODY. YET HE LOVED AND WANTED TO COUNSEL CHILDREN. AND SO HE SPENT MUCH OF THE LAST TWO YEARS OF HIS LIFE AS A PAROLE COMMISSIONER FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK. THEY CALLED HIM THE IRON HORSE, THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES. YES, LOU GEHRIG WAS A HERO.

LOU GEHRIG SHOWED -- LIKE LITTLE LEAGUE -- THAT WHAT MATTERS IS HOW WE CONDUCT OURSELVES OFF AS WELL AS ON THE FIELD. YOU KIDS HERE ARE PROOF OF THAT. SO LET ME AGAIN CONGRATULATE TRUMBULL, CONNECTICUT. YOU TRULY ARE NUMBER ONE.

AND NOW, LET ME CONCLUDE WITH A PRESENTATION.

EARLIER THIS SUMMER, THE U.S. POST OFFICE ISSUED A SPECIAL 50TH ANNIVERSARY STAMP TO HONOR LOU GEHRIG.

FOR HIS DECENCY, INTEGRITY, AND BRAVERY -- QUALITIES THAT, AS BART GIAMATTI SHOWED, ARE AS TIMELESS AS TODAY. THIS INSCRIBED PICTURE OF LOU COMMEMORATES THAT STAMP. AND I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT TO HOWARD TALBOT, DIRECTOR OF THE HALL OF FAME IN COOPERSTOWN -- ALSO MARKING ITS GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

HOWARD, I HOPE THIS PICTURE WILL INSPIRE KIDS OF EVERY AGE. AND SHOW HOW BY BUILDING COURAGE AND CHARACTER, BASEBALL -- AND LITTLE LEAGUE -- CAN BELT A GRAND-SLAM HOME RUN.

TOM GALLA, AS TRUMBULL COACH, WILL YOU HELP PRESENT THIS PICTURE? AND TO ALL OF YOU, THANK YOU FOR COMING TO THE WHITE HOUSE, GOD BLESS YOU, AND GOD BLESS AMERICA.

# # # #

[redacted] Cong. Shays [redacted]
[redacted] Sen. Sen.

200 people family & friends

9/27/89 little league Champions

Congr. Shays off. 225-5541
Julie Rossum

Rob Portman Leg. Affairs x-2230

Tom Galla (203) 261-2656 (h) (Sandy wife)
268-6257 (w)

grew up to be the friendly guys
give friendship & then will receive

baseball is a way of teaching
hardwork
success
failure

not get back down to earth

Trumbull Natl. little league

underdogs all the way
constantly reminded they were lucky

Toni Gallo

Marriott
on Penn.

393-2000

gray & blue th

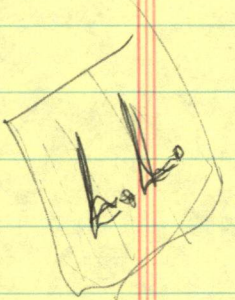
Sqeen @ Williamsport
EAST
↳ letters yellow

all parents had yellow shirts w/ green

front Trumbull Unit.

Eastern Regional Champions 1989

1000 shirts overnight
U.S. Champ. 1989

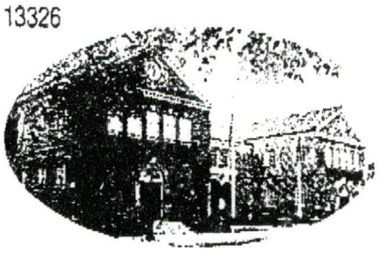


World Champions 1989

People @ home went crazy.
Kids didn't realize what was going on

15 people
↳ Matt Sool fell off bicycle & broke wrist
delivering newspapers
Substitute stepped in.

NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL of FAME and MUSEUM, INC.
P.O. BOX 590 • COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK 13326
PHONE 607/547-9988
Fax # 607/547/5980



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BASEBALL'S Greatest Quotes

THE WIT, WISDOM AND WISECRACKS OF AMERICA'S NATIONAL PASTIME

ALL-TIME FLAKES ★ Tug McGraw ★ Yogi Berra ★ Dizzy Dean ★ Bill Lee ★ Lefty Gomez ★ Al "The Mad Hungarian" Hrabosky ★ CRUSTY MANAGERS ★ Casey Stengel ★ Earl Weaver ★ Billy Martin ★ Leo Durocher ★ Tommy Lasorda ★ Connie Mack ★ COCKY SUPERSTARS ★ Reggie Jackson ★ Tom Seaver ★ Dave Parker ★ Pete Rose ★ Dave Kingman ★ George Brett ★ LEGENDARY GREATS ★ Babe Ruth ★ Ty Cobb ★ Satchel Paige ★ Ted Williams ★ Joe DiMaggio ★ Willie Mays ★ Mickey Mantle ★ WRITERS AND BROADCASTERS ★ Red Smith ★ Joe Garagiola ★ Philip Roth ★ Roger Angell ★ Ring Lardner ★ Heywood Broun ★ BLUSTERY OWNERS ★ George Steinbrenner ★ Bill Veeck ★ Charlie Finley ★ Ray Kroc ★ Ted Turner ★

AND MORE FROM BASEBALL'S GREATEST PERSONALITIES, STARS AND LUMINARIES

COMPILED BY KEVIN NELSON

INTRODUCTION BY MAURY ALLEN, SPORTS COLUMNIST FOR THE *NEW YORK POST*

Our first Mets game was April 10, 1962. And it was our best game. It was rained out.

—CASEY STENGEL

The only thing worse than a Mets game is a Mets doubleheader.

—CASEY STENGEL

RAY DAVIAULT (after serving up a home run ball): *It was bad luck. I threw him a perfect pitch.*

CASEY STENGEL: *It couldn't have been a perfect pitch. Perfect pitches don't travel that far.*

The Mets is a very good thing. They give everybody a job. Just like the WPA.

—BILLY LOES

The Mets have shown me ways to lose I never knew existed.

—CASEY STENGEL

It stands to reason if the Yankees win one hundred games and lose sixty-two, the Yankee fan has endured sixty-two disappointments. If the Mets win fifty and lose one hundred twelve, the Met fan has had fifty thrills.

—Anonymous sportswriter

Cranberry, Strawberry, We Love Throneberry!

—Mets fans, chanting for error-prone first baseman "Marvelous" Marv Throneberry

Having Marv Throneberry play for your team is like having Willie Sutton play for your bank.

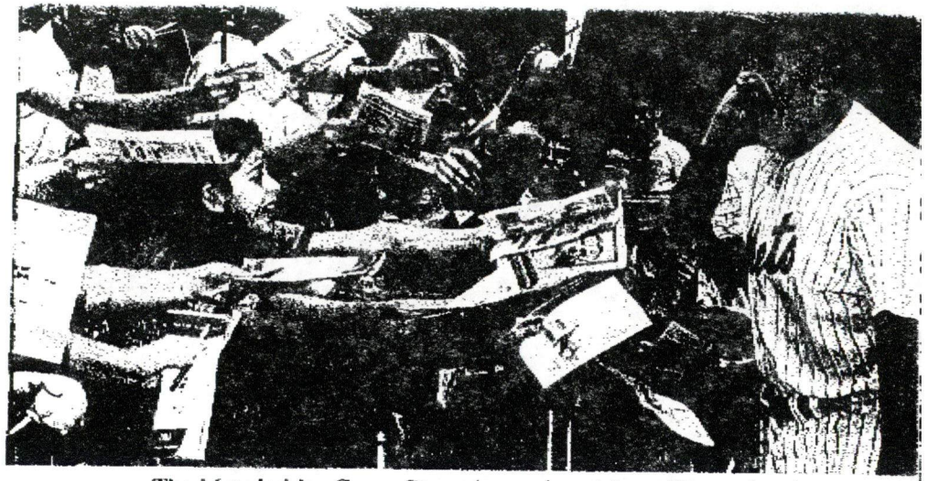
—JIMMY BRESLIN

Look at that guy. He can't hit, he can't run, and he can't throw. Of course, that's why they gave him to us.

—CASEY STENGEL

Some day I'll write a book and call it How I Got the Nickname "Pumpsie" *and sell it for one dollar, and if everybody who ever asked me that question buys the book, I'll be a millionaire.*

—PUMPSIE GREEN, third baseman



The Mets led by Casey Stengel were loved by millions, despite losing more than one hundred games in each of their first three seasons. One fan's sign summed it up: "To Error Is Human, To Forgive Is a Met Fan."

We are in such a slump that even the ones that are drinkin' aren't hittin'.

—CASEY STENGEL

He wanted to see poverty, so he came to see my team.

—CASEY STENGEL, on a visit by President Lyndon Johnson to Shea Stadium

The way some of my boys have been playing, I'd be better off if they were hurtin'.

—CASEY STENGEL

There is more Met than Yankee in every one of us.

—ROGER ANGELL

I don't know what's going on, but I know I've never seen it before.

—RICHIE ASHBURN, who finished his long, distinguished career with the hapless Mets

You look up and down the bench and you have to say to yourself: "Can't anybody here play this game?"

—CASEY STENGEL

1942 Baseball Register

Lerruping Lou, the Game's Iron Horse.

LIFE of LOU GEHRIG

By FREDERICK G. LIEB

ON THAT wide section of East 161st Street, New York's Borough of the Bron through which rush the fans as they leave Yankee Stadium for the two gre subway systems which feed the baseball plant, are several New York Ci street markers, white letters on a blue background, which bear the word "Lou Gehrig Plaza." It was so named last year by the unanimous vote of Ne York's Board of Aldermen, acting on the suggestion of the metropolis' baseba loving and aggressive mayor, Fiorello H. LaGuardia. One hundred, perha one thousand, years hence, Lou Gehrig Plaza may be a legend in the greate city of the Western Hemisphere as today are Times Square, eight miles farth down town; Piccadilly Circus in London and the Champ de Mars in Paris.

As time is measured since man's early cave-man beginnings, the time whic elapsed from the birth of a little towhead to two sturdy German-born Ne Yorkers, Heinrich and Christina Gehrig, in the Yorkville section of Manhatta June 19, 1903, until his death in a disease-wracked body in a Riverdale apar ment, June 2, 1941, was as but a moment. But what a rich, eventful and usi ful life was written between those two dates! And, in erecting those marker the city of New York means that life, the life of the great Iron Horse of Bas ball, shall be fittingly remembered so long as there is a New Yorker alive read those street signs.

This is the saga of that Iron Horse of Baseball, a New York boy who mad good in his home town, and who was struck down with an insidious disea when at the peak of his career. And when he was struck down, lacking days of his thirty-eighth birthday, an entire nation mourned as though one its most beloved public figures had been snatched from its midst. For Henr Lou Gehrig was all of that, a true hero of peace-time America in the era jus before the Axis holocaust of destruction swept over the world.

Heinrich Gehrig, Lou's father, affectionately known to many past an present Yankee players as Pop, was born and raised in Adelheim, Baden, an passed through the old immigration depot at Castle Garden, New York, i October, 1868. Eleven years later, May 27, 1899, a sturdy blond woman o German-Danish strain, Christina Fack, known to millions today as Mom Gehrig followed Pop through the portals of Castle Garden. She was born and reared i Wiltster, Schleswig-Holstein, a province of pre-World War 1 Germany and ceded t Denmark by the Versailles treaty. Both were big-boned, strong and ambitious the high type of German immigration of the great brewery owned by the late Col which produced the American general onel Jacob Ruppert, Gehrig's employe and cabinet officer, Carl Schurz; the throughout his long baseball career. present-day New York Senator, Robert (Bob) Wagner; the immortal ball player, Honus Wagner; and the presidential candi- By the time Lou was old enough to pla date, Wendell Willkie. They left Germany in the streets, the family had moved well u to be free of the confines of the Old World town to Amsterdam Avenue, between 179t and breathe the fresh air of the new. and 180th streets, right under the old Wash

After a few years in Chicago, Pop returned ington Bridge over the Harlem and facin to New York, where boy met girl and Hein- the park around the bridge plaza. Nothin rich and Christina were married on November burns up Mom Gehrig so much as to rea 27, 1900. A flaxen-haired girl, Anna, was the that Lou was a product of the big city's slums first fruit of the marriage, born on May 26, who learned his early baseball playing i 1902. Only a little more than a year later, a rags as he dodged traffic on the streets. second child—and the first son—was born, "I don't pretend Lou was born with a silve June 19, 1903. He was big and sturdy from spoon in his mouth," protests Mom Gehrig the start, weighing 14 pounds at birth, and "But he never left the table hungry, and the Lutheran pastor baptized the new ar- can say he had a terrible appetite from th rival Heinrich Ludwig. A second girl was first time he saw daylight. Maybe his cloth born to the Gehrigs in 1904 and a second boy were torn, dirty and rumpled after playin in 1905, but of the four children only the baseball and football, but he always wa second, Ludwig, lived to grow up. clean and neatly dressed when I sent him of

Ludwig, later called Lou, was born in East to school. From the time Lou was five i 94th Street, between Second and Third ave- 19'8, until he was graduated from grade schoo nues, in that part of New York known as in 1917, he attended Public School No. 132, a Yorkville, which then as now is populated 182nd Street and Wadsworth Avenue. This by persons of Germanic origin. Oddly enough, is in a good residential section of Washing- Lou's birthplace was within a stone's throw ton Heights, and any one residing in that locality properly would resent it being called the slums. As for Lou playing on the streets,

there was no need for it. Extending from Washington Bridge to High Bridge, back of the Speedway, there was a big parcel of city land park. The house in which we lived faced this park. Even a boy with Lou's energy could keep himself busy in the ball lots they had there without dodging trolleys and trucks on Amsterdam Avenue."

As a young New York sports writer, the author lived on West 182nd Street, a short block from where Lou Gehrig attended school for nine years, and the chunky blond kid passed the apartment house daily with his books slung across his shoulder and a little blue cap covering the blond thatch.

Louie, as Pop Gehrig speaks of him affectionately, even to this day, took to baseball like a kitten takes to a rubber ball. Mom says he had hardly finished with a teething ring, when she found him denting his young teeth into the hide of a baseball. But he took to all sports, baseball, football, basket ball, and when only 11, he swam the wide Hudson River from 181st Street, Manhattan, to Fort Lee Ferry, on the Jersey side. Pop was secretly proud of Louie's prowess in the water, but boxed his ears for risking his life in the river's treacherous currents. The fact that only one of the four young Gehrigs lived made Louie that much more precious in the eyes of Mom and Pop; all the love for the three who died was showered on the one who lived.

Lou's playmates were largely boys of Irish and German extraction; and they all had lots of fun. One of Lou's best stories of these boyhood days was a prank the Washington Heights kids played on a neighborhood cop who was unpopular with the boys. In the early days of the movies, the film companies made a lot of pictures in upper Manhattan. One day a comedy was made at 181st Street and the Hudson River, now the site of the approaches to the great George Washington Bridge. There was a steep precipice there, from which Lou and other boys used to dive into the river. The movie people put two dummies into a car, let it run down the embankment, over the precipice and into the river.

The car being entirely wrecked, the movie director made a present of what was left to a group of admiring boys. The kids sold the tires, and whatever else was valuable, and carefully took out the dummies. They were hung on a clothes-line on top of the apartment house where Lou lived, and left to dry in the sunshine from their river splash. Lou and his pals then rushed up to the cop and told him two men had hung themselves on the roof. The officer took a look, sent out a call to the fire department, which rushed pell-mell to the house to cut down the "bodies." By the time the firemen and the cop learned it was all a hoax, Lou and his buddies had beaten it to the storm cellar. But there was another pair of boxed ears in the Gehrig apartment that night.

As a boy five years old.

Despite the fact that Lou was bigger and stronger than the other boys he grew up with, he wasn't the leader of the crowd. That distinction usually went to one of the Irish kids. Lou was known as "Dutch," "the Dutchman" and "Krauthead." He was shy, timid, with an early inferiority complex. Even then, he didn't know how good he was.

Following his graduation from Public School No. 132, he enrolled in New York's High School of Commerce. At that time, it was the hope and wish of his parents Lou would become a civil engineer or an architect. Lou loved dearly to play baseball and in the spring of his second season at Commerce, the baseball coach called for candidates. Lou started for the practice field, decided he wasn't good enough, and went home. The next day the coach looked him up, and asked: "What's the reason you don't come out

WITH HIS POP AND MOM—HEINRICH AND CHRISTINA GEHRIG

for the team? Some of the other boys tell me you can hit the ball a mile. Don't you want to do something for the school?"

Lou could hit the ball a mile and did for the High School of Commerce. He easily made the team, pitching and playing first base. In his senior year, Commerce won the New York City championship and was challenged by Lane Technical of Chicago. The game was played at Wrigley Field, Chicago, and the sturdy New York scholastic athlete clinched the game for his school by hammering a homer over the right field wall with a full house. It was a foretaste of what Lou would do on that same field in a Yankee-Cub World's Series 11 years later.

The excitement occasioned in the Gehrig household by that first of many trips to Chicago was another of Lou's favorite stories. He sprung it on Pop and Mom at dinner; the meal was called supper by the Gehrig clan.

"I am going to Chicago," blurted out Lou. "But you've got to give your consent."

"What foolishness is this?" demanded Mom.

"What monkey shines are you up to now?" countered Pop.

"No, I really mean it, the whole team is going to Chicago," asserted Lou.

"They talked about it well into the night," said Lou, telling the story. "It was as though I was going to Borneo or Zanzibar. Finally, they decided if the school would be responsible for me during my absence, they would grant their consent."

Lou also played football at Commerce, but was in frequent argument with his coach, Frank (Buck) O'Neill, the former New York sports writer, now with the Washington Herald-Times. Buck was a great Commerce athlete in his younger days. "Lou was stubborn and bull-headed," Buck once told me. "He didn't like to do what he was told."

"Buck O"Neill always wanted me to play in the line, at guard or tackle, but I wanted to play in the backfield, where I could carry the ball. Carrying the ball was my idea of fun in football," was Lou's version of it.

It was while Lou was in high school that there came a sharp slump in the Gehrig fortunes. Pop became seriously ill. He was a skilled mechanic, doing a fine type of machinery work which required steady nerves and deft fingers. His illness incapacitated him for many months, and when he did get back on the job it was on less important work and at smaller pay. Mrs. Gehrig pitched in and did menial work so Lou could be kept in school. She cooked for a fraternity house at Columbia, the same fraternity which later took in Lou as a member. Always, the Gehrigs refused to let anything interfere with their boy's education.

Lou did all he could to help fill the family larder; he worked in a corner grocery store on Saturdays, and before and after school each day. How he got time to play baseball and football, and keep up with his studies, in those days, still is a mystery. When other kids had summer vacations, Lou worked long hours. One summer he was employed by the

At the age of 12.

Otis Elevator Company at Yonkers and this gave him the chance to play with the Otis team in a Yonkers city league. Gehrig's temper flared at what he considered a particularly raw decision, a hot argument ended in Lou and the umpire coming to blows. He never forgot it, and though in his American League days he had other arguments and disputes with umpires, he always kept himself and his tongue under restraint.

Lou entered Columbia University in the fall of 1921, his parents still insistent that their Ludwig should get the best education obtainable in the new world. Before enrolling, there was a short episode in his life, of which he rarely spoke, even to intimates. It was a touchy matter with him, also with the late John J. McGraw, former manager of the Giants. And many baseball men, despite reams of copy written around Gehrig, do not know to this day that he started his professional

COLUMBIA LOU WITH A GROUP OF YOUTHFUL ADMIRERS.

career as a Giant farmhand. His hitting exploits at the High School of Commerce, especially that home-run hit in Wrigley Field, Chicago, attracted the attention of McGraw and Arthur Devlin, the Giants' famous old third baseman, then a New York scout. McGraw invited Lou to come to the Polo Grounds so he could look him over. Lou then was 18, inclined to be clumsy in his fielding, but a baseball man could sense his possibilities as a slugger. McGraw induced Lou to go up to Hartford, and play there under the name of Lewis. He played 12 games there in the old Eastern League, hitting .261 in Class A ball, when Andy Coakley, Columbia's baseball coach, discovered Lou Lewis of Hartford was Henry Ludwig Gehrig, his fine baseball prospect for the Blue and White. Coakley paid Gehrig a visit and Lou promptly tossed up his Hartford job. The Columbia Athletic Association also heard of the incident and Lou was barred from athletic competition at the university for a year.

Lou blamed McGraw for sending him, then an immature, unsophisticated youth, to Hartford at the risk of ruining his entire athletic career at Columbia. When Gehrig later signed with the Yankees, McGraw felt the big New York youth had let him down. However, to show he had thoroughly got over the incident, McGraw, shortly before his death, placed Gehrig at first base on his All-Star team of all-time and termed Lou one of the true immortals of baseball.

Gehrig played football with Columbia in the fall of 1922, the start of his sophomore year. Perhaps Buck O'Neill was right, for at Columbia they played him at tackle. He was only a fair football player, despite his size and strength. The next spring, he was the star on Andy Coakley's baseball squad, playing first base on afternoons when he wasn't pitching. He had a pretty good fast ball and a fair curve, and was considered a first-class college pitcher. But it was hitting which made him the big standout of the team. Columbia then still used South Field, located near the university, and Gehrig endangered pedestrians on Broadway by knocking balls over the college roof tops. Until he played at South Field, no other college player ever had hit for such distances.

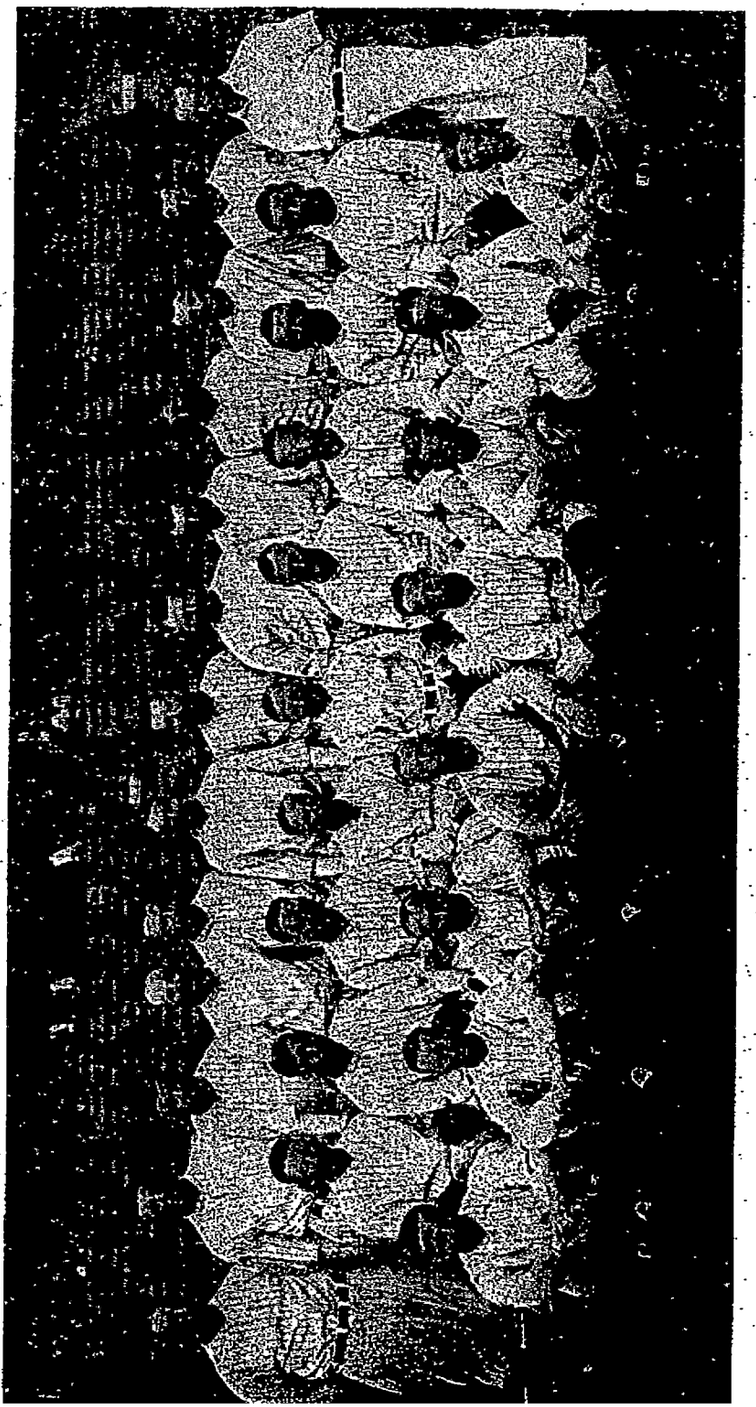
When Lou cast his lot with a New York baseball team, it was with the Yankees, bitter baseball enemies of McGraw's Giants. The Yankees had just vacated the Polo Grounds, after ten years as a tenant, and opened their famous Yankee Stadium in the spring of 1923. Paul Krichell of the Yanks' scouting department signed Gehrig for Colonel Rupperi, parting with only a modest amount of the multi-millionaire brewer's money to get Lou to sign on the dotted line. But it helped Lou pay up a lot of family doctor bills and other obligations.

Lou's official entry into professional baseball made no great hit with the little Gehrig family of Amsterdam Avenue. It meant the strapping son giving up that precious educa-

Swinging for Columbia.

tion, on which Mom and Pop placed so much stress, at the halfway mark. Lou had finished his sophomore year at Columbia when he signed with the Yankees. Up to that point, his parents had considered his baseball and football playing as part of his school and college activities, and never considered it as a man's life work. In fact, Pop complained to Mom one day: "If Louie paid more attention to his books, and less to his ball spieling, it would be better for all of us."

However, once Lou decided to cast his lot in professional baseball, he was adamant. "Mom and Pop have made enough sacrifices for me," he told me at the time. "Mom's been slaving to put me, a young ox, 20 years old and weighing around 200 pounds, through college. Well, it's about time that I carry the load and take care of them. I've signed with the Yankees, said goodbye to Columbia, and



1927 YANKEES—FIRST OF GREAT WORLD'S SERIES WINNERS.

from now on, all my thoughts are on a successful career in baseball." How successful that career would be neither Lou nor the sports writer who heard his earnest words, dreamed.

Miller Huggins was manager of the Yankees when Lou first reported to the club in June, 1923. Lou always had a great respect for and looked up to persons in authority. From the moment that little Hug took the young collegian into his cubby-hole of a clubhouse in Yankee Stadium, Lou was his man. Gehrig would have jumped through fire, charged a runaway freight train, if Huggins had ordered it. Babe Ruth, still at the pinnacle of his fame, saw the young southpaw from Columbia take part in batting practice. "That kid sure can bust 'em," remarked Babe. After that some started to call him "Buster" Gehrig, but the nickname never fit. Lou seemed enough of a nickname.

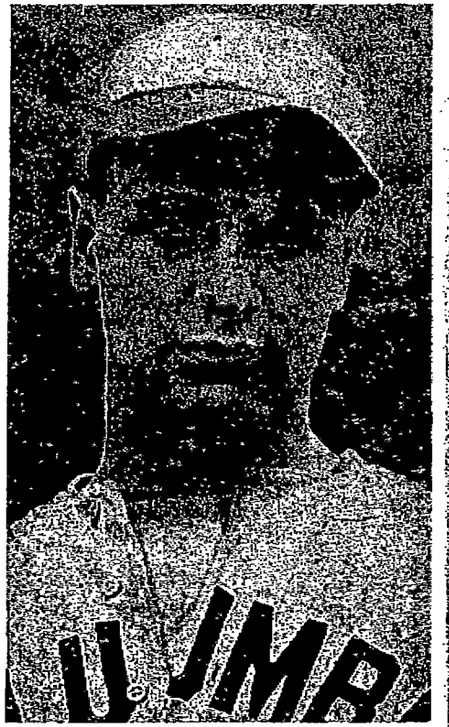
Lou used to love to tell of the first time Mom and Pop visited Yankee Stadium to see him play. He had taken part in the early batting practice, before his parents reached the park. By the time they came in, craning their necks to see their son in action, he was sitting in the dugout, where he remained for the afternoon. At dinner, Pop indignantly demanded to know why Lou didn't play in the game, and where he had been hiding.

"I was sitting on the bench, Pop. I guess you couldn't see me from where you were sitting," Lou explained.

"What kind of bummer's business is that, where they pay a man $400 a month for sitting on a bench?" Pop demanded hotly.

Yet, Lou Gehrig wasn't destined to sit long on any baseball bench. Huggins quickly decided his muscular young athlete was the kind who needed action, plenty of it, and sent him up to Hartford, the same club on which McGraw had tried to hide him two years before. Paddy O'Connor, a former Huggins coach, managed Hartford, and on Hug's advice he placed the blond New York kid on first base. Immediately, Hartford correspondents of New York newspapers started to shoot down stories on the prodigious homers which the young Columbian was belting over Eastern League fences. Lou was averaging nearly a home run a day. He collected 68 hits in 59 games, and 24 of these were drives out of the park, eight were triples and 13 were doubles. Wally Pipp, regular first baseman of the Yankees, broke several ribs in September, a fortnight before the start of the 1923 World's Series, and Gehrig was yanked back to the Stadium to finish the season for the Bronx Bombers at first base. Those first two weeks in the American League gave pitchers an idea of what was in store for them. In 13 games, he belted the ball for an average of .423, and one of his 11 hits landed high up in the right field bleachers, one was a three-base hit and four were doubles.

Few knew how close Lou came to having



Gehrig as an Athlete at Columbia U.

a chance to star in the World's Series that fall. Reporting to the Yankees after September 1, he wasn't eligible for the Yankee-Giant series. However, recalling that Joe Sewell of Cleveland and Jack Sheehan of Brooklyn had been granted special permission to play in the 1920 World's Series after Ray Chapman was killed and Jimmy Johnston injured, Colonel Ruppert and Miller Huggins made a special plea to Commissioner Landis that because of Pipp's injury, Gehrig should be permitted to perform. Landis put it up to McGraw, the Giants' manager, who refused, contending, perhaps rightly, that a September injury was all part of the breaks of the game. Lou, rarin' to go, was keenly disappointed, not knowing how many World's Series he was destined to play in, and to dominate. He felt at the time that McGraw still was peeved over the 1921 incident. Anyway, Yankee trainers trussed Pipp up for the Series; Wally played good ball through the six games, and rooting his heart out on the bench, Gehrig saw the Yankees win their first World's Series victory.

Lou made his first major league training trip with the Yankees to New Orleans in the spring of 1924. It was a raw, blustery spring in Louisiana, and Lou believed all he had read about the South in the geographies back in Public School No. 132. He came down to

At height of his career, preparing to don his No. 4 uniform shirt.

the camp without a vest or an overcoat. The only time he wore a cap was on the ball field, when it was part of his uniform. He wasn't in the big dough then, and he used to walk in from the Pelicans' park to the Yankees' downtown hotel to save the carfare. Lou wasn't talkative, usually had a serious mien, and though he and I seemed to hit it from the start, other writers found him gruff and difficult to approach. Years later, on the bosom of the broad Pacific, we again talked of that first training trip. Lou confessed of the foolish, inferiority complex from which he then suffered. "Do you know I was terribly afraid of newspapermen?" he admitted, laughing. "I guess I thought they were some superior kind of gods. I know I became scared and ill at ease whenever they came near me. So, when I growled, it was to cover up my real feelings."

Back in New York, Huggins shipped Lou back to Hartford for the full Eastern League season of 1924. He played in 134 games, and his extra-base crop was a sample of Lou's big league bag of later years. He hit .369, collecting 40 doubles, 13 triples and 37 homers. Called back to the Yankees in the fall, he proceeded to mace American League hurling for an even .500 in ten games.

Gehrig was with the Yankee party when Huggins pitched his first training camp in St. Petersburg, Fla., in 1925. It was in the cards for this to be the worst Yankee year since Colonel Ruppert and his erstwhile associate, Col. T. L. Huston, acquired the franchise in 1915, but 1925 always was a big year in Gehrig's book. American League champions in 1921, '22 and '23, world's champions the latter year, the Yankees were beaten out by two games by Bucky Harris' surprising Washington team of 1924.

During the winter of 1924-25, the Yankees regained the services of Urban Shocker, then one of the great pitchers of the junior league, and were favorites to recapture their earlier laurels. Instead, everything went wrong for Huggins from the time Babe Ruth collapsed from a severe digestive ailment in the Asheville, N. C., depot on the training trip, and the club limped home a sad seventh in October. The team got off on the wrong foot that season, and in his first desperate attempt to stem the string of losses, Huggins deliberately snapped the playing streak of Everett Scott, New York shortstop, at 1,307 games, on May 5, inserting a youngster, Peewee Wanninger, in the veteran's place. Scott's long-distance performance had been far ahead of anything achieved in baseball up to that time.

The same losing streak which snapped Scotty's run, also started Lou Gehrig's greater one, the amazing streak which ran to 1939, and was not stopped until "the Dutchman" from Amsterdam Avenue had played in 2,130 consecutive games. It happened on June 1, 1925. Wally Pipp had reported with a headache. He could have played, but Huggins' eyes roamed the bench, and spotted Gehrig. "You

Batting pose when he joined Yankees.

go in and play first base," he barked. Cumbersome and awkward at the start, Lou eventually played the bag so well that such experts of baseball talent as the late John McGraw and Connie Mack named him as the greatest first baseman of all-time, and his last manager, Joe McCarthy, considered him the greatest player that ever lived.

Before Huggins put Gehrig into his regular lineup, he tried Lou in several games in right field, hoping to utilize the bats of Pipp and Gehrig, his listed first basemen, in his batting order. Several games convinced Hug that his muscular rookie was not meant by nature to be an outfielder. However, Gehrig's clumsiness at first base, in his early days with the Yankees, has been much overdrawn. Certainly, he didn't come from Columbia a polished infielder, any more than any other collegian or minor leaguer jumps into big league ball with all the finesse of a seasoned veteran. George Sisler of Michigan was one of the few who did it. However, the very fact that the astute Huggins was ready to play Lou in the 1923 World's Series, after spending only a summer in Hartford, and was balked only by McGraw's refusal to permit it, is ample proof that he was no grotesque clown at first base at any stage of his career.

Stories have also been printed that Huggins

WITH DAN DANIEL ON MEMORABLE GEHRIG DAY, JULY 4, 1939, WHEN LOU BROKE DOWN AND CRIED

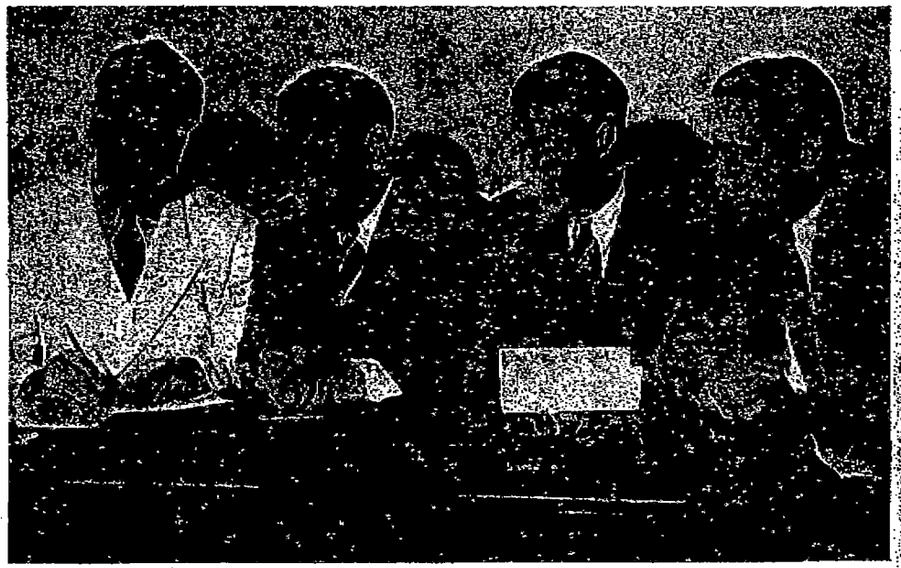
had offered Gehrig to the St. Louis Browns in a trade at the time he was making his outfield experiment and felt Lou had no chance of crowding Pipp off first base. I asked Huggins about it, point-blank, late in little Miller's career. His blue-gray eyes blazed. "That's one of the silliest things that ever has been written," he replied, "If I had traded Gehrig at that stage of his career, Ruppert should have had me shot at sunrise. From the time Lou first showed up at the Stadium, any one with half an eye could tell he was destined to become one of the truly great hitters of all time. He always had the power."

Playing on that drab seventh-place club of 1925, Gehrig proved one of the bright spots of Huggins' lone second-division year in New York. He did not quite make .300 in his first year as a regular, hitting .295 for 126 games. Oddly enough, that was exactly his average 13 years later, in 1938, when the virus of disease first started to reach his spine, and an entire nation was asking: "What's wrong with Lou Gehrig?" His bag of extra-base hits in 1925 included 23 doubles, nine triples and 21 homers.

The Yankees went down quickly, from second to seventh in one year, and they bounced back just as fast. With the aid of such new blood infusions as Tony Lazzeri and Mark Koenig, a better behaved Babe Ruth and a successful operation on Joe Dugan's trick knee, the Yankees regained the pennant heights in 1926. However, the outstanding reason for the success of this remarkable team was the one-two punch in the third and fourth positions in Huggins' batting order. Ruth batted third and Gehrig fourth, and in the entire history of baseball, there never was such dynamite concentrated in two successive batsmen. Both were lefthanded hitters. Gehrig clouted .313 that year and drove in 107 runs. It was the start of a new record for runs-batted-in, 100 or more for 13 successive seasons. In the World's Series of 1926, the last to be lost by the Yankees, in which the Cardinals came from behind to win the sixth and seventh games, the Dutch Kid from Amsterdam Avenue hit .348.

Lou soared high in 1927, the year of Huggins' greatest team, winner of 110 games, an American League record, and the club which started the now old Yankee custom of winning World's Series in four straight games. Gehrig's contribution to that team was magnificent. For half the season, he kept pace with Ruth in homers, and chased Babe into a new record, 60, still tops for baseball. Lou closed with 47 four-baggers, which with 52 doubles and 18 triples made quite an extra-base bag. And a grand total of 447 bases. He boosted his batting average up to .373 and knocked 175 Yankee runs over the plate, establishing a new major league mark, though Hack Wilson of the 1930 Cubs, raised the major mark to 190 and Lou advanced the American League figure to 184 in 1931. Is it any wonder they voted the young Yankee first sacker the most valuable American League player of the year?

Lou almost missed the World's Series of 1927, and only went to Pittsburgh after an argument with Colonel Ruppert, president of



Signing contract for the greatest amount ($39,000) that he ever received as a Yankee, with Col. Jacob Ruppert, Joe DiMaggio and Joe McCarthy looking on.

Close-up of Gehrig on his day, sensing possibly what was to happen.

the club, in which both "Dutch" tempers flared. Lou's mother underwent a life or death operation in New York, during the Series, and Lou's worship of Mom was written on every sports page. "My place is at Mom's side; she is worth more to me than any ball game, or any World's Series that ever was invented," he told the Colonel. However, Mom, herself, and Huggins convinced Lou that his place was with the team. His heart never was in the Series; he hit safely only four times, all extra-base blows—two triples and two doubles—and came out of the battling with an average of .308.

Mom recovered nicely, and the Yankees repeated in 1928, with Lou, then a rather carefree lad of 25, again booming long hits from that fearsome blunderbuss. Lou hit pretty much the same as the year before, .374, with 142 runs batted over the dish. In the World's Series of that year, in which the Yanks rolled over the Cards four straight, Babe and Lou simply were colossal. Gone were the worries of the autumn before. Babe rose to his peak, hitting .625 for the four games, but his young friend, Buster, was right behind him, with .545. Four of Lou's six hits in that Series were homers; he scored five runs and drove in nine.

Babe and Lou also were the ringleaders of the skylarking on the Victory Special back to New York after the second straight World's Series clean-up. Every one on the train had to yield his shirt or pajama coat to the roisterers. When Colonel Ruppert and his old crony, Fred Wattenberg, tried to seek protection behind the doors of their stateroom, Lou was back in that Columbia line and giving the door panel the benefit of his good right shoulder, crashed into the compartment. Later, he and Babe fought for the honor of being the first to get at Ruppert's lavender pajama coat.

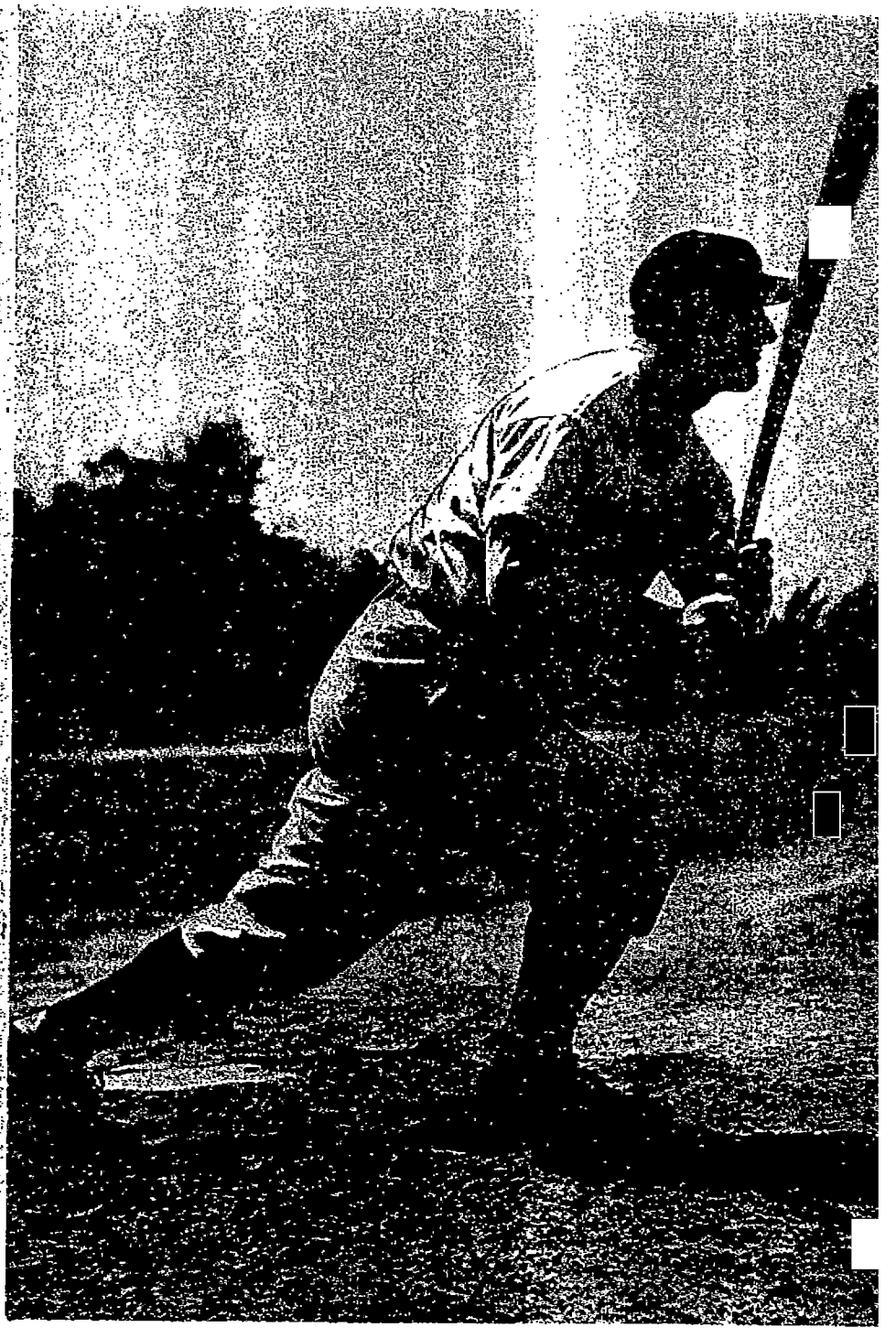
Fame and fortune smiled on the little German family of Amsterdam Avenue. The first thing Lou did when he got into the big money was to make provisions for his parents. He took them out of New York and purchased a fine suburban residence in New Rochelle. He never would speak of his accomplishments in baseball without mentioning the joy it brought him that he now could repay his parents, in some measure, for, in his words, "putting up with me as long as they did." There were many happy evenings in that old home on Meadow Lane. The boys always were welcome, and frequently dropped in for dinner. And the Gehrigs were famous all over New Rochelle for their meals. They were big people, all three of them, Pop, Mom and Lou, and they liked to eat. A stuffed pig, a goose and a turkey were fetched in at the same meal. Mom was proud of her culinary attainments, and if you didn't eat at the Gehrig table, they thought something was wrong. "What's the matter; don't you like my cooking?" Mom would demand.

Lou and Ruth then still were buddies; they barnstormed together after the regular season on Christy Walsh's tours. Lou was content to sit back and bask under the light of Babe's brilliancy and publicity. Even though he now was driving in more runs than Babe, he still looked up to him as he did on the training trips of 1924 and 1925. However, the other fellows all were welcome, Bennie Bengough, Tony Lazzeri, Mark Koenig, Herb Pennock, George Pipgras, every one. Mom's favorite was the bald-headed Bengough; Pop was partial to Lazzeri. The Gehrig dogs, Offra, a big black Belgium police dog, and Jidge, a pint-sized Mexican hairless, were as well known as players on the Yankees. Jidge had been a present from Babe Ruth to Mom; it was called Jidge because that was Ruth's pet nickname in the Yankee clubhouse. The Gehrig parrot, with its graphic imitation of Mom calling Lou in the morning, also was famous all over New Rochelle.

Pop and Mom, heartbroken when Lou gave up his college career in 1923, became thoroughly sold on baseball and were daily visitors at Yankee Stadium. They began talking of sacrifice hits and squeeze plays, and never ceased getting their big thrill when Louie "popped" one into the stands. They were saying Lou had a mother complex. Mrs. Gehrig accompanied him on the training trips to St. Petersburg, on the World's Series, frequently on road jaunts during the season, especially the short hop down to Washington. Once Lou and the writer detrained at Harmon, just north of New York, from a western trip. As we both lived in Westchester County, Mom met us with her car. Mom and Louie kissed and hugged for fully ten minutes, as though they had been parted for years. No wonder Mom was proud. By now the name, Lou Gehrig, was getting to be almost as famous as that of Babe Ruth.

Following the winning of the three pennants of 1926, '27 and '28, the Yankees were beaten out by the Athletics in 1929. It wasn't a good year for Lou. He played for weeks with a back injury and also with a broken thumb. While his batting average dropped to an even .300, he, nevertheless, managed to bang in 126 runs. But his great friend on the Yankees, the genial, kindly Miller Huggins, died a few days before the end of the season. It almost was as much of a blow to Lou as though he had lost his own father.

Bob Shawkey was in charge of the Yankees in 1930, and the club had only a fair year, finishing third. But Gehrig went on to new heights. Bounding back strongly from that .300 average of the previous season, he soared to .379, the highest average of his career. Al Simmons of the Athletics beat Lou out for the batting leadership by two points, but Lou topped the league with 419 total bases and in runs-batted-in, 174. While hitting .341 in 1931, his first season under Joe McCarthy, he led in most everything else—most runs, 163; most hits, 211, most total bases, 410, most runs driven in, 184. The latter is the American League



With the shadows.

record, and will likely hold for many a year. The Sporting News took up the old official American League most valuable award, and Lou was awarded the prize in 1931, repeating in 1934 and 1936. Lou and Ruth were tied in homers, with 46, in 1931, and Christy Walsh planned a barnstorming trip to continue the battle in the Middle West and the Coast. However, Lou accompanied the expedition which Herb Hunter and the writer promoted to the Orient that fall. Lou was one of a galaxy of stars which included Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane, Bob Grove, Frankie Frisch, Lefty O'Doul, Willie Kamm, Rabbit Maranville, George Kelly, Larry French and others. Oddly enough, the durable athlete, who had won the appellation, "the Iron Horse" in America by then having played through seven seasons without missing a game, was put out of action in Tokyo when an inshoot pitched by a little 135-pound Japanese collegian broke against his right hand, breaking a bone.

McCarthy won his first Yankee pennant in 1932, and topped it off by beating the club which had released him, the Cubs, four straight in the World's Series. And what a man Lou was that October! Charlie Grimm, manager and first baseman of the Cubs, blinked his eyes, and said: "I just didn't think a player could be that good." In four games, old Biscuit Pants, as the Yanks good-naturedly called Lou, bagged nine hits, three of them homers, scored nine runs and drove in eight. He hit a mere .529. On June 3 of the same year, Gehrig hit four homers against the Athletics in Shibe Park. He was only the third big leaguer to turn the feat, though it later was matched by Chuck Klein.

Late in the season of 1933 came an event in Gehrig's life which had a tremendous bearing on the last seven years he lived, his marriage to Eleanor Twitchell, who had a good secretarial position in Chicago at the time Lou wooed her. The handsome New York youth with the blue mirthful eyes and the good-natured laugh had known lots of girls in his ten-year climb from an awkward rookie to the highest pinnacle of baseball stardom. Every now and then, it was reported that he was particularly sweet on this lass or that one, especially a girl in Washington and another in Philadelphia. But it never was serious until he met Eleanor. In fact, he met her about three years before their marriage on September 26, 1933, but it was only in the last year that Lou's courtship became serious business.

Lou was married by the mayor of New Rochelle on a Friday; the wedding party was at the Long Island home of an aunt and uncle of the bride on Saturday; the season ended on Sunday. Only a few of Lou's real intimates in baseball were at the wedding reception, Bill and Vi Dickey, Fred Linder of the Ruppert organization and Mrs. Linder, and this writer and his wife. Our task was to pick up Mom Gehrig and take her on the ferry ride across Long Island Sound. It was a gay, pleasant evening; Lou was so proud of his attractive, talented bride; Eleanor was so proud of bearing the name of the great American athlete. Mom wept; she had lost three of her brood when they were tots, and now her precious Louie was leaving the New Rochelle nest to start one of his own. Every one spoofed the couple for having to spend their honeymoon at Yankee Stadium the next day, where Biscuit Pants had to play first

Lou in his first moving picture, "Rawhide."

On the bench—one of last pictures of Lou in uniform.

base to keep up his record. And among the laughter, gayety and tears, who could have sensed the tragedy which hovered over this marriage and which would plunge them all into the depths of grief before another decade had passed!

Yet, the couple was permitted to enjoy five happy, beautiful years together. Eleanor was everything a man would want in help-mate, really Lou's dream girl; in her he found pal, friend, counsellor, sweetheart. Even as a young ball player, Lou had dreamed dreams and entertained aspirations; he wanted better things, but never found the time or inspiration to reach out for them. Eleanor supplied the inspiration. She taught him the beauty in the classics, cultivated his taste for music, literature, art. He used to amuse the other Yankees by bringing tomes on philosophy, Socrates, Hegel, Heine, Schopenhauer and Kant into his famous clubhouse locker. Eleanor worked hard, through philosophy and persuasion, to break down his inbred inferiority complex. Ruth was fading, and she wanted Lou to take Babe's place as the outstanding figure in baseball. Lou used to park his car some two blocks from Yankee Stadium and he ducked unobtrusively through a bleacher exit. It was his method of dodging the autograph-seekers and back-slappers who clung around the clubhouse entrance. One of the young wife's first instructions was: "You park your car right outside the front of the clubhouse, and if any one wants any autographs, you autograph them. Dinner can wait."

Lou's new love for music, poetry and philosophy didn't interfere with his stance at the plate or his titanic clouts. In the season immediately after their marriage, 1934, he tossed four precious plums into the lap of his bride, the American League batting crown, the most valuable player award, the leadership in home runs and top honors in runs-batted-in. Later, Lou had all the honors he won in baseball, World's Series and All-Star trinkets made into a bracelet for Eleanor. He played first base for all of the American League All-Star teams from the inception of the event in 1933, to 1938, and in 1939, after his illness became known, he was selected an honorary member.

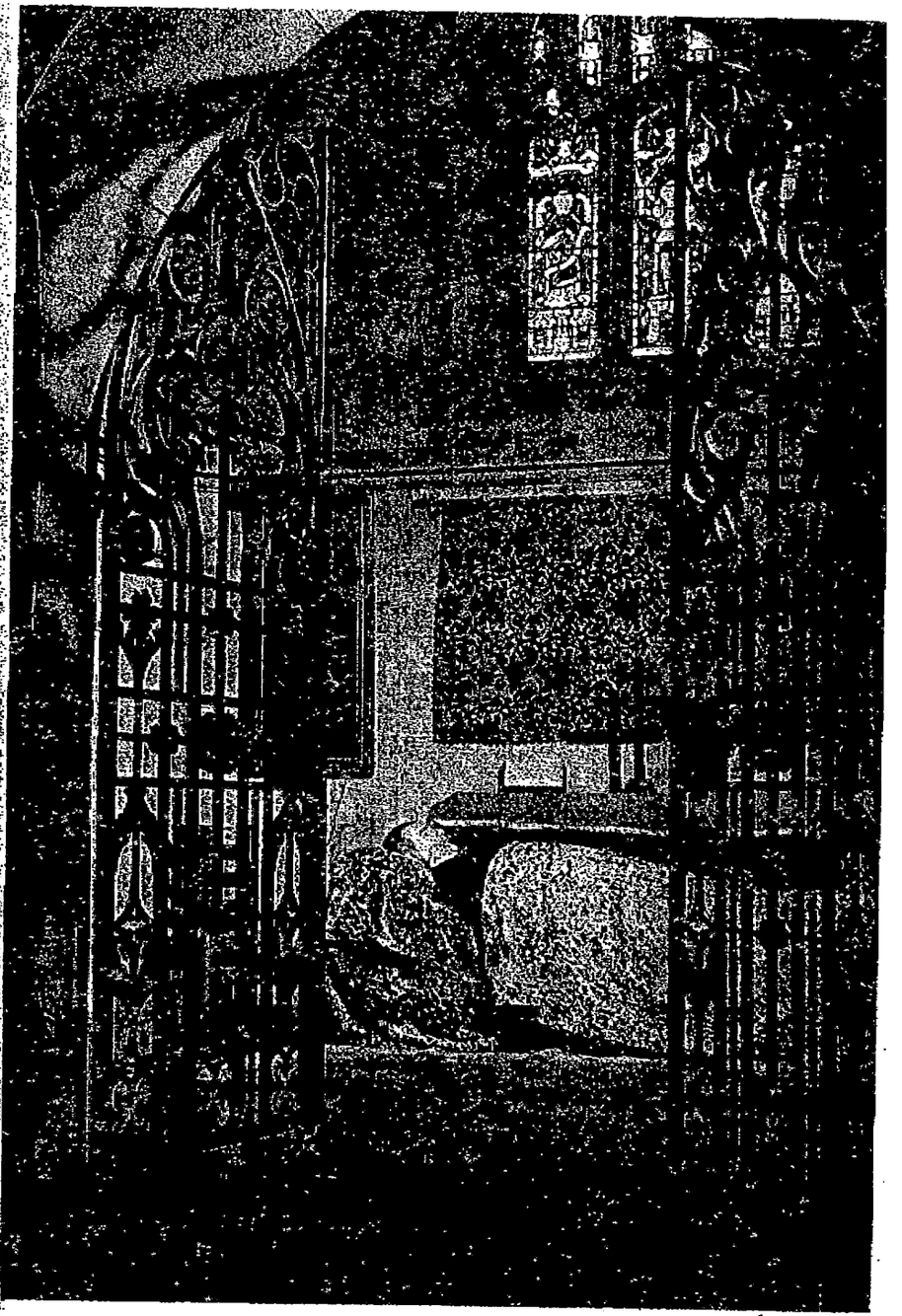
The friendship which existed between Huggins and Gehrig now had a counterpart in that of Joe McCarthy and his piano-legged first baseman. Where Huggins had carefully tutored and brought along a shy, self-effacing collegian, McCarthy found a full-fledged star, and has admitted he at times was awed by Lou's great play. While Ruth never was in open revolt against Marse Joe, there was a distinct chill between the manager, who never had played big league ball, and the now declining Sultan of Swat, the greatest baseball attraction of all time. In contrast, Marse Joe had the warm-hearted support of Gehrig from the first and of all the legion of Lou Gehrig fans, Joe became Booster No. 1.

Lou made a second trip to the Orient with the Connie Mack-Babe Ruth team in the fall of 1934, but only after another fierce battle with Colonel Ruppert. Remembering Gehrig's split hand in Japan in the fall of 1931, Ruppert refused to give his consent to him making the trip. Lou, however, wanted to give the trip to his bride of a year as a belated honeymoon. Eventually, by appealing to Ruppert's romantic sense, he obtained the Colonel's consent. Other great players on the trip were Jimmie Foxx, Charley Gehringer, Vernon Gomez, Earl Whitehill, Earl Averill and Bing Miller. After the games in Japan, Shanghai and Manila were completed, Lou and Eleanor made a world trip of it, returning by way of the Suez Canal and visiting in Italy, France, Germany and Britain before returning to the United States. An unfortunate incident about the trip is that it saw a severance of the friendship of the two great Yankee sluggers, Lou and Babe. It wasn't renewed until five years later, at Gehrig Day, Yankee Stadium, July 4, 1939, when Babe threw his arms around the stricken athlete, tears welling in the eyes of both men.

Following Tiger flags in 1934 and 1935, a new series of Yankee championship teams came into being, those amazing clubs which won the world's championships of 1936, '37, '38, '39 and '41, losing only four games. Ruth had gone, but a new star, Joe DiMaggio, had come on from the Pacific Coast to help Lou make another great one-two batting combination. Lou was captain and first base star of those first three clubs; the last game of the 1939 Series, that wild Sunday in Cincinnati as Lombardi was stunned at the plate, was the last time the beloved Biscuit Pants appeared in a baseball uniform; by the time the 1941 World's Series with Brooklyn was played, Lou's once magnificent body had been cremated and his spirit had joined the wraiths of the men whose baseball lives had so intimately touched his own—Miller Huggins, Jacob Ruppert, John McGraw.

In the first two years of that great club, Gehrig was the Larrupin' Lou of old, with the club's offense built largely around the New York boy's bat. He was getting along in his thirties, but the dynamite in his big bat was as explosive as ever. In 1936, he hit .354, belted 49 homers, scored 167 runs and drove in 152. He crashed two homers against the Giants in the World's Series and drove in seven runs. In 1937, he still was Gehrig the Gorgeous. He hit .351, dropped his homer output by a dozen to 37, but raised his runs-battted-in total by seven, to 159. In July, he wrecked Dizzy Dean with an All-Star game homer in Washington, and in October he hit his tenth and last World's Series home run, off Carl Hubbell of the Giants. He was a determined holdout the following spring, but eventually compromised with Colonel Ruppert for $39,000, his highest baseball salary.

The winter before, he made a movie in Hollywood; it had a cowboy background and was termed "Rawhide." It was a fair picture, but it was hardly a fit vehicle for the great Iron Horse of baseball. They had the premi-



In state.

ere, with full Hollywood trimmings, at St. Petersburg, Fla., in March, 1938, during the Yankee training season. Lou had to respond to a curtain call, in which he spoke of his good luck, his happiness, his success, his wife, his parents, his friends, but it wasn't until later, when he was alone with a little group of his intimates—Pop, Mom, Eleanor, Myrtle Huggins, sister of the deceased Miller; Christy Walsh, this writer and his wife—that Lou really let us into his innermost thoughts.

"I had to say that, out there in front of that curtain," said Lou, "and from the bottommost depths of my heart, I sincerely meant it. I have everything a man could wish for—happiness and success. I've got the grandest girl in the world for a wife, wonderful parents, loyal and fine friends. I've just signed a good contract, and have money and securities in the bank. I'm on top of the world. Folks, I think I am the luckiest guy in the entire world. I don't really know what I have done to deserve so many good breaks."

Poor Lou! How many times those who heard that impassioned, impromptu speech thought of it in the next few cruel years. It was only a few weeks after the training season ended that the topple from the top began. At first, it was only gradual. He started the 1939 season slowly; there didn't seem to be the old power in his blows. Some attributed it to "Klieg eyes," his work under the lights on "Rawhide" the previous fall and winter. Lou ridiculed this. Most of the work on "Rawhide" was done in the great outdoors, only about two days' work was shot in the studio. Others blamed his slump on the stress and strain of the continuous-game record, which crossed the 2,000 mark early in the 1939 season. Since 1925, he now had been regularly at his workbench, never missing a day, despite a broken thumb, a broken rib, a broken toe, a terrific clout on the head in an exhibition game at Norfolk, Va., a twisted back, colds and lumbago. Babe Ruth suggested in print that Lou had sacrificed several years of his career to maintain his record, and it was resented by Lou. Joe McCarthy also said: "Bunk!" He's my regular first baseman. So long as he is fit to play, he'll play. Why should I deliberately break his streak?"

Here and there, in that season of 1938, Lou gave signs of being the old Lou. He tried hard to bring his average up to .300, but fell five short of the mark, hitting .295. Even if he wasn't hitting for the old distance, he continued to have a pretty good bag of extra-base hits, 32 doubles, six triples and 29 homers. He scored 115 runs and drove in 114. It was the thirteenth successive season that he had scored over 100 runs, also for driving in over 100 runs. The latter constituted a major league record, as did five seasons in which he knocked in 150 runs or better, and 23 home runs with the bases full. The twenty-third came in that ill-fated season of 1938. McCarthy once became peeved with all the stories of "What happened to Lou Gehrig?" "The guy bats in 114 runs, and scores 115, which means he is responsible for around 200 of our runs, and everybody asks: what's the matter with him?" muttered Joe. "Well, I wish I had more players on this club that would be so off in

Receiving his third Most Valuable Player award from THE SPORTING NEWS, August 3, 1937, George M. Cohan making the presentation.

Crowd standing in silent tribute outside of church at funeral services

their play that they could give me 200 runs."

It was the World's Series of 1938, between the Yankees and Cubs, which finally showed unmistakably that something had happened to Gehrig. Even if the Yankees again won four straight from the Chicagoans, as they had done six years before, Larrupin' Lou was just the first baseman for the winning team. In the four games he hit only four singles, and did not drive in a run.

The club cut Lou's top salary by $4,000 the following winter, but he made no complaint. At $35,000 a year, he still thought he was a pretty lucky guy. All of his thoughts that winter were on staging a comeback. He put in a winter, exercising, working outdoors. So long as the weather permitted, he, Fred Fletcher (a rod and gun writer) and Pop went fishing on Long Island Sound. Next to baseball, fishing always was Lou's first love in the realm of sport. As the Westchester lakes froze, he went skating with Eleanor, or took long tramps through the Westchester woods. A New York physician treated Lou for a gall-bladder complaint and he and Eleanor came to St. Petersburg early so they could rent a cottage, where she could cook for him and supervise his diet. Before the team came down, they basked in the sun or went fishing, and for a time Lou was his old smiling, laughing self.

The laugh faded from his fine sculptured face when the Yankees arrived and started their workouts, especially when the exhibitions started with other major league clubs. There was one game with the St. Louis Cardinals in which Lou came up five times with men on bases and failed to knock the ball out of the infield. Once, with the cushions full, he hit a little pop over the pitcher's head which any schoolboy could have handled. Ground balls were going past him as though no one was there. He appeared clumsy and awkward. New York writers sorrowfully sent back reports to their newspapers that the great Iron Horse was through. He had gone back several country miles since his mediocre season of 1938. Few of the writers then suspected that there was anything radically wrong with Gehrig's health. Lou then was approaching his thirty-sixth birthday. Many athletes go quickly after they pass 35; elasticity of youth simply dries up in their arms and legs. Doubtless, this was what happened to Lou Gehrig, many of us said. But, Eleanor Gehrig began to observe that in stepping off the curb in crossing streets, Lou stepped down like a blind man. His foot would go plop down on the concrete, as though he hadn't noticed he had reached a curb. She recalled what seemed to be ludicrous falls while Lou was skating the winter before, and became alarmed.

Lou, however, would not concede there was anything wrong. "I need more work," he said, and he worked like a Trojan. He worked with the youngsters, as well as with the regulars, from morning to night, trying to "whip" himself into shape. And whip himself, he did. He didn't blame the writers for their articles, but he thought they had consigned him to the baseball trash heap too soon. "This is only the training season," he said. "Hits down here don't count. I'll get mine when the season opens, and I hope I can make those birds eat some of their stories."

On the way north, Lou hit three home runs against the Yankees' farm team at Nor-

At his home during closing days of his life.

HENRY LOUIS GEHRIG

(Lou and The Iron Horse)

(Won latter monicker by not missing a game in 14 years)

Lou Gehrig

Born, June 19, 1903, at New York, N. Y. Died, June 2, 1941, at Riverdale, N. Y.
Height, 6.01. Weight, 212. Blue eyes and brown hair. Threw and batted lefthanded.
Married Eleanor Twitchell, September 29, 1933.
Nationality—German.
Attended Columbia University (New York) two years.
Appointed member New York City Parole Commission, effective January 1, 1940.

Outstanding performances—Most consecutive games played, major league record—2,130 (started June 1, 1925); scored five runs in game (June 12, 1928, May 3 and July 26, 1936); most runs batted in, season (league mark)—184 (1931); four home runs in game (consecutive), first, fourth, fifth and seventh innings, June 3, 1932; hit three home runs in game (June 23, 1927; May 4, 1929, and second game, May 22, 1930); equaled league record for most games played by first baseman, season—157 (1937 and 1938); most years leading league, games played, season—8 (1926-27-30-32-34-35-37 and 1938); most years playing 150 or more games, season—12 (1926 to 1936, inclusive, except 1935); most years, 100 or more runs, lifetime—13; most years 150 or more runs batted in—7; most consecutive years, 100 or more runs batted in—13; most home runs with bases filled, lifetime—23 (1927-1938). Led league batsmen, 1934; scored most runs, 1931-33-35 and 1936; most hits, 1931; most doubles, 1927, and tied in 1928; most triples, 1926; most home runs, 1934 and 1936, and tied in 1931; most total bases, 1927-30-31 and 1934; most runs batted in, 1927-30-31 and 1934, and tied in 1928. Held all-time Yankee marks for most doubles in a season, 52, in 1927, and runs batted in, 184, in 1931.

World's Series—Most three-base hits, four-game series—2 (1927); most home runs, four game series—4 (1928); two home runs in game, October 7, 1928, and October 1, 1932; most home runs, three consecutive games—4 (October 5 (1), October 7 (2), October 9 (1), 1928); most bases on balls, four-game series—6 (1928); most assists by first baseman, four-game series—3 (1927 and 1938); also made one error in four-game 1932 series.

Named Most Valuable Player, American League, 1927-31-34 and 1936. Named by Baseball Writers' Association of America for The Sporting News All-Star Major League Teams, 1927-28-31-34-36 and 1937. Illness forced his retirement as an active player, May 2, 1939, ending string of 2,130 consecutive league games.

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.	PO.	A.	E.	F.A.
1921	Hartford	East.	1B	12	46	5	12	1	2	0	....	.261	130	4	2	.985
1922	(Not in Organized Ball)															
1923	New York	Amer.	1B	13	26	6	11	4	1	1	9	.423	53	3	4	.933
1923	Hartford	East.	1B	59	277	54	69	13	8	24	....	.304	623	23	6	.991
1924	New York	Amer.	Util.	10	12	2	6	1	0	0	6	.500	10	1	0	1.000
1924	Hartford	East.	1B	134	504	111	186	40	13	37	....	.369	1391	66	23	.984
1925	New York	Amer.	1B	126	437	73	129	23	9	21	68	.295	1126	35	13	.989
1926	New York	Amer.	1B	155	572	135	179	47	20	16	107	.313	1566	73	15	.991
1927	New York	Amer.	1B	155	584	149	218	52	18	47	175	.373	1662	88	15	.992
1928	New York	Amer.	1B	154	562	139	210	47	13	27	142	.374	1488	79	13	.989
1929	New York	Amer.	1B	154	553	127	166	33	9	35	126	.300	1458	82	9	.994
1930	New York	Amer.	1B	154	581	143	220	42	17	41	174	.379	1298	89	15	.989
1931	New York	Amer.	1B	155	619	163	211	31	15	46	184	.341	1352	58	13	.991
1932	New York	Amer.	1B	156	596	138	208	42	9	34	151	.349	1293	75	18	.987
1933	New York	Amer.	1B	152	593	138	198	41	12	32	139	.334	1290	64	9	.993
1934	New York	Amer.	1B	154	579	128	210	40	6	49	165	.363	1284	80	8	.994
1935	New York	Amer.	1B	149	535	125	176	24	10	30	119	.329	1337	82	16	.990
1936	New York	Amer.	1B	155	579	167	205	37	7	49	152	.354	1377	82	9	.994
1937	New York	Amer.	1B	157	569	138	200	37	9	37	159	.351	1370	74	16	.989
1938	New York	Amer.	1B	157	576	115	170	32	6	29	114	.295	1483	100	14	.991
1939	New York	Amer.	1B	8	28	2	4	0	0	0	1	.143	64	4	2	.971
Major League Totals				2164	8001	1888	2721	535	161	494	1991	.340	19511	1087	194	.991

Played under name of Lewis with Hartford in 1921.

WORLD'S SERIES RECORD

Year.	Club.	League.	Pos.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.	PO.	A.	E.	F.A.
1926	New York	Amer.	1B	7	23	1	8	2	0	0	3	.348	76	1	0	1.000
1927	New York	Amer.	1B	4	13	2	4	2	0	0	5	.308	41	3	0	1.000
1928	New York	Amer.	1B	4	11	5	6	1	0	4	9	.545	33	0	0	1.000
1932	New York	Amer.	1B	4	17	9	9	1	0	3	8	.529	37	2	1	.975
1936	New York	Amer.	1B	6	24	5	7	1	0	2	7	.292	45	2	0	1.000
1937	New York	Amer.	1B	5	17	4	5	1	1	1	3	.294	50	1	0	1.000
1938	New York	Amer.	1B	4	14	4	4	0	0	0	0	.286	25	3	0	1.000
World's Series Totals				34	119	30	43	8	3	10	35	.361	309	12	1	.997

ALL-STAR GAME RECORD

Year.	League.	Pos.	AB.	R.	H.	2B.	3B.	HR.	RBI.	B.A.	PO.	A.	E.	F.A.
1933	American	1B	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000	12	0	1	.923
1934	American	1B	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000	11	1	1	.923
1935	American	1B	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	.000	12	0	0	1.000
1936	American	1B	2	1	1	0	0	1	1	.500	7	0	0	1.000
1937	American	1B	4	1	2	1	0	1	4	.500	10	1	0	1.000
1938	American	1B	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	.333	1	0	0	1.000
All-Star Game Totals		1B	18	4	4	1	0	2	5	.222	53	2	2	.964

folk. "The Old Iron Horse still had a little power left," some said. "Watch him go from here on!" But, it was the last display of Gehrig might. The championship season started a week later, with the Yankees opening at Washington and Gehrig in his usual post at first base for the World's Champions. For eight games he stuck to his post; he cracked out four singles, scored two runs and drove in one. Several games were lost by ground balls going through Lou, though in 70 fielding chances he was charged with only two errors. As the Yankees opened their first western trip, in Detroit, May 2, Lou sorrowfully looked up McCarthy on the morning of the game and said: "You better put Babe (Dahlgren) on first today. I'm not doing the club any good out there."

And so a nation was electrified to hear that the greatest record of all baseball, a continuous playing record, lasting through 2,130 games, finally had been broken.

Several stories have been printed as to what induced Gehrig to look up McCarthy, his friend and manager, that May morning. This writer can only repeat what Lou told me several weeks after the streak was broken.

"We were playing Washington at the Stadium just before going west," Gehrig said. "Late in the game, I scooped up an ordinary ground ball and threw it over to the pitcher, covering first base. It was the same kind of play I had made several hundred times in my big league career, just a routine play. But Bill Dickey, Joe Gordon and the pitcher all got around me, slapped me on the back, and said: 'Great going, Lou,' 'Nice stop, big boy!' They meant it to be kind, but it hurt worse than any bawling out I ever received in baseball. They were saying 'great stop!' because I had fielded a grounder. I decided then and there, I would ask McCarthy to take me out of the lineup."

Lou remained with the club as non-playing captain. He handed the umpires the lineup before the game. McCarthy said when Lou got in shape, he would be back at the old post, but New York writers knew he had played his last league game. In early June, he made his last actual appearance in a baseball box score. He played five innings for the Yankees in an exhibition game with the Kansas City Blues. From Kansas City, he went to Rochester, Minn., for examination at the famous Mayo Clinic. For some time, the young wife had been advising a checkup at Mayo's.

The verdict of that visit makes one of the saddest chapters in the sports history of the nation. We happened to have an engagement to call on Eleanor Gehrig the same day Lou received the report of the Mayo specialists. Even though she had received the deploring news, she did not call off the engagement. Perhaps she found solace in the understanding friendship of old friends of Lou's in this darkest of hours. Pledging us to secrecy, in low tones, she revealed the verdict of the Mayo specialists, the dread amyothropic lateral sclerosis, a form of infantile paralysis. Later in the evening, the telephone rang again. It was long-distance, and another call from Lou. For a moment Eleanor seemed stunned, and then she took a drink of brandy. "I needed that," she explained. "Lou just

Gehrig being sworn in for job as parole commissioner by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia of New York, with Mrs. Gehrig to the right looking on.

Filming the "Pride of the Yankees," Samuel Goldwyn picture based on the life of Lou Gehrig. From left, Babe Ruth, who played himself in the picture; Director Sam Wood, and Gary Cooper, who enacted the role of Gehrig.

told me he had a fifty-fifty chance to live. What's more, he seemed real cheerful about it. Told it to me with no more concern than if he had asked about the weather in Larchmont." The tears welled in her eyes, but never did she lose her composure or courage. At the crucial moment, she showed she could take it, as did her famous husband, who laughed and joshed with the Mayo Clinic physicians as they told him what his chances were.

Two days later, Ed Barrow, president of the Yankees and a faithful personal friend of the Gehrigs, gave the Mayo report to a stunned and saddened nation. From breaker boy in the Pennsylvania mines to movie executive in Hollywood, from salmon fisherman in the Columbia River to the occupant of White House, every American knew the great Iron Horse had been derailed. It no longer was a question whether he would return to first base, but whether he would win the fight for his life.

Gehrig remained with the Yankees to the end of the 1939 season. Gradually a limp developed more and more in his walk, as he trod to the plate to hand the umpires the starting lineup. He continued to room on the road with his old chum of years' standing—faithful, reliable, kindly Bill Dickey. As Lou's gait became more uncertain, his fingers more unsteady, and cruel gossip circulated rumors the disease was contagious, Bill stuck by Lou to the World's Series. No finer display of friendship ever was recorded in baseball.

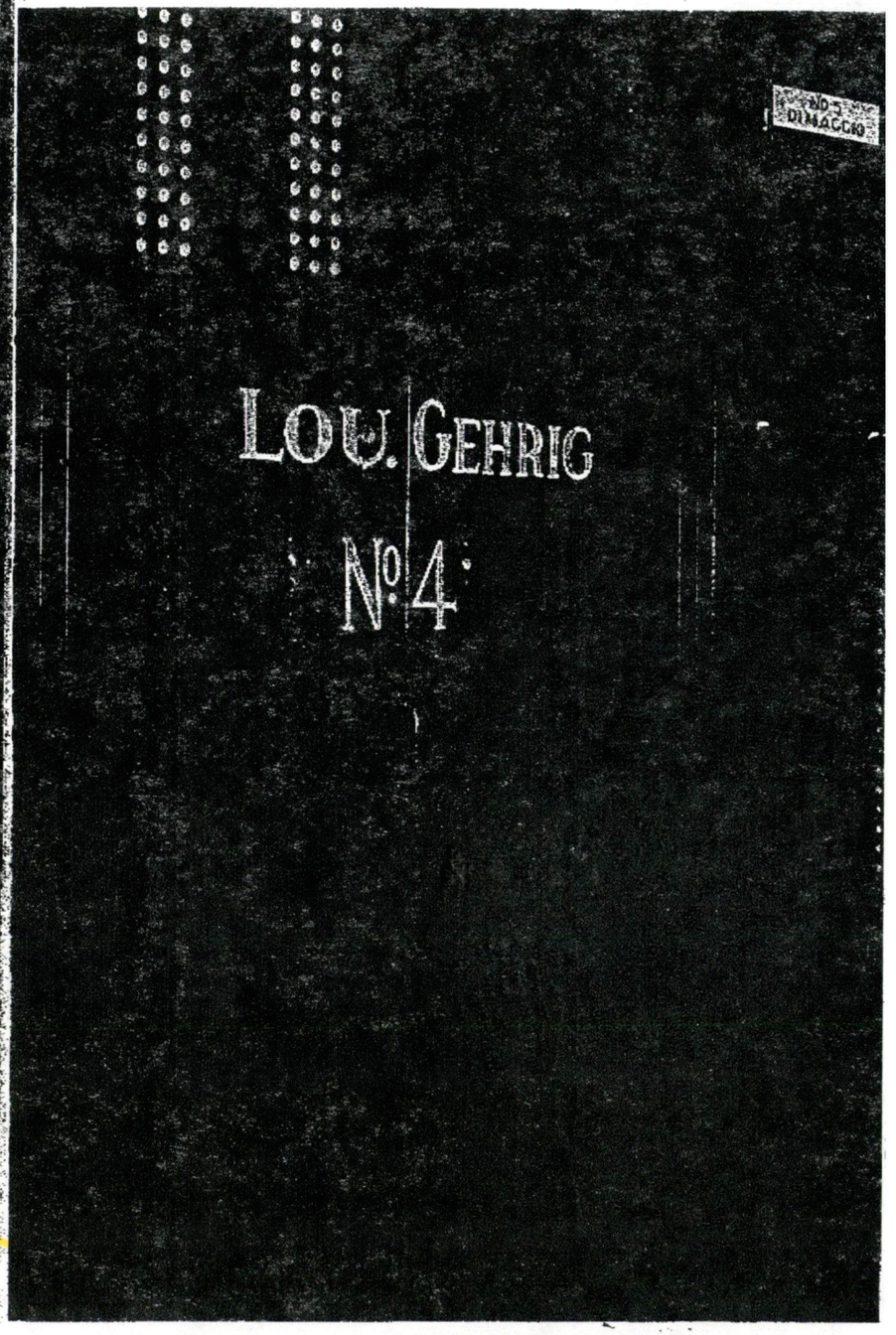
On July 4, 1939, that wonderful Lou Gehrig testimonial day was held, at Yankee Stadium. Not only New York, but an entire nation, took advantage of this day to pay tribute to the beloved stricken athlete and a great American. The President was represented by former Postmaster-General Jim Farley. Mayor LaGuardia, Jimmy Walker, one of his predecessors; the American League, the Yankees, the Giants, the Baseball Writers' and even the peanut vendors and their ushers paid tribute and brought gifts of silver, fishing equipment, smoking sets, etc. The Yankees brought together the Yankees of Huggins' old champions, early teammates of Lou—Bob Meusel, Herb Pennock, Waite Hoyt, Wally Pipp, Everett Scott, Joe Dugan, Tony Lazzeri, George Pipgras and others of the old guard. And to cap it all, Babe Ruth threw his arms around Lou, and an old friendship was restored. Then, with Eleanor, Pop, Mom, Fred Linder, many old intimate friends, and some 62,000 loving fans in the stand, Lou took the microphone and repeated what he had told us at that little get-together down at St. Petersburg, Fla., on the night of the "Rawhide" premiere, that he still considered himself the "luckiest man in the world." As salty tears coursed down Lou's honest cheeks, there was not a dry eye in that great stadium.

A week later, July 11, Gehrig sat on the American League bench at the seventh All-Star game as an honorary member of the junior league's team, adding one more to the

Lou at his parole desk.

trinkets he could give his beloved Eleanor. After July 4, he stopped fetching the lineups to the umpires, but every day, including the World's Series, he put on his uniform, just as he did when he was Larrupin' Lou, the Great Iron Horse. A ring-leader in the wild ride back to New York, when the Yankees celebrated World's Series clean sweeps of 1927 and 1928, Lou joined unobtrusively in the fun as the Yankees returned joyously to New York from Cincinnati in 1939, after their second double clean sweep, over the Cubs in '38 and the Reds in '39. The merry theme song of that train ride, "Roll out Lombardi, we're having a barrel of fun," also was the death march of Lou Gehrig. As he bid goodbye to a few bleary-eyed mates the next morning, it marked the end of the professional baseball career which started when the piano-legged New York youngster, calling himself Lou Lewis, trotted out on the field for Hartford, Conn., in 1921.

Mayor LaGuardia, long an ardent admirer and member of the jovial Yankee party back from Cincinnati, then offered Lou a job as a New York City Parole Commissioner. Gehrig was happy to take the job, feeling he could keep his mind busy serving humanity and trying to help straighten out the problems of others. He was sworn in January 1, 1940,



Shrine in the Yankee clubhouse—Locker No. 4, retired.

and moved back from the Westchester suburbs to the Riverdale section of the city in which he was born and whose proud words, "New York," he had worn with such distinction.

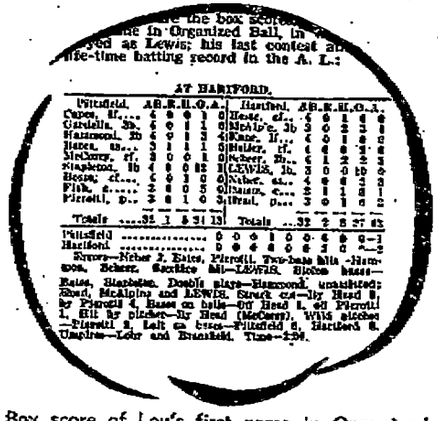
For some time, he appeared daily at his desk in Municipal Building, working conscientiously at his job. He avoided crowds, rarely attended a game, and preferred getting his football, baseball and other sports by radio. He played bridge with old friends, though often he had difficulty in holding the cards, and it was necessary for Eleanor to light his cigarettes.

The last time I saw Gehrig alive he was still hopeful, not so much for complete recovery, but that his life might be spared so that he could continue in the work that he was in. He corresponded with victims of his dread disease all over the country, compared notes with them, all in the hope that some remedy might be found, not only to help himself, but for any future victims of the disease.

In 1941, Gehrig's visits to the Parole Commission's office became more and more infrequent. By the middle spring, they ceased entirely. In the last few weeks of Lou Gehrig's mortal life, the retrogression in his physical condition was rapid. And, on June 2, with his faithful Eleanor at his bedside, he breathed his last. It was almost 18 years to the day from that early June day, 1925, when Miller Huggins said: "You take over first base today, Lou," and started that amazing streak of 2,130 consecutive games.

A short service, June 4, at Christ Episcopal Church, Riverdale, was the last earthly tribute paid to Lou's remains. The family had requested as private a funeral as possible. Charley McManus, superintendent of Yankee Stadium, stood at the door of the little church, flanked by two New York policemen, admitting only relatives and those who had been close to Lou in baseball and in his later probation work. Among those who came in was his last manager, Joe McCarthy, who frequently put his handkerchief up to his wet eyes. Eleven years before, in New York's downtown celebrated Little Church Around the Corner, Lou choked back his sobs at the funeral of his first Yankee manager, Miller Huggins. Lou was not a church-goer, nor a religious man in the generally accepted sense, but no man ever met his Maker with a cleaner mind, purer heart or more valiant spirit than the great Iron Horse.

Many honors were conferred on Lou Gehrig while he still was alive, and some since his passing. By a special act of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, he was named to the galaxy of baseball stars at Cooperstown's Hall of Fame without the formality of an election. President Ed Barrow has retired the No. 4 as a numeral on a Yankee uniform. It would have been almost sacrilegous for some hefty Yankee rookie to rumple Lou's old biscuit pants in a Florida scrub game. His uniform is one of the prize possessions of the club. No one ever will use Lou's locker in the Stadium clubhouse. It already is looked upon as a shrine to Lou's memory. A motion picture on the life of Lou Gehrig will further keep alive the story of Larrupin' Lou to millions of his fellow Americans. A Gehrig tablet has been placed on the Yankee Stadium walls, along with others to Miller Huggins and Colonel Ruppert. Yet it needed no tablets nor busts in the Hall of Fame to keep aflame the memory of Lou Gehrig. The spirit of the Iron Horse still gallops through the minds and hearts of the great mass of his fellow citizens. He died before our entry into the war; he was truly a hero of peace-time America, but his great fight, especially the last stand, gives him a place with the brave, intrepid souls who died for American freedom and so that this may be a better world to live in.



...the box score ... in Organized Ball, in ... as Lewis; his last contest ... life-time batting record in the A. L.:

AT HARTFORD.

Pittsfield.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	Hartford.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.
Capes, lf....	4	0	0	1	0	Rose, cf...	4	0	1	2	0
Garofalo, 3b.	4	0	1	1	0	Mealio'e, 3b	3	0	2	3	0
Hammond, 2b	4	0	1	3	4	Kane, lf...	4	0	1	2	0
Bates, ss...	3	1	1	1	3	Miller, rf.	4	0	0	1	0
McCarty, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	Decker, 2b...	4	1	2	2	5
Stapleton, 1b	4	0	0	12	1	LEWIS, 1b.	3	0	0	10	0
Hogue, c....	4	0	1	0	0	Usher, ss..	4	0	0	2	3
Fith, c.....	2	0	0	5	0	Mauer, c...	2	1	1	6	1
Pirrotti, p...	3	0	1	0	3	Brad, p....	3	0	1	0	2
Totals 35	1	5	31	13		Totals ...32	2	5	27	15	

Pittsfield	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Hartford	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2

Errors—Usher 2, Bates, Pirrotti. Two-base hits—Hammon, Scherr. Sacrifice hit—LEWIS. Bases stolen—Bates, Stapleton. Double plays—Hammond unassisted; Brad, Stapleton and LEWIS. Struck out—by Brad 8, by Pirrotti 4. Bases on balls—Off Brad 1, off Pirrotti 1. Hit by pitcher—By Brad (McCarty). Wild pitches—Pirrotti 2. Left on bases—Pittsfield 6, Hartford 8. Umpires—Lohr and Brasfield. Time—2:20.

Box score of Lou's first game in Organized Ball, June 3, 1921. He played under name of Lewis.

AT YANKEE STADIUM.

Senators.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	Yankees.	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.
Case, rf....	4	1	2	4	0	Crosetti, ss	5	0	0	2	3
Lewis, 3b...	4	0	2	0	4	Rizzuto, 3b...	4	1	1	1	4
West, lf....	4	0	0	1	0	Powell, lf...	4	0	1	0	0
Wright, ss..	4	0	1	2	2	Rizzuto, ss..	1	0	0	0	0
Myer, 2b....	3	0	1	2	3	Dickey, c...	3	0	1	5	1
Travis, cf...	4	0	1	3	0	ROSELLO, rf.	4	0	0	1	0
Wesdala, 1b.	4	1	1	8	1	Gallehar, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Ferrell, c...	3	0	1	5	0	Keller, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Appleton, p.	3	0	0	0	1	Selkirk, lf.	3	0	0	2	0
*Gilbert	1	0	0	0	0	Gordon, 2b.	4	0	1	2	3
Appleton, p.	0	0	0	0	0	Hildebrd, p.	2	0	0	0	1
Carrasquel, p	0	0	0	0	0	Rensa, p....	1	0	0	0	0
						†Keltner ...	1	0	0	0	0
Totals 35	3	11	27	9		Totals ...31	3	4	27	11	

Washington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	3
New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	4

*Batted for Kretlow in 7th. †Batted for Hildebrand in 9th. Errors—Wesdala, Rizzuto 2, Selkirk. Two-base hit—Wesdala. Double play—Dickey and Gordon. Sacrifice hits—Hildebrand, Ferrell, Case. Bases on balls—Off Hildebrand 5, off Kretlow 2, off Appleton 4. Struck out—By Kretlow 4, by Hildebrand 6, by Appleton 1. Winning pitcher—Ott Kretlow 4 hits in 6 innings, no runs. Appleton 5 hits in 3-3 innings, no runs. Carrasquel 6 hits in 1 1-3 innings, no runs. Hildebrand 11 hits in 8 innings, no runs. Rensa 2 hits in 1 inning, no runs. Losing pitcher—Hildebrand. Left on bases—New York 8, Washington 12. Sacrifice hits—Kretlow. Umpires—Reardon, Stahl, Ormsby and Boggess. Time of game—2:17. Attendance—23,713.

Box score of the Iron Horse's last game, April 30, 1939.

From 1942 Baseball Register

ORIGIN of STATISTICS

Development of Diamond Figures Traced

By ERNEST J. LANIGAN

Member of THE SPORTING NEWS staff, 1888-1891; later baseball editor New York Press, Cleveland Leader and Boston American; today director of information of the International League.

NOT THE easiest task in the world is to write a history on baseball statistics for the statistical side of baseball has a large-sized running start on all historians, aged or juvenile. The history is practically a history of statisticians, of whom the earliest was Henry Chadwick, dead these many years. Chadwick had vision, ideas and a tireless capacity for work. He didn't originate everything that is now in the guides or the record books, but he did labor untiringly for what is called the National Pastime. He possibly did not invent the box score, but he improved it. Without Chadwick, and others like him, the game might never have reached its present heights.

Father Henry probably wrote more baseball than any other man ever connected with the game. He began when the pastime was very much in its infancy and kept up his work until a few weeks before his death. Baseball wasn't his first love. That was cricket.

Once Chadwick transferred his affections, he transferred them almost entirely. As baseball editor of The Clipper (now Variety), New York weekly, in 1859, he tried to get the Gotham dailies to give more attention to baseball, even to the point of being willing to supply them with box scores gratis. He compiled some of the earliest averages, but he probably did not make out the first box score. A gentleman whose initials were "F. W. T." seems to have done that, in 1853, sending the same to The Spirit of the Times in New York from Hoboken. It was published in the issue of July 9, reproduction of which appears on Page 35.

"Friend P" was evidently the publisher—W. Porter.

The Spirit of the Times suspended publication for a time in 1855 and finally folded in 1902, after being revived in 1859. In the early days of the National Association it gave plenty of space to baseball, but from 1874 to 1879 carried little diamond news, not liking the way the game was being operated.

Chadwick's first game as a reporter may have been a contest that was played in Queens, September 10, 1858, between New York and Brooklyn, with the former winning, 29 to 18. Chadwick made out a score showing the Hands Left (Outs) and Runs of the two teams, gave the runs by innings. He also showed where the men were retired, at what bases and how. He headed it "A Correct Score of a Baseball Match." This was the summary of the score, which is very much different from the summaries of the present time:

Passed balls on which bases were run—Boerum 8, De Bost 3.

Home run—Pinckney.

Struck out—M. O'Brien 1, P. O'Brien 1, Boerum 1.

Catches missed on the fly—P. O'Brien 1, Price 1, Pearce 1, Burns 2, Gelston 1, Benson 1, Pinckney 1, Thorne 2.

Run out between the bases—M. O'Brien, by Gelston.

Times left on bases—Manolt 1, Grum 2, Price 1, Pinckney 1, Tooker 1, De Bost 1, Burns 1, McCosker 1.

Umpire—Dr. Adams of the Knickerbocker Club.

Scorers—For New York, J. W. Davis; for Brooklyn, T. S. Dakin.

Participants in this game were as follows:

NEW YORK—Gelston, shortstop; Wadsworth, first base; Benson, center field; Pinckney, second base; Thorne, pitcher; Tooker, left field; De Bost, catcher; Burns, right field; McCosker, third base.

BROOKLYN—Pidgeon, pitcher; Manolt, center field; Grum, right field; M. O'Brien, third base; P. O'Brien, left field; Price, first base; Boerum, catcher; Pearce, shortstop; Oliver, second base.

The Dime Baseball Guide of 1864 presented, according to its own verbiage, A NEW METHOD OF SCORING A MATCH. It had space for the names of the 18 players, columns for outs and runs, no space for totals, but room for the score by innings. This was the way the summary was to be made up:

Umpire—Mr. _____ of the _____ Club
Scorers—Messrs. _____ and _____
Passed balls _____
Home runs _____
Struck out _____
Fly catches made _____
Put out on foul balls _____
Time of game _____

In 1868, the Dime Baseball Guide added base hits to the score, outs coming first, runs second and hits last in the three columns.

Still not satisfied, the Dime Baseball Guide, the following year, made some more additions

(Smith/Blessey)
Draft One
October 3, 1989
CONN

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: LITTLE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1989

Congressman __, Coach Galla, Ladies and gentlemen, Little League players and staff, Fellow fans.

It is a pleasure for me to welcome you to the White House. For although the World Series starts ~~tonight~~, I think the world champion baseball team that our country is most proud of is here with us today.

That team, of course, is Trumbull, Connecticut. Little League world champions. And whose amazing triumph propeled these kids, head-first, into the sports heart of America.

You know, Casey Stengel once asked of the early-1960s New York Mets, "Can't anybody here play this game?" // Sadly for his then-hapless team, almost no one could. //

Well, in 1989 Trumbull emphatically could, and did, play this game. And in this special year for Little League -- the 50th anniversary of the world's largest organized youth sports program -- your special team brought the title back to where Little League began.

It was special because of self-discipline and hard work -- helping Trumbull become the first U.S. team in six years to win the Little League World Series. And its feeling of sportsmanship

Mrs Morag Vance
1st Selectman

Acknowledgements:

Dr. Creighton Hole
Mr. Talbot
Cong. { Christopher Shays ← Julie from Shays will call us more
{ John Rowland

John DelVecchio
Pres. Trumbull L.L.

-- kids scrapping and competing, then shaking hands after the final out.

This Trumbull team was special because it kept its eye on the ball. // Sort of like when one of my grandkids told me he wants to be a baseball player when he grows up. I asked him why. He said, "Because politicians don't get their pictures on bubble-gum cards." //

But most of all, Trumbull was -- is -- special because of a feeling of family -- fathers and daughters, mothers and sons. Kids of all ages, banding together. Like when more than 15,000 people jammed the streets of Trumbull to welcome the new world champions back home.

They were there, yes, to cheer your triumph. But also your learning the lessons of Little League. Lessons like friendship and generosity. Like "Do unto others" and doing your best. Lessons which go beyond balls and strikes. And which have made Little League a global institution.

This year more than 2,500,000 players in 33 Nations played Little League ball -- they know those lessons. So do their 750,000 adult volunteers. And so, if I might add, do past Little Leaguers. On a personal note, my four boys played it. I coached it. And Barbara -- back then there were tens of thousands of Texas kids in Little League. And as I've often said: There were times when I thought Barbara Bush was car-pooling them all. //

So I know your pride. And the pride we take in you. A Chris Drury, for instance, beating Taiwan to win the championship game.

Or Dan McGrath, squeezing that final out as 40,000 people roared in disbelief. As did the entire Nation. Then, there's Andy Paul. Andy, I called Cape Canaveral this morning about your homer against Davenport, Iowa. // They tell me it's somewhere in orbit between Williamsport and Harrisburg. // Or Don Galla, Ken Martin, and Cody Lee -- yes, all 15 players.

And don't worry. I'm not forgetting assistant coaches Bob Zullo and Ed Wheeler. Or the man who led the way. I've heard some people say Frank Robinson and Don Zimmer should be named Manager of the Year. Well, there should be a recount if Tom Galla's not right up there in contention.

What memories you've given us. And what memories you'll cherish. Of great heart, and great plays. Or that crowd cheering, "U.S.A., U.S.A." at Williamsport. And of the spirit which says that nothing is impossible. In Little League. Or in the bigger fields of life.

I began by noting that this marks the 50th anniversary of Little League. But it's also another 50th anniversary. And I'd like to close by noting it. For it concerns, if you will, a hero of mine. And also, as they come to know his story, I hope of Trumbull's kids as well.

His name was Lou Gehrig. He was a Hall of Fame first baseman in the 1920s and '30s. But more than that, he was a good and decent man about whom a teammate said, 'Every day, any day, he just went out and did his job.' Fifty years ago, Lou Gehrig was stricken by a form of paralysis which now bears his name.

The disease ended Lou's consecutive games played streak -- a record which still stands. And caused his retirement from baseball. Even so, he told the crowd at Yankee Stadium, "I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth."

This story has become an American parable -- what an example for these kids. But less known is what Lou Gehrig did after he left the Yankees. Dying, weaker by the day, he could barely move his body. Yet he loved and wanted to counsel children. And so he spent much of the last two years of his life as a parole commissioner for the City of New York. They called him the Iron Horse, the Pride of the Yankees. Yes, Lou Gehrig was a hero.

Lou Gehrig showed -- like Little League -- that what matters is how we conduct ourselves off as well as on the field. You kids here are proof of that. So let me again congratulate Trumbull, Connecticut. You truly are Number One.

And now, let me conclude with a presentation.

Earlier this summer, the U.S. Post Office issued a special 50th anniversary stamp to honor Lou Gehrig. For his integrity. His bravery. And his unforgettable farewell. This inscribed picture of Lou commemorates that stamp. And I'd like to give it to Howard Talbott, Director of the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown -- also celebrating its 50th anniversary.

Howard, I hope this picture will inspire kids of every age. And show how by building courage and character, baseball -- and Little League -- can belt a grand-slam home run.

Tom Galla, as Trumbull coach, will you help present this picture? And to all of you, thank you for coming to the White House, God bless you, and God bless America.

# # # #

NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL of FAME and MUSEUM, INC.
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FACSIMILE COVER LETTER

Please deliver the following page(s) to:

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Michael West

FOR RELEASE ON FEBRUARY 27, 1989 PHILATELIC RELEASE NO. 17
(with one photo)

LOU GEHRIG SELECTED FOR "STAMP HALL OF FAME"

COOPERSTOWN ISSUANCE CELEBRATES BASEBALL HALL OF FAME 50TH

He was called the "Iron Horse." With boyish enthusiasm and quiet humility, he played Hall of Fame-caliber baseball for an incredible 2,130 consecutive games, leaving a mark on the game and its fans that will never be erased.

The remarkable Lou Gehrig once again steps to the plate in a new commemorative stamp from the U.S. Postal Service. A. Bartlett Giamatti, Commissioner of Major League Baseball; Edward W. Stack, President of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum, Inc., and Postmaster General Anthony M. Frank will dedicate the new stamp on June 10 at 11:00 a.m. in Cooperstown, New York, as part of daylong 50th anniversary festivities for the Hall of Fame.

Veteran designer Bart Forbes based his painting of Gehrig on two photos of the All-Star first baseman. The handsome, dimpled profile of Gehrig in Yankee pinstripes is taken from a picture owned by Mike Aronstein of New York. The foreground figure of the left-handed-hitting slugger is from a 1939 photograph by Herman Seid.

(more)

Dr. Howard Talbot

The Gehrig commemorative is the Postal Service's 74th sports related stamp and the sixth to recognize baseball. Joining Gehrig in the "Stamp Hall of Fame" are baseball legends Babe Ruth, Jackie Robinson and Roberto Clemente.

The other two stamps have marked baseball anniversaries. One of them, a three-cent Baseball stamp, was issued on June 12, 1939, the centennial anniversary of the founding of the game. The stamp helped to celebrate the dedication of the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum in Cooperstown, town where Abner Doubleday is said to have invented the game. Joining then Postmaster General James A. Farley were 11 of baseball's immortals: Eddie Collins, Ruth, Connie Mack, Cy Young, Honus Wagner, Grover Alexander, Tris Speaker, Nap Lajoie, George Sisler, Walter Johnson and Ty Cobb. At this historic event, Gehrig was inducted into the Hall of Fame.

A six-cent stamp, issued on September 24, 1969, recognized the centennial of professional baseball.

Statistics are as much a part of baseball as gloves and bats, high fastballs and home runs. In this dusty, sweaty game of numbers, only one record is secure -- Gehrig's. After 150 years of baseball, Boston Red Sox shortstop Everett Scott holds second place in consecutive games played. With 1,307, Scott falls some five years short of the "Iron Horse." The only modern marathon men to break a thousand games are Steve Garvey (1,207) and Billy Williams (1,117).

(more)

It took both talent and durability to earn baseball's perfect attendance badge. After all, you had to be great just to make the "Murderer's Row" lineup. As cleanup hitter behind Ruth, Gehrig was the right hook in the most devastating one-two punch the game has ever known. At 6 feet and 200 pounds, he hit the ball "miserably hard," in the words of one concerned infielder, in every direction.

"For power to all fields, there was nobody quite like him," said Bill Dickey, a teammate of Ruth's and catcher who for years sat under the bat of Ted Williams.

Consecutive Games Played

Lou Gehrig (1B) New York Yankees	2,130
Everett Scott (SS) Boston Red Sox	1,307
Steve Garvey (1B) Los Angeles Dodgers	1,207
Billy Williams (OF) Chicago Cubs	1,117
Joe Sewell (SS) Cleveland Indians New York Yankees	1,103

The "Iron Horse" drove in 100 or more runs 13 seasons in a row and bettered 150 RBI on seven occasions, setting an American League record with 184 in 1931. The following year, he became the first 20th century player to hit four consecutive home runs in one game. His lifetime batting average? .340!

(more)

Born to German immigrants on June 19, 1903, Henry Louis Gehrig was an intelligent, respectful and hard working boy. He earned an athletic scholarship to Columbia University, and set out to be an architect. Soon, though, he caught the eye of baseball scouts and his blueprint for the future changed.

Paul Krichell saw Gehrig play against Rutgers in 1923, and told Yankee General Manager Ed Barrow he had discovered "another Babe Ruth." Told to wipe off his glasses and take another look, Krichell returned to Columbia's old South Field. In typical chips-are-down fashion, Gehrig launched a home run that reportedly left the park rising, clearing 116th Street and bouncing up the steps of the school library, "rushing straight for the history books."

Once Gehrig took the field June 2, 1925, only a debilitating, fatal disease could pull him from the lineup. He missed his first game in more than 13 years on May 2, 1939. That June, he was diagnosed at the Mayo Clinic as having Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis -- now known as ALS to some, Lou Gehrig's disease to others.

On July 4, in his famed farewell address, Gehrig said he "may have been given a bad break," but that he was "the luckiest man on the face of the Earth." On June 2, 1941, 16 years to the day after entering the Yankee lineup, he died in Riverdale, New York.

(more)

In recognition of the 50th anniversary of his retirement, Major League Baseball and The ALS Association have joined forces to dedicate the 1989 season as a 50th Anniversary Tribute to Lou Gehrig. This campaign is designed to raise awareness and funds to help conquer the disease that struck the Yankee star. Major League Baseball also is recognizing June as Lou Gehrig Month. Ceremonies and tributes are planned across the country.

ALS Association is the only national non-profit voluntary health organization dedicated solely to fighting ALS, a fatal progressive neuro-muscular disease that attacks nerve cells in the brain and spinal cord. The brain's ability to control the muscles slowly ceases and the body eventually becomes paralyzed, while throughout the ordeal the mind remains unaffected.

Although ALS isn't a rare disease, people think it is. Yet some 300,000 Americans who are apparently well today will die with ALS. For more information on ALS, write to THE ALS ASSOCIATION, 21021 VENTURA BOULEVARD, SUITE 321, WOODLANDS HILLS, CA 91364-2206.

FOR MORE INFORMATION, contact:
William J. Guilfoile [Baseball Hall of Fame -- (607) 547-9988]
Richard Levin [Major League Baseball -- (212) 371-7800]
Richard Drasen [The ALS Association -- (818) 340-7500]

(more)

Issue: **25-CENT LOU GEHRIG COMMEMORATIVE STAMP**
(American Sports Series)

Issue Date and Site: June 10, in Cooperstown, New York

Designer: Bart Forbes, of Dallas, Texas

Art Director and
Project Manager: Jack Williams, Program Manager,
Philatelic Design, U.S. Postal Service

Typographer: Bradbury Thompson, Design Coordinator
for the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee

Modeler: Richard Sennett

Printing Process: Gravure (American Bank Note)

Colors: Yellow, magenta, blue, black and line green

Size: .84 x 1.41 in / 21.3 x 35.8 mm (image area)
.99 x 1.56 in / 25.1 x 39.6 mm (overall)

Plate Number: Five single digits preceded by the letter "A"

Stamps per Pane: 50

Marginal Markings: (copyright) U.S. Postal Service 1989
Use Correct ZIP Code (registered trademark)

FIRST DAY CANCELLATION ORDERING INFORMATION:

Customers Affixing Stamps: The Postal Service encourages customers to purchase the Lou Gehrig stamps and affix them to their envelopes. Covers bearing stamps will receive preferential service. Customers must address envelopes on the right side at least 5/8 inch from the bottom and affix stamps approximately 1/4 inch from the top and right edges. Customer requests must be postmarked by July 10, and addressed: CUSTOMER-AFFIXED ENVELOPES, LOU GEHRIG STAMP, POSTMASTER, COOPERSTOWN, NY 13326-9991. No remittance is required.

Postal Service Affixing Stamps: The price is 25 cents per stamp. The Postal Service accepts checks in the exact amount up to the limit of 50 envelopes. Customers should not send cash or postage stamps. Orders must be postmarked by July 10 and addressed: LOU GEHRIG STAMP, POSTMASTER, COOPERSTOWN, NY 13326-9992.

* * * *

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3RD STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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Sports Illustrated

September 4, 1989

Dream

Hard
10/6/25
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SECTION: Pg. 32

LENGTH: 1197 words

HEADLINE: WAY TO GO, GANG;
;
At the Little League World Series, Trumbull, Conn., beat Taiwan for the first U.S. win since '83

BYLINE: BY E.M. SWIFT

BODY:

IT WAS CLEAR BEFORE THE BALL HAD REACHED the top of its arc that it didn't have enough juice to carry over the fence, and the crowd, nearly 40,000 strong, began to cheer in disbelief. Many of them were already on their feet. The others rose to join them as the sunlit ball descended, sharply defined against the evergreen backdrop of the hillside opposite the stadium. As leftfielder Dan McGrath backed up on the warning track and settled under the ball, the players in the dugout edged on to the field, squeezing one another's arms. McGrath closed his glove, the ball disappeared, and the crowd erupted.

McGrath leapt. All the players leapt, in that ungainly way that kids jump around in excitement, skipping and falling and tackling one another as they ran toward the pitcher's mound to throw themselves on a junk-balling 12-year-old named Chris Drury. Howard J. Lamade Stadium in Williamsport, Pa., had become a field of dreams for 14 youngsters from Trumbull, Conn., the newly crowned Little League champions of the world.

Until this year Trumbull had not had a Little League team advance beyond the first round of its state tournament in a decade. By defeating the team from Kaohsiung, Taiwan, 5-2 last Saturday, Trumbull became the first U.S. team in six years to win the Little League World Series, in the organization's 50th-anniversary year.

Few observers of the eight-team tournament thought that Trumbull (pop. 33,000) had a prayer against the formidable Taiwanese, who, going into the finals, had outscored their opponents 74-5 over their past eight games -- six in the regionals and two at Williamsport. Teams from the Far East have dominated the event, winning 18 of the last 22 Little League titles. Of those, Taiwan teams had won 13, demolishing their U.S. opponents in the past three championship games by a combined score of 43-1. The only question seemed to be whether Trumbull could hold Kaohsiung below double figures.

Trumbull relished the role of underdog. It had been 14 years since a team from the Eastern Region reached the championship game. New England weather being what it is, the Trumbull players did not start practice until the middle of April -- at least two months after the teams from Florida and California began workouts, not to mention Taiwan's kids, who play baseball all year long. The Trumbull players openly pooh-poohed their chances. But, said Ken Paul, whose son, Andy, homered in Trumbull's 4-3 opening-round victory over

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Davenport, Iowa, "They're lying when they tell you they didn't come here expecting to win. After blowing everyone out in the regionals, this team was quietly confident."

In the semifinals Trumbull faced the Eastview Little League of San Pedro, Calif., whose cleanup hitter was a girl named Victoria Brucker. (It was a good year for women at Williamsport: Betty Speziale of Dunkirk, N.Y., became the first woman to umpire in the Little League World Series.) Victoria, who is only the second girl to play in the Little League World Series -- and the first from a U.S. team -- became the first girl to start a game, to pitch, to get a hit and to score a run. But she went 0 for 3 against Andy Paul, Trumbull's starter.

He may have had Victoria's number, but Andy struggled otherwise, giving up three home runs out of the first six San Pedro batters he faced. All the dingers came off fastballs, supposedly his best pitch. "Andy had thrown his fastball by everyone until he got here," said Trumbull manager Tom Galla. "I called time and told him that three quarters of his pitches the rest of the way had to be junk. He had never pitched that way before, but he shifted gears right there in front of 20,000 people, and it turned the whole game around."

Andy held San Pedro scoreless the rest of the way, while his teammates scratched together six runs in the first three innings on five walks, a hit batsman, five errors, a wild pitch and only one hit. Trumbull won 6-3.

Under Little League rules, no player can pitch in consecutive games, and Trumbull got a break when Kaohsiung started its ace lefthander, Hsu Ming-Lan, against Maracaibo, Venezuela, in the other semifinal. Ming-Lan threw a three-hitter in a 13-0 rout for Taiwan. When asked why he had not saved Ming-Lan for the championship game, Kaohsiung manager Wu Chin-Ming replied through an interpreter, "We went with our best today because we believe Latin America is the next-best team in the tournament."

Wu had not anticipated running into Chris Drury, who has the athletic versatility of Bo Jackson contained within a body that bears a resemblance to a miniature Rick Reuschel. What kind of a year has 1989 been for Chris? He missed his team's first two practices in April because his Bridgeport, Conn., ice hockey team was in the midst of winning the national Pee Wee tournament in Chicago. His brother, Ted, a second-round draft choice of the Stanley Cup-winning Calgary Flames, is delaying turning pro to attend Harvard.

Said Galla, "Chris is a gamer. He can throw heat and then throw junk. The way those Taiwanese kids hit fastballs, you've got to throw junk to win."

Kaohsiung jumped on Chris for a run in the first inning when leftfielder McGrath misjudged a deep, two-out drive. It was the only miscue of the game for Trumbull, which would finish the tournament with only three errors. Dan atoned by squelching a fifth-inning Kaohsiung rally, throwing a runner out at the plate from the warning track -- a one-hop toss to catcher Cody Lee that traveled 200 feet.

Urged on by chants of "U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" Trumbull took the measure of submarine-style pitcher Lee Chien-Chih the second time through the order. "It was easy," said second baseman Dave Galla, the manager's son, who, like the rest of his teammates, had never before faced a submariner. "All you had to do was

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move up in the batter's box and hit the ball at the top of its arc."

Trumbull scored twice in the third on a two-out, two-run single by first baseman Ken Martin to take a 2-1 lead. In the fourth the U.S. kids got two more runs after loading the bases on a walk to Dan, a single by Dave and an error by third baseman Wang Kun-Yao. Obviously a George Steinbrenner disciple, Wu immediately yanked Kun-Yao from the game. This show of sportsmanship was rewarded by a two-out bloop single to left by Chris -- he went 4 for 7 in the tournament, with three RBIs -- that drove in the third and fourth runs. Trumbull scored once more in the fifth on a solo homer by Ken Martin. "Fireworks were going off in my head," said Ken of his trot around the bases.

"That's when we knew we could do it," said Chris, whose assortment of pitches and deliveries kept the Kaohsiung players off-balance. He walked the leadoff batter in the sixth, the final inning in Little League play, but retired the next three hitters, with the game ending on that catch near the wall. When asked which felt better, winning the national championship in hockey or the Little League World Series, Chris, as usual, mixed it up, opting for variety.

"In the winter I like hockey; in the summer I like baseball," he said. "But this is a bigger deal, you know? Baseball's, like, our national pastime."

GRAPHIC: Picture 1, NO CAPTION descColor: Child with American flag., PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA; Picture 2, Trumbull players hoisted their ace, Chris Drury, to their shoulders after his skillful junk beat Taiwan. descColor., PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA; Picture 3, The Connecticut Yankees didn't take long to solve Lee Chien-Chih's submarine delivery. descColor: Lee Chien-Chih., PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA; Picture 4, San Pedro catcher Ryan Albano put a major league tag on Trumbull's Jason Hairston. descThree color photographs., PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

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5TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

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September 3, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

SECTION: Section 12CN; Page 2, Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk

LENGTH: 1090 words

HEADLINE: THE VIEW FROM: TRUMBULL;
Little League Team That Could Fills a Town With Heroes

BYLINE: By JACK CURRY

BODY:

BEFORE he managed a game this summer, before he ordered a player to bunt and long before his players celebrated their final victory by shaving off his hair, Tom Galla of the Trumbull National Little League All Stars was thinking about winning the Little League World Series.

While filing team papers in a manila envelope before the district tournament, Mr. Galla wrote Trumbull National across the top. He stared at the envelope and thought it looked naked with just the league name. Then he drew an arrow to the words Williamsport, Pa., the site of the Little League World Series. That, Mr. Galla thought, looked better.

''It was silly,'' he said. ''I bet 6,000 other guys did the same thing.''

An American Victory

Fifteen victories later, the idle scribblings became real. Thousands of other coaches might have doodled, but Mr. Galla was the only one whose doodles were correct. Tiny Trumbull National, which carried an underdog label like a charm, became the first American team to win the World Series since 1983 after a 5-2 victory over Kaohsiung, Taiwan, last Saturday.

The 43d World Series was played before more than 40,000 people at Lamade Stadium and a national television audience. The last Connecticut team to accomplish the feat was Windsor Locks in 1965.

The victory is even more stunning when the numbers are analyzed. Roughly 2.5 million children play Little League baseball in 33 countries. It takes about 12,250 games to pare the all-star field down to two teams.

'Somebody Up There'

'You're crazy to think you can win it all,'' said Mr. Galla, a 41-year-old insurance salesman. ''When you talk about the things that happen, it's a minor miracle that we did. Somebody up there has to want you to win.''

In 16 games, Mr. Galla won 14 coin flips to decide the home team. And he said Trumbull had a few breaks by not facing the ace pitcher on some teams because of scheduling. In Little League, he said, the difference between the No. 1 and No. 2 pitcher can be immeasurable. Trumbull's only loss was to Park City of Bridgeport in the double-elimination district tournament.

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(c) 1989 The New York Times, September 3, 1989

Defeating Taiwan added mystique to Trumbull's championship. Powerful Taiwanese teams won the three previous World Series by combined scores of 43-1 and Far Eastern squads captured 18 of the last 22 titles. ''I wasn't in awe of Taiwan like everyone else is,'' Mr. Galla said. ''I had to get that message across to the kids. That's how we were able to beat them. My advice to teams in the future is do not let them intimidate you.''

It was impossible to visit Trumbull last week and not realize that something important had happened. And it was clear that this northern Fairfield County town of 34,000 wanted to embrace its heroes. Posters and banners were all about, honoring the Little League team that could.

'We Are the World'

Some messages borrowed catchy phrases, like '' Trumbull, We Are the World'' and ''Thank You, 1989 Boys of Summer.'' There were creative messages like ''Cody Lee Shovels Our Snow'' and ''Ken Martin Slept Here.'' Cody and Ken were starting players for Trumbull.

Calls lit up the phone lines at Town Hall with offers of banquets and receptions. A visit to the White House was planned. Mickey Mantle even rushed to his restaurant in Manhattan to have lunch with the champions after they appeared on national television programs.

The adulation was so intense a parade for the players' return to town last Sunday was forced to halt at Trumbull Center when hundreds of people blocked the buses to glimpse at the players. ''There wasn't much the Trumbull police could do to keep things moving, short of calling in the National Guard,'' said Mike Hudzik, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, who was driving a lead car in the half-mile-long motorcade that passed 15,000 people.

An estimated 8,000 people packed the bleachers at Trumbull High School later in the evening to cheer for the Little Leaguers and their coaching staff of Mr. Galla, Bob Zullo and Ed Wheeler.

''It was the most unbelievable thing I've ever seen,'' Mr. Galla said. ''Even more so than winning the World Series was coming back and seeing the reception we got. I'm not sure it was the best thing that happened to the kids, though.''

When Mr. Galla talks about how difficult it will be for 15 boys to shoulder the tag ''World Champs,'' his eyes get misty and words come slowly. He is a thin man with a ready smile whose care for players extends beyond the baseball diamond. Mr. Galla said he would have let the players shave his head even if they had lost. It would have diverted attention from a defeat, he said.

But Mr. Galla, whose son, David, was the starting second baseman, is worried about the transition the boys face. School begins in two days. How do you control a 12-year-old whose picture has been seen in many newspapers and on so many television screens?

At the rally, Mr. Galla addressed the issue. ''I asked the people for a favor,'' Mr. Galla recalled. ''I reminded them that these are 12-year-olds, and it's going to be tough for them. Be happy for them, be excited for them and let them go back to being normal kids.''

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(c) 1989 The New York Times, September 3, 1989

Alexander Rauso, a former Trumbull Little League manager who said he was happy for the team, wondered how easy it would be. ''In sports, you're on top of the world today and you're down tomorrow,'' Mr. Rauso said. ''There are much more important values in life. Kids should have fun. It could be very detrimental. Once you win, what's next?''

The question nags at Mr. Galla, who realizes that he bears a responsibility for assuring that life will go on for his famous team. Even though Mr. Galla is retiring from coaching to become an umpire, he plans to monitor the players.

''Next year worries me,'' Mr. Galla said. ''Everyone expects these kids to win. I think I'm going to have to be the bad guy one more time - get tough with them and tell them the way it has to be.''

As the players grow and mature, the memories of the World Series will probably linger. It is an event that is bound to be discussed in a decade, from Trumbull to Taiwan. But especially in Trumbull.

Before the World Series, Mr. Galla mentioned Williamsport to his players once. He had written it on an envelope and felt it was proper to share his thoughts.

''It never occurred to some of them why we were working so hard, so I told them,'' he said. ''I told them that I wanted to become the World Champs. They were a special group of kids and I wanted everyone to feel like me. I guess they did.''

GRAPHIC: Photo of the Trumbull National Little League All-Star baseball team; team members with Mickey Mantle at his Manhattan restaurant (NYT/Don Hogan Charles)

SUBJECT: BASEBALL

ORGANIZATION: LITTLE LEAGUE

NAME: CURRY, JACK

GEOGRAPHIC: TRUMBULL (CONN)

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12TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright (c) 1989 Chicago Tribune Company;
Chicago Tribune

August 30, 1989, Wednesday, NORTH SPORTS FINAL EDITION

SECTION: EDITORIAL; Pg. 14; ZONE: C

LENGTH: 265 words

HEADLINE: In a matter of honor, Trumbull wins

BODY:

The good thing about the Little League World Series is that they take the "world" part semi-seriously - unlike the Big League World Series, which presumes that the world ends after Toronto and Montreal.

The bad thing is that the United States doesn't win near as many Little League World Series these days as it does Big League World Series. In fact, up until last Saturday, the Americans - whose ancestors not only invented baseball, but also made a religion of it - had not vanquished foreign pretenders to the cherished crown since 1983.

And that continuing humiliation was imposed in spite of our having the good sense to give ourselves an edge by putting four U.S. teams in the eight-team annual tournament at Williamsport, Pa. Some edge. The last decade has been dominated by an assiduously cultivated baseball dynasty in Taiwan, which has produced a run of teams that have looked capable of at least holding their own in the American League East.

But a 5-foot, 1 1/2 -inch, 126-pound right-handed pitcher named Chris Drury, who throws junk - a curve, change-up and knuckleball - and his bunch of Little League All-Stars from Trumbull, a Connecticut city of 35,000, have put an end to that.

After knocking off Davenport, Iowa, and San Pedro, Calif., the Trumbull kids went into the final game of the 43d Little League World Series against Taiwan, which was after its fourth straight championship. But Trumbull wanted it bad. And they won 5-2.

"These guys don't know how to lose," their manager said. "They didn't care who they were playing." Sound familiar, Cubs?

TERMS: BASEBALL; AMATEUR

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13TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Proprietary to the United Press International 1989

August 30, 1989, Wednesday, BC cycle

SECTION: Sports News

LENGTH: 120 words

HEADLINE: Baseball Central

DATELINE: NEW YORK

KEYWORD: Bb-Central

BODY:

The New York Yankees announced Wednesday they are bringing up six players from Triple-A Columbus to report Sept. 2, after the end of the International League season.

Called up will be left-handed pitcher Kevin Mmahat, right-hander Dale Mohorcic, and outfielders Deion Sanders and Hal Morris. The Yankees also are purchasing the contracts of catcher Brian Dorsett and right-hander Jimmy Jones.

... The crowd at Yankee Stadium observed a pre-game moment of silence in tribute to former Yankee first baseman Joe Collins, who died Wednesday.

... The Yankees will honor the Little League World Champion team from Trumbull, Conn., with dinner and a pre-game ceremony before Friday's game against the California Angels.

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14TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

The Associated Press

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August 28, 1989, Monday, PM cycle

SECTION: Sports News

LENGTH: 568 words

BYLINE: By LARRY ROSENTHAL, Associated Press Writer

DATELINE: TRUMBULL, Conn.

KEYWORD: BBO--LL-World Series

BODY:

Even as thousands cheered his world champion Little League team, Manager Tom Galla was trying to prepare his young ballplayers to be kids again.

In a teary-eyed plea to the more than 6,000 people who turned out for a victory celebration Sunday night, Galla asked: "Please be kind to them. Help them get back down to earth - because it won't be easy."

Earlier, after the Trumbull Little League All-Stars were driven through town in a motorcade that also attracted thousands, Galla spoke both of the exhilaration of winning and his strong desire to make sure his boys return to normal lives.

"We have to tell them not to be cocky ... to be kids again," Galla said. "This doesn't mean a darn thing come a week from now."

Galla also said he feared the triumphant Little Leaguers would encounter resentment from some kids jealous of the attention they had received. "Everybody is not happy for us," he said.

For Galla, who led his team to a 5-2 victory Saturday over Taiwan to capture the 43rd Little League World Series, the championship game also marked his last appearance as a Little League manager. Next year, the insurance salesman wants to try his hand at umpiring.

Throngs of people at times engulfed the two buses that carried the team into town, forcing a halt to an already slow procession that lasted more than 90 minutes. The motorcade route took the Little Leaguers past the field where they began their long journey to Williamsport, Pa.

All over this town of 34,000, signs and yellow and green bunting were hung hailing the new world champions.

Trumbull is the first American team to win the title since Marietta, Ga., in 1983. A Connecticut team last made the finals in 1965, when Windsor Locks defeated Stoney Creek, Ontario 3-1.

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Taiwanese teams had won the previous three Little League World Series championships by a combined 42-1 score.

Leading Trumbull were Chris Drury, who pitched a five-hitter and drove in two runs with a bases-loaded single, and Ken Martin, a 5-foot-10 first baseman, who homered and drove in three runs.

The crowd cheered wildly as the 15 team members and their coaches and manager rode onto the high school football field in 12 convertibles and made one pass around the track.

For those who came to join in the celebration, there was only a feeling of deep pride in the kids and their coaches, and the way the game of Little League baseball is played.

"This is a big happening in Trumbull. They really put us on the map," said Barbara Jose, who arrived at the field more than an hour early. "I really proud of the little guys."

Charline and Ted Grafton came from the town of Newtown, 12 miles away, because they said they saw in the boys the true meaning of sportsmanship.

"They're just so much more pleasurable to watch than a professional team because their hearts are in it," said Charline. "They're just such good sports. We wanted to share in that and see the real thing."

For one player on the Trumbull team, the excitement was tinged with sadness. Left fielder Dan McGrath will have to return home with his family to Australia in December after a four-year stay in the United States.

But McGrath, who said he would have liked to stay in the United States for at least another two years, said he will always remember his trip to Williamsport, Pa. and the night he was cheered by thousands. "It made me feel like someone special," he said.

Quote

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18TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright (c) 1989 The New York Times Company;
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August 28, 1989, Monday, Late Edition - Final

SECTION: Section B; Page 4, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

LENGTH: 613 words

HEADLINE: Little Heroes Put Their Town on the World (Series) Map

BYLINE: Special to The New York Times

DATELINE: TRUMBULL, Conn., Aug. 27

BODY:

To Harold Jensen Sr. it was ''unbelievable, just unbelievable,'' even more so, he said, than when his son, Harold Jr. led Villanova to an upset victory over Georgetown in the final of the National Collegiate Athletic Association basketball championship in 1985.

What evoked that response by Mr. Jensen and thousands of other residents of this northwestern Fairfield County town of 35,000 and surrounding communities late this afternoon was the triumphant welcome home accorded the Trumbull National League All Stars who won the Little League World Series defeating the Taiwanese champions on Saturday.

It was the first time a Connecticut team had won the Little League championship since 1965 and the victory was all the more sweet since the Taiwanese have dominated the tournament for over a decade and had won the last three titles.

The victorious Trumbull Little Leaguers - which had been given virtually no chance of winning the World Series - were greeted by a huge yellow banner across White Plains Road, reading, ''The Trumbull Chamber of Commerce welcomes the Trumbull National League World Champions. ''

Thereafter, they saw scores of banners, bunting and hundreds of balloons in what many longtime residents said was largest such demonstration of communal affection ever in this town. Later in the evening a crowd of about 8,000 turned out for a rally at the Trumbull High School football stadium.

'This Is Incredible'

'This is just great. I've never seen so many people together at one time in Trumbull, '' said Chris Drury, who pitched a five-hitter and knocked in two runs as Trumbull beat Kaohsiung, Taiwan 5-2 Saturday in the 43d Little League championship. In fact, the 12-year-old Drury had appeared in front of far more people yesterday - a crowd of 40,000 at the championship game.

The Trumbull manager, Tom Galla, who rode in a convertible with the team's three coaches, said of the reception, ''We expected to come home to a big turnout, but we never expected anything like this, this is incredible.''

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(c) 1989 The New York Times, August 28, 1989

Lined up 10-deep and more along White Plains Road, the town's major shopping thoroughfare, people cheered wildly as a motorcade including two buses carrying the Trumbull Little Leaguers passed by. The buses had transported the players, their coaches and many of the players' parents from La Guardia Airport, where they had been flown on a chartered jet piloted by the father of one of the players.

Many in the crowd were distressed that they could not see the players, who were hidden by tinted bus windows.

A longtime resident, Alfred LeDonne, accompanied by his wife, Lillian, said: ''A lot of people don't even known where Trumbull is - even Connecticut people, but I think they'll know after this. I think what these kids did is going to put Trumbull on the map.''

While Trumbull traditionally produces outstanding high school sports teams, including a number of state champions in football, its Little League all star squads had never even won a state title.

But this year's team, comprised of the best players in one of the town's two Little Leagues, not only captured the district and state championships, but also the national title and then Saturday, in a stunning upset, ended Taiwan's three-year reign as the World Series champions.

''You could see that these kids were something special over the last few years,'' said Tim Quinn, the ''morning man'' for WICC-AM radio in Bridgeport, who has been a Little League coach for years.

Trumbull, regarded by many as the weakest of the eight regional champions to qualify for the Little League World Series, is the first American team to win the title since Marietta, Ga. in 1983.

GRAPHIC: Map of Connecticut showing location of Trumbull (NYT)

SUBJECT: BASEBALL

ORGANIZATION: LITTLE LEAGUE; TRUMBULL NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL STARS

GEOGRAPHIC: TRUMBULL (CONN); TAIWAN

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19TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

Copyright (c) 1989 The New York Times Company;
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August 28, 1989, Monday, Late Edition - Final

SECTION: Section B; Page 1, Column 2; Metropolitan Desk

HEADLINE: Connecticut Town Welcomes Its Little League World Champions

GRAPHIC: Area residents prepared for the arrival of the Trumbull National League All Stars yesterday after they beat a Taiwanese team to win the Little League World Series on Saturday. It was the first time a Connecticut team had won the Little League championship since 1965. Page B4. (NYT/G. Paul Burnett)

TYPE: Caption

SUBJECT: BASEBALL

ORGANIZATION: LITTLE LEAGUE; TRUMBULL NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL STARS

GEOGRAPHIC: TRUMBULL (CONN); TAIWAN

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20TH STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

The Associated Press

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August 27, 1989, Sunday, AM cycle

SECTION: Sports News

LENGTH: 474 words

BYLINE: By DAVID S. MARTIN, Associated Press Writer

DATELINE: WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.

KEYWORD: BBO--LL-World Series

BODY:

Triumphant Little Leaguers from a Connecticut suburb started home in style Sunday from their field of dreams, the first U.S. team in six years to win the Little League World Series.

Players, parents and fans from Trumbull, Conn., flew in a chartered Trump Shuttle jet from Lycoming County Airport to New York's LaGuardia Airport.

Trumbull defeated Kaohsiung, Taiwan, 5-2 Saturday in the 43rd Little League World Series championship. The victory ended a U.S. drought in the title game dating back to 1983 when Marietta, Ga., defeated a Dominican team.

Trumbull manager Tom Galla said that during the championship he kept repeating, "Are we going to wake up? Is this for real?"

With the final out, car horns began blaring in Trumbull, a usually quiet suburb of Bridgeport, Conn., said Genevieve Molgard, co-owner of the Kimberly Inn on Trumbull's main street.

"It was great. There were tears. The emotion was unbelievable," Molgard said. "The whole town was jumping with joy."

Banners congratulating the Little Leaguers adorned most businesses and some homes Sunday in Trumbull, a town of 34,000 on Long Island Sound, Molgard said.

Yellow streamers hung from several homes and a few mailboxes had plastic bats as flags, she added.

A banner headline across the top of Sunday's Bridgeport Post exulted, " Trumbull Wins!"

Friends of the team, including a number of Trump Shuttle employees, chartered the Trump Shuttle 727, said Joan Fudala, a spokeswoman for the airline. The jet, which had about 95 people aboard, landed at 2 p.m., she said.

Ken Paul, a Trump Shuttle pilot and father of pitcher and right fielder Andy Paul, said Saturday he planned to co-pilot the flight from the airport in

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Montoursville, near Williamsport.

A rally was scheduled for the team at the Trumbull High School football field, beginning at 8 p.m.

"We've seen all these kids grow up," the elder Paul said. "A few years ago, these kids weren't even very good wiffle ball players."

Trumbull reached the Little League World Series by winning the Eastern Regional tournament for local 11- and 12-year-old all-star teams. It reached the title game by defeating Central and Western regional champions from Davenport, Iowa, and San Pedro, Calif.

Against Kaohsiung, Chris Drury pitched a five-hitter and Ken Martin homered and drove in three runs.

After Trumbull fell behind 1-0, Martin lined a bases-loaded, two-run single in the third inning.

Drury's bases-loaded single in the fourth drove in two more runs.

After Kaohsiung scored a run in the top of the fifth, Martin answered with a leadoff homer for Trumbull's final run.

Taiwanese teams had won the previous three Little League World Series championships by a combined 42-1 score. Seoul, Korea, won the title in 1984 and 1985. Far Eastern teams had won 18 of the previous 22 World Series championships.

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21ST STORY of Level 1 printed in FULL format.

The Associated Press

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August 27, 1989, Sunday, AM cycle

SECTION: Sports News

LENGTH: 627 words

BYLINE: By LARRY ROSENTHAL, Associated Press Writer

DATELINE: TRUMBULL, Conn.

KEYWORD: BBO-- Trumbull Celebration

BODY:

Thousands of people lined a motorcade route and then packed bleachers at a high school football field on Sunday to provide a hero's welcome to 15 weary boys who won the Little League World Series for their hometown and country.

Throngs of people at times engulfed the two buses carrying the Trumbull Little League All-Stars into town, forcing a halt to an already slow procession that lasted more than 90 minutes. The motorcade route took the Little Leaguers past the field where they began their long journey to Williamsport, Pa.

All over this town of 34,000, signs and yellow and green bunting were hung hailing the new world champions, who defeated Taiwan 5-2 on Saturday in the 43rd Little League World Series championship. Trumbull is the first U.S. team to win the title since Marietta, Ga., in 1983.

The highlight of the day's celebrations came at 8:15 p.m. when the players and their coaches rode onto the Trumbull High School football field in 12 convertibles and made one pass around the track to the cheers of a crowd estimated by police at more than 6,000.

Two of the boys had a large American flag draped across their backs.

The bleachers on both sides of the field were filled to capacity, and more than a thousand other well-wishers stood along fences. The Connecticut Hurricanes, a senior drum and bugle corps, provided a musical backdrop as the boys and their coaches ran through a set of goal posts and lineup of cheerleaders and onto the field.

Coach Tom Galla, whose team played its championship game before 40,000, admitted to a touch of the butterflies as he addressed the crowd. Galla said he had both goose bumps and tears in his eyes twice in the past two days - the first time when the crowd started chanting "U-S-A" at Williamsport, the second time when he saw the thousands who turned out to greet the team.

After praising his ballplayers, Galla asked the people of Trumbull to help the youths to get over the hoopla and return to their normal lives.

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"Please be kind to them. Help them get back down to earth. Because it won't be easy," Galla said.

Earler, Galla had said he would bring his players together for one final talk to put the victory in perspective.

"I think we have to tell them they have to get back to their normal routine," he said. "This isn't going to pay their bills. This isn't going to put them in the major leagues.

"We have to tell them not to be cocky ... to be kids again. This doesn't mean a darn thing come a week from now," said Galla, who plans next year to try his hand at umpiring instead of coaching.

For those who came to join in the celebration, there was only a feeling of deep pride in the players and coaches, and the way the game of Little League is played.

"This is a big happening in Trumbull. They really put us on the map," said Barbara Jose, who arrived at the ballfield more than an hour early. "I'm really proud of the little guys."

Charline and Ted Grafton came from Newtown, 12 miles away, because they said they saw the true meaning of sportsmanship in the boys.

"They're just so much more pleasurable to watch than a professional team because their hearts are in it," Charline Grafton said. "They're just such good sports. We wanted to share in that and see the real thing."

For one player on the Trumbull team, the excitement was mixed with a bit of sadness. Left fielder Dan McGrath will have to return with his family to their native country, Australia, in December, after a four-year stay in the United States.

But McGrath, who said he would have liked to stay in the United States for at least another two years, said he will always remember his trip to Williamsport and the night he was cheered by thousands.

"It made me feel like someone special," he said.

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(Smith/Blessey)
Draft One
October 3, 1989
CONN

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: LITTLE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1989

Congressman __, Coach Galla, Ladies and gentlemen, Little League players and staff, Fellow fans.

It is a pleasure for me to welcome you to the White House. For although the World Series starts tonight, I think the world champion baseball team that our country is most proud of is here with us today.

That team, of course, is Trumbull, Connecticut. Little League world champions. And whose amazing triumph propeled these kids, head-first, into the sports heart of America.

You know, Casey Stengel once asked of the early-1960s New York Mets, "Can't anybody here play this game?" // Sadly for his then-hapless team, almost no one could. //

Well, in 1989 Trumbull emphatically could, and did, play this game. And in this special year for Little League -- the 50th anniversary of the world's largest organized youth sports program -- your special team brought the title back to where Little League began.

It was special because of self-discipline and hard work -- helping Trumbull become the first U.S. team in six years to win the Little League World Series. And its feeling of sportsmanship

-- kids scrapping and competing, then shaking hands after the final out.

It was special -- this Trumbull team -- because it kept its eye on the ball. // Sort of like when one of my grandkids told me he wants to be a baseball player when he grows up. I asked him why. He said, "Because politicians don't get their pictures on bubble-gum cards." //

But most of all, Trumbull was -- is -- special because of a feeling of family -- fathers and daughters, mothers and sons. Kids of all ages, banding together. Like when more than 15,000 people jammed the streets of Trumbull to welcome the new world champions back home.

They were there, yes, to cheer your triumph. But also your learning the lessons of Little League. Lessons like friendship and generosity. Like "Do unto others" and doing your best. Lessons which go beyond balls and strikes. And which have made Little League a global institution.

This year more than 2,500,000 players in 33 Nations played Little League ball -- they know those lessons. So do their 750,000 adult volunteers. And so, if I might add, do past Little Leaguers. On a personal note, my four boys played it. I coached it. And Barbara -- back then there were tens of thousands of Texas kids in Little League. And as I've often said: There were times when I thought Barbara Bush was car-pooling them all. //

So I know your pride. And the pride we take in you. A Chris Drury, for instance, beating Taiwan to win the championship game.

Or Dan McGrath, squeezing that final out as 40,000 people roared in disbelief. As did the entire Nation. Then, there's Andy Paul. Andy, I called Cape Canaveral this morning about your homer against Davenport, Iowa. // They tell me it's somewhere in orbit between Williamsport and Harrisburg. // Or Don Galla, Ken Martin, and Cody Lee -- yes, all 15 players.

And don't worry. I'm not forgetting assistant coaches Bob Zullo and Ed Wheeler. Or the man who led the way. I've heard some people say Frank Robinson and Don Zimmer should be named Manager of the Year. Well, there should be a recount if Tom Galla's not right up there in contention.

What memories you've given us. And what memories you'll cherish. Of great heart, and great plays. Or that crowd cheering, "U.S.A., U.S.A." at Williamsport. And of the spirit which says that nothing is impossible. In Little League. Or in the bigger fields of life.

I began by noting that this marks the 50th anniversary of Little League. But it's also another anniversary. And I'd like to close by noting it. For it concerns, if you will, a hero of mine. And also, as they come to know his story, I hope of Trumbull's kids as well.

His name was Lou Gehrig. He was a Hall of Fame first baseman in the 1920s and '30s. But more than that, he was a good and decent man about whom a teammate said, 'Every day, any day, he just went out and did his job.' Fifty years ago, Lou Gehrig was stricken by a form of paralysis which now bears his name.

Even so, he told the crowd at Yankee Stadium, 'I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth.'

This story has become an American parable -- what an example for these kids. But less known is what Lou Gehrig did after he left the Yankees. Dying, weaker by the day, he could barely move his body. But he loved and wanted to counsel children. And so he spent much of the last two years of his life as a parole commissioner for the City of New York. They called him the Iron Horse, the Pride of the Yankees. Yes, Lou Gehrig was a hero.

Lou Gehrig showed -- like Little League -- that what matters is how we conduct ourselves off as well as on the field. You kids here are proof of that. So let me again congratulate Trumbull, Connecticut. You truly are Number One.

And now, let me conclude with a presentation.

Earlier this summer, the U.S. Post Office issued a special stamp to honor Lou Gehrig on the 50th anniversary of his retirement from baseball. This inscribed picture of Lou commemorates that stamp. And I'd like to give it to Howard Talbott, Director of the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown. Howard, I hope it will inspire kids of every age. And show how by building courage and character, baseball -- and Little League -- can belt a grand-slam home run.

Tom Galla, as Trumbull coach, will you help present this picture? And to all of you, thank you for coming to the White House, God bless you, and God bless America.

# # # #

FAX COVER SHEET

Congressman Christopher Shays
1531 Longworth Building
Washington, D.C. 20515
202/225-5541

TO: Stephanie Blessie

RE: Trumbull

PAGES: 11 **(including cover sheet)**

CONTACT: Julie

PAGE.002

The Trumbull Times

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Little Le[illegible]ue mania strikes; 'Stars' advance

WASHINGTON DC 20515
FROM CONGRESSMAN CHET EDWARDS
1530 LONGWORTH HOB

The Trumbull National All-Star baseball team will play for the championship of the United States, and a berth in the Little League World Series finals, today at 2 p.m. in Williamsport, Pa. Team members (front row l-r) are: **Chris Fasano, Todd Halky, Dave Galla, Jason Hairston, Cody Lee, Paul Coniglio, Matt Sewell** and Harlen Marks; (back row) Manager Tom Galig, Dan McGrath, Matt Ilacstura, Andy Paul, Ken Martin, Dan Brown, Chris Kelly, Chris Drury and Coach Bob Zullo. Missing from photo is assistant coach Ed Wheeler.

ESPN will telecast today's game at 7 p.m.; a win advances team to Saturday final

By BILL BLOXSOM

The Trumbull National All-Stars on Tuesday advanced to the United States championship with a thrilling 4-3 victory over Davenport, Iowa, at Lamade Stadium in Williamsport, Pa.

The locals now advance to the final four in the world and are very much alive in the hunt to become the first U.S. team to earn the world title since 1983. The championship game will be [illegible]day. But first the locals will have to win one more game, scheduled for today at 2 p.m. versus the winner of the San Pedro, Calif., — Tampa, Fla., regional winners. The game will be broadcast nationally on tape delay at 7 p.m. this evening on ESPN, a sports cable channel.

If Trumbull wins today, it will be one win away from the championship.

In previous games, Trumbull had advanced behind the power in the middle of their order. In game against the Central Regional champions, however, Trumbull received a charge out of the bottom of its order.

With the Eastern Regional titleholders leading 3-2 in the fifth, Dave Galla and Jason Hairston, defensive standouts, keyed a rally that posed the needed insurance run. Previously, Andy Paul had hit a tie-breaking home run to deep right-center to give Trumbull its slender 3-2 lead.

In the fifth inning rally, Cody Lee worked a bases loaded walk, scoring Galla to increase the locals' margin to 4-2. Davenport closed to within one run by scoring in the bottom of the fifth. But Chris Drury, who allowed only four hits, retired the side in order in the sixth to earn the victory.

Trumbull, which scored two runs without a hit in the second, saw Davenport rally to tie the game in the bottom of the fourth.

In the first round game on Tuesday, Taiwan upended Saudi Arabia 9-4 to advance to the [illegible] national championship game. Taiwan will meet the Toronto/Venezuela winner at 5 p.m. today.

The finals are set for 4 p.m. on Saturday and will be broadcast on the Wide World of Sports (ABC-TV).

OCT 3 '89 11:44 FROM SHAYS/WASHINGTON

PAGE.003
'OCT '3 '89 11:45 FROM SHAYS/WASHINGTON

August 1989 will go down as 'month to remember'

By BILL BLOXSOM

There will be other days. But they won't replace the dog days of August for 15 Trumbull National Little League players, their coaches and a legion of fans.

There will be other fields. But they won't replace Breen Field in Bristol. Sometime in the future, members of the Connecticut and Eastern Regional championship team will drive up Rte. 6, take a left at Dunkin Donuts and pull into the Edgewood Little League complex. A game might be underway, but that won't matter. The memories will be true.

Paced by an awesome offensive attack up and down the lineup, Trumbull became the first team in the state to win the Eastern title since Stamford in 1981.

Now they have an opportunity to become the first team from the United States to capture the Little League World Series title since 1983, when Marietta, Ga. turned the trick.

When the eight teams opened up play Tuesday afternoon in Williamsport, Pa., they were celebrating 50 years of Little League baseball. None have been sweeter for local fans.

When the Eastern Regionals began on Aug. 15, Trumbull was still basking in its march through Connecticut en route to the state championship.

After losing one in the District II tournament, the locals have been unbeaten. But only the most partisan of faithful could have predicted how dominating Trumbull would be in the Regionals.

Vermont was the first to fall. Paced by shortstop Dan Brown's three-for-four performance, the National's pounded out 18 hits in coasting to a 17-3 victory.

Showing a different edge to their sword, Trumbull edged New Hampshire 1-0 as Andy Paul fired a one-hitter, walking one and striking out 10.

Chris Drury had given the locals its only run in the first with a leadoff double. The stellar catcher/pitcher crossed the plate on consecutive wild pitches. Paul, with an outstanding defense behind him, made that early tally stand up.

In the semi-finals, Trumbull met Cherry Hill, N.J. The American Division All-Stars were considered pre-tourney favorites by many.

Cherry Hill rallied from a 4-0 deficit in the bottom of the first, with Todd Groves drilling a three-run homer. That brought about thoughts of a competitive game. It wasn't to be.

After Jason Hairston singled in the top of the second, Drury, in a prelude of what was to come, hit a rifle shot to right-center to put Trumbull in front 6-3. How hard was the ball hit? If you looked up at the crack of the bat, it would have been too late to see the ball leaving the ballyard.

After hammering out five home runs in the top of the fourth, Trumbull had tallied nine times to take a 15-3 advantage over the home-standing team in red.

The inning was marked forever by back-to-back-to-back-to-back home runs.

Matt Basztura ignited the explosion with a first pitch roundtripper to deep left. Ken Martin followed with a Ruthian-like blast over the scoreboard in center. A pitching change allowed the 3,000 people on hand to gather themselves and refind their seats.

Paul greeted the relief pitcher with a home run to deep left. Brown followed with another tater over the fence in left. The Eastern Regional record string of homers left the crowd breathless.

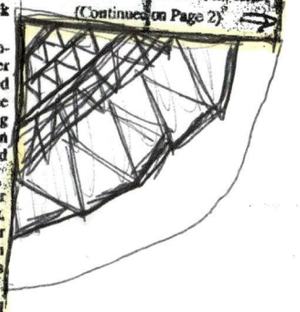
Chris Kelly reached on an infield error. After a force play, Hairston walked and Drury singled. One out later, Basztura was hit by a pitch and Martin stepped to the plate.

Jason Kurtz threw a pitch [illegible] sending Martin [illegible] sprawling. "11", 130 pound [illegible] baseball fight up and [illegible] the next [illegible] downtown [illegible] record [illegible] homers in one [illegible] grand slam.

The rivals split [illegible] runs over the [illegible] Trumbull [illegible] advanced to the [illegible] Brandywine from Wilmington, Del., would be their opponents. They had dispatched Woonsocket, R.I., 9-5 earlier in the day.

Delaware scored twice in the top of the first. With two outs, an error

(Continued on Page 2)



Trumbull

Continued from Page C1

awards for accomplishments not measured in the box score.

Mike Reed lost his right leg in a July 4 hayride accident when he was 5 years old, but has become adept enough with an artificial leg to play first base and outfield in the Vero Beach, Fla., Little League.

Reed and three other youngsters received six-foot wooden bats as the national Good Sport award winners during two hours of festivities before the World Series championship game.

Mike said he didn't expect the honor.

"I was surprised because I didn't even know this award existed," added the 4-foot-7, 66-pound 10-year-old who admires Los Angeles Dodgers star Kirk Gibson and wants to play professional baseball someday.

Good Sport awards, given for the first time, commemorate the 50th anniversary of Little League Baseball.

In an interview yesterday morning, Mike, a singles hitter on a last-place team, said his only long hit of the season was caught by the opposing outfield. That hasn't diminished his love for the game.

A profile of Mike submitted by Little League's Indian River Co. American League President Georgia Hrusovsky described Mike as a youngster who doesn't get discouraged.

Other winners of the award:

— Julian Garrett, a 12-year-old from Winslow, Maine, who accomplished his goal of playing for a local Little League team despite suffering from Cerebral Palsy.

— Sean Wright, a 11-year-old second baseman and shortstop from Festus, Mo., who "epitomizes the ideals of Little League Baseball," according to Robert Hoffman, president of Twin City Little League.

— Andrew Heidergott, a 12-year-old from Bellevue, Wash., described by league president Mary Jo Beeman as "a good sport regardless of the outcome."

Team and coaches are 'in awe of it all'

By RICK MENNING

Special to the *Times*

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.—"The kids are in awe of this place and, as a matter of fact, so are we."

Trumbull National All-Stars Manager Tom Galla didn't need too many words to describe his team's first impression on arrival into Williamsport last Sunday.

Nestled in the Susquehanna Valley amidst the picturesque Allegheny Mountains, Williamsport is "something else" to this very special group of 11- and 12-year-olds from southern Connecticut.

Each summer, the normal lifestyle in this tradition-rich community divided by the twisting Susquehanna River is replaced by pomp and pageantry, as eight teams from around the world get the red carpet treatment.

The Trumbull National team, which won the East Regional for a berth in the Little League World Series, is clearly among the elite of youth baseball as there are 7,000 chartered Little League programs in 33 countries; yet, only eight teams survive the more than 20,000 tournament games along the road to Williamsport.

Although thrilled that his players have had the opportunity to experience the "incredible feeling" of playing in front of 10,000 fans—as Trumbull National did Tuesday against Davenport, Iowa—Galla hopes his team does not get caught up in the atmosphere.

"There is so much to do with all the events and activities that the kids' minds can easily stray from the reason we're here, and that is to play baseball and, hopefully, win." Galla said during an interview inside the Little League Village where the teams stay.

And while he doesn't mind the kids having fun and enjoying themselves, he wants them to also be aware of the opportunity to be the best they can be as young and aspiring athletes.

"They have all the qualities of a champion," Galla said in describing the Trumbull team. "There are no individuals, just role players who have confidence in their abilities.

"We are very, very proud of them," added Ken Paul,

(Continued on Page 19)

Team stands in awe —

(Continued from Page 1)

father of team member Andy Paul, who spoke on behalf of several hundred supporters—including family and friends—who donned special "Trumbull National: Eastern Regional Champions, 1989' gold shirts to celebrate this special occasion.

"They are all quiet and confident kids who are very polite and reserved," Paul noted. "They didn't come here with a cocky or brash attitude—they just want to go out and get the job done."

An extremely difficult task in itself, winning the world championship becomes even tougher with the distraction of thousands of fans reveling in a continual week-long celebration.

Local newspapers and television stations highlight the Series games with extensive coverage, and Little League posters and pennants are on every street corner.

In an attempt to avoid all the media hype, Galla said he has not read any of the newspapers—or even watched a tape of the ESPN East Region Final—for fear of getting caught up in all the excitement himself.

"This is Williamsport at its absolute best," said Steve Keener, public relations director of Little League Baseball Inc.

The quaint town amidst the rolling mountainside shows its age in many places. Yet its historic significance overshadows those areas that provide visitors with an idea of how Williamsport must have looked when the first Little League World Series was played here back in 1947.

The Little League stadium itself is new and vibrant (a new electronic scoreboard attests to the "modernization" trend), as evidence by the sprawling three-story, newly-expanded headquarters building and the multi-million-dollar Little League Museum next to the village.

Standing next to one of the hundreds of oak trees that give the village its campsite appearance, Galla looked down at the famous Lamade Stadium diamond.

"This is what it's all about,' he concluded.

Blending fun with hard work, Trumbull National hopes to make its visit to Williamsport a very memorable one.

PAGE.005
OCT 3 '89 11:47 FROM SHAYS/WASHINGTON

Greenwich Time Sat. Aug 26, 1989

'It's just been so exciting'

Trumbull in a Little League frenzy

By Janet Gramza
Staff Writer

TRUMBULL — Many of the wn Hall offices were empty along th the parks, playgrounds and ols. For a town in the midst of its ost historic event in recent memo- Trumbull seemed practically de- ted yesterday.

But according to those who stayed hind, that was because many resi- nts had either left for William- ort, Pa., to see their team play in e Little League World Series cham- onship game today, or were busy anning a celebration to mark the am's return tomorrow.

"Where are all the kids in town? ey're probably all down at Wil- msport," said Lacy Peck, a sec- tary at Curtiss, Crandon & Moffette Insurance, the firm where the Trumbull Little League All-Star team's coach and manager Tom Galla is vice president.

"There are a lot of parents and kids there already — over 200 families, I hear," Peck said. "In this office we've been arranging a parade for when the team comes home. I mean, this town is into it."

This town of about 34,000 just north of Bridgeport has always been into local sports, residents say. But it got into Little League in a big way last week, when Trumbull's national division All-Star Little League team beat the team from Brandywine, Del., to win the Eastern regional championship.

Since then, excitement in the town has built ever higher as the team went on to win the first round of the series Tuesday and the semi-final game against San Pedro, Calif., on Thursday. Tomorrow, they play Kauhsiung, Taiwan, in the World Series final.

"The publicity really started around here when they were ready to win the state championship, and people dug in the archives and found that, to the best of anyone's knowledge, Trumbull had never even won a state championship," said Jim Hliva, the town's finance director and a Little League coach himself.

"I haven't done any work today," he added yesterday. "It's just been so exciting."

Hliva, who had driven a total of 10 hours with his two children to

Please turn to TRUMBULL, Page A4

STAFF PHOTO BY TOM RYAN

Trumbull First Selectman Morag Vance holds a baseball she threw out on opening day of Little League season.

■ Continued from Page A1

watch the team become national champions the day before, was among those planning to head out again to Williamsport early today.

So was First Selectman Morag L. Vance, who spent a few minutes yesterday basking in her own contribution to the team's success. Vance held up a regulation Little League baseball she keeps on the shelf in her office and smiled as she tossed it gently into the air.

"Jim (Hliva) just came in and pointed out that this ball was the first ball thrown to start the Little League season this year — and I threw it," she said. "This was the beginning."

Vance said she also would drive to Williamsport today to join several hundred families who have formed their own cheering section, marked by bright yellow T-shirts. Many other Trumbull residents were reportedly heading to Williamsport last night, bearing sleeping bags in case they couldn't find hotel rooms.

While Peck had helped organize a parade featuring a marching band and antique cars down Unity Street to Trumbull High School at 8 p.m. tomorrow night, Vance was trying to arrange for the team to be greeted immediately upon its return.

Yesterday evening, she was still awaiting confirmation that Donald Trump had donated plane trips into LaGuardia Airport for the team, which went to Williamsport by bus.

"We're planning a royal welcome," she said. "We are just so proud of the kids. With something like 15,000 Little League teams in the country, to have our team be the best in the United States is such a compliment to the kids, the coaches and the families."

Hliva said that as a Little League coach, he was impressed by the team's performance on and off the field.

"I'm amazed to see 12-year-old kids having big lenses from ESPN shoved in their faces and calmly answering questions, and being on the field in front of 19,000 people," he said. "At that age I probably would have been hiding in a corner."

Like most of the team's supporters, Hliva was confident the team would win the World Series. Of those interviewed yesterday, only one was not so sure.

"I don't know," said Walter Downey, shaking his head as he shared a bench outside the local Stop & Shop with two of his fellow retirees. "These little Chinese kids, they're playing tough."

Downey, a former Stamford resident who moved to Trumbull five years ago, was shouted down by Louis Cesero and independent first-selectman candidate Charlie Sweeney, who said his playing rights had been owned by the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1940s but never played.

"These kids are so far ahead of most 11- and 12-year-olds in the fundamentals of baseball that it's phenomenal," Sweeney said of the Trumbull team. "I enjoy watching them more than the Yankees.

"In plain English, they are the champions of the United States of America," he added. "This is the greatest thing that ever happened to Trumbull."

PAGE.006
OCT 3 '89 11:49 FROM SHAYS/WASHINGTON

Greenwich Time Sun Aug 27 198

Giants of the little diamond

Trumbull Little League All-Stars new world champions

AP PHOTO

Pitcher Chris Drury exalts after Trumbull beat Taiwan in yesterday's Little League Championship game in Williamsport, Pa.

Associated Press

TRUMBULL — The catcher is a cut-up nicknamed "Gomer," the pitching ace is also a hockey star and the left fielder is an Australian who will be back down under before long. No wonder the manager says he's more nervous than the 12-year-olds he coaches.

But the Trumbull Little League All-Stars are the world's best team on the little diamond this summer, and to some in this town of 34,000, it's no surprise.

"This is a three-year dream," said Ed Wheeler, a carpenter who pitches during batting practice for the team. "Three years ago we said this team could go to Williamsport. And then when it finally happened, we didn't believe it."

They made it to the Little League World Series in Williamsport by knocking out the Vermont, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Delaware champions, and made it to Saturday's final against Kaohsiung, Taiwan by stopping the western champs from San Pedro, Calif.

DETAILS of the game. **Page C1.**

And yesterday, they snapped a three-year streak of Taiwanese dominance by beating Kaohsiung, 5-2, to become Little League World Champions.

They did it behind the managing of Tom Galla, a 41-year-old insurance salesman who is high-strung and competitive. "The kids are great, it's the coaches who are scared to death," he joked when he arrived in Williamsport.

Galla's coach is Bob Zullo, a gruff roofer who isn't all that gruff around the kids. "He's the tough guy who's not really tough," Wheeler said. "He loves the kids."

The star of the team is Chris Drury, 5-foot-1½-inch, 126-pound right-hander who played on a national champion ice hockey team last winter. He bats leadoff, is the best pure hitter on the team, and is a crafty pitcher who throws a curve, a changeup and even a knuckleball.

"He'll bend a little bit, but he's never broken," Galla said of Drury.

"This kid's got the biggest heart you'll ever see in baseball," Wheeler said. "There's no player at 12 years old who can give you what he gives you."

According to Wheeler, the other Trumbull standouts are:

● Power hitter Ken Martin, a 5-foot-10-inch first baseman who is also the best basketball player on the team. Nicknamed "Ribby" for his RBI totals, Martin towers over his teammates and may be the best athlete on the team.

● Left fielder Dan McGrath, a blond-haired native of Sydney, Australia, who gives the team an international dimension. The left-hander has lived in Connecticut for four years while his father worked for Sikorsky, the helicopter manufacturer. The McGrath family will soon return to Australia, but they put off their trip until after the series.

Please turn to **CHAMPS**, Page A10

Champs

Continued from Page A1

● Matt Basztura, the center fielder known as "Matt the Bat" for his hitting power. He's the fastest player on the team and the best outfielder.

● Andy Paul, the team's other starting pitcher and the hardest thrower on the team. His father, Ken Paul, is an airline pilot who is to fly the team home today.

● Danny Brown, the defensive whiz at shortstop who sparked the team by slugging his first home run of the season in a tournament game. His teammates call him "Downtown Brown."

● Galla's "little guys," his pint-sized sparkplugs, are third baseman Jason Hairston, catcher Todd Halky and Galla's son, scrappy second baseman David Galla. "David's always hyper, always jumping around," Wheeler said.

Hairston, known to his teammates as "the little big man," surprised everyone on the team by slamming a home run in the East Regional tournament at Bristol. "Just when you think he can't do something for you, he comes out and does it," Wheeler said.

● Standout reserves are pinch-hit specialist Harlen Marks, the team's best fastball hitter, and Chris Kelly, a defensive ace who can fill in for the outfield.

● A would-be star is Matty Sewell, who was leading the team with a .700 on-base percentage when he fell and broke his arm delivering newspapers before the series started.

● Catcher Cody Lee, the clubhouse commedian is nicknamed "Gomer" because of his Gomer Pyle routines. "He keeps the team going," Wheeler said. "He's always got a funny crack to make, always got a smile."

There were smiles all around when the team won its trip to Williamsport and got to collect on a promise Wheeler had made.

"I promised the kids before the first game: 'If you take me to Williamsport, you can shave my head,'" Wheeler said. "They did it right at home plate after we won the regionals. They brought an extension cord right out to home plate! They're just a super bunch of kids."

PAGE.007
'OCT 3 '89 11:51 FROM SHAYS/WASHINGTON

Trumbull soars to world Little League crown

By David S. Martin
Associated Press

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa. — Taiwan's three consecutive Little League World Series victories didn't intimidate Little Leaguers from Trumbull.

Chris Drury pitched a five-hitter and drove in two runs yesterday and Ken Martin had three RBIs, including a home run as Trumbull defeated Kaohsiung, Taiwan, 5-2, in the 43rd Little League World Series championship.

Trumbull 5, Taiwan 2

"These guys don't know how to lose. They didn't care who they were playing. They didn't care that it was Taiwan," Trumbull manager Tom Galla said.

Trumbull became the first American team to win the Little League World Series since Marietta, Ga. in 1983.

Seoul, Korea took the next two years and Little Leaguers from Taiwan were winners from 1986-88. Lakewood, N.J., was the last Eastern Regional champion to make the finals and the last one to win the tournament, in 1975.

A Connecticut team last made the finals in 1965, when Windsor Locks defeated Stoney Creek, Ontario, 3-1.

"It's about time a U.S. team won the World Series," Galla said.

Drury, a 5-foot-1½, 126-pound right-hander with a 66-mph fastball, struck out two, walked four, two of them intentionally, and went 2-for-3 at the plate.

His Texas-leaguer with two outs and the bases loaded in the fourth inning scored two runs and opened up a 4-1 lead.

Drury allowed a run in the top of the fifth, but Ken Martin answered with a solo home run in the bottom of the inning for Trumbull.

In the sixth inning, Drury walked the leadoff hitter but then ended the game with a fly out, strikeout and deep fly to the warning track in left field as jubiliant teammates rushed to the mound and hugged the winning pitcher.

Kaohsiung took the lead in the top of the first when Chien-Chih Lee doubled with two outs and scored as Yeh Chen-Lung's deep fly to left that tipped off Dan McGrath's glove.

Martin's bloop two-out single to right scored Cody Lee and Drury in the bottom of the third and gave Trumbull a 2-1 lead.

"We started slow, but once we realized we could beat them we didn't stop," Martin said.

In the top of the fifth inning, Kaohsiung led off with a pair of singles, and an intentional walk loaded the bases with one out. Lee Chien-Chih then hit an RBI double to the wall in left field, but Dan McGrath's throw caught Huang Chin-Chih trying to score from second.

Lee Chien-Chih, an 86-pound right-handed submarine pitcher, was relieved after Martin's home run to lead off the fifth. Lee allowed five runs and six hits, struck out three and walked none.

Yesterday's championship was the culmination of about 12,250 tournament games worldwide involving about 7,000 All-Stars teams of 11- and 12-year-olds.

Regional champions from the Far East, Latin America, Canada, Europe and the U.S. East, West, South and Central compete.

Two hours of hoopla preceded the game, televised nationally and played in Howard J. Lamade Stadium before an announced attendance of 40,000, which included viewers on an adjoining hillside.

Some 2.5 million youngsters in 33 countries participate in Little League, founded 50 years ago.

Earlier yesterday, four Little Leaguers received

Please turn to TRUMBULL, Page C5

'Trumbull is on the map now'

Staff and wire reports

TRUMBULL — A home run smacked in the bottom of the fifth inning at the Little League World championship game in Pennsylvania yesterday set off an explosion of cheers in Connecticut, as fans rooted their Trumbull team on to victory.

"It's been a big day, a big day," said Jamie Rose, owner of The Grille & Bar Restaurant. "I'm one of the only taverns in the entire town. We had a bunch of people in here."

Past 10 p.m. the crowd could still be heard past the telephone receiver through which Rose spoke. He held it up to the patrons.

"One more time, say, 'We're number one,' Rose instructed.

The crowd roared and one man's voice came through.

"We're number one in the U.S.A.!" he shouted.

"I mean Trumbull is on the map now," Rose said.

The Kimberly Inn Restaurant was also packed all day, according to Charles Tomer, the owner. He could not estimate how many people showed up to watch the game.

But Tomer said the pride of winning was magnified, in part, by the small size of Trumbull, a town of 34,000 just north of Stratford.

"That's what makes the victory more sweet," he said.

A motorcade is scheduled to join team buses outside the airport at the intersection of Route 25 and White Plains Road at about 4 p.m. today. The motor will end its route at Trumbull High School.

A rally is scheduled for 8 p.m. today on the Trumbull High football field.

Greenwich Time Sun Aug 27, 1989

PAGE.009 FROM SHAYS/WASHINGTON 'OCT 3 '89 11:52

Greenville Times - Sat Aug 26, 1989

Scouting Taiwan

Trumbull faces tough final obstacle

By David S. Martin
Associated Press

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa. — Little Leaguers from Trumbull face a daunting task when they play Taiwan in the 43rd Little League World Series championship today.

Taiwanese teams have won the past three Little League World Series, and Kaohsiung, Taiwan, reached the final this year by outscoring the opposition 22-4.

But Trumbull manager Tom Galla said his players have been giant-killers in the past.

"They're relaxed," Galla said yesterday. "We played a New Jersey team that made the Taiwanese team look small."

Trumbull, the Eastern Regional champion, reached the championship by winning the U.S. bracket in the eight-team tournament.

Trumbull, a suburb of Bridgeport, defeated the power-hitting Western Regional champion San Pedro, Calif., 6-3 Thursday in the semifinal game.

Kaohsiung won the World Series' foreign bracket. The Far Eastern champion earned a spot in the final with a 13-0 victory over Latin American champion Maracaibo, Venezuela, on Thursday.

Kaohsiung, a southern port city with 3 million people, has won its previous two appearances in the World Series, in 1974 and 1977.

"We haven't won the championship for a long time," Manager Wu Chin-ing said through a translator. "If we win, there will be a tremendous welcome party."

Wu said hundreds of thousands of people in Taiwan will watch the final on television or listen to it on the radio — even though the game starts at 4 a.m. in the Asian country.

The final, to be nationally televised, begins at 4 p.m. in the East.

Chris Drury, a 5-foot-1½, 126-pound right-hander, is scheduled to start for Trumbull. He was the winning pitcher in a 4-3, first-round victory over Central champion Davenport, Iowa.

"He'll bend a little bit, but he's never broken," Galla said.

Lee Chien-Chih, a 5-1½, 86-pound, right-handed submarine pitcher, is slated to start for Kaohsiung, the Far Eastern champion.

"We're going to have to score some runs," Galla said. "We have not hit the ball.

"That'll come back and haunt you eventually. We're gotten away with it twice. I can't believe we can get away with it again."

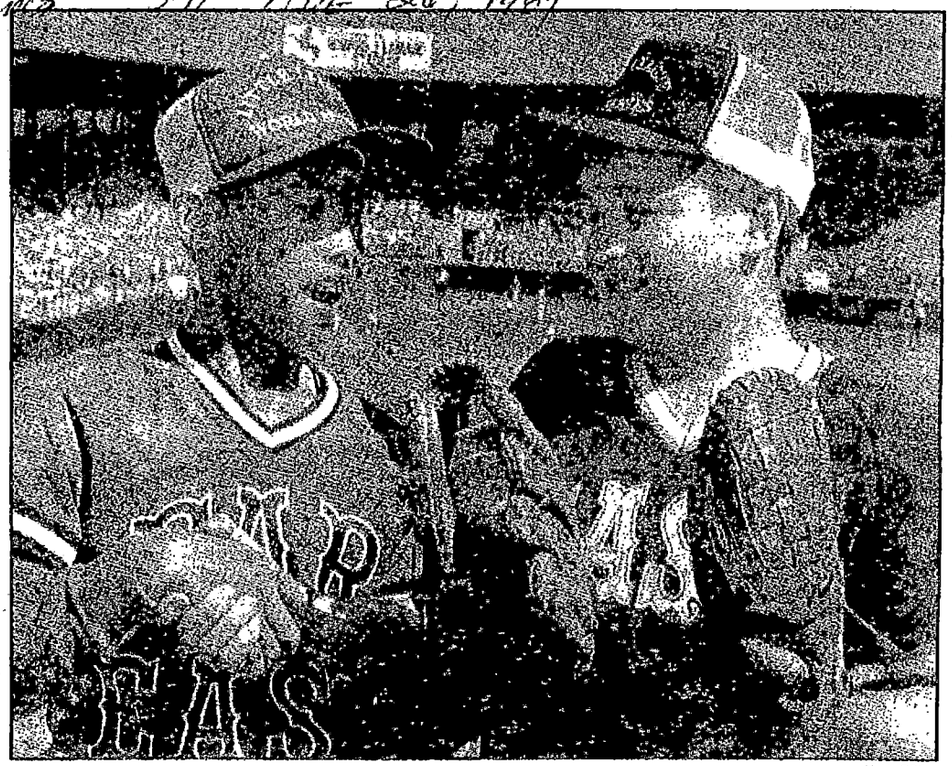
Trumbull has eight hits and one home run in two World Series games, compared with Kaohsiung's 14 hits and five homers.

Drury said he was not worried about facing the Taiwanese sluggers, who include 5-8, 175-pound Hsu Ming-Lan.

Unlike recent years, the Taiwanese in the World Series championship are slightly smaller on average than their American counterparts.

Kaohsiung's average starter is 5-2 and weighs 105 pounds. Trumbull's average starter is 5-2½, 112 pounds.

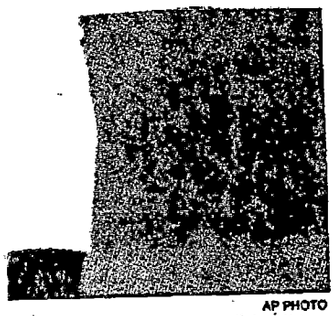
Please turn to **TRUMBULL**, Page B2



AP PHOTO

Lee Chien-Chih of Taiwan, left, joins Chris Drury of Trumbull yesterday after both were named starting pitchers in today's Little League World Series championship.

Valvano asked to resign as athletic director: Page B3 / **Baseball:** Rose in position to prof



AP PHOTO

to the Tigers last night.

xplodes as 'eep Tigers

Dennis Lamp, 2-1, relieved with the bases loaded in the fourth and pitched 3 2-3 innings.

Doyle Alexander, 5-15, gave up 10 hits and four runs in six innings as Detroit lost the first game.

Detroit made eight errors in the doubleheader, including five in the first game.

Reed singled for a 5-2 lead in the second game and Greenwell's three-run double off Mike Henneman increased the lead to six runs. Three of the runs were unearned because of a throwing error by third baseman Rick Schu.

Schu hit his seventh home run of the year in the seventh and Boston added three runs on the ninth on Nick Esasky's two-run single and Danny Heep's RBI single.

Boston had taken a 2-0 lead in the first on Rick Cerone's sacrifice fly and Reed's RBI single.

Fred Lynn hit an RBI single in the fourth and Lou Whitaker's run-scoring single tied the score in the fifth.

he guided his boat back ... Indian Harbor.

"Did you brush your teeth this morning?" asked his mother, Berta. "All these people are taking your picture."

The 10 to 15 knot winds made sailing somewhat easier yesterday, Schneider and DuBois said, but shifts made it difficult for them to guide their Lasers. It was a lack of wind, however, that made things difficult for the One-Design 14s, two-manned vessels that also raced yesterday for the F. Greg Bemis Trophy.

"It started out pretty windy, and then it died off," said Peter Wells, 14, of La Canada, Calif., skipper of the winning boat. "Then it got pretty shifty in the second half of the race."

Although Wells and 15-year-old Jason Artof of Los Angeles, who celebrated his birthday yesterday, came

After the races were over, Wells went to visit his sister, Susan, who was a crew member of one of the Impulse 21 boats. Other Impulse crew members started to tease Wells, one of the youngest and smallest skippers in the championship, and threatened to throw him into the water.

"They've been waiting all week to pick on the little guy," said one of the parents watching from the yacht club's parking lot.

The Impulse 21 crew members relented and let Wells go — long enough so that he could take off his sunglasses and T-shirt. Then they threw him off the dock.

"Throw Jason in, too! Throw him in, too!" Wells cried out as he splashed in the water and looked at his laughing crew member.

And, like good sports, they did.

Yankees

■ Continued from Page B1

Ballard gave up 10 hits and left after rookie Hensley Meulens' RBI single with two outs in the ninth inning.

Ballard became Baltimore's biggest winner since Mike Boddicker had 14 victories in 1986. He walked two and struck out a season-high five.

"I'm hitting my spots for the most part," Ballard said.

Ballard was tied for the team lead in victories last year with eight as Baltimore finished last at 54-107.

"I just think he has more confidence. He's doing what he has to do when he has to do it," manager Frank Robinson said.

Gregg Olson retired Steve Sax on a grounder with two runners on base for his 20th save. He became the 11th rookie ever to get 20 saves.

Clay Parker, 3-4, has not won in nine starts since July 1. He has lost three consecutive decisions.

Don Slaught led off the Yankees' ninth with a double. Two outs later, Roberto Kelly walked and Meulens singled.

Trumbull

■ Continued from Page B1

Wu said the Taiwanese have dominated in recent years because they practice seriously and play baseball 12 months a year. Boys play baseball in elementary school in Taiwan, then play Little League in the summer.

Little Leaguers from Seoul, Korea, won the Little League World Series in 1984 and '85.

Marietta, Ga., was the last American team to win the World Series, in 1983. Lakewood, N.J., was the last Eastern Regional champion to win the tournament, in 1975.

PAGE.011

SERVING GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT SINCE 1877 • MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1989 2 SECTIONS THIRTY CENTS

Greenwich Time

Hail the conquering heroes

Trumbull honors Little League champions

By Janet Gramza
Staff Writer

TRUMBULL — Kara Coniglio is only 8 years old and her brother, Paul, is only 11, but they are old enough to realize that they may never be this close to fame again.

"My brother said to me, 'When you have kids, you can tell them that Uncle Paul won the Little League World Series in Williamsport,'" Kara said last night as about 10,000 people gathered at Trumbull High School to congratulate the team for which her brother played center field.

"They still can't believe it," she added. "But they are getting more used to it with all the autographs and interviews, and they are getting to like it more and more."

Fifteen baseball players no older than 13 were treated to a hero's welcome yesterday by their town of 34,000 people, who turned out in force for a procession of 14 wailing fire engines, several ambulances and police cars and hundreds of honking automobiles that met the team's two buses as they traveled up Route 25.

Since beating Kaohsiung, Taiwan, 5-2, on Saturday in the 43rd Little League World Series championship in Williamsport, Pa., the Trumbull team had been interviewed ceaselessly by the media, had flown back to LaGuardia Airport on a chartered Trump Shuttle jet and had been invited to appear on television's "Good Morning America" this morning.

Later, at the rally, the team received invitations — carried by U.S. Sen. Joseph Lieberman, D-Conn., and U.S. Rep. Christopher Shays, R-Stamford — to visit the governor's mansion and the White House.

But several of the players and their parents said they were most impressed with the huge, boisterous greeting from their small, quiet town.

"We didn't think there would be anything, and when we got into Trumbull there were so many people it was amazing," said Todd Halky, 12, a catcher who played in the first-round series game on Tuesday.

"It didn't sink in that we won until we were on the highway," said third-baseman Jason Hairston, 12, who played in the world championship game. "I thought there might be a little publicity, but not this much. It's real exciting."

The adults were just as excited, if not more so, over the Little League World Series victory that some credited with redeeming the good name of baseball in America the same week that Pete Rose was suspended for tarnishing it.

"It took a bunch of kids to bring baseball back to mom and apple pie," said Greg Sorge of Bridgeport, one of the few people in the Trumbull vicinity who actually admitted to not watching all of Saturday's final game.

Sorge was among several area residents who congregated yesterday at the Grille and Bar in Trumbull Cen-

Please turn to **TRUMBULL**, Page A5

AP PHOTO

Riding in a victory motorcade in Trumbull yesterday are, from left, Trumbull National Little League coaches Tom Galla, Ed Wheeler and Bob Zullo.

Trumbull

■ Continued from Page A1

ter, which had also been the site of an impromptu bash immediately after Saturday's game.

"You could tell everyone in town was inside watching the game, and as soon as it was over, it was unbelievable," said Dave Gillis, a member of the Nichols Fire Department who had watched the game at the Grille and Bar on Saturday and drove a fire truck in the parade yesterday. "Everyone ran out into the streets and jumped up and down, and there were fireworks going off all over."

Those who didn't watch it on television were probably at the game. Kevin Knapp, 12, his brother, Dave, 14 and their friend Brian Kyle, 14, said their families had driven the five hours back and forth to Williamsport on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday to watch the series.

Those who had been in Williamsport proudly wore their bright yellow T-shirts, provided by team supporter Dick Mulroney. At last night's rally, Kyle showed up wearing three T-shirts: "World Champs" over "USA Champs" over "Eastern Regional Champs."

Most of the T-shirts were donned by parents of the players, who spent yesterday learning that being famous means you don't make your own schedule.

"Since we left Williamsport, all the plans have been made by someone else, so we don't know what we're doing next. But the kids are having fun being famous," said Todd's mother, Betty Halky, as her family headed toward the high school for the rally.

"They've been signing autographs all day," she added. "It's hard to imagine that 15 kids from a little town in Connecticut could do this for the whole nation."

The Trumbull All-Star team — the first American team to win the Little League World Series since Marietta, Ga., in 1983 and the first Connecticut team since Windsor Locks in 1965 — was praised again and again at the rally for its "conduct on and off the field."

"These 15 kids performed as well as any 15 kids in the country could possibly have performed," said the team's manager and coach, Tom Galla, as he stood on a platform erected on the high school football field for the team and other dignitaries.

Galla was given two presents by the town: a special citation for his team's achievement and a wig to cover the results of a promise he'd made to shave his head if they won the final game.

Galla and his charges had arrived at the high school in a caravan of a dozen convertibles, which passed through a town laden with green-and-gold balloons, streamers and signs before circling the athletic field while the crowd voiced a cheer that Galla said had brought tears to his eyes in Williamsport: "U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!"

Lieberman, who described himself as a former Little Leaguer "who couldn't break out of the double digits," inspired a roar from the crowd by declaring, "Tonight, the capital of the world is Trumbull!"

"All the experts said Trumbull couldn't win, but you didn't believe them. You believed in yourselves," Lieberman told the players. "And tonight, you are the champions of the world."

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Little League

Mary 268-2844

Hall of Fame

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~~Howard~~ Talbot

Mr. Pitfall

1939

May - consecutive game streak

July - Lou Gehrig Day @ Yankee Stadium
his retirement

80th Hall of Fame → issued stamp there

150th Anniv. of ~~Major League~~ Baseball
(1839)

his character & standards that
represent baseball

Dickie Ruston

→ 268-6868

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Draft One
October 3, 1989
CONN

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: LITTLE LEAGUE CHAMPIONS
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1989

Congressman __, Coach Galla, Ladies and gentlemen, Little League players and staff, Fellow fans.

It is a pleasure for me to welcome you to the White House. For although the World Series starts tonight, I think the world champion baseball team that our country is most proud of is here with us today.

That team, of course, is the Trumbull __. Yes, Little League world champions. And whose amazing triumph propeled these kids, head-first, into the sports heart of America.

You know, Casey Stengel once asked of the early-1960s Mets, "Can't anybody here play this game?" // Sadly for his then-hapless team, almost no one could //

Well, in 1989 Trumbull emphatically could, and did. And in this special year for Little League -- the 50th anniversary of the world's largest organized youth sports program -- this special team brought the title back to where Little League began.

It was special because of self-discipline and hard work -- helping Trumbull become the first U.S. team in six years to win the Little League World Series. And its feeling of sportsmanship -- kids scrapping and competing, then shaking hands after the final out.

It was special -- this Trumbull team -- because it kept its eye on the ball. // Sort of like when one of my grandkids told me he wants to be a baseball player when he grows up. I asked him why. He said, "Because politicians don't get their pictures on bubble-gum cards." //

But most of all, Trumbull was -- is -- special because of a feeling of family -- fathers and daughters, mothers and sons. Kids of all ages, banding together. Like when more than 15,000 people jammed the streets of Trumbull to welcome the new world champions back home.

You know, this year more than 2,500,000 players in 33 Nations played Little League ball. Helped by 750,000 adult volunteers. I realize what Little League means to them. My four boys played it. I coached it. And Barbara -- well, in the '50s there were tens of thousands of Texas kids in Little League. And as I've often said: There were times when I thought Barbara Bush was car-pooling them all. //

So I know your pride. And the pride we take in you. A Chris Drury, for instance, beating Taiwan to win the championship game. Or Dan McGrath, squeezing that final out as 40,000 people roared in disbelief. As did the entire Nation. Then, there's Andy Paul. Andy, I called Cape Canaveral this morning about your homer against Davenport, Iowa. // They tell me it's somewhere in orbit between Williamsport and Harrisburg. // Or Don Galla, Ken Martin, and Cody Lee -- yes, all 15 players.

And don't worry. I'm not forgetting assistant coaches Bob Zullo and Ed Wheeler. Or the man who led the way. I've heard some people say Frank Robinson and Don Zimmer should be named Manager of the Year. Well, there should be a recount if Tom Galla's not right up there in contention.

What memories you've given us. And what memories you'll cherish. Of great heart, and great plays. Or that crowd cheering, "U.S.A., U.S.A." at Williamsport. And of the spirit which says that nothing is impossible. In Little League. Or in the bigger fields of life.

I began by noting that this marks the 50th anniversary of Little League. But it's also another anniversary. And I'd like to close by talking about it. For it concerns a true American hero. Of mine, certainly. But also, as they come to know his story, I hope of Trumbull's kids as well.

His name was Lou Gehrig. He was a Hall of Fame first baseman in the 1920s and '30s. But more than that, he was a good and decent man about whom a teammate said, 'Every day, any day, he just went out and did his job.' Fifty years ago, Lou Gehrig was stricken by a form of paralysis which now bears his name. Even so, he told the crowd at Yankee Stadium, 'I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth.'

This story has become an American parable -- what an example for these kids. But less known is what Lou Gehrig did after he left the Yankees. Dying, weaker by the day, he could barely move his body. But he loved kids, and hoped to counsel them. For he

lived these words of the Little League pledge: "Win or lose, I will always do my best." So Lou Gehrig spent much of the last two years of his life as a parole commissioner for the City of New York. They called him the Iron Horse, the Pride of the Yankees. Yes, he was a hero.

Lou Gehrig showed -- like Little League -- that what matters is how we conduct ourselves off as well as on the field. You kids here are proof of that. So let me again congratulate the Trumbull, Connecticut, __. You truly are Number One. And now, let me conclude by presenting this picture to Howard Talbott, Director of the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

Earlier this summer, the U.S. Post Office issued a special stamp to honor Lou Gehrig's consecutive games-played-streak -- a record which ended 50 years ago and still stands. This poster of Lou commemorates that stamp. Howard, I hope it will inspire kids of every age. And show how by building courage and character, baseball -- and Little League -- belt a grand-slam home run.

__, as Trumbull captain, will you help present this picture? And to all of you, thank you, God bless you, and God bless America.

# # # #

6/11/89

Small wonder

Little League is still a hit 50 years after its humble beginnings on a Pennsylvania sandlot

Article by John Grossmann

Lycoming Dairy scored one run in the top of the first. Lundy Lumber answered with seven runs in the bottom half of the inning, powered home eight more runs at their next at bat and went on to win 23-8. As Casey Stengel used to say, "You could look it up."

An account of the game appeared in the next day's edition of the Williamsport (Pa.) Sun below a picture of major leaguer Dominic DiMaggio and next to an advertisement for "Some Like It Hot," starring Bob Hope and Shirley Ross and featuring Gene Krupa and his Orchestra. The year was 1939.

No one knew it then, of course, but an American institution had been born.

This year Little League baseball celebrates its 50th anniversary. There will be a commemorative coffee-table book this summer, special tributes in major-league baseball parks and, no doubt, some extra ceremony at the Little League World Series in Williamsport this August. Along the way there are likely to be countless heartfelt backward glances at what has become the largest youth program in the world, one that has grown incredibly yet in some ways has never grown up.

From three teams playing on a makeshift diamond in Williamsport, Little League Baseball has grown to include more than 16,000 chartered programs in all 50 states and 30 countries. Since that historic day in 1939, more than 20 million youngsters have won and lost and learned about team spirit and doing their best.

The first Little League diamond had bases made of old feed bags stuffed with straw. Uniforms for all three teams—Lycoming Dairy, Lundy Lumber and Jumbo Pretzels—cost $35 at the local Kresge Dollar Store. Carl Stotz, a Williamsport resident, dreamed up the league after playing ball in a vacant lot with his nephews. Why not, he decided, give kids some of the trappings and glitter of the

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John Grossmann is a Pennsylvania writer who has written for Sports Illustrated, Smithsonian and Hippocrates.

Little League

continued from page 43

major leagues, provide them with good instruction and teach them about sportsmanship? With the help of two friends, George and Bert Bebble, who helped Stotz manage the teams, Little League was off and running.

The next season saw a modest expansion, to four teams. The newcomer, Stein's Service, was managed by a high school classmate of Stotz's named Johnny Lindenmuth. Lindenmuth, a football and track star in college, is now 83 and walks with a limp, but he has crisp memories of his 30-year association with Little League, his final ones as commissioner.

"My first year we had one catcher's mask and one first-baseman's mitt—for the whole league. So after the game you had to make sure you'd drop the equipment at the home of one of the managers of the next night's game," he recalls. He adds that it's hard these days to appreciate the impact that organized baseball had on the kids.

"When I played ball as a boy, you used a stone for first, second and third base and maybe took a piece of paper and put a stone on it for home plate. Why, to wear a uniform and play on a nice field, it really changed a kid's attitude completely."

By 1946, Little League had expanded to some 12 leagues, still all in Pennsylvania, but its strengths had already been recognized by no less a judge of baseball talent than the legendary Philadelphia Athletics' manager Connie Mack, who visited Williamsport, watched a game, then wrote, "It would not surprise me one bit if some of these boys made the major leagues."

They have, indeed. Former Little Leaguers make up nearly two-thirds of today's American League and National League rosters. Superstars Nolan Ryan, Orel Hershiser, Frank Viola, Mike Schmidt, George Brett, Mike Greenwell, Tony

Tribune photo

Gwynn and Vince Coleman all polished their skills and their love of baseball on the downsized Little League field, which Carl Stotz stepped off at about two-thirds of big-league size. To date, four men have played in both the Little League World Series and the adult counterpart—Carney Lansford of the Oakland Athletics, Boog Powell of the Baltimore Orioles, Rick Wise of the Boston Red Sox and Jim Barbieri of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

Little League alums from other walks of life include U.S. Sen. Bill Bradley, Discovery astronaut George Nelson, basketball star Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, former pro football quarterback Joe Theismann, sportscasters Al Michaels and Brent Musburger, rock singers Huey Lewis and Bruce Springsteen and actors Danny DeVito, Kurt Russell and Tom Selleck.

●●●

Last year's major-league World Series program included players' fond recollections of their Little League days.

Veteran pitcher Tommy John, whose father managed his team in Terre Haute, Ind., recalls one of his dad's "purpose drills" for teaching fundamentals: "He impressed on all the kids that it was fun to do things the right way. He would lay shin guards on the infield about 10 feet up each base line. Any time a bunter would manage to hit one of those shin guards, there would be a reward—an ice-cream cone. Dad wound up treating quite a few of the kids."

Frank Viola of the Minnesota Twins, winner of last year's American League Cy Young Award, has fond memories of suiting up as a youngster in East Meadow, Long Island. In those days he was a first baseman, not a pitcher, and his clearest memory is of a home run he hit in an All-Star game. "When you're a kid playing Little League, it's a heck of a lot of fun," he says. "Baseball becomes a business when you get to the big leagues, but it's an awfully long and hard season if you don't put that fun into it."

By 1947, Little League had crossed the Delaware River into New Jersey. That year also marked the first Little League World Series game, won, appropriately, by the home team from Williamsport.

The program has continued to grow, at times exponentially. By 1948, there were 95 leagues in 6 states. The following year, Little Leaguers took the field in 307 leagues in 22 states. In 1951 a team begun in British Columbia gave the program its first interna-

Little-known League facts

Did you know that:

● Little League baseball from Thillens Stadium on the Northwest Side was televised (by WGN-Ch. 9) as early as 1952? The announcer? Jack Brickhouse.

● The first Little League graduate to make the major leagues was Joey Jay of the Milwaukee Braves, who made his big-league debut in 1953 and went on to win 21 games twice for the Cincinnati Reds. He was named the National League's Comeback Player of 1961 and the league's Pitcher of the Year that season by United Press International.

● Although the leagues stress safety, the unthinkable does occur. Among the fatalities: In 1963 a 12-year-old catcher from Jackson, Miss., died of a brain hemorrhage after a pitched ball struck him during a warmup session. The following year, an 11-year-old from Providence, R.I., was killed by a thrown ball, and an 11-year-old from South Bend with a history of heart disease collapsed and died after catching a fly ball. In 1968 an Evansville, Ind., 10-year-old died after a ball hit him in the chest.

● A Little League team caused the late Mayor Richard J. Daley to put in some unscheduled overtime on Aug. 31, 1967. A City Hall victory celebration was delayed when the plane carrying members of the Roseland North team, which had finished second in the Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa., was several hours late in arriving at O'Hare.

● Slaughter rule, anyone? The most lopsided score in Little League annals may well have come the day in July of 1969 when the Kerrville, Tex., nine beat the Nueces Canyon Little League All Stars 83-0, scoring 27 runs in the first inning, 36 in the second and 23 in the third. Umpires mercifully terminated the contest after three hours, during which only three innings had been completed.

● On the Overreacting Parent front, during a 1970 game in New Orleans, an irate player's father took exception to the officiating, leapt from the stands, picked up the nearest bat and hit the 20-year-old umpire over the head with it.

● In 1971 two financially strapped California teams got help from some unlikely "angels": inmates at nearby Folsom Prison, who chipped in $562.31 for the cause.

● On July 22, 1976, a federal judge denied a Cicero Little League coach's request to be allowed to finish out the season. The reason? The 41-year-old sportsman had just been sentenced to a 20-year term for his part in the $4.3 million robbery of the Purolator Security Inc. vault on Huron Street in 1974. □

Tribune photo

A hero's kiss from Mom. More than 20 million youngsters have won and lost and learned about team spirit and doing their best in the Little League's first 50 years.

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By 1955, Little League was in all 48 states. In 1964 Little League Baseball was granted a charter of federal incorporation by the U.S. Congress, a status held by organizations such as the Red Cross and the Boy Scouts.

Although America's reaction to Little League has been overwhelmingly enthusiastic, the sport has occasionally run into controversy. In the early 1950s the American Medical Association, teachers and recreation officials began expressing concerns that youngsters might be physically or psychologically harmed by the pressures of Little League competition.

The reservations dissipated after studies conducted by Creighton Hale, Little League's director of research, concluded that Little League play didn't damage children.

"We found out the adults are stimulated more than the kids," says Hale, who today is president and chief executive officer of Little League. "The disappointments tend to be more lasting in adults. Within a few minutes after a game here at the highest level, you can't pick the losers from the winners among the kids. But hours after the game you can surely pick a losing manager from a winning manager."

The other major challenge to Little League came in the 1970s when antidiscrimination lawsuits were filed in several areas on behalf of girls who were barred from joining Little League teams. Although some teams allowed girls to play, the program's national charter permitted only boys until it was amended in 1974. Little League officials now estimate that 7,000 girls are in the program.

Other changes in 50 years include the addition of new programs: tee-ball for boys and girls 6 to 8; softball for girls 9 to 12; senior-league baseball for players 13 to 15; and big-league baseball for 16- to 18-year-olds.

Asked what he considers the challenge of the next 50 years, Hale points to Little League's continued international expansion. Among the countries that have recently received Little League charters are Israel, China, Jordan and Poland. Little League is expected to expand soon to the Soviet Union and Australia, which have applied for charters.

"Baseball has become a gold-medal sport at the 1992 Olympics in Barcelona," Hale says. "I think a lot of countries know that if they want to be competitive at the Olympic level, they have to start working their children to develop the proper skills."

But the sport does more than develop proper baseball skills, according to Little League graduates. It has left men such as Dave Sehnem, 38, a real estate investor from Southern California, with lasting memories of achievement and camaraderie.

Last summer Sehnem traveled to Williamsport, site of Little League's World Series, with his father, who coached him when he played Little League, and with his son Timothy, whom he now coaches.

For Sehnem it marked a return to his finest sporting hour, although he went on to star on his college team and play professional ball. Nothing could approach his experience on the Little League mound in Williamsport in 1963 when he was the winning pitcher in an extra-inning 2-to-1 championship victory over Stratford, Conn., a game in which he struck out 13 batters. He and his teammates have relived that game and their entire dream season at 10th- and 20th-reunion gatherings.

"Little League baseball is a wonderful organization," Sehnem says. "It's a place where even at a young age you can learn tremendous lessons about competition, discipline—all the characteristics you'll need to be successful as an adult."

And what else does he remember about that championship game? That afterwards they all went out and had ice cream. ■

The Littlest exploits of the Cubs and Sox

As might be expected, many of the current Cubs and White Sox played in Little League. Among the Cubs: Ryne Sandberg, Andre Dawson, Vance Law, Greg Maddux and Darrin Jackson. Among the Sox: Dave Gallagher and Eddie Williams.

Interestingly, almost all of the Cubs were dominant pitchers (when they weren't playing somewhere else), and almost all had no-hitter stories—actual or near.

The Cubs' Ryne Sandberg, who played Little League ball in his native Spokane, recalls being "one of the few kids in the league that could throw a curveball. I remember my brother showing me how to throw a curve for the first time, and the next three or four games I pitched, nobody had even swung. They'd never seen it before. I was striking everybody out. The catcher was just laughing.

Ryno's team?

"I played for A&W Root Beer."

Dawson, who played in Miami, was also a pitcher. "I had a no-hitter going one time, and I got behind the count 3-0 on a guy in the last inning and didn't want to walk him. So I threw a strike, and I let up, and the guy got a base hit to center." He smiled at the recollection, but the regret still showed a little in his face, 20-some years and millions of dollars later. "I lost my no-hitter."

Gallagher remembers being picked to play on his brother Paul's team in Trenton, N.J., because the league had the "brother option," a rule that kept kids in the same family on the same team so parents didn't have to drive to different practices.

"I was drafted brother-option," Gallagher says. "It was the only time he let me go anywhere with him."

Williams has nothing but good memories about games in his native San Diego, but he also recalled some too-intense parents who wouldn't let their kids have fun.

"One friend of mine, his mom didn't want me to sleep over at his house because I was on a different team." □

Alan Solomon and Andrew Bagnato

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