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Folder ID Number: 13693-004

Folder Title:
Oakland A's 11/7/89 [OA 6270]

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Call Miss. St. coach
for Ron Folk
for story on
Will Clark

LEISURE & ARTS

Countdown to the Fray by the Bay

By FREDERICK C. KLEIN

The Oakland Athletics are in the World Series, so I thought I'd ring up my buddy, Jose Canseco. Jose, the A's slugger, was nice enough to give me his phone number. It's 1-900-234-JOSE. A call costs \$2 for the first minute and \$1 for each succeeding minute, but, what the heck, the guy makes only \$1.6 million a year playing baseball, so who can begrudge him a few bucks?

Riiiiing. Riiiiing.

"Hi. This is Jose Canseco. Thanks for calling my hotline. If you'd like to hear



On Sports

World Series baseball

about the latest game and my personal life, press one. If you want to hear me discuss steroids, fast cars and my ownership of guns, press two."

Steroids? Fast cars? Guns? Why would I want to hear about them? I pressed one.

"Well, we're the American League champs," Jose began chattily, and for a couple of minutes rehashed Sunday's 4-3 playoff win over Toronto that clinched the pennant for his team. The Blue Jays "played us pretty tough" and the victory was "pretty thrilling," he said. Pretty interesting, huh?

Then he got to the personal stuff. After the final out Sunday, "I expected the crowd to scream and go berserk, but they booed," he said. "I forgot we were playing in Toronto. It was strange to celebrate with people booing."

But the A's celebrated anyway. "We all jumped around and stepped on each other's feet. Somebody stepped on my big toe and it still hurts. We got to the clubhouse, where the champagne was waiting. We call it 'so' because it's sooo bad. It's the worst champagne in the world. It gives you heartburn. But we used it mostly to spray each other."

"On the flight home, everybody was drinking and making jokes. Some of the wives got together and acted like cheerleaders. Boy, were they bad. They'd been drinking, too. You should have been there.

It was a great time."

Boy, I wish I had been there. But what about the Series against the National League champion San Francisco Giants, Jose?

"I'm glad we're playing the Giants. No more plane flights and hotels. The food on the road is really bad. I always come home feeling weak, like Manute Bol. I'm going to the gym right after this."

"As for the Giants, you can forget about them. We're gonna beat them. In spring training, they only won one or two out of 10 from us. We feel this is our year."

Forget about the Giants? Oooo. Those are fighting words, the kind that get pasted on locker-room walls. Call the coming Series "The Fray by the Bay." Who needs Don King when home boys tangle?

Actually, this Series might need a bit of hype for anyone living east of Stockton, Calif. In keeping with the tenets of my profession I intend to be neutral, but it seems clear that factors of sentiment, which never are to be underestimated in matters of rooting, favor the A's.

I don't say this out of lack of affection for San Francisco, a beautiful city that's hard to fault except on geological grounds, but Oakland is a town with true underdog appeal. If you can forget Gertrude Stein's quip ("There's no there there"), which Oaklanders would like to do, it's been ignored by poets and songwriters even as its snazzier neighbor has been celebrated. No one sings about leaving his heart in Oakland, although Al Davis might have left his hat there, and no pilgrim to California ever pleaded for the state to open up its Bay Bridge.

Oakland's baseball representatives have shared this wallflower status. The 1972-74 A's, arguably baseball's best team of the last three decades, won championships while averaging under one million in annual home attendance, and the franchise was thought to be shaky until quite recently. Truth to tell, the same held for the Giants, who, when they were looking for a new stadium to replace windy Candlestick Park a few years back, considered one in Denver.

But Bay Area baseball began to revive when the 1987 Giants won a divisional title, and picked up further with the A's pennant last season. This year, en route to the first Subway Series since the New York Yankees-Brooklyn Dodgers match of 1956, the

two teams together topped the 4.5 million mark at the gate.

They did it with lineups that are mirror images of one another. Strength is neither team's weakness, as they showed in their four-games-to-one playoff triumphs over the Blue Jays and Chicago Cubs. The A's bashed seven home runs against the Blue Jays, including a shot by Canseco into the upper reaches of the Toronto Skydome that had to be tracked by NORAD. The Giants clubbed eight against the Cubs, and three of them supplied game-winning runs.

There's little to choose between Will Clark, Kevin Mitchell and Matt Williams, the Giants' strong boys, and Canseco, Mark McGwire and Dave Parker, the A's chief flexers, except that the Oakland trio has more hair to comb. Suffice it to say that people with Series bleacher seats would be well advised to wear hard hats.

I have no idea who's going to win, but I can provide a few historical guidelines. The teams met in three previous World's Series in their New York and Philadelphia incarnations, with the Giants winning once, in 1905, and the A's twice, in 1911 and '13. The Ex-Cub Factor, which favors the team with the fewest ex-Cubs, is a standoff at two each, with the A's Dennis Eckersley and Ron Hassey canceling out the Giants' Craig Lefferts and Rick Reuschel.

Without wishing to appear Chicago-centric, I must point out that another Windy City-based measure gives a perhaps-decisive nod to the Giants. Three times this year, Chicago teams (the football Bears, basketball Bulls and hockey Black Hawks) have lost in the semifinals of their respective playoffs, and the teams that beat them went on to win titles. Make that four if you include the University of Illinois basketball team in the NCAAs. You could look it up.

Talking Baseball: The A's and Giants Have Scores to Settle

Oakland, San Francisco Trade
Slurs That Hit Home:
A Seventh-Inning Retch

By CARIE DOLAN

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
SAN FRANCISCO—As this town's Giants and nearby Oakland's Athletics approached the World Series, Mayor Art Agnos was asked if he would make the traditional bet on the contest with Oakland Mayor Lionel Wilson. No, the San Francisco mayor said, because "there's nothing in Oakland I want."

Mayor Agnos now says he was only joking, but Mayor Wilson wasn't laughing at the joke. The first



Buy Bridge World Series in history, and the first subway series since 1956, is rekindling the ancient animosity between the two cities that face each other across San Francisco Bay.

Unflattering stereotypes, Oakland's deep-seated inferiority complex and San Francisco's haughty hubris fuel the rivalry.

Nobody ever sang of leaving his heart in Oakland. "We're the ugly sister," says Dave Newhouse, sports columnist for the Oakland Tribune. "We've been called the Buffalo of the West. It hurts. Oakland dislikes San Francisco, and San Francisco is indifferent. If the Giants win, it will be devastating for Oakland, just one more tap that we'd endure from San Francisco."

Oakland's Image

Oakland has had public-relations problems from the very beginning. Its original Spanish name translates loosely to "Oak Grove Near the Sweathouse." It still smarts from former resident Gertrude Stein's observation that in Oakland, "there is no there there."



In this century, Oakland became a sort of industrial annex of San Francisco, handling most of the shipping that comes into the bay. It became the home of one of the country's most crack-ridden ghettos. Its schools are so troubled that the state has forced a trustee on the school district, over local objections, to deal with its deficit. San Franciscans tend to view the place as a war zone.

San Francisco, on the other hand, has wallowed in mellow, self-congratulatory pride, billing itself as the most beautiful metropolis in the country, America's "city of light," a Boston with better weather. San Franciscans see themselves as a tolerant, sophisticated Chardonnay-sipping crowd.

Gold-Rush Glory

But the stereotypes are gravely flawed, historically as well as in the here and now. During the Gold Rush, Oakland was considered a much nicer place to live. San Francisco was a windy, flea-infested sand dune. Oakland's shores were lined with its oaks and 300-foot redwoods. When the Barbary Coast of San Francisco was racked by prostitution, drugs and murder in the late 19th century, Oakland was known as the Athens of the West for its superior private schools.

Today, a reviled downtown Oakland surrounds a pretty lake. Pleasant neighborhoods sit on rolling hills. Oakland's summer weather is the best in the country, according to the U.S. Weather Service.

As for San Francisco, it has its own crack-ridden ghetto in Hunter's Point. The city's schools are hardly the best around. Boxy new skyscrapers burden much of the skyline. San Francisco's glutony—its residents spend more per capita at restaurants than anywhere else in America—has earned

Please Turn to Page A7, Column 1

Seventh-Inning Retch: Oakland, San Francisco Have Scores to Settle

Continued From First Page
If the sobriquet, "the Stomach by the Bay."

The specter of another big earthquake haunts San Francisco. While live people can hardly afford to live here, dead people can't be buried here—for fear that a quake will exhume them, and also to save room for more real-estate development.

Nowhere, however, do the stereotypes ring so hollow as in baseball.

San Francisco's most visible and audible baseball fans, while a minority, belie the mellow San Franciscan of the pretty myth. They're the terrors of the National League.

The 'Ultimate Challenge'

They behave like thugs. They drink heavily, burn souvenirs of the Giants' opponents in the stands, shout obscenities, occasionally vomit in the aisles, and assault each other and bystanders. In the un-

earthly fog and cold that often sweeps through San Francisco's Candlestick Park, the rowdiness seems nightmarish.

Candlestick Park has a peculiar standing in baseball. "It's the ultimate challenge," says George Costa, who this year became head of security for Candlestick Park, "recognized as the worst [behaved] stadium in the major leagues."

Mr. Costa, who has worked with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Secret Service, has sent his security forces, who wear military-style uniforms, to train at the San Francisco police academy. He keeps a "hit list" of repeat offenders who show up at games, and with the district attorney's help has sought restraining orders to keep out unsavory San

Francisco fans.

Things have improved since the crack-down. But trouble can erupt at any time, Mr. Costa says, recalling a typical game: "Sept. 15. Padres. Friday night. Full moon. Four fights." But last year, he says, the park averaged "a fight an inning."

The Athletics' Coliseum, by contrast, is a balmy, sun-kissed park, one of the show-cases of the major leagues. Oakland fans are generally benevolent, family-oriented people who even applaud good plays by the opposition.

Seventh-Inning Retch

"People think Giants fans are all mellow and wonderful, coming from San Francisco with flowers in their hair. That's bull," says Tom DeVries, an Oakland resident. Once, while on crutches with a broken foot, he took his family to see the San Francisco Giants. In the first inning, three Giants fans in front of him jumped up at every pitch. When he asked one of them to sit down, he says, "without preface, he turned around and swung at me. I jerked

my head back and he hit my wife. He knocked her out."

Mr. DeVries adds: "That incident was in keeping with the tone of fans in Candlestick. It would have been extraordinary in the [Oakland] Coliseum."

"Giants fans really get into booing their own team," says a longtime supporter. More than 800 were ejected this season. Some served time in jail. In 1984, an apparently intoxicated fan fell to his death from a seat in the upper deck.

The San Francisco Chronicle recently detailed the "fundamental differences" between the fans. While A's fans wait for the seventh-inning stretch, the newspaper said, Giants fans wait for the seventh-inning retch. A's fans come by public transport, and wait for the Wave to start, while Giants fans come on motorcycles and wait for fights to start. The typical date for an A's fan is his wife and kids; for a Giants fan, a 16-year-old runaway from Portland, Ore.

Some blame the rowdiness on bad

weather and losing streaks in the past. "Candlestick fans are harder, tougher. They've had to endure more," says William Orrick, a San Francisco lawyer. Some fans are proud of their exuberance. "The A's fans are dead," says Marco Rodriguez. "You have to wind them up to get them out of the stadium." Giants fan Hank Klein says that A's fans "just sit and watch the game. They only cheer if there's action."

Candlestick Park has tried to civilize its fans this year with tofu hot dogs, a snack bar hawking trail mix and diaper-changing areas in the men's bathrooms. There is a no-drinking, no-smoking family section for fans who want to be isolated from "immature and rude behavior," a Giants spokeswoman says.

From Oakland's point of view, an opponent other than San Francisco would have generated more tourist revenue as well as more civility. Oakland has estimated that a series with a team from another part of the country could have pumped up to \$100 million into the area economy. But the sub-

way series, it is reckoned, may bring in 25% less.

For San Francisco, where tourists leave their hearts and about \$3 billion each year even without a World Series, the additional revenue is gravy. "We don't have to hit people over the head to get their attention," says Dale Hess, of the San Francisco Convention and Visitors Bureau. "We compete against the world: London, Paris, Hawaii."

By contrast, when Oakland officials went to Japan two years ago, folks thought they were from New Zealand's biggest city—Auckland.

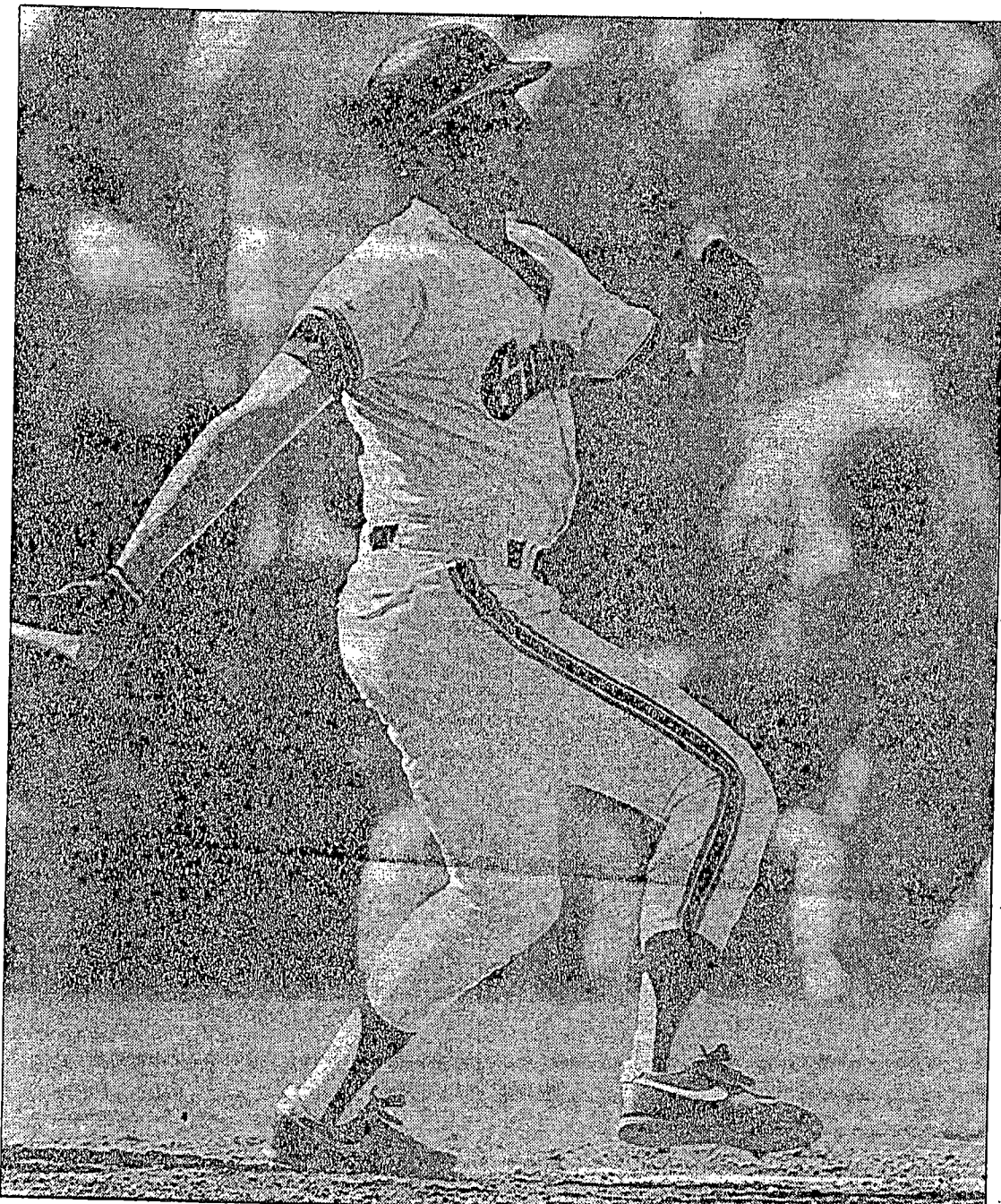
First Federal Savings Bank

DECATUR, Ala.—First Federal Savings Bank said holders voted to approve its proposed merger with First American Federal Savings & Loan Association, Huntsville, Ala.

The thrift said it is waiting for final regulatory approval of the transaction, after which its holders will be entitled to receive \$20.83 for each share held.

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SPORTS



Giants' Will Clark engineers a swing that makes opposing coaches cringe and provokes comparisons to Ted Williams.

BY SCOTT SOMMERDORF—THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Man of Method, Clark Succeeds by Design

By Richard Justice
Washington Post Staff Writer

SAN FRANCISCO

It happened almost eight years ago, but Ron Polk remembers the moment as if it were yesterday.

It was the day a slender, brash high school junior named Will Clark made the five-hour drive from New Orleans to Starkville, Miss. He had come to tell Polk, the baseball coach at Mississippi State University, how much he'd like to be a Bulldog.

Virtually every college coach has this

kind of story to tell, how he went to scout a running back and discovered the best lineman on earth, how he flew thousands of miles to see a certain power forward when a better one played 20 miles away.

Ron Polk's story is about Will Clark, about how Polk was sitting in his office one day and the guy who is today generally recognized as the game's best and most feared hitter pulled up a chair and made a sales pitch.

"He basically recruited us as much as we recruited him," Polk said. "He said he wanted to major in engineering, and we have a good engineering school. I'd heard

of him, but really didn't know that much. I made some calls and talked to some scouts and found out that a lot of people liked him."

The recommendations were good, but not great, and the only time Polk went to see for himself, Clark drew three walks and swung the bat once. Still something told him to find the kid a scholarship.

"I liked the way he carried himself," Polk said. "Even then you could see the fire."

Less than a decade later, almost everyone has seen the fire that has ignited

See CLARK, C6, Col. 1

Clark Succeeds By Design

CLARK, From C1

the San Francisco Giants and pushed them into their first World Series in 27 years. Not just any World Series, but a special one—Oakland vs. San Francisco, beginning with Game 1 at the Oakland Coliseum on Saturday night.

It's the first time in 33 years and only the 16th time ever that two cities from a single metropolitan area have met in the World Series. It hasn't happened since 1956 when the Dodgers and Yankees split the fans in New York, and like that one, this Series will be a contrast of styles and traditions.

The A's win because their starting pitching is strong and deep and because their bullpen may be the best in history, from Todd Burns in the middle to Dennis Eckersley at the end. The A's also win because their batting order is easily the best in the American League, from Ricky Henderson and Carney Lansford at the top to Jose Canseco, Dave Parker, Dave Henderson and Mark McGwire in the middle. If ever there was a team without a noticeable weakness, it's the A's.

The Giants are different. They have a starting staff that at times has looked to be worn out, and with a batting order that's strong at the top and middle and weak at the bottom.

What makes the Giants special, though, are a few special individuals—their 40-year-old ace, Rick Reuschel; their home run champion, Kevin Mitchell; and their powerful young third baseman, Matt Williams.

And Will Clark.

Say hello to a player whose time in the sun may be more than the 15 minutes of fame Andy Warhol said everybody should have.

A player who now appears capable of single-handedly changing a series, who has just strung together five of the best pressure performances ever—13 for 20 (.650) with two home runs, eight RBI and 24 total bases in helping the Giants defeat the Chicago Cubs in the National League playoffs. He began the series by going four for four, homering twice and driving in six runs in Game 1.

His only single-hit game was Game 2, which, not coincidentally, was the Giants' only loss. He returned to Candlestick Park and went two for four in Game 3, three for four in Game 4 and three for four in Game 5. In his last at-bat, he lined a game-winning bases-loaded single into center field.

The Cubs later would say they knew something about pitching to him. Something.

"Oh, he can be pitched to," reliever Les Lancaster said. "It's just a matter of getting the ball there. If you don't put it in the right spot, he makes you pay. That's what separates good and great hitters. A good hitter will occasionally miss a mistake bad. Will Clark didn't miss any pitches this series."

Mitchell, Clark's teammate and pal, said simply: "Will Clark is not human. Someone made him."

So now everyone will want to know Will Clark's story, how he grew up in a middle-class New Orleans neighborhood, attended Mississippi State for three years, starred on the '84 U.S. Olympic team, was the third pick in the 1985 baseball draft, played only 71 games in the minors and homered off Nolan Ryan in his first big league at-bat.

There'll be stories about his Type A personality. How he became a disciple of fitness guru Mackie Shilstone and spends four to five hours a day in the weight rooms and batting cages around New Orleans. How he keeps books



UNITED PRESS/INTERNATIONAL

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then tell off himself. How he still holds Mississippi State records for slamming his helmet and bat to the ground. How gaining some measure of control over his emotions has seemed to be one of the last pieces of this puzzle.

He seems to have blossomed in the public eye this summer, but for most of his first three seasons in the majors, reporters were occasionally afraid to go near him, much less pry into his batting stance or his personal life.

That has changed. He's relaxed and articulate and has been available for hours of interviews in this postseason rush. He answers every question with a smile, will usually call the reporter by name and can be seen all over The City by the Bay, dining at this hot place, kibitzing with Huey Lewis, making a public service announcement for this or that good cause.

"He's not lacking for confidence," his manager, Roger Craig, said admiringly.

A few months after his 25th birthday, Will "The Thrill" Clark, a.k.a. "The Natural," seemingly is not lacking for much of anything.

"I'm telling you, he's the best baseball player I've ever seen," Giants catcher Terry Kennedy said. "I've seen pitchers make perfect pitches on him, and he lines 'em into the corner for a double."

Teammate Mike Krukow, recalling the climatic scene in Game 5, said, "The script was by Bernard Malamud [who wrote "The Natural"]. It's unbelievable what this guy does in clutch situations. It just seems scenarios are written for him."

A day earlier, teammate Dave Dravecky meant about the same thing when he said of Clark: "I've never seen anyone with so much natural ability. His instincts and concentration, his aggressiveness. He's just the best player in the game."

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face with Clark, who was screaming, "This is your ballgame!" and other words of encouragement.

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His left-handed swing is so smooth and sweet that it has evoked comparisons to Ted Williams, especially with the way he seems to stride into the ball and hit off the front foot. On his game-winning hit in Game 5, television replays showed his back foot off the ground, something not every hitting coach would smile about.

Still, the basics are the same, and what people cannot teach is quickness and coordination.

"His hitting ability is not from brute strength or anything like that," Giants hitting coach Dusty Baker said. "It's from quickness and from being able to adjust. When he's hot, which he is now, there's just no way to pitch him."

Clark said as much after Game 5, adding: "Right now the ball just looks real good. When that happens, you've got a lot of confidence that you can walk up there and get the job done. It just feels good."

WILL CLARK'S STATISTICS						
REGULAR SEASON						
Year	Hits	Runs	HR	RBI	Avg.	
1986	117	66	11	41	.287	
1987	163	89	35	91	.308	
1988	162	102	29	109	.282	
1989	196	104	23	111	.333	
Totals	638	361	98	352	.304	
POSTSEASON						
Year	Hits	Runs	HR	RBI	Avg.	
1987	9	3	1	3	.360	
1989	13	8	2	8	.650	
Totals	22	11	3	11	.489	

"My concentration level is extremely high—I'm locked up. My concentration is so high that no matter what is going on, everything else is blocked out. There were 62,000 fans yelling and screaming, and the only thing I was worried about was baseball. When I came up that last time, I couldn't even tell you what Williams's eyes looked like or if he had a beard. I'm just thinking about that ball, that's all."

He says he's not thinking about how the National League playoffs became his showcase or about how another week like this past week could make him very, very rich and very, very famous. He knows the meaning of all this, and it's Polk, his former college coach, who knows what the results could be.

"He's not finished," he said. "He's a guy who likes the full houses and the pressure situations. You take a nothing game in July with 5,000 people in the stands, and you've got a chance against him. But you make it count for something, and there's no one like him."

Clark smiles and shrugs, mumbles something in a voice that is naturally high-pitched and quick, with just a hint of French Quarter stirred in.

"This is not the time to think about what might be," he said. "This

Photocopy-Preservation

it hasn't happened since 1956 when the Dodgers and Yankees split the fans in New York, and like that one, this Series will be a contrast of styles and traditions.

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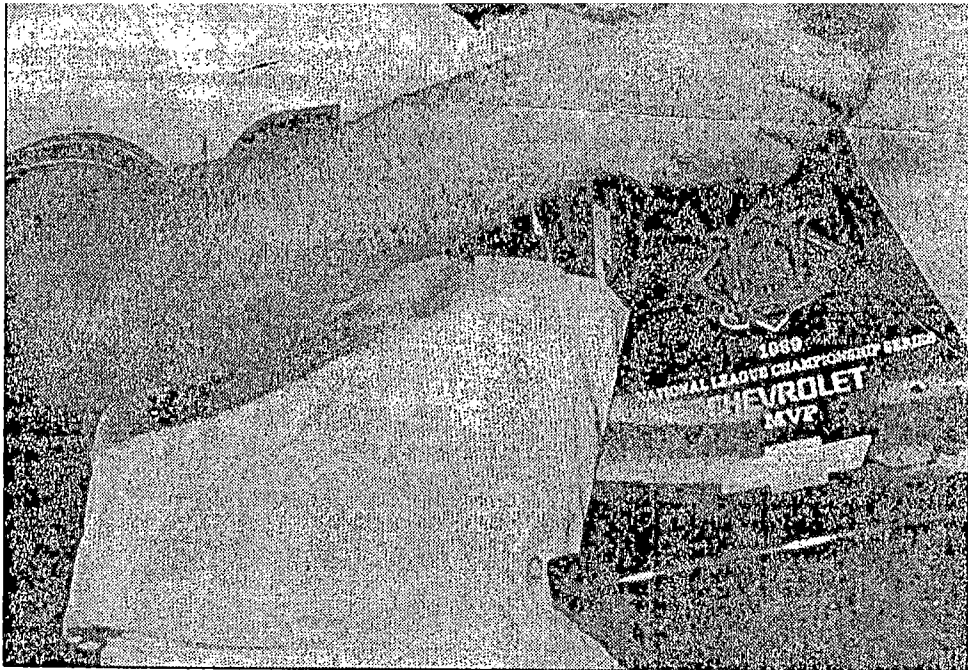
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1987	163	89	35	91	.308
1988	162	102	29	109	.282
1989	196	104	23	111	.333
Totals	638	361	98	352	.304

POSTSEASON

Year	Hits	Runs	HR	RBI	Avg.
1987	9	3	1	3	.360
1989	13	8	2	8	.650
Totals	22	11	3	11	.489

"My concentration level is extremely high—I'm locked up. My concentration is so high that no matter what is going on, everything else is blocked out. There were 62,000 fans yelling and screaming, and the only thing I was worried about was baseball. When I came up that last time, I couldn't even tell you what Williams's eyes looked like or if he had a beard. I'm just thinking about that ball, that's all."

He says he's not thinking about how the National League playoffs became his showcase or about how another week like this past week could make him very, very rich and very, very famous. He knows the meaning of all this, and it's Polk, his former college coach, who knows what the results could be.

"He's not finished," he said. "He's a guy who likes the full houses and the pressure situations. You take a nothing game in July with 5,000 people in the stands, and you've got a chance against him. But you make it count for something, and there's no one like him."

Clark smiles and shrugs, mumbles something in a voice that is naturally high-pitched and quick, with just a hint of French Quarter stirred in.

"This is not the time to think about what might be," he said. "This is the time to go out and do it. You can relive it later."

WAYNE GRETZKY

*The Great One Breaks the
NHL Scoring Record*

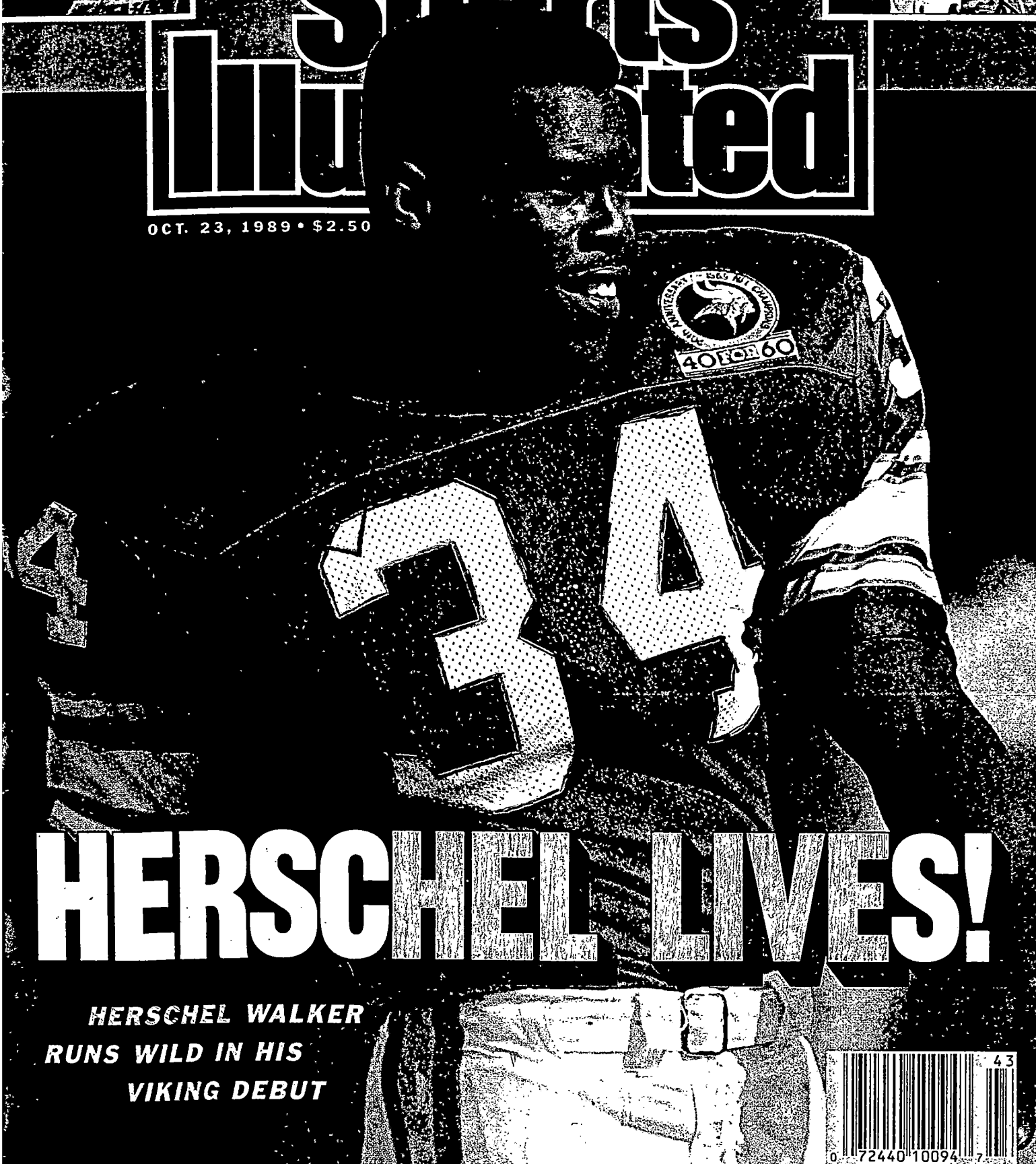
DAVE STEWART

*Oakland Takes a Giant
Lead in the World Series*



Sports Illustrated

OCT. 23, 1989 • \$2.50



HERSCHEL LIVES!

**HERSCHEL WALKER
RUNS WILD IN HIS
VIKING DEBUT**



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BY STEVE WULF

WHEN THE 86TH WORLD Series began last Saturday night, it was the 16th Series between metropolitan-area rivals (the last one matched the Brooklyn Dodgers against the New York Yankees in 1956), the fourth between this year's franchises (the Philadelphia Athletics and New York Giants played one another in '05, '11 and '13), the first between teams owned by members of the same synagogue (EMANU-EL WINS SERIES EITHER WAY shouted the headline in the *Northern California Jewish Bulletin*) and the umpteenth in which one club was considered Goliath and the other David.

The Oakland Athletics were cast as Goliath, much as they had been last season, when they were toppled by the sling of the Los Angeles Dodgers. But this time around, the A's were the Bash Brothers plus the Dash Brother, Rickey Henderson, and oddsmakers installed them as 2-1 favorites over the San Francisco Giants—an oxymoronic name under the circumstances.

For their part, the A's were supremely confident. Slugger Jose Canseco predicted Oakland would win in six games, or at least he did when you called 1-900-234-JOSE. (It was the only way to get a few minutes alone with the guy.) According to Herb Caen's column in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Canseco's wife, Esther, was spotted buying five leather dresses for the World Series. When the salesman said, "Only five?" Esther replied, "That's all I'll need."

Because both the Giants and A's had finished off their playoff opponents in five games, everybody had plenty of time to come up with names for this Fall Classic. The Battle of the Bay became the official title. However, there was also Bay's Ball, the Bart Series (after baseball's late commissioner A. Bartlett Giamatti), the BART Series (even though the nearest Bay Area Rapid Transit stop to Candlestick Park is about three miles away), and the Otis Redding Series (*Sittin' on the Dock of the Bay*).

Speaking of wastin' time, the Giants tried to liven things up last week with a little controversy. Slugger Kevin Mitch-

Steinbach kicked the ball out of Kennedy's mitt to score the A's second run in Game 1.

ON A

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 23, 1989

HEINZ KLUTMEIER

ROLL

*The Oakland A's bowled over
their Bay Area rivals,
the San Francisco Giants,
to lead the Series 2-0*



ell skipped the Wednesday practice to close on a house in San Diego, thus incurring the wrath of teammates and a hefty fine. On the day Mitchell went AWOL, Will (the Thrill) Clark created another stir when out of the blue he attacked long-gone teammate Jeffrey Leonard, calling him a "tumor" and saying, "We got rid of him, now look where we are." Reached for comment, Leonard, who is now with the Seattle Mariners, accused Clark of racial prejudice. "This — doesn't need to be out at World Series time," said Leonard. "Whatever Will's reason, it's in very poor taste." On that count, Leonard was certainly right. Rather than bask in his magnificent performance against the Cubs in the National League Championship Series, the Thrill turned ShriII. On cross-examination after Leonard's charges, the Thrill became the Chill.

The Athletics also became embroiled in a miniscandal. Details filtered out about why the Toronto Blue Jays had accused A's closer Dennis Eckersley of having a foreign substance on the mound in Game 5 of the American League Championship Series. According to a Blue Jays official, an attendant in the visitors' clubhouse in Toronto discovered an emery board in Eckersley's glove after Game Four and told Blue Jay manager Cito Gaston about it. The Eck issued a limp response: "I don't want to talk about it."

Some of the Oakland fans looked almost as frightening as the Athletics themselves.

All this rigmarole detracted from the real appeal of the Series, the rivalry between the Athletics and the Giants, one that goes back to the days when Eddie Plank and Christy Mathewson were toeing the turtleback. Nowadays, the two clubs and their respective cities are friendly antagonists or antagonistic friends, take your pick (page 40).

Then there's the intrashul rivalry between San Francisco owner Bob Lurie and Oakland owner Walter A. Haas Jr. They're both long-standing members of Temple Emanu-El in San Francisco, and when Rabbi Robert Kirschner was asked which team he wanted to win, he replied, "I'm rooting for a tie."

GAME I

The Series began in the Coliseum, but the weather seemed to have been imported from Candlestick Park, 10 miles across the Bay: windy, chilly and overcast. The twilight was brightened a bit by a pregame tribute to Giamatti. His son Marcus threw out the first ball, and Yale's famous Whiffenpoofs sang the national anthem.

The Giants continued the tribute during the game by playing like the Whiffenpoofs. Against A's starter Dave Stewart, they whiffed six times, poofed foul five times and didn't get a runner as far as third until the ninth inning as Oakland won 5-0. Oakland didn't even need much help from native son Rickey Henderson, who had a humdrum 2-for-5 night with one RBI and (gasp) no stolen bases; or Canseco, who went 0 for 3; or Eckersley, who didn't even have to warm up.

Who needs them when you have Tony Phillips and Walt Weiss? Combined, the two infielders weigh as much as 245-pound DH Dave Parker and a batboy, but they had a heavy influence on the offense. Phillips drove in the game's first run with a single in the second inning, and he singled again in the sixth. Weiss, who had three homers all season, sent a cut fastball from Giants starter Scott Garrelts just over the right-field fence to lead off the fourth and give the Athletics their 5-0 lead. Weiss's homer came 20 years almost to the day after a middle infielder named Al Weiss hit a big homer to help clinch the World Series for the '69 New York Mets.

"I remember Al Weiss," said Weiss, who was five years old in 1969. "Not

This Game 1 toss to first was wild, but Stewart was a deadeye with all else that he threw.

much, of course, but I do know he had only one s, so he couldn't have been related." In World Series lore, though, they will be related—as members of the large fraternity of heroic little guys.

Weiss also remembers the who, what and where of every one of his six previous major league homers. "Baltimore was the first," he said. "To get the ball back, I had to get the fan an autograph from Mark McGwire. Then Minnesota. Then Detroit. I hit two on April 5 this year against Seattle, then one in late August in front of all my friends at Yankee Stadium. This one, though, has to be the biggest. A home run in the World Series

RICHARD MACKSON



RONALD G. MODA



is something every kid does now and again in his backyard." For those scoring at home, Weiss's backyard was on Sylvan Way in Suffern, N.Y., behind Good Samaritan Hospital.

Weiss injured his knee on May 17 while turning a double play, and he had to sit out 2½ months; when he came back, he couldn't reclaim his job from Mike Gallego. But A's manager Tony La Russa, playing a hunch, made him a surprise starter for Game 1. "This goes a long way toward salvaging my season," Weiss said.

Oakland jumped out to a 3-0 lead in the second. Dave Henderson walked to lead off the inning, and with one out, Terry Steinbach singled. Phillips singled, scoring D. Henderson and sending

Steinbach to third. Weiss then hit a soft grounder to Clark, whose throw to the plate was low and to the right, and the sliding Steinbach kicked the ball out of Terry Kennedy's mitt. R. Henderson followed with a single to score Phillips.

In the third inning, Parker hit a solo homer—his first home run in 12 World Series games—and did his usual slow trot. Asked what he was thinking as he circled the bases, Parker said, "Wow, another point for us." Asked how he stayed warm between at bats, he said, "I called my wife down in the elevator and hugged her until it came my time to hit."

The night belonged to Stewart, who got his first shutout of the season. When asked if he thought the game was a tad boring, A's pitching coach Dave Dun-

can said, "Good pitching *is* boring. Great pitching is *really* boring."

All agreed that Stewart's pitching was *really* boring. "We ran into a buzz saw," said Clark.

"I'm a humble person," said Stewart, "but I'd have to give myself an A."

The first game was all A's.

GAME 2

Or, as they say, this was déjà vu all over again. Singing the national anthem on Sunday evening were the Whispers, which would have again been an appropriate name for the Giants, whose bats were muffed this time by Oakland starter Mike Moore. The unexpected home run in this game was hit by Steinbach: a three-run shot in the fourth that,

BY ANY NAME, IT'S HARD TO HIT

AFTER WATCHING DAVE STEWART and then Mike Moore dominate his Giants, manager Roger Craig shook his head and said, "They're awfully good, aren't they? And they can sure throw that split-finger."

It was Craig who, as the Detroit Tiger pitching coach in the early 1980s, became the evangelist of the split-fingered fastball. Oakland pitching coach Dave Duncan is another devotee of the pitch, which he prefers to call the forkball. With both pitching staffs mixing the split-finger heavily into their repertoires, the Battle of the Bay quickly became the Fracas of the Forkball.

In the first two games, it was the Athletics who threw it best. "Stewart is an artist with that thing," said Craig, who watched the A's ace throw 41 forkballs—28 for strikes—in Game 1. The next night, Moore threw 42 splitters, 29 for strikes. On the biggest pitch of the game, in the third inning with the score tied 1-1 and Brett Butler at third, Moore struck out Will Clark with a split-finger to end the inning. "Until I came up with the forkball in spring training," said Moore, "I never would have had a way to strike out a Will Clark in that situation."

There's still confusion over the correct name of the pitch. "A true forkball is jammed far back into the fingers and cannot be thrown hard," says Craig. "But with the split-finger, you spread your fin-

Stewart's grip is that of a classic forkballer, with the ball deep between the fingers.

gers as far apart as you want and just throw your fastball. That's what makes it so great. It's the same arm action, and it looks like a fastball, then drops."

Duncan may call them all forkballs, but he knows they come in a wide variety. "The forkball is a highly individualistic pitch," he says. "Everyone throws it differently, according to the length of his fingers, his hand position and the way the ball rolls off his fingers. But it's a lot easier to teach than a straight changeup. Hard throwers sometimes take two or three years to learn a changeup, and a lot of times it'll mess up their delivery."

Moore, whom the A's signed last November as a free agent, arrived in spring training with what Duncan describes as "a horrible changeup." But one day, Duncan spotted Moore fiddling with a forkball grip. "I see what it's done for Stew," Moore told Duncan. "I'd like to try it." He did and went from being a 9-15 hard thrower to a 19-game winner who was third in the league in ERA.

Moore, Bob Welch and Storm Davis of the A's throw a similar pitch: fingers split, moderately outside the seams. "Mine is more of a real forkball," says Stewart, "because I jam the ball deeper between my fingers. I have three or four different ways of using it, so it's like having several other pitches. I can change speeds, I can make it run in or out. It's a constant creative process."

The forkball, or split-finger, or whatever you want to call it, has a few alleged drawbacks. One is the charge that the pitch ultimately hurts the arm. "That's such baloney," says Duncan. "The forkball causes very little arm strain if thrown right. It strains the fingers, which is why we're working on exercises to strengthen the finger muscles."

Another criticism of the pitch is that it's tough to catch: A hard forkball will sometimes dive sharply at the end. It's no coincidence that Moore was second in the American League in wild pitches with 17. "Never underestimate the importance of our catchers, Terry Steinbach and Ron Hassey," says Stewart. "If you're going to throw it hard enough so it doesn't hang, you can't be afraid that your catcher won't block it." Moore's whiff of Clark came after a forkball in the dirt allowed Butler to get to third. Said Duncan, "Moore's coming back with that pitch says as much about Steinbach as it does about Moore." —PETER GAMMONS

like Weiss's, closed out the scoring. The Giants' starter, Rick Reuschel, could get only 12 outs, exactly the number Garrelts had reached when he left Game 1. The final score: 5-1, instead of 5-0.

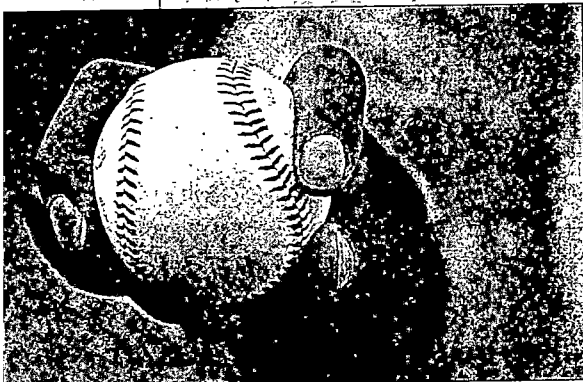
The Giants had tied the score 1-1 in the third when Robby Thompson hit a sacrifice fly to score Jose Uribe, who had gone to third on a single by Brett Butler after he had reached on a force play that had erased Kennedy, who had led off the inning with a single. Yes, you can fit the entire Giant offense in a single sentence.

Perhaps owing to the full moon, there were a couple of bizarre incidents to enliven the proceedings. Canseco walked to lead off the fourth for the A's, and then Parker hit a line shot off the wall, just where it meets the rightfield foul pole. It was an inch from foul and an inch from being a homer, and it ended up a double when it could have been a single. Parker, who stood at the plate to admire his handiwork, started lumbering when the ball caromed off the wall. Candy Maldonado's throw to second appeared to have beaten Parker, but second base umpire Dutch Rennert called him safe just as Canseco came home with the go-ahead run. Then several of the umpires went out to the spot where Parker's ball had hit the wall, not to confirm that it was fair, but instead to remove a fowl—a guinea hen—that had materialized on the field. Or maybe it was the Giants' team albatross.

The second bit of funny business came in the home half of the seventh. R. Henderson—who later said, Yogi-like, "I'm seeing the ball tremendously"—lashed his third hit of the night, down the leftfield line. The ball took a crazy bounce in foul territory and squirted under the A's bullpen bench. As Mitchell, the leftfielder, tried to find the ball, the A's bullpen crew sat like choirboys in a pew. "I was only trying to be nice," said Eckersley, under whom the ball had stopped. "How you doin', Mitch?" said A's utilityman Billy Beane politely.

Henderson ended up on third. "I didn't know what was going on," said Mitchell.

Indeed, all of the Giants seemed to be playing in a fog. Even Clark. He had a case of tonsillitis—no joke—and was Will the Nil for the night, 0 for 4 against Moore and reliever Rick Honeycutt. Matt Williams, who was so devastating against the Cubs, was 0 for 8 in the two



Weiss (7) was a surprise starter and belted a surprise home run in Game 1, and Steinbach (36) was the unlikely basher of Game 2.

games, and he probably won't see another fastball until March.

The A's hitters, meanwhile, knew exactly what to do against Reuschel: wait him out and force him to get the ball up in the strike zone. Only two of the 20 batters whom he faced swung at the first pitch. In the fourth, with two men on base and the score 2-1, Reuschel went to 2 and 0 on Steinbach, so he had to throw a strike. Steinbach connected with the ball at thigh level and sent it deep into the seats in leftfield. It was his first official World Series homer, although he, like Weiss, had hit some before in his backyard, on Jefferson Street in New Ulm, Minn.

"My brother and I had a great field set up in our backyard," said Steinbach. "We played with a tennis ball and a bat that we sawed in half. We had to hit left-handed because we had more room that way. If my mom had wash hanging, off the clothes was an out. In the garden was an out. On the roof of the church next door was a home run. Over the church was a grand slam."

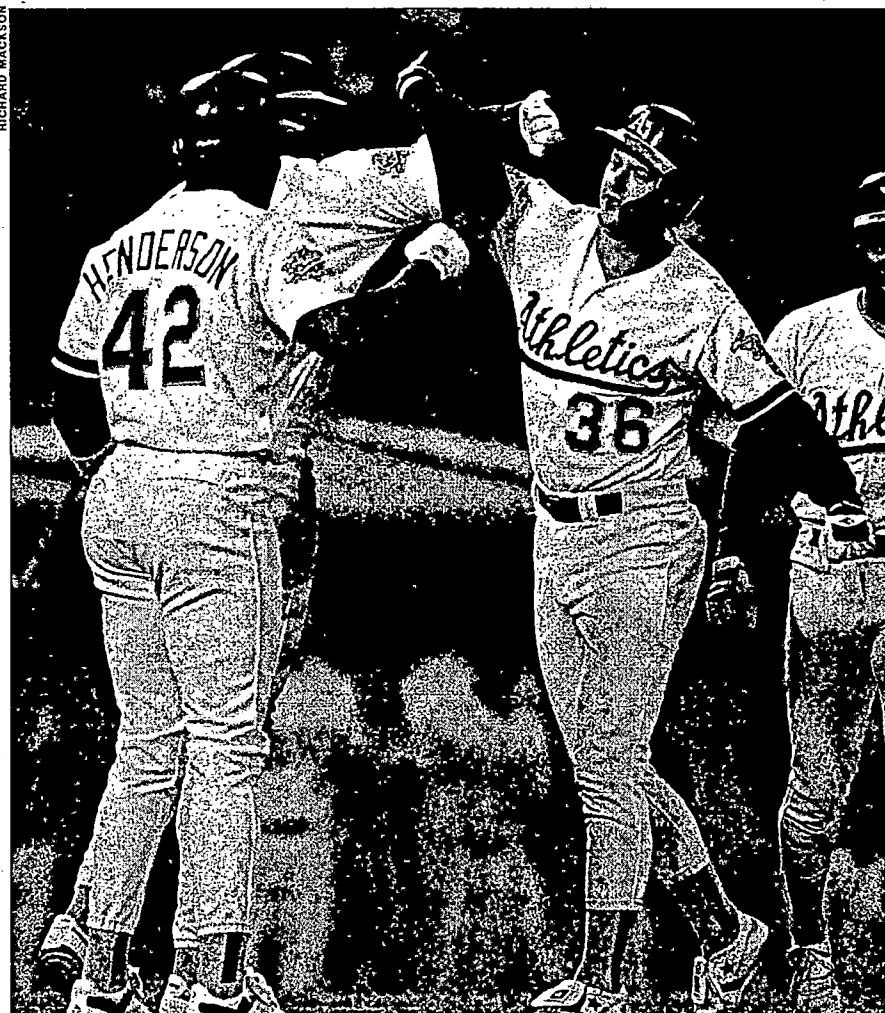
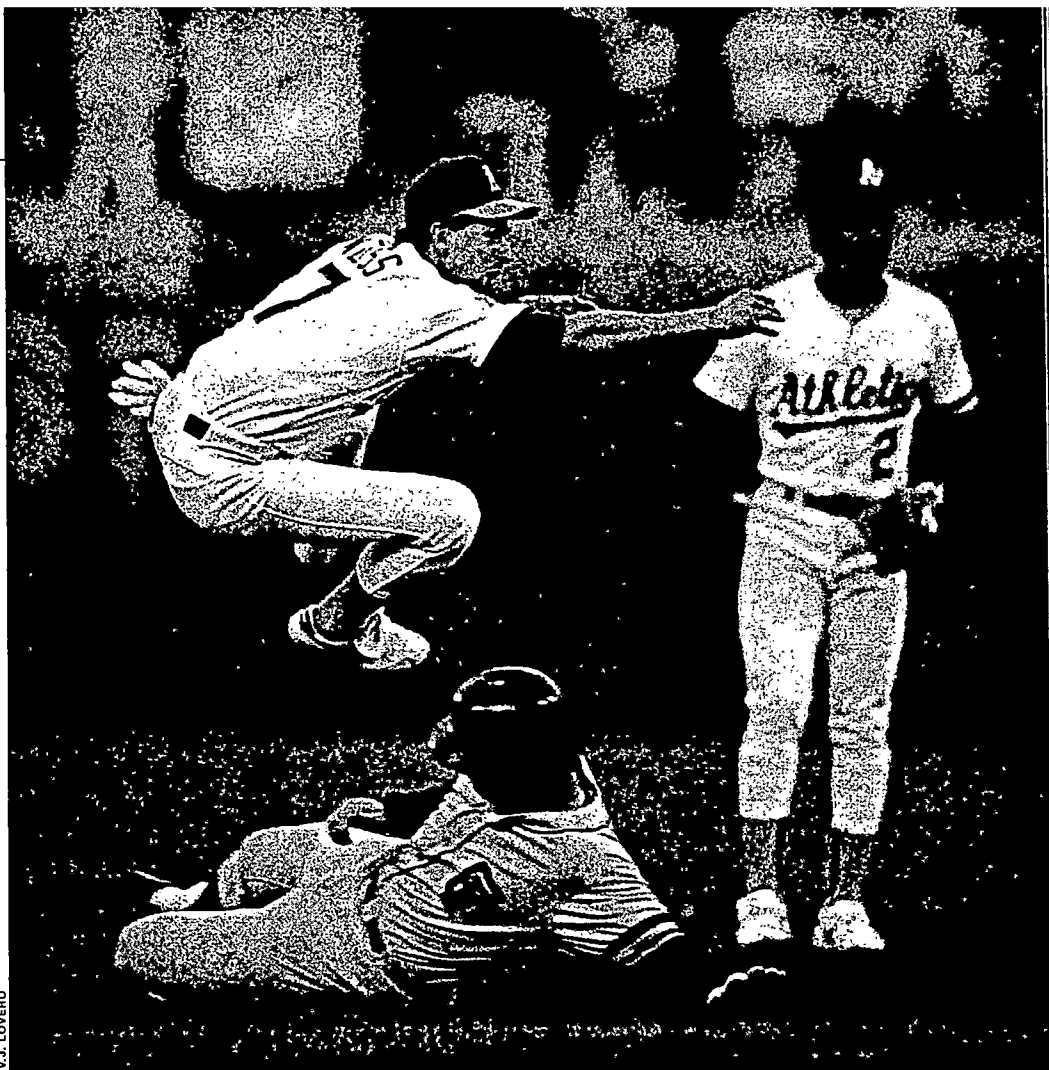
New Ulm, a town of 13,000 that was settled mainly by German immigrants, was every bit as happy as Oakland was Sunday night. "There's a bar in town, Mowans, where the owner, John Mowan, buys everybody a beer whenever I get a hit," said Steinbach. "I can't imagine how many beers this homer is going to cost him."

Steinbach's homer cost the Giants plenty, but afterward at least one of them was philosophical. "I have two theories on why we're not hitting," said Kennedy. "One of my theories is Dave Stewart. The other is Mike Moore."

Not all the Giants took the loss so well. Maldonado threw a metal stool against a locker after most of the reporters had left. Mitchell looked at him and said, "What's wrong with you? Boy, it ain't that bad."

But it sure didn't look good. Canseco and D. Henderson had yet to be heard from in the Series, and as La Russa said after the game, "I think we've been playing good. But I know we can play better."

What a frightening thought for the Giants: a real Goliath.



DESPITE THE DEDICATED efforts of invading media hordes to rouse buried passions, I don't sense just yet a truly bitter rivalry between the Giants and the Athletics. Oh, it's not that the teams don't have strong feelings about winning the World Series. And it's true that the two cities don't much care for each other, San Francisco

tending to look down from its lofty prominences at the supposedly déclassé community across the Bay, Oakland glaring back at its preening neighbor. But in truth, there is probably less animosity between the two cities now than at any time in the past. There is certainly less than there was after the 1906 earthquake, when a San Franciscan remarked to a companion that Oakland seemed miraculously to have been untouched by the disaster. "Yes," replied the friend, "there are some things even the earth won't swallow."

The two cities, however, have too many problems in common now to remain distant, and neither is entirely what it seems. Oakland is not part hick town and part crack capital of the western world, and San Francisco, despite its undeserved reputation for effeteness, is a tough place, where you order Chardonnay in a neighborhood bar at your peril. In fact, if you accepted the images of the two towns, the Giants would be lordly and dominant, and the A's would be scrappy and resilient, instead of the other way around. What's more, blue-collar Oakland has the polite fans, while those at Candlestick are as rough and rowdy as any in baseball.

The Giants and A's actually share many fans. When both teams won pennants this year, a general rejoicing embraced the two clubs as one. But this duality of allegiance will probably not survive the Series. By the time the final out is made, loyalties should be much more clearly defined. There will be boasting from one side of the Bay, snarling resentment from the other. In other words, it will be like old times.

Indeed, when I was growing up in the East Bay, near Oakland, a baseball fan knew exactly where he stood. You followed either the Oakland Oaks or the San Francisco Seals, both of the old Pacific Coast League. The first professional game I ever saw was between those two teams at Oakland Ballpark in neigh-

A FAN'S VIEW OF BAY'S BALL

BY RON FIMRITE

boring Emeryville. Built in 1913, the Oaks' park was a ramshackle wooden structure with fans comparable to those at Ebbets Field. The most memorable was a down-and-outer nicknamed Geranium because of the flower he wore in his frayed lapel. He alternately cheered and denounced the Oaks in a voice that could be heard all

the way to Fresno. That old ballpark looked like a tenement compared with Seals Stadium, a sparkling-white concrete Taj Mahal that opened in 1931. But Oakland Ballpark was my home away from home, and not entirely because it was so vulnerable to gate-crashing.

I lived and died with the Oaks. When I first saw them, they wore garish uniforms with white caps and red sleeves, on which were emblazoned green acorns. First baseman Cecil (Dynamite) Dunn, shortstop Bill Rigney and catcher Billy Raimondi all wore glasses, which, because I was also bespectacled, endeared them to me all the more. Rigney, now an executive with the Athletics, used the basket catch at a time when Willie Mays, who often gets credit for inventing it, was—as was I—10 years old. The Seals were much more stylish, in their pin-striped uniforms. They were the Yankees of the Coast League; the raffish Oaks were the Dodgers.

On Sundays the Oaks and Seals would play morning-afternoon doubleheaders, the 10 a.m. game in Oakland's 12,000-seat park, the afternoon game at 22,000-seat Seals Stadium. The split twin bills were, quite simply, a means for gouging the public, but the fans, many of whom crossed the Bay by ferry, flocked to them. In one of those doubleheaders, in 1946, the Seals' Ferris Fain dropped a bunt down the first base line and, instead of running to the bag, climbed all over Oaks pitcher Henry (Cotton) Phippen as he fielded the ball.

The melee that followed remains the best baseball fight I've ever seen.

Both teams were great successes in the late 1940s. In 1946 the Seals, managed by Lefty O'Doul, drew 670,563 fans, a minor league record at the time, and the Oaks, managed by Casey Stengel, drew 634,311. There was talk of the Coast League becoming a third major league. Instead, the National League moved its New York and Brooklyn franchises to San Francis-



co and Los Angeles, respectively, in 1958, and the Coast League, as I knew it, was dead.

At first, the Giants had a distinctly Coast League look. Rigney was the manager, and in '58 and '59 home games were played at Seals Stadium, a ballpark that I, now a committed San Franciscan, finally recognized as the jewel it was. But it was too small, and when San Francisco almost won the pennant in 1959, major league executives shuddered at the thought of staging the World Series there. When the Giants did win the pennant in '62, they were playing in a larger but lesser stadium, the already infamous Stick.

In those early years the Giants were, as they have become again, the darlings of San Francisco. Even the society crowd embraced them. The same swells who attended debutante balls could be found, dressed to the nines, in box seats at blustery Candlestick. It was also the era of the transistor radio, and on game days the whole town seemed to be listening to the Giants. The opera house finally banished radios from the premises after divas complained that discordant yelps from entire rows of operagoers were playing havoc with their arias. At Kezar Stadium, where the 49ers were playing the Vikings on the last day of the 1962 baseball season, Niner quarterback John Brodie was pleasantly surprised to find himself being cheered lustily as he settled behind the center in an otherwise unremarkable game. He gratefully waved for silence, a futile gesture because the crowd was cheering not him but rather the news coming over myriad radios that the Cardinals had beaten L.A. to send the Giants into a three-game playoff with the Dodgers for the pennant.

I was a news-side reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle* that year, and during the rubber game of the playoff, my city editor sent me out to get "color" on the city's reaction to this momentous occasion. I was downtown, in a bar owned by my friend Sam Cohen, when Mays flagged down the last out and fired the ball victoriously into the Dodger Stadium bleachers. San Francisco, "the cool gray city," went bananas. At the moment of victory, verger Charles Agnews of stately Grace Cathedral played Handel's *Hallelujah* chorus on the carillon. And Cohen, quietly disengaging himself from the delirious throng in his joint, snatched a bottle of champagne, made his way outside and, with great formality, popped the cork and poured the contents onto the asphalt. It was a time, he had decided, when champagne should flow in the streets.

We all know how the World Series against the Yankees turned out. Wil-

lie McCovey hit that line drive right at Bobby Richardson, and, suddenly, the celebration was over. The Series loss was the start of a measured decline for the Giants, punctuated by five successive second-place finishes in the mid-to-late 1960s. Then, in 1968, with San Francisco's attendance already falling, the A's moved to Oakland from Kansas City. The Giants drew only 833,594 fans that year, compared with the 1.5 million they had averaged in their first 10 seasons in San Francisco. They were no longer the only game in town.

The A's were owned by Chicago insurance man Charles Finley, a most unusual fellow, who regarded his ball club as little more than an extension of his flamboyant personality. Who else would have upstaged his team by ostentatiously kissing his wife atop the dugout after a World Series win? Finley had a pronounced need to humiliate his perceived betters. He hired Joe DiMaggio as a vice-president in charge of nothing, for no other reason than to say he was the Yankee Clipper's boss. In the course of writing about the A's, I was once invited by Finley to have lunch in his pied-à-terre in downtown Oakland. The man who prepared our hamburgers, under Finley's exacting instructions, was, to my astonishment, former Red Sox flash Jimmy Piersall.

But give Finley credit: He knew how to put together winning teams, and his A's won three straight Series in the early '70s. Despite their success, however, the A's never were much of a draw, attracting more than a million fans only twice, and it was generally agreed that the Bay Area could not support two teams. The big turnaround came when 1) Horace Stoneham sold the Giants in 1976 to native San Franciscan Bob Lurie, and 2) Finley unloaded the A's four years later to another local concern, the Walter Haas family. The new owners skillfully cultivated their markets and, more important, built successful teams. Together, the A's and the Giants attracted nearly 4.7 million fans this year. And if San Francisco voters approve construction of a downtown ballpark in next month's referendum, the Bay Area should retain both franchises for years to come.

So here we are with the baseball world in our lap. By all rights, I should be a fan whose loyalties are sorely tested by this trans-bay battle. The East Bay is where I grew up and went to school; San Francisco has been my home for more than 30 years. But let's put it this way: The Giants got here first, and I'm a stickler for tradition. Anyway, all of this is a far cry, I tell myself, from the days of Rigney, Raimondi and Dynamite Dunn.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER DE SEVE

OCTOBER 30, 1989 • \$2.50

Sports Illustrated

EARTHQUAKE

THE DAY THE WORLD SERIES STOPPED

WHITE HOUSE LIBRARY
AND
RESEARCH CENTER



A MAN IN COMMAND

Commissioner Fay Vincent was an unknown until baseball was rocked by the quake

BY STEVE WULF

FAY VINCENT KNOWS VERY WELL THAT BASEBALL CAN AID the healing process. When he was a freshman at Williams College in 1956, he was locked in his room as a prank, and when he tried to crawl along an icy ledge to get to the next room, he fell four stories. Two verte-

brae in his back were smashed, and his legs were temporarily paralyzed. In the year of recuperation that followed, Vincent says he saw almost every New York Yankee game on television. "I remember vividly when Gil McDougald hit Herb Score with that line drive," he says. "I saw the games on Channel 11 in New Haven. Mel Allen and Red Barber. Ballantine blasts and White Owl cigars.

"The Yankees played a role in my recovery, and I hope that the World Series will help this community get over its major trauma."

Vincent was speaking in a private interview last Thursday, two days after a major earthquake devastated the San Francisco Bay Area just before Game 3 of the World Series between the Oakland Athletics and the San Francisco Giants, and a day after he announced the postponement of the "Battle of the Bay" Series for at least a week. In the crowded candlelight press conference he conducted Wednesday evening in the St. Francis hotel, Vincent had said, "It is becoming very clear to all of us in Major League Baseball that our concerns—despite this rather large gathering—our issue is really a modest one in light of the great tragedy that hit this area."

In his first major test as baseball's commissioner—and in one of the most difficult situations any commissioner has ever faced—Francis T. Vincent Jr. showed intelligence, compassion and wit. He displayed a remarkable sense of perspective as well as the ability to listen and communicate. If there was a silver lining for baseball last week, it was in the emergence of Vincent, the man who had to replace his friend A. Bartlett Giamatti, who died last month of a heart attack. Baseball is once again in very good hands.

The eighth commissioner was largely unknown as of 5:04 p.m. PDT Oct. 17, when the earthquake hit Candlestick Park. As a result of his college accident, Vincent has a painful arthritic condition in both legs, so he must walk with a cane. (Last spring, when St. Francis, N.J., asked Pete Rose who else had attended his meeting with Giamatti, Rose referred to Vincent as "the crippled guy.") When the quake began, Vincent was standing up in his field box, talking with a companion. "My balance is not the best to begin with, so I had to grab hold of the railing. At first I thought it was a flyover by jets, but then my wife [Valerie] said, 'This is an earthquake.' I had never been in one, so I had no way to judge its severity, especially after I heard the cheering and exultation from the crowd. As the reports came in, though, it became quickly apparent that for the safety of our 62,000 guests the game had to be called and the stadium cleared. The people can't get enough credit for the orderly fashion in which they left the

Arthritis has forced Vincent to use a cane, but the new commissioner was on firm footing during the crisis.



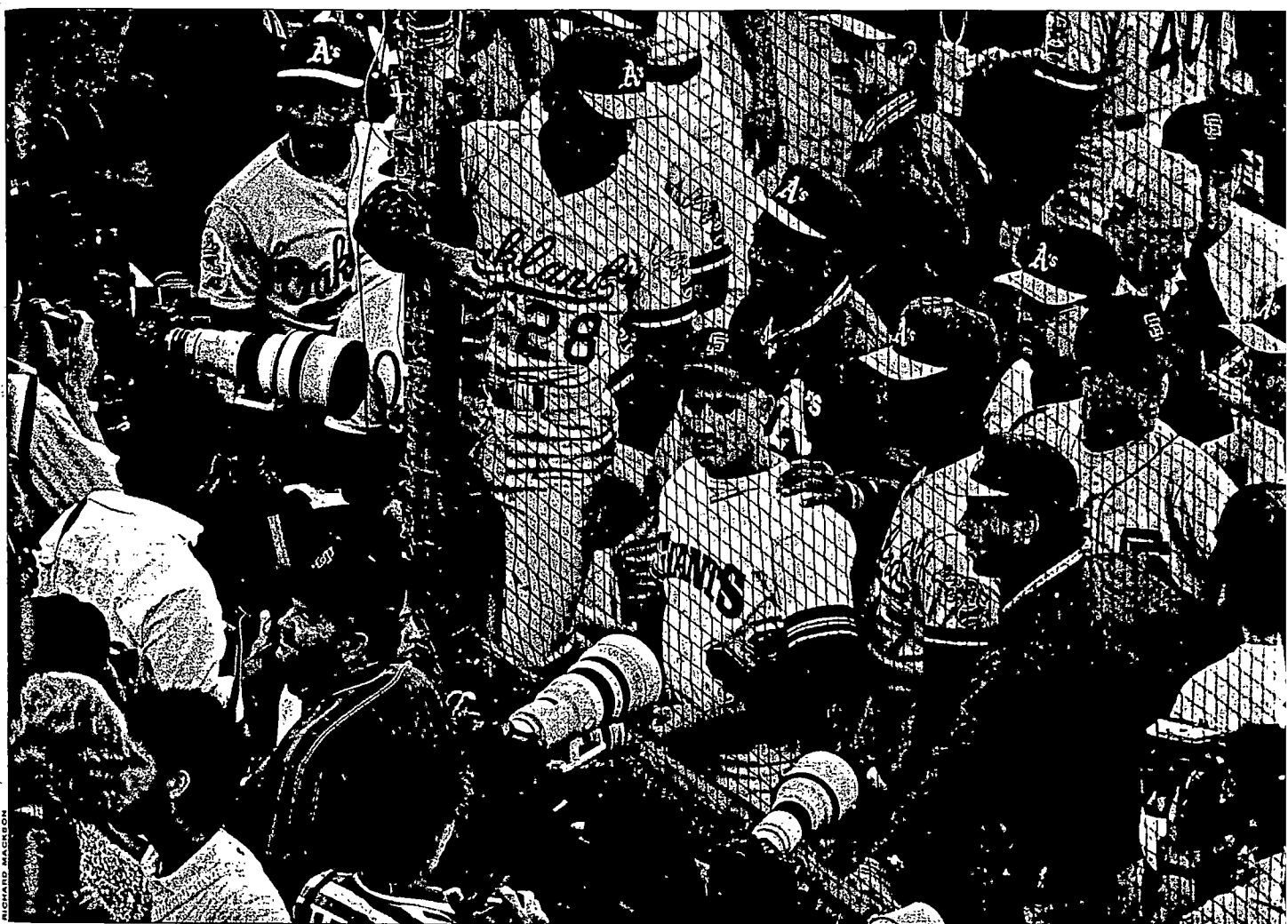
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park, especially in light of the panic seen at sporting events in other countries. They will serve in the future as the model of fan behavior."

The next morning at nine, in the Elizabethan Room of the St. Francis, Vincent met with officials from the two clubs, Commander Isaiah Nelson of the San Francisco police and representatives from ABC, which was televising the games, and decided only that no game would be played that night. "I learned a long time ago that if you don't have to decide something, don't decide it," he said. Vincent also called another meeting for that afternoon and asked officials from the A's and the Giants to prepare reports on the conditions of their stadiums. At 10 a.m., he held his first news conference to announce that night's postponement.

Besides those officials who had met with Vincent in the morning, the afternoon session was attended by Donald Fehr of the Players Association, a representative from the office of the mayor of San Francisco and by several structural engineers and the two league presidents. By then, Vincent had pretty much decided to delay the Series further, but he did bring up two options for discussion. "I asked if anyone thought the Series should be canceled," he said. "Nobody did. Then I asked if anyone thought the Series should be moved to alternate sites. Again, nobody did. Maybe I cast the questions in such a way to discourage those alternatives, but I think we

In the quake's aftermath, players searched the stands for their families.

were all in agreement that the Series should go on after an appropriate period and that it should stay in the Bay Area."

Sandy Alderson, the A's general manager, gave Vincent high marks. "He is a brilliant administrator of meetings," he said. "He gave everyone their say. He obviously has a completely open mind. His judgments are the assimilation of everything he hears and thinks. Yet there's no question as to who is the commissioner." Andy Dolich, the A's vice-president for marketing, was also in attendance. "I really knew nothing about the man before that day, but I came away impressed, not only with his handling of the meeting but also with his feeling of the pulse of the Bay Area. He was absolutely on-line."

Vincent went directly from that meeting to the packed press conference across the hall. He made it abundantly clear that 1) the concerns of the Bay Area were first and foremost; 2) baseball knew its place as a guest; and 3) the postponement until Tuesday was only tentative. He especially did not want the Series putting demands on the area's police departments when they had much more important tasks. "We don't want to be conducting baseball while the hunt for victims is going on and while the community is still in a very serious stage of recovery," he said. "So from my point of view, it is far better to



Vincent says his agenda is the same as that of Giamatti (left), his predecessor and longtime friend.

wait here, recognizing that we support the community's effort. We'll try to be as helpful as we can, and we won't be in the way of that effort." Vincent also announced that five parties involved in the Series—ABC, the Athletics, the Giants, Major League Baseball and the Players Association—would each make significant contributions to the relief effort.

"What really impressed me about the commissioner," said Corey Busch, a Giants vice-president and owner Bob Lurie's right-hand man, "was the way he went immediately from the meeting to the press conference and communicated everything that went on and all the concerns that were expressed." Vincent may not be as oratorically dazzling as Giamatti, but he did show himself to be both nimble and erudite in his press briefings last week.

(On Sunday, Vincent, along with San Francisco mayor Art Agnos, announced that the Series would not resume until Friday evening in Candlestick.)

Vincent's decision to continue the Series was not met with unanimous approval. Several members of the media, most notably Dave Anderson of *The New York Times*, thought the Series should have been canceled because of the tragedy. (Only one championship series in professional sports has ever been canceled, and that was the 1919 Stanley Cup between the Montreal Canadiens and the Seattle Metropolitans, which was called off at 2-2-1 because of an influenza epidemic.) But the vast majority of Bay Area residents wanted the Series to continue; they had lost enough as it was. Later in the week, Vincent, riding in the hotel elevator, met a man who had lost his home in the hard-hit Marina district of San Francisco. Vincent asked him if baseball had made the right decision, and the man said, "Absolutely."

Vincent, an avid student of history, found a historical precedent for his decision. "We can look to the British during the

Second World War," he later said. "Diversion was part of the healing process there. They continued to go to their movies even though London was being bombed. They affirmed life, and perhaps baseball can do the same."

The 51-year-old Vincent has always been a passionate baseball fan, and he was loath to deny fans any of their cherished World Series memories. "I can remember the Yankees being in the Series in '47 and '49," he says. "I remember Whitey Ford, the rookie, beating the Whiz Kids for a sweep of the Series in '50. Johnny Podres being so dominant in '55, when the Dodgers beat the Yankees. Bill Mazerowski's big homer in the seventh game in 1960. My father was a great Athletics fan, back when they played in Philadelphia, so I recall their great teams of the early '70s."

Vincent grew up in a sports-minded household. His father, Francis Sr., one of Yale's finest football and baseball players, was an NFL field official until 1944. Before his accident, Fay himself was something of an athlete in the same

sports as his father. Since then, he has never considered himself handicapped. "I've always made a living doing things cerebral," he once said. After graduating from Williams, Vincent received a law degree from Yale. As an attorney in both New York and Washington, D.C., he specialized in corporate banking and securities law, and in 1977 he served with the Securities and Exchange Commission as associate director of its division of corporation finance.

Vincent's decision to temporarily postpone the Series was hardly his first big one. From 1978 to 1987 he was the president and CEO of Columbia Pictures. In 1979, he made the decision to fight the hostile takeover attempt by financier Kirk Kerkorian. During his tenure, Columbia produced such financially successful pictures as *Kramer vs. Kramer* and *Tootsie*. "Ishtar, too," Vincent once confessed.

In 1988, nine months after Vincent was moved out of Columbia's entertainment division, he resigned to go into private law practice. That's when an old friend—Giamatti—called to ask him if he would negotiate his contract as commissioner. Giamatti created the post of deputy commissioner with Vincent in mind, and during Giamatti's six-month tenure the two friends worked hand in hand on both the new TV contracts and the Rose affair. When Vincent was elected to succeed Giamatti, he said, "Bart's agenda is my agenda," and, indeed, Vincent shares Giamatti's distaste for artificial turf and the designated hitter. When he was making his decision last week, did Vincent think about what Giamatti would have done? "To be honest, the thought never crossed my mind," he said. "But I think he would have done the same thing."

It's ironic that for years Peter Ueberroth made a point that he had had the toughest baptism of any commissioner—the umpires' strike that was resolved just prior to the '84 Series. But then Giamatti was welcomed into office by the Rose scan-

al, and now Vincent has the first Series postponed on account of an earthquake.

In the next few months Vincent will face another daunting event, the end of the current collective bargaining agreement between the players and the owners. In the past, baseball's labor skirmishes have seemed like earthquakes. Everybody knows that sooner or later they're going to come, but nobody does anything about them until it's too late. In 1972, there was

a lockout in spring training and the season had to be postponed 10 days. In 1981, a third of the season was lost. In 1985, two days of play had to be rescheduled because of a strike.

Nobody knows what 1990 holds in store for baseball, and Vincent must give the appearance of remaining apart from the fray. But the fact that he called on the Players Association for input last week is significant. All in all, he demonstrated the kind of leadership that might avert a man-made disaster. ■

"WE'RE HAVING AN . . ."

NO BROADCASTER HANDLED THE COVERAGE OF THE San Francisco earthquake better than ABC sports anchor Al Michaels, who was in the press box at Candlestick Park doing the network's World Series pregame show when the ground began to shake. Michaels was on call for the next 12 hours, reporting on the devastation and death that followed those 15 seconds of terror, doling out information to an anxious nation.

"We're having an earth—" Michaels yelled as the quake began at 5:04 p.m. on Oct. 17. Power lines—including those at Candlestick—were severed, ending the transmission in mid-sentence, but technicians at ABC switched to emergency generators, and both ABC and ESPN were on the air from the stadium within minutes.

"The camera in the booth got power first, and we flipped it around until we saw a shot [in its monitor] from the blimp of the Bay Bridge," Michaels recalls. "That's when I first had an understanding that even though all of us at Candlestick were O.K., the rest of the area was not." Michaels, who lived for 12 years in the Bay Area, was able to identify the locations covered by the camera aboard the Goodyear blimp and carefully guide viewers through a maze of rumors and reports of injuries.

Many viewers were surprised by his gritty performance. After all, he's best known as the voice for ABC's *Monday Night Football*, for his curt treatment of print journalists who criticize him, and for his call—"Do you believe in miracles? Yes!"—when the U.S. hockey team upset the Soviets in the 1980 Olympics. Michaels's work should not have been a surprise, because above all he is a journalist. "Sports reporters are the same as news reporters," he says. "We present the story, assess situations and articulate emotions. The same basic principles apply."

And most sportscasters—unlike a lot of their counterparts in news—are at their best on live TV. They are comfortable with instantly coordinating words and pictures, and they can quickly process the information funneled to them, through earphones, by producers and directors.

In fact, many members of the ABC team at Candlestick displayed a can-do attitude. The network kept in touch with the blimp thanks to Tony Reda, a technician who sat atop the press box holding the antenna in place. Other technicians kept the generators running throughout the

long ordeal by siphoning fuel from the network's diesel trucks. An audio technician held wires together to ensure that Michaels never lost contact with the network.

ESPN provided live reports for most of the four hours after the quake hit. Anchor Bob Ley, stoic in his delivery, was kept informed by correspondent Chris Myers, who was listening to local radio stations, and by broadcaster Chris Berman. "If I sounded scared," Ley said, "I was."

ABC was quick to bring in news anchor Ted Koppel, who had been watching the Series from the network's studios in Washington, D.C. Koppel could have dominated the airwaves, but to his credit, he often deferred to Michaels, asking for his input. Koppel also slapped his colleague on the wrist when Michaels, upon learning that the quake's epicenter was near Santa Cruz, which is 75 miles south of San Francisco, said, "Thank God the epicenter was far enough away from [the 60,000 people in] Candlestick Park so this structure remained erect."

"Well, of course, that doesn't do a lot for the folks in Santa Cruz," Koppel replied.

Michaels wasn't perfect, but when called upon to provide his audience with critical details, he sparkled. "Kids always ask me how to get to this point in broadcasting," he says. "I tell them to pay attention to everything that happens in the world. Sports often is more than the hit-and-run, stolen bases and three days' rest."

When Michaels finished his marathon at 5 a.m. on Wednesday, he returned to his hotel and climbed the 13 flights of stairs to his darkened room. Then he sat down and wept. "I could finally deal with my own emotions," he said.

—SHELLEY SMITH

In the hectic moments after the quake, Michaels was a calm presence.



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THE HISTORY OF BASEBALL

Origin and Early History. Legend holds that baseball was invented in Cooperstown, N.Y., in 1839 by Abner Doubleday. On Dec. 30, 1907, a special committee, consisting of prominent baseball executives and including two United States senators, confirmed Cooperstown as the game's birthplace and Doubleday as its originator.

But baseball historians today place little credence in the Cooperstown-Doubleday story, and feel that the Special Baseball Commission of 1906-1907 did an incompetent job. Various investigators have shown that the term "baseball" was used approximately a century before 1839. For example, a description of a game called "base-ball" appeared in the *Little Pretty Pocket-Book*, a popular children's book published in 1744. A game similar to the one supposedly invented by Doubleday was described in *The Boy's Own Book* by William Clarke, a volume published in London in 1829, and in *The Book of Sports*, written by Robin Carver and published in Boston in 1834.

During the controversy over the origin of baseball in the early 1900's, Henry Chadwick maintained that American baseball was merely a glorified version of the British game of rounders, which was, in turn, an offshoot of cricket. Today Chadwick's thesis is generally accepted by students of baseball. Though baseball grew up in the United States and has many American embellishments, it unquestionably is an adaptation of a game that had been played for centuries, in which a batsman hit a thrown ball and ran around one or more bases, which might be rocks, stakes, posts, inverted milking stools, or canvas bags.

The game of rounders was brought to the United States from England in the 18th century. It was not standardized, having many variations and names. It was called round ball, goal ball, post ball, town ball, and baseball. Fields could be of any size, and there was no set number of players. When three or more boys played the game, it became known as one old cat, two old cat, or three old cat, depending on the number of bases in addition to home base.

The American now given credit for playing the largest part in the evolution of modern baseball is Alexander J. Cartwright, who in 1845 drew up a set of rules having much in common with the present-day game. He drew a diagram of a ball field with 90-foot base lines and had the batter stand at home plate instead of in a separate batter's box some distance from the plate. His rules prohibited the retirement of a runner by "plugging"—hitting him with a thrown ball when off base. The rules nevertheless differed in many respects from those of modern baseball. For example, balls caught on a first bounce constituted an out; pitchers were restricted to throwing the ball underhanded; runs were called aces; and the first team to score 21 aces won.

Cartwright was a member of the New York Knickerbocker Base Ball Club, and his rules were primarily for the use of this club. But other clubs in New York and elsewhere quickly adopted them. It is evident that other teams were playing a good brand of ball, for in the first baseball game on record, played in Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N.J., on June 19, 1846, a team called the New Yorks, playing under Cartwright's rules on a diamond of his specifications, defeated the Knickerbockers (23 to 1 in four innings).

Early baseball was played by young men of means and social position. (Much the same was true, at the time, of cricket in England). However, baseball had a general appeal and, in the 1850's, artisans, tradesmen, and shipwrecked sailors formed teams and challenged the socialists. The first convention of baseball clubs was held in New York in May 1857, to straighten out differences between what had become known as the New York game and the Massachusetts game, and, on March 10, 1858, the National Association of Baseball Players was organized. These meetings changed the scoring unit from aces to runs and gave victory to the team ahead after nine innings. The game was still basically amateur, although at times money sometimes was passed under the table to induce strong-playing "amateurs" to join certain clubs. In 1864, Alfred Reach became the first avowed professional.

During the Civil War, baseball was played extensively behind the lines. Many boys from farms, factories, and countinghouses, who received their first introduction to the game, were later to carry it back to their communities. After the war the game spread like wildfire. In 1869 the Red Stockings of Cincinnati, Ohio, became the first all-professional team. The club, organized by Harry Wright, had an annual payroll of about \$9,300. The team played the entire 1869 season without defeat (56 victories and 1 tie) and stretched its winning streak to 79 in 1870 before losing to the Brooklyn Atlantics.

The first professional baseball league, the National Association of Professional Base-Ball Players, was formed on March 4, 1871, and lasted five seasons, the Boston club winning the championship four times. It became a rowdy league. There was open gambling on games, liquor selling in parks, bribery, and other chicanery.

The National League. Out of this mess, in 1876, was created the National League of Professional Baseball Clubs, which took in most of the National Association teams, but which sought to rid baseball of gambling, drunkenness, and rowdiness. Its constitution provided that a club forfeit its franchise if it sold alcoholic beverages or played Sunday baseball. The National League began life with eight charter members: Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Hartford, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Louisville.

By 1882, when the American Association became a rival to the National League, there had been some shifts in membership. The two leagues drew up a national agreement, a loose pact covering player and territory rights and relations with minor leagues. Following player disputes in 1891, four clubs then in the American Association—St. Louis, Louisville, Baltimore, and Washington—merged with the National League in 1892, to form a new 12-club league called the National League and Association. It was St. Louis' third appearance in the league; the Missouri city was represented in 1876-1877 and 1885-1886. In the 19th century, National League franchises also were held, at various times, by clubs in Providence; Indianapolis; Milwaukee; Buffalo; Troy, N.Y.; Syracuse; Cleveland; Worcester, Mass.; Kansas City, Mo.; Pittsburgh; and Brooklyn.

The 12-club league lasted from 1892 until 1899, when it was reduced to eight teams by dropping Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington, and Louisville. The National League then unquestionably ran the baseball world.

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"The Camera Eye" revealed the author's opinions of the action in stream-of-consciousness narrative. With the years his work and thought seemed to grow gradually more conservative. A second trilogy, *District of Columbia*, comprising *Adventures of a Young Man*, 1939, *Number One*, 1943, and *The Grand Design*, 1949, was full of disillusionment with radical and even liberal political movements. It was much less successful than *U.S.A.* Later novels included *Most Likely to Succeed*, 1954; *The Great Days*, 1958; and *Midcentury*, 1961. Dos Passos also wrote a number of travel books, historical and biographical studies, and essays. He died in Baltimore on September 28, 1970.

Doubleday, Abner (1819-1893), soldier and sports figure. Born in Ballston Spa, New York, on June 26, 1819, Doubleday attended schools in Auburn and in Cooperstown, where he became known as an organizer of team ball games. After a time spent working as a surveyor he entered West Point; graduating in 1842, he was assigned to the artillery and during the Mexican War served under Gen. Zachary Taylor at Monterrey and elsewhere. During 1856-1858 he saw action against the Seminoles in Florida and later was stationed at various posts on the Atlantic coast, in 1860 being assigned to Charleston Harbor, where in April 1861 he manned the first of Fort Sumter's guns to respond to the sudden South Carolina bombardment. In May he was promoted to major and for nearly a year served with an infantry regiment in the Shenandoah Valley and around Washington, D.C. Early in 1862 he was made a brigadier general of volunteers and during the year took part in the major battles in Maryland and northern Virginia: the second battle of Bull Run (Manassas), South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. As major general he commanded a division at Gettysburg and on the death of Gen. J. F. Reynolds on the first day he succeeded to command of the 1st Corps, holding the field against heavy odds. Despite his performance he was returned to divisional command upon the appointment of a new corps commander; bitterly disappointed, he nonetheless continued to render valuable service through the second and third days of the battle. Doubleday was thereafter on duty in Washington, and in 1866 reverted to the regular-army rank of lieutenant colonel. He advanced to colonel in 1867 and retired from the army in 1873. He settled in Mendham, New Jersey, and died there on January 26, 1893. During the late years of the nineteenth century, as baseball grew into a national sport and pastime, much interest in its origins developed; many who championed the notion of baseball as a native American game nominated Doubleday as its originator, citing his sports activities in Cooperstown and giving the year 1839 for his invention of the game. The story became widespread and in 1907 Albert G. Spalding, baseball player and sporting-goods manufacturer, set up a committee of leading fig-

ures in professional baseball to research the history of the game. In its 1908 report the committee ratified the common theory, which subsequently became firmly implanted in American lore. Later investigations showed that a game very similar to baseball, and often called by that name, had been played in America, and even in England, much before Doubleday's time. A variant of the traditional English game of rounders, it had been known in the American colonies as town-ball and by other names and resembled modern baseball much more closely than did the "one-(two, three, or four) old-cat" game cited as baseball ancestor by the Spalding committee; old-cat, a bat-and-ball game, was apparently played when there were too few players for baseball. Doubleday's name remained nonetheless connected with baseball; in 1920 the village of Cooperstown dedicated Doubleday Field as the game's birthplace and in 1939, the supposed centennial of the game's invention, the National Baseball Hall of Fame was established there.

Doubleday, Frank Nelson (1862-1934), publisher. Born on January 8, 1862, in Brooklyn, New York, Doubleday attended the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and at the age of fifteen went to work for the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons. He advanced rapidly, in 1884 reviving and editing the *Book Buyer* magazine and becoming business manager of *Scribner's Magazine* on its founding in 1887. In 1897, after 20 years with Scribner's, he joined Samuel S. McClure in organizing Doubleday & McClure; three years later Walter Hines Page joined the firm, which became Doubleday, Page & Company. In addition to a large and important trade-book list the firm published a number of periodicals, including *World's Work*, established in 1900 with Page as editor, *Country Life in America*, and *Garden and Home Builder*. In 1910 Doubleday moved his printing and distributing operations to Garden City, New York, opening there the Country Life Press. He also built a chain of retail book stores, eventually more than 30 in number, and in 1920 bought a half interest in the Heinemann publishing company in England, later acquiring full control. In 1927 the firm absorbed the George H. Doran Company and became Doubleday, Doran & Company, a title retained until 1946, when it was renamed Doubleday & Company. As a publisher Doubleday combined a keen business sense with a warm appreciation for books and writers, among his authors were Frank Norris, Henry George, Hamlin Garland, Gene Stratton Porter, O. Henry, Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber, Sinclair Lewis, Ellen Glasgow, Joseph Conrad, and Rudyard Kipling. With Kipling he had a particularly close relationship and from him acquired the nickname "Effendi" (Arabic for "chief"), suggested by his initials, by which he was widely known. In 1910 he wrote *A Plain American in England* under the pseudonym "Charles T. Whitefield." Doubleday died on January 30, 1934, in Coconut Grove, Florida.

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NOTES:

* The Philadelphia Athletics (1901-54) won ~~eight~~ ^{nine} American League pennants: 1902, 1905, 1910-11, 1913-14, 1929-31. They won the World Series five times: 1910-11, 1913, 1929-30 (no Series played in 1902).

The Kansas City Athletics (1955-67) won no titles.

The Oakland Athletics (1968-present) have won eight American League Western Division championships: 1971-75, 1981, 1988-89. They have won five A.L. Championships (1972-74, 1988-89) and four World Championships: 1972-74, 1989.

- * Oakland won 99 games during the regular season in 1989.
- * #43 on Oakland's roster is ace relief pitcher Dennis Eckersley ("Eck").
- * We are unable to find any books or articles authored by Tony La Russa.
- * Per the American League Office (212-339-7600), Oakland's regular-season attendance in 1989 was 2,667,225.

YEARLY RESULTS

Managers			Managers			Managers					
1903 8 Games	Boston (A)	5 wins	Jammy Collins	1934 7 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	Frankie Frisch	1963 4 games	Los Angeles (N)	4 wins	Walter Alston
Pittsburgh (N)	3 wins	Fred Clarke	Detroit (A)	3 wins	Mickey Cochrane	New York (A)	0 wins	Ralph Houk			
1904 No Series held			1935 6 games	Detroit (A)	4 wins	Mickey Cochrane	1964 7 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	Johnny Keane	
1905 5 Games	New York (N)	4 wins	Chicago (N)	2 wins	Charlie Grimm	New York (A)	3 wins	Vogi Berra			
Philadelphia (A)	1 win	John McGraw	1936 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Joe McCarthy	1965 7 games	Los Angeles (N)	4 wins	Walter Alston	
Chicago (N)	2 wins	Connie Mack	New York (N)	2 wins	Bill Terry	Minnesota (A)	3 wins	Sam Mele			
1906 6 Games	Chicago (A)	4 wins	1937 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Joe McCarthy	1966 4 games	Baltimore (A)	4 wins	Hank Bauer	
Chicago (N)	2 wins	Fielder Jones	New York (N)	1 win	Bill Terry	Los Angeles (N)	0 wins	Walter Alston			
1907 6 Games	Chicago (N)	1 tie	1938 4 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Joe McCarthy	1967 7 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	Red Schoendienst	
Chicago (N)	4 wins	Frank Chance	Chicago (N)	0 wins	Gabby Hartnett	Boston (A)	3 wins	Dick Williams			
Detroit (A)	0 wins	Hughie Jennings	1939 4 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Joe McCarthy	1968 7 games	Detroit (A)	4 wins	Mayo Smith	
1908 5 Games	Chicago (N)	4 wins	Cincinnati (N)	0 wins	Bill McKechnie	St. Louis (N)	3 wins	Red Schoendienst			
Detroit (A)	1 wins	Hughie Jennings	1940 7 games	Cincinnati (N)	4 wins	Bill McKechnie	1969 5 games	New York (N)	4 wins	Gil Hodges	
1909 7 Games	Pittsburgh (N)	4 wins	Detroit (A)	3 wins	Del Baker	New York (N)	4 wins	Won championship series over Atlanta			
Detroit (A)	3 wins	Fred Clarke	1941 5 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Joe McCarthy	Baltimore (A)	1 win	Earl Weaver		
1910 5 Games	Philadelphia (A)	4 wins	Brooklyn (N)	1 win	Leo Durocher	Won championship series over Minnesota					
Chicago (N)	1 wins	Connie Mack	1942 5 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	Billy Southworth	1970 5 games	Baltimore (A)	4 wins	Earl Weaver	
1911 6 games	Philadelphia (A)	4 wins	New York (A)	1 win	Joe McCarthy	Won championship series over Minnesota					
New York (N)	2 wins	Connie Mack	1943 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Joe McCarthy	Won championship series over Pittsburgh				
1912 6 games	Boston (A)	1 tie	St. Louis (N)	1 win	Billy Southworth	1971 7 games	Pittsburgh (N)	4 wins	Danny Murtagh		
New York (N)	3 wins	John McGraw	1944 6 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	Billy Southworth	Won championship series over San Francisco				
1913 6 games	Philadelphia (A)	4 wins	St. Louis (A)	2 wins	Luke Sewell	Baltimore (A)	3 wins	Earl Weaver			
New York (N)	1 win	Connie Mack	1945 7 games	Detroit (A)	4 wins	Steve O'Neill	Won championship series over Oakland				
1914 4 games	Boston (N)	4 wins	Chicago (N)	3 wins	Charlie Grimm	1972 7 games	Oakland (A)	4 wins	Dick Williams		
Philadelphia (A)	0 wins	George Stallings	1946 7 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	Eddie Dyer	Won championship series over Detroit				
1915 5 games	Boston (A)	4 wins	Boston (A)	3 wins	Joe Cronin	3 games to two	Cincinnati (N)	3 wins	Sparky Anderson		
Philadelphia (N)	1 win	Bill Carrigan	1947 7 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Bucky Harris	Won championship series over Pittsburgh				
1916 5 games	Boston (A)	4 wins	Brooklyn (N)	3 wins	Burt Shotton	3 games to two	1973 7 games	Oakland (A)	4 wins	Dick Williams	
Brooklyn (N)	1 win	Bill Carrigan	1948 6 games	Cleveland (A)	4 wins	Lou Boudreau	Won championship series over Baltimore				
1917 6 games	Chicago (A)	4 wins	Boston (N)	2 wins	Billy Southworth	3 games to two	New York (N)	3 wins	Vogi Berra		
New York (N)	2 wins	Pants Rowland	1949 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Casey Stengel	Won championship series over Cincinnati				
1918 6 games	Boston (A)	4 wins	Brooklyn (N)	1 win	Burt Shotton	3 games to two	1974 5 games	Oakland (A)	4 wins	Al Dark	
Chicago (N)	2 wins	Ed Barrow	1950 4 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Casey Stengel	Won championship series over Baltimore				
1919 8 games	Cincinnati (N)	5 wins	Philadelphia (N)	0 wins	Eddie Sawyer	3 games to one	Los Angeles (N)	1 win	Walter Alston		
Chicago (A)	3 wins	Pat Moran	1951 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Casey Stengel	Won championship series over Pittsburgh				
1920 7 games	Cleveland (A)	5 wins	New York (N)	2 wins	Leo Durocher	3 games to one	1975 7 games	Cincinnati (N)	4 wins	Sparky Anderson	
Brooklyn (N)	2 wins	Tris Speaker	defeated Brooklyn in playoffs (2 wins to one)	1952 7 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Casey Stengel	Won championship series over Pittsburgh			
1921 8 games	New York (N)	5 wins	Brooklyn (N)	3 wins	Chuck Dressen	3 games to none	Boston (A)	3 wins	Darrell Johnson		
New York (A)	3 wins	John McGraw	1953 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Casey Stengel	Won championship series over Oakland				
1922 6 games	New York (N)	1 tie	Brooklyn (N)	2 wins	Chuck Dressen	3 games to none	1976 4 games	Cincinnati (N)	4 wins	Sparky Anderson	
New York (A)	0 wins	John McGraw	1954 4 games	New York (N)	4 wins	Leo Durocher	Won championship series over Philadelphia				
1923 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Cleveland (A)	0 wins	Al Lopez	3 games to none	New York (A)	0 wins	Billy Martin		
New York (N)	2 wins	Miller Huggins	1955 7 games	Brooklyn (N)	4 wins	Walter Alston	Won championship series over Kansas City				
1924 7 games	Washington (A)	4 wins	New York (A)	3 wins	Casey Stengel	3 games to two	1977 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Billy Martin	
New York (N)	3 wins	Bucky Harris	1956 7 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Casey Stengel	Won championship series over Kansas City				
1925 7 games	Pittsburgh (N)	4 wins	Brooklyn (N)	3 wins	Walter Alston	3 games to two	Los Angeles (N)	2 wins	Tommy Lasorda		
Washington (A)	3 wins	Bill McKechnie	1957 7 games	Milwaukee (N)	4 wins	Fred Haney	Won championship series over Philadelphia				
1926 7 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	New York (A)	3 wins	Casey Stengel	3 games to one	1978 6 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Bob Lemon	
New York (A)	3 wins	Rogers Hornsby	1958 7 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Casey Stengel	Won championship series over Kansas City				
1927 4 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Milwaukee (N)	3 wins	Fred Haney	3 games to one	Los Angeles (N)	2 wins	Tommy Lasorda		
Pittsburgh (N)	0 wins	Miller Huggins	1959 6 games	Los Angeles (N)	4 wins	Walter Alston	Won championship series over Philadelphia				
1928 4 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Chicago (A)	2 wins	Al Lopez	3 games to none	1979 7 games	Pittsburgh (N)	4 wins	Chuck Tanner	
St. Louis (N)	0 wins	Bill McKechnie	1960 7 games	Pittsburgh (N)	4 wins	Danny Murtagh	Won championship series over Cincinnati				
1929 5 games	Philadelphia (A)	4 wins	New York (A)	3 wins	Casey Stengel	3 games to none	Baltimore (A)	3 wins	Earl Weaver		
Chicago (N)	1 win	Connie Mack	1961 5 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Ralph Houk	Won championship series over California				
1930 6 games	Philadelphia (A)	4 wins	Cincinnati (N)	1 win	Fred Hutchinson	3 games to one	1980 6 games	Philadelphia (N)	4 wins	Dallas Green	
St. Louis (N)	2 wins	Connie Mack	1962 7 games	New York (A)	4 wins	Ralph Houk	Won championship series over Houston				
1931 7 games	St. Louis (N)	4 wins	San Francisco (N)	3 wins	Al Dark	3 games to two	Kansas City (A)	2 wins	Jim Frey		
Philadelphia (A)	3 wins	Gabby Street	defeated Los Angeles in playoffs (2 wins to one)	1981 5 games	New York (N)	4 wins	Won championship series over New York				
1932 4 games	New York (A)	4 wins	1982 5 games	New York (N)	4 wins	Bill Terry					
Chicago (N)	0 wins	Joe McCarthy	Washington (A)	1 win	Joe Cronin						
1933 5 games	New York (N)	4 wins									
New York (N)	1 win	Bill Terry									
Washington (A)	1 win	Joe Cronin									

Athletics franchise in existence since 1901

1902 - Won A.L. pennant, but no World Series played

1971, 1975, 1981 - Won A.L. West Division title, lost in League Championship Series

Oakland { 1987 - Lost World Series vs. L.A. Dodgers
1988 - Won " " " S.F. Giants

Final Standings, 1989

National League East

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Chicago	93	69	.571	—
New York	87	75	.537	6
St. Louis	86	76	.531	7
Montreal	81	81	.500	12
Pittsburgh	74	88	.457	19
Philadelphia	67	95	.414	26

National League West

	W	L	Pct.	GB
San Francisco	92	70	.568	—
San Diego	89	73	.549	3
Houston	86	76	.531	6
Los Angeles	77	83	.481	14
Cincinnati	75	87	.463	17
Atlanta	63	97	.394	28

American League East

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Toronto	89	73	.549	—
Baltimore	87	75	.537	2
Boston	83	79	.512	6
Milwaukee	81	81	.500	8
New York	74	87	.460	14½
Cleveland	73	89	.451	16
Detroit	59	103	.364	30

American League West

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Oakland	99	53	.611	—
Kansas City	92	70	.568	7
California	91	71	.562	8
Texas	83	79	.512	16
Minnesota	80	82	.494	19
Seattle	73	89	.451	26
Chicago	69	92	.429	29½

League Leaders, 1989

National League

Batting

Based on 3.1 plate appearances for each game; player's team has played.

Gwynn, SD	.336
Clark, SF	.333
L. Smith, Atl.	.315
Grace, Chi.	.314
Guerrero, StL	.311

Home Runs	
Mitchell, SF	47
Johnson, NY	36
Davis, Cin	34
Davis, Hou	34
Sandberg, Chi	30

Doubles	
Guerrero, StL	42
Wallach, Mtl	42
Johnson, NY	41
Clark, SF	38
Bonilla, Pitt	37

Triples	
Thompson, SF	11
Bonilla, Pitt	10
Clark, SF	9
Coleman, StL	9
Van Slyke, Pitt	9

Runs	
Clark, SF	104
Johnson, NY	104
Sandberg, Chi	104
Butler, SF	100
Mitchell, SF	100

Runs Batted In	
Mitchell, SF	125
Guerrero, StL	117
Clark, SF	111
Davis, Cin	101
Johnson, NY	101

Hits	
Gwynn, SD	203
Clark, SF	196
R. Alomar, SD	184
Guerrero, StL	177
Sandberg, Chi	176

Stolen Bases	
Coleman, StL	65
R. Alomar, SD	42
Samuel, NY	42
Johnson, NY	31
Raines, Mtl	41

American League

Batting

Based on 3.1 plate appearances for each game; player's team has played.

Victories	
Scott, Hou	20-10
Maddux, Chi	19-12
Bielecki, Chi	18-7
Magrane, StL	18-9
Ruschel, SF	17-8

ERA	
Cazalita, SF	2.28
Hershiser, LA	2.31
Langston, Mtl	2.35
Whitson, SD	2.66
Hurst, SD	2.69

Saves	
Davis, SD	44
Williams, Chi	36
Franco, Cin	32
Burke, Mtl	28
Howell, LA	26

Complete Games	
Belcher, LA	10
Hurst, SD	10
Browning, Cin	9
Magrane, StL	9
Scott, Hou	9

Strikeouts	
DeLeon, StL	201
Belcher, LA	200
Roman, NY	198
Cone, NY	190
Hunt, SD	179

Innings	
Hershiser, LA	256½
Browning, Cin	249½
DeLeon, StL	244½
Hurst, SD	244½
Drabek, Pitt	244½

Games	
Williams, Chi	76
Dibbille, Cin	74
Parrett, Phil	72
Agosto, Hou	71
Dayley, StL	71

Shutouts	
Belcher, LA	8
Drabek, Pitt	5
Clavine, Atl	4
Hershiser, LA	4
Langston, Mtl	4

American League

Batting

Based on 3.1 plate appearances for each game; player's team has played.

Victories	
McGriff, Minn	33-9
Lansford, Oak	33-6
Boggs, Bos	33-0
Yount, Mtl	31-8
Franco, Tex	31-6

Home Runs	
McGriff, Tor	36
Carter, Clev	35
McGriff, Oak	33
Jackson, KC	32
Easky, Bos	30

Doubles	
Boggs, Bos	51
Puckett, Minn	45
Reed, Bos	42
Bell, Tor	41
Yount, Mtl	38

Triples	
Siena, Tex	14
White, Cal	13
Bradley, Balt	10

Runs	
Boggs, Bos	113
R. Henderson, Oak	113
Siena, Tex	101
Yount, Mtl	101

Runs Batted In	
Siena, Tex	119
Mentingly, NY	113
Easky, Bos	108
Carter, Clev	108
Jackson, KC	105

Innings	
Saberhagen, KC	262½
Stewart, Oak	257½
Cubizca, KC	255
Clemens, Bos	253½
Malacki, Balt	243

Games	
Griff, Mtl	76
McGriff, Tor	74
Rogers, Tex	73
Russell, Tex	71
Gutierrez, NY	70

Shutouts	
Allyson, Cal	5
McCaskill, Cal	4
Saberhagen, KC	4
Black, Clev	3
Clemens, Bos	3
Moore, Oak	3

Championship Series Results

NATIONAL LEAGUE

YEAR	WINNER	LOSER
1969	New York, East, 3	Atlanta, West, 0
1970	Cincinnati, West, 3	Pittsburgh, East, 0
1971	Pittsburgh, East, 3	San Francisco, West, 1
1972	Cincinnati, West, 3	Pittsburgh, East, 2
1973	New York, East, 3	Cincinnati, West, 2
1974	Los Angeles, West, 3	Pittsburgh, East, 1
1975	Cincinnati, West, 3	Pittsburgh, East, 0
1976	Cincinnati, West, 3	Philadelphia, East, 0
1977	Los Angeles, West, 3	Philadelphia, East, 1
1978	Los Angeles, West, 3	Philadelphia, East, 1
1979	Pittsburgh, East, 3	Cincinnati, West, 0
1980	Philadelphia, East, 3	Houston, West, 2
1981	Los Angeles, West, 3	Montreal, East, 2
1982	St. Louis, East, 3	Atlanta, West, 0
1983	Philadelphia, East, 3	Los Angeles, West, 1
1984	San Diego, West, 3	Chicago, East, 2
1985	St. Louis, East, 4	Los Angeles, West, 2
1986	New York, East, 4	Houston, West, 2
1987	St. Louis, East, 4	San Francisco, West, 3
1988	Los Angeles, West, 4	New York, East, 3

* Eastern Division Series: Montreal 3; Philadelphia 2

Western Division Series: Los Angeles 3; Houston 2

AMERICAN LEAGUE

YEAR	WINNER	LOSER
1969	Baltimore, East, 3	Minnesota, West, 0
1970	Baltimore, East, 3	Minnesota, West, 0
1971	Baltimore, East, 3	Oakland, West, 0
1972	Oakland, West, 3	Baltimore, East, 2
1973	Oakland, West, 3	Baltimore, East, 2
1974	Oakland, West, 3	Baltimore, East, 2
1975	New York, East, 3	Kansas City, West, 2
1976	New York, East, 3	Kansas City, West, 2
1977	New York, East, 3	Kansas City, West, 1
1978	New York, East, 3	California, West, 1
1979	Baltimore, East, 3	New York, West, 0
1980	Kansas City, West, 3	Oakland, West, 0
1981	New York, East, 3	Oakland, West, 2
1982	Milwaukee, East, 3	California, West, 2
1983	Baltimore, East, 3	Chicago, West, 1
1984	Detroit, East, 3	Kansas City, West, 0
1985	Kansas City, West, 4	Toronto, East, 3
1986	Boston, East, 4	California, West, 3
1987	Minnesota, West, 4	Detroit, East, 1
1988	Oakland, West, 4	Boston, East, 0

* Eastern Division Series: New York 3; Milwaukee 2

Western Division Series: Oakland 3; Kansas City 0

Championship Series Attendance

NATIONAL LEAGUE

YEAR	G	GAME 1	GAME 2	GAME 3	GAME 4	GAME 5	GAME 6	GAME 7	TOTAL
1969	3	50,122	50,270	53,195	—	—	—	—	153,587
1970	3	33,088	39,317	40,536	—	—	—	—	112,943
1971	4	40,977	42,562	38,322	35,482	—	—	—	157,348
1972	5	50,476	50,584	42,520	39,447	41,887	—	—	234,814
1973	5	53,431	54,041	53,967	50,786	50,323	—	—	262,548
1974	4	40,638	49,247	55,953	54,424	—	—	—	200,262
1975	3	54,633	54,752	46,355	—	—	—	—	155,740
1976	3	62,640	62,651	55,047	—	—	—	—	180,338
1977	4	55,968	55,973	61,719	64,924	—	—	—	240,584
1978	4	63,460	60,642	58,043	55,124	—	—	—	234,269
1979	3	55,006	55,000	41,240	—	—	—	—	151,246
1980	5	65,277	65,476	44,443	44,952	44,802	—	—	250,998
1981	5	51,273	53,463	54,372	54,499	36,491	—	—	250,998
1982	3	53,008	53,408	52,173	—	—	—	—	158,589
1983	4	49,963	55,967	53,440	64,494	—	—	—	223,914
1984	5	36,282	36,282	58,341	58,341	58,359	—	—	247,605
1985	6	55,270	55,222	53,708	53,708	53,708	55,208	—	326,824
1986	6	44,131	44,391	55,052	55,038	54,906	45,718	—	299,316
1987	7	55,331	55,331	57,913	57,997	59,363	55,331	55,331	396,597
1988	7	55,582	55,780	44,672	54,014	52,069	55,885	55,693	373,695

AMERICAN LEAGUE

YEAR	G	GAME 1	GAME 2	GAME 3	GAME 4	GAME 5	GAME 6	GAME 7	TOTAL
1969	3	39,324	41,704	32,735	—	—	—	—	113,763
1970	3	26,847	27,470	27,608	—	—	—	—	81,925
1971	3	42,621	35,003	35,176	—	—	—	—	112,800
1972	5	29,536	31,088	41,156	37,615	30,276	—	—	189,671
1973	5	41,279	46,425	34,367	27,497	24,265	—	—	175,833
1974	4	41,609	42,610	32,060	26,136	—	—	—	144,615
1975	3	35,578	35,578	49,358	—	—	—	—	120,514
1976	5	41,077	41,091	56,808	56,355	56,821	—	—	282,152
1977	5	54,930	56,230	41,285	47,139	41,133	—	—	234,715
1978	4	41,143	41,158	55,325	56,356	—	—	—	194,192
1979	4	52,787	52,108	43,199	43,199	—	—	—	191,293
1980	3	42,398	42,633	56,588	—	—	—	—	141,619
1981	3	55,740	48,497	47,302	—	—	—	—	151,539
1982	5	64,406	64,179	50,153	51,003	54,968	—	—	284,651
1983	4	51,289	52,347	46,635	48,477	—	—	—	195,748
1984	3	41,973	43,019	52,168	—	—	—	—	136,169
1985	7	39,115	34,029	40,224	41,112	40,046	37,557	32,084	264,167
1986	7	32,993	32,786	64,206	64,223	64,223	32,998	33,001	324,490
1987	5	53,269	55,245	49,730	51,939	47,448	—	—	257,631
1988	4	34,104	34,605	49,261	49,406	—	—	—	167,376

OAKLAND
ATHLETICSMANAGER
TONY LA RUSSA (10)Public Relations—JAY ALVES
Traveling Secretary—MICKEY MORABITOCoaches—DAVE DUNCAN (18), Pitching
RENE LACHEMANN (15), 3B
ART KUSNYER (5), Bullpen
DAVE McKAY (31), 1B
MERV RETTENMUND (45), Hitting
TOMMIE REYNOLDS (47), Bench

No.	PITCHERS (16)	B	T	Ht.	Wt.	Born	Birthplace	Residence	1988 Club	W-L	ERA	G	GS	CG	SV	IP	H	BB	SO	M.L. Service
54	BURNS, TODD	R	R	6-2	190	7/6/63	Maywood, CA	Schaumburg, IL	Oakland Tacoma	8-2 4-3	3.16 3.68	17 21	14 5	2 1	1 1	102.2 73.1	93 74	34 26	57 59	0.125
32	CADARET, GREG	L	L	6-3	205	2/27/62	Detroit, MI	Phoenix, AZ	Oakland	5-2	2.89	58	0	0	3	71.2	60	36	65	1.095
41	CORSI, JIM	R	R	6-1	210	9/9/61	Newton, MA	Newtonville, MA	Oakland Tacoma	0-1 2-5	3.80 2.75	11 50	1 0	0 0	0 16	21.1 59.0	20 60	6 23	10 48	0.059
11	DAVIS, STORM	R	R	6-4	200	12/26/61	Dallas, TX	Atlantic Beach, FL	Oakland	16-7	3.70	33	33	1	0	201.2	211	91	127	6.150
43	ECKERSLEY, DENNIS	R	R	6-2	195	10/3/54	Oakland, CA	Sudbury, MA	Oakland	4-2	2.35	60	0	0	45	72.2	52	11	70	14.000
40	HONEYCUTT, RICK	L	L	6-1	191	6/29/54	Chattanooga, TN	Signal Mtn., TN	Oakland	3-2	3.50	55	0	0	7	79.2	74	25	47	11.042
56	LAW, JOE	R	R	6-2	200	2/4/62	Pittsburgh, PA	Pittsburgh, Pa	Tacoma Huntsville	5-3 9-3	3.93 2.56	12 17	11 17	1 4	0 0	66.1 116.0	62 100	19 35	46 67	0.004
23	MOORE, MIKE	R	R	6-4	205	11/26/59	Eakly, OK	Phoenix, AZ	Seattle	9-15	3.78	37	32	9	1	228.2	196	83	182	6.121
19	NELSON, GENE	R	R	6-0	175	12/3/60	Tampa, FL	Dade City, FL	Oakland	9-6	3.06	54	1	0	3	111.2	93	38	67	6.084
38	OTTO, DAVE	L	L	6-7	210	11/12/64	Chicago, IL	Elk Grove Village, IL	Oakland Tacoma	0-0 4-9	1.80 3.52	3 21	2 21	0 2	0 0	10.0 127.2	9 123	6 63	7 80	0.058
51	PLUNK, ERIC	R	R	6-5	210	9/3/63	Wilmington, CA	Riverside, CA	Oakland	7-2	3.00	49	0	0	5	78.0	62	39	79	2.094
34	STEWART, DAVE	R	R	6-2	200	2/19/57	Oakland, CA	Claremont, CA	Oakland	21-12	3.23	37	37	14	0	275.2	240	110	192	8.028
59	VERES, DAVID	R	R	6-2	195	10/19/66	Montgomery, AL	Ceres, CA	Huntsville Modesto	3-4 4-11	4.15 3.31	8 19	8 19	0 3	0 2	39.0 125.0	50 100	15 78	17 91	0.000
35	WELCH, BOB	R	R	6-3	195	11/3/56	Detroit, MI	Huntington Bch., CA	Oakland	17-9	3.64	36	36	4	0	244.2	237	81	158	10.106
29	YOUNG, CURT	R	L	6-1	175	4/16/60	Saginaw, MI	Scottsdale, AZ	Oakland	11-8	4.14	26	26	1	0	156.1	162	50	89	4.110
20	YOUNG, MATT	L	L	6-3	205	8/9/58	Pasadena, CA	La Canada, CA	Oakland	Injured, Did Not Play										5.149

No.	CATCHERS (4)	B	T	Ht.	Wt.	Born	Birthplace	Residence	1988 Club	AVG.	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BB	SO	SB	M.L. Service
24	HASSEY, RON	L	R	6-2	195	2/27/53	Tucson, AZ	Tucson, AZ	Oakland	.257	107	323	32	83	15	0	7	45	30	42	2	10.017
49	McGINNIS, RUSS	R	R	6-3	215	6/18/63	Coffeyville, KS	Littleton, CO	Tacoma Huntsville	.253 .260	63 23	186 77	25 9	47 20	13 9	1 0	2 2	21 15	21 7	38 13	1	0.000
11	SINATRO, MATT	R	R	5-9	175	3/22/60	W. Hartford, CT	Atlanta, GA	Oakland Tacoma	.333 .231	10 77	9 234	1 28	3 54	2 8	0 1	0 2	5 23	0 37	1 41	0 2	1.049
36	STEINBACH, TERRY	R	R	6-1	195	3/2/62	New Ulm, MN	N. St. Paul, MN	Oakland	.265	104	351	42	93	19	1	9	51	33	47	3	2.024

Dr Brown Staffed for 12 noon
Pres of Amer League Monday, 11/6

Mayor Lionel Wilson (of Oakland)
(former judge)

(Smith/Blessey)
Draft One
November 2, 1989
ATHLETICS

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: OAKLAND A'S
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1989
2:00 P.M.

Babe Ruth teams

My good friend Fay Vincent. Mr. Haas, Mr. Eisenhower (V.P. of baseball operation Gen. manager), Tony

LaRussa, Players and Staff of the Oakland Athletics, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Let me welcome you to the White House. And to a special and historic occasion. ((After all, I'll bet it's not often that the Oakland A's are honored by an unofficial scout for the Texas Rangers.)) //

((You know, usually when I'm told I'll be having a White House meeting with some heavy hitters, it turns out to be the Congressional leadership.)) // But not today. Today, we're talking baseball. And a team that's truly No. 1. The world champion Oakland Athletics.

The A's, of course, have a wonderful heritage. 9 world titles in 101 years -- and four since coming to Oakland. A tradition of character and triumph. A tradition embodied, perhaps, by the elephant gracing your uniform sleeve. After all, how could a Republican not be impressed? //

99 This year's champions were true to that heritage. Winning West games and the American League East . . . as Casey Stengel would say, "You could look it up." Then downing Toronto in the playoffs. And sweeping the cross-town Giants in the Battle of

ports Illus. 11/6/89 p. 34

ello of Fame

ports Illus. 11/6/89 p. 34

74 Amer League
73
74

10/10

the Bay. ((I only wish Tony LaRussa could help pilot my budget through Congress the way he piloted the A's to your World Series victory.))

What moments you've given us. And what memories we hold. Of that saver, No. 43, charging from the bullpen. ((You know how the A's spell relief? It's easy: "E-C-K.")) And of the Series' outstanding player: Well, I'm just glad I'm not running for office against Dave Stewart. *hit homer in Toronto*

Then, there's perhaps baseball's all-time leading leadoff hitter, Rickey Henderson. Stealing a ton of bases -- stealing the hearts of Oakland. And Dave "Hindu" Henderson -- he of the dramatic homers. And Mark McGuire of the Bash Brothers. And Walt Weiss. And Carney Lansford. And, yes, Jose Canseco. // *homer in 1st round some Jose*

((Let me say: After that homer you hit against Toronto, when I talk to Mr. Gorbachev about reducing offensive weapons, I'm going to tell him that Jose's bat is not negotiable.)) // *923 blessing of Jose*

Big-leaguers all. Each contributing, big-time, to the cause. A cause led by Tony LaRussa -- lawyer, author, even better manager. // And one of baseball's pioneering front-office staffs. A club which hit superbly and fielded brilliantly. And which -- spurred by Mike Moore, Bob Welch, and Storm Davis -- echoed your franchise's founder, Connie Mack, who said: "Pitching is 90 per cent of baseball." *par-learn*

This year, the A's built on 1988. Delighting some of baseball's greatest fans -- think of it: regular-season attendance of over 2.7 million -- with some of the greatest *outstanding bullpen*

*Webster's
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baseball played since General Doubleday got his tape measure out and started erecting the diamond.

Yes, champions on the field. And champions off it. For you helped the Bay Area through some hard and tragic times. As did those equally magnificent Giants.

The earthquake which shook Northern California delayed the World Series. And for a moment, paralyzed the region. But like the citizens of Oakland, San Francisco, and San Jose, you, too, bounced back. Overcoming adversity. And uniting a populace. Showing how true pros perform when the odds are longest, the evening darkest, and the game is on the line -- the game of baseball, or the larger game of life.

For that, I congratulate you. And each American salutes you. // Even those who were rooting for a San Francisco sweep. // The great pitcher, Dizzy Dean, used to say, "It ain't braggin' if you can back it up." Well, first in the regular-season, first in post-season, here stand the Oakland A's. In 1989, you backed it up. And to you we say: Well-done.

Thank you for coming here. God bless you, and God bless the United States of America.

#

WORLD SERIES
ALLA'S

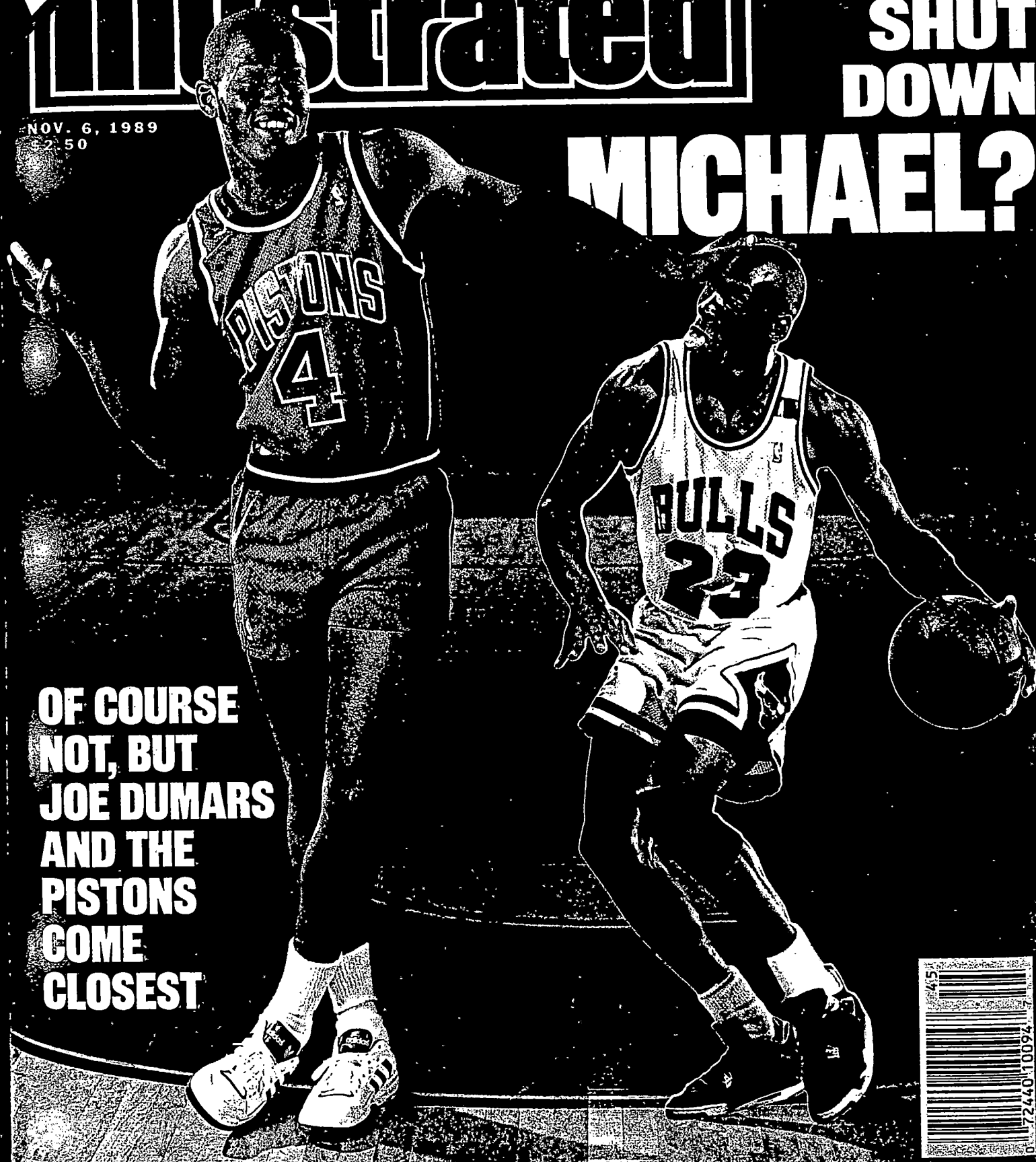
Sports Illustrated

NBA PREVIEW

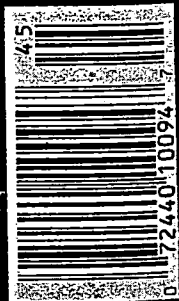
**CAN
ANYONE
SHUT
DOWN**

MICHAEL?

NOV. 6, 1989
\$2.50



**OF COURSE
NOT, BUT
JOE DUMARS
AND THE
PISTONS
COME
CLOSEST**



WELCOME BACK
TO GAME 3 OF THE
1989
WORLD SERIES

SWEPT AWAY

As Part II of the World Series began, the Bay Area was recovering from the quake. Then the A's rocked the Giants twice to complete their sweep



BY STEVE WULF

THEIRS WAS A CELEBRATION AS UNIQUE and classy as they were. The Oakland Athletics had decided against staging the riotous bacchanal that these days almost always accompanies world titles, sensing, quite rightly, that the sight of players pouring champagne over each other would have been inappropriate in the aftermath of the earthquake that had claimed so many and ruined so much.

So, instead, they had an impromptu family get-together, after finishing off their Bay Area rivals, the San Francisco Giants, last Saturday night in the fourth and final game of the 86th World Series. In the visiting clubhouse at Candlestick Park, green and gold balloons stood guard over the players, their wives, children and relatives. World Series MVP Dave Stewart (page 28) proudly showed off his mother, Nathalie. Mike Moore, whose pitching and—*gasp!*—hitting led the A's to victory in Game 4, carried around his two-year-old twin daughters, Amanda and Jessica. Club executive Bill Rigney, 71, grateful that after 51 years in the game he was finally with a world champion, wiped away a tear and said, "This is wonderful." Oh, there was a little bubbly here and there, but mostly the players sipped beer and soft drinks while graciously answering the questions of the intruding reporters.

The low-key bash seemed right in another way, too. In these days of forgettable champions, of teams that burst on the scene with the pop of a cork and then go flat, these A's are a team to savor—like vintage port—by the fireside.

On a night when America would turn back the clock, so did the Athletics. By defeating the Giants 9-6 in Game 4, Oakland became the first team to sweep the World Series since the Cincinnati Reds did it against the New York Yankees in 1976. Oakland outscored the Giants 32-14, tying the '32 Yankees (who outscored the Chicago Cubs 37-19) for the highest run differential ever in a four-game Series. The A's did it with pitching (Stewart and Moore had two wins apiece and a combined ERA of 1.86); fielding (several dazzling plays and only one error); and hitting (a record eight different players homered to help Oakland to a Series-high .582 slugging percentage). They also did it with an NBA-like flair that some baseball

purists found irritating. But as Johnny Bench—a member of the last team to sweep the Series—said, “That’s show-time! That’s entertainment. Joe Morgan was like that for us. And Pete Rose—he was a quiet player, wasn’t he?”

Stewart was the MVP, but the A’s had a whole slate of bona fide candidates.

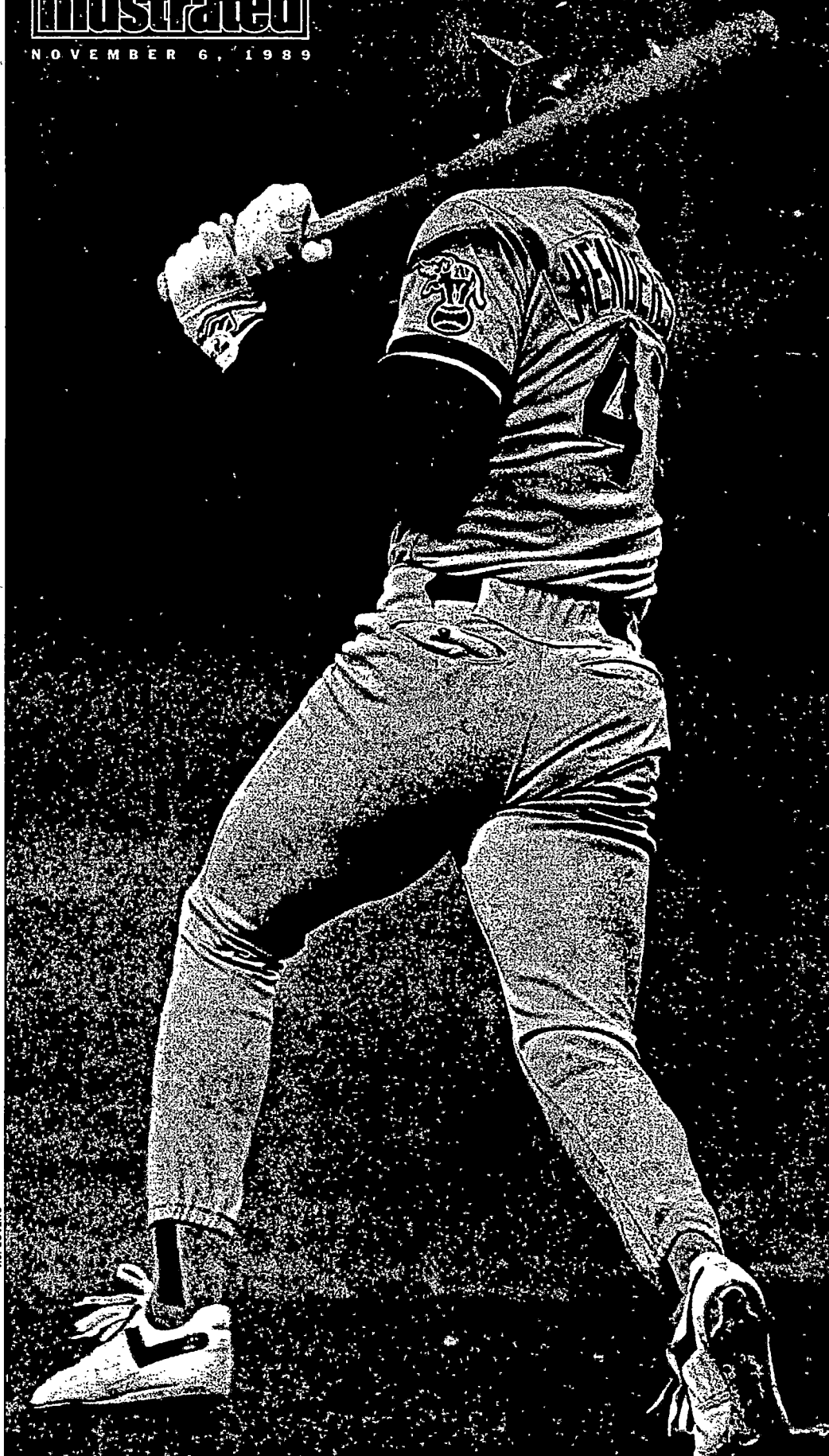
Rickey Henderson hit for the cycle in the Series, batted .474 and stole three bases. Dave Henderson cemented his reputation as the new Mr. October (and nearly Mr. November) with two doubles, two homers and a .923 slugging percentage. Terry Steinbach drove in a team-high seven runs. Carney Lansford hit .438 and had a .688 slugging percentage. Moore pitched nearly as well as Stewart, and he broke the American League pitchers’ 0-for-70 hitting slump in the Series with a two-run double in the second inning Saturday, the key hit of Game 4. And Tony Phillips made three sensational plays at second in the final game. If it weren’t for the unexpected generosity of Oakland’s middle relievers, who gave up eight runs in the last two games, the ’89 A’s would seem as imposing as, say, the ’27 Yankees. Come to think of it, both teams were managed by lawyers, Tony La Russa and Miller Huggins, and had right-fielders with a penchant for speeding, Jose Canseco and Babe Ruth. (Hmmm, wonder how a 1-900-234-BABE number would have done.)

The poor Giants. Kevin Mitchell, with 47 homers and 125 RBIs, and Will Clark (.333, 23 homers, 111 RBIs) had carried them all year, but in the Series the team’s biggest RBI men were Bill Bathe (!) and Greg Litton (!!), with three apiece. Scott Garrelts, the National League ERA leader (2.28), was 0-2 in the Series, with a 9.82 ERA. San Francisco’s team batting average was .209, and its team ERA was 8.21. Thank goodness the Giants mounted a threat in Game 4, or they might have had to apologize for being in the Series.

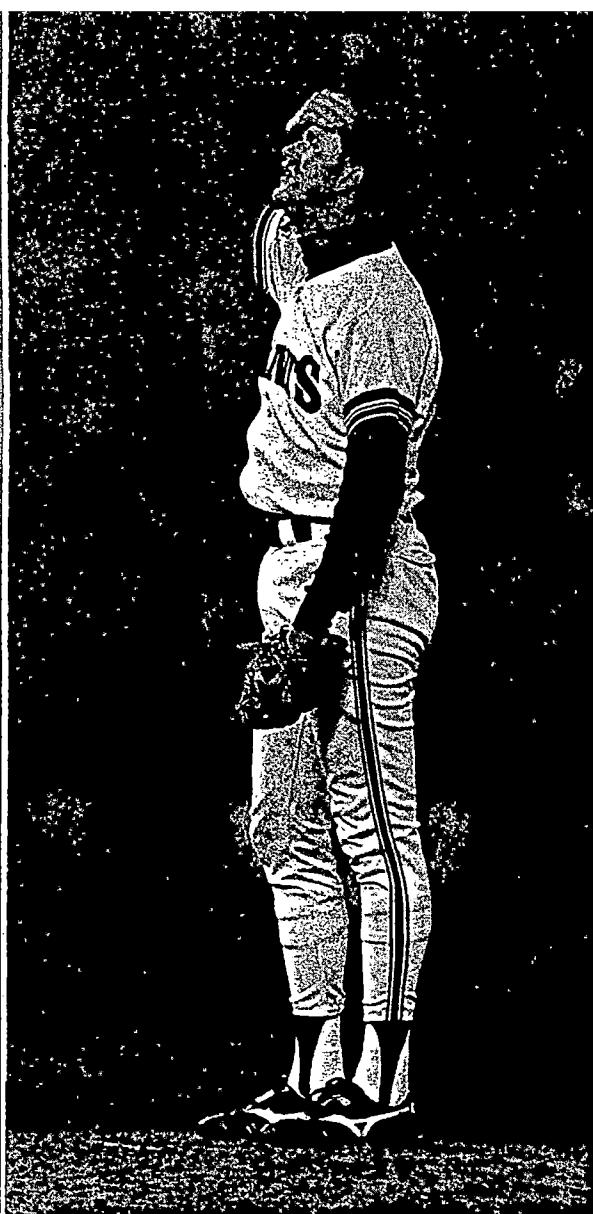
In the comfort of their own clubhouse after the game, the Giants seemed more impressed than depressed. “I’ve played in two Series in this decade, against the two best teams of the 1980s, the ’84 Tigers and the ’89 A’s,” said San Francisco

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 6, 1989



The Hammerin' Hendersons: Rickey (left) led off Game 4 with a homer; Dave (right) hit two in Game 3 and missed a third by a few inches.



Kelly Downs was not alone in his inability to prevent the A's from taking him downtown.

catcher Terry Kennedy, who was also a member of the '84 Padres. "They're similar teams. They had the same look in their eyes. The A's were a tidal wave, and we just couldn't get out of the way."

It was a natural disaster of a different sort, however, that will forever mark this World Series. At 5:04 p.m. on Oct. 17—half an hour before the start of Game 3—an earthquake that measured 7.1 on the Richter scale shook northern California and brought the Series to an abrupt halt. Postponed for 10 days while the Bay Area recovered, this became the longest Series on record even though it ended in the minimum number of games. How long was the layoff? Well, Steinbach became the first player in Series history to grow a beard between Games 2 and 3. Asked if any of the A's had requested counseling after the quake, team physician Dr. Allan Pont,

said, "No, that's what we've got Dave Parker for."

By the time the Series was resumed last Friday, it was permissible to joke a little about the circumstances. The Battle of the Bay had become the Rattle of the Bay, and Candlestick Park was dubbed Wiggly Field by columnist Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Early arrivals checked out the park, and the only thing they could find awry was that the A's were missing. The team bus had been stuck in traffic on the San Mateo Bridge—the alternate route they had to take because of the damage to the Bay Bridge—and they arrived at Candlestick nearly an hour late for batting practice. "I wasn't worried," said first baseman Mark McGwire. "I'm from Southern California, so I find traffic relaxing. Besides, they weren't going to start the game without us."

The A's rushed through BP, and Dave Henderson looked ineffective. "I feel like —," he told Parker. "That's good," replied Parker. "You're supposed to feel like — at a time like this."

At 5:04, a moment of silence was held in memory of the earthquake victims, and then—to demonstrate the indomitability of Bay Area residents—the cast of the campy musical *Beach Blanket Babylon* led the crowd in singing *San Francisco*, which begins: "San Francisco, open your Golden Gate. . ."

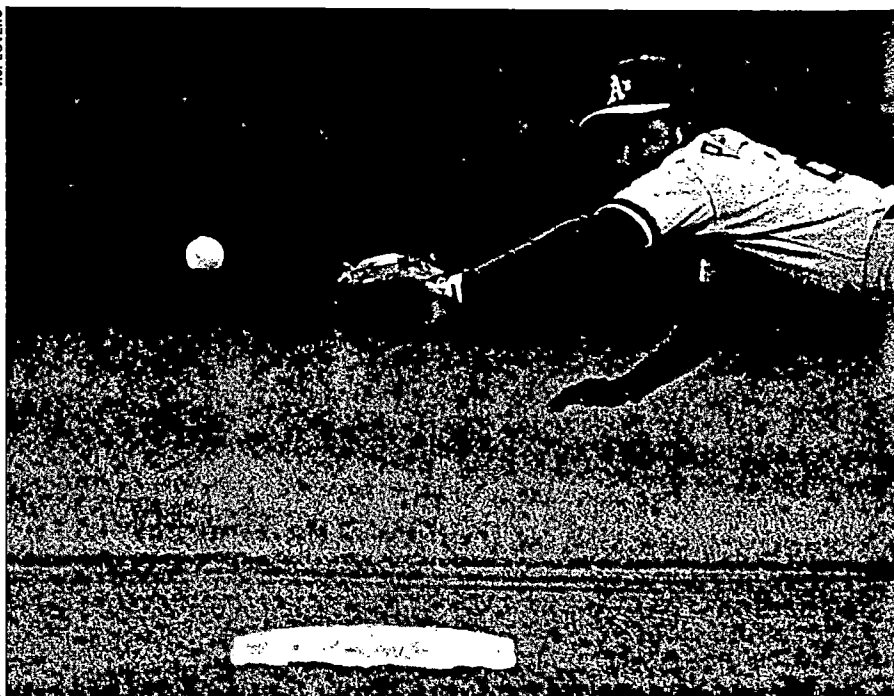
Unfortunately, the Giants took the lyrics literally. Garrelts opened the gate, first by giving up a single to Lansford and then by giving a little chin music to Canseco. "When they threw close to

Jose," said Steinbach, "I wanted to say, 'Thank you.' You don't want to wake him up." Canseco promptly singled, thus ending his 0-for-23 Series slump. Dave Henderson followed with a double off the top of the rightfield fence, and it was 2-0, A's.

Oakland had increased its lead to 4-1 when Stewart ran into trouble in the bottom of the fourth. With two outs and the bases loaded, Kennedy singled in two runs. Then Pat Sheridan hit a shot between first and second that looked as if it would tie the score. But McGwire dived to his right, snagged the ball and shoveled a pass to Stewart to get out of the inning. It was an extraordinarily big piece of glove work by a man usually known for his big bat, and it set the stage for the fifth, when Canseco blasted a three-run homer to left center and Dave Henderson hit his second homer of the game. Soon Oakland led 13-3. The Giants came up with four runs in the ninth, three on Bathe's pinch-hit home run, but by then many of the 62,038 fans had already left.

Things looked pretty dark for San Francisco. "Only 10 teams have come back from 2-0, and nobody's come back from 3-0," said Kennedy. "It would be unprofessional of me to make a statement that we're finished. We're going to try to be the first team that comes back. We've got to win four in a row against a club that's playing like this."

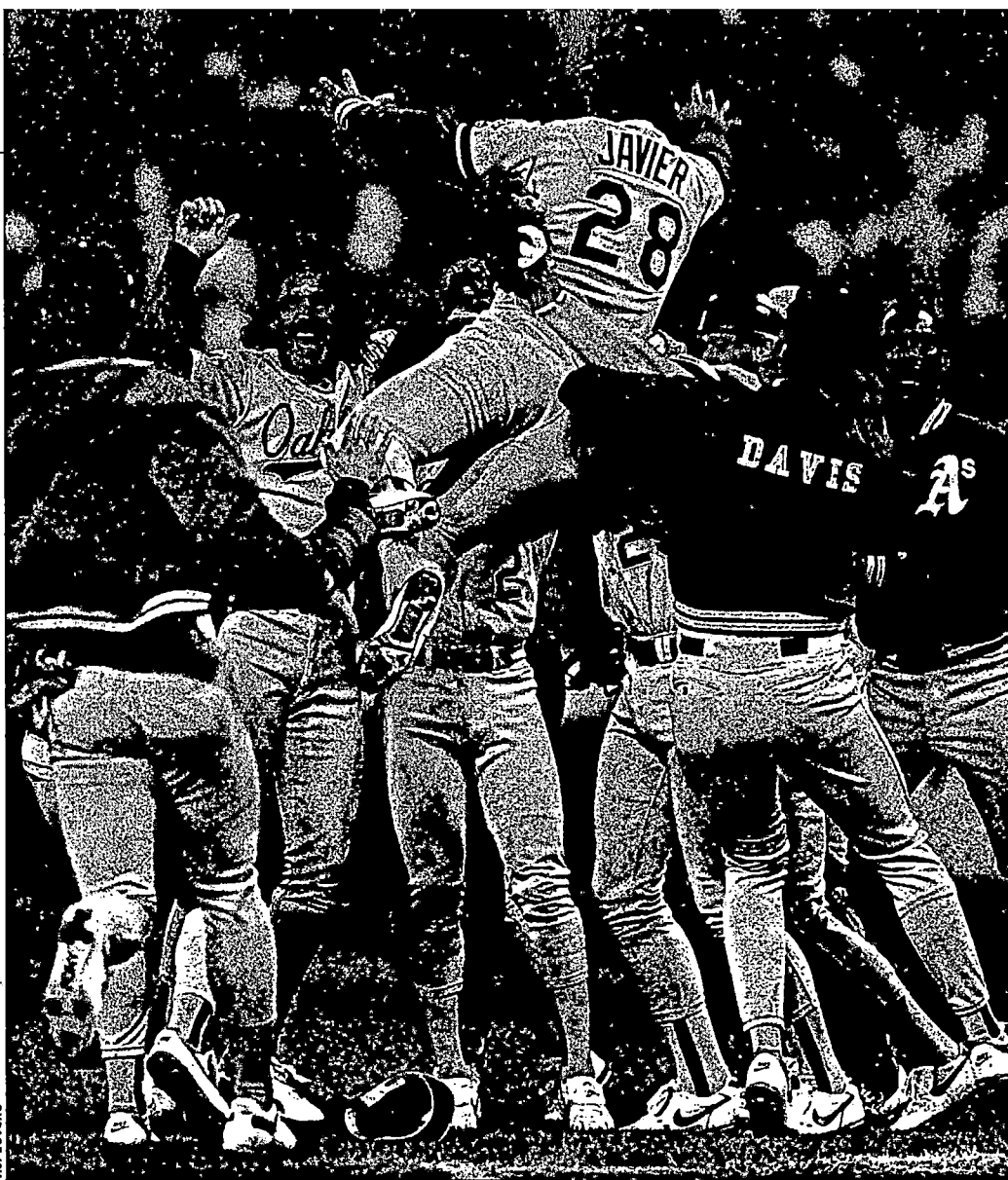
The Giants were pinning their hopes in Game 4 on Don Robinson, the gutty but gimpy pitcher whose last start had come more than a month before. Robin-



son was the only pitcher the A's thought they would have trouble with, but their apprehension diminished when Rickey Henderson knocked the third pitch of the game over the fence in left. In the second inning, Dave Henderson led off with a double, but Robinson appeared to be out of trouble when he intentionally walked Walt Weiss with two outs to get to Moore, who had batted only once before in a major league game. Moore waved feebly at Robinson's first two pitches. Then Kennedy called for an 0-2 fastball, and Moore sent it on a line to center. Centerfielder Brett Butler froze in disbelief and the ball carried over his glove and rolled to the wall. Said Kennedy afterward, "One word came to mind—typical."

Moore had an 8-0 lead when he gave up a two-run homer to Mitchell in the sixth, and La Russa decided to take him out at the end of the inning. Relievers Gene Nelson and Rick Honeycutt let the Giants back in the game in the seventh, and with the score at 8-6, two outs and a man on, La Russa brought in Todd Burns to face Mitchell. With the count at 2-2, Burns hung a breaking ball, and Mitchell sent it deep to left, but it came down in Rickey Henderson's glove, at the fence.

No sooner had the game ended than there was talk of a new A's dynasty, comparable to the one that won three consecutive world championships in 1972, '73 and '74. "Two World Series in two years, and they're just babies," said Rigney. But, as Steinbach said, "There are a lot of ifs involved. If everyone stays



The A's went wild on the field but passed up another Series ritual: spraying champagne.

together, if everyone stays happy, if everyone stays healthy."

But if any organization was built for the long haul, it's the A's. As exuberant as they are on the field, they are extremely businesslike off it. When general manager Sandy Alderson was asked how long he would enjoy the moment, he said, "Oh, until the phone starts ringing on Monday." And pitching coach Dave Duncan took time out from the victory party to tell his pitchers he would be calling them in the next few days to talk about what they should do in the off-season.

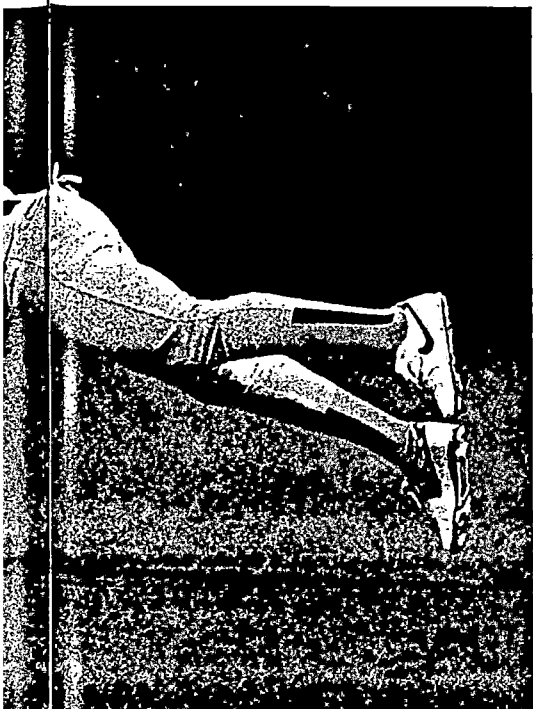
After the game, Parker was asked for a scouting report on his team, for the sake of posterity. He answered, "Rickey Henderson: good as he wants to be. Car-

ney Lansford: hardest working man in baseball. Jose Canseco: pure talent. Mark McGwire: a glove as good as his bat. Dave Henderson: a money player. Terry Steinbach: best catcher in the American League. Tony Phillips: the best-kept secret in baseball. Walt Weiss: the best young shortstop in the game. Dave Stewart: the complete pitcher. Mike Moore: the same. Dennis Eckersley: a strike-throwing machine. Tony La Russa: the best-prepared manager in baseball. And Dave Parker: takes a licking, but keeps on ticking.

"Say, do you think I can get an endorsement from Timex for saying that? Wait. What's the slogan for Rolex?"

Time will tell whether these Athletics will be classed with the great teams of the past—the Big Red Machine, the early '70s A's, the '36-to-'39 Yankees, the '27-to-'28 Yankees. But you can at least say that in 1989, the A's were a most extraordinary team in the most extraordinary World Series in history. ■

Phillips sidetracked several Giant rallies in Game 4 with his brilliant fielding at second.



A HERO LIVES HERE

A's ace Dave Stewart was the Series MVP, but in Oakland he's much more than that

BY PETER GAMMONS

JUST HOURS AFTER GETTING THE win in Game 3 of the World Series, Dave Stewart of the Oakland A's stood at a wire fence and stared up at the ugly wreckage of the Nimitz Freeway, which has become such a familiar image to people across the country. Stewart's late-night visits to this site had become something of a habit since Oct. 17, when the Bay Area earthquake struck, collapsing this roadway and killing 39 people; that first night, he stayed on the scene until 4:30 in the morning. After pitching the A's past the San Francisco Giants last Friday night, he arrived at the Nimitz after midnight, went home to sleep for a while and then returned again at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning.

"The police let me go in near the workers," said Stewart upon his return, as he gazed at the ruins. "I just stand and watch and try to boost the spirits of those people working all night, the people trying to find bodies and cleaning up the rubble. Some nights I didn't plan to be here, but when I couldn't get to sleep, I'd drive over and stand for an hour or two, then go home and go right to sleep. I haven't figured out why I'm drawn here, except that for me this isn't something to gawk at like a tourist. This is part of my life."

A few hours later, Stewart would board the bus for the A's final ride of the

Much of Stewart's community work benefits kids, including those at his boyhood club.



season. That evening they would complete their sweep of the Giants, and Stewart would be named Most Valuable Player of the Series.

But before leaving for Candlestick Park, Stewart toured the city in which he was born and raised, the city to which he devotes so much of his time. He drove past the Victorian buildings in the old section of Oakland. "This is the area we've been developing, with the city center, the restaurants, the shops, the hotels," he said. "It's going to be beautiful. But, obviously, the progress has been set back dramatically. The destruction and damage here is as great as it was in San Francisco, but Oakland never gets the media attention because we're not glamorous. But besides the highway collapse, the city's biggest department stores had to be closed, city hall may never reopen, and almost 1,000 poor people are homeless because a couple of old hotels collapsed. We've been set back, badly."

Stewart was silent for a long minute as he drove onto Interstate 880 to head toward East Oakland and his old neighborhood. "But we will endure," he said at last. "We will rebuild, and Oakland will be back on its climb."

He pulled up in front of the Ossian Carr Clubhouse, a chipped, chinked, blue-brick building on busy 14th Street. Within a few minutes, more than two dozen people had gathered to ask for his autograph: women, kids, a soccer team from the nearby San Antonio projects. Cars stopped. Drivers tooted their horns; even a couple of city bus drivers beeped. Phil Bridges, who manages Stew's Crew, a softball team funded by Stewart, talked to him about getting a second team organized for next year. Burgess told Stewart they would need \$1,100. "No problem," said Stewart. Another man told Stewart that he needed some backing for a soccer team in the projects. Stewart took his card. "I'll get back to you," he said.

It was to this branch of the Oakland Boys' Clubs that Stewart used to come nearly every day until he signed his first professional baseball contract, in 1975. Stewart now has an apartment in Emeryville, a small community between North Oakland and Berkeley, but he still spends much of his time in the old neighborhood, and he seems to know just about everybody. It was past noon

when Stewart finished talking and signing and climbed back into his car. Everywhere he drove, he was greeted with beeps and waves. Not far from the baseball field where Stewart and A's teammate Rickey Henderson once played American Legion ball together, a man raking his lawn stopped and raised his fist in a salute as Stewart drove past.

Before this World Series began, San Francisco mayor Art Agnos was asked if he would make a wager on the outcome with Oakland mayor Lionel Wilson. Agnos said, "There's nothing in Oakland that I'd want." As Stewart cruised the

athletes feel at the Olympics when they say they've won for their country. I won those games for my teammates and for myself, but I also won them for my community. I won them for that guy over there, and those kids on the corner, and that elderly woman next to them. I won them for the parks-and-recreation people, the teachers, the police, my Little League coach and all the people who helped shape my character and baseball skills. There are more than 300,000 people in this town who tonight can say, 'We're Number One,' and mean it."

When Stewart arrived at the Oakland



neighborhood, he recalled that statement: "When Agnos said that, he spit directly in my face. And my parents' faces. And my friends'." He pointed to another man waving from his yard. "And his. And theirs." He waved to two kids, one of whom doffed his A's cap.

In the eyes of his Oakland neighbors, this World Series belonged to Dave Stewart, and his MVP meant Most Valuable Person. "The A's winning the Series really means something to Oakland," says Wilson, "whereas had the Giants won, it wouldn't really have meant much to San Francisco. And the fact that David Stewart won it for his hometown makes it most important, because David Stewart is the symbol of what Oakland can—and will—be."

Said Stewart, "In a way I feel the way

Since the quake Stewart has been a regular visitor to the ruins of the Nimitz Freeway.

Coliseum to catch the bus to Candlestick, a man named Howard Bess was waiting to congratulate him. Bess was Stewart's Little League coach 22 years ago on the baseball fields at the nearby Greenman Baseball Complex. Before the opening game of the Series, one of the fields at the complex was renamed A. Bartlett Giamatti Field. Stewart and Henderson weren't the only future major leaguers to polish their young talent on the baseball fields of Oakland: Joe Morgan and Frank Robinson once played there, as did Curt Flood, Vada Pinson, Willie Stargell, Lloyd Moseby, and Gary Pettis. What's more, NBA stars Bill Russell and Paul Silas once

played hoops in the neighborhood. "When you look at the people who've come out of Oakland," said Stewart, "you'd think we might have something that Agnos would value."

At Sunday school at the Havenscourt Community Church one day in 1961, four-year-old David Stewart met a boy named Wornel Simpson. "From that moment on, we were best of friends," says Simpson. "When we were in high school, we used to sit at home and dream about the future. I was prone to the books, he was the athlete, but we had a shared dream—to make a lot of money, then use it to help others from our community. Little did we know that someday he'd be a superstar pitcher and I'd be a financial planner, doing just what we always dreamed."

Two years ago, Simpson—who graduated from UC Davis—and Stewart formed a nonprofit organization called Kidscorps, which solicits corporate support for children's causes and for rebuilding neighborhoods. Kidscorps operates support programs for teenage mothers, drug education and learning-deficient children, and it sponsors four Little League teams, two softball teams, a track team, a dance group and a summer camp.

"In 1982, at Thanksgiving, I donated \$500 to the Oakland Parents in Action, the group that started the national Just Say No program," says Stewart. "I found out that \$500 could feed 1,000 people. Then Wornel told me he had ways to get us further involved, and that's how it started."

Stewart was active in Oakland while he pitched for the Los Angeles Dodgers, the Texas Rangers and the Philadelphia Phillies, but until he came to the A's in May 1986, his participation was limited. "Back then, he wasn't that well-known. He'd call schools all over the area asking if they wanted him to come talk," says Sister Maggie of St. Elizabeth High, Stewart's alma mater; her desk top in the school's development office is decorated with a collage of Dave Stewart baseball cards and pictures.

But as his reputation grew—thanks to

three seasons of 20 or more wins for the Athletics—Stewart's community activities expanded to include work for the Oakland Boys' Clubs, Just Say No, the MS Society, the Oakland Library and several other charitable and civic institutions. "There are hundreds of groups he helps that we don't know about," says Dave Perron, the Athletics' director of community affairs. "They're run by people who come up to Stew on the street to

important, because almost anytime you try to talk to corporations about funding, you get a two-word response: 'We're short.'"

Bob Howard, Stewart's high school baseball coach, compares Stewart's community mission to "a nonsecular ministry." But Stewart describes it differently. "Most of what I do involves kids," he says. "And I think I get more out of it than the kids. All I really want is to be 11 or 12 years old for five hours a day every day for the rest of my life. Kids make me a kid again."

Nathalie Stewart, Dave's mother, has lived in the family house on Havenscourt Boulevard since 1960. It's made of light stucco and has yellow roses growing in front. Dave offered to buy her a new house a couple of years ago. "I told him I didn't want to ever leave this neighborhood," says Nathalie. Until 1973 she worked at the cannery down the block; her husband, David, who died in 1972, was a longshoreman. "My father didn't want me to be a ballplayer," says his namesake. "When I was nine, he told me, 'You can't make a living hitting a ball with a broomstick.' He was a hardworking man. There'd be three-day stretches when we didn't see him if a ship came in, because he wanted to make sure we were provided for. I have five sisters, so I was taught sports by my older brother, Gregory [now a foreman for a rubber company in Oakland]."

All around Stewart as he grew up were the sights, sounds and temptations of East Oakland, one of the city's poorest neighborhoods. Across the street from the Carr clubhouse is the boarded-up former clubhouse of the Black Panthers. Stewart remembers the Panthers in their berets and leather jackets. "A bunch of them used to play basketball and shoot pool there," he says. "They were part of the neighborhood. One night the cops opened fire on my grandmother's house because they thought [Panther leader] Bobby Seale was hanging out there. My grandmother and aunt were in there, and if you'd seen all the bullet holes through the building,



On the streets of Oakland, Stewart stays attuned to people's needs.

ask for help, and he just can't say no to caring."

"I'm helped by the fact that the A's do more for their community than any other team," says Stewart. "The Haas family [which owns the Athletics] is dedicated to giving. They rebuilt the fields where I used to play ball; they give more than \$100,000 a year in tickets to the elderly and poor; they have days where kids get free tickets for donating books to the public schools; they give inner-city kids tickets for scholastic achievement. Everything I'm involved in, they're behind too. In these times that's

you'd realize it's a miracle they lived." A mile from his house was the headquarters of the Hell's Angels. The Symbionese Liberation Army was also quartered in the neighborhood.

"My circle of friends stayed with our own dreams because we had strong family backgrounds and because we were always playing sports, especially at the Boys' Club," says Stewart. "My parents had strong values of right and wrong.

"I was tempted by the street life. I admit I experimented a little. But every time I got to the brink of getting in trouble, I pulled back. Sure, there was a lot of stuff happening on the street; the projects across 14th Street housed one of the biggest drug operations in the country. But it wasn't hard staying away from drugs or trouble. I had the Boys' Club and sports. There was a heck of a lot more good available to me than there was bad."

"What you see in Stewart is a toughness typical of Oakland kids," says Morgan. "Not just street toughness, but competitive toughness. For every Joe Morgan or David Stewart, there are a dozen guys that were as good who didn't make it. You learn to persevere."

Stewart certainly did. He was 1-8 in his first two professional seasons. He was 7-14 for the Rangers in 1984 and 0-6 for them in '85. He hurt his arm and was released by the Phillies the next year. On July 2, 1986, Tony La Russa, in his first game as the Oakland manager, gave Stewart his first A's start. Stewart beat Roger Clemens that day, and the rest is a 71-34 history, the best record of any pitcher in the game over that span of time. Stewart is the only pitcher in the '80s to win 20 games for three straight years. Yet not until this July did he make the All-Star team, and he has lost out in the Cy Young voting in each of the past two seasons and figures to lose to Bret Saberhagen this year. La Russa says, "It wasn't until this World Series that Stew finally got recognized for what he is."

"The recognition thing bothered me a lot up until last year," says Stewart. "Then when I won 20 the second time

and it didn't happen, I accepted that those things might not come." Last winter, when the A's signed Mike Moore, who had had only one winning season, for more money than Stewart was making, Stewart, who was in fact the third-highest-paid pitcher on the Oakland staff this season, never complained. "The team's more important than what I make," he says.

There are any number of reasons for

make a mistake," says Stewart. "I did, and I admit it. I'm ashamed. But if you dig deep enough, you'll find something in everyone that he is ashamed of. If that incident has had something to do with my lack of recognition, I don't care now. Last winter I got back to basics. What is important? Three things: Am I respected by my teammates, am I respected by my community, and am I happy with that? I am."

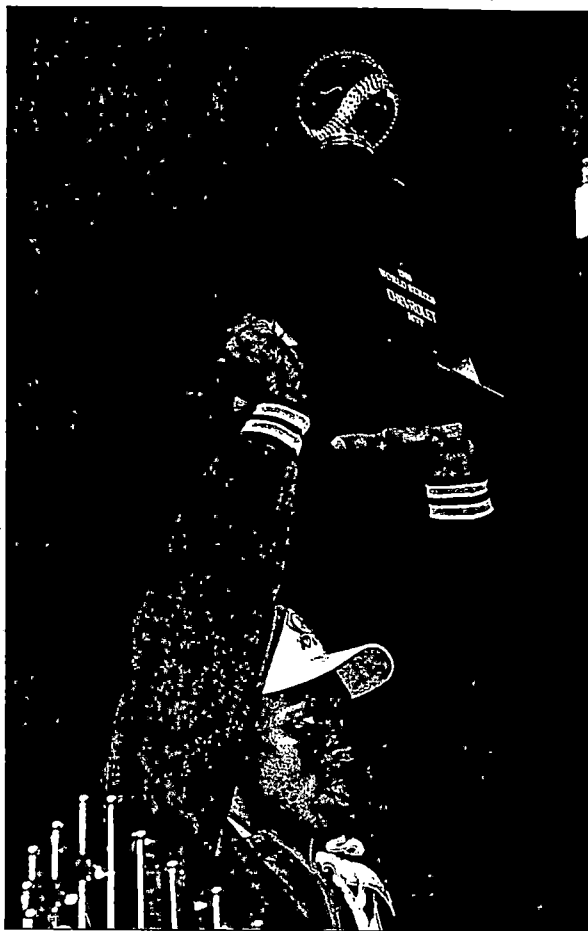
"Respect is the first word anyone uses about Stew," says A's pitcher Dennis Eckersley. Catcher Terry Steinbach says, "There's just a different feeling when he walks out to pitch. He makes everyone feel good about himself." Says Oakland pitching coach Dave Duncan, "David Stewart is a leader; he gives the other players so much confidence that they play better."

"I spent a lot of days as the eighth and 10th man on staffs," says Stewart, "dreaming about being the Number One guy, pitching in the World Series. Here I am, doing what I always wanted to do."

There are other things he wants to do. Stewart talks a lot about his son, Adrian, 12, and his daughter, Alyse, 7, who live near Los Angeles with his former wife, Vanessa. "Adrian is the light of my life," says Stewart, who sees his children as often as he can. He talks about "getting back to a family situation," but that is for the future. For now, Stewart's concern is raising money for Oakland's recovery. "I've got some fund-raising ideas, and I'm sure the club

will have some too," says Stewart, who plans to give a large part of his World Series share to earthquake relief operations. "I also know that I'll get any cooperation I ask for from my teammates."

When Eckersley touched first base to end the Series last Saturday night and Oakland became the baseball capital of the world, Stewart rushed toward the outfield and embraced Henderson, his hometown crony. "We've done it," said Stewart. "We is what this feeling is all about, Rickey, and for you and me at this moment, old friend, we is just a little more special. It's ours."



In winning the MVP award, Stewart got some overdue recognition.

Stewart's lack of recognition, but one in particular haunts him. "I guess the Lucille business was never forgotten," he says. In January 1985, Stewart was arrested in Los Angeles with a prostitute named Lucille, who turned out to be a transvestite. As circumstance would have it, Stewart was scheduled to be honored two days later by the Dallas-Fort Worth baseball writers with their Good Guy award. To the astonishment of everyone, Stewart showed up at the banquet and answered all questions.

"What bothers me is that those who won't forget it are saying one can't ever

(Smith/Blessey)
Draft One
November 2, 1989
ATHLETICS

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: OAKLAND A'S
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1989
2:00 P.M.

Mr. Haas, Mr. Eisenhardt, Tony LaRussa, Players and Staff of the Oakland A's, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Let me welcome you to the White House. And to a special and historic occasion. ((After all, I'll bet it's not often that the Oakland A's are honored by an unofficial scout for the Texas Rangers.)) //

((You know, usually when I'm told I'll be having a White House meeting with some heavy hitters, it turns out to be the Congressional leadership.)) // But not today. Today, we're talking baseball. And a team that's truly No. 1. The world champion Oakland Athletics.

The A's, of course, have a wonderful heritage. __ world titles in __ years -- and four since coming to Oakland. A tradition of character and triumph. A tradition embodied, perhaps, by the elephant gracing your uniform sleeve. After all, how could a Republican not be impressed? //

This year's champions were true to that heritage. Winning __ games and the American League East . . . as Casey Stengel would say, "You could look it up." Then downing Toronto in the playoffs. Before sweeping the cross-town Giants in the World Series. ((I only wish Tony LaRussa could help pilot my budget

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Hill of Fame
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through Congress the way he piloted the A's to your World Series victory.))

What moments you've given us. And what memories we hold. Of that saver, No. 43, charging from the bullpen. ((You know how the A's spell relief? It's easy: "E-C-K.")) And of the Series' outstanding player. I'm just glad I'm not running for office against Dave Stewart. It's not just that he was the Series MVP -- I have a feeling the people of Northern California would vote him MVP -- Most Valuable President.

Then, there's perhaps baseball's all-time leading leadoff hitter, Rickey Henderson. Stealing a ton of bases -- stealing the hearts of Oakland. And Hindu Henderson -- he of the dramatic homers. And Mark McGuire of the Bash Brothers. And Walt Weiss. And Carney Landsford. And, yes, Jose Canseco. //

((Let me say: After that homer you hit against Toronto, when I talk to Mr. Gorbachev about reducing offensive weapons, I'm going to tell him that Jose's bat is not negotiable.)) //

Big-leaguers all. Each contributing, big-time, to the cause. A cause led by Tony LaRussa -- lawyer, author, even better manager. And one of baseball's pioneering front-office staffs. A club which hit well, fielded brilliantly, and echoed your franchise's founder, Connie Mack, who said: "Pitching is 90 per cent of baseball." // Here, Storm Davis, Bob Welch, and Mike Moore, take a bow. // A franchise which built on 1988. And now points toward the 1990s. Delighting some of baseball's greatest fans -- this year, more than 2.7 million strong -- with

The Hidden Game of Baseball

some of the greatest baseball played since General Doubleday got his tape measure out and started erecting the diamond.

Yes, champions on the field. And champions off it. For you helped guide the Bay Area through some hard and tragic times. The earthquake which shook Northern California delayed the World Series. And for a moment, paralyzed the region. But like the citizens of Oakland, San Francisco, and San Jose, you, too, bounced back. Overcoming adversity. And uniting a populace. Showing how true pros perform when the odds are longest, the evening darkest, and the game is on the line -- the game of baseball, or the larger game of life.

For that, I congratulate you. And each American salutes you -- today, Roger Craig called to add: Yes, even Giants' fans. // So let me close by saying: First in the regular-season, first in post-season, here stand the Oakland A's -- the best team of 1989 in the greatest sport of all.

Thank you for coming here. God bless you, and God bless the United States of America.

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"It ain't braggin' if you can back it up."

Dizzy Dean

"I never brag. Bragging is claiming something that you can't back up. I can always do anything I say."

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THE HIDDEN GAME OF BASEBALL

JOHN THORN & PETE PALMER

Doubleday & Co.

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44 PERCENT OF BASEBALL

* Pitching is 70 percent of baseball, said Connie Mack. Pitching is 50 percent of baseball, said Branch Rickey. Pitching is 35 percent of baseball, said George Weiss. More recent guesstimates—for that is what they are, supported by impressions rather than evidence—have ranged from a high of 80 percent, by Herman Franks when he managed the Cubs, to a low of 15 percent, by Joe McDonald when he was G.M. of the Mets.¹ (If you reflect on the Cubs' chronic lack of pitching, and the Mets' chronic lack of hitting, and their equally chronic occupancy of the depths of the NL East, these extreme views take on a certain poignance.)

Everybody has an answer, but nobody, it seems, understands the question. How else to explain the extraordinarily divergent responses of those best in a position to know? To the question, "What part of baseball is pitching?", take an answer of, say, 70 percent. Does this mean that if your club's pitching is "better" than the other club's on a given day, or than the other clubs' in a given season, your chances of winning the game or pennant are 70 percent? Does it mean that however good your club's pitching is, the combined efforts of the batters, fielders, and baserunners (let's forget about intangibles like attitude) have only a 30 percent impact on the outcome? Does it mean that the essence of the game is the battle between pitcher and batter, and the

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SPORTSWIT

WILL LEE major league pitcher:

"If I were a Tibetan priest and ate everything perfect, maybe I'd live to be 105. The way I'm going now, I'll probably only make it to 102. I'll give away three years to beer."

HORATIO LURO 80-year-old horse trainer, revealing his prescription for longevity:

"Swim, dance a little, go to Paris every August and live within walking distance of two hospitals."

HERMAN "JACKRABBIT" SMITH-JOHANNSEN 103-year-old Canadian cross-country skier, revealing his prescription for longevity:

"Stay busy, get plenty of exercise and don't drink too much. Then again, don't drink too little."

GARY HAMMOND Southern Methodist University quarterback, after his final college game:

"You start out in college worrying about growing up, and when you finish you're worrying about growing old."

BRANCH RICKEY major league baseball executive, on the stages of senility:

"First you forget names; then you forget faces; then you forget to zip up your fly; and then you forget to unzip your fly."

GEORGE MACINTYRE Vanderbilt football coach, surveying a roster that included 28 freshmen and 25 sophomores:

"Our biggest concern this season will be diaper rash."

TONY CURTIS actor, on why he quit smoking:

"I like to think of it in simple terms. Smoking shortens

Age

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your life by eight years. I love watching pro football on television. If I smoke, I'll miss 350 games."

TOMMY LASORDA Los Angeles Dodgers manager, as a 37-year-old veteran ran past the dugout:

"There goes Rick Monday. He and Manny Mota are so old they were waiters at The Last Supper."

STAN WILLIAMS New York Yankees coach, on veteran outfielder Oscar Gamble:

"Oscar is so old that when he broke into the majors he was still a Negro."

DOUG DIEKEN Cleveland Browns offensive lineman, on Houston Oilers veteran defensive end Elvin Bethea:

"Elvin is so old he had to use a jumper cable to get started last year."

CAL HUBBARD former major league umpire:

"If I'd known I was going to grow this old, I'd have taken better care of myself."

* **CASEY STENGEL** former New York Yankees manager, at age 71:

"Most people are dead at my age—and you could look it up."

SATCHEL PAIGE Hall of Fame pitcher:

"How old would you be if you didn't know how old you was?"

EARLY WYNN Hall of Fame pitcher:

"First thing I do when I wake up in the morning is breathe on a mirror and hope it fogs."

SPORTSWIT BY LEE GREEN
1984 FAWCETT CREST NY

get over the fact that he could earn real money for playing it. From the moment he hitched up his trousers and pawed at the rubber as a preliminary to facing the first batter until the last dying opponent waved helplessly at his fast ball it was his ball game completely.

He had his little jokes, though. One day at Chicago he had the Cubs beat, 3 to 2, in the eleventh. Two men were out, Cy Pfirman was the umpire, and the batter, Gabby Hartnett, had taken two strikes. One more pitch and the game might well be over. But Diz decided to delay the drama. Casually he called time, leisurely he strolled over to the Cardinal dugout and disappeared under its roof. The fans, wondering why the rhythm of the game had been broken, stood up to see what was going on. Then, seconds later, Diz marched back, and as he passed Pfirman, he shouted over his shoulder, "Whew! It's hot! Jist had to git me a little drink of water." Then he threw a third strike past Hartnett and the game was over.

The most memorable players are those who combine greatness with color. Babe Ruth, of course, had this quality to a remarkable degree, and it made him the greatest gate attraction the game has ever known. But Dean was not far behind. His bragging was inoffensive, and most of it was done with tongue in cheek. Dizzy, as a matter of fact, did not consider it bragging at all. "I never brag," he often said. "Bragging is claim-

ing something that you can't back up. I can always do anything I say." At times his predictions were even conservative. All during the early part of the 1934 season he bragged that he and his brother Paul would win forty-five games for the Cardinals. As it turned out, they actually won forty-nine, and then added four more in the World Series against Detroit, all that were needed to secure the title in their joust with the Tigers.

Dean and Ruth knew each other, of course. The most colorful figure in the game and his successor used to play golf together at St. Petersburg, Florida. Both shot in the mid-eighties, with Ruth perhaps a stroke or two the better player. But the first time they met in a championship major league baseball game it was Diz who stole the show. This happened at Boston on Sunday, May 5, 1935. The Babe, finishing his unparalleled career in a pathetic farewell with the Braves, faced Dean three times. Diz struck him out, made him hit to the infield and walked him. But Dean that afternoon hit a home run, accomplishing what the Boston fans had expected or at least hoped that Ruth would do.

Diz always obtained pleasure by making himself appear to be ignorant. He is the victim of most of the jokes he quotes, employing the same technique that explains the humor of Jack Benny. The fact is he is far from ignorant, as sly as but much more pleasant than the fox.

DIZZY DEAN

By LEE ALLEN

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