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All Star Game 7/9/91 [OA 8325]

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(607) 547 9988

(Smith/Trujillo)
July 7, 1991
Draft Four
BASE.TS

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ALL-STAR GAME
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1991
2:00 P.M.

Joe DiMaggio, ^{Commissioner} Fay Vincent, Ted Williams, fellow baseball fans. Members of the collegiate champion LSU Tigers, welcome.

im I'm sorry your coach, Skip Bertman, couldn't be with us because of surgery. But I want to salute him, and each of you. // This year the Tigers won 55 games to tie a university record. LSU also played in its fifth College World Series in the ^{last} six years.

Won't you stand as we salute the 1991 NCAA baseball champions. // *Sparks Hill*

Let me now welcome today's other honored guests -- Number 5 and Number 9. // ((Looking at these two greats, I have a confession. I didn't think I'd get the chance to meet royalty again so soon after the Queen's visit.)) //

Born '24 ((I was 17 years old during their famous 1941 season. Like many Americans, I followed each day's scores closely; watched the magnificent season unfurl before me. Fifty years later, the 1941 season remains a season of dreams.

It's great to live in a country where anyone can grow up to be President / and a future President can grow up to meet Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams.)) //

Half-a-century ago, as war loomed just beyond the horizon, baseball staged one of its greatest seasons. Brooklyn won its

*Sports LSU
(504) 388-8226*

World Almanac 1989

Baseball Anecdotes

first pennant in 21 years and clashed with its cross-town rival, the Yankees, in a memorable World Series. / The Yankees took the series, but our guests, in their own ways, carried the season. //

Baseball's Best

Baseball Encyclopedia

Who, even now, does not marvel at the Splendid Splinter and the Yankee Clipper? These genuine heroes thrilled Americans with real deeds. Both loomed larger than life, on the baseball fields and on battlefields. Both men put off their baseball careers to serve their countries. Their service deprived them of even greater statistics, but also enhanced their greatness in the eyes of Americans. Today, as we remember them, we honor them. //

July 17, 41
Baseball Anecdotes

Next week, we'll witness the 50th anniversary of what many people consider baseball's greatest feat, Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak. No one has gotten really close to that streak before or since.

Ask Curt

A song of that era proclaimed, "Joe, Joe DiMaggio, we want you on our team" -- and an entire Nation did. Decades later, he was named baseball's Greatest Living Ballplayer. //

69
Baseball's Best

Like Joe DiMaggio, today's other guest displayed a special kind of magnetism on the baseball diamond. // Ted Williams, people will tell you, has many sides. He's an ardent conservationist. / An avid fisherman. / A loyal Republican. / He is also -- perhaps -- the greatest hitter in baseball history.

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Baseball
Encyclopedia
asked Ted if he wanted

manager wanted him to sit it out. // Ted refused, went six-for-eight, and finished at .406. / That kind of courage and swagger made him one of our all-time greats. /

Baseball
Encyclopedia
signed.
(361/112
369/50)

But Joe DiMaggio won the honors as the Most Valuable Player in 1941. He batted .325 in his career, and amazingly, retired with almost as many home runs as strikeouts. [Bo Jackson would love to have that kind of record.] / Throughout, he displayed grace and modesty. /

World
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Encyclopedia
Americana

We'll think of these men tonight as we watch the 62nd All-Star Game -- and we'll remember, too. We'll remember how Joe played in 11 All-Star Games. We'll recall how, fifty years ago this month, Ted gave the Mid-Summer Classic one of its most dramatic moments -- a three-run, ninth-inning wallop in Detroit that gave the American League a 7-5 victory. //

Baseball's
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#

861
-33

58

TO: CURT SMITH
FROM: REGGIE TRUJILLO
SUBJECT: JOE DIMAGGIO AND TED WILLIAMS

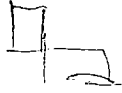
How many players hit .400 or more prior to 1941?
A.L.- 6, N.L.- 12

How many Most Valuable Player awards did Joe DiMaggio win- what year?
3 MVP Awards- 1939, 1941, 1947

When did Joe DiMaggio enter the Hall of Fame?
1955

How many batting titles did Ted Williams win and what years?
Total of 6- 1941, 1942, 1947, 1948, 1957, 1958

All-Star game combined statistics for both Williams and DiMaggio:
18 — Williams- .304, 4HR, 12 RBI's
11 — DiMaggio- .225, 1HR, 6 RBI's



1989-
8 55-16 (91) (86) (89)
55-14 55-17

Sandy Bertman

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

THE PRESIDENT HAS SEEN

7/5/91

JOE DIMAGGIO

Graceful afield and sterling at bat, Joe DiMaggio bespoke excellence as few athletes ever have. In 1941, "Joltin' Joe" electrified America by hitting safely in a record 56 straight games. Half-a-century later, no one has come close to that feat. A writer once said, "Watching Joe DiMaggio play baseball was like listening to Jascha Heifetz play the violin." Today, the Nation still turns its eyes to you -- No. 5, the Yankee Clipper.

TED WILLIAMS

particularly remarkable because

He was called the Kid, the Splendid Splinter, and in New England, simply Himself. He was an iconoclast and rebel who, half-a-century ago, batted .406 -- the last hitter to eclipse .400. His feat was especially redoubtable since, as No. 9 has said, "hitting a baseball is the hardest task in sports." Today, Teddy Ballgame remains John Wayne in baseball woolies -- perhaps the greatest hitter of all time.

*colours (Boston's colour?)
in a baseball uniform
in a Red Sox uniform*

Ted Williams

Frayillo
(Smith/Crossman)
July 7, 1991
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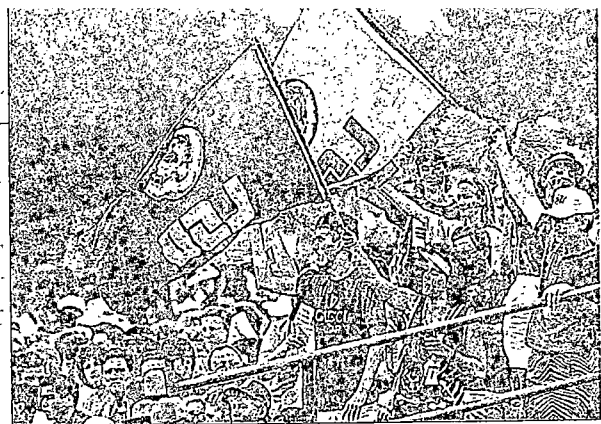
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#

The sound of Louisiana State playing long ball could be heard loud and clear in Omaha as the Tigers won the College World Series



by STEVE RUSHIN

AT THE COLLEGE WORLD SERIES, WHERE the dingers actually do go *ding*, no team has ever hit more homers*of more Homeric length than Louisiana State did last week. At the CWS, in which game scores traditionally resemble Senate votes, no team has ever scored as many runs per game as LSU did in winning its first national championship.

"LSU scored a thousand runs in their first three games," Wichita State coach Gene Stephenson estimated before his team lost to the Tigers 6-3 in Saturday's final. At *least* a thousand.

Or so it seemed before an audit revealed that the Tigers, in fact, produced only 42 runs in winning their first three series games in Omaha's Rosenblatt Stadium—by scores of 8-1, 15-3 and 19-8. Their eight home runs to that point were already just one short of the series record. Rightfielder Lyle Mouton, who launched three of those smart bombs; had done what Chris Jackson, his former partner in the LSU basketball team's starting backcourt, never could do, though not for a lack of trying: Mouton hit a 425-foot shot.

"I prefer quantity to quality," said Mouton's roommate, catcher Gary Hymel, who hit four home runs of slightly shorter distances in those first three games. So studly had Hymel been in hitting two homers against Florida on June 5 that when he was drilled in the head by a pitch in that game, he retrieved the missile and politely tossed it underhanded back to the mound on his way to first base.

Why then, with all this heavy-metal being played by the Tigers, was the crowd at Rosenblatt so startled when the team tied a series record with its ninth home run last Saturday, taking Wichita State starter Tyler Green deep in the second inning?

LSU showed its colors in the stands and at the plate, where Hymel (left) put aluminum to the ball for four of his team's nine home runs.

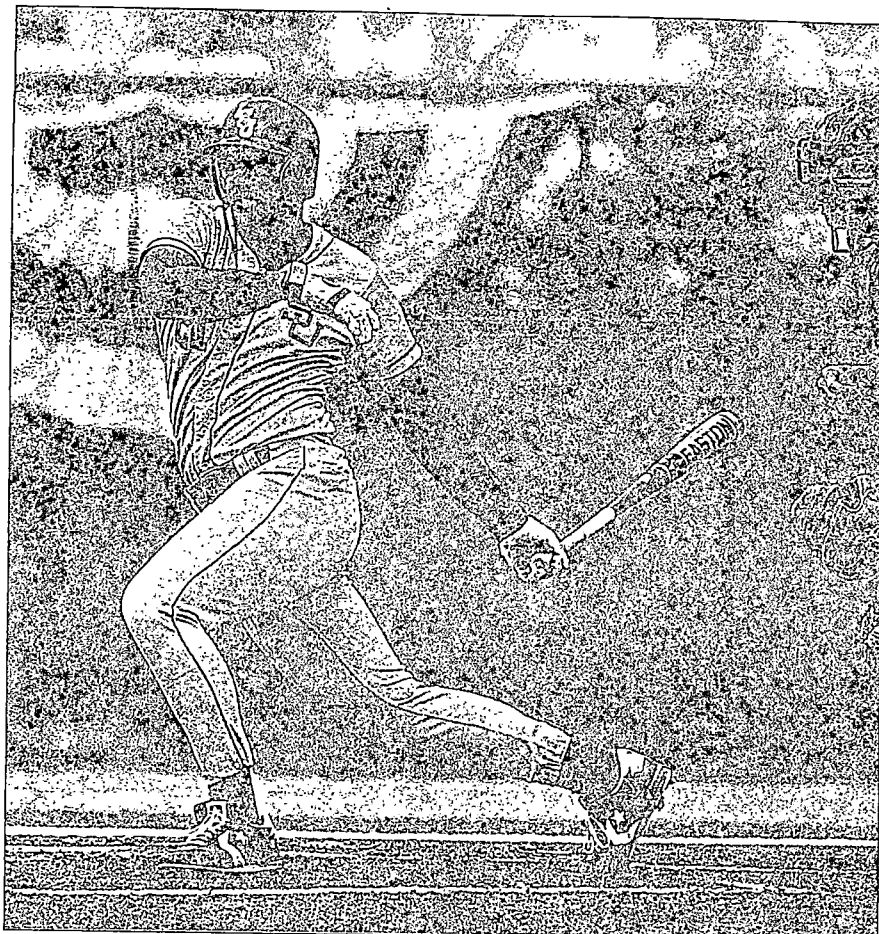
Perhaps it was because the Philadelphia Phillies had made Green the 10th pick overall in the major leagues' amateur draft June 3. Or perhaps it was because, later that draft day, many in this crowd had seen Green strike out 14 of the hometown favorite Creighton's batters, ringing up customer after customer like an express-lane cashier at the A&P.

Or perhaps it was because the Bayou Bengal who hit the two-run dinger on Saturday to give LSU a 4-0 lead, who exchanged unpleasantries with Green while crossing the plate, and who was promptly (and preemptively) plunked on the hip by another pitcher in his next at bat, was the 5' 9", 162-pound Armando Rios, who had hit one fewer home run all year than Hymel, the series's Most Outstanding Player, had hit all last week.

"I'm running the bases," recalled Rios, "and [Green] is all mad, and he's looking at me, and the catcher says, 'Just wait until the next time you're up.' I went back to the dugout, and some of our guys told me to watch out, that I was gonna get hit next time up. I said, 'If they do it, I'll be glad. I'll take it for the team. And I'll score.'" Which is precisely what Rios, upon reaching first base after indeed being hit, told Wheatshockers reliever Doug Dreifort he would do. Moments later, he scored—on teammate Rich Cordani's triple.

In this aluminum-abetted game, in which even the Punch-and-Judyest of batters hit Willard Scott's weight, centerfielder Rios's average of .293 was average as averages go. And yet: "They tell me I'm a hot dog," he says. "And I am like that. I'm a Puerto Rican. *We're* like that."

And now, in a sense, the College World Series is like that too. Long the Billy Barty of major NCAA championships, the 45-year-old CWS is beginning to assert itself in its own charmingly cheese-ball manner—stepping forth gingerly among the bowl games and the basketball Final Four as a big-time college sports spectacle. Though it is still an exhibition of the latest in rally-cappery and a show of uni-



RONALD G. MOORE

the 49ers did while being flambéed out of the eight-team series almost immediately. Fresno State also got the hook early. "We're desert rats, so we can stand the heat," coach Bob Bennett boasted into a microphone one withering Nebraska day, before adding, somewhat less menacingly, "But we're not used to the humidity." Desert rats who can't take the humidity? As the LSU bench likes to say in another context, "Get *outta* here!"

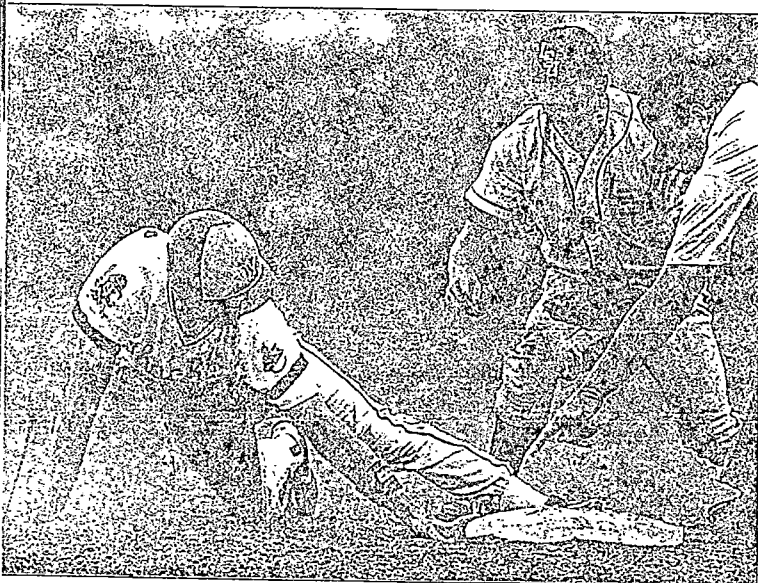
Everywhere, it seemed, the players were going big time in Boys' Town. Mouton hyped Saturday's power-versus-pitching matchup as "a clash of the titans," as if the game were some pay-per-view wrestling extravaganza. And there was an equally trumped-up moment after Creighton was eliminated by Wichita State on Thursday night. *Two* mounted policemen rode onto the field, in imitation of their major league brethren, to guard either baseline should a two-fan mob pour onto the field.

And if all of the preceding did not augur the event's new importance, there was this: Earlier on Thursday evening, a pair of middle-aged knuckleheads showed up bearing two professionally counterfeited press credentials that identified their bearers as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED writers. The duo made it into the stadium and to the front row of the press box before their manic applause for Creighton and their clean and stylish clothing betrayed the men as impostors among the press.

But before the perps could cover the losers' locker room for this reporter, they were nabbed by Jim Wright, the media coordinator for the NCAA, which has had to incorporate a counterfeit-proof hologram into its basketball Final Four press tags. "This is a [CWS] first," said an almost exuberant Wright. "I guess we've finally made it."

In fact, the NCAA has hindered college baseball's growth. In announcing reductions in scholarships and coaching positions in various sports last January, the NCAA pared baseball scholarships from the current 13 per team to 11.7, effective in 1992. "If we had more scholarship aid, we could keep in school the kids who are now going to pro ball early," says LSU coach Skip Bertman. "What bugs me is, Why punish us because a football team got nailed? Because Barry Switzer was not honest at Oklahoma?"

Maybe it seemed like the CWS had arrived because Creighton, whose campus



ANTHONY NESTLE

Shocker Chris Wimmer's steal (left) made a point, but Mouton's bat spoke more loudly.

they were. Literally. The games themselves were two miles long, averaging a record-tying three hours and eight minutes.

Television, with its obligatory commercials, has something to do with that last factoid. CBS has televised the final for the last four years, and it dictated that though this is a double-elimination tournament, the nationally televised final would be a single-elimination game for the title. Which is why Wichita State's only loss knocked them out.

CBS televised two games this year—ESPN did 11 more—and the cameras have begun to create Warholian stars. Long Beach State shortstop Rudy Rodriguez, for one, thought it would be cool to play with an unlighted matchstick dangling Bogie-style from his mouth, which he did. He should also have worn this warning: CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING OUT. That's just what he and the rest of

formly ugly uniforms—Florida State's gold-and-maroon numbers should be legislated against—the series has become much more than that.

Saturday's crowd of 16,612, for instance, was a record for the final game. The crowd of 18,206 that watched Green and the Shockers win their 14-K marathon against Creighton, 3-2 in 12 innings, was an alltime single-game series record. If it seemed as if ticket lines were a mile long last week, it may be because

(Smith/Grossman)
July 7, 1991
Draft Three
BASE

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ALL-STAR GAME
ROSE GARDEN
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((Looking at these two greats, let me say that I didn't think I'd get the chance to meet royalty again so soon after the Queen's visit.)) //

((I was 17 years old when they were playing in their famous 1941 season. It's great to live in a country where anyone can grow up to be President / and a future President can grow up to meet Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams.)) //

Half-a-century ago, this Nation prepared for war while baseball enriched the peace. / Brooklyn won the pennant -- its first in 21 years. / The Yankees beat the Dodgers in a memorable World Series. / And today's honored guests fashioned an Olympian campaign. //

Who, even now, does not marvel at the Splendid Splinter and the Yankee Clipper? They were larger than life. Their careers corkscrewed into an epic. Today, as we remember them, we also honor them. They show what baseball is, and what it means. //

Before 1941, no major leaguer had hit in more than 44 consecutive games. Joe DiMaggio hit in 56; since then, no one has even approached his record. A song of that era proclaimed, "Joe, Joe DiMaggio, we want you on our team" -- and an entire Nation did. In the last summer of an uncertain truce, Joltin' Joe transfixed America. //

Like Joe D. -- gracious, modest, a class act on and off the field -- today's other honored guest is just as magnetic now as when he was a player. // Maybe I should take charisma lessons. // Ted Williams is many things. A conservationist. An avid fisherman. A loyal Republican. He is also -- most unforgettably -- the greatest hitter in baseball's tide of times.

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In 1941, Joe DiMaggio was named Most Valuable Player. He went on to hit .325 for his career / amazingly, retired with almost as many home runs as strikeouts / and in 1969 was named the Greatest Living Ballplayer. / Ted Williams won 6 batting titles, and in 1960, at 42, retired as only a deity could -- with a home run, No. 521, in his final time at bat. Wrote an author of Ted's farewell: "And now Boston knows how England felt when it lost India." //

If these two were playing today, their combined salaries could pay off the national debt. // We'll think of that tonight as we watch the 58th All-Star Game -- and we'll remember, too. Remember how Joe played in 11 All-Star Games. And how fifty years ago this month, Ted gave the Mid-Summer Classic perhaps its greatest moment -- a three-run, ninth-inning wallop in Detroit that gave the American League a 7-5 victory. //

As a boy, I heard that game -- and still recall the announcer tell of Ted loping around the bases -- his face, like baseball's, a metaphor of joy. // As we leave now for Toronto, God bless these heroes of my youth. And let me leave you with two of the most beautiful words in any language: Play ball. //

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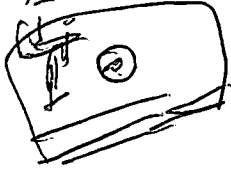
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Bartman



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Draft Three
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SEC Conference

NCAA

Handwritten notes on the right margin, including names like "Hayward" and "Rogers" and various scribbles.

SS

Bartman
7140

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too high

?

*(The law, plus the one rule by one Paul Jones, along a Sunday. It's
5-11-1978). March 1978
The 1st of 1978*

*not even
Book in '78?*

Before ~~1941~~, no major leaguer had hit in more than 44 consecutive games. Joe DiMaggio hit in 56; since then, no one has even approached his record. A song of that era proclaimed, "Joe, Joe DiMaggio, we want you on our team" -- and an entire Nation did. In the last summer of an uncertain truce, Joltin' Joe transfixed America. // *By the way, Joe DiMaggio was born in 1914*

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passive

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well
*See me again C
C.M. Williams*

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ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1991

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow baseball fans. Members of the collegiate champion LSU Tigers. Incidentally, let me salute your coach, Skip __, who because of surgery can't be with us. / Most of all, let me welcome, simply, Number 5 and Number 9. //

((Looking at these two greats, let me say that I didn't think I'd get the chance to meet royalty again so soon after the Queen's visit.)) //

((I was 17 years old when they were playing in their famous 1941 season. It's great to live in a country where anyone can grow up to be President / and a future President can grow up to meet Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams.)) //

Half-a-century ago, this Nation prepared for war while baseball enriched the peace. / Brooklyn won the pennant -- its first in 21 years. / The Yankees beat the Dodgers in a memorable World Series. / And today's honored guests fashioned an Olympian campaign. //

Who, even now, does not marvel at the Splendid Splinter and the Yankee Clipper? They were larger than life. Their careers corkscrewed into an epic. Today, as we remember them, we also honor them. They show what baseball is, and what it means. //

Before 1941, no major leaguer had hit in more than 44 consecutive games. The Yankee Clipper hit in 56; since then, no one has even approached his record. A song of that era proclaimed, "Joe, Joe DiMaggio, we want you on our team" -- and an entire Nation did. In the last summer of an uncertain truce, Joltin' Joe transfixed America. //

Like Joe DiMaggio -- gracious, modest, a class act on and off the field -- today's other honored guest is just as magnetic now as when he was a player. // Maybe I should take charisma lessons. // Ted Williams is many things. A conservationist. An avid fisherman. A loyal Republican. He is also -- most unforgettably -- the greatest hitter in baseball's tide of times.

Fifty years ago, Teddy Ballgame did what no one has done since -- eclipse .400 in the regular season. // The story is well-known. / How entering a season-ending double-header, Ted was hitting .400. / How to protect his average, Ted's manager wanted him to sit it out. // How the Kid said no, and went six-for-eight to finish at .406. / Of such are living legends made. /

In 1941, Joe D. was named Most Valuable Player. He went on to hit .325 for his career / amazingly, retired with almost as many home runs as strikeouts / and in 1969 was named the Greatest Living Ballplayer. / T. Ballgame won 6 batting titles, and in 1960, at 42, retired as only a deity could -- with a home run, No. 521, in his final time at bat. Wrote an author of Ted's farewell: "And now Boston knows how England felt when it lost India." //

If these two were playing today, their combined salaries could pay off the national debt. // We'll think of that tonight as we watch the 58th All-Star Game -- and we'll remember, too. Remember how Joe DiMaggio played in 11 All-Star Games. And how fifty years ago this month, T. Ballgame gave the Mid-Summer Classic perhaps its greatest moment -- a three-run, ninth-inning wallop at Briggs Stadium that gave the American League a 7-5 victory. //

As a boy, I heard that game -- and still recall the announcer tell of Ted loping around the bases -- his face, like baseball's, a metaphor of joy. // As we leave now for Toronto, God bless these heroes of my youth. And let me leave you with two of the most beautiful words in any language: Play ball. //

#

DOUG GAMBLE

July 3/91

91 JUN 2 8:11

424 - 36th Place
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266
(213) 546-6409

TO: CHRISTINA MARTIN
2 Pages

DIMAGGIO-WILLIAMS (Curt Smith)

THERE WERE SOME PEOPLE HANGING AROUND TED AND JOE EARLIER, CLAMORING FOR BATTING TIPS. IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO SEE MEMBERS OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLES.

THE SWARM OF PEOPLE WHO WANTED TO GET AUTOGRAPHS FROM THESE TWO IDOLS WHEN THEY CAME INTO THE WHITE HOUSE WAS UNBELIEVABLE. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH PUSHING, SHOIVING, SCRATCHING AND CLAWING -- BUT I FINALLY GOT TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE.

JOE THRILLED BASEBALL FANS WITH HIS 56-GAME HITTING STREAK. I HAD A SIMILAR STREAK -- I HAD TO TAKE 56 SWINGS AT A GOLF BALL BEFORE I HIT IT.

IF THESE TWO WERE PLAYING TODAY, THEIR COMBINED SALARIES COULD PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

I DIDN'T THINK I'D GET TO MEET ROYALTY AGAIN SO SOON AFTER THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

TED WILLIAMS NOT ONLY BATTED OVER 400, BUT HE HIT A HOME RUN HIS LAST TIME UP AT BAT. I MIGHT WANT TO TRY THAT MYSELF IN 1992.

MORE...

DOUG GAMBLE

TO: CHRISTINA MARTIN - DIMAGGIO & WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I WAS 17 YEARS OLD WHEN THESE TWO GREATS WERE PLAYING IN THAT FAMOUS 1941 SEASON. IT'S GREAT TO LIVE IN A COUNTRY WHERE ANYONE CAN GROW UP TO BE PRESIDENT, AND A FUTURE PRESIDENT CAN GROW UP TO MEET JOE DIMAGGIO AND TED WILLIAMS.

WE'VE HAD A LOT OF CHAMPIONS VISIT US HERE IN THE ROSE GARDEN, BUT NONE WHOSE PRESENCE IS JUST AS MAGNETIC 50 YEARS LATER AS IT WAS IN THEIR PRIME.

BASEBALL ANECDOTES

Daniel Okrent
and
Steve Wulf

New York Oxford
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
1989

he said, "I'm sorry, Hank, this is as far as I can go." Replied Greenberg, "That's all right, this is as far as I can go, too."

Greenberg encountered so many anti-Semitic comments in the early stages of his career that he almost never acknowledged razzing from the other team, even innocent razzing. In a game against the Red Sox, Greenberg was playing in particularly close at first, and Red Sox pitcher Jim Bagby, who suffered from a harelip, tried to warn him. "Hank, you had better get back!" Bagby shouted. "You don't know this guy, you better get back." Four or five times Bagby delivered the message, but Greenberg paid no attention. Finally, Bagby yelled, "All right, Hank, if you want to look like me and talk like me, stand right where you are."

In 1938 the Tigers gave Greenberg a \$10,000 bonus just to move to left field to make room for Rudy York, who was described by Tom Meany as "part Indian and part first baseman." York was a powerful hitter, but he failed in attempts to make him an outfielder, a third baseman, and a catcher. He best position was first base, but that's not saying much. York had a disturbing habit of catching every ball thrown to him with his glove alone. Wrote Warren Brown, "He had a great pair of hand."

York, who hit 18 homers one August, was such a natural slugger that during one of the first All-Star games played at night, he fell away from an inside pitch and hit the ball into the right-field seats. According to Red Smith, "The scorer ruled self-defense."

JOE DIMAGGIO

In 1936 Joe DiMaggio arrived in New York. His grace in the outfield and at the plate would become so engraved on our collective consciousness that, thirty years later, Paul Simon

BE RUTH

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would sing, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? Our nation turns its lonely eyes to you." Ernest Hemingway would pay tribute to him in *The Old Man and the Sea*: "I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing," the old man said. "They say his father was a fisherman."

His father was indeed a fisherman in San Francisco, but Joe himself suffered from seasickness. And a good thing that was for the Yankees. Instead of working on the boats, Joe sold newspapers and played baseball. There were five sons, all of them good baseball players, and three of them—brothers Vince and Dom as well as Joe—would make the majors. But the best of all, according to Joe, was Tom. "He could hit a ball a mile," Joe said, "but as the oldest son he had to have a steady job."

After Joe dropped out of high school, his father didn't like the fact that his son was devoting so much time to a game, but Vince, three years older than Joe, helped clear the way by winning an outfield job with the San Francisco Seals in 1932. (Vince also had a beautiful voice, and the family actually considered sending him to Italy to study opera.) When the other San Francisco team, the Missions, offered Joe—he was then a seventeen-year-old shortstop—a job for \$150 a month, the senior DiMaggio gave his consent.

Before Joe ever played a game with the Missions, though, the Seals entered the picture, offering him \$225 a month if he signed with them. Joe had never played the outfield until Seals manager Ike Caveney sent him out to right after a pinch-hitting appearance early in the 1933 season, and he stayed in the outfield for the rest of his career.

DiMaggio suffered a freak knee injury in the middle of the '34 season—his left foot fell asleep while he was riding in a cab, and when he got out of the cab, he put all his weight on the foot and his knee buckled. The injury, torn cartilage in the knee, turned out to be a break for the Yankees. Before then, several clubs were interested in purchasing DiMaggio, and the bidding had gone as high as \$75,000. After the injury, Yankee scout Bill Essick told Ed Barrow, "Don't back off because of the kid's knee. He'll be all right. And you can get

DiMaggio? Our nation
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him cheap." The Yankees bought him, along with five other
 players as well, for \$25,000.

DiMaggio was horribly green when he reached New York.
 When a reporter asked him for a quote, he thought it was
 some sort of soft drink. He burned his sore left foot by keeping
 it in a diathermy machine too long during spring training and
 missed the first 16 games of the season. But in his first major
 league game, he had three hits, including a triple. During that
 first season, DiMaggio stayed close to his fellow San Francisco
 Italians, Tony Lazzeri and Frank Crosetti, and there may never
 have been a less loquacious threesome in Yankees history.
 One day newspaperman Jack Mahon sat in the lobby of the
 Chase Hotel in St. Louis near the three Yankees and noted
 that a full one hour and 20 minutes of total silence went by.
 Then DiMaggio cleared his throat.

"What did you say?" asked Crosetti.

"Shut up," said Lazzeri. "He didn't say nothing."

DiMaggio quickly learned, though, what mattered in base-
 ball. In 1937, his second season, he batted .346, with 46 homers
 and 167 runs batted in. That winter of '38, he sought a \$40,000
 contract from the Yankees, up from \$15,000. Barrow said,
 "Young man, do you realize that Lou Gehrig only makes
 \$43,000 a year after thirteen years?" To which DiMaggio re-
 plied, "In that case Mr. Barrow, Mr. Gehrig is a very under-
 paid ballplayer."

CLOWNS

Robert "Fatty" Fothergill was a good-hitting, awful-fielding
 outfielder for several American League clubs in the '20s and
 '30s. While playing for the White Sox in an exhibition game
 in Roanoke, Va., he crashed into a fence chasing a fly ball,
 splintering the wooden barricade. This was in the days before
 public address systems, so an announcer with a megaphone

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28, he wanted to see tween teams "man- —and Lou Gehrig— wanted one of the advertised at \$5. He d, the county treas- or every groundhog nd got an old Dodge exhaust pipe and the en Feller stepped on s they bolted out of old Malcolm Moran e county treasurer's tickenbacker car we nd got Babe Ruth's . And I still have it

actually three sig- nd Gehrig and also rt W. A. Feller. He im.

DIMAGGIO'S STREAK

In mid-May of 1941 the Yankees were foundering in fourth place. People hardly noticed that Joe DiMaggio was on a 10-game hitting streak. On June 2, Gehrig died and DiMaggio extended his hitting streak to 24. Immediately ahead was the Yankees record of 29, shared by Roger Peckinpaugh and Earle Combs, and beyond that the AL record of 41 held by George Sisler, and the major league record of 44 owned by Willie Keeler. "That's when I became conscious of the streak," said DiMaggio, "when the writers started talking about the records I could break."

On June 17 he broke the New York record with a bad-hop single off the shoulder of White Sox shortstop Luke Appling—one of his few lucky hits in the streak. In the thirty-sixth game, he needed an eighth-inning single off rookie Bob Muncrief of the St. Louis Browns, who could have given him a pass to first. "It wouldn't have been fair to walk him—to him or me," said Muncrief. "Hell, he's the greatest player I ever saw."

There were tenser moments yet to come. In the eighth inning of the thirty-eighth game, Tommy Henrich asked McCarthy if he could bunt, so as not to hit into a double play and deny the as-yet-hitless DiMaggio a chance. McCarthy agreed, and DiMaggio thereupon doubled off Eldon Auker. Johnny Babich, a renowned Yankee killer for the Athletics, vowed to stop DiMaggio's streak at 39; he walked him the first time on four pitches, and took him 3-and-0 on his second time up. But McCarthy gave DiMaggio the green light, and Joe lined an outside pitch right through Babich's legs. "His face was white as a sheet," DiMaggio remembered afterward.

The biggest threat, though, came the next day, during a doubleheader in Washington. DiMaggio tied Sisler's AL record in the first game, but between games a fan jumped on the field near the Yankee dugout, stole DiMaggio's favorite bat, and slipped back into the stands. Fortunately, Tommy Henrich was using another DiMaggio bat, and with that one Joe singled in the seventh inning to extend his streak to 41. But he missed his own bat. "I had sandpapered the handle of

this one to take off one-half to three-quarters of an ounce," he said at the time. "It was just right. I wish that guy would return it. I need it more than he does."

The bat thief was never identified, but he was from Newark, and he had bragged about having the prized piece of lumber. Some friends of DiMaggio eventually tracked him down, confiscated the bat, and returned it to Joe on July 4. But now it was July 1, a doubleheader with the Red Sox in Yankee Stadium, and DiMaggio was still using Henrich's bat. In the fourth inning of the opener, DiMaggio hit a tricky bouncer to third baseman Jim Tabor, who hurried his throw and fired wildly past first base. It was a borderline call, and Dan Daniel of the *New York World-Telegram*, ordinarily a tough scorer, ruled it a hit. "Damn you, DiMaggio," Daniel hollered in the press box. "I gave you a hit this time, but everything has to be clean from now on." It was the only hit he got in that game.

Keeler's record fell with a fifth-inning homer the next afternoon off the mellifluously named Heber Hampton Newsome of the Red Sox. DiMaggio actually started to relax after that, and in the next 11 games he batted .545. Along the way he even singled in the All-Star Game in Detroit, scoring the third run in the AL's 7-5 victory on a single by his brother Dom. (Red Sox fans had a song that went, "Who can run and bat and throw? Who hits the ball both high and low? Who's better than his brother Joe? Dom-in-ic Di-Magg-io." It wasn't true, but it had a catchy little tune.)

Joe kept the streak going in St. Louis and Chicago and through the first game in Cleveland. As DiMaggio and Gomez got into a cab to go to Municipal Stadium for a night game against the Indians on July 17, the streak stood at 56.

The cab driver looked in his rear-view mirror, recognized DiMaggio, and said, "I got a feeling if you don't get a hit the first time up, they're going to stop you tonight."

Gomez chastised the driver. "What the hell is this? What are you trying to do, jinx him?" DiMaggio just smiled and left the driver a big tip.

In the first inning, DiMaggio hit a smash down the third base line, but Ken Keltner backhanded it and made a fine

throw from foul territory. DiMaggio walked in the fourth. He hit another hot shot at Keltner in the seventh, but the third baseman again threw him out. On a 2-and-1 pitch from Jim Bagby, Jr., in the eighth, DiMaggio hit a hard grounder to shortstop Lou Boudreau, who played a bad hop and started a double play.

DiMaggio simply rounded first, picked up his glove and trotted to center. According to one account, "There was no kicking of dirt, no shaking of the head." Said DiMaggio as he arrived at his locker after the game, "Well, that's over."

Astonishingly, DiMaggio went on a 16-game hitting streak after the big one ended. In fact, from May 2 to August 3 of 1941 he was on base in every game. The Yankees ran away with the pennant, beating the second-place Red Sox by 17 games, and then took the Brooklyn Dodgers in five games in the World Series. DiMaggio was named MVP over Ted Williams, who had hit .406. But the biggest award DiMaggio received that season was given to him by surprise on August 29.

The Yankees had just arrived at Washington's Hotel Shoreham, and Gomez was taking an unusually long shower. "C'mon, Lefty," said his roommate, DiMaggio. "All the steaks will be gone." Gomez got out of the shower and told Joe to relax. On their way out, Lefty said, "I just remembered something. I have to stop by Selkirk's room." DiMaggio said he would go ahead to the dining room and order, but Gomez insisted he come with him. "It'll only take a minute," he said.

When DiMaggio walked into George Selkirk's room, there were 40 men—Yankees and sportswriters—with champagne glasses raised for a toast. Gomez presented DiMaggio with a silver cigar humidor which pitcher Johnny Murphy had ordered from Tiffany's. On the cover was a relief likeness of DiMaggio in mid-swing, on one side was the number 56 and on the other side the number 91, signifying each hit he had during the streak. And there was an inscription: "Presented to Joe DiMaggio by his fellow players on the New York Yankees to express their admiration for his consecutive-game hitting record, 1941."

DiMaggio was suitably humble for a star of his magnitude, but he knew his role in baseball. The Yankees once had a doubleheader in sweltering St. Louis against the last-place Browns, a prospect hardly worth relishing. Yet DiMaggio made an off-hand comment that he was looking forward to playing that day.

"In this heat?" said a writer. "How can you enjoy playing a doubleheader in this heat?"

"Well," said DiMaggio with a glance towards the stands, "maybe somebody never saw me before."

MIND GAME

During the 1941 pennant race, the Dodgers met their chief competition, the Cardinals, in St. Louis. In the first game, the score tied in the ninth, Fat Freddy Fitzsimmons faced the St. Louis slugger Johnny Mize. Umpire Al Barlick called a ball that Fitzsimmons didn't like, and the pitcher stormed in to argue, enraged.

In the heat of the argument, Fitzsimmons caught Mize smiling at him. He turned his wrath away from the umpire, shouted a few imprecations at Mize, and then scowled, "Three straight fastballs and you're out of there."

Mize doubted the pitcher, even in his anger. Fitzsimmons was past his prime, out of condition, and relying almost exclusively on the knuckleball that had made him a success in the first place. But the first pitch came in a fastball, which Mize let pass for a strike. Then another, on the outside corner, also a strike. Mize reasoned that now was the time for Fitzsimmons to let loose the knuckler. Came another fastball, and Mize was caught flatfooted and struck out.

The Dodgers went on to win in eleven.

TWO EXITS

With war on the horizon, baseball was about to undergo changes as profound as those that had occurred at the turn of

BASEBALL ANECDOTES

Daniel Okrent
and
Steve Wulf

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TED WILLIAMS

As a rookie, Ted Williams said, "All I ever want out of life is that when I walk down the street folks will say, 'there goes the greatest hitter who ever lived.'" By the time his career ended twenty-one years later, he may well have been granted his wish.

If the greatest hitter ever wasn't Ruth, then it could only have been Theodore Samuel Williams (actually, his birth certificate read "Teddy"; the "Theodore" came later). His father was a portrait photographer whom he rarely saw, and his mother was a missionary for the Salvation Army, known throughout San Diego as "Salvation Mary." She would often drag Ted along with her on her rounds, but she did allow him to play baseball, and he loved the game. His first offer to play baseball for money, though, came from a semi-pro team sponsored by the Texas Liquor House. As Williams told John Underwood, "I came home and told my mother about the money, and she said that was fine. 'Who will you play for?' 'Uh, the Texas Liquor House.' If I had said Murder, Inc., I wouldn't have gotten a quicker refusal."

Williams's pro career began with the San Diego Padres of the Pacific Coast League in 1936. The team was trailing by 10 runs late in the game when he volunteered to pitch. Manager Frank Shellenback put the 6'3", 148-pound youth into the game as a pinch-hitter, and Williams doubled his first time up. He got through one inning on the mound unscathed, and doubled his second time up as the Padres rallied to within one run. But Williams got shelled in the next inning, and when Shellenback came to get the ball from him, Williams said, "Skip, I think you've got me playing the wrong position." From then on, he was a left-fielder.

Williams didn't make the Red Sox after his first spring with the club, and ended up in Minneapolis, where he hit .366 with 142 RBIs and 43 homers, smashed every available water cooler and generally drove his manager, the former Tigers shortstop Donie Bush, to distraction. At one point, Bush told the Boston

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front office, "Either Williams goes, or I go." But Bush backed down when the Red Sox informed him that he was the more expendable.

Williams was up for good in 1939, and he hit .327 with a league-leading 145 RBIs. He had one of his more memorable days that year in Detroit's Briggs Stadium. His first time up, the count went to 3 and 0 when Rudy York, who was catching, said, "You're not hitting, are you, kid?" Williams replied, "I sure as hell am," and proceeded to knock the pitch on top of the upper deck in right field. As Williams described it, "I got to first base and Greenberg was still looking where the ball had gone. I reached second and Gehringer, who hadn't said a word to anybody in 20 years, was still saying nothing. Frank Croucher at short just looked, and Billy Rogell, playing third base, didn't say anything either, but I could see him watching me closely. I got home, and York said, 'You weren't kidding, were you?'"

"The next time up there were two men on, and this is the one I hit out of Briggs Stadium. I got to first base and Greenberg was still looking, and Gehringer still hadn't said anything in 20 years, and Croucher at short was scraping the ground. Then I got to Rogell at third base and he said, 'What the hell you been eating?'"

In 1941 Williams hit his mythic .406; no batter in the previous 10 years had hit .400, and no batter has done it since. He was able to prime himself for the season especially well because of a fortuitous ankle injury. For the first two weeks of the season, he could only pinch-hit, so he took a lot of extracurricular batting practice against Joe Dobson, a pitcher who felt he needed work. "Dobson had a hell of a curve and a good overhand fastball," said Williams, "and he always bore down. Every day that his arm held out and the blisters on my hand held out, we'd go at it there like it was all-out war, one-on-one. Well, for me, it was great fun, and I was about as sharp as I could ever be."

Thus sharpened, Williams rapped out 185 hits, 37 of them homers, while walking 145 times. He won the All-Star Game

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that year with a two-out, ninth-inning, three-run homer off Claude Passeau. He slumped a little towards the end of the season, but he came into the last day of the season, a double-header in Philadelphia, with a batting average of .39955, which would have rounded out to .400. In one of the more celebrated instances of managerial courtesy on record, Joe Cronin asked Williams if he wanted to sit out, but Williams said if he couldn't hit .400 all the way, he didn't deserve it.

It was a cold, miserable day, and when Williams came up to bat for the first time, the home plate umpire, Bill McGowan, stepped in front of him to dust off the plate and said, "To hit .400 a batter has got to be loose. He has got to be loose." Williams couldn't have been looser. He singled off Dick Fowler that first time up, homered the next at-bat, then got two more singles off relief pitchers. In the second game, he hit a ball off the loudspeaker horn in right field for a double. With .400 on the line, Williams went six for eight. And in the off-season, Connie Mack had to replace the horn.

BOB FELLER

The same year Joe DiMaggio came onto the major league scene, another rookie made his debut: Robert William Andrew Feller. Feller was just seventeen when he appeared for the Cleveland Indians in that summer of 1936. He went 5-3 with a 3.34 ERA and 76 strikeouts in 62 innings, and then returned to Van Meter, Iowa, to finish high school.

Feller developed his great fastball doing heavy chores on the family farm and pitching into a backstop of two-by-fours and chicken wire made by his father. Until Dwight Gooden came along in the early 1980s, Feller was the youngest pitcher ever to win 20 games—he was 20 when he went 24-9 in 1939. That same year, Feller threw a pitch that a batter tipped back into the stands, hitting Feller's mother and sending her to the hospital.

He pitched three no-hitters, one on opening day of 1940, and 12 one-hitters, and he ended his career after 1956 with

THE LAST OF WILLIAMS

In his classic account of Ted Williams's last game, "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu," John Updike wrote: "The affair between Boston and Ted Williams has been no mere summer romance; it has been a marriage, composed of spats, mutual disappointments, and, towards the end, a mellowing hoard of shared memories. It falls into three stages, which may be termed Youth, Maturity, and Age; or Thesis, Antithesis, and Synthesis; or Jason, Achilles, and Nestor."

The spats were fueled by certain members of the Boston press. While Williams, who read every word ever written about him, carried sufficient enmity for the "knights of the keyboard," as he sarcastically called them, the writers were not without blame. In 1947 Williams, who hit .343 with 32 homers and 114 RBIs, lost out to Joe DiMaggio by one point in the MVP voting because a Boston writer named Mel Webb had a grudge against Williams and didn't give him so much as a 10th-place vote.

In time Williams's reputation for nastiness grew as large as his renown for his skills. Sometimes when he traveled, he'd use an alias, and once when he checked into a motel in Fort Myers, Fla., on his way to a fishing spot, he signed the register as "G.C. Luther." The clerk looked at the name and said, "Gee, for a minute I thought you were Ted Williams." Said Williams, "Yeah, a lot of people say that. I think Williams is actually a much older man." The two men got to talking about this and that—fishing, where to eat—and finally the clerk said to Williams, "I have to admit I had my doubts when you signed in, Mr. Luther. I thought you really were Ted Williams. But I can see you're not. You've got a much nicer disposition."

When Joe McCarthy was named manager of the Red Sox for the '48 season, there was much speculation as to how Williams would respond to such a ferocious disciplinarian. Said McCarthy, "If I don't get along with a .400 hitter, it'll be my fault." Their first confrontation was expected to arise over McCarthy's dress code—the manager had always required his

Yankees to wear ties, and Williams to this day refuses to wear one. So at the first formal sitdown meal for the club that spring, the manager himself showed up wearing a brightly colored sport shirt.

Williams lost 4½ seasons of his career to World War II and the Korean War. In his last game before reporting to the Marine Air Corps in 1952, the Boston fans all joined hands to sing him a farewell. He flew 39 missions in Korea and survived a fiery crash of his F-9. He also flew with a young lieutenant named John Glenn.

Pneumonia ended his fighter pilot career in '53, and upon his return late that summer, Williams hit 13 homers in 37 games, while batting .407. General Manager Joe Cronin told him, "Ted, you've set spring training back 20 years."

One might have thought the Boston press would let up on a returning war hero, but they didn't, and Williams returned the enmity. When he hit his 400th homer in '56, he spat towards the press box as he crossed home plate, as if to say, "Here's to you, boys." That started what the writers referred to as "great expectorations," a period of spraying incidents that culminated in a real spitfest in a tight game against the visiting Yankees. Owner Tom Yawkey fined Williams \$5,000 for his spitting, although he never actually collected the money.

In 1957 the thirty-nine-year-old Williams hit .388. In 1959 he was suffering from a pinched nerve in his neck, and he hit .254—the only year of his career in which he batted below .316. Yawkey summoned up the courage to ask Boston's greatest star to retire after that season, but Williams, a man of immense pride, refused. "I may not have been the greatest hitter who ever lived," he said, "but I knew I was the greatest old hitter." In 310 at bats the next season, Williams hit .316 and 29 homers.

Towards the end of the 1960 season, before the last game in Boston, Williams told manager Pinky Higgins that he didn't want to accompany the team on its final road trip; he wanted to bow out at home. So on Wednesday, September 26, before

58 59 60
40 41 42

10,454 paying customers on a cold and dreary day at Fenway Park, Williams played his last game. He hit two shots that died in the wind, and in the eighth inning, with the lights on, he faced Baltimore's Jack Fisher. "Twenty-two years coming down to one time at bat," Williams would later recall. "I remember how the fans started applauding when I went to the on-deck circle, and feeling the chills up my spine, and thinking how much I wanted to put one out of there but knowing what the odds were."

With the count at 1-and-1, Fisher tried to throw a fastball past the old man. But Williams turned on the ball and, into the wind, sent it over the fence in right center. "They cheered like hell," said Williams, "and as I came around the cheering grew louder and louder. I thought about tipping my hat, you're damn right I did, and for a moment I was torn, but by the time I got to second base, I knew I couldn't do it."

As Updike wrote, "Gods do not answer letters."

Sometimes they don't even speak to one another. Not too long before he retired, Williams dropped in on Ty Cobb at the old man's home in Arizona. They talked, of course, about hitting and hitters, amiably covering the ground they both knew so well.

When the two men decided to name their all-time all-star team, the amiability suddenly vanished when Williams suggested putting Rogers Hornsby at second base. When Cobb demurred, Williams pointed out that "Hornsby outhit *you* a couple of years."

Cobb's fires had not been banked by old age. He hated Hornsby, and so screamed at Williams, "Get away from me! And don't come back."

Cobb and Williams never spoke again.

FOUR PITCHERS

He pitched his first game in 1942, his 750th in 1965. He started with a terrible team in Boston, finished with a worse one in

Trujillo
(Smith) ~~Grossman~~
July 7, 1991
Draft Four
BASE.TS

PRESIDENTIAL REMARKS: ALL-STAR GAME
ROSE GARDEN
TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1991
2:00 P.M.

Joe DiMaggio, Fay Vincent, Ted Williams, fellow baseball fans. Members of the collegiate champion LSU Tigers, welcome. I'm sorry your coach, Skip Bertman, couldn't be with us because of surgery. But I want to salute him, and each of you. // This year the Tigers won 55 games to tie a university record. LSU also played in its fifth College World Series in the six years. Won't you stand as we salute the 1991 NCAA baseball champions. //

Let me now welcome today's other honored guests -- Number 5 and Number 9. // ((Looking at these two greats, I have a confession. I didn't think I'd get the chance to meet royalty again so soon after the Queen's visit.)) //

((I was 17 years old during their famous 1941 season. Like many Americans, I followed each day's scores closely; watched the magnificent season unfurl before me. Fifty years later, the 1941 season remains a season of dreams.

It's great to live in a country where anyone can grow up to be President / and a future President can grow up to meet Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams.)) //

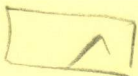
Half-a-century ago, as war loomed just beyond the horizon, baseball staged one of its greatest seasons. Brooklyn won its

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first pennant in 21 years and clashed with its cross-town rival, the Yankees, in a memorable World Series. / The Yankees took the series, but our guests, in their own ways, carried the season. //

Who, even now, does not marvel at the Splendid Splinter and the Yankee Clipper? These genuine heroes thrilled Americans with real deeds. Both loomed larger than life, on the baseball fields and on battlefields. Both men put off their baseball careers to serve their countries. Their service deprived them of even greater statistics, but also enhanced their greatness in the eyes of Americans. Today, as we remember them, we honor them. //

Next week, we'll witness the 50th anniversary of what many people consider baseball's greatest feat, Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak. No one has gotten really close to that streak before or since.

A song of that era proclaimed, "Joe, Joe DiMaggio, we want you on our team" -- and an entire Nation did. Decades later, he was named baseball's Greatest Living Ballplayer. //

Like Joe DiMaggio, today's other guest displayed a special kind of magnetism on the baseball diamond. // Ted Williams, people will tell you, has many sides. He's an ardent conservationist. / An avid fisherman. / A loyal Republican. / He is also -- perhaps -- the greatest hitter in baseball history.

Fifty years ago, Ted Williams did what no one has done since -- eclipse .400 in the regular season. // Most of you know how he finished off that campaign. Entering a season-ending double-header, Ted was hitting .400. To protect that average, his

manager wanted him to sit it out. // Ted refused, went six-for-eight, and finished at .406. / That kind of courage and swagger made him one of our all-time greats. /

But Joe DiMaggio won the honors as the Most Valuable Player in 1941. He batted .325 in his career, and amazingly, retired with almost as many home runs as strikeouts. [Bo Jackson would love to have that kind of record.] / Throughout, he displayed grace and modesty. /

Ted Williams won 6 batting titles, and in 1960, at 42, he retired as only a deity could. He stroked a home run, No. 521, in his final at bat. //

We'll think of these men tonight as we watch the 62nd All-Star Game -- and we'll remember, too. We'll remember how Joe played in 11 All-Star Games. We'll recall how, fifty years ago this month, Ted gave the Mid-Summer Classic one of its most dramatic moments -- a three-run, ninth-inning wallop in Detroit that gave the American League a 7-5 victory. //

As we leave now for Toronto, God bless these heroes of my youth. And let me leave you with two of the most beautiful words in any language: Play ball. //

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THE WHITE HOUSE

Office of the Press Secretary

For Immediate Release

July 9, 1991

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT
DURING CEREMONY HONORING JOE DIMAGGIO AND TED WILLIAMS

The Rose Garden

2:04 P.M. EDT

THE PRESIDENT: Welcome to the Rose Garden. And may I salute, first of all, the Members of Congress that are down here. One of them, former big leaguer, Jim Bunning, now a Congressman who you may know. And probably you hit them over the fence off this guy. But, nevertheless -- (laughter) -- welcome, all you fellows. And two senators here and, of course, our Commissioner Fay Vincent, and especially to Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams.

And before I get started I want to single out the LSU Tigers championship baseball team. We're proud of them. And I'm sorry that your coach couldn't be up here, Skip Bertman, because of surgery. But I just can't tell you how welcome you are here in the Rose Garden. I hope you'll have a good tour around Washington, D.C. (Laughter.)

Now, Sandra Bertman is here somewhere. Right there. Welcome, Sandra.

Well, this year that ball club -- I don't know if you all know this -- won 55 games to tie a university record. And they also played in their fifth College World Series in the last six years. So they're dominating college baseball. And it's most appropriate that we have so many members of the Louisiana congressional delegation here to honor them.

Let me just ask the team to stand up so we can at least identify you guys. (Applause.) Welcome -- welcome, welcome.

And now to the other honored guests -- Number 5 and Number 9. Looking at these two greats -- standing next to them -- I have a confession. I didn't think that I'd get to meet royalty so soon after the Queen's visit. But, nevertheless, here they are.

I don't want to reminisce too much, but I was 17 years old during their famous 1941 season -- fifty years ago. And like many American kids in those days and today, I followed those box scores closely; watched the magnificent season unfurl. In those days I was, Joe, a Red Sox fan; and my brother though, a Yankee fan. And fifty years later, that '41 season just remains a season of dreams.

Half a century ago, with much of the world already at war, baseball staged one of its greatest seasons. Brooklyn won its first pennant in 21 years and clashed with its cross-town rival, the Yankees, in a memorable World Series. The Yanks took the series, but our guests, in their own ways, really carried the entire season.

Who, even now, does not marvel at the Splendid Splinter and the Yankee Clipper? These genuine heroes thrilled Americans with real deeds. Both on the scene loomed larger than life, on the baseball fields and then onto the battlefields. And both men put off their baseball careers to serve their countries.

Their service deprived them -- I think every baseball lover will tell you -- of even greater statistics, but also enhanced their greatness in the eyes of their countrymen. Today, as we

MORE

remember them, we honor them.

Next week, we'll witness the 50th anniversary of what many consider baseball's greatest feat, Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak. No one has gotten really close to that before or since.

In a song of the era, "Joe, Joe DiMaggio, we want you on our side." Well, I think everybody felt that way then and now -- and this entire nation did. That's for sure. Decades later, he was named baseball's Greatest Living Ballplayer.

Like Joe, today's other guest displayed a special kind of magnetism on the baseball diamond. Ted Williams, people will tell you, has many sides. He's an ardent conservationist, an avid fisherman, a pilot who served in both World War II and Korea. And I'm going to ask him to help me with my press relations. Do you remember how all that used to work out there in baseball? But I can learn from him. He told it as it was.

But he is also, perhaps, the greatest hitter in baseball history. Fifty years ago, he did what no one has done since -- he eclipsed .400 in the regular season. Most of you know how he finished off that campaign -- entering a season doubleheader. Ending the season there was this double-header. Ted was hitting .3995, statistical equivalent of .400 -- of an even 400. And to protect that average, his manager wanted him to sit it out. He refused. He went six-for-eight, and he finished at .406. That kind of courage and determination, frankly, made him one of our all-time greats.

Joe DiMaggio won the honors as the Most Valuable Player in '41. He batted .325 in his career, and amazingly, retired with almost as many home runs as strikeouts. And, of course, throughout it all he displayed his famous grace and modesty that set such a great example for our country.

Ted won six batting titles. And in 1960, at 42, he retired as only a deity could. He stroked a home run -- number 521 -- in his final at bat.

We'll think of these men tonight as we watch the 62nd All-Star Game in Toronto, Canada -- and we'll remember, too. We'll remember how Joe played in 11 All-Star Games. We'll recall how 50 years ago this month, Ted gave the Mid-Summer Classic one of its most dramatic moments -- a three-run, ninth-inning wallop in Detroit that gave the American League a 7-5 victory.

As we leave for Toronto, just in a little bit, let me speak for the old guys here: "May God bless these heroes of our youth." Again, my congratulations to LSU, the heroes of tomorrow in the pro leagues, I'm sure. We welcome you here. We welcome you for what you stand for as the NCAA Champions over these past years. And we're very grateful to have you here.

And so let me leave you with no further ado before embarrassing Ted and Joe to say a word, if they will -- play ball. It's all yours, Ted. (Applause.)

MR. WILLIAMS: I've always realized what a lucky guy I've been in my life. I was born in America. I was a marine and served my country, and I'm very, very proud of that. I got to play baseball and had a chance to hit. I owe so very, very much to this game that I love so much. I want to thank you, Mr. President. I think you're doing a tremendous job. And I want you to know you're looking at one of the greatest supporters you'll ever have. Thank you. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: Joe, you have the last word --

MR. DIMAGGIO: Thank you, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen. I'm honored. Thank you so much. And to you LSU players out there, congratulations on your championship. I know the feeling. I've been in one and two myself. It's nice to be here with you. And

MORE

thank you again. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT: And now may I ask Major Bonwit to read the citations, please.

(Reading of the citations.)

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you all for coming. Thank you all for coming to the White House.

END

2:09 P.M. EDT