

## *Preface to the Updated Edition*

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In the first edition of *The Phillies Reader* I suggested that the book comprised “the best writing about the best team in the best sport.” Did I really say “the best team?” The Phillies? One can forgive, I hope, a bit of hometown chauvinism, the prattle of an aging homer. “Did you really mean that?” an interviewer on the Pennsylvania Cable Network asked me. I choked on my own Berraism: “Sure, the Phillies are the *best* team. There just happens to be a bunch of teams a whole lot better.”

In the eleven years since the book left off (1993), the Phillies have been mostly true to their colors—which is to say *in the red*: fourth, tied for second (with a losing record), fifth, fifth, third, third, fifth, second (*woulda, shoulda, coulda*), third, third, and second. The 2003 season was enormously disappointing. When Rich Wescott and Frank Bilovsky in the third edition of their *Phillies Encyclopedia* (Temple University Press, 2004) begin a paragraph on the season benignly thus, “The wild-card race, which the Phillies had seemingly little chance of losing...,” well, you know where the rest is going. The results in 2004 proved to be even more discouraging. At the outset, almost everyone bet on the Phillies. Thirteen out of 17 major prognosticators had the Phillies locked in at first place, with one of the four who did not showing them as the wild-card team; four put the Phils in the World Series, though none of them had them actually winning it. Nonetheless, D. J. Gallo on ESPN.com quipped in a day-by-day season prediction, “Sept. 17—The Phillies begin a 16-game losing streak that will see them miss the playoffs after Eagles quarterback Donovan McNabb throws out the first pitch in a game against the Expos.” (Ouch! Fourth and 26 notwithstanding.) While they didn’t lose 16 in a row, they managed to lose 14 straight games to the Marlins (over two seasons) in Florida (as well as 4 out of 5 at home, by mid-August), a real season-killer and déjà vu all over again. If that one-team albatross wasn’t bad enough, the fact that the Phillies played below

.500 ball in their new ballpark seemed a lot like Al Gore losing the 2000 election because he couldn't win his own home state of Tennessee. The Phillies finished second in 2004. Best team, indeed!

Nineteen ninety-three, the last good year, then, was an appropriate place to end the saga. The 232-day player strike of 1994, which cancelled the World Series, nearly killed baseball, and memories of that season still embitter an older generation of fans. As players were contemplating yet another "work stoppage" (to use the journalese) in 2002, Dave Kindred of *The Sporting News* reflected, "[I]t says here, the fans have all but had it. They're running dry on forgiveness. [Curt] Schilling's apocalyptic vision of 40,000 empty seats in every ballpark is not his alone."

By 1996 (the year the first edition of this book was actually published), Phillies fans had little to brag about except that, finally, two old timers, Rich Ashburn (who, sadly, died suddenly in 1997, a year after his induction) and Jim Bunning, and two more recent Phillies, Steve Carlton and Mike Schmidt, had made it into the Hall of Fame. A few years later another old Phillie, Larry Bowa, became the team's manager, replacing Terry Francona, a bargain basement rookie manager, who served three seasons and whose most striking qualification seemed to be "Plays well with others" (his 2004 World Championship as manager of the Boston Red Sox notwithstanding). In 1997 the Phils could not even benefit the one way they might have from finishing with the worst record in baseball the previous year, as they were shunned by their first-round draft choice, the first pick overall, J. D. Drew, a "can't miss" prospect, who eventually signed the following year with St. Louis, an act which earned him a healthy plethora of boos whenever he was in town. (To add insult to injury, he was later traded to the division rival Atlanta Braves.) In yet another trend that seemed to be occurring around the front offices of baseball, the Phillies that same year hired a virtual kid, 41-year old Ed Wade, who looked like a cross between George Will and O. Z. Whitehead, to be their new general manager.

Scott Rolen, perennial Gold Glove third-baseman and now a bona fide superstar for the St. Louis Cardinals, and Curt Schilling, one of the best pitchers in baseball and the last hero of the 1993 squad (dare I mention the 2002 Diamondbacks and 2004 Red Sox?), became two more players to depart the city for greener pastures in the footsteps of

Napoleon LaJoie. Money in baseball still beckons like the pasture in the Robert Frost poem of the same name: “You come, too.”

But the signing of Jim Thome out of Cleveland for a great deal of green in 2003 (and reliever Billy Wagner, a 100 m.p.h.-man in 2004) appeared to even things out. All-star caliber players actually *wanted* to play in Philadelphia, and maybe finish their careers here. Thome was everything Rolen was not (at least not yet), a throwback player in the vein of Willie McCovey and Wilver Dornel Stargell, a potential Hall of Famer, almost sure to hit 500 home runs. “When Thome was eight years old,” Bob Dolgan reports in *Baseball Digest*, “he strode into the kitchen of his home in suburban Peoria, Illinois, and announced to his mother, ‘I’m never going to work. I’m going to play big league baseball.’” Now, that’s exactly the kind of person only a mother, or a Phillies fan, could love.

Perhaps most significant, the Phillies moved into their new home in 2004. Hundreds of people risked future lung disease by watching the implosion of the austere old Vet. In its stead arose Citizens Bank Park, monikerless and extraordinary, a place that brings to mind Jim Murray’s comment on the hallowedness of ballparks: “The poet said the time spent in a ballpark, like fishing, didn’t count against your life span. No one could age in a ballpark.” Having been there eight times in the inaugural season, I feel already five years younger—for every ten years the Phillies continue to age me.

In addition to correcting a couple of minor errors, the new paperback edition of the *Phillies Reader* includes a new section featuring six pieces.

Several Phillies books published in the last few years are worth mentioning here, including *You Can’t Lose Them All: The Year the Phillies Finally Won the World Series* by Frank Fitzpatrick (Cooper Square Publishers, 2001); *More Than Beards, Bellies and Biceps: The Story of the 1993 Phillies (and the Phillies Phanatic Too)* by Robert Gordon and Tom Burgoyne—the Phillie Phanatic himself (Sports Publishing, 2002); *Occasional Glory: The History of the Philadelphia Phillies* by David M. Jordan (McFarland, 2002); *Tales from the Phillies Dugout* by Rich Westcott (Sports Publishing, 2003); *My Life in Baseball* by Robin Roberts and C. Paul Rogers (Triumph Books, 2003); and *September Swoon: Richie Allen, the ’64 Phillies, and Racial Integration* by William C. Kashatus, with an introduction by Gerald Early (Pennsylvania State University Press, 2004).

The Phils, in addition to Whitey, said goodbye to Tug McGraw, who died after battling brain cancer the way he fought off batters (alas, even Tugger couldn't get them all out). I lost my wife, Robyn, to breast cancer in 2003, my cousin Colin Orodener, age 21, in 2000, and my oldest friend in the world, Chuck Diamond, in 2004. All three were big Phillies fans; Colin was buried with his Phillies hat. This new edition of *The Phillies Reader* is dedicated to the five of them, but most of all, of course, to my beloved Robyn.

*Richard Orodener  
Elkins Park, PA  
September 2004*

## *Introduction*

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One of baseball's most enduring traits, wrote the late Tom Meany, a New York sportswriter and frequent Phillies-basher, is that "the game doesn't lack for kind words. People argue baseball and read about baseball as avidly as they ever did." That observation came at a time, not unlike the present, when many people had stopped going to see games (though increasing numbers of folks watched baseball on television and continued to listen to it on the radio).

Meany was describing what baseball calls the "hot stove league" (defined technically by baseball lexicographer Paul Dickson as the "term for the gab, gossip, and debate that takes place during the winter months when baseball is not being played"); but whatever seasonal cycle or emotional crisis baseball happens to be in at any given moment, baseball fans always want to read and talk baseball. Baseball enthusiasts will argue about things that didn't even happen in their lifetimes. Fans born in the 1970s fret over the fact that Phillies manager Gene Mauch started Bunning-Short-Bunning-Short-Bunning in five out of seven games in 1975's "Year of the Blue Snow" just as those of us who lived through the whole ordeal recall it like a first root canal.

In its literature and lore, however, baseball usually connects with and remembers the past in more gratifying ways. "Writing is exciting" wrote Marianne Moore, "and baseball is like writing." Donald Hall, who calls baseball writing "proseball," notes that "in proseball as in baseball we undergo the splendor of triumph and the agony of defeat. But even when the style is ghastly, full of booted grounders and bases on balls, often the stories are magnificent."

Baseball narratives are often linked to vernacular models—and particularly to the clubhouse quote (such as Danny Ozark's famous quip

after a tenth consecutive defeat, “Even Napoleon had his Watergate”). One may also call to mind Ring Lardner’s fictional epistles of the semi-literate busher Jack Keefe (“I don’t remember now what I says to him but I says something you can bet on that. You know me Al”) or a real-life Casey Stengel’s theater-of-the-absurd-like testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Anti-trust and Monopoly (“Of course, we have had some bad weather, I would say that they are mad at us in Chicago, we fill the parks”). But there is also the baseball of novels, poems, essays, histories, and above all, the sports page—what I have called elsewhere “America’s literature of the breakfast table.” Baseball fans may not be very discriminating readers, but their love of the game and its rich lore and traditions makes reading about baseball a joy and a necessity, especially for the folks who don’t get enough baseball between spring training and the World Series.

Phillies fans (“those miserable fans,” as Jim Brosnan described them) might well be baseball’s most discerning audience, on and off the field. For many years, they had little to cheer about. But whatever their heroics or ignominies, the Phillies have always made, in the parlance of journalists, “good copy” and entertaining reading. What’s more, major events, famous and infamous, have occurred on Phillies’ soil (from Baker Bowl to the Vet) or wherever the team may have ventured—from Ebbets Field in 1950, where Dick Sisler’s home run won the pennant at the last minute, to the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, where Eddie Waitkus got shot.

Having won only one pennant between the dead ball and lively ball eras, the Phillies were largely ignored by the mainstream press, especially when they were the Futile Phillies of the 1930s. It wasn’t until after that second pennant in 1950 that one publisher, G. P. Putnam’s Sons, considered the team worthy of inclusion in its team histories series. *The Philadelphia Phillies* (1953), written by veteran New York sportswriter and Philly native Fred Lieb and Phillies pitcher turned *Inquirer* sports reporter Stan Baumgartner, became an instant classic. Meany’s 1953 article for *Collier’s* “Baseball Needs Three Big Leagues to Survive,” had the Phils moving to Baltimore (with whom the Phillies had a working agreement) in a hypothetical (and now slightly prophetic) major league realignment.

The Baltimore Phillies? No way. It was Connie Mack's Athletics who moved, heading west to Kansas City a few years later. The Phils are still here, "as much a part of the Philadelphia scene as the statue of William Penn," as the A's once insisted they were. Since Meany's time Philadelphia has seen three pennants, one World Championship, and several division titles. But mere success now and then these past thirty years hasn't kept the Phils out of the annals of great baseball literature.

*The Phillies Reader* taps into the rich mine of literature about the team produced from the end of the nineteenth century to the end of the twentieth. The writings included here document many things besides baseball: the cultural life of the city and, more so, the nation; the history of a Philadelphia institution that has been around since 1883; the social issues of the day; and profiles of some extraordinary and unusual individuals.

I actually began the research for this book a long time ago, when I was a boy. Hoping to find baseball books, I would search through the used books bin at Leary's bookstore on Ninth Street or in the stacks at the Central Library in Philadelphia's Logan Square. I would look for hours on end at microfilm of old sports pages, where I might encounter firsthand the myths I had only heard about (was it true that William Baker put up a fifteen-foot screen on the right-field fence at Baker Bowl to keep Chuck Klein's home run production—and hence Klein's salary—from reaching, in Fred Lieb's words, "Ruthian dimensions"?).

Baseball is not myth, of course, but its history transforms quickly into myth. Myths, students in my American Studies class at Penn State like to think, are simply falsehoods or tall-tales ("It's only a myth that Babe Ruth called his home run shot in 1932"); but, more properly, myths are narratives that, regardless of veracity, contain elements of truth and core beliefs that followers of a culture (in this case, baseball culture and, by extension, American culture) hold dear. Whether or not Ruth called his shot (he probably didn't) doesn't really matter. The fact is that, knowing "Babe Ruth" as we do, it is not inconceivable that he *could have*; furthermore, it is not so bad a thing to believe that he actually did call his shot (or perform some other amazing feat) because believing the myth lends coherence and stability to our shared values and beliefs (say, our faith in heroes or leaders), which also

reflect who we are and what we hope to achieve as a people. Weighty stuff for a game with a stick and a ball.

One long-suffering myth holds that the Futile Phillies of yore were the perennial doormat of the National League (when eight teams were all there were). When does the era of the Futile Phillies begin and end? I start it with the Grover Cleveland Alexander trade in 1918 and end it with the sale of the team to Robert M. Carpenter, Jr., in late 1943. There were many futile years after 1943 (1944, for instance, when the Phils—or Blue Jays, as they tried to rename themselves—were nine games out of first place at the All-Star break and still in last place) and a not-so-bad year or two before '43 (if you can call fourth place “not-so-bad”)—and despite pennants in 1983 and 1993, the last ten or twelve years haven't been exactly peachy—but the term “Futile Phils” is generally applied to the Phillies of that span of a quarter century, in which star players came and went (for much needed franchise cash) and seventh or eight place was a sure bet. As J. Roy Stockton, sports editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, wrote in “Them Phillies—Or How to Make Failure Pay” (1941), which appeared in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* (published in Philadelphia's Washington Square): “Each spring, when the sap in the trees is about ready to run . . . 287 or so baseball experts are asked to prognosticate on the order of the finish of the major league baseball clubs at the end of the season. Invariably, when the news services carry the consensus, there is a tag line reading, ‘287 out of 287 picked the Phillies to finish last.’ And the faithful Phillies never stump the experts.”

Nonetheless, nobody ever hated the Phillies, not the way you could hate the Yankees. You could, however, make merciless fun of the Phillies with impunity—though you were more likely to describe them, as Meany once did in 1941 on the eve of a crucial series for Brooklyn, as “nice fellers, who never harmed anybody, and aren't going to start now, I hope.”

The myth (or no myth if you look at the record) persisted even after the Whiz Kids' one-year triumph in 1950. The Futile Phillies seemed to rise again from the ashes left by the afterglow of a solitary pennant. The Phillies did not play badly in the 1950 World Series (just well enough to lose, wrote Jimmy Cannon); but the myth endured. The



Series even prompted a bit of doggerel from the pen of Tim Cohane, *Look* magazine's sports editor: "The youthful Granville / Is no Maranville" (a two-generation allusion: to shortstop Granny Hamner, who made a costly error in the eighth inning of the third game of the 1950 World Series, and to Rabbit Maranville, a colorful character and terrific shortstop, who lasted 1912-35, mostly with the Boston Braves). For the next two decades Philadelphia would be tagged the City of Losers, drummed in further by the debacle of '64. When the Phillies lost three straight ignominious playoff rounds between 1976 and 1978, they re-emerged as the typographically impaired "Phutile Phils." The World Championship in 1980 rewrote that chapter, maybe once and for all; but readers will discover the myth of the Futile Phillies (does the name Mitch Williams ring a bell?) alive and well throughout the pages of this volume.

The tone of *The Phillies Reader* is literary—or, as sportswriters after the fashion of Mr. Dooley used to put it, *lit'ry*. The man behind Mr. Dooley, Finley Peter Dunne, a late-nineteenth-century baseball writer for the *Chicago Daily News*, and later a widely popular newspaperman and the editor of *Collier's*, served as editor for Philadelphia's—and the twentieth century's—first great sportswriter, Charles Dryden. Dryden left his mark wherever he traveled—and he ventured from West Coast to East (working in Philadelphia from 1899 to 1905), finally landing in Chicago, where he laid the groundwork for Ring Lardner, Heywood Broun, Damon Runyon, and other important early figures of American sportswriting. Lardner became a seminal figure in American letters, and he credited Dryden as a major influence. Lardner put all the Phillies lore he knew into "Sick 'Em" (1914), a short story he wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post*. The story concerns how real-life catcher Pat Moran and manager Red Doo-in, with the help of the (unreliable) narrator, scheme to get the best out of a pair of fictitious, highly-touted rubber-armed rivals named Smitty and Fogarty, who are pressed into greater service because "Alexander strained his souper and Rixey got a pair o' busted fingers." By pitting one pitcher's bloated psyche against the other's, the three men get Smitty and Fogarty so jealous of each other that one pitcher outdoes the other every time one of them is on the mound. Doo-in "prob'ly ruined both o' them guys for the next sea-

son by workin' 'em in the shape they was in," but that doesn't matter. The manager really doesn't want either of them around any longer, and they've served their purpose by getting the Phillies into the "World's Serious" with Washington (wrong team, a year early, but a good prediction). The Phillies have appeared in other fiction as well, most prominently the juvenile baseball novels of Frank O'Rourke (*The Team* [1949], *Never Come Back* [1952], and *Bonus Rookie* [1950], which anticipates the Whiz Kids' pennant-clincher against Brooklyn several months ahead of schedule). The Phils also turn up for five paragraphs in Damon Runyon's one and only baseball short story, "Baseball Hattie" (1936), in which several circa-1920 Phillies "refuse to take their departure" after calling the umpire "a scoundrel and a rat and a snake in the grass, and also a baboon."

Heywood Broun was also not one to let a good Phillies quip pass him by. Richard Kluger, in his massive book on the *New York Herald Tribune*, quotes this piece of classic Brouniana from 1913: "[Bareback Joe] Oeschger was in the box for Philadelphia, but his delivery is not nearly as difficult as his name. He was hit so hard that Charlie Dooen was driven at last to send in another pitcher of such obscurity that he was not even indicated on the scorecard. Matteson was the newcomer. He lacks more than a few letters of being a Mathewson."

*The Phillies Reader* is also a historical anthology of sorts, though not every great event in Phillies history is represented here and a few of the ones we wish we could forget certainly are; but I've placed a greater emphasis on theme: the Futile Phils, the Ben Chapman-Jackie Robinson incident, the Whiz Kids, the 1964 debacle). Not all the names encountered here will be familiar ones. In the 1930s and 1940s Phillies players were "dispatched . . . as perfunctorily as a supermarket rejecting a case of moldy lettuce" (to borrow a line Sandy Grady once used to describe an itinerant one-time Philly pitcher named Johnny Klippstein). "When a good ballplayer went to the Phillies," Kirby Higbe remembers in *The High Hard One* (1967, Viking), "he would hustle and bear down in the hope he would be sold to a good ballclub." Casey Strengel wasn't a Philly for very long, but he is of interest for obvious reasons. If Phillies lore passes through baseball, a lot of baseball lore also passes through the Phillies. When Strengel removed Whitey Ford

for Allie Reynolds in the final game of the 1950 World Series, he was heard to say to reporters: “I’m sorry I had to take the young man out but as I have been telling you, the Philadelphias is hard to defeat, and I am paid by my employer to defeat them, which is why I want for the feller with the big fastball. Have a nice winter.”

This book is also not just a collection of writings by local sportswriters, though I think the best of them are present and accounted for: Dryden, Horwits, Lewis, Hochman, Grady, Dolson, Merchant, Cushman, Conlin, Stark. In the early days of sports reporting, beat reporters generally covered only the home games. When Chuck Klein hit his four home runs in one game against the Pirates in 1936, the story was covered (quite colorfully) probably by a Pittsburgh correspondent.

As an anthology of the best writing about the best team in the best sport, *The Phillie Reader* comprises writers from all over the United States: Atlanta, San Francisco, St. Louis, and, yes, even the place Tug McGraw said they could stick it. The book is offered with Phillies fans in mind, but it also means to please the large audience of baseball fans.

Of the out-of-town authors appearing in this volume, Furman Bisher, long-time sports editor of the *Atlanta Constitution and Journal*, got to know Gene Mauch when Mauch was managing the Atlanta Crackers (a much better team name than the Braves, I think). Roger Kahn’s beat for the *New York Herald Tribune* was the Brooklyn Dodgers and later the New York Giants for a few years during what he calls “The Era”—that is, the late 1940s to the late 1950s, when baseball was pretty much a Big Apple affair. He later served as sports editor at *Newsweek*, where the great John Lardner wrote his wonderful column, “Lardner’s Week.” Joe Williams, of the long-defunct *New York World Telegram*, was another nationally syndicated columnist; his take on Game Two of the 1950 World Series is the kind of biased New York writing Phillies fans love to hate. But it’s *good* writing, nonetheless, by a sportswriter that Jim Murray, no slouch himself, put in the same company “with legendary figures like Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, Grantland Rice, and the rest.” And more than a few readers might forget that a young Red Smith (assuming you remember an *old* Red Smith) got his big break (if you can call it that) on the old *Philadelphia Record*; at least that’s where Stanley Woodward found him and plucked him from to write for

the late, lamented *New York Herald Tribune*, which had, arguably, the finest sports department ever. Smith, like Dryden, was good no matter what—or for whom—he was writing (that includes his stint for *Women’s Wear Daily*). Dip into his columns at any point in his career and you’ll come up with something worth your time and effort. Ditto Sandy Grady. Smith would become famous for his leads, and the “Smith touch was evident,” wrote his biographer Ira Berkow, in the first lead Smith wrote while covering a Phillies game—“As early as the third inning yesterday, Jimmy Wilson was casting long glances toward a third-base box where gleamed the incredibly pink dome of James A. Farley, surrounded by deserving Democrats. A little earlier, posing with a baseball for news photographers, Big Jim had exhibited all the form of a top-flight pitcher, which was more than Mr. Fabian Kowalik was doing at the moment.”

Another purpose of this book is to give readers a sense of the varying styles that have marked baseball writing since the late nineteenth century: the quaint, Victorian sentences in the manner of Henry Chadwick (called the father of baseball, but more likely the grandfather of baseball writing); the iconoclastic wit of Leonard Dana Washburn, Charles Dryden, and the Chicago School of baseball writing; the “Gee Whiz” and “Aw, Nuts!” repertoires; the gracious, if unimaginative, sportwriting epitomized by the *New York Times*’s, Arthur Daley who in 1956 won a Pulitzer Prize coveted by the more deserving Smith and Cannon, neither of whom liked Daley’s writing (or each other’s, for that matter). Add to this the “conversation” piece, fashioned in the late 1930s and 1940s by Frank Graham of the *New York Sun*, as well as the “ghost-written” and “as-told-to” staples of baseball literature. New journalism and literary journalism, which W. C. Heinz and others pioneered in the early 1950s, came of age in the early 1960s and carry through to the present (see the essay here by Pat Jordan, for example), as has chipmunk journalism (the in-your-face, everything-on-the-record approach that refuses to take the sport so seriously) and total immersion journalism (see Bruce Buschel’s piece, which concludes this volume). Finally, there is what Stanley Woodward called the “on-the-button” school of journalism—that is, solid spot reporting accompanied by a sense of

humor and good, plain English. There are a lot of examples of that kind of writing also to be found in *The Phillies Reader*.

As I said, readers looking for a purely hometown perspective or a rehash of Rich Westcott and Frank Bilovsky's invaluable *The New Phillies Encyclopedia* (1993, Temple University Press) will have to turn elsewhere. If reading how Joe DiMaggio finally got the better of Robin Roberts makes you stew, well, then you're in the wrong book and, probably, the wrong sport. Another point to remember is this: any one of the "famous" young men of Manhattan could have worked for one of the Philadelphia newspapers (why they would have wanted to is another matter entirely). If Smith had stayed in Philadelphia, he might have written that "art of fiction is dead / Reality has strangled invention" stuff for Dick Sisler instead of Bobby Thomson. For the record, Smith wrote in 1950 that the Phillies, "in the tenth inning of the 155th game<sup>1</sup> of their season, all snarled up in a strangling tie with the team that had closed eight laps on them in a fortnight, . . . were knocked kicking into the championship by the bat of Dick Sisler." Furthermore, Philadelphia sportswriters have achieved a standard of excellence along with a degree of humility. As Frank Dolson wrote on the night of the Phillies clinched the pennant in 1980, "Hemingway would struggle over this one. Shakespeare would grope for words to describe it and give up in despair. Grantland Rice would be in over his head. I don't have a chance."

Think of *The Phillies Reader* as what we used to call a bedside table book. That means it's the kind of book you can pick up and put down at your leisure rather than read right through, though I don't discourage your doing that, either.

I was unable, of course, to include everything I wished to. Anthologies are costly to produce, and reprint rights can be prohibitive. Some of the writing, controversial in its own time, might seem tame by today's standards. As to be expected, there are essays on Mike Schmidt, Steve Carlton, and Dick Allen, though there isn't one on Pete Rose

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<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Smith was thinking of an 8-8 Phillies-Dodgers game in June in Shibe Park halted by the Sunday curfew.

(readers might want to turn to Michael Sokolove's insightful *Hustle: The Myth, Life, and Lies of Pete Rose* [1990, Simon and Schuster]). Why not Rose, or Bill Duggleby, Eppa Rixey, Gavvy Cravath, Claude Passeau, Flint Rhem, Curt Simmons, Del Ennis, Wes Covington, Jay Johnson, Pope Ownes, Greg "Bull" Luzinski, Lenny Dykstra? How I wish they could all be here. In a way, though, they are cavorting through one story or another like so many friendly ghosts. Admittedly, I have included more about the Phillies after 1950 than about Phillies from an earlier era, or even the Phils of today. But I think the writing speaks for itself.

There are several Phillies-related texts worth mentioning even though, for one reason or another, I have chosen not to use them. Certainly Lieb and Baumgartner's book (which, if you can find it, goes for \$200 in good condition on the rare book market) has many worthwhile chapters. "It Took a War to Do It" from Tom Meany's *Baseball's Greatest Teams* (1949, A. S. Barnes) concerns the 1915 National League championships; the war in the title refers to the Federal League wars, implying perhaps, as many believed, that if players hadn't jumped to the fledgling league that year (gone the next) the Phillies might not have made Meany's book. Meany begs to disagree, calling Pat Moran's Phillies one of the best, even if they did steal signs to help them win ball games. There are swell entries about the Phillies in both of Jim Brosnan's classic diaries, *The Long Season* (1960, Harper) and *Pennant Race* (1962, Harper). *Bo: Pitching and Wooing* (1973, Dial Press) by Maury Allen has a revealing chapter ("The Boo-Birds of Happiness") about Bo Belinsky's experiences with Gene Mauch and the 1965 Phillies. *Rowdy Richard* (1987, North Atlantic Books) by Dick Bartell with Norman Macht has plenty of insights about the Phillies of the early thirties by the late, excellent shortstop, who became, in his own words, "the most hated man in the National League." In Michael Fedo's *One Shining Season* (1990, Pharos Books), there is a poignant chapter recalling Stan Lopata's one great year in 1956, as well as one on current general manager Lee Thomas's 1962 26-home run season with the Los Angeles Angels; *July 2, 1903* (1992, Macmillan) by Mike Sowell contains the best account of Phillies Hall of Famer Ed De-

lahanty as well as fascinating material on the great Napoleon Lajoie, who played with the team 1896-1900 before taking “French Leave.” A lot of interesting Phillies lore turns up in Bruce Kuklick’s *To Everything a Season: Shibe Park and Urban Philadelphia, 1909-1976* (1991, Princeton University Press). Curt Smith has many appreciative words for former Phillies broadcaster Byrum Saam (“the Man of a Zillion Words”) in his *Voices of the Game* (1987, Diamond Communications). Both Dave Anderson in *Pennant Races* (1995, Doubleday) and David Halberstam in *October 1964* (1994, Villard) have entertaining chapters on the Phillies’ pennant collapse in 1964. *Crash: The Life and Times of Richie Allen* (1992, Ticknor and Fields) by Dick Allen and Tim Whitaker is a very underrated book. Mark Wingerdner’s compelling *Prophet of the Sandlots* (1990, Atlantic Monthly Press) recounts the author’s year-long journey with the legendary but insecure septuagenarian Phillies scout Tony Lucadello (who signed Mike Schmidt, Fergie Jenkins, and forty-nine other major league ballplayers, including lastly Mickey Morandini and Tom Marsh). Lucadello, an old hand who in many ways was way ahead of his own time, became saddened by the awareness of his own obsolescence and later blew his brains out near the third-base line of a ballfield in his hometown of Fostoria, Ohio, thus unintentionally rewriting the end of Winegardner’s book. There are, to be sure, some excellent Phillies stories to be found in the pages of old and current magazines and journals, mainstream and otherwise (*Phillies Report*, *Philly Sport*, *The Fan*, *The Sporting News*, and *The National Pastime*, just to name a few). Of course, there could be as many different Phillies Readers as there are Phillies fans. I stand by my selection, however, and welcome all criticisms, as well as suggestions for further inclusions. Bear in mind though, that not all authors care to part with their copy these days, storing it up for volumes with their own names on them. I hope the selections I have made afford you the same pleasure these pieces, on several readings, have given me, too.

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Richard Orodener