
Foreword

During one of the first days of spring training, while the Phillies were still encamped at Carpenter Complex, Darren Daulton and I were having a short conversation about his personal expectations for the 1993 season.

The year before, Daulton had emerged from a long, uphill battle through a number of serious injuries and other setbacks to become the premier catcher in the National League. Not only had he led the league in RBI and set a club record for home runs by a catcher, Daulton had finally fulfilled his earlier promise and become an extremely capable defensive player.

When, on the late February day, he was asked to assess what he expected to achieve in the upcoming season, Daulton didn't hesitate with an answer. "I just want to do my part to help us win, and let the numbers take care of themselves," he said. "I'd like to do what I did last year, but I'd rather take less numbers and more wins. That would be a little more fun. I got some personal gratification from last year. But it still wasn't as much fun as having a winning unit could be."

Daulton's remarks were revealing. In an era when many major leaguers place personal glory above team success, the veteran catcher took just the opposite stance. And what he said would set the tone for the entire team during a season in which individual accomplishments took a secondary position to winning.

Indeed, the 1993 Phillies were a classic example of the old cliché, "There's no 'I' in team." This was a group that won as a team, that lost as a team and that shared the whole range of emotional experiences that sur-

round a big league team. And what they accomplished as a team made for one of the most glowing success stories in Phillies history as well as in all of sports.

The following pages are intended to chronicle the people and the events that comprise that story. It is hoped that these pages will not only allow the reader to relive the wonderful, whacky season of 1993, but also to serve as a kind of documentary of that season.

Because of the impossibility of such a task in a book this size, this volume does not purport to cover every situation or discuss every personality. Nor is it intended as a compendium of funny one-liners or humorous incidents, many of which have been overemphasized elsewhere.

This team goes much deeper than comic relief, anyway. Had it been merely a team of comedians and beer-guzzling rogues, as it was so often portrayed, it would have more closely resembled Phillies teams of the 1920s, 1930s and early 1940s when a seventh place finish gave cause for a celebration.

This team had much more than that. It had heart. Guts. Desire. Talent. It was made up of a bunch of gamers with a never-give-up attitude. Sure, neither they nor their games were always pretty, but they never failed to be exciting and they never failed to put on a good show at the ball park.

Having covered the team from spring training through the World Series, I can say without hesitation that this was a team that was as enjoyable and as entertaining to watch as any Phillies team I've ever seen. And that covers a lot more Phillies teams—not to mention a few Philadelphia Athletics teams—than I care to admit I've seen.

When it comes to pleasurable viewing over the last 50 years, the '93 Phils rank right up there with the 1950 and 1980 Phillies, two teams that have a special place in the club's long and not terribly successful history. In vastly different ways, both had exhilarating teams and memorable seasons that took them to the World Series.

The 1993 Phillies were also an exhilarating team that staged a memorable season. They, too, have now earned a special place in Phillies history.

Rich Westcott

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Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves

In the 111-year history of the Philadelphia Phillies, it is entirely reasonable to suggest that the franchise never had a team quite like the one that carried its colors in 1993.

It was a team that exceeded the expectations of all but the wildest dreamers, vaulting all the way from last place the previous year to the World Series, where only four other Phillies teams had made an appearance since 1883. Only two other major league teams in the 20th century have made the leap from last to first.

The '93 Phils resided in first place in the National League's East Division for all but one day—a league record. And in finishing the regular season with 97 victories, the team had the third highest total of wins in club history.

In a pulsating League Championship Series, the Phillies, making their sixth appearance in a post-season playoff, achieved a stunning upset by defeating the powerful Atlanta Braves four games to two in a best-of-seven series. In the World Series that followed, the Phillies managed to stay close to the defending world champion Toronto Blue Jays but lost two games they could have won and wound up losing in six games.

It was, nonetheless, a memorable season, which was made that way, not only because of the marvelous record of the team, but also because of the special blend of athletes who comprised the team.

There were no nationally recognized superstars on the Phillies. To be sure, the Phils had some talent. But the team was basically a collection of hard-working, everyday players from vastly different backgrounds who had

come together and learned—perhaps somewhat to their surprise—not only that they could play together, but also that they found immense pleasure in each other's company.

"We're really just a bunch of gypsies, tramps and thieves," said catcher Darren Daulton, the team's undisputed leader and the only player to have been with the Phillies before 1988.

Others had different names for the Phillies. Because of the distaste a few of them had for haircuts and the genteel art of shaving, they were portrayed as a grubby band of rogues. A few players seemed to have no objection to an extra meal now and then, which earned the team nicknames such as the Broad Street Bellies. Spitting, cursing, chewing tobacco and scratching various parts of the body also helped to build the team's image as a rough-and-tumble outfit that was really a throwback to an earlier era when the game of baseball was played by adult street urchins quite unlike the briefcase-laden robots who dominate today's game.

"We're a throwback, all right," first baseman John Kruk had said. "Thrown back by other organizations."

He was right, of course. Of the 25 players who played most of the year on the team, only five of them—Daulton, Ricky Jordan, Mickey Morandini, Kim Batiste and Kevin Stocker—had come up through the Phillies' farm system. The others had all been acquired through trades, drafted from other teams or signed as free agents.

Despite the persistence, especially of sportswriters, to portray the team in less than flattering terms—one wag even said they looked like "a prison softball team"—the image was largely distorted. The fact of the matter was, only a handful of players on the team really resembled what might be called a ragamuffin. Most of the players were trim, clean-cut fellows, who, unlike the dead-end kids they were cast as, more appropriately could have passed as the "boy next door."

True or not, the team's image did have an impact. Fans took to the '93 Phils like a hungry hound takes to a beefsteak. The Phillies were not only the darlings of the local citizenry—a group known in the past for its rough treatment of local teams and its willingness to criticize them at the drop of a pop fly—but they attracted a considerable amount of attention around the rest of the country.

The Phillies were often described as a "blue collar" team, and they attracted blue collar fans in droves. They also were the special favorites of legions of women who thought they were "cute" and children who idolized them, especially the likes of Lenny Dykstra, Kruk and Daulton.

Realistically, the Phillies were Everyman's Team. More so than any Phillies pennant winner since the endearing Whiz Kids of 1950, the '93 Phils could relate to the masses, especially the hard-bitten fans of the area who had spent a lifetime trying to embrace the Phillies but who in many cases were never quite able to do it.

So popular were the Phillies in all walks of life that the club drew a record home attendance of 3,137,674 in 80 dates at Veterans Stadium during the regular season. That was the first time the Phils exceeded three million spectators during a season, far surpassing the previous attendance record of 2,775,011 set in 1979.

The Phils were popular not only because of the scruffy, yet lovable image that set them apart from most ordinary teams and that evoked comparisons to the St. Louis Cardinals Gashouse Gang of the 1930s and the Oakland A's of the early 1970s. They also developed a following because of the special personality of the team.

They were known as a band of raucous, rollicking crazies; a gang of stand-up comics who could spit out hilarious one-liners as fast as they could down a pitcher of beer and who knew no boundaries when it came to having fun. But that was only off the field. When the Phils took to the diamond, they turned into an intense, highly motivated unit that was as serious as a police sergeant and that was hell-bent on winning.

"People look at this team and think we have a bunch of loose cannons," manager Jim Fregosi said. "But that's simply not true. This is an image that was built up in the press because we have a bunch of guys from different ballclubs. But we are a team, and no matter what happens we stay a team because the guys want to stay here and they want to win.

"If crazy is running out ground balls, playing hard and getting the uniform dirty," Fregosi said at another point, "then, yeah, they're crazy."

They were also determined. Few teams in this modern, laid-back time in professional sports played with the desire and determination with which they did in 1993. When the Phillies had to win, they usually did, as evidenced by key series during their regular season with the Cardinals and Montreal Expos and at both levels of post-season play when they came back after devastating losses. And no lead by an opposing team was ever safe. Throughout the season, the Phillies showed a relentless determination to never give up, rallying numerous times in the late innings to put out a victory that had seemingly been impossible.

"This was a team that never quit, that never died," said Dykstra, summarizing the way the Phillies played throughout the season.

It was also a team that had no shortage of arrogance, that could be difficult to get along with, especially with members of the press, who on more than one occasion were verbally assaulted for unflattering articles, and that was more than a little feisty. Whether it was an opposing pitcher throwing a ball close to the chin of a Phils batter, an umpire making a bad call or a sports writer asking what was considered to be a stupid question, the Phillies were never reluctant to show their disdain. Often it was accompanied by a spray of tobacco juice, an incredulous look or a loud disclaimer sprinkled with profanities and unflattering adjectives. On occasion, sneering was also a popular device.

But there was a warm side to the Phillies that was often hidden. The players cared deeply about each other. For the most part, they not only got along well with each other, but the season was marked with a glaring absence of team dissent. There were clubhouse cliques, of course. A cabal that included Daulton, Dykstra, Kruk, Dave Hollins, Mitch Williams and Pete Incaviglia roosted in the back of the clubhouse on what was often referred to as "Millionaires' Row," or by the residents themselves as "The Ghetto," and con-

spicuously and somewhat judgmentally set the tone for the whole team. But during the entire season, there was rarely any clubhouse bickering, and when it did occur, it was usually held in check and soon forgotten.

The Phillies were expert needlers, but when they razed each other—which they did all the time—they did it in the spirit of fun. And having fun was certainly one of the major agendas of this team.

"This is the most fun I ever had playing baseball," said left fielder Incaviglia, who became one of the clubhouse leaders in his first season in Philadelphia. "I loved playing with these guys."

The Phillies' ability to laugh with and at each other was never more conspicuous than



Lenny Dykstra, sliding home against the Reds, led the National League in scoring with 143 runs.

on the first day of spring training. Outfielder Jim Eisenreich, one of the quietest players on the team and a victim of Tourette's Syndrome, was approached by Kruk, who jokingly requested some of the new player's medicine with the notation that he needed it to calm down. Later, when told about Eisenreich's affliction, pitcher Curt Schilling said, "Compared to what most of us have on this team, that's like having a common cold."

Such clubhouse banter was part of the spirited repartee that was the regular fare in the Phils' clubhouse. It was a clubhouse that also featured loud music blaring regularly from a boom box on top of Schilling's locker and players who after games frequently congregated over a few beers to discuss the battle just waged.

It was called chemistry by some, camaraderie by others. By any description, it was this one-for-all, all-for-one attitude and the players' uncanny ability to pick each other up that contributed as much as anything to the Phillies' 1993 success.

"One night somebody picks us up. The next night, somebody else picks us up. That's why we're on top," said third baseman Hollins.

In addition to getting along with each other and working well together, the most dominant characteristic of the 1993 Phillies was the unusual blend of colorful characters. This was a club that was filled with interesting and animated personalities.

There was Dykstra, the resourceful team catalyst with tobacco stains and infield dirt all vying for spots on his uniform; Daulton, the handsome heartthrob, team leader and consummate pro; Kruk, master of the one-liner, a character right out of a comic strip who could hit; Mitch Williams, the long-haired ulcer agent; fiercely intense Hollins; Tommy Greene, a quiet country boy with a loud and lively arm; the quietly elegant Eisenreich; the insightful Terry Mulholland; the talkative Schilling; the ebullient Wes Chamberlain; the raucous Incaviglia; the refreshing Mariano Duncan; the sometimes cantankerous Danny Jackson; the diligent Mickey Morandini; gentle Ben Rivera; wide-eyed, young, innocent Kevin Stocker; the articulate Milt Thompson; the hulking David West; team humorist Larry Andersen and the underutilized Ricky Jordan.

Each had his own set of special qualities, which when put together made the '93 Phillies a vastly more colorful—and appealing—team than most of the past entries of the franchise. The '93 Phils were certainly more colorful—and alive—than the often moody and highly mechanical 1980 team, which nonetheless rules as the best team in Phillies history by virtue of its winning the World Championship. Perhaps only the young and exciting 1950 team, which captured the attention of baseball fans throughout the nation with its fighting spirit and hustling style of play, rivaled the '93 Phils in the category of colorful teams.

And the '93 Phils had the nicknames to match. Dude (Dykstra), Bubba (Daulton), Jethro (Greene), Mikey (Hollins), Wild Thing (Williams), Jake (Kruk), Batty (Kim Batiste) and Schill, Mul, Stocks, Inky, Andy and Eisey all have carved a niche in Philadelphia legend.

It is a niche that hardly anyone but the players themselves thought possible when the squad convened for the '93 season. Most pre-season polls picked the Phillies to finish in the lower regions of the East Division, barely managing to squeeze in ahead of the expansion Florida Marlins. A few hardy souls thought the Phils might be able to inch as high as third or perhaps

even second place, but the heavy favorite to win the division title was the Cardinals.

Why should anybody put much stock in the Phils anyway? Hadn't they finished a dismal last in 1992? And hadn't they placed last in three out of the five seasons prior to 1993? This was a team, the so-called experts concluded, that had a few good players and a lot of mediocre ones and that was going nowhere fast in a division that was regarded as the weakest in major league baseball.

The players and the team's management had different ideas. "We knew the guys could play," said general manager Lee Thomas, the architect who put together the club. "We really felt that we could win."

Daulton had similar feelings. "I went through spring training, and I thought we had a heckuva ball club," he said. "When I looked at the way we matched up with the other teams in the division, I thought that nobody got better and we did get better."

And they did. Bolstered by a flurry of off-season deals by Thomas, the Phillies had one of their best spring trainings in years, then began the season with the fastest start in club history. After falling out of first place for the only time all season on April 9, the Phils maintained a steady hold on the lead, stretching it to as many as 11 1/2 games—the high point of the season—by June 13.

By the All-Star Game, in which Daulton, Kruk and Mulholland were starters for the National League team and Hollins was a reserve, the Phillies' lead had slipped to five games. It dipped even lower a few days later when three straight losses at San Diego decreased the Phils' hold on the division to a scant three games. But a confidence-building three-game sweep of the Cardinals launched a successful home stand, and by mid-August the lead was back to nine games. It increased even more a little later before it slid backward again in September as the Expos threatened with a feverish second half finish. But regrouping, the Phils won 11 of 16 games over a critical stretch in mid-September, finally clinching the division title at Pittsburgh, 10-7, with the key blow being a grand slam home run by Duncan. Just five games remained in the season.

It was the team's sixth division title, joining the crowns in 1976, 1977, 1978, 1980 and 1983.

Almost no one expected the Phillies to stand a chance against the Braves in the League Championship Series. Atlanta was not only the National League champion in each of the previous two years, but in 1993 it had won the West Division title with a whopping 104 victories and with the third best second half in baseball history. Moreover, the Braves had the best pitching staff in baseball and a high-powered offense that made opposing pitchers run for cover. It would be no match, the experts all agreed.

Ah, but what did they know? After falling behind two games to one and getting battered in their two defeats, the Phillies roared back with three

straight victories, clinching the National League pennant in the sixth game with a thrilling 6-3 victory that featured the pitching of Greene and the clutch hitting of Daulton, Hollins and Morandini.

Putting their names up with those of the 1915, 1950, 1980 and 1983 clubs, the Phillies had only their fifth pennant in club history.

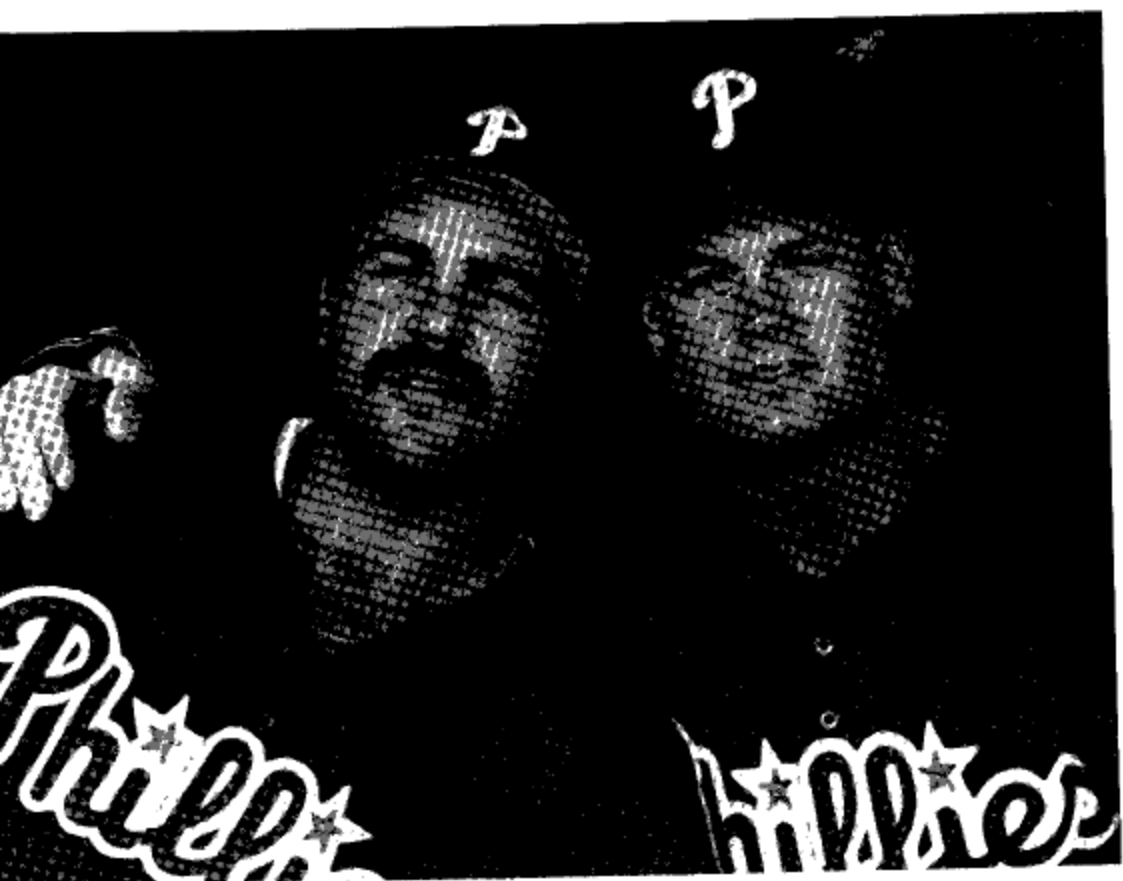
It was on to the World Series where once again the Phillies were decided underdogs, this time to the American League champion Toronto Blue Jays, a team that had defeated the Braves in the World Series in 1992. Like the Braves, the Blue Jays were an awesome team with good pitching and a particularly devastating offense, led by hitters with the three highest batting averages in the American League during the regular season.

The Phillies waged a gallant fight. But in the fourth game, down two games to one, the Phils blew a five-run lead and wound up losing a disheartening 15-14 record-setting slugfest. Then, showing the toughness and resilience that had been a trademark of the club all season long, the Phillies came back with a riveting 2-0 victory on Schilling's five-hit masterpiece to force a sixth game back in Toronto. Once again, with victory within reach, reliever Mitch Williams, as he had done in Game Four, gave up the lead in the late innings. This time he did it by serving up a three-run home run to Joe Carter in the bottom of the ninth inning that gave the Blue Jays a series-clinching 8-6 triumph.

For the Phillies, Carter's blast put an end to what had been a marvelous season. A team in every sense of the word, the Phillies had attracted the attention and captured the hearts of the entire Philadelphia area and beyond by playing an exciting, animated brand of baseball that hadn't been seen in the area in years. They did it with a refreshing collection of players who were portrayed as misfits and crazies but who were really quite talented and who played the game the way it was meant to be played—hard, relentlessly and with unbending fervor.

It was a year of exceptional individual accomplishments, too. Dykstra became the first player in National League history to lead the league in at-bats and walks in the same season. He also led the league in hits, the 16th time a Phillies player has done that, and scored more runs (143) than any Phillies player since Chuck Klein crossed the plate 152 times in 1932. Dykstra, Hollins (104) and Kruk (100) gave the Phillies at least three players with 100 or more runs for the first time since 1932 and for only the fifth time in club history. And with Dykstra drawing 129 walks, Daulton 117 and Kruk 111, the Phillies became the first club in National League history to have three players walk 100 or more times in the same season.

While leading the league in runs, hits, doubles and walks, the Phillies had three players hit above .300—Eisenreich (.318), Kruk (.316) and Dykstra (.305)—the first time since 1976 that three regulars had done that. Seven players (Daulton, Incaviglia, Dykstra, Hollins, Kruk, Wes Chamberlain and Mariano Duncan) hit home runs in double figures—the first time that that many players had done it since 1987.



Pete Incaviglia (left) and Darren Daulton were the Phillies top home run hitters with 24 apiece.

All five Phillies starters—Greene, Schilling, Mulholland, Jackson and Rivera—won in double figures for only the second time in club history and the first time since 1932. Greene had the second best winning percentage (.800) in the league, while Greene, Mulholland and Schilling tied for second place in complete games with seven. David West tied for second in the league with 76 appearances, while Mitch Williams set a club record for most saves (43) in one season.

It was a marvelous year for a marvelous team. It was a team that would go down as one of the great sports franchises in Philadelphia history.