

## Chapter Newsletter

May 2020

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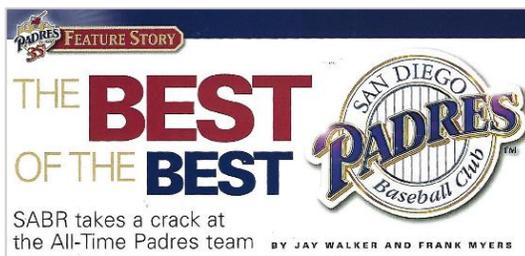
## WHO ARE THE ALL-TIME SAN DIEGO PADRES (N.L.)?

A Chapter Project

The last time we dealt with this question was back in 2003 as the Padres were playing their last season at San Diego Stadium (aka Jack Murphy and Qualcomm). Now, after 51 seasons of play, along with the "pause" in MLB play thus far in 2020, we thought it a good time to re-visit this question after 16 years have passed.

In 2003 here were the results:

Starting Pitcher	Randy Jones
Starting Pitcher	Eric Show
Starting Pitcher	Andy Benes
Catcher	Terry Kennedy
First Base	Nate Colbert
Second Base	Roberto Alomar



Third Base	Ken Caminiti
Shortstop	Garry Templeton
Outfielder	Tony Gwynn
Outfielder	Dave Winfield
Outfielder	Gene Richards
Closer	Trevor Hoffman

In the next few weeks we will be sending a ballot that will allow you to give your opinion as to who deserves to be on our chapter's All-Time Padres team. *Party affiliation will not be noted on the ballot, nor will ballot box stuffing be allowed.* 😊



**A LOOK BACK AT JUNE 1991 ... FROM CHAPTER FILES**  
Ted Williams gives his consent to our chapter being named the  
**San Diego Ted Williams SABR Chapter**

P.O. Box 5127  
Clearwater, FL 34618

June 10, 1991

Mr. Robert M. Boynton  
376 Belleair Street  
Del Mar, CA 92014

Dear Mr. Boynton:

I read your letter regarding the possibility of changing the name of your SABR section to the Ted Williams San Diego Regional Chapter.

This is indeed an honor and I am certainly happy to give my consent.

You brought up the name of Jimmy Foxx in your letter. Jimmy was a player I will never forget. He could hit them as far as anybody in the game and was a great hitter.

My very best to you and everyone there in San Diego.

Sincerely,  
*Ted Williams*  
Ted Williams

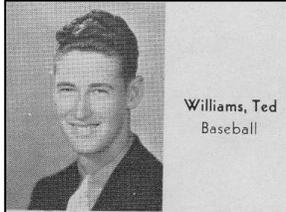
TW/shg

**TED WILLIAMS' SAN DIEGO CONNECTIONS:**

**Born: San Diego, August 30, 1918**

**Learned to hit at North Park Playground**

**Graduated from Hoover High: February 3, 1937**



Williams, Ted  
Baseball

**Played for the San Diego Padres (PCL) in 1936 1937**



## THE PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE'S "GOLDEN AGE"

by Mark Macrae

The PCL's history can be broken down into four eras, the "Golden Age" (1903-1957), the "Silver Age" (1958-1968), the "Modern Age" (1969-1997), and the "Platinum Age" (1998-present).

The Golden Age was the most important era to the West Coast, predating the National League's move west. The Silver Age era retained franchises in Seattle and San Diego until both of those cities were granted Major League clubs in 1969. Teams appeared in remote (by PCL standards) locations such as Dallas, Oklahoma City, Indianapolis, and Tulsa during this era. During both the Golden and Silver Ages, many players returning from the Major League level would play one to several seasons in the PCL, often finishing their careers in their hometowns.

During the Modern Age, the practice of major-league players returning for a few seasons in the PCL to finish their careers diminished, and it has virtually disappeared today, the exception being a major leaguer on rehab assignment. Players on their way up typically stay in the PCL for a season or two before their trip up to the major leagues.

Following the realignment of Triple A baseball in 1998, and the elimination of the American Association, the PCL expanded to 16 teams, and we entered the Platinum Age. During this era, new ballparks were constructed in most PCL cities, with most of the remaining parks upgraded significantly. Only three parks have escaped upgrading in the last 20 years: Las Vegas, New Orleans, and Salt Lake City. Many facilities have been relocated into downtown hubs in a similar fashion to what the major leagues are doing. Attendance is very strong and corporate/community support is stronger than ever. Most team revenues are larger than ever imagined. While firmly a part of the farm system of the major leagues, the PCL continues to provide and strives to improve family entertainment.

History of the PCL is maintained on an ongoing basis through the PCL Historical Society and its newsletter called *PCL Potpourri*, first published in 1987. Dick Beverage is the Society's president emeritus and served as the newsletter's editor until 2017, when I took over reins of the Society and the *Potpourri*. *PCL Potpourri* is an e-newsletter that is published quarterly and is available to any who want to subscribe and keep up with PCL history, especially its Golden Age. The Society no longer charges dues.

**Pacific Coast League**  
**POTPOURRI**  
APRIL 2020 PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER VOL. 34, NO. 2

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Bill Swank

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- Robby Chuck Symonds by Zak Ford
- The Struck by Carlos Bauer
- Sid Hoie by Ed Sammons & Mark Macrae
- PCL Encyclopedia Updates by Mark Macrae
- John Casali by Barry McMahon
- Memo Luna by William Swank
- Flashback: On the Nose by Alie Kemp-SF Bulletin

**Opening Day 2020**  
By Mark Macrae

In what would normally be an exciting time of the year, the opening week of baseball at all levels has been postponed due to the international pandemic known as Coronavirus.

This has impacted all of our lives and we hope that all of the efforts to contain the virus are successful and rapid. This is not the first time that a major event has disrupted the PCL's baseball season, but this is the first time that all of baseball has been curtailed.

Three years after the founding of the PCL, the great earthquake and fire of San Francisco in April of 1906 halted play in the PCL for about two weeks. The "original" Recreation Park in San Francisco burned to the ground.

**OFFICIAL SCORE BOOK**

**You Play Safe EVERY TIME YOU GO TO THE HIP**

MAIN STREET AT FOURTH  
BEST VAUDEVILLE AND FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHS  
1917-1918 Pacific Coast League

The Vernon Tigers and Los Angeles Angels would continue to dominate the PCL in 1918.

The "New" Recreation Park opened in 1907. It would serve as home to San Francisco baseball until Seals Stadium opened in 1931.

The league's schedule was rearranged and Oakland's Alou Park became the temporary home of the Seals. By 1907, the Seals had a new ballpark in San Francisco and a sense of normalcy began to return to baseball on the Pacific Coast.

In July of 1918, with the United States officially involved in World War I, the Pacific Coast League season ended abruptly. A best-of-nine game championship series was played between the top two teams, Los Angeles and Vernon. The Angels won the pennant.

Players subject to the draft entered the military or went to work in the war effort. Many players who were beyond the draft age were elevated to the Major League, who continued playing into September.

The war ended in November, and PCL baseball returned to the scene in 1919. We can only hope for a swift return to baseball this time.

Jack Miller led the league with 121 hits in 1918.

Jack Quinn had a 2.47 ERA with 99 Strikeouts and 22 Complete Games in 1916.

Contact Us at PCL Historical Society | PO Box 2111 | Castro Valley, CA 94546

To subscribe, contact Mark Macrae at  
[mark\\_macrae@comcast.net](mailto:mark_macrae@comcast.net) with your email address.



## SIX NOTEWORTHY SAN DIEGO PADRES RELIEVERS

by Wayne M. Towers

A singular pleasure of observing the San Diego Padres during the first half century since their inception in 1969 has been noteworthy relief pitching.<sup>1</sup> Each decade in the 1970s, 1980s, and 1990s provided at least one Hall of Famer and one other particular reliever of note. These relievers are best remembered by their save totals, which represents a primary relief achievement much like home runs for a slugger. Since relievers pitch considerably fewer innings than starting pitchers, calculated statistics like ERA and WHIP tend to be inflated, while cumulative statistics like wins and strikeouts tend to be deflated.

Starting in the 1990s and extending into the new millennium, Hall of Famer Trevor Hoffman provided the pinnacle of San Diego relief pitching. He notched at least 20 saves in 13 of 14 seasons with the Padres, and his 53 saves in 1998 led all of Major League Baseball. Hoffman's stellar performance was only interrupted in 2003, when he was sidelined by injury. This gap was covered by the colorful Rod Beck. Better known for his accomplishments with the Giants and Cubs, Beck filled in ably, with all 20 of his Padres saves coming in 2003. Sadly, he lost his struggle with substance abuse and passed away in 2007.

Trevor Hoffman			Rod Beck		
Team	Years	Saves	Team	Years	Saves
Marlins	1993	2	Giants	1991-1997	199
Padres	1993-2008	552	Cubs	1998-1999	58
Brewers	2009-2010	47	Red Sox	1999-2001	9
			Padres	2003-2004	20
Career	1993-2010	601	Career	1991-2004	286

Moving further back in time, the 1980s saw Hall of Famer Rich Gossage play a key role on the 1984 pennant-winning Padres. Like Beck, Gossage was best known for his achievements with other teams, most notably the New York Yankees. A few years later, Mark Davis collected an MLB best 44 saves in 1989, bringing a coveted Cy Young Award to San Diego. Davis has remained the franchise's premier left-handed reliever, followed by meritorious southpaws such as Craig Lefferts (64 of 101 career saves with the Padres); Gary Lucas (49 of 63); Randy Myers (38 of 347); Mike Caldwell and Bob Shirley (both 12 of 18); and Dave Dravecky (10 of 10). Unfortunately, Dravecky became best remembered for his heroic battle with cancer.

Rich Gossage			Mark Davis		
Team	Years	Saves	Team	Years	Saves
White Sox	1972-1976	30	Phillies/Giants	1980-1987	11
Pirates	1977	26	Padres	1987-1989	74
Yankees	1978-1983	150	Royals	1990-1992	7
Padres	1984-1987	83	Braves/Phillies	1992-1993	0
Six other teams	1988-1994	21	Padres	1993-1994	4
Career	1972-1994	310	Career	1980-1987	96

<sup>1</sup> For more details, see individual biographies in the [SABR BioProject](#); and, Wayne M. Towers, "Relief Pitching and the San Diego Padres: A Half-Century of Excellence," *The National Pastime*, 2019, pages 87-89.

Finally, the 1970s began auspiciously enough with Butch Metzger being recognized as NL Rookie of the Year in 1976, when he recorded all 16 of his Padres saves. Metzger’s fame was fleeting: He was replaced in 1977 by Hall of Famer Rollie Fingers, who led MLB in saves twice as a Padre: 35 in 1977 and 38 in 1978. But these Padre achievements were obscured by his previous successes with the Oakland A’s; by his following successes with the Milwaukee Brewers (he won the AL Cy Young and MVP Awards in 1981); and, frankly, by his spectacular mustache.

Rollie Fingers			Butch Metzger		
Team	Years	Saves	Team	Years	Saves
A's	1968-1976	136	Giants	1974	0
Padres	1977-1980	108	Padres	1975-1977	16
Brewers	1981-1985	97	Cardinals/Mets	1977-1978	7
Career	1968-1985	341	Career	1974-1978	23

Although pitching in San Diego meant toiling in obscurity to the East Coast press, the achievements of these half-dozen skilled relievers lived on in the hearts and minds of Padres fans. Only one question remained: Who’s next?

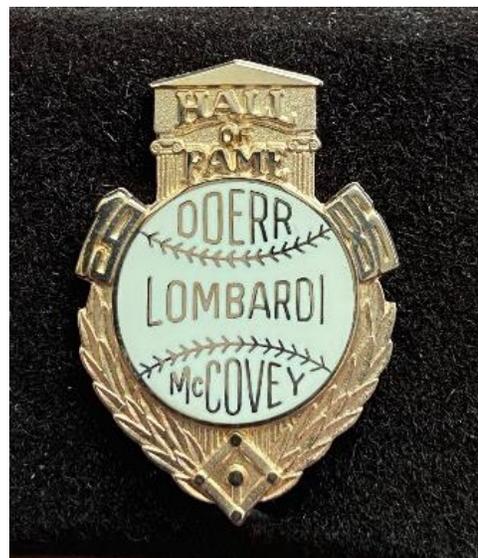


## HALL OF FAME 1986: A SAN DIEGO DAY

by Tom Willman

On April 29, this year’s National Baseball Hall of Fame induction ceremonies were called off in prudent response to the COVID-19 pandemic. Derek Jeter, Larry Walker, and Ted Simmons, the player Class of 2020, will have to wait a year to go into the Hall. For the first time in two generations, this will be a quiet summer in Cooperstown.

In the world that was, baseball has done the spectacle so well: Old-Timers’ games, the All-Star game, the pageantry of the World Series. But there is nothing like the Hall of Fame induction weekend. Cooperstown is a village of 1,800 people nestled in the greenery of rural New York. The greatest stars pass into legend here. They are not honored: They are *enshrined*. Devoted fans may travel 3,000 miles to stand in a grassy field and bear witness to the magical moment. The legendary players of other seasons come back to serve the annual ritual, to share the old camaraderies, to again feel larger than life, to tell the old tales and give back to the fans. This is baseball’s Valhalla, and the exploits of heroes will never grow old.



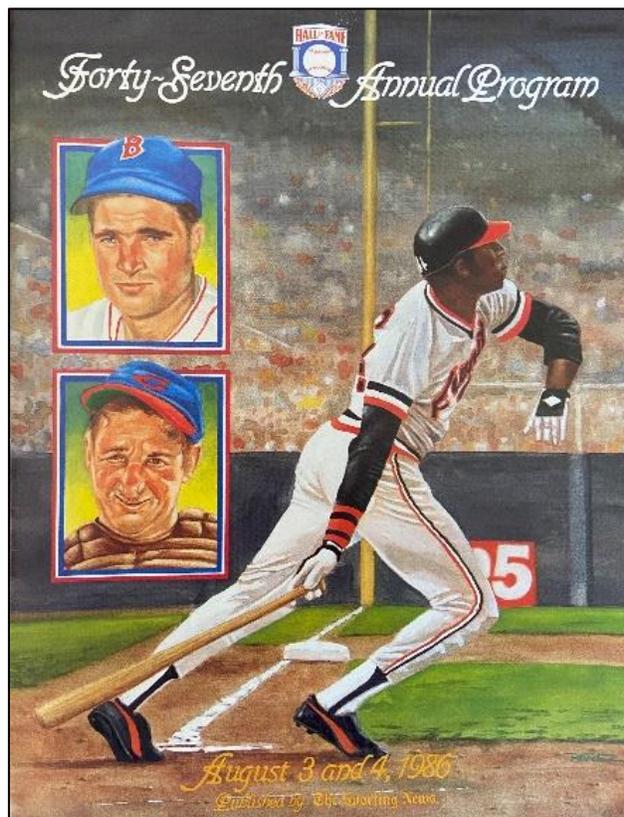
Hometown fans always turn out for their old stars. San Diego had joyous years in 2007, with the

induction of Tony Gwynn, and in 2018, when Trevor Hoffman went in. But another year, less remembered, had a San Diego feel, too. That was 1986. The most prominent inductee was Willie McCovey, who entered the Hall as a San Francisco Giant. But of course he spent most of three seasons, 1974-76, with the Padres.

Also entering the Hall that year was second-base great Bobby Doerr, long-time Red Sox teammate of Ted Williams. But before Boston, in 1936, they were kid teammates with the Pacific Coast League Padres. Even longtime Cincinnati catcher Ernie Lombardi, inducted posthumously in 1986, had a San Diego moment. He homered in Lane Field in 1948 while finishing his career with the old Oakland Oaks, that

season's PCL champs. Oh, and on induction day 1986, there in Cooperstown, watching the ceremonies from the dais, was Ted Williams.

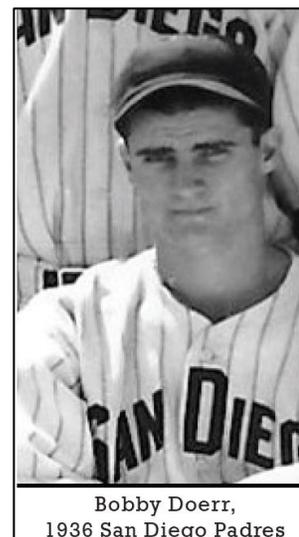
August 3, 1986, a muggy Sunday afternoon: As the roll of baseball's greats is called, it's threatening to rain on the National Baseball Hall of Fame ceremonies in Cooperstown. Warren Spahn. Judy Johnson. Bob Lemon. One by one the aging stars emerge from the museum, smile and wave to applause, and take seats on the steps of the library. They look out on a concert-like setting—an expectant crowd filling a broad lawn, seated in folding chairs, pressing forward in distant standing room. More stars are called out. Hank Aaron, still lean and graceful. Impassive Charlie Gehringer. Ernie Banks, with an infectious smile. Now there's mist in the air. A few umbrellas sprout in the audience. The introductions continue—and a hushed moment as the crowd senses who's up next. It's Stan Musial, vigorous, tan, laughing, sweeping through a smooth, left-handed swing. Applause swells. The crowd happily joins Musial's laughter. Then, another hush as the next figure emerges. It's Ted Williams. The crowd erupts. Williams, looking every bit the



fit outdoorsman, ducks his head as he gives a wave and smiles. He points at a friend he spots in the seats. And that's all the emotion he permits himself. He takes his seat next to Musial and surveys the audience appraisingly, like a confident stranger in a crowded room. He glances at the sky. The mist has turned to drizzle.

Thirteen more names are called. Here's Joe Sewell, eldest of the players, the man who almost never struck out. Here's Cool Papa Bell, the Negro League star, maybe the fastest man ever to play the game; now he has thick glasses and crosses the stage uncertainly, using a cane. Here's Lefty Gomez, the great Yankee pitcher from the days of Ruth and Gehrig. And finally, Roy Campanella appears. He is wheelchair-bound, nearly three decades after the auto crash that ended the great Dodger catcher's career. The players on the dais rise like one, and the standing ovation ripples out over the audience.

The usual preliminaries are planned, but after an ominous rumble of thunder, we go straight to acceptance speeches. Bobby Doerr speaks with



Bobby Doerr,  
1936 San Diego Padres

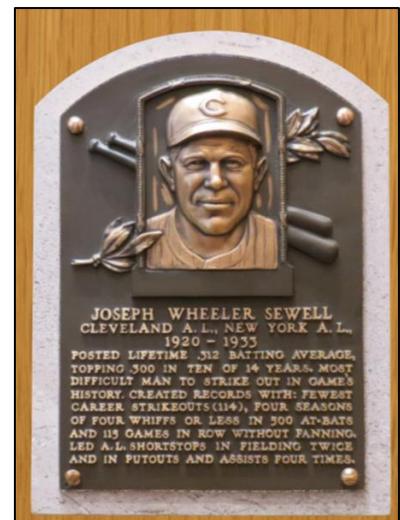
characteristic brevity. “Today,” he says, “to stand here and see all these Hall of Famers, I feel like a boy, not a man 68 years old.” Applause, punctuated with whoops and whistles. It’s a baseball crowd, becoming a little giddy. The response wells up when Doerr says this: “I thank God I could grow up in a country where I could choose a profession I loved so much.” When Doerr finishes, Ted Williams is first out of his chair, leading a standing ovation.

Willie McCovey is introduced. A curious coincidence is mentioned: McCovey ended his career with 521 home runs, tied with Ted Williams on the all-time list. When McCovey speaks, under the gaze of Williams, it is not about his accomplishments. It is about gratitude. And as the drizzle thickens, his humility captures the crowd. “I been thinking,” he says, “even though it’s raining, it’s still a kind of perfect day for me: standing here on this stage, celebrating the pinnacle of my life and career. One reason it seems so right today, because it’s summertime and it’s Sunday. Sundays and summertime only mean two things to me: That means it’s time for baseball, and it’s time for family.”

Like Doerr before him, McCovey thanks his mother, and the coaches who helped him when he was a boy, and sponsor families who took him into their homes. He remembers the Georgia State League in 1955, Class C, and good friends but segregated accommodations on the road for black players. There is a long pause while he masters his emotions. Then: “I’m thinking of Jackie Robinson, who broke the color line and made our dreams of being a major leaguer a reality.” As McCovey concludes with thanks to God, his voice breaking, applause rising, the sun breaks through the clouds. Off to my left, two boisterous fans in Giants jerseys, are on their feet, swept away in the moment. One cries out, to no one in particular, “It’s fitting that the sun comes out, isn’t it? Isn’t it?”

Monday, August 4, 1986. Morning, in the picturesque Otesaga Hotel. Hall of Famers sit one to a table around the spacious ballroom, and reporters wander among them, dipping in and out of interviews. I am sitting with Joe Sewell, who has witnessed the most baseball history of all. In 1920, when Cleveland shortstop Ray Chapman was struck in the head and killed by a pitch, it was Sewell who was called up to replace him. Listed at 5-foot-6 in his playing days, he is, at 87, an elfin figure. With a musical drawl and a storyteller’s gift, he is someone you could listen to all day. On Ty Cobb: “I started in 1920. I’ve seen ‘em *all* since 1920. Ty Cobb’s the greatest ballplayer I ever saw. . . . Aw, he wasn’t mean. I played Ty Cobb as hard as he played me. But he had more ability than I had. I played shortstop and Ty Cobb would come into second base like a freight train. I’d jump on him and ride him in. Be like divin’ in the creek.”

A little later, there’s a chance hallway moment with Ted Williams, and a tip of the hat to San Diego. How does a boy growing up in the depths of the Great Depression become a great baseball hitter? “Well, I was lucky. I grew up in California. Really, I had a chance to play every day of my life. I wanted to, more than anything. I had



God-given ability, I was fortunate enough that nobody directed me, I just went in that direction where I had the most talent: with every opportunity in the world to play every day in sunny California, and I had a playground a block-and-a-half away." Home was on Utah Street. The playground was North Park Community Park, now home to Ted Williams Field.

The Otesaga, still later, in the morning. There is a buffet for the Hall of Famers, but the place you want to be is in the bar. It's noisy, the banter is easy, and the stories are light-hearted. I am sitting with Lefty Gomez. He is a fun, casual conversationalist, his mind skips in humorous free association over half a century of baseball, and it's easy to forget that he started five of the first six All-Star games and was 6-0 in World Series play. And this wasn't just because he had the great Yankees' teams of the '30s behind him: Three times he led the league in shutouts.

So he is starting to talk about Babe Ruth's "Called Shot" home run in the 1932 World Series. The question is put: Did he or didn't he? "I said he did. 'Cause he pointed the bat out like this." *Here we become* aware of a soft harmonica tune, close at hand. Lefty looks over his shoulder. "Wha -- Stan!" Stan Musial has playfully crept up behind us, playing his mouth organ. He keeps it in the pocket of his sport coat just for impish impulses like this. He has spotted my recorder, sitting on the bar.

Lefty asks: "You know Stan Musial?"

"No sir, I don't." And to Musial: "Background music for my tape recorder. Thank you!"

Lefty performs introductions. From Stan, a broad grin and a handshake. "How are you?" He drifts off and Gomez picks right up again. "I would say he called the home-run shot because he pointed the bat ..."

As we talk, Lefty is signing a stack of photo cards. He talks about how Babe Ruth would try gently to discourage adult autograph-seekers, but would sign for kids for hours.

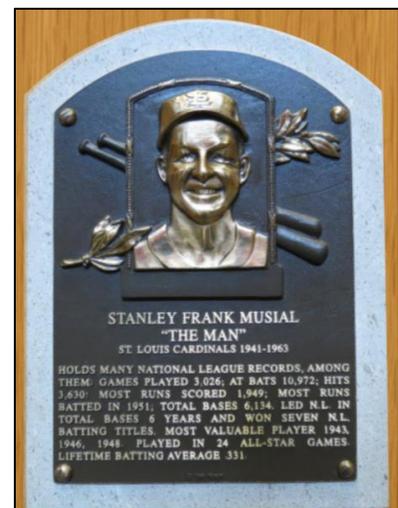
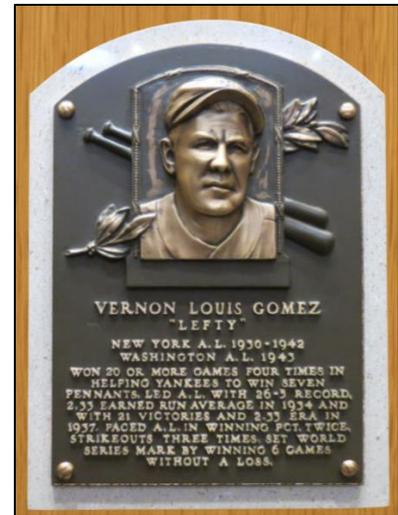
"Were you here when that cloudburst came through the other day?" asks Lefty.

"For the induction?"

"No. Before it. The kids started lining up at four o'clock in the morning out here." He gestures toward the lakeside, where Hall of Famers hold autograph sessions for fans under a long circus tent. "All through that rainstorm, women with babies in their arms and everything, and Happy Chandler and I were talkin' about it. People should see this that don't want to sign autographs. See these people waitin' four hours! . . . I think there were 18, 20 or more Hall of Famers here this year. You know, to see somethin' like that gives you a thrill."

"It does," he adds. "It does."

We will miss that thrill this year, along with Opening Day and a Cooperstown summer and who knows how much of the season? But like a good hitter, the National Baseball Hall of Fame has made a great adjustment to adversity: Its online "Safe at Home" program celebrates the history and heritage of the game with a rich menu of virtual tours and exhibits, interviews, videos, home-team features, and educational activities from coloring book up to Common-Core math. [Click on Baseball Hall of Fame](#) and honor another baseball tradition: Wait 'til next year.



**BASEBALL IN 1918-19 DURING THE SPANISH FLU EPIDEMIC**  
 by Bill Swank



Source: 1919, Vol. XXXI, *Popular Mechanics*

The photo above shows how the Pasadena Merchants and Standard-Murphys played a game in the Southern California Winter League on January 26, 1919.

The influenza epidemic that had started the previous year was spreading, and California was concerned. Pasadena had started requiring residents to wear masks in public; on the first day that the rule went into effect, the city made 60 arrests to show that the new law was for real.

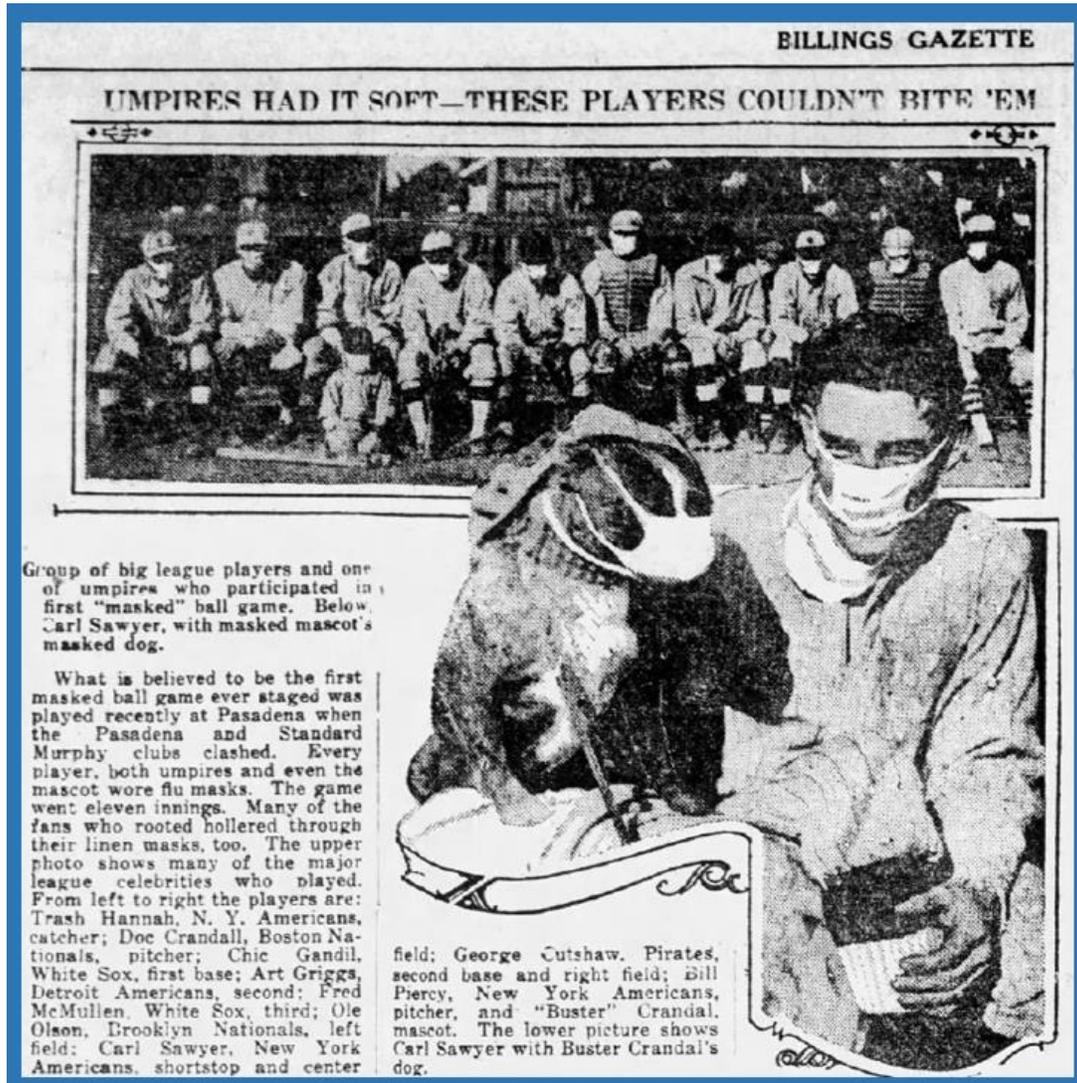
So how does a baseball team operate under these regulations? Simple: Just make *everyone* wear a mask. Per the *Los Angeles Times*, “even when sliding for bases, the runners managed to keep the cloth over their noses and mouths.”<sup>2</sup>



Sources: January 19 1919, *Los Angeles Evening Express*, p.18; January 24, 1919, *Los Angeles Evening Express*, p.2; January 27, 1919, *Los Angeles Times*, p.48

<sup>2</sup> January 27, 1919, *Los Angeles Times*, p.4.

From my research, apparently many of those arrested for “mask violations” were smokers who removed the gauze to puff on cigars and cigarettes.



Source: March 4, 1919, Billings Gazette, p.8

Major league ballplayers including Truck Hannah, Doc Crandall, Chick Gandil, Art Griggs, Fred McMullen, Ole Olson, Carl Sawyer, George Cumshaw and Bill Piercy with the Pasadena Merchants and Standard-Murphys posed for this photograph. Even Doc Crandall's dog, “Buster,” wore a mask.

In San Diego, the San Diego Fire Department boasted the best civilian baseball team in 1918. Their ace pitcher, Jack Ryan, was known for “mixing up his ‘mudder’ with his shoulder ball.”

That year, service teams dominated the San Diego baseball scene. In January 1918, the Navy was granted permission to play baseball at San Diego Stadium (later renamed Balboa Stadium) four days a week.

In February, 10,000 fans cheered as the Army shut out the Navy, 3-0, in “one of the best games ever played in San Diego.” (As shown in the picture below, the attendance figure was highly inflated and this was one of many of the “greatest games ever played in San Diego” as similarly reported over the years in various local newspapers.)



For the remainder of the year, outdoor activities such as baseball were periodically curtailed due to the Spanish Flu. It appears politicians and civic leaders tried to curb the epidemic, but acquiesced to public pressure against lengthy quarantine.

Baseball resumed in September when a quarantine was lifted. On October 14, 1918, the Naval Base officers defeated Naval Training Center, 10-8.

In December 1918, all playground activities were again temporarily cancelled. Gauze masks were required to be worn in public and, ten days later, the order was rescinded.

For a further look into the “masked game” go to this si.com link:  
[Emma Boccelieri, March 9, 2020, si.com](#)



**LAST WORD!**  
We are always looking for articles to publish in our Chapter’s newsletter. Submit your articles to Geoff Young via email at [gyoung858@yahoo.com](mailto:gyoung858@yahoo.com) for inclusion in an upcoming edition.

