

Big, Bad Bombers? They're Patsies to McBride

By BRAVEN DYER

PALM SPRINGS, Calif.

What's the easiest team in the American League for Ken McBride to beat? The New York Yankees! Honest.

The classy Angels' righthander has a 36-32 record in three years of flinging for Gene Autry's club.

McBride has beaten the Bronx Bombers six times. Boston and the White Sox each have been his victims five times. Detroit and Kansas City fell four times. Ken whipped Minnesota, Baltimore and Washington three games each.

That 36-32 record is far better than any other Angel starter can boast. In fact, only Dan Osinski (14-12) has a winning mark and Danny-O labors both as a starter and fireman.

McBride is looking forward to his best season with high hopes.

"Marv (Grissom) tells me I may get an extra day's rest before every fourth start and I think this should make me stronger in the second half of the season," said the 28-year-old hurler. Grissom is L. A.'s pitching tutor.

The record shows that Ken has copped only one game in September and just three in August while flinging for the Angels. Part of his trouble came because of a cracked rib in 1962.

Last year, for instance, he didn't win after August 23. In 1962, he posted his last victory on July 21. In 1961, the date was September 2.

Extra Rest Could Be Big Help

"I pitched an awful lot of ball early last year," said Ken. "For my first 30 starts, I averaged seven-plus innings per game. I think getting an extra day of rest every now and then will help me in the second half of the season."

McBride then switched from pitching to an analysis of the hitters he faced, to wit:

Q. Is there one batter who has caused you more trouble than any other?

A. Yes, and I have an idea that you know who he is. I just hope that he isn't going to be a playing manager this year. I mean Yogi Berra. In 1961, he hit four home runs off me. He hit two of them in one game and beat me, 2-1, in Yankee Stadium. Yes, he has a reputation for being a bad-ball hitter. I try to pitch him tight and make him foul the ball off. There's one thing about Yogi . . . he's always up there swinging. You seldom see him called out on strikes. And he loves that first pitch. I'm sure he'll make a good manager and I'm looking forward to seeing him again . . . on the bench.

Q. Of the active players, who rates as the toughest?

A. Carl Yastrzemski of Boston always gives me a lot of



KEN McBRIDE . . . Angels' Winningest Hurler

trouble. He has learned an awful lot and learned it pretty quickly. You used to be able to jam him quite a bit, but that's not true now. Ted Williams must have had the right dope because Yastrzemski is a really fine hitter now. It seems

to me that he likes the ball out over the outside of the plate. When I get it a little too fat, he almost tears my head off hitting back through the box. He's made me look for the ball quite a few times.

Q. What about Al Kaline of Detroit?

A. All I can tell you about him is that he's just about the toughest in the league for me. It's a funny thing. That first year (1961), I had pretty good success with him, but now he tears me up. Al is a particularly fine clutch hitter. He's a smart hitter and always watching what you may be trying to spring on him this time. He knows that the good pitchers don't pitch the same way every time against good hitters. Detroit's park is a hitter's park and I think this has helped give Kaline confidence. You give a good hitter confidence and he's dynamite.

Buttey Hung Defeat on Ken

Q. Name a few others?

A. Earl Buttey of the Twins and Floyd Robinson of the White Sox have nicked me with timely hits. Buttey was responsible for my first defeat last season. I played with Floyd at San Diego and I guess maybe he remembers how I pitched there. He's a real tough hitter.

Q. What about Washington's Chuck Hinton?

A. He causes everybody trouble. I think they get him out best with real hard stuff, which I don't have. You have to watch him all the way.

Q. Didn't Dick Stuart embarrass you one day?

A. He sure did. He hit a grand-slammer off me in Boston. It would have been a home run in any park. It would have been a home run at L. A. International Airport. That ball really was kissed. I guess I didn't have my good stuff that day because Boston bombed me for nine hits in three innings.

Q. What about Elston Howard?

A. To begin with, being a righthanded hitter, he didn't bat against me too often. That's where Berra came into the picture. I know that Howard is a good hitter and I wish him a lot of luck . . . against somebody else.

Q. Speaking of luck, how about Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris?

A. Well, even though they bat left, I've never had too much trouble with Mickey or Roger. I sure hope that my luck continues. Each of them hit a home run off me in 1961, but I think I escaped the last two years. I think maybe you get up for a game with the Yankees more than some of the other teams . . . although I always feel that I'm doing my best, no matter who the other team is. Subconsciously, though, I guess it's just human nature to try a little harder against the best.

Knoop Takes Over At Angel Keystone

By BRAVEN DYER

PALM SPRINGS, Calif.



Bobby Knoop

Manager Bill Rigney got a pleasant surprise when infielders and outfielders arrived at this swank desert spa in late February to round out the Angels' squad as they joined batterymen who had been flexing their muscles for a week.

"Gee," said ringmaster Rigney, "he's bigger than I thought."

This was the skipper's first look at 25-year-old Bobby Knoop, drafted from Denver (Coast) after playing 146 games with Hawaii of the Pacific Coast League last season.

Knoop (pronounced Kuh-nop) moved right into the second base position held for the past three seasons by Billy Moran, the pride of Georgia. Moran already had been drilling at third base because Rigney wants to keep his big bat in the lineup.

Knoop stands six-one and scales 170, but he looks taller.

Outstanding Man in Glove Department

Highly recommended by Joe Gordon and Jimmy Reese, former second sackers, who know a good thing when they see it, Knoop hit .285 for Hawaii. Nobody expects him to reach this figure as an Angel, at least not during 1964. But his glove work has been so outstanding that this is not necessary. The experiment is the most drastic move planned by Rigney.

The Angel skipper lost no time putting his newcomers to work. There was batting practice half an hour after the players took the field.

Rig was very much interested in two young outfielders, 19-year-old Ed Kirkpatrick and 20-year-old Dick Simpson. The one who hits the best will stick. He will team with Albie Pearson and Lee Thomas in the Angel outfield. Thomas started his comeback by clouting two balls out of the park during his first appearance in batting practice.

'Inmates Take Over Asylum'

PALM SPRINGS, Calif.—Fans watching the Angels go through their paces here could hardly believe their eyes. But it was true—Playboy Bo Belinsky and his sidekick, Dean Chance, had been made managers.

With tongue in cheek and a twinkle in his eyes, Manager Bill Rigney named the two night owls as managers for a squad game.

The contest was for pitchers only, with the emphasis on batting. The Angels' coaches took turns as pitchers. And when it was all over, the score was tied, 15-15.

Art Fowler, veteran L. A. hurler, wasn't the least bit surprised by the new managers. "They warned that the day might come when the inmates took over the asylum," said Art. "This is it."

Barry Quick to See Funny Side —But Not When He's on Mound

By BRAVEN DYER

PALM SPRINGS, Calif.

If broad-shouldered Barry Latman can't bolster Bill Rigney's Angel pitching staff, it won't be because he isn't in condition.

The big righthander from Cleveland reported to his new club weighing 210 pounds after shedding 20 during the winter.

Experienced both as a starter and relief flinger, Latman figures the loss of avoirdupois will make him a 15-game winner for the Cherubs.

"Sure I'll be disappointed if I don't win 15 games," he said. "No, I never got that many, but I'm only 27 and there's still plenty of time. (Barry's best record was 13-5 with the '61 Indians.)"

Prefers Starter's Role

"If I get away to a fast start, I hope that Bill (Rigney) will keep me in a starting role. That way I can go after 15 wins. Of course, if he decides I should work in relief, that's okay with me because I'm very happy to be with the Angels. But I'd rather start and I honestly think that I can help the club better as a starter. It happens, too, that the Angels have a pretty solid bull pen."

Barry is proving to be a popular guy with his new mates. One reason is that he doesn't take himself too seriously . . . his pitching, yes, but not himself.

A local scribe asked him if he was looking forward to his debut at Chavez Ravine.

"I sure am," said Barry, "but you'd better warn the fans to come



Barry Latman

early when I'm scheduled to pitch. I didn't start my major league career in Los Angeles, but I might finish it there."

Actually, Barry broke into the big show at Chicago.

"It'll be a long time before I forget my major league debut," Latman said. "That was back in 1957 with the White Sox."

"Before the game began, I went out to the bull pen with several other pitchers. We were playing the Yankees."

"By the time the fifth inning rolled around, we were behind about 16-1."

"The phone rang. The voice on the other end said, 'Warm up.'"

"You know the manager doesn't mean the pitching coach, because he's 60 years old. And it can't be the catcher, so it's me. 'Yeah,' the manager continued, 'might as well bring that guy in, too.'"

"You pass the center fielder on your way to the mound and, out of the corner of your mouth, you say, 'Move back a little.'"

"You get to the mound and Dick

Donovan gives you the fish eye and says, 'You?' with a look of astonishment, and then adds, 'Humph,' as he walks off the hill. Manager Al Lopez pats you on the rumble seat and says, 'Good luck,' and I'll swear you feel like following him off the mound."

Proud of His Hummer

"You look up then and see No. 7 at the plate. The rawest rookie knows who No. 7 is . . . Mickey Mantle . . . and the bases are full. You throw your curve and it bounces a little . . . maybe 20 feet in front of the plate. You throw your fast ball and it hits the screen."

"The next one hits the catcher, so you know you're ready."

"You're very proud of your fast ball, which got you into the majors in the first place. So you throw it . . . at something like 180 miles an hour. Mantle hits it and it takes off . . . 360 miles an hour. The second baseman catches it and the right fielder catches the second baseman. But you've retired the side. You feel real proud, so you go and sit down right next to the manager, looking for a kind word."

"Lopez looks at you kinda funny and asks what your first pitch was. When you tell him, he asks about the next one . . . then the third, and finally gets to the one that Mantle hit."

"That was my fast ball," you say, trying not to stick your chest out too far.

"Lopez sighs and says, 'Son, please learn another pitch.'"