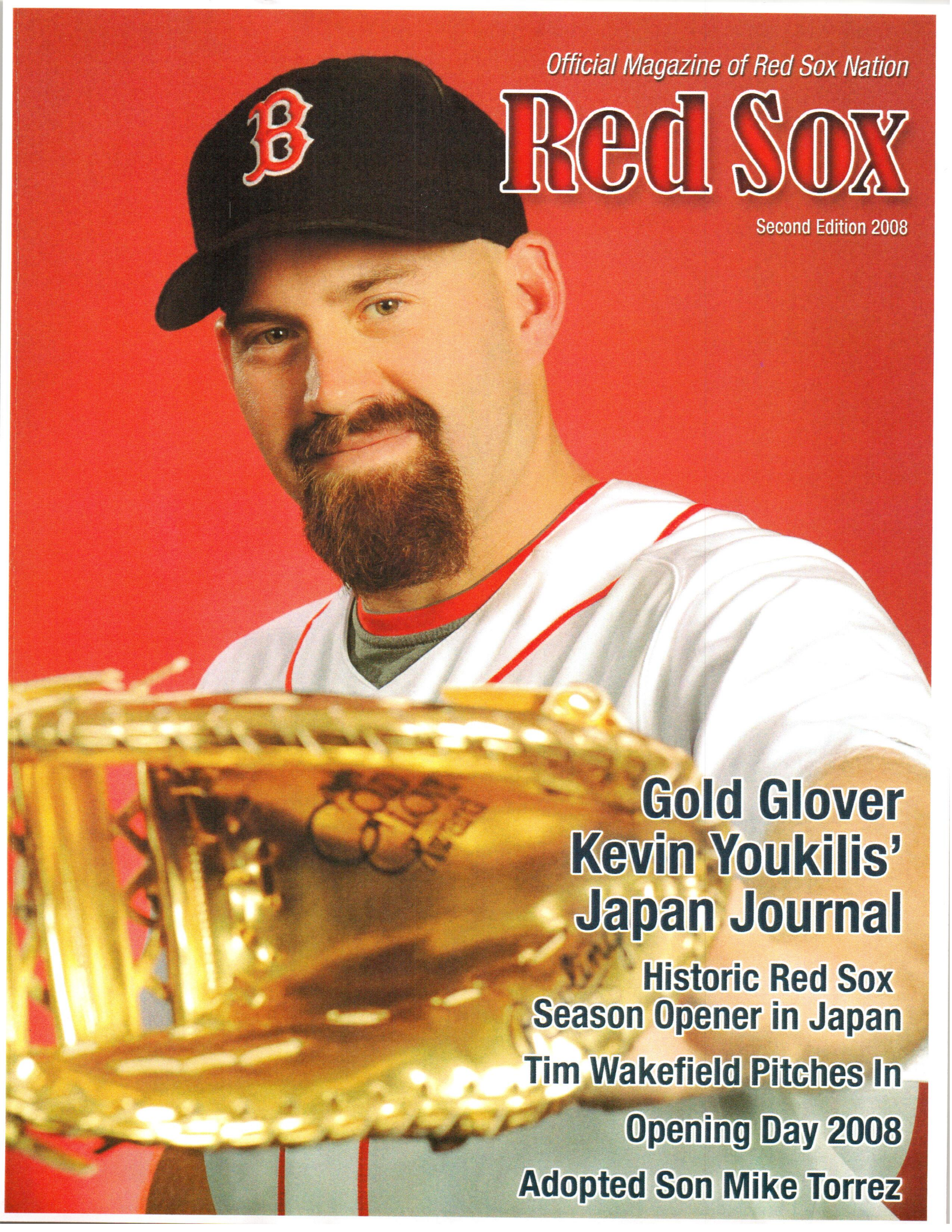


*Official Magazine of Red Sox Nation*

# Red Sox

Second Edition 2008

A close-up photograph of Kevin Youkilis, a Red Sox player, wearing a black cap with a red 'B' and a white jersey with red piping. He has a goatee and is looking slightly to the left. He is holding a large, ornate gold trophy (the Gold Glove award) in front of him. The background is a solid red color.

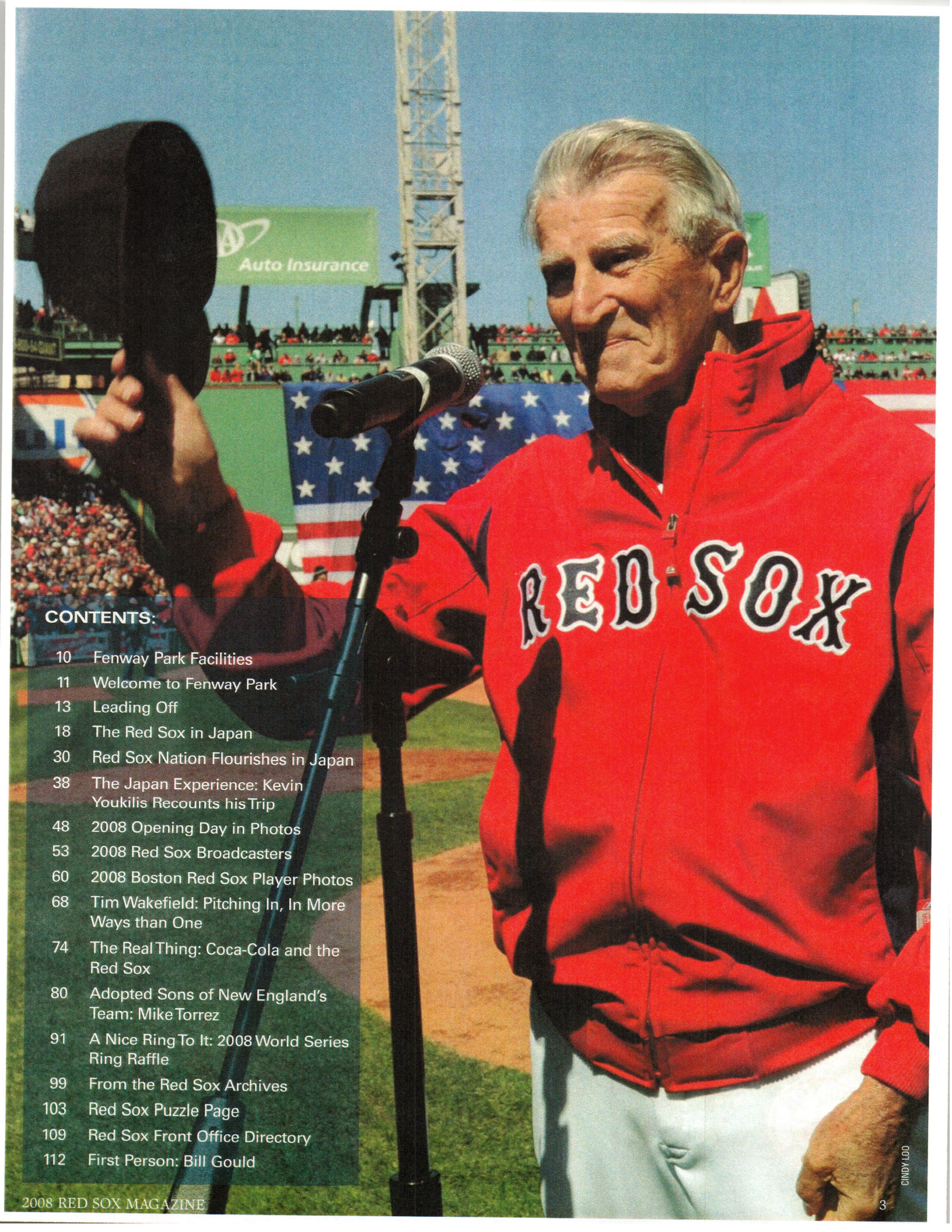
**Gold Glover  
Kevin Youkilis'  
Japan Journal**

**Historic Red Sox  
Season Opener in Japan**

**Tim Wakefield Pitches In  
Opening Day 2008**

**Adopted Son Mike Torrez**





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## >> Always and Forever, a Red Sox Devotee

by Bill Gould

It all goes back to that sweet summer of 1946. That was the first year our sandlot baseball gang played the game daily, morning and afternoon, on a New Jersey makeshift lot with right-field dimensions more hitter-friendly than those in left field that the Red Sox confronted in the Los Angeles Coliseum in March. The Red Sox had the wind to their backs that summer, sprinting ahead of both the Tigers and Yankees, and I threw in my lot with the Carmine Hose, both because Boston was my birthplace as well as the fact that I found New Jersey-based Yankee fans to be insufferable.

Cocktail chatter about the "Curse of the Bambino," was then unknown, and 1947 left me undeterred. My loyalty was unwavering even through the dolorous 1950's and early '60s, caused in part by the club's tardiness in dropping the color bar.

For it was the Sox eternal verities which always kept me in the fold, idiosyncratic Fenway Park, the "Green Monster," so comfortable for the likes of Vern Stephens, Jackie Jensen, Jim Rice and Tony Armas...the home white uniforms emblazoned with the beautiful red-lettered "Red Sox," and the dignified black-lettered gray road uniform. Meanwhile, I exulted in "Yaz" and the 1967 "Impossible Dream," flying to Boston for the first World Series game I had ever witnessed.

Before and after '67, a mélange of memories sustained me...present day Coach Luis Alicea turning an acrobatic-like double play behind Tim Wakefield in 1995...the unbeatable Luis Tiant in the 1972 pennant race until it all fell short on the season's penultimate day. On the other side of the spectrum, the same year I witnessed zany Bill Lee's 9th-inning surrender of a grand slam home run to Bill Freehan over the Green Monster to ruin rookie Lynn McGlothen's earlier flirtation with a no-hitter and then a shutout.

My father took me to my very first Red Sox game in May 1947 when 25-game winner Dave Ferriss was bested by Spud Chandler, 5-0, and Ted Williams went hitless at Yankee Stadium. While a student at the London School of Economics 16 years later, he regularly mailed me the standings which showed the Johnny Pesky-led BoSox leading the pack with Dick Stuart (Dr Strangelove) authoring prodigious homers—but when I returned to America the lead had already vanished!

My mother and I went to Yankee Stadium on Memorial Day 1950 to see the Townies drop a doubleheader (emblematically her pocket was picked), a team on which every single member of the lineup was hitting over .300. That Red Sox club posted the last team .300 batting average ever at a clip of .302. In the '70s, year after year my boys and I sat in the Oakland Coliseum to bid farewell to the team after the conclusion of their last series of the season regardless of the last game's outcome until the ushers shoed us out.

At times of near despair, I could almost concur with the comment of a lady sitting next to me during the free agent exodus of Lynn, Fisk and Burleson of the early '80s when she said, "I don't care whether they win or lose, it's just good to see them out there." But, of course, I always wanted the Red Sox to win. Don Zimmer, manager of the power-laden Sox from '76-'79, encapsulated my perspective when he said to me behind a Candlestick Park batting cage years later: "There were always so many more good days than bad days."

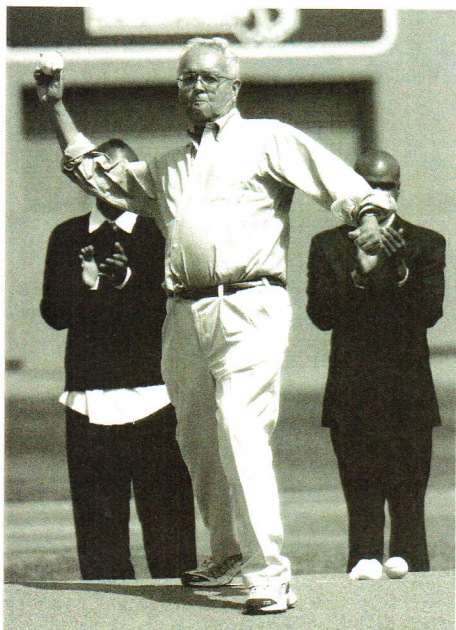
I shall never forget the Fenway 16-homer barrage in a June 1977 three-game series -- four were tagged off "Catfish" Hunter in the 1st inning -- when the Red Sox swept the Yankees and Billy Martin tussled with Reggie Jackson in the dugout.

But, though Boston born, most of the hundreds of Red Sox games that I have witnessed have been in exile in cities like Washington, Baltimore, New York, Detroit and now in Oakland and Anaheim, California since my arrival here 36 years ago. In 1960, I leaped to my feet when Frank Malzone hit a bases-loaded single, in the midst of Tiger Stadium silence so profound that one could hear the Sox' footsteps rounding the bases. All of this gave me the chance to appreciate both solitary devotion as well as traits which the home park had undervalued in the past century: speed and defense.

Now, in the 21st century, it has all happened. After attending the '03 fifth Oakland A's-Red Sox playoff game in which Derek Lowe somehow pounded out the last two batters in the most tense, hard-fought post-season game that I have seen (since the three that were played in Anaheim in 1986 in which Dave Henderson brought us back from the dead in the fateful game five), I have seen the second coming of Dave (Dave Roberts) with his critical stolen base in the fourth ALCS '04 game.

Now the team, possessing speed, power, pitching and capacity attendance (my first '51 Fenway game was attended by 5,000), has twice achieved the Holy Grail in this century. As an acquaintance said to me during the late summer of '07 referring to '04: "Now you can die in peace." Anticipating what was to come that year, I said to him: "Oh no, I want many more." And I still do. And I want many, many more. Go Sox!

*An emeritus Stanford law professor, William B. Gould IV was Chairman of the National Labor Relations Board in the Clinton Administration. Author of the forthcoming book, "Baseball\*: Brawls, Strikes and Drugs in an Age of Prosperous Turmoil," he threw the ceremonial first pitch at Fenway on Jackie Robinson Day, April 15, 2006.*



Professor Gould performing the first pitch honors at Fenway Park in 2006.