

“Finding good players
is easy. Getting them
to play as a team is
another story.”

Casey Stengel

**America and the world need a major
motion picture about Casey Stengel. Now!**

Photos and Magazine Covers are provided from the private collection of Toni Mollett,
previously part of the Estate of Casey Stengel.

In this era of global recession — with hundreds of millions of people either out of work or struggling to survive with a deteriorating standard of living, and no real sign of an economic turnaround in sight — there are vital and enduring lessons about personally overcoming adversity to be learned from the likes of Casey Stengel, the Baseball Hall of Fame manager. While the history of our American pastime is replete with poignant and colorful chapters and stars, Casey's story was all about THE TEAM. "The Ole Perfessor" personified the determination to persevere through tough seasons and the ups and downs of even good seasons, the vicious jeering from fans and foes, alike, and hypercritical press in a continuous effort to find and bring out the best in a roster. His goal was success through an all-out effort of the group, not limited glory for himself or a few prima donna players. They either all succeeded together, or not at all.

Casey's tenure in the continuum of baseball that stretches from the game's accredited creator, Abner Doubleday, to the diamond luminaries of today such as Alex Rodriguez and Albert Pujols, parallels a profound current of events in American history. It began before World War I (Casey made his major-league debut in 1912), continued through the Prohibition Era marking the end of the dead-ball era and the beginning of the live-ball era, winded through the Depression and into World War II, continued into the post-war 1950s and the sadness of the Korean Conflict, and culminated in the first half of the 1960s with the emergence of the Beatles and other generation-gapping forces in popular culture, and the upsurge of U.S. military involvement in a little-known country called Vietnam that would tear at the social fabric of the entire nation and end the innocence of its younger people.

The decades that found Charles Dillon "Casey" Stengel sporting a baseball cap and jersey, knickers and cleats were when the team ethic — not the ego-

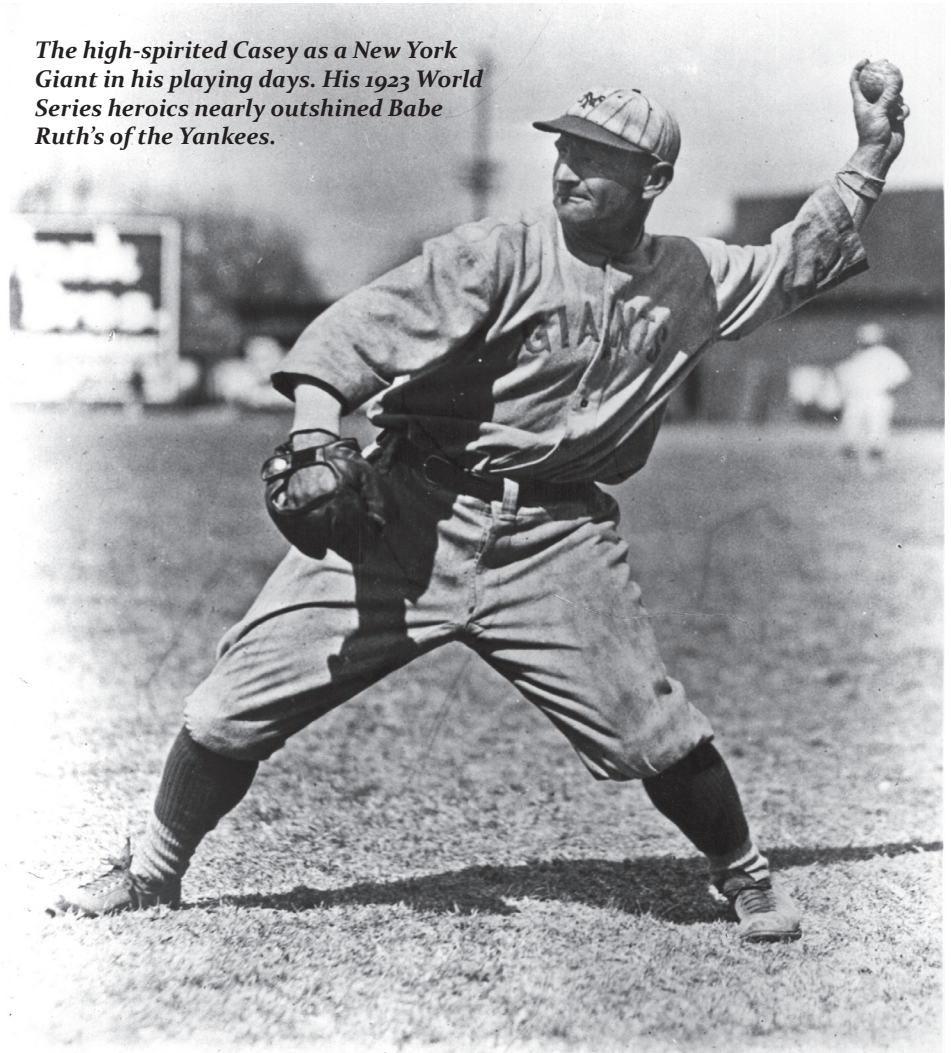
tism of the self-absorbed, high-salaried superstar — held sway in America, not only on the ball field, but in factories, offices and boardrooms, on campuses and on battlefields. It was when Americans worked hard together to accomplish national goals, and achieve greatness. Their work ethic of a collective focus on common objectives showed them they could accomplish what at first seemed like dreams: resounding victory in a horrific, two-front war abroad; unparalleled economic growth that fostered a standard of living that was the envy of the world; the landing of men on the moon; an aggressive promotion of civil rights that prevailed over centuries of racial discrimination and gender inequality.

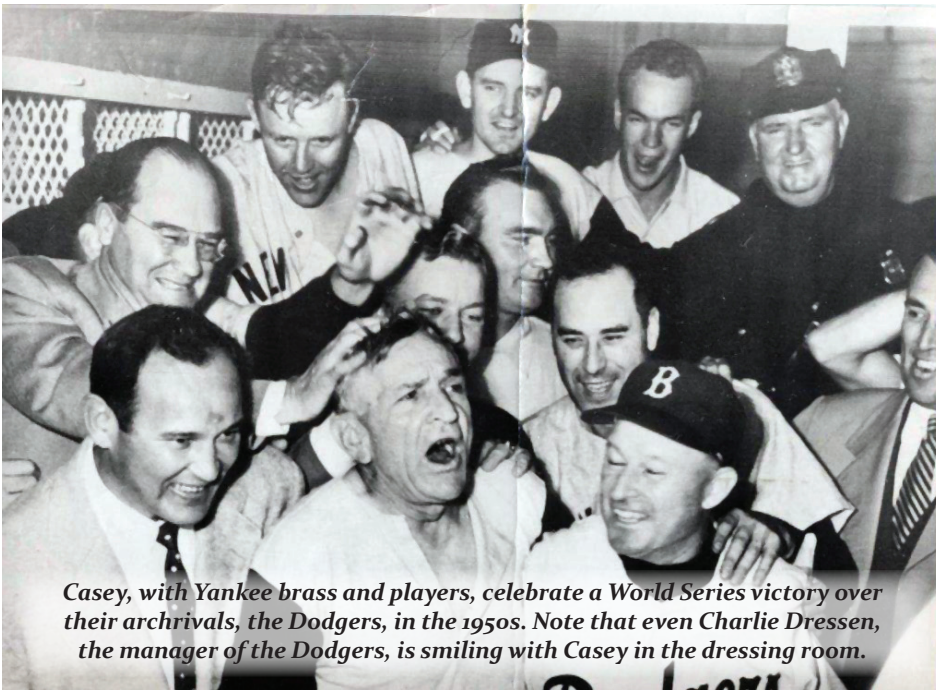
On a microcosmic scale, Casey's team-first philosophy as manager of the New York Yankees during their

most glorious stretch, 1949-58, when the most fabled franchise in major-league sports history captured seven World Series (including a never-equalled five in a row), proved that concentrating on a shared aim meant the sky was the limit.

It is no wonder that the name "Casey Stengel" remains instantly recognized not only among baseball fans but most Americans 37 years after his death in 1975. He was a bona fide folk hero. Baseball lore celebrates him not only as a captivating storyteller and promoter (spinning monologues that sportswriters dubbed "Stengelese"), but as one of the shrewdest strategists in the game's history — a skipper who would platoon left-handed and right-handed batters, and pull a starting pitcher early for a pinch hitter if a timely stroke would break a game open.

The high-spirited Casey as a New York Giant in his playing days. His 1923 World Series heroics nearly outshined Babe Ruth's of the Yankees.





Casey, with Yankee brass and players, celebrate a World Series victory over their archrivals, the Dodgers, in the 1950s. Note that even Charlie Dressen, the manager of the Dodgers, is smiling with Casey in the dressing room.

As competitive as he was on the field, Casey was also realistic and self-effacing about his own skills — and the vicissitudes of fortune and fate. His own playing career as a southpaw outfielder spanned five major-league teams in 14 seasons. As he commented to a U.S. Senate committee investigating baseball's antitrust status in 1958: "I had many years that I was not so successful as a ballplayer, as it is a game of skill." Just as his managerial career faced adversity at the start — his Brooklyn Dodgers and Boston Braves finishing no better than fifth in his nine seasons at their helms — his latter seasons were hardly rosy. Following his firing by the Yankees after the squad lost the 1960 World Series to the underdog Pittsburgh Pirates, Casey made light of the owners' belief that at age 70 he was too old to manage, saying: "I'll never make that mistake again."

His wit and charisma helped build a loyal following for the hapless expansion team the New York Mets, whom Casey was lured out of retirement to manage in their first four seasons: 1962-65. He told reporters: "I've been in this game a hundred years, but I see new ways to lose I never knew existed before." Despite the Mets' abysmal record, the Polo Grounds, where the team

played before Shea Stadium was built, nevertheless was packed. The resulting revenue helped recruit the young talent that resulted in the Mets capturing the World Series in 1969, a mere seven years into their existence. Yet one more legacy of the wily Ole Professor.

Casey and his wife, Edna, were married 51 years, until his death. They never had children, but I — his grand-niece — knew him very well. My name is Toni Mollett, and I am dedicated to bringing my firsthand knowledge of my Uncle Casey to the big screen.

I lived within walking distance of him during the baseball off-seasons from the 1940s through the '60s, when he was a household name as big as the legends who played for him, such as Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford. Uncle Casey and Aunt Edna lived in the home that my great-grandparents built in Glendale, California. This served as our family's place for many gatherings, and particularly for Sunday-night dinners, as it had the only television set in our family. It was at this address that we children learned to swim. Each of us young ones had to rise to such challenges or we wouldn't be able to make it in our family of competitors.

My mother, Margaret Mollett, was Casey and Edna's niece and his personal assistant. She and I traveled with Casey and Edna to the 1969 play-offs and World Series, captured by the "Miracle Mets," whose performances only a few years before had been a national joke. It is from my knowledge of Uncle Casey's private side until his death, as well as seeing his public persona, that I saw him shine in the two areas he loved the most: all things Edna, and all things baseball.

I am not a screenwriter by trade, nor do I intend to become one, yet I am confident about the box-office potential of a movie about Casey Stengel. My careers have been as a museum curator, high school teacher, business owner, construction company executive, fund-raiser, and city councilwoman. I also have served as a commissioner on boards ranging from historic resources to parks and recreation, and as a committee member with organizations ranging from the Salvation Army to the Worldwide Special Olympics. But I also serve as president of the Casey Stengel Baseball Center (www.caseystengel.org) — a nonprofit organization dedicated to building a repository to share Casey's



legacy, including his lessons in team building. And I am Managing Partner of the Casey Stengel Estate — the only person empowered to license rights to his image, name, voice, and signature. In addition, I am the sole owner of a manuscript written by my Aunt Edna, his wife, regarding Casey's life.

Casey's story is perfectly fit for the big screen. It contains crucial elements:

- **A love story.** Casey's one and only marriage was to Edna Lawson, and the union survived 51 years until his death in 1975. His love of his wife paralleled his other great passion: baseball. After Alzheimer's landed Edna in a nursing home, the elderly Casey, too old to drive, would walk from his house two-and-a-half miles each way, every day, to visit her.
- **Intense conflicts and resolutions.** These were with club owners, players, sportswriters ... and even the aging process. Of course, the hard-fought competition of the game of baseball, itself, with hair-raising runs for the pennant,

provide instant and natural theater. The series of plots and subplots lend themselves to making the movie a drama or a comedy with rich opportunities in the music score. Casey loved music and to dance. He sent his players out for dancing lessons and he danced at my wedding.

- **Moral lessons.** Only a person of great character could forge a long, successful and respected career as a manager in the crucible of Major League Baseball, and gain enduring folk-hero status in the culture at large.
- **Sports history.** No one knew more about the game of baseball than Casey Stengel. He is recognized as one of the greatest baseball minds of the 20th century. His New York Yankees were among the most storied teams in any sport, in any era.
- **Rich characters.** Once more an audience will be able to see an assemblage of storied stars with names such as Ruth and Gehrig, DiMaggio and Berra, Ford and Mantle.

- **Freshness.** Casey Stengel's stories, quotes and persona endure in the American public consciousness. Somehow, his humanity speaks to us now. He knew the art of being human. He knew how to connect his team with its fans. It was as if he spoke directly to them — and to us today. He left us with a reflection of who we are: just ballplayers and fans.
- **Timely inspiration.** Again, Casey's inner strength to endure and prevail, his personal humility, and his unshakable commitment to winning as a team — subordinating the individual to the aggregation, and craftily exploiting strengths of every player on the roster to gain an advantage — are values that moviegoers will benefit greatly from in this time of economic uncertainty, class tension, general disaffection and political finger-pointing. The abiding message from a movie about Casey Stengel's life is: *We either succeed together, or not at all.* ⚾

Casey in a motorcade on the way to the steps of City Hall in New York in 1961, to announce the formation of the league-expansion New York Mets, whom he will manage in their inaugural season in 1962.



CASEY IN PRINT

The New York Times' Red Smith said, "It seems to me that those of us who covered Casey in his time owe it to history to reintroduce him to the reader... at least once a decade." He also described Stengelese as, "only superficially resembling Sanskrit," but full of, "rich, crunchy goodness."

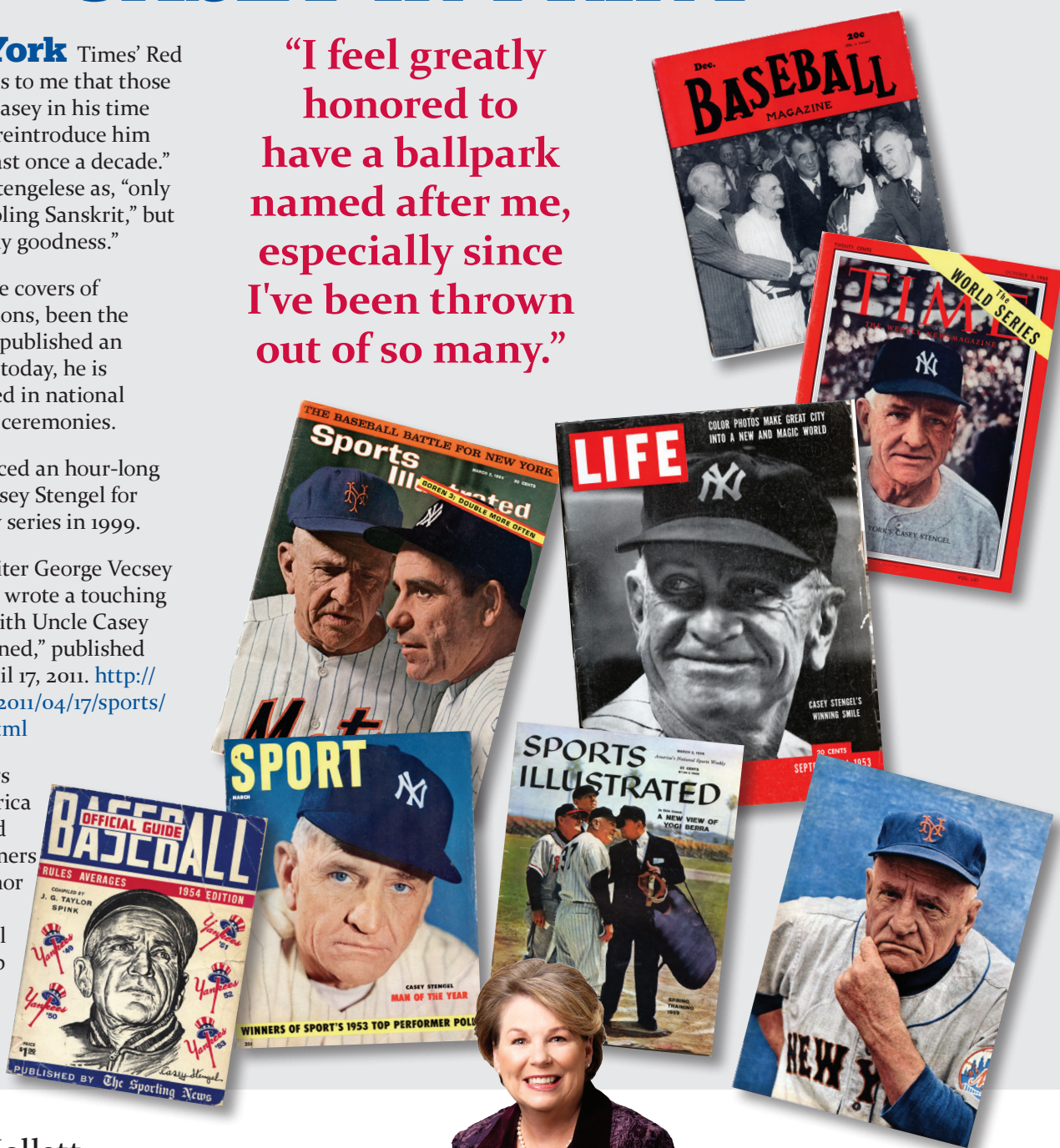
Casey has graced the covers of prominent publications, been the focus of books, and published an autobiography. Still today, he is frequently referenced in national publications and/or ceremonies.

ESPN Classic produced an hour-long documentary on Casey Stengel for their SportsCentury series in 1999.

New York Times writer George Vecsey interviewed me and wrote a touching essay, "A Summer with Uncle Casey in the Town He Owned," published in the Times on April 17, 2011. <http://www.nytimes.com/2011/04/17/sports/baseball/17vecsey.html>

The Baseball Writers Association of America which nominate and elect the Hall of Famers at Cooperstown honor a recipient annually with a Casey Stengel "You Can Look It Up Award" for career achievement.

"I feel greatly honored to have a ballpark named after me, especially since I've been thrown out of so many."



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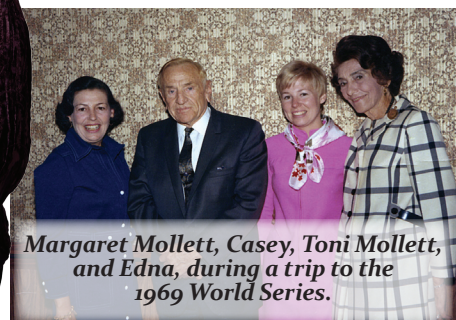
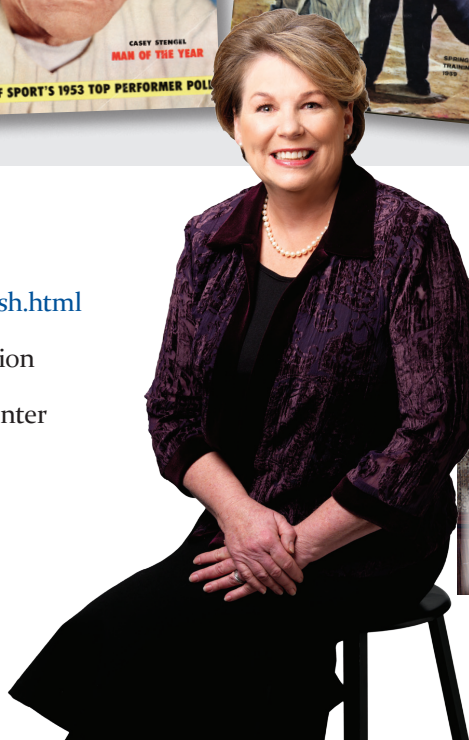
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Margaret Mollett, Casey, Toni Mollett, and Edna, during a trip to the 1969 World Series.

**“There comes a time in every man’s life,
and I’ve had plenty of them.”**

— Casey Stengel

KEY CHAPTERS IN CASEY’S LIFE

AT BAT, IN THE FIELD, THE DUGOUT, THE NATION’S HEART

1910-12: Born in 1890 in Kansas City, Missouri, Charles Dillon Stengel, nicknamed “Dutch,” excels in sports. His father is a successful insurance salesman and his son has a happy childhood, playing sandlot baseball and leading Central High School’s baseball team to the state championship.

To save money for dental school, Stengel plays minor-league baseball in 1910 and 1911 as a left-handed throwing and batting outfielder, first with the Kansas City Blues of the American Association. At 5-foot-11 and 175 pounds, he is fast if not physically overpowering. A popular baseball poem at the time is “Casey At the Bat,” that, plus the initials of his hometown, eventually garner him a new moniker.

Casey finds his courses at Western Dental College in Kansas City problematic with the dearth of left-handed instruments. The Brooklyn Robins (later the Dodgers) show him a different career path, drafting him and sending him to the Montgomery, Alabama, a club in the Southern Association. He develops a reputation for eccentricity. In the outfield one game, he hides in a shallow hole covered by a lid, and suddenly pops out in time to catch a fly ball. A decent batter and talented base stealer, Casey is called up by Brooklyn late in the season. In his first game, he smacks four singles and steals two bases.

1918: In six seasons with the Dodgers, Casey proves a competent, if unspectacular player. He is traded to the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1918. The U.S. enters World War I and he enlists in the U.S. Navy, where he spends the remainder of the war running the Brooklyn Navy Yard’s baseball team.

The following season, Brooklyn fans taunt the former Dodger mercilessly in a game after Casey whiffs twice and fails to run down a long fly ball that drives in three runs. On his way to the dugout after the sixth inning, Casey spies a teammate holding a stunned sparrow in the bullpen. Casey gently tucks the bird under his cap. When he comes to bat in the top of the seventh, he tips his cap to the booing crowd ... and the recovered bird flies out. Jeers turn to cheers, and even the plate umpire laughs. (They realized Casey has subtly “flipped the bird” at his detractors.)

1923: Having been traded to the Philadelphia Phillies, Casey catches a break when the top-flight New York Giants pick him up in 1921. The great manager, John McGraw, recognizes Casey’s fine baseball mind and keeps him close by on the bench, mentoring him in the finer points of diamond strategy. The two often sit up all night long at McGraw’s home, discussing the strategy and tactics of the inner game.

The Giants win the World Series in 1921 and 1922. The sport is more of a national craze than ever, thanks to the popularization of radio, which brings play-by-play broadcasts into living rooms and workplaces across the country.

In 1923, Casey smacks the first World Series home run in Yankee Stadium. The inside-the-park clout in Game 1 brings Casey sliding into the plate to the cheers of Manhattanites and dismay of the Bronx faithful in their brand-new “House that Ruth Built.” Casey’s bag-rounder breaks a 4-4 tie and gives the defending champions a 5-4 victory over their borough rivals. Two games later, he hits another game-winning dinger, but The Babe and company take the subway series in the sixth game and establish their perch atop the baseball world.

Little could anyone know at the time, but Casey will end up a key part of Yankee history — managing them to 10 American League pennants and seven World Series victories (including a record five in a row) in a historic 12-year stretch that will begin 26 years hence.



The Giants trade Casey in the off-season to the lowly Boston Bees, despite his Series heroics. He says years later: "It's lucky I didn't hit three home runs in three games, or McGraw would have traded me to the Three-I League."

1925: Casey's playing career is over after 14 seasons, cut short due to chronic injuries. The previous year he married Edna Lawson, giving her his 1921 World Series championship medal (and keeping his 1922 ring for himself). Teammates Irish and Bob Meusel's wives had brought Edna to a 1923 baseball game hoping to introduce them. Casey "spotted" Edna during the game. When Casey was pulled for a defensive replacement, he showered quickly, and went into the box seat section reserved for the players' wives for a proper introduction. The East/West Coast romance resulted in marriage and a honeymoon trip to England to play an exhibition game in front of the King in 1924. While Casey was no longer with the Giants, McGraw still wanted his World Series star on that trip.

Casey turns to managing — taking a three-title job with the Worcester, Massachusetts, Panthers of the lowly Eastern League. Casey is president-player-manager. He befriends George Weiss, the 24-year-old, cocky owner of the New Haven Profs in the Eastern League.

After the season, Casey is offered a job with the Toledo, Ohio, Mud Hens of the American Association, a stronger minor league. To free himself to take the job, he releases himself as Worcester's outfielder, fires himself as manager, and resigns as president. In this way, the Mud Hens don't have to pay the Panthers compensation for Casey leaving.

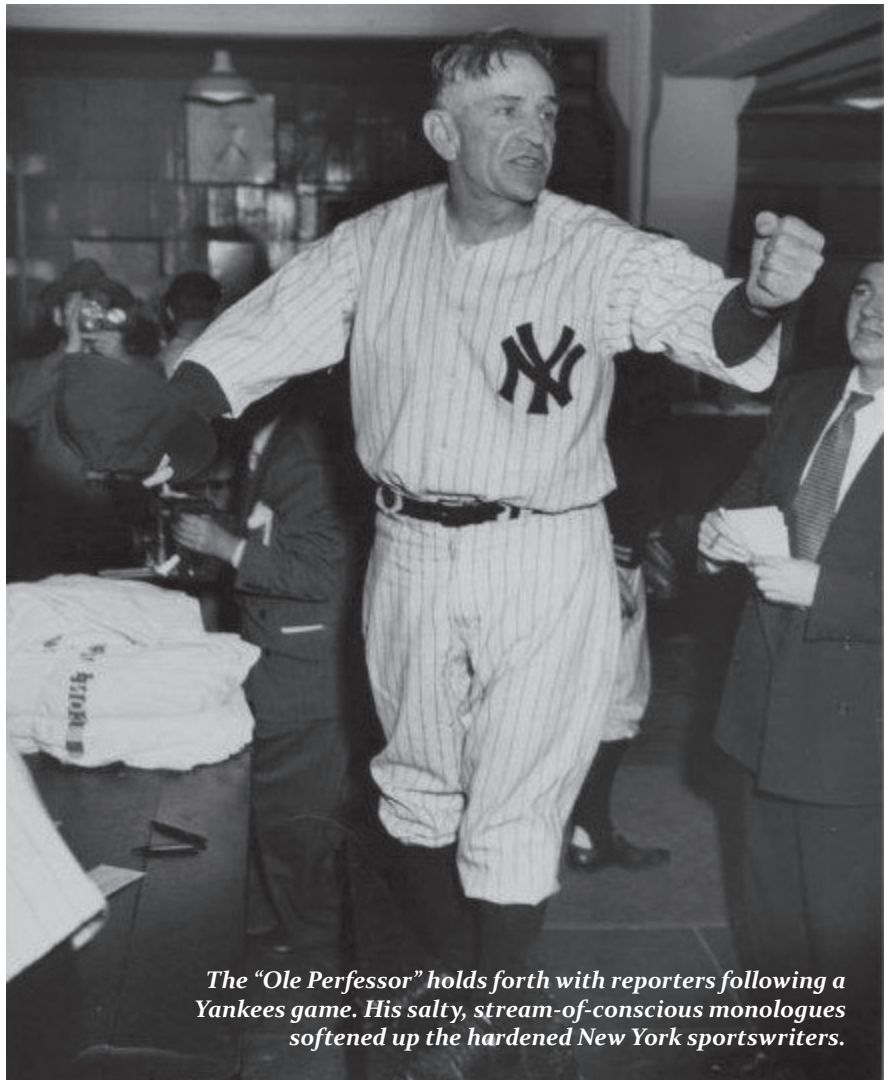
Casey leads the Mud Hens to their league's pennant in 1927. The franchise later folds.

1934: Casey has taken a coaching job with the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1932. Two years later, he's promoted to manager. An aggressive skipper, he often argues for a night game to be called because of darkness (when his team is ahead, of course). One time when an umpire refuses, Stengel uses a flashlight to signal to his bullpen for a relief pitcher. The ump tosses him from the game.

A true entertainer, Casey uses daffy ploys to charm reporters and entertain fans who'd otherwise decry the Dodgers' inept performances. He protests continuing a rain-soaked game by coaching in the third-base box beneath an umbrella. He stages races between his players and bets on the outcomes with newsmen.

Casey's Dodgers suffer losing seasons three years running. His next managerial stint lasts six years with the Boston Braves (formerly the Bees). Again, his squads compile dismal win-loss marks, in part because of a lack of on-field talent. But failure is teaching Casey valuable lessons for eventual success. He views every loss as an opportunity to learn something more. One day, his leg is badly broken from being hit by a cab in Boston, leaving him badly crippled. He'll be damned if he'll limp onto the sacred diamond. He spends exhausting hours rehabilitating his leg, walking backward up and down hills. But his managerial career is doomed in Boston.

1944: Casey is hired as manager of the Milwaukee Brewers of the American Association — over the objections of the club's owner, Bill Veeck, who can't stop the move since he is serving with the Marines in the South Pacific. Casey, finally blessed with good players, leads the Brewers to the league crown. His career as a bench general is on the upswing . . . until a blowup with Veeck lands him jobless again.



At this point an old friend, George Weiss, is an executive busy developing the Yankees' farm system. He gives Casey the reins of the Yankees' minor-league affiliate Kansas City Blues for the 1945 season. Then Casey looks west, to opportunities to be had in sunny, growing California. He promises the owners of the Oakland Oaks of the AAA-level Pacific Coast League that he will bring them a championship within three years. He works indefatigably for this goal, showing up in his office early on mornings after late-night games, preparing lineups, poring over rosters. This is still several decades before the advent of personal computers, but Casey's mind stores vast pieces of information about players and teams. Yankees co-owner, Del Webb, happens by the Oaks ballpark on a Saturday morning and witnesses Casey working on drills with kids from the neighborhood, out of his sheer love of baseball. This deeply impresses Webb with Casey's utter commitment to the game.

1948: The Oaks win a phenomenal 114 games and the league title. Casey now is the toast of baseball fans up and down the West Coast, including in Hollywood. He drives a Cadillac convertible given him by the city of Oakland in gratitude for leading the Oaks to the title. It feels like a career pinnacle. His wife urges him to retire. He's 58.

1949-60: The Yankees brass sees Casey as a prime candidate to take over in the greatest of baseball towns: New York. By this time his old pal, George Weiss, is the Yanks' general manager. Casey tells Edna he just has to accept the Yanks' offer. Baseball writers scoff at the hiring, still viewing Casey as a once-clowning ball player who'd gone on to become a mediocre manager at the major-league level. But Casey inherits a team with top talent, observing: "There is less wrong with this team than any team I have ever managed."

His first season in pinstripes, his squad suffers a series of injuries, yet Casey craftily skippers them to the American League pennant on the final day of the season, and then to World Series triumph over the cross-town Dodgers. His Yanks go on to win the Series each of the next four seasons (a record streak). In all, the Bronx Bombers capture seven World Series and 10 American League pennants in a 12-year span. Casey's slick tactics — including platooning right-handed and left-handed batters, pinch-hitting early for pitchers when an advantage opens up, putting good batters in early and pulling them for good fielders late — build him a reputation as one of the smartest managers ever. An innovative motivator, he'll ride stars when they are doing well and praise players when they are slumping. He also doesn't shy from confronting old guarders such as Joe DiMaggio.

Casey keeps an eagle eye on his players off the field. He maintains a nightly perch at the hotel bar when the team is on the road. Two of his famous quotes about carousing players are: "Being with a woman all night never hurt no professional baseball player. It's staying up all night looking for a woman that does him in"; and, "We are in such a slump that even the ones that aren't drinkin' aren't hittin'." Well aware of his strained relations with DiMaggio and other players, he quips: "The secret of managing is to keep the guys who hate you away from the guys who are undecided."

Casey's salty, stream-of-consciousness monologues and witticisms about baseball history and strategy have the callous New York press corps eating out of his hand. They call him "The Ole Perfessor," and dub his rambling, if informative, speech "Stengelese." He refers to them as "my writers." He becomes as famous as his superstars such as Mickey Mantle and Yogi Berra. His hawk-nosed face appears on many national magazine covers.

Casey's zany streak still surfaces. In 1960, Comiskey Park in Chicago debuts, featuring an "exploding scoreboard" that shoots off fireworks whenever a White Sox player homers. During the Yankees' second series in Comiskey, the Yankees ignite and wave sparklers in their dugout after Clete Boyer homers for them.

1957: Casey and a group of business leaders in Glendale, California, organize a new bank, and Casey is named Vice-President of Glendale National Bank.

1960: The underdog Pittsburgh Pirates beat the Yankees in seven games in the World Series, and the defiance of younger Yankees against their 70-year-old manager is evident in attitudes and comments. Critics point at several questionable managerial moves, including Casey having held out pitching ace Whitey Ford until Game Three (the statistics- and intuition-guided Casey made his decision because Ford was dominant at home); and his early-inning pulling of young, light-hitting third basemen Clete Boyer for a pinch hitter.

Ironically, similar cagey maneuvers had helped the Yanks win numerous games they otherwise might have lost during their dozen-year run of dominance. Pitcher Don Larsen later said: "I don't think anybody could have managed our club like Casey did. He made what some people call stupid moves, but about eight or nine out of 10 of them worked."

1962: The New York Mets are a National League expansion team debuting in 1962, sporting the orange colors of the Giants (who'd departed for San Francisco) and the blue of the Dodgers (who'd left for Los Angeles). Their roster is filled with mediocrities



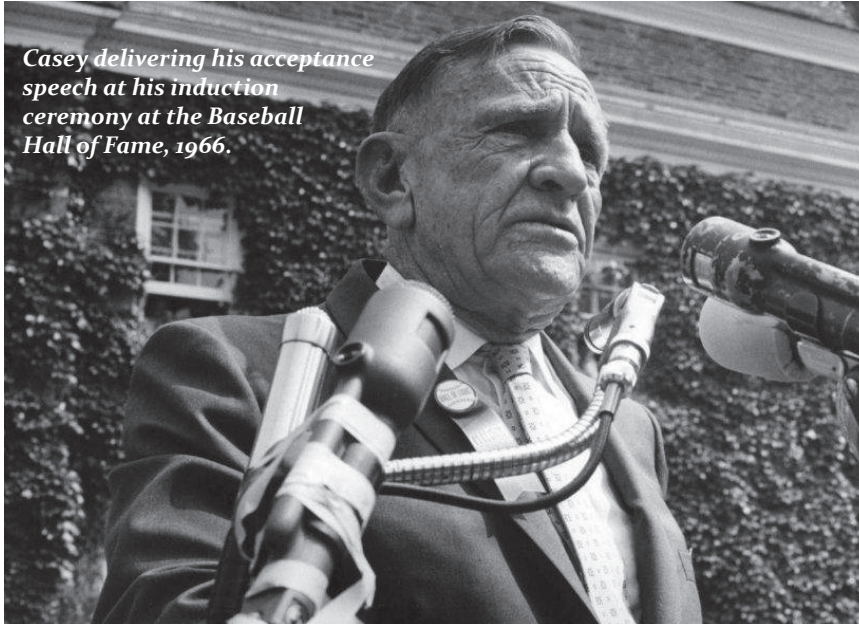
and aged veterans left unprotected by their teams in the expansion draft. The Mets ownership talk Casey out of retirement to do what he could with the thin talent. His charisma and buoyant promotion of the lovable-loser Mets fill the stands and bring great revenue to the team, despite their horrible fortunes on the field (losing 120 games their inaugural season).

After each home game, Casey returns to his apartment at the Essex House hotel on Central Park South, then heads out the front entrance for a walk of several blocks — continually stopped by fans and autograph-seekers, schmoozing with them, recognizing that such public relations is a key part of his job. But it's not like he isn't trying hard to win ball games. Back home,

he fills legal-size papers with hitting, pitching and fielding statistics, poring through them, plotting how to beat an opponent.

Casey skips the Mets for four years. They finish last each year, but Casey keeps the show lively. He tells the press: "I've been in this game a hundred years, but I see new ways to lose I never knew existed before." Referring to two of his rookies in 1965, he remarks: "See that fellow over there? He's 20 years old. In 10 years he has a chance to be a star. Now, that fellow over there, he's 20, too. In 10 years he has a chance to be 30."

Pitching great Warren Spahn, finishing his career with the "Amazin' Mets," had also played for Casey when he managed the Boston Braves, before his rise in stature as a manager. Spahn quips: "I'm probably the only guy who worked for Stengel before and after he was a genius."



Casey delivering his acceptance speech at his induction ceremony at the Baseball Hall of Fame, 1966.

Casey retires in August 1965, before the season is over, a month after breaking his hip while stepping out of a car. He will never suffer the indignity to himself, or the game he loves, by limping onto the sacred diamond. He continues as vice president of West Coast operations with the Mets, scouting and being visible as a part of the game's scene. The Mets retire his uniform's No. 37.

1966: Although the rules of the National Baseball Hall of Fame require that no one can be inducted until he has been retired for at least five years, or is deceased, the Veterans Committee, using what becomes known as "The Casey Stengel Rule," elect him to the hall only a year after his retirement as manager, citing his advanced age (76). Sport Magazine names Casey "Man of 20 Years 1946-1966."

1969: The "Miracle Mets" — a mere seven years after their inaugural season — take the World Series. Players vote to give a championship ring to Casey, the team's first manager.

1970: The New York Yankees retire Casey's No. 37.

1975: Casey's wife, Edna, is diagnosed with Alzheimer's Disease. Casey, heartbroken, walks two-and-a-half miles each way from his house to her nursing home to visit her. He succumbs to cancer on Sept. 29. Ever the patriot, he stood beside his hospital bed for the last national anthem he'd heard before his death. His wife passes away three years later, and is buried beside him in Glendale.

Casey left a large estate. Just as his shrewd managing made his baseball teams winners, his clever investing in oil and banking interests made him a millionaire.

1976: The Yankees dedicate a plaque in their stadium's Monument Park to Casey's memory. The plaque reads: "Brightened baseball for over 50 years; with spirit of eternal youth; Yankee manager 1949-1960 winning 10 pennants and 7 world championships including a record 5 consecutive, 1949-1953."

2009: An awards segment on the MLB Network names Casey "The Greatest Character of the Game." 🏆

