

MILTON BERLE

151 EL CAMINO - BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. - CRESTVIEW 4-7451

June 6, 1962

Mr. Walter O'Malley
Los Angeles Dodgers Inc.
930 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles, California

Dear Walter:

At long last, my note to you. I'm not gonna start off with the standard beefs about the location of the seats and how much higher they should be built, and the cliches that have been thrown at you. I'm not gonna tell you that we were promised an express elevator to the expensive dugout level seats, because you know this. The courtesies that were supposed to be extended, have not been.

As you know, Ruth and I and our guests have waited as long as thirty-five to forty minutes for an elevator. Then, when it does arrive, we can't get in. If I wanted to faint, I couldn't find a place to fall! The other courtesies that were promised to us, such as getting box service for refreshments, have not been followed through. The parking lot which was assigned to us (Parking Lot I) is very inconvenient because of the fact that we must take the elevator from the top floor to the dugout level, which is brutal. These are just minor points compared to what I really want to beef about.

Who hired the usherettes...Eichman?? Walter, I don't think that you want your Stadium run like a concentration camp with Dachau damsels. Some of the usherettes are exceedingly discourteous and don't know the first thing about O'Malley hospitality. For example, the dugout level section is screened in and I feel like a cooped-up Jewish chicken. Well, that isn't too bad. It protects me from walking around with an extra ball! But if Ruth and myself have to be cooped in and guarded by female Storm Troopers, I think it's out of line. There's no place to walk around in that section. A few weeks ago, I got up from my seat before the actual game started, when I was called over to the rail on the right side of my section by Stan Musial. He wanted to say hello to me. I walked over to shake his hand, (I couldn't get into the dugout because it's shut off) and as I was standing there shaking his hand, Mrs. Hitler tapped me on the shoulder and said: "You'll have to go back to your seat." I replied "I'm speaking to a friend of mine", and she said, "I'm sorry, those are the rules."



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Walter, I didn't know you had rules that I had to obey. She continued that the only people allowed to stand there were those who belong to the Press. Well, as a box owner in that section, I don't believe that even the Press should be there. They have their own section and ours is not a Press Box, so it works both ways. She also said that Mr. O'Malley passed this regulation and she's only taking orders.

Walter, since Brooklyn, I've been a big Dodger rooter and I would like to continue to be. If I need a Press button, I'll buy one. Where can I buy it? I have a lot of dear friends on the visiting teams and one of the main reasons that Ruth and myself took that section was to have the freedom of meeting them before or after the game, and not to interrupt or talk to them while the game was on. Do you see anything wrong with that? You have been very courteous to Ruth and myself as long as we know you, and I feel that you know nothing about these incidents.

The reason I am reporting this usurping usherette is because I saw another occurrence which didn't pertain to me at all. In between double-headers last week, there were some youngsters sitting at a box away from us in the dugout level, and they had to walk around and stretch. One of the boys, around age ten, sat up on the rail of the box and extended his feet to his own seat. The straw-hatted Storm Trooper tapped the boy and said, "You'll have to sit in your seat", and it sounded like: "Get your belongings and follow everybody into the truck". Walter, does it not say on the back of each ticket that the ticket-holder takes all risks in any ball park, and the Dodgers or those concerned are not responsible etc.? If this be the case, then someone should let the staff of the Stadium know this. It looks like you can't make a move in the "Bawl Park" without getting an okay from the F.B.I. This particular usherette took it upon herself to do this, which may not reflect the policy of the Stadium, but regardless, it's pretty bad and something should be done about it.

I know you are thrilled to have received this letter, and it must choke you up, but I just had to drop you these few lines.

Walter, don't make me go back to rooting for the Angels, Heaven forbid! They can't even play pinochle...because the Cards are in St. Louis!

Help! Help! Help!

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Milton Berle". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline.