

Another time-travel trip for Sammy Baker. Once again, he uses the magic typewriter, and he is whisked back to 1960, sitting in the Red Sox dugout next to the greatest hitter of yesteryear, Ted Williams. And he is the team's batboy!

**A SUMMER  
to REMEMBER  
with TED WILLIAMS**  
**Another Time-Travel Trip for Sammy Baker**  
by Paul Korins

Order the complete book from the publisher  
[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10947.html?s=pdf)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10947.html?s=pdf>  
or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.

PAUL KORINS



ANOTHER TIME-TRAVEL TRIP FOR SAMMY BAKER

A SUMMER  
to REMEMBER  
*with* TED WILLIAMS

BOSTON

ALSO BY PAUL KORINS

*Haunting Whispers*

*Warning Whispers*

*The Magic Typewriter*

Copyright © 2020 Paul Korins

ISBN: 978-1-64718-251-9

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2020

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data  
Korins, Paul

A SUMMER to REMEMBER with TED WILLIAMS by Paul Korins  
Library of Congress Control Number: 2020904688

# Chapter One

SAMMY SQUIRMED IN his desk chair. A decision had to be made, and time was running out. His English assignment was due in two days, and he hadn't decided on the subject of his essay. He shifted again. His choice was vital because another adventure was lurking, hanging in the balance. His decision would determine his next trip.

He inserted a sheet behind the roller of the 1935 forest-green Royal typewriter, its ivory keys shining like polished teeth. It was a birthday present from his grandpa.

Sammy grasped the knob at the end of the roller and gave it a swift turn. The paper zipped up in front of him in a flash. He stared at it, his face as blank as the sheet before him. It was challenging him, daring him to put something on it.

"But what?" he mumbled as he heard a tap-tap on his bedroom door. The elderly man, standing in the hallway, waited for a few beats, then entered slowly.

"Can I come in, Sammy? I didn't hear letters slapping against paper, so I figured you're not busy at the moment. You said at dinner you were going to start your essay."

Sammy turned his head. The old man was hobbling toward him, a smile pulling at the corners of his mouth and deepening the crinkles around his milky eyes.

"Oh, hi, Grandpa." He returned the warm smile, but the feebleness of it showed his unease.

"Looks to me like it's a good time for an interruption. Enthusiasm in a bit of want, eh, Sammy?" He stared at the naked sheet sitting in the typewriter, shaking his head. "It's not easy, but you just gotta plunge into it. Ya know, van Gogh, that famous Dutch painter, once talked about a white canvas being the scariest thing in the world. Same goes for that white paper of yours in that beauty I gave you when you turned twelve last year. It's waiting again to be filled up with some of your fine words."

"Yeah, I'm trying..."

"I thought we made a plan after you returned to us from the Great Depression." He grinned. "Imagine you living with my ma and pa and kid sister in 1937. And

my friends becoming your friends. Then coming back to tell me all about it. What a trip that was!”

“Sure was,” Sammy said, looking back at the typewriter that made that trip possible. “And, yes, Grandpa, we made a plan. I was going to write about a famous athlete from the past for my next assignment. That’s cool with me. I just gotta figure out which one.”

This time a crooked, knowing smile twisted his grandfather’s lips. “Remember, I told you I had somebody in mind? It’s someone really *cool*, I can tell you that.”

“I remember. Who is it?” Sammy asked, though he suspected who it might be.

His grandpa raised his white, shaggy eyebrows. “Why Teddy Ballgame, of course.”

Sammy knew a lot about Ted and his given nicknames—The Splendid Splinter was popular, too—though he played for the Red Sox many years ago. Whenever his grandpa reminisced about “the old days,” he always said Ted Williams was the greatest hitter he ever saw, bar none. He also said he was the toughest interview, bar none.

Recently, they’d watched a biography about Ted on HBO, and the commentator confirmed his grandpa’s opinion on both counts: “Greatest hitter ever, with the prettiest swing you ever saw, but he sure was a reporter’s nightmare.”

“I kinda thought you might’ve had Ted Williams in mind, especially after we saw that program about him on TV,” his grandfather said as the knowing smile became the sly one that Sammy had seen before his

last trip. He straightened in his chair, readying himself for what was sure to come.

“Lemme tell you, you won’t regret it, Sammy boy. Yessiree, won’t regret it at all.”

Looks like I’ve agreed to write about Teddy Ballgame, Sammy thought. But last time he had a mission for me to accomplish. He hasn’t mentioned one this time, so maybe this adventure will be a piece of cake.

“Okay then, it’s decided. Ted it is. I’ll leave you to your typing. I’m sure you’ll come up with somethin’ terrific for your essay. I know you read a book about Ted awhile back, before we watched that thing on TV. So you must be interested in him, huh?”

Sammy nodded, waiting for the hammer to fall. The mission?

“Seems to me, with all that HBO stuff and the book you read, you got plenty of ammo for your essay. What do you think, Sammy?”

He knit his brows and let out a deep sigh. “Guess so,” he murmured.

“C’mon, boy, you’ll ace that essay, just like last time, and that teacher of yours will give you another straight A.”

“Do my best, Grandpa.”

“Don’t doubt that at all, Sammy.” He grinned like a Cheshire cat as he rubbed one hand over the other. It sounded to Sammy like splintered wood being sandpapered. “By the way, your mission is to get a story out of Teddy Ballgame,” he said, nodding as he scratched the white stubble on his cheek. He turned abruptly.

“But how do I do that?” Sammy wondered aloud.



A reporter's nightmare, he thought, listening to the scuffing of tattered slippers on the hardwood floor as the old man crossed the room, leaving him without an answer.

He recalled his grandfather telling him he never got his prized interview with Ted because Grandpa became a sports reporter for the *Boston Globe* just after Ted retired in 1960. He was sorry he missed the chance, but Ted, after retiring, was rarely in Boston, off somewhere in Florida or the Bahamas, fishing, his second favorite sport.

Standing by the closed door, his grandfather, straining to hear, waited anxiously as the minutes ticked away. Then, finally, he heard the welcome beat of the trusty Royal:

Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack...

He knew his grandson was summoning all the info he'd amassed on Ted and was finally putting words to paper. "Yup, the words are definitely coming," he whispered. "And soon, a trip for Sammy."

Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack...

"Yep, and another mission for him, too," he said, a hand clamping his mouth, smothering a satisfied cackle.

Sammy was mesmerized, watching letters form words, one after the other. Fingers were flying, dancing over the keys—his grandpa had promised they would before Sammy had begun his last essay on the Great Depression. They were doing it again!

Suddenly, his fingers stiffened, a thought giving him pause, his stomach flipping in anticipation.

Where will the essay take me this time?

Shaking the thought off for now, Sammy's mind began churning out more stuff he'd learned about Ted. Quickly, his fingers relaxed, and their rhythmic dance resumed:

Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack....

# Chapter Two

SAMMY WAS SITTING on a hard bench, moving his bony rump around, trying to find a comfortable position. The baggy uniform on his skinny frame was wrinkled and worn, the short sleeves well below his elbows. It's much heavier than my Little League jersey, he thought as the uncomfortable fabric chafed his sunburned neck and arms, making them itch.

He looked up at the man sitting next to him. He was tall and rangy. A navy cap, a red B on the front, was tilted back on his head, the stiff visor pointing skyward.

Eyes widening, Sammy's breath snagged as his jaw dropped, hanging open as if on a hinge. I can't believe it, he thought, finally closing his mouth.

Beside him, almost elbow to elbow, was Teddy Ballgame!

The last memory he had was of his fingers flying non-stop over those ivory keys, wondering where the essay would take him this time. He turned his head, looking past Ted, and wondered no more. The bench was crowded with men in uniform, RED SOX emblazoned across the front of their loose-fitting tops. And there he sat, in the dugout, with all those big-league ballplayers.

Wow! Sammy's mouth fell open for the second time.

Ted smiled down at him, flashing pearly-white teeth. "Hey, Terry, how you doin' today?" he boomed, his question jolting Sammy.

Terry? He tried to squeeze out an answer between quivering lips. Moments passed, then finally, "I'm fine...doing fine...Mr. Williams."

"What's with Mr. Williams? You've been sitting in this dugout for what, couple of months? I told you when you started, call me Ted. No formalities here." His smile broadened. "Appreciate the respect, though, Terry."

Terry...Terry? He rolled it on his tongue until an astonishing thought struck: Grandpa's son, his name was Terry. The son he rarely talked about. The son who was killed in 1969 in some jungle in faraway Vietnam.

"Okay...sure...Ted," he uttered, the quiver in his voice now.

Ted's brow creased. "You all right, kiddo?"

"Yeah, I'm all right," he lied, thinking about his last trip to the Great Depression. His mind, chugging like a freight train burdened by heavy cargo, began to gather speed.

"Good boy, Terry. Now do your job and go get me my bat, will ya?"

Crack! Another lightning bolt of thought. This one carried with it an illumination of understanding, and his confusion lifted like early morning fog. He took a hard swallow as he headed for the bat rack. "I'm Terry now. I'm living in the Boston area in a place called Dorchester," he murmured, remembering what his grandfather had told him about the big move back in 1960, one of those rare occasions when his talk drifted to Terry.

THEY'D MOVED INTO the apartment—26 Wolcott Street—before Terry finished his seventh-grade school year at Plainville Junior High, in New Hampshire. Grandpa was the sports reporter for the *Lancaster Gazette*, but he'd been offered a better-paying position as an editor for a Boston book publisher, so he accepted it. Thus, the move.

Having grown up in a small farming community, then moving abruptly to a city teeming with so many people and cars honking everywhere, Terry found the transition difficult. But leaving good friends behind and having to make new ones was even tougher. It was a big change for Grandpa and Grandma, too, Sammy realized. His grandpa painted a bleak picture

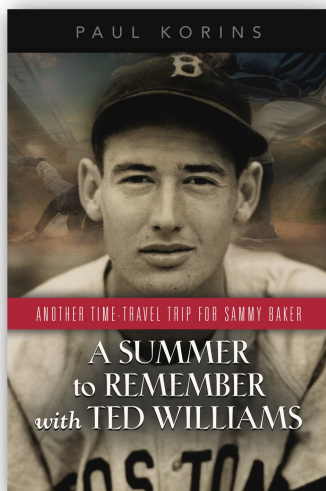
of their new home: a tiny kitchen with smoky-gray, linoleum-covered counters sitting below warped gray cabinets, their doors never shutting properly; a closet-size bathroom, all grayness, too—walls, floor, tile, counter; and two claustrophobic bedrooms that did nothing to interrupt the continuity of gray.

Grandpa had related Terry's reaction to all the grimness: "Sure is gloomy." He said the remark, which was true, rendered him speechless. He was unable to think of a single thing to say to cheer Terry up, so he turned to Grandma for help. Sure enough, there was her usual sunny smile. "I'll brighten up this place, Terry. You wait and see," she'd said. But Terry just responded by repeating his gripe: "Sure is gloomy."

Grandpa said Grandma was always looking on the bright side of everything. But even her optimism couldn't lift Terry's spirits, especially when they inspected the bedrooms, one being tinier than the other. "Guess mine's the smallest," he'd grumbled. "If we can't get my bureau in there, what am I gonna do with my baseball trophies?"

HE'D BE STAYING in that very apartment in Dorchester, with a mother and father who were actually his grandparents back home. He thought of his grandpa, who'd been living with him and his parents in Plumfield, a sleepy coastal suburb of Massachusetts, since his wife died seven years ago. Sammy was five years old at the time of her death, so his grandma was only a ghostly memory.

But he'd be living in their place now, in 1960. Amazing! But no more so than what he experienced on his first trip, which transported him back to 1937 to become his grandpa as a twelve-year-old Willie Flanagan. But now he was Terry Flanagan, Grandpa's long-dead son!



Another time-travel trip for Sammy Baker. Once again, he uses the magic typewriter, and he is whisked back to 1960, sitting in the Red Sox dugout next to the greatest hitter of yesteryear, Ted Williams. And he is the team's batboy!

**A SUMMER  
to REMEMBER  
with TED WILLIAMS**  
**Another Time-Travel Trip for Sammy Baker**  
by Paul Korins

Order the complete book from the publisher  
[Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10947.html?s=pdf)

<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/10947.html?s=pdf>  
or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.