Most people are lucky if they have the support of one family. The tight-knit relationships we all long for help us enjoy the good times and get through the bad times. Mickey and I were fortunate in that we had two strong family units—our own, and Mickey’s Yankee teammates.

During Mickey’s years playing for the Yankees, teammates like Yogi Berra, Phil Rizzuto, Whitey Ford, and Billy Martin were his brothers. Their wives, Carmen Berra, Cora Rizzuto, and Joan Ford were my sisters. Our kids were as close as brothers and sisters. We would look forward every year to spring training. It was like a big family reunion. We were a very tight group; we did everything together. Our kids shared tutors, as that was their school at the time. It was a comfort to be with others who had the same fears of kidnapping and concerns of injury for our children and husbands.

We all looked forward to dining out together at the latest hotspot or relaxing poolside during the day. We felt comfortable being ourselves the way you relax with family. Watching our kids pull pranks on one another after being coached by their fathers kept even long days exciting. It was something the whole family looked forward to every season.

Even after Mickey’s career came to an end, it was our “other” family that often shared some of the special moments. I remember when Mick was employed at the Clariage in New Jersey, we would celebrate an annual birthday party there for Mickey and Whitey. All the old teammates would come in to help us celebrate. After not seeing everyone at spring training anymore it was great to see them and relive old times again with our extended family.
The bond was so tight that it was a former Yankee teammate, Bobby Richardson, who was alongside Mickey and me and our boys as my husband and their teammate/brother took his final breath at Baylor Hospital in Dallas in 1995.

But with all families, as members leave the household for one reason or another, it becomes increasingly difficult to keep up with their whereabouts and their accomplishments. The phone calls are fewer and farther between. Getting together with kin becomes the exception rather than the rule.

So it is with our Yankees family. Especially those who may have touched our lives ever so briefly while passing through the lineup, wearing the pinstripes one day and not the next. This is a book that follows many of their paths for us. It is refreshing to learn of, and now share, the many successes, while feeling the disappointment or pain of the failures these stories reveal.

It continues to amaze me how much Mickey and the Yankees are loved throughout the world. In our hometown of Dallas, for example, the locker room at Preston Trail, a golf club where Mickey spent a great deal of his days sharing stories, continues to display a memorial of his Yankees days.

I can only imagine how much the fans of our Yankees family will enjoy reading about the after-baseball lives of many of the men they followed so passionately on the playing field.

Brian Jensen shows the same kind of passion in sharing these tales. He is a long time fan of the game, of our family, and as a sports broadcaster for many years, has the knowledge and style that brings both the baseball history and the personalities to life on
every page. *Where Have All Our Yankees Gone? Past the Pinstripes* answers that often-asked question in any large, diverse family—“What ever happened to. . . .”

Merlyn Mantle