

# THE EAGLES LAND ON RS

By Don Henley  
and Glenn Frey

## LOS ANGELES

The Eagles...have this performance problem. They strike no rock & roll stage poses, flaunt no athletic grace—if anything, they loiter.

PETER HERBST  
ROLLING STONE  
May 7th, 1977

I never liked the Eagles very much, and Joe Walsh, their new lead guitarist, appeals even less.

DAVE MARSH  
ROLLING STONE critic

DIVINE RETRIBUTION:  
EAGLES—15  
ROLLING STONE—8

IT WAS ABOUT TWO years ago that we began to get the distinct impression that the ROLLING STONE critics didn't like us very much. In fact, it seemed that they didn't like anyone in our particular "genre," or anyone who made music in L.A., for that matter. You know, all you laid-back, mellow, highflying, West Coast cowboy Angst-meister types. It seems that we were all victims of some kind of petty cultural war between L.A. and New York. (You all must be aware that rock & roll is just an "attitude"; singing and playing well don't really matter.) Actually, some of the ROLLING STONE critics used to like us, but then we became successful, you know, and after that, of course, it became totally impossible for any of them to accept us, because we all know that success is inherently evil and we must be protected from it at all costs. In the end, as all good cowboys do, we decided to settle this thing "outside." After weeks of trading "libelous" if somewhat trite remarks in Random Notes ("The Eagles seem...interested in finding a softball team they can beat," said Charles M. Young), it was decided that the Eagles and ROLLING STONE would duke it out in a U.S.S.P.S.A. (United States Slow Pitch Softball Association) professional softball match. The bloody battle, it was decided, would be held at Dedeaux Field on the USC campus.

"Real men play in the snow in Central Park," sniveled RS team captain Charles M. Young, obviously horrified at possible exposure to actual sunshine. As game day approached, the threats in Random Notes grew more ridiculous (boring?). Eagles manager



Abb, revenge: Glenn Frey slides past catcher Chuck Young to score for the Eagles.

Irv Azoff (a.k.a. Industry Upstart) and ROLLING STONE's "boy publisher," Jann Wenner, engaged in hours of long-distance shouting matches. Glenn Frey's already tenuous relationship with Charles M. Young was rapidly approaching switch-blade and tire-tool proportions. Still, negotiations continued, and it was decided that Sunday, May 7th, would be game day. The Eagles and RS agreed that in order to make things even more interesting, the loser would donate \$5000 to the UNICEF World Nutrition Program. Azoff and Wenner thought that this would possibly overshadow the fact that this was to



Tim Reitz (above);  
Cameron Crowe and  
Eagle catcher Joe Walsh



be one of the most deadly earnest plague matches of all time—but the players were out for blood.

On a sunny Saturday afternoon the day before the game, the Eagles were having their final workout at Dedeaux Field. Slumped in a row of seats high up in the bleachers were the RS

scouts, Wenner, Dunning, Crowe, etc. They were not smiling. Still, all seemed to be going well until Eagles pitcher Don Henley walked in carrying a pair of steel spikes. Wenner sat bolt upright in his chair. He peered downward at the field. Then it occurred to him that Glenn Frey [Cont. on 30]

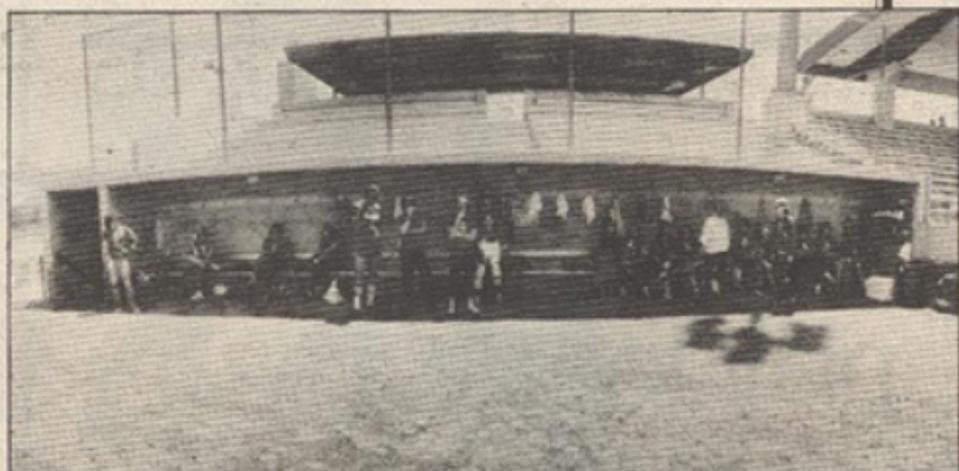
## Eagles 15, Gonzos 8

EAGLES	AB	R	H	GONZOS	AB	R	H
Schmit, 3b	5	3	4	Young, c	5	1	2
Frey, scf, 1b	5	4	2	Dunning, ss	5	1	2
Cetera, cf	3	3	2	Baron, 3b, cf	5	1	3
Sargent, lf	3	0	2	Bahrenburg, 1b	5	1	3
Hollingsworth, lf	2	0	0	Warhaftig, cf	3	0	1
Fernandez, ss	4	1	2	Bornstein, 2b	2	0	1
Bassett, 2b	3	0	1	Reitz, p	4	0	2
Vacharino, 2b	1	0	0	Gilburg, p	0	0	0
Burtice, 1b	2	0	0	Marsh, ph	0	1	0
Langham, scf	2	0	0	Klein, lf	4	0	1
Felder, rf	2	0	1	Sabbag, 2b	1	0	0
Szymczyk, rf	2	1	1	Ford, 2b, 3b	3	1	1
Walsh, c	2	1	1	Crowe, lf	3	0	1
Nixon, c	1	1	1	Herbst, scf	2	1	0
Henley, p	4	1	1	Kohn, scf	2	0	0
Halem, 1b	0	0	0	Cavanaugh, rf	2	1	2
				Fong-Torres, ph	1	0	0

Total	41	15	18	Total	47	8	19		
Gonzos				003	000	023	-8	19	5
Eagles				030	306	004	-15	18	2

GONZOS	IP	H	R	BB	SO
Reitz, 0, 0-1	7	18	15	3	0
Gilburg	1	0	0	0	0

EAGLES	IP	H	R	BB	SO
Henley, W, 1-0	9	19	8	4	0



*The Rolling Stone dugout (above); Peter Herbst, Joe Klein, Cameron Crowe and Rick Spillman (right); Dedeaux Field as seen from the stands (middle right).*



## The Game

[Cont. from 25] was also wearing metal spikes. Then he noticed that most of the Eagles team were wearing metal-spiked baseball shoes. Something told him that one of these psychos would not be the least bit adverse to putting a swift end to Charlie Young's capacity for procreation, not to mention his typing hand. Suddenly, this mellow, country-rock band from L.A. had an aura about it not unlike the Philadelphia Flyers.

Wenner rushed down the stadium stairs to confront Azoff. "Rubber cleats or we're not playing," he shouted.

"But, Jann," Azoff replied, "these are regulation shoes."

"Someone might get hurt," Wenner said.

"How exciting," Azoff replied. "Do your writers ever think about that?"

After more bickering the Eagles conceded and decided that the hanging would take place in peace cleats. (The next day it was noted that, "just in case," Wenner had sent out that evening and out-fitted his team with steel spikes, which were kept in the dugout on standby). It was also agreed that Joe Smith, former voice of the Boston Celtics, chairman of the board of Elektra/Asylum, now part-time mediocre actor, would be emcee.

The day of the game arrived—one of those typically mellow, laid-back, warm, sunny, soft-rock California afternoons, except today there was tension in the air. Both teams took their share of verbal



*Brown meets the press*

abuse from sportscaster Smith, who seemed to hate everybody equally. The Eagles' bleachers were filled to capacity with the likes of Joni Mitchell, Betsy Asher, Mary Kay Place, Karla Bonoff, Donald Fagen, Chevy Chase, Marcia Strassman, etc., while the RS bleachers were relatively empty except for Daryl Hall and a collection of cute, young cheerleaders from Hollywood High, yet another tragically hip move by RS (whoever heard of cheerleaders at a baseball game?).

As the strains of our national anthem, "Life in the Fast Lane" faded, one could indeed feel that there was fear as [Cont. on 32]

# The Game

[Cont. from 30] well as loathing. Every player was scared. For perhaps the first time, some of the RS writers knew what it felt like to be called upon to "perform" in front of thousands of eyes. Conspicuously absent were Stephen Holden, Paul Nelson and Greil Marcus. "They never could face the music," noted Frey. Then over the PA system came the order to "Play ball!" First up to bat was RS team captain Charles M. Young, who was wearing a suspicious-looking bandage on his right arm.

back to tie the score 3-3 in the top of the third. We realized that we had to tighten up our defense and keep scoring runs. We scored three in the bottom of the third, three in the fourth, but didn't score in the fifth. Frey paced. "A 9-3 lead is not enough," he declared. "We've got to keep scoring runs. No more quiet innings." The Eagles responded in their half of the sixth by sending ten men to the plate to bombard losing pitcher Tim "You guys were just lucky" Reitz with consecutive singles by Felder, Walsh and Henley, followed by consecutive doubles by Schmit, Frey and Peter Cetera, bass player for Chicago, resulting in six runs, all produced by musicians.

The score was now 15-3. RS mustered small rallies in the eighth



## The losers

It was the consensus among the Eagles that he had contracted tendonitis from staying up all night practicing advanced methods of character assassination and generally cutting total strangers to ribbons with his fountain pen. Some even speculated that he had been wounded in an aborted attempt to kidnap Glenn Frey's cat, Charlie, the night before the game. Never try to kidnap a cat who has the same name as you.

Charles M. Young's performance at the plate was an omen. He popped out to Eagles second baseman Terry Bassett. Even Jim Dunning, ROLLING STONE's best player, who was once drafted by the Baltimore Orioles, had the jitters and grounded out to second base. Then ROLLING STONE third baseman, Eric Baron, drew a walk, and Henley got RS first baseman Claeys Bahrenburg on a fly ball to left field.

As the Eagles came to bat in the bottom of the first, their new kid was nervous. Timothy B. Schmit, the Latino with the German last name and the samurai headband, was so nervous, in fact, that he drilled a line shot that nearly took off Eric Baron's glove at third base. This too was an omen. We would hit the ball hard all day long. At the end of the first, the score was 3-0, but RS did not lie down. After a quiet second inning they came

and ninth, but it was too late. Final score: 15-8. Peter "Better tickets, better reviews" Herbst, the proud owner of two errors and hideless in three trips to the plate, looked dejected. It seemed he had this performance problem. His team had left thirteen runners stranded while committing five errors. In the end it was errors that cost RS the game. Their first error was to call the Eagles sissies in Random Notes. Their second error was to compete with us in front of girls.

## UNICEF the big winner

THE EAGLES MAY have scored the most runs, but UNICEF's World Nutrition Program was the big winner of the softball game. In addition to ROLLING STONE's \$5000 contribution as the losing team, UNICEF pulled in proceeds from blocks of hundred-dollar bleacher tickets sold to the following organizations: Elektra/Asylum Records, ABC Records, A&M Records, Atlantic Records, CBS Records, Jeff Wald Associates, Warner Bros. Records, Casablanca Records, Celebration Productions, Chrysalis Records, Jam Productions, Landmark Production, Stardate Productions and Wolf and Rissmiller Concerts.