

Society for American Baseball Research

BIBLIOGRAPHY COMMITTEE NEWSLETTER

January 2006 (06-1)

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Comments from the Chair

Andy McCue

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I'D LIKE TO WELCOME Ron Kaplan as editor of our newsletter. Ron's been a committee member for a number of years (I don't know how to check exactly how many or I'd tell you) and is a prolific reviewer of baseball books for a number of publications. He's got ideas for improving the look and content of the newsletter and we'll begin to see them with this issue.

I'm sure he'll do it elsewhere in this newsletter, but I'd like to request that all of you with suggestions about improving the newsletter contact Ron. We're always looking for good ideas, and for participation.

I can't welcome Ron without extending my deepest thanks to Skip McAfee, our vice chair. Skip produced the newsletter from Dec. 1988 through last October. That's some 68 issues. He started in the days when he had to re-type Frank Phelps beautifully printed notes, take the finished product to the copy shop, type up 75 or so envelopes, put on stamps and take them all down to the post office. He persevered through the conversion to electronic production, and then to e-mail. Each step saved work in the long run, but certainly added to the work for the first issue under the new methods. I hope Ron will have it easier.

Speaking of good work for a long time, Rich Arpi decided to produce an annual compilation of "Current Baseball Publications" for this issue rather than the usual quarterly summary. I think that creates a much more usable document. Remember, Jim Lannen will have all this material up on the committee website, maybe even before you get this.

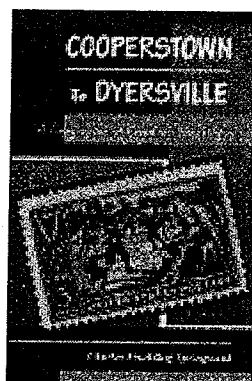
Roger Erickson graciously volunteered to do an index for McFarland's King Kelly book, which should be coming out this year. This will contain *Play Ball: Stories of the Diamond Field*, published in 1888 and supposedly written by Kelly as well as other pieces by or about the King. Thank you, Roger. While doing indexes for McFarland, Nebraska, and other publishers is fun, we are also looking constantly for anyone interested in indexing baseball books which were published without them. We have a set of guidelines (drawn up by Skip) to get you going.

The Baseball Index continues to grow, both in volume and in its use. Ted Hathaway added several thousand entries late in 2005 and pushed us over the 220,000 mark. The website is being accessed between 6,000 and 7,000 times a

month and usage has been increasing steadily. This project remains at the core of why our committee exists and I encourage each of you to contact me or Ted (sabrtbi@mn.rr.com) about volunteering on the project.

By the time you get this, the report date for pitchers and catchers should only be about a month away, so be of good winter cheer.

Book Reviews



**Cooperstown to Dyersville:
A Geography of
Baseball Nostalgia**

Charles Fruehling Springwood.
Boulder, CO: Westview Press,
1996. Notes, bibliography, index.
217pp. ISBN 0-8133-2668-0

THIS TITLE SUGGESTED a particularly splendid topic: a look at two places where the meanings of baseball get institutionalized. Nevertheless, I put off reading this book for nearly nine years since it was published. It's not a long book, but it's an intimidating-looking one for the general reader. As it turned out, I was fascinated, and anyone interested in the meanings people attach to baseball will be, too.

But I was also right to be intimidated. The phrase "Institutional Structures of Feeling" appears on the copyright page, suggesting this book is one of a series with this focus. Springwood is an academic who is convinced of the necessity to "theorize" everything. Thus he reduces his audience to other theorists, and the rest of us are left puzzled by such statements as the following: At one point he describes himself as "positioned within the context of critical cultural theory and committed to deciphering the conservative cultural logic of the two baseball nostalgia sites"; at another point he asserts, discussing notions of the family, that "for Deleuze and Guattari, the nuclear family is disarticulated from the sphere of material production under the regime of capitalism, but as the 'original' oedipal structure of desire it becomes the primary site from which to 'reterritorialize' production."

It's easy to make fun of this style of writing, but it's best (Springwood might even reject this concept), but at a small group of other professionals in an academic field, in this case anthropology; Springwood is an ethnologist.

The book's first chapter described the shape of his project: "The practice of anthropology, or more precisely, its defining methodology, ethnography, has historically been characterized by going *into the field*." This is what has saved the book for this general reader. "The point," Springwood says elsewhere, "is to refocus on what people are actually doing and how they are doing it and to emphasize that these everyday activities are at the center of history and structural change." Springwood conducts many interviews, and he himself becomes part of the places he studies. He says: "This project is about baseball. It is more specifically about how these two sites ... and their visitors approach baseball" and demonstrates "how these baseball sites are produced, engaged, and experienced in the context of nostalgia, in a manner that distances the political complexity and plurality of the world ... a conservative, consumption-inspired longing for an imagined past."

Springwood's second chapter focuses on how baseball "has served as a terrain for the discursive struggle over the meanings of pastoral and urban metaphors." He looks at the work of the Mills Commission, but also at the baseball fiction of Mark Harris and W.P. Kinsella and at the urban stadium movement to show how baseball's rural (and urban) origin is understood.

The third chapter — by far the book's longest — looks closely at Cooperstown itself through several of the author's visits. His accounts are especially accessible to the general reader. He reports many conversations he had with other visitors about the Hall of Fame and its meaning. There's a fascinating section about the Hall's handling of race. Springwood also talks about his own participation in the Leatherstocking Baseball Club, including an account of Reggie Jackson's participation in one of their games. He looks at the business of Will Arlt, a Cooperstown baseball entrepreneur. There's an account of the 1993 induction weekend, Jackson being the principal inductee.

In chapter four, Springwood turns to Dyersville (the Iowa ballfield built for the film, *Field of Dreams*), where he finds "the same cultural themes" treated "in radically different ways." Springwood finds "a common reason people cite for coming to the field concerns how the film's narrative, which deals with generation gaps, personal redemption, and making peace with one's parents, speaks to their own life situations." Most interesting are the responses of Jim Bohn (a grieving father who lost his son in an airplane crash), Terry Rush (an evangelical preacher), and Ron Eberhard (a business seminarian). Springwood also looks at the activities of the two owners (Don Lansing and Al Ameskamp) of the "field of dreams." He finds that the site is associated with family values, hard work, and rural life, and also with the idea of redemption. These ideas are always interesting, even though the language in which they are reported is often difficult for the general reader.

In chapter five, Springwood develops some of the themes he's discovered, animating both sites, that is "an agrarian symbolic field through which discourses of history, nation, and a gendered family order are figured." Much of the chap-

to remember, too, that it's aimed, not at "general readers" ter is spent discussing "a particular concept of the family." In this concept, he finds "an emergent masculinity that, in tandem with family values, conservatism ostensibly embraces emotionality and emphasized relationships." This is a far cry from the usual male macho image. For this reader, the high point of the chapter was a brief discussion of race in *Field of Dreams*. Springwood's conclusion is that the movie "effects a utopian erasure of racial difference and neutralization of the legacy of racism in U.S. history and life." Throughout the book, Springwood's analyses of the sites' treatment of race are of special interest.

There is a brief concluding chapter followed by another chapter analyzing alternative views of the meaning of baseball, "a travel writing collection by John Krich [*El Béisbol*, 1989] and ... a boldly provocative feminist critique of baseball, in filmic form [*A Spy in the House That Ruth Built*, 1989], by Vanalyne Green." Though it was a hard book for this reader — no anthropologist or theorist — *Cooperstown to Dyersville* contains interesting information about what these two sites — and baseball in general — mean to us.

Leverett T. (Terry) Smith

North Carolina Wesleyan College, Rocky Mount, NC



**Pure Baseball:
Pitch by Pitch for the
Advanced Fan**

Keith Hernandez and Mike Bryan.
New York: HarperCollins Publishers, 1994. Index. 259 pp. ISBN 0-06-017-090-5

I'VE DELAYED READING this one, mainly intimidated by that talk about "the advanced fan." Would I prove advanced enough? I didn't know. Today, 11 years after its publication, much of Hernandez' book is common knowledge. Even so, there remain plenty of reasons to read or re-read the book. For those who haven't, Hernandez watches two major league baseball games played during the 1993 season and comments on each, if not exactly pitch-by-pitch, then practically so. From the National League, he chooses a Braves-Phillies game; from the American League, a Tigers-Yankees contest. This reader enjoyed renewing acquaintance with the 1993 Braves, Phillies, Tigers, and Yankees fans may have the same reaction. Its title says what it is: *pure baseball*; there's no talk about the game's politics or place in the country's economics or culture.

For Hernandez, "this battle of wits and balance of talent between the pitcher and the hitter is baseball."

"The best way to delve deeper into a ball game ... is to analyze the decision making and the execution of the pitcher and the hitter on each individual pitch and then to watch and analyze the resulting play with this understanding." An important corollary: "If the heart of baseball is the contest of wills and talent between the pitcher and the hitter, you need both good pitching and good hitting to make a good ball game." Hernandez muses about the richness of a Lou

Whitaker at bat against Jimmy Key: "the match-up will be full of memories for both of them."

He has lots to say about the craft of pitching. Occasionally the insight comes with such great succinctness that the idea seems commonplace: "If you can get the batter concerned inside, you can get him out outside." Then there's this paradox: "most good hitters hate to face ... unknown pitchers, who can give you more trouble than Randy Johnson and Juan Guzman do." There's also lots of talk about the importance of relief pitching: "one of the most challenging parts of the manager's job." He reminds us of Whitey Herzog's feeling that he was only as good a manager as his use of his bullpen allowed.

On the batter's side, Hernandez talks about the importance of staying positive. After Pete Smith catches John Kruk looking at a curve ball "on the outside edge at the knees," Hernandez imagines the following: "Kruk just salutes and walks away. Great pitch, Pete! But John is also saying to himself, 'Do that again with the bases loaded, I dare you ...' Because if that pitch misses a fraction to the outside, it's a ball and a walk; a little to the inside, it's right over the plate, sitting pretty. These pep talks help the hitter stay in a positive mode as he heads back to the dugout, stick in hand."

Hernandez makes a sensible distinction between "looking" and "guessing" in the batter's box: "All veteran hitters look for certain pitches or for a certain zone — inside or outside — or both in certain situations." To do this, batters must be able to take a strike and have the discipline to do so. On the other hand, "if the hitter tried pure *guessing* very often, he'd be looking for another job because guessing, unlike looking, is all-or-nothing, and good hitters rarely guess at the plate." Oddly, Hernandez follows this with two examples of successful guessing.

Reading this book 11 years after its publication, I constantly thought it sounded a great deal like the announcers on Fox and ESPN. Could it have influenced them? Hernandez is interested in the virtues of watching the game on TV. Right at the start, he says that most of us "now follow baseball mainly on television, and it seemed advisable to take this fact into account in writing this book." Viewers benefit in being able to identify pitches more easily than fans in the stands. Speaking of Danny Jackson's two fastballs, Hernandez says, "Watching on television, you could pick up the difference easily. Sitting here in the stands, it's tougher to see, no doubt about it." Later, he points out that signals between pitcher and catcher are better seen on TV, a function of the center-field camera angle. Here is Hernandez' description: "With the count 2-2, Leyritz flashes the sign — '1' — and taps his left thigh, indicating location outside. Kamieniecki waits, and a split-second later Leyritz flashes the '1' again and taps his right thigh. This is the location Kamieniecki wants — inside — and only on television can you know how it came about."

Hernandez tells a wonderful story illustrating his liking of "the older, asymmetrical parks that affect the strategies of the game." In the 1986 World Series, Mets scouts had noticed "a more subtle effect of the [Green Monster]." Red Sox runners routinely took second assuming the left fielder would throw to the cutoff man to hold the baserunner at

third. During the Series a quick throw by the left fielder to second retired the batter and scotched a Red Sox rally.

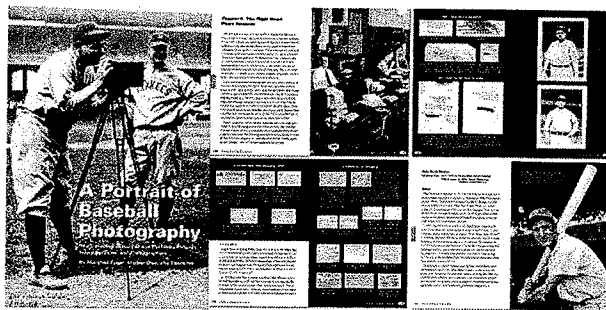
At the conclusion of the book, Hernandez reminds us that " ... baseball is a game of small differences and details that come into clearer focus with careful scrutiny and are missed otherwise. I've tried to prove that the more you know, the more you enjoy."

This review mentions just a few of the many "differences and details" that Hernandez discusses. It's hard not to feel more advanced a watcher after reading *Pure Baseball*.

Leverett T. (Terry) Smith

A Portrait of Baseball Photography

Marshall Fogel, Khyber Oser, and Henry Yee. Mastronet Web site. "Vintage Guides", vol. 2. paperback. 347 pp. \$25



"VINTAGE GUIDES" ARE PUBLICATIONS designed to help collectors of various kinds of memorabilia. The page quality is remarkably good, and the book is full of glossy black-and-white photos. The individual pictures are mostly of Hall of Famers, but there are some unusual shots of them, along with some nice old team and ballpark photos. (The Web site is www.books.mastronet.com/photoguide.htm).

Portrait gives an overview of the history of baseball photography, starting in the 19th century. It points out some basic things to look for in viewing a photo that one might want to purchase, such as whether it is a wire photo, what kind of stamping is on its back, and whether there are any editorial markings; examples of stamping are pictured in the book.

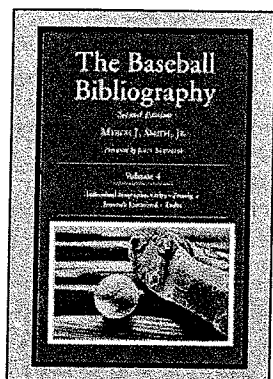
There is a large chapter on the various news photo services over the years. The book also covers other photo genres, such as magazine, amateur, and team press photos.

There's a helpful section devoted to the "great photographers" of baseball, such as Joseph Hall, Carl Horner, Charles Conlon, George Grantham Bain, Louis Van Oeyen, George Lawrence, Paul Thompson, Burke-Atwell, George Burke & George Brace, George Dorrill, Malcolm Emmons, William C. Greene, William Jacobellis, Neil Leifer, Osvaldo Salas, Herbie Scharfman, Bernie Stein, Ozzie Sweet, Don Wingfield, and George Woodruff. Several of these shutterbugs are pictured in this book. I was surprised to see that Walter Iooss was missing from the list of "greats."

Two appendixes are also useful. One gives explanations of various photographic processes; the other contains a glossary of terms.

Two photos in the book were rather unexpected for a Liston and an official White House photo of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Bill Hickman
Rockville, MD



***The Baseball Bibliography,
Second Edition***

Myron J. Smith, Jr. Jeffersonville, NC: McFarland & Co., 2006. 1718 pages in four paperbound volumes. ISBN 0-7864-1531-2. \$150.

I WOULD HAVE HOPED to write in this space that there is no need for Myron Smith's *The Baseball Bibliography: The Second Edition* (McFarland, 2006). But I really can't do that.

Back in 1987's *SABR Review of Books*, the Bibliography Committee's founding chair, Frank Phelps, reviewed Smith's first edition, *Baseball: A Comprehensive Bibliography*, and found it was complementing, not replacing, Anton Grobani's *Guide to Baseball Literature* (Gale Research, 1975).

Today, the comparison is with our committee's The Baseball Index project (TBI, www.baseballindex.org). Since I've worked on The Baseball Index for nearly 15 years, that makes me a less than impartial reviewer. But it also means I'm familiar with the possibilities. Both works seek to list references to printed resources of interest to baseball researchers.

Smith's first edition appeared in 1986 and contained 21,251 numbered entries. This clearly surpassed the nearly 3,000 listed by Grobani. Most of the difference came from Smith's worthy decision to include periodicals. McFarland published updates of Smith's work in 1993 and 1998, adding nearly 13,000 citations; the current volume includes 57,566 entries.

TBI was started in 1991. Ted Hathaway had proposed the idea of a computerized listing of baseball literature to Frank Phelps, and Frank asked me to help Ted with the project. As of early January, 2006, it contains more than 220,000 entries.

The numbers are a pointer to one of the critical areas of difference between Smith's book and TBI, the medium chosen. The other is content and I'll get to that in a moment.

The day of the printed medium for lists is passing quickly. We see it in baseball statistics. We see it in movie theater listings. We see it in stock tables. All that information is printed in newspapers, a far more timely medium than books. Internet-based lists offer several clear advantages over "hard copy." They are infinitely expandable.

They are infinitely expandable. The limits of paper are apparent in Smith's latest edition. It takes 1,718 pages in four paperbound volumes (as opposed to 915 in the origi-

baseball book: Muhammad Ali standing over a fallen Sonny Liston). So the author has basically tripled the entries while doubling the number of pages.

The pages are larger, but there have been other space-driven compromises as well. In the first edition, for example, the sections on individual teams and players were set off by white space. In the second edition, they are merely put in bold type, making the breaks much harder to find. Even an increase in point size in the bold type would have been helpful.

Electronic systems are correctable, as Ted and I know only too well. He, I, and our volunteers make mistakes.

They can be corrected literally in moments. Smith's will live until the triumph of the last book-burner. (Some continue to live despite their exposure.)

In his first edition, for example, Smith included Bern Keating's *An Illustrated History of the Texas Rangers* — a book about the police organization of the same name, and it's still included in the second edition despite mention of the mistake in SABR publications.

Computerized systems are richer in connections. Let's say you are interested in the *ballplaying* Texas Rangers. Smith's book offers 48 entries in his Texas Rangers section. You will have to remember that biographies of people such as Billy Martin, Whitey Herzog, and Mike Hargrove all contain significant information about the Rangers. As of Jan. 7, 2006, TBI contained 1,944 entries with information about the Rangers, much of it in sources that are not directly about the team itself but about its members, owners, television deals, etc. These kinds of connections are easily handled in a database system.

Electronic systems are cheaper. Passing blithely past the cost of a computer and a monthly Internet hookup, I can say that getting TBI information is free, while Smith's four paperbacks are priced at \$150. As hinted in the discussion of expandability, cost is clearly an issue. Reference books are generally hardbound, as the constant opening — and holding open the book while copying reference information — puts great strain on the spine. But hard covers would have added even more to the price. Four paperbacks wind up a useful compromise. By thinning each volume, the potential for spine damage is reduced.

I should note that print does retain its advantages. Books are more portable than computers, especially computers with Internet connections. But even that is changing. Books also have an established way to make money, which finances their updating. TBI is free and is thus dependent upon the continued willingness of SABR members to volunteer their time.

While the advantages of an electronic system are clear, the content/quality differences between Smith and TBI are not so clear.

TBI contains many more entries, but its coverage is far from comprehensive. Smith does an especially good job with academic dissertations and some of the more obscure journals (from *Aberdeen's Concrete Construction* to *You*). TBI is spotty in those areas.

It can also be spotty on some major periodicals, depending on whether a volunteer has stepped forward to do a particular year or period. Smith is a professional bibliographer and this work clearly reflects that. There is a good in-

dex. His intentions, and limitations, are clearly set out at the beginning.

While there are gaps and mistakes in Smith, this work does merit a look to supplement TBI when beginning a research project. Smith's problems are more indicative of his medium than of his work.

Andy McCue

Author Profile: Thomas Oliphant

The following interview by Ron Kaplan with Thomas Oliphant, author of Praying for Gil Hodges (Thomas Dunne Books), originally appeared on Bookreporter.com in October 2005 to mark the 50th anniversary of the Brooklyn Dodgers' only World Series championship.

Why did you write this book?

I had this stone in my shoe all my life, and it came out talking with close friends. This memory didn't die and get buried, only to be resurrected. It has always been, I think, because it's a bittersweet story. There's a lot of disappointment — personal and baseball — in there, and a lot of joy. But it was sort of teetering on the edge when I saw that little sign on that bridge in Indiana.

The first thing I did was call Doris [Kearns Goodwin, author of *Wait Till Next Year*] just because I knew she would get such a kick out of it. That book is poetry. And it was like, for once in your life would you shut up and tell your story and get it out of your system? My friends who are psychologists and shrinks say it's a heck of a lot cheaper than five years of therapy.

It was a political year, 1998, and there was a hot House race in Southern Indiana near Bloomington, the university town. I was driving down a country highway, and as I narrate, the first thing I saw was a little sign that said "Princeton." A little bell went off and then about five or six miles later there it was: the Gil Hodges Memorial Bridge. When I stopped the car, got out and sat on it, I let memories wash back over me.

By the time I got back in the car, I was ready for a friend, a wife, and an agent to persuade me to get off my skinny butt and do this.

A huge part of the book deals with you and your father.

Absolutely! I was part of a "Dodger family." We, of course, weren't the only ones, we weren't unique, and maybe we weren't even totally typical. But this was at a time when America was still a largely blue-collar country. Everybody was just two or three missed paychecks away from catastrophe, struggling, not quite succeeding.

Everything about the Dodgers immediately pre- and post-World War II was eminently understandable to ordi-

nary American families, not just [in Brooklyn]. Part of the task, I thought, was to try to understand the resonance. This is unique. There was no 50-year recognition last year for the Giants upsetting the Indians. There wasn't any 50-year recognition even two years ago for the start of the Yankees' [World Series] winning streak that probably will never be equaled again.

To me, it's like a two or three stage rocket. First, Brooklyn: It has the largest Diaspora of any chunk of real estate in America, Ellis Island included. The experts who've done the demography figure that one in five — some even argue one in four — Americans either lived there or had a relative or ancestor who did. It's the most important gateway in the country. You say "Brooklyn" anywhere in the country and it has a resonance that The Bronx and Queens don't have.

Secondly is this idea of struggle and underdogs. It is an essential part of American mythology because it's so true. In the late forties and early fifties, when most of America rooted from afar because there were only sixteen teams in fourteen cities — not one south of Washington or west of St. Louis — the hard luck underdog, or the hard luck struggler, was the easiest thing with which to identify. The Yankees were like the Roman Empire, the majestic winning machine that you were in awe of. The Dodgers came closer to being America's team based solely on that perception.

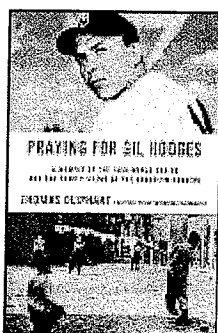
But then the clincher for me that I think people have forgotten is that race played a huge role. I noticed in studying the Black press in the early fifties that it was routine for the Dodger train to pull into a city on a road trip late in the evening. There would be a few hundred people on the train platform, almost all of them black men with their sons, just to get a glimpse of their heroes.

And that produced a whole chunk of America that at least in September identified with [the Dodgers] simply because of the enormity of what they had accomplished at a time when nothing else good in America was happening. One of the things I fixated on after the third out of Game Seven in 1955: It's two months, almost to the day, when Rosa Parks doesn't give up her seat on that bus. And yet in '55, if Newcombe was pitching, the Dodgers routinely put five African American ballplayers on the field. And there were still four teams at the time that hadn't yet integrated.

Why did you name the book for Hodges?

I was looking for a metaphysical story. [During one World Series, when Hodges was having a particularly rough showing, a Brooklyn priest told his congregation, "It's too hot for a sermon. Go home, keep the commandments, and pray for Gil Hodges."] [A]nd it had the additional advantage of being true, because my father was from rural Indiana [as was Hodges] and to me Hodges just seemed to embody the stoicism, the purpose with which the Dodgers confronted adversity. He wasn't a jovial man; he was more of a majestic figure and all the parents in Brooklyn wanted their kids to be like him. You don't complain, you don't shout, you don't quit. And it was really true. I guess what we didn't know is that he kept a lot of it bottled up. [Hodges died of a heart attack in 1972 at the age of 48.]





So is Hodges your favorite player?

It doesn't work that way with the Dodgers. This is where the politics of this discussion comes in. It is definitely a collective appeal. You do not have anything that approaches Willie Mays or Mickey Mantle. I mean, [Duke] Snider obviously does as a ballplayer, but I mean in terms of adulation. It's Dodgers first, ballplayers second.

Was Jackie Robinson's importance to the team overstated or justified?

I wanted to check, dig more deeply than that, and go beyond 1947. After I talked to the African Americans who were involved at the time in helping to make this happen and then making it work, as well as the people with more national experience and some memory (Vernon Jordan is a very good example), I realized that most of us have forgotten the fact that nothing was happening after WWII ended. Nothing. You couldn't even get a vote on the Senate floor for legislation outlawing lynching. Branch Rickey signed Robinson three years before Truman's executive order [integrating the Army]. In the black community, the disappointment and anger of returning vets thinking "well, maybe now after what we've done..." was palpable. But what made Jackie Robinson so special was that he was involved in a team sport that just happened to be the national pastime, and this was the first segregation barrier to fall. The country understood this when Robinson came up in 1947, no question. It was a huge occurrence that helped pave the way for what would come immediately thereafter.

What about minority ballplayers? Is there an appreciation for the pioneers like Robinson, Black, Campanella and Newcombe?

I think a lot of us have forgotten how the Dodgers also taught America, before it learned from any other venue, what immigration means. On a typical day in 1955, if Newcombe was pitching, you had Newcombe, Campanella, Jim Gillian, Jackie Robinson and Sandy Amoros on the same field. That's a majority. And this was ten years before the bill passed Congress outlawing segregation in public accommodations. That's a pretty big deal. And what I discovered, which I didn't fully appreciate as a boy, was how big this was in the African American community throughout the country.

Do you think today's players appreciate what their athletic predecessors did?

We forget. This has long since become part of history, and history has a different resonance from something current. There won't be a 75th anniversary event. This is it. The important pieces of the historical memory have pretty much gotten their due. But understanding how vital the Dodgers were to post-World War II American history is very important because it was huge. It just wasn't noticed at the time.

What is it about baseball that engages such scholarly affection inspiring so many writers who can be considered

"intellectual," such as George F. Will, Jay Stephen Gould, Charles Krauthammer — and yourself — to write about the game?

A lot of us like to do it just because it's a way of emptying our own notebook. Some of it is embarrassing and I think that's why you see writers take refuge in statistics. To me, every time you get to a number, you fail. I don't understand all of what's made it so important in American history, but I'm positive that memory and these insoluble arguments will go on forever.

Detroit Public Library hosts Ernie Harwell collection

The Ernie Harwell Sports Collection began in 1966 when the legendary broadcaster made his initial donation of years' worth of various memorabilia.

Over the years Harwell has continued to contribute material. The library, located at 5201 Woodward Avenue, now boasts "a public collection...second only to the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown." An exhibit area called "The Lulu and Ernie Harwell Room" houses a portion of the collection in addition to seats from Tiger Stadium at Michigan and Trumbull and a mock broadcast booth.

The library's online catalog provide a list of all the items in the collection. For collection samples or further information, visit detroit.lib.mi.us/Harwell/index.htm

The Essential Baseball Library

A listing from *The SABR Review of Books*, v2, 1987 appears in the October 2004 issue of the *Bibliography Committee Newsletter*. In April 2005, SABR president Dick Beverage weighed in with some suggestions of his own. Most recently, Steve Milman has offered his considered evaluation of his "essential" library, which will appear in the next issue.

In the mean time, I invite everyone to work up his or her own set of "must-haves." Since it can be assumed that all who receive this newsletter are baseball bibliophiles, and since it's been almost twenty years and thousands of books later, I call upon committee to send in their suggestions for a long-overdue update.

Categories include, but are not limited to, reference works (i.e., *Total Baseball*); statistics and statistical analyses; strategic analyses (*The Thinking Fan's Guide to Baseball*); biography and autobiography; team histories; event-specific (*The Giants Win the Pennant*); fiction; juvenile literature (hey, the kids have to learn somewhere); African-American; and miscellaneous, including other cultural aspects of the game. Please e-mail your lists to me at Ronk23@aol.com by March 15.

Ron Kaplan