

BIBLIOGRAPHY COMMITTEE NEWSLETTER

July 2011 (11—3)

©2011 Society for American Baseball Research

Opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect the position or official policy of SABR or its Bibliography Committee.
Editor: Ron Kaplan (23 Dodd Street, Montclair, NJ 07042, 973-509-8162, Ronk232@comcast.net)

Comments from the Chair

Andy McCue
Riverside, CA

Greetings in the wake of SABR41, which was held in Southern California earlier this month. As usual, it was a high point of my year and I'm already looking forward to Minneapolis next year.

We had a small committee meeting which touched on a number of subjects. I apologized for my lack of energy for this committee over the past year. I over-estimated my ability to handle the committee while also serving as SABR president and co-chair of the convention committee.

The first was the need for a new vice-chair or co-chair for the committee. Skip McAfee has indicated he would like to step aside and we could use someone to handle some of our non-TBI projects.

The second was the need to upgrade the software powering The Baseball Index. The software is now 15 years old and the company that produced it has left our playing field and has not turned over a full version of the software to SABR. Thus, fixing problems is very much a hit or miss proposition. In addition, the search engine is limited to four fields, instead of the 24 fields in the database. The on-line data entry system is so clumsy I routinely suggest new volunteers avoid using it.

I have asked Peter Garver, who is now working part-time for SABR, to give me an estimate of what it would cost to take public domain database software and have him customize it for a new version of TBI. Once I hear from Peter, I will be turning to raising the money that will be needed.

In the interim, we continue to need volunteers to improve TBI's content. Tom LeBlanc has stepped up to begin cataloguing *Baseball Digest*. Much of *Baseball Digest* has been scanned onto Google's website and I have many donated copies that can be given to volunteers. It's a good way to get a lot of content into the database quickly.

We could also use a volunteer to do SABR publications. Joe Murphy did that task wonderfully for many years, but we now need a new commitment. This would involve cataloguing the two issues of the *Baseball Research Journal* and *The National Pastime* issue produced for our annual convention. If either of these projects appeal to you, please get in touch.

Former SABR President Dick Beverage, who's one of the leading Pacific Coast League researchers, is looking for a volunteer to index his upcoming revised and expanded histo-

ry of the Los Angeles Angels (not of Anaheim). Doing indexes is one of the services the committee has provided over the years. Again, if interested, get in touch with me.

I'd also like to encourage you to do reviews of baseball books. Our newsletter editor Ron Kaplan and Terry Smith do excellent work, but we can always use both greater quantity and greater diversity. Don't worry if you are reviewing the same book as one of them. Different viewpoints are always welcome.

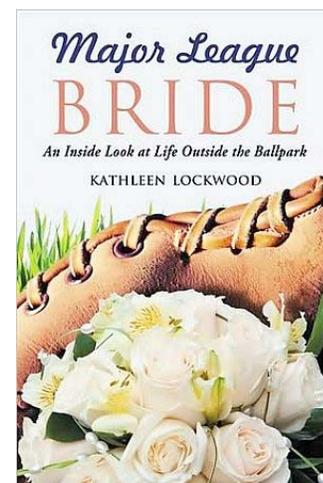
Finally, my congratulations to Steve Steinberg and Lyle Spatz, winners of the Seymour Award for *1921: The Yankees, the Giants, and the Battle for Baseball Supremacy in New York*, and to Kate Buford for *Native American Son: The Life and Sporting Legend of Jim Thorpe*, winner of the Deadball Committee's Larry Ritter award.

Features and Reviews

Major League Bride by Kathleen Lockwood. (Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland, 2010)

As the title indicates, Lockwood's memoir sets out to relate the big league experience from the uncommon perspective of a baseball player's wife. Fans of a certain age might recognize her husband, Skip Lockwood, a starter turned closer who achieved some fame with the New York Mets in the mid-1970s and who shared a 1965 rookie card with Blue Moon Odom and Catfish Hunter. More than just a memoir, Lockwood's book provides a cultural history because her and her husband's time in baseball was bracketed by the strikes of 1972 and 1981 — an important period in the labor relations of Major League Baseball.

In addition to telling a unique and important story, Lockwood's style and themes bring a big league pedigree to the plate that echoes and updates the cultural work of base-



ball found in the writing of Albert Goodwill Spalding, Horatio Alger, and John J. McGraw.

In a body of literature that is predominately voiced in the masculine perspective, Lockwood's book takes its place alongside the work of Jean Hastings Ardell (*Breaking into Baseball*), Barbara Gregorich (*Women at Play*), and Susan Fornoff (*Lady in the Locker Room*). While women as fans, historians, and sportswriters can get close to the game through their devotion to the sport and their work, Lockwood's book shows that a baseball wife perhaps lives within the game to a greater degree than anyone short of the player him- or herself. (The mother of a player can also get pretty close to the game, as attested in Jennifer Ring's *Stolen Bases: Why American Girls Don't Play Baseball*). While Bobbie Bouton and Jessica Canseco have written books from the perspective of a player's wife, Lockwood's offers a more balanced take on the experience in that she doesn't have cleats to grind about infidelity and steroid use. A Google search reveals at least three ongoing blogs devoted to the same subject, which perhaps indicates that more such narratives are in the offing; we can only hope that future authors of baseball wife memoirs will address their topic with half as much insight and care as Lockwood clearly took with her book.

In addition to providing a cultural snapshot of the 1970s that brings back fond memories of polyester sport coats, shag carpeting, and fuzzy wallpaper, *Major League Bride* will also appeal to readers looking for interesting stories about players as widely disparate as Satchel Paige (who was Skip Lockwood's teammate for one game in 1965 thanks to a promotional effort by Charlie Finley), Bill "Spaceman" Lee (who co-owned a Volkswagen Beetle with the Lockwoods during a stretch of winter ball in Puerto Rico), and Felipe Alou (who managed Skip in Denver during his last stop with the AAA affiliate of the Montreal Expos in 1982). In between these points, Lockwood's book will keep the reader amazed at the number of well-known players, managers, and owners that she encountered during her involvement with the game, which also goes to show how tightly knit the baseball fraternity was in the 1970s. That point is further illustrated — along with interesting insight to the period in which major league players fought for and won the right to free agency — when Lockwood recalls how their condo was turned into a temporary rooming house for other players and their wives during the strike of 1972. Today's fans will also be surprised by the minimum salaries of the period and the fact the players' wives organized potluck dinners and carpooled to save money.

Perhaps most impressive are the ways in which Lockwood's book fits into the larger picture of baseball literature in general. The book combines an alliterative style that would have made Albert G. Spalding proud with chapter and subsection titles that are both thematic and reminiscent of the music of the 1970s. Because her book tells the story of her development and maturity as a young woman who went straight from college into the world of baseball, it taps into the *Bidungsroman*/Horatio Alger narrative qualities of the game's literature that date back to the late 19th century. What's more, Lockwood's take on the role of the baseball wife would have earned the approval of John McGraw — even if she and Skip didn't wait until after the World Series to get married, as McGraw advised in his book, *My 30*

Years in Baseball (since Skip was playing for the Milwaukee Brewers — a carry-over of the historically bad Seattle Pilots — the Lockwoods would still be waiting to hold the ceremony). While corned beef was not in Lockwood's culinary repertoire, as was the case with the exemplary baseball wife McGraw held up in his book, her memoir makes it clear that she learned to be enough of an amateur psychologist and motivational specialist to smooth over the days when Skip's work on the field didn't go well without the hours and hours of food preparation.

The foregoing should make it clear that Lockwood's book will appeal to a wide range of readers: women and men who are interested in hearing the story of one woman's experience in baseball; researchers seeking insight to the tumultuous world of baseball during the 1970s; and scholars wanting to examine a unique take on baseball literature will all find something to like about *Major League Bride*. Each of those readers will also appreciate Lockwood's honest, open, and genuine approach to her story of playing Wendy among the Lost Boys of summer as they all chased the American dream interpreted through the lens of baseball.

Scott D. Peterson
University of Maine

Note: This review originally appeared on the H-Arete List-Serve. Reprinted with permission.



Alexander Cartwright: The Life behind the Baseball Legend by Monica Nucciarone (Lincoln, Neb.: University of Nebraska Press, 2009)

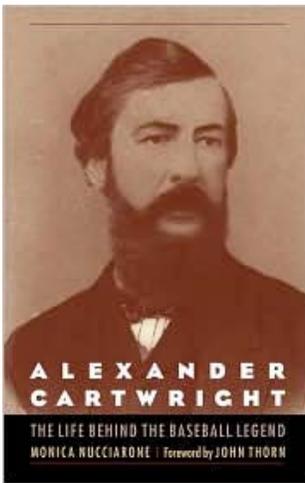
Ransom Stoddard: "You're not going to use the story, Mr. Scott?"
Maxwell Scott: "No sir. This is the West, sir. When the legend becomes fact, print the legend."

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence (1962)

Writers have been printing the legends about baseball's origins for more than a century. Thus, we all know the legend. Abner Doubleday invented baseball out of whole cloth in bucolic Cooperstown, New York. A few years later, Alexander Cartwright formalized the rules and created the first formal baseball club, the New York Knickerbockers. By the turn into the twentieth century, these legends formalized as facts, and the facts became so pernicious that, even today, many people are invested in their veracity. Growing piles of scholarly literature and journalistic investigation revealing that Doubleday had virtually no role in the game at all or that baseball owes its origins to bat and ball games played for centuries and that games of "Ball" were familiar to Americans at least as far back as the 18th century have had relatively little effect on the pervasiveness of the myths and legends of an origin story that emerged, as much as any-

thing, to legitimize baseball as a solely American game during an increasingly nationalistic era.

Monica Nucciarone has entered the affray to try to determine where the lines between myth and fact lie in her persistent and engaging investigation of the life of Alexander Joy Cartwright, the man who shares the stage with Abner Doubleday in baseball's creation mythology. Her book consists of two parts. Part one, "A Legendary Life," serves as a biography of Cartwright that brings the real man to life. Part two, "The Mythography of a Man," attempts to determine what is fact and what is fiction in regard to Cartwright's hand in creating baseball. She largely succeeds on both fronts.



"A Legendary Life" traces Cartwright's life from New York, where he was indeed part of the original Knickerbocker group that established formalized rules for baseball, through his travels west to San Francisco, and continuing to Hawaii, where he spent the bulk of his life. This biographical sketch occupies the bulk of the book. It also provides what might be a "marketing problem." For while the typical buyer of *Alexander Cartwright* will be looking for insight about Cartwright, the baseball man, they will be surprised — and many

will be disappointed — by the fact that baseball occupies a shockingly modest role in Cartwright's life by the time he leaves the mainland United States. This reality is telling and fuels Nucciarone's arguments in the second part of the book. But one can imagine disappointed casual readers who did not expect to read more about the history of Hawaii than the history of baseball.

The irony is that Nucciarone does use Cartwright's biography to tell a compelling history of Hawaii from independence to not-exactly-consenting statehood. Cartwright was an important figure in Hawaiian society, and if he did not spread the gospel of baseball to the islands, he did play a significant role in the history of a place in part because he managed to avoid the worst excesses of what was, at times, an ugly American nationalism even while he was undoubtedly a supporter of the American flag. If baseball fans might end up surprised by the relative lack of baseball in the bulk of the book, western and Hawaii historians might not be aware that Nucciarone has made a nice contribution to their fields. Indeed, one can easily imagine this book in Hawaii history classes at schools and universities in the 50th state.

In "The Mythography of a Man," Nucciarone makes her contribution to baseball historiography. To be sure, myriad historians (including John Thorn, who contributes this book's foreword) have enriched and complicated our understanding of the variegated roots of baseball, exploding mythologies in the process. But Nucciarone provides a thorough examination of the question of Cartwright's role in

establishing the rules of baseball and finds it wanting. Nucciarone is judicious and cautious in her assessments, making clear that she is only willing to go as far as the evidence allows and keeping her speculation to a minimum. Thus, there are no "j'accuse!" moments. Nonetheless, the mass of evidence makes clear that the Cartwright story is largely the product of legend and that, while Cartwright was undoubtedly present at the creation (of the Knickerbocker club and the writing of the game's rules), he was not there alone and may not even have been the central figure. And while Cartwright has long been credited with spreading the game as he traveled westward across the United States, there is little or no hard and fast evidence for this and what evidence there is most often comes from Cartwright's boosters, including family members who understandably wanted to preserve the family legend.

Nucciarone's work shows above all the importance of the historian's fealty to evidence. Maxwell Scott may have preserved to print the legend, but the historian has to counter the legend and do their best to print the facts, to leaven those facts with interpretation, and to do their best to arrive at their version of that most contested of things, truth. *Alexander Cartwright* provides a welcome addition to our understanding of baseball's still legend-enshrouded early decades.

Derek Catsam

University of Texas of the Permian Basin

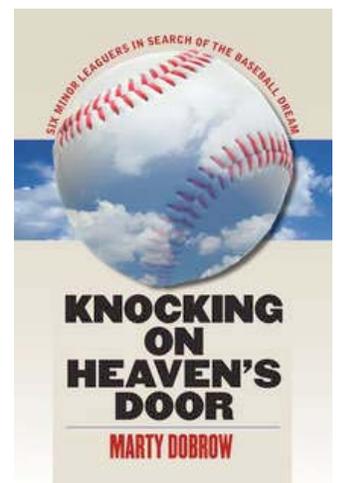
Note: This review originally appeared on the H-Arete List-



Serve. Reprinted with permission

Knocking on Heaven's Door, by Marty Dobrow (Amherst and Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2010)

Since the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, baseball has had more than its share of apologists to proclaim the game's virtues and unique qualities-how the game lends itself to narrative, how it's a meritocracy that rewards hard work and perseverance, or how it acts as a conduit to the American Dream. What baseball literature needs in the present day and age is more writers to tell the whole story-and Marty Dobrow's *Knocking on Heaven's Door* does just that. The book gives us six stories-any one of which is worthy of its own book-and provides a layered look at minor league dreams in the first decade of the twentieth century. While this quest is familiar to readers of sport literature, the depth of Dobrow's approach and the deft qualities of his prose will reward any and all readers.



On one hand, some elements of the book could come from any point in the last 130 years of baseball narratives: the minor leaguer toiling in the shadow of a star player, the local product who plays for his home town team, the highly touted prospects who experience injury early and must work their way back. Other elements are unique to our time, such as the player trying to distance himself from the taint of steroid use. Others — like the knuckleball pitcher who is the son of Folsom Prison guards — are worthy of their own place alongside “Casey at the Bat” and Katie Casey (“Take Me Out to The Ball game”) in American popular culture.

But these are no one-dimensional baseball heroes or cartoon caricatures. The players in Dobrow’s book live and breathe, hope and harbor doubts, succeed and fail, rise to the challenge and melt down ignobly. They have families and part-time off-season jobs. They take long bus rides and red eye flights, and room with real-life Annie Savoys (minus the sex, as Dobrow quickly qualifies). By the end — which is as bittersweet an arrival as in any good book — the reader has come to know each of these players. What’s more, it is difficult not to root for each of them as well, pulling like any hometown fan for them to succeed.

All of this is not to say that the book is not without its inherent challenges. Its depth and breadth almost require a scorecard to track the large cast of characters across ten years and various stops from the bus leagues of the Northeast to the ballparks of South Korea. Dobrow’s ability to tell so many stories at once — six players, plus their families, plus their “mom and pop” agents — is further demonstrated when he connects each of the players with a key theme from baseball literature. The “local boy who made good” quality of Manny del Carmen’s story illustrates the *Bildung* narrative used by baseball writers since the earliest days of the game’s enculturation. Doug Clark’s narrative examines “the dream” and the premise of hard work rewarded, thus calling the meritocracy theme into question. Using Randy Ruiz’s experience, Dobrow looks at the figure of the journeyman, the romance of the game, and the role of the press. Matt Torra’s story reveals the hard reality of the familiar comeback narrative, while Brad Baker’s tale shows how the investment-to the point of using the “we” of ultimate identification-does not always lead to success. Finally the grind of Charlie Zink’s path through the minors echoes the efforts of the other players, highlighting their triumphs and failures.

In addition to being artfully constructed, *Knocking on Heaven’s Door* is also beautifully written. The book has that quality of all excellent prose in that it can make the reader forget the words on the page and allow him or her to focus on the story being told. Brad Baker’s baseball dreams are contrasted with the reality of his situation in an image-filled passage that also highlights key themes with a carefully contrasted triplet:

As seen from outer space, Las Vegas is said to be the brightest place on earth.

It doesn’t feel that way to Leyden’s favorite son, however.

The glittery promise, the vast possibility, the shining sense of what might have been have all started to fade.

Another strong passage makes a thought-provoking literary comparison while discussing Doug Clark’s seeming inability to work hard enough to overcome an early-and inaccurate-assessment of his commitment: “If Orwell’s statement ‘All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others’ fit minor league baseball to a T, one thing was clear: it made no sense to dwell on.” The opening lines of some chapters set up the themes to be explored and throw in alliteration that would make Uncle Albert (Spalding) proud-even if some of the terms don’t present the game in the best light: “The 2005 minor league season was a mixture of the puerile, the peculiar, the pure, and the poignant.” The consistently strong quality of Dobrow’s prose is clearly one of the book’s strengths.

Present-and future-readers will benefit from the inside look provided by Dobrow’s book. Myths will be broken when readers see how the game is not the meritocracy its apologists claim it to be. The romance of the game will be lost when readers experience the grind of minor league existence (without the benefit of Susan Sarandon’s lively Southern twang). Those same readers will learn what Stephen Riess and other sport culture historians have known for years: that baseball is a path to upward mobility for a much smaller number of aspirants than popular belief-and proponents of the game-would have us believe. At the end of the day, *Knocking on Heaven’s Door* gives us the rarest of sport literature: the true baseball story (to borrow from Richard Peterson’s definition) that tells us the truth about the game without sugar-coating its unpleasanties or removing its warts-while somehow still managing to make us love it all the more.

Scott D. Peterson
University of Maine

Note: This review originally appeared on the H-Arete List-Serve. Reprinted with permission.

Author Paul Dickson honored

Paul Dickson, author of several outstanding books on the game, not the least of which is his eponymous *Baseball Dictionary*, was honored at an July event sponsored by the Baseball Reliquary.

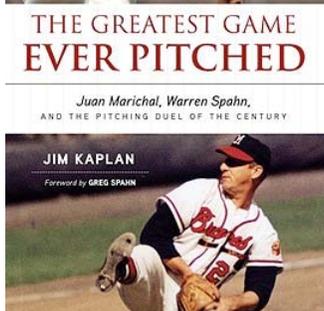
While Robert Alomar, Bert Blyleven, and Pat Gillick were in Cooperstown being inducted into the Hall of Fame, the Reliquary was having an “induction day” of its own in southern California. Dickson was on hand to receive Tony Salin Memorial Award, established in 2002 “to recognize individuals for their commitment to the preservation of baseball history.”



The Greatest Game Ever Pitched: Juan Marichal, Warren Spahn, and the Pitching Duel of the Century, by Jim Kaplan. (Chicago: Triumph Books, 2011)

These days, a manager is thrilled if he can get a “quality start” out of a pitcher: six innings with no more than three earned runs. Gone are the days of 25 complete games in a season by a single hurler; you’re lucky if you can get 25 games from the entire staff. So it’s almost unfathomable for modern fans to conceive of a game with not one, but two premiere pitchers going mano-a-mano for 16 nail-biting innings.

Those were the days, writes Jim Kaplan in *The Greatest Game Ever Pitched*, as he dissects the 1963 contest that



featured two future Hall of Famers on the mound: 43-year-old Warren Spahn of the Milwaukee Braves and the San Francisco Giants’ Juan Marichal, some 18 years his junior.

Kaplan, a veteran baseball author, depicts the tension and fatigue — both physical and mental — as the game edges along, with any mistake on the mound likely to end the festivities. Unfortunately for Spahn, it was he who succumbed, yielding a home run to Willie Mays in

the final frame for the 1-0 loss.

As an example of just how powerful these two teams were, 14 of the 18 players in the starting lineup were All-Stars at some point in their careers. And in addition to Spahn, Marichal and Mays, four more would end up in Cooperstown — Hank Aaron and Eddie Mathews for the Braves, and Willie McCovey and Orlando Cepeda for the host Giants. So this is no weak-hitting expansion franchise misfits here.

The author delves deeply into the back stories for Spahn and Marichal. Each had to deal with financial difficulties growing up, the older man during the Great Depression, the younger in the Dominican Republic. Spahn, who was in the 19th year of a 21-year career, had served in World War II with distinction, receiving a purple heart for wounds suffered in Germany. He lost three prime years to the War, returning to baseball at the age of 25.

Although Marichal did not serve in the military, he had battles of his own to deal with, primarily the double-edge sword of racism faced by Hispanic players. On top of being treated as poorly in many venues as their African-American counterparts, Marichal and teammates such as Felipe Alou, Jose Pagan and Cepeda had the additional yoke of language and cultural issues that were exacerbated even by their own manager, who demanded they speak only English in the Giants’ clubhouse.

As illuminating as the dual biographies are, however, they detract from the purported purpose of the book: to pay tribute to the endurance and accomplishments in that single amazing game that will probably never be duplicated. (In fact, if all the pages containing actual game information were

tallied, they would probably account for less than a third of the total content.) This is not to say that Spahn’s and Marichal’s stories don’t deserve to be told, but it’s too much when you’re promoting the “pitching duel of the century” angle.

Footnote for the sake of accuracy: I’m not sure exactly what criteria Kaplan used in deciding that the Spahn-Marichal game, as obviously impressive as it was, qualified as the “duel of the century,” but it bears noting that on May 1, 1920, Leon Cadore of the Brooklyn Robins (later known as the Dodgers) and Joe Oeschger of the Boston Braves went the distance for their teams in a 1-1 tie that was called after 26 innings.

Ron Kaplan
Montclair, NJ

Note: This review originally appeared on Bookreporter.com



***Sports Illustrated*’s list of best baseball books**

While doing research for my own upcoming book-about-books project, I came across this list, published in 2002, of the 100 top sports titles as chosen by the editors of *Sports Illustrated*, as of the end of 2002.

Of those 100, “only” 32 were about baseball. There are many worthy selections but, as is always the case with lists and rankings, many fine titles were omitted, and the individual reader might disagree with the “positionings.” For example, I would have put *Glory of Their Times* towards the top of the list and maybe subbed in other titles.

Also, note that I asterisked three titles. They’re not about the national pastime *per se*, but there’s enough material to reasonably consider them baseball books.

FYI, the No. 1 sports title: *The Sweet Science*, A.J. Liebling’s 1956 ode to boxing.

The numbers refer to the overall ranking on the *SI* list.

2. *The Boys of Summer*, by Roger Kahn
3. *Ball Four*, by Jim Bouton
5. *You Know Me Al*, by Ring Lardner
14. *Bang the Drum Slowly*, by Mark Harris
18. *The Summer Game*, by Roger Angell
19. *The Long Season*, by Jim Brosnan
24. *The Natural*, by Bernard Malamud
27. *Babe: The Legend Comes to Life*, by Robert Creamer
31. *Joe DiMaggio: The Hero’s Life*, by Richard Ben Cramer
33. *Veeck — As In Wreck: The Autobiography of Bill Veeck*, by Veeck with Ed Linn

37. *A False Spring*, by Pat Jordan
39. *The Red Smith Reader**
41. *The Unforgettable Season*, by G.H. Fleming
42. *The Celebrant: A Novel*, by Eric Rolfe Greenberg
44. *The Bill James Historical Baseball Abstract*
47. *Shoeless Joe*, by W.P. Kinsella
49. *Eight Men Out: The Black Sox and the 1919 World Series*, by Eliot Asinof
50. *Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy*, by Jules Tygiel
52. *Dollar Sign on the Muscle: The World of Baseball Scouting*, by Kevin Kerrane
53. *The Bronx Zoo: The Astonishing Inside Story of the 1978 World Champion New York Yankees*, by Sparky Lyle and Peter Golenbock
55. *The Baseball Encyclopedia: The Complete and Definitive Record of Major League Baseball*
57. *The Glory of Their Times: The Story of the Early Days of Baseball Told by the Men Who Played It*, by Lawrence Ritter
58. *The Complete Armchair Book of Baseball: An All-Star Lineup Celebrates America's National Pastime*
60. *The Lords of the Realm*, by John Helyar
61. *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prop.*, by Robert Coover
74. *Only the Ball Was White: A History of Legendary Black Players and All-Black Professional Teams*, by Robert Peterson
78. *The Great American Novel*, by Philip Roth
82. *Farewell to Sport*, by Paul Gallico*
84. *Can't Anybody Here Play This Game? The Improbable Saga of the New York Mets' First Year*, by Jimmy Breslin
86. *Science of Hitting*, by Ted Williams
93. *No Cheering in the Press Box*, by Jerome Holtzman*
98. *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings: A Novel*, by William Brashler

Ron Kaplan
Montclair, NJ

Of all the sad words of man and pen...

Actually, I take that back.

If these authors had excelled on the diamond, they would have just been a few out of thousands. But as it turns out, baseball's loss was literature's gain.

According to a *Mental Floss* blog entry on "11 prominent authors who excelled in sports":

Prior to his career as New Journalist and writer, Tom Wolfe's foremost aspiration was to play professional baseball. After starring on the mound at Richmond's St. Christopher's School, Wolfe found himself on the pitching staff at Washington and Lee University. Possessing, in his own words, "a great screwball," he would go on to play a couple of seasons of semi-professional baseball until 1952, when he was granted a tryout for the New York Giants. Having been cut by the Giants after only 3 days, which he attributes to a lack of a fastball, the writer was prompted to forgo his baseball dreams and pursue a PhD in American Studies at Yale.

Upon reflection of his failed diamond pursuits, Wolfe remarked, "The only thing that saved me from a very poor career as a professional baseball player is the fact that I wasn't good enough."



Personally, I find it difficult to envision Wolfe, known for his tendency towards stylish attire, as an athlete. I'd certainly be interested in reading a Wolfe baseball novel.

MF also honorably mentions Stephen "Red Badge of Courage" Crane: "he played baseball as a catcher at three different colleges: Claverack, Lafayette, and Syracuse."

Ron Kaplan
Montclair, NJ

Visit The Bookshelf

For news, interviews, reviews, and previews, visit **RonKaplanBaseballBookshelf.com**. And check out the podcast edition as well, available on iTunes.

Please send articles, reviews, and suggestions to: Ron Kaplan at Ronk232@comcast.net. Appropriate topics include books, magazines, blogs, etc. Please put "For SABR Newsletter" in the subject line.