

BIBLIOGRAPHY COMMITTEE NEWSLETTER

April 2008 (08—2)

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Comments from the Chair

I'm sure you've seen the new baseball books flooding into stores and are sampling this year's crop. My favorite so far is Dan Levitt's biography of Ed Barrow and I'm looking forward to Peter Morris' *But Didn't We Have Fun*.

Kudos for TBI

I wanted to share with all of you on the committee, especially the Baseball Index volunteers, the following note from Dr. Roy Kerr:

I can't tell you how useful your Index has been in researching for an upcoming book!

I'm doing a book on "Sliding Billy" Hamilton, who played for Kansas City, Philadelphia, and Boston between 1888 and 1901. He's a (belated; 1961) Hall of Famer. .344 lifetime batting average, 932 stolen bases, 192 runs scored in a season (1894), stole 7 bases in a game (still a record), one of three players who scored more runs than games played.

Lots of stuff is easy to get by doing microfilm of the major papers during his playing years, but your work adds so much more, is so easily referenced, so clear, so perfect! I've already found things about Billy's personal life (tough to find, given the fact that he died 68 years ago and stopped playing 107 years ago) thanks to you folks. You'll definitely be mentioned in the books Acknowledgements.

Best,
Roy Kerr

Anybody interested in joining our TBI volunteers group should please contact me.

SABR Convention and BibCom meeting

I hope to see you all in Cleveland at this year's annual convention. The convention will run from June 26-29 and our committee meeting will be at Thursday the 26th at 11:30 am. Maybe we can drift into a collective lunch afterwards. The convention is always a highlight of my year, combining interesting presentations with the chance to meet folks I've only known through the committee, SABR-L or their writings and to have my annual conversation with old friends. There's lots

of information on registration, hotels and the full schedule at sabr.org/sabr.cfm?a=cms,c,2473,17.

Reprint nominations sought

Nick Frankovich, SABR's new publications director, says he's been contacted by Paul Dickson (of dictionary fame). Dickson is working with Dover Publications on a reprint series for baseball classics and is interested in nominations from committee members. If you have any ideas, you can contact Paul at newdefiner@aol.com, and please copy me (agmccue44@earthlink.net) on your message.

New index

Tom Hetrick, the owner of Pocol Press, has completed his first index for the committee. Skip McAfee, our indexes project director, guided Tom through indexing Cal Ripken's *The Only Way I Know*. Tom's index will be made available through the SABR lending library.

I should also mention Pocol's has turned out three baseball books this spring. *Baseball Magic* is a collection of short stories I've been enjoying over lunch hour for the past week. There's also *The Wide Turn Toward Home*, a novel, and *A Baseball Family Album*, a book that uniquely combines SABR member Gene Carney's talents as a researcher and a poet.

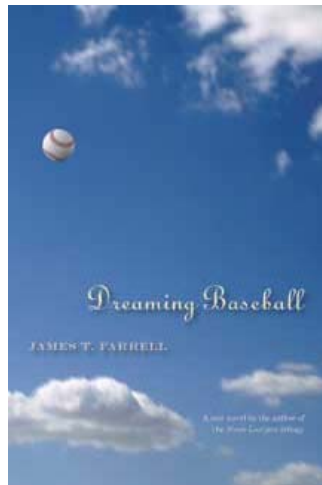
Reviews and Features

Dreaming Baseball, by James T. Farrell. Foreword by Eliot Asinof. Afterword by Ron Briley. Edited by Ron Briley, Margaret Davidson, and James Barbour. Kent, OH: Kent State University Press, 2007.

Farrell worked on this his baseball novel in the late 1950s: "Dreaming Baseball" is the editors' choice of a title, and it's a good one. As a fictional use of the Black Sox Scandal, it falls between the uses made of the watershed event by Bernard Malamud (*The Natural*, 1952), W. P. Kinsella (*Shoeless Joe*, 1982), Harry Stein (*Hoopla*, 1983), and

Brendon Boyd (*Blue Ruin*, 1991). Those interested in baseball fiction will want to read it, along with those who have read with interest Daniel Nathan's history of the ways the Black Sox have been understood (*Saying It Isn't So*, 2003) and Gene Carney's meticulous examination of the scandal itself and its aftermath (*Burying the Black Sox*, 2006). In addition, it provides a look at how major league baseball itself was perceived in the late 1950s and how the game might be used as a subject of serious fiction.

In the version of Farrell's novel selected by the editors, the story of the 1919 World Series and its aftermath is told by Farrell's creation, protagonist Mickey Donovan; the others in the book maintain their actual names: Eddie Cicotte, Buck Weaver, and so forth. This decision was also made by the editors, as Farrell worked with both fictional and actual names of the characters based on ballplayers. Donovan himself, Ron Briley speculates in his Afterword, was modeled on Freddie Lindstrom, who had a similar major league career.



Farrell begins the story with Donovan serving as a White Sox scout in the 1950s and hearing of Buck Weaver's death. This causes him to review his life — his youth in Chicago, his major league career with the White Sox beginning with his stint as a bench-warmer in the 1919 World Series, and his subsequent semi-professional baseball career. The book is about an older man (Mickey is 56) summing up the meaning of his life as he recalls his youth.

In fact, the book is as much about Donovan's remembering as it is about dreaming. He is, as he says, "trying to tell my story" (91); the events of the World Series, "I am merely trying to describe" (241). Mickey's memory is affected by his dreams. On the one hand, "those days are gone. But it's like that ballpark [Comiskey Park] is full of ghosts. And it's not only the ghosts of those players who are gone from the scene of baseball and some of them from the scene of life [the Black Sox]. It's also about the ghosts of my own dreams" (308). On the other, she sums up his life as "just dreaming baseball" (308).

Of course, as Mickey puts it, "nothing turns out like you dream it's going to be" (34). He discovers this with respect to his status as a professional baseball player (41), his marriage (53), how baseball players talk and behave (78), and his career (277). This is Mickey's story before it's the story of the Black Sox scandal. As Asinof reports Farrell saying, "it's a morality tale. How a young boy's love of baseball is also threatened by the corruption of his heroes" (v). Later in his Foreword, Asinof adds that "it's Donovan's reaction to the growing scandal, the subsequent trial, and the banishment of the infamous 'eight men out' that gives *Dreaming Baseball* its moral center. While Farrell is sympathetic to the players caught in the scandal and sees them as working-class victims exploited by their owner, his main

concern in his "morality tale" is Donovan's struggle to hold on to his dream in the face of the betrayal of baseball by his own teammates" (vi). In the Afterword, Briley quotes from Farrell's *My Baseball Diary* regarding the Black Sox scandal: "Many felt betrayed. I didn't. I felt sorry. I wished it weren't true. I wished the players would have been given another chance: (311).

This feeling is underlined by the choice of Buck Weaver as the teammate involved in the scandal most important to Mickey. The action of the book is framed by events involving Weaver. Mickey starts his remembering after he learns of Weaver's death. It ends with a description of a Buck Weaver night at a Chicago tavern, "the last time I saw Buck" (301-306). Right away, Mickey tells us that Weaver was "my idol" (5). Even in 1920, when rumors swirled around him and the other Black Sox along with rumors he might be traded, Mickey says "he was still pretty much my hero and my model" (183).

While we watch Weaver deteriorate throughout the novel, Mickey continues to admire him. At Buck Weaver Night, Weaver concludes "they even pardon or parole murderers. But I got life" (302). Mickey sums up: "that night was real good . . . But it was pathetic. It was pitiful. Because you could see how hurt Buck was. He was hurt right clear through" (305). "He was a broken man. He was haunted by his fate" (306). Mickey admires him for several reasons. "He was all baseball intelligence. He knew where to play every pitch, and he could do everything right" (77). In addition to this intellectual quality, there was an aesthetic dimension to his play: "what a beautiful ballplayer he was" (91). Finally, "he loved baseball . . . just about as much as any player I've ever known" (270). That such an admirable ballplayer could be banned for life leaves Mickey shaken and sorrowful.

Because Mickey is telling the story of the Black Sox from the perspective of 1956, we get a look at how old timers regarded the baseball of the 1950s and its differences from the baseball of their time. Most prominent is attitudes toward money. It's not that the players of Mickey's time were not interested in money. As Weaver clears out his locker in 1920, he says to Mickey "get what you can, kid," and then adds, "I mean honestly" (294). But the situation was beginning to be quite different in 1956. As Mickey says, "I was born far too soon for the big money the boys make today and the nice cozy pensions they get" (5). (One wonders what Farrell or Mickey would think about today's "big money" and "nice cozy pensions." They'd be flabbergasted, I'm sure.) Later Mickey contrasts his salary with the larger salaries of the 1950s (31). Finally, Mickey and his fellow old timers, find a new attitude toward money on the part of the players of the 1950s. They now charge for speaking engagements the old timers did free (304).

They used to do it free "for the kids," but Mickey notices that the kids themselves have changed. He begins a meditation on how things have changed since he was young by saying "kids nowadays don't know how exciting it was to be on tenterhooks waiting for the final box score edition of the newspaper to arrive" (25). Kids also seemed to Mickey to idolize ballplayers less in the 1950s. They seemed much less intimidated. Mickey says "when I was a kid, I never saw another kid going up to a player and try to

get an autograph. We kids didn't dare speak to the players" (79).

The players themselves have changed. They want to be paid for the personal appearances they make. The game itself has changed, now populated by "sluggers" who hit .229. As Ray Schalk says, "we wouldn't fit up there now" (304). Sportswriters write about the game differently. Mickey contrasts the sportswriting of his playing days with that of the 1950s, saying "they weren't like the baseball writers today and they didn't print quotes, . . . and they didn't try to keep writing about rhubarbs or trying to get a player in an unpopular light and quote him to the player's disadvantage before the public" (238-239). Finally, Mickey acknowledges the proliferation of leisure activities after World War II when he remembers that when he was growing up "there weren't as many things to do and baseball was a big thing in a man's life as well as for the kids" (104).

Farrell doesn't ever seem to have been satisfied with his manuscript. Its editors have done readers a service in publishing the effort of a writer of his generation to experiment with baseball as a subject matter. I wonder if he had read the work of younger writers Bernard Malamud and Mark Harris who experimented with the same subject matter at pretty much the same time. Farrell may have concluded that his kind of working class naturalism was just not right for the game. Mickey Donovan hasn't the jaunty neo-Lardnerian lingo of Harris's Henry Wiggin or the mythological dimension of Malamud's Roy Hobbs's quest. What he does have is a struggle with his memories of the Black Sox scandal from the perspective of the 1950s.

Leverett T. Smith, Jr.
Rocky Mount, NC



Baseball Magic, by Jay Martin. Clifton, VA: Pocol Press, 2008.

What kind of baseball stories might be written by an individual who is, at one and the same time, a biographer, a literary critic, a political scientist, a psychoanalyst, a novelist, a poet and a Buddhist monk? The answer, in a word, is "Fantastic!"—as one quickly discovers in reading Jay Martin's outstanding collection of baseball stories, *Baseball Magic*.

Few American authors are as prolific and multi-talented as Martin. Best known for his biographies of Henry Miller, John Dewey, Conrad Aiken, Nathanael West and, more recently, A. J. Cartwright, the true father of baseball, Martin has also written, among his twenty-two books, a history of American literature (*Harvests of Change*), a study of multiple personalities (*Who Am I This Time?*), a novel (*Winter Dreams*) and a narrative of his experiences as a Buddhist acolyte (*Journey to Heavenly Mountain*). All of these various interests and more come into play in the eleven short stories that comprise *Baseball Magic*.

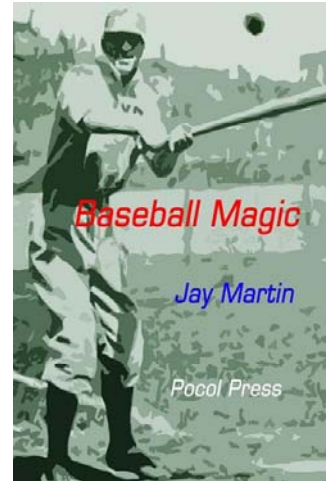
Among writers of baseball fiction, the author whose work Martin's stories most resemble is W. P. Kinsella. Like

Kinsella's magic realism, Martin's stories mix real and fictional characters and events and employ a startling and wildly entertaining imagination. In "Our Lady's Field," an eccentric Catholic priest sets up a pitching machine in an open field and hits fly balls to a small statue of the Virgin Mary that he has placed in center field. The supernatural miracle that occurs astounds two onlookers but is not at all surprising to any true baseball fan. In "Reconstruction," a story set in the post-Civil War South, a Yankee military officer and a Southern mayor place a history-changing wager on a baseball game between whites and blacks in Faulkner's mythical town of Jefferson, Mississippi. Among the spectators are two of Faulkner's most notable characters, General Jason Compson and Thomas Sutpen. In "Buddhist Baseball," a group of American college students demonstrate the American pastime to the inhabitants of a Chinese monastery. In "The Boy Who Became a Bloomer Girl," the main character recalls the youthful day when, disguised as a girl, he filled out the roster of a touring women's team that outplayed men's teams in exhibition matches. In "Why Jane Austen Never Married," the famous author declines an invitation of marriage because, as revealed in a newly discovered manuscript, she will not give up her love of "base ball" to please the would-be husband. In "Yankee Doodle," a writer cures his case of writer's block by imagining a terrorist attack on the hated New York Yankees and George Steinbrenner. In "The Four Hundred," a member of the lowly Chicago Cubs enters the final day of the season with an opportunity to become the first player since Ted Williams to compile a .400 batting average. In "A New Life," a star player for the Detroit Tigers seeks psychiatric help to deal with a

domestic crisis. In "The Bottle Bat," a player who has resurrected his career by using one historic bottle bat is arrested for attempting to steal another from the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown.

Underneath the surface of these and other stories in the volume lies a concern for—and the relevance of sport to—such issues as racial and gender equality, the fusion of sport and religion, the search for mental and physical health, and the importance of tradition and ritual. But the real focus of these stories is the ecstatic and transcendent joy offered by the game itself, to spectators as well as participants. Martin's stories, as appropriate for the sport that claims to be our national pastime, truly are magical.

Robert W. Hamblin
Southeast Missouri State University



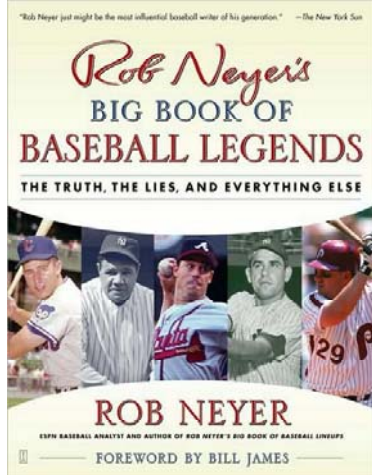
Rob Neyer's Big Book of Baseball Legends: The Truth, The Lies, and Everything Else. NY: Fireside, 2008.

I had been meaning to review Neyer's latest publication this one for awhile but a comment to my blog on baseball literature about Fay Vincent's *We Would Have Played for Nothing* prodded me to get the lead out.

The comment:

Re the Vincent book. These are horribly executed in my mind. I read a few chapters of the first and skimmed the second. They're just 20 pages worth of unedited rambling. There's no guidance, questions, etc. to shape them. It's actually an embarrassing (sic) job.

One of the best chapters in Neyer's very entertaining book regards "The Hidden Genius of Lawrence S. Ritter." Ritter was the author/editor of *The Glory of Their Times*, the first collection of oral history that made it big and set the gold standard of the genre. Ritter traveled around the country with a heavy reel-to-reel tape recorder to interview early 20th-century ballplayers. When I read it many years ago, I was amazed how eloquent these gentlemen were, nothing like the ignorant rubes I'd read about in other books. But, according to Neyer, it turns out that they had a little help from their friend, Ritter, whose version is not quite the same as printed transcripts bear out. (In Vincent's case — and without having the transcripts of audio, it would be impossible to tell — it would seem there was little or no editing of his subjects.)



with the excerpt from the pertinent source, usually a book or magazine article (lots of "as told to's" here). And then Neyer starts to fillet.

Using resources such as Retrosheet.org and baseball-reference.com, he goes about refuting point after point: Pitcher A never faced batter B on a sunny day in June, so the batter couldn't have hit a two-run homer to win the game. The base runner didn't steal third in the second game of a doubleheader in scorching conditions when the fielder fainted while covering the bag. The manager didn't get ejected by the home plate umpire, because according to official sources, the ump was in another city, at another base,

I am embarrassed to say — at my relatively advanced age — I was stunned. Did Ritter make up stuff, adding a bit of dramatic flair here and there, to produce a better story? If he did, did interviewers/editors/ writers? Apparently so. But, yes, Virginia, there still is a Santa Claus.

Neyer "deconstructs" more than 75 events. Each begins

in another league. And all aspirin's alike.

All of which brings up, to me, the most interesting point: memory.

Aside from the potential assists/contributions from oral historians, are the players deliberately "misremembering" the details in an effort to inflate their heroics? Or is it simply a matter of forgetting? A thought-provoking episode of NPR's "Radio Lab" considered how memory fades a little bit every time the person recollects, degenerating like succeeding generations of photocopies. We don't mean to misstate, but we can't help it. And naturally we don't believe we're doing anything but being absolutely faithful to that memory.

In *Legends'* foreword, Bill James writes, "It is such a strange idea, that knowledge of the past can be created — and yet it can be and is every day." He describes how technology has made it easy to check on such claims in situations where facts sometimes got in the way of a good story. "A lot of the old [writers], they didn't worry about that...they just wrote down what they remembered and called it right, and who's going to argue?"

(By the way, Jose Canseco's memory and perception of events in *Juiced* and *Vindicated* have been called into questions, so it's not just the old-timers who are "guilty" of these questionable recollections.)

A few reviewers have complained that the author is being too picky. Why deny these old timer's their moment, they ask? In his preface, Neyer writes, "The stories tell us something about their subjects and they tell us something about those who tell the stories. It is neither unfair nor disrespectful to check those stories, and in fact, I will argue that publishing — and yes, checking — these old stories is a great sign of respect. Because only a good story well told is worth all this effort."

He also says the truth is just as interesting as the myth. But I would say this: If the players he writes about held the same beliefs, perhaps they never would have bothered to tell those stories, in which case his book would never have been written.

Ron Kaplan



Artist profile: Neil Leifer, baseball photographer

Would you pay \$400 for a book of baseball photographs? One thousand bibliophiles did. Some didn't even blink when the price rose to \$700 for *Ballet in the Dirt: The Golden Age of Baseball*, a coffee table collection of lensman Neil Leifer's best work, published in late 2007 by Taschen.

Leifer, 65, got his start as an amateur shutterbug as a teenager on the Manhattan's Lower East Side at the Henry Street Settlement, work-

QuickTime™ and a decompressor are needed to see this picture.

ing for his high school newspaper.

“What was a hobby somehow developed into a profession. I certainly never planned a career as a photojournalist; it just happened,” he said in a telephone interview. “One day I woke up and realized people are paying me to do something that I thoroughly enjoyed. I was a rabid sports fan and in addition I had really gotten the photography bug. I loved seeing my pictures printed with a photo credit. So the idea that someone would send me to a World Series or a heavy-weight title fight or a championship football game, and pay me to do something I enjoyed doing — you pinch yourself and say, ‘How did I get this lucky?’”

Leifer grew up in household in which Sid Gordon, then a member of the New York Giants, was revered as the greatest ballplayer in the city. But, Leifer said, he was not as impressed as the rest of his family. “Any baseball fan knew Sid Gordon was at best a mediocre ballplayer; he wasn’t Mickey Mantle or Willie Mays or Duke Snider.” The fact that Gordon was Jewish had no influence on Leifer’s allegiance. “I am very proud to be Jewish and I certainly have no negative feelings whatsoever about Jewish athletes, but I also don’t have a great affinity for them.”

One of his signature shots involves one of those athletes. It occurred in 1965 at a game in which the SF Giants’ Juan Marichal clubbed the LA Dodgers’ Johnny Roseboro over the head with a bat. Sandy Koufax, who was on the mound for the Dodgers, put himself in harm’s way when he moved to intervene in the scuffle, an act Leifer caught on film. Leifer had been assigned to cover the game by *Sports Illustrated* to concentrate on the pitching duel between Koufax and Marichal, two of baseball’s best. He was shooting in color and ran out of film so he switched to his back-up black-and-white set-up and caught the surreal moment.

“I didn’t know what happened until I saw the film and the news that night,” he said. “I became a lot more aware when the event was over and Roseboro was taken away bleeding. It happened so fast I don’t remember having any reaction other than the fact that I ran out of film on it.”

Like many of his photographic contemporaries, Leifer’s favorite sport to cover is boxing. “Muhammad Ali is exactly a year older than I am. My career and his career paralleled each other perfectly so I happen to be lucky enough to begin my career when the greatest athlete of our time was beginning his.”

Leifer said working with the ex-champ was easy because Ali enjoyed posing for the camera. “The initial attraction to Muhammad was he made you look good. When you went out to take pictures of Muhammad, you came back with twice as many pictures as anyone expected. He was that cooperative and available and giving.” Leifer cited two other iconic but notorious sports figures as favorite subjects: Pete Rose and O.J. Simpson, whom he considers “two of the great bad guys of all time.... But my job wasn’t getting close to most of the athletes. Most of the time I covered events and you didn’t even meet the subjects you were [shooting].”

He is among a handful of photographers with a reputation hefty enough to command such a high figure for a book. “They published 1,000 copies and I’m happy to say it sold out,” he said.

Leifer is now working on a similar project for Taschen on football. No word on the cover price yet.

Ron Kaplan

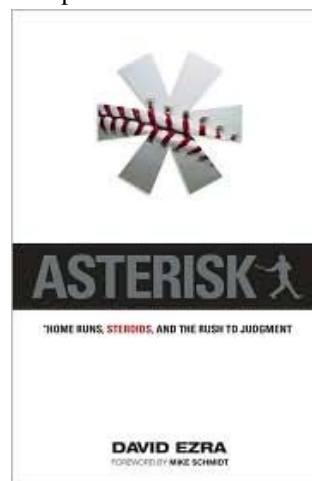


And now a word from our druggist

Raymond Angelo Belliotti’s *Watching Baseball, Seeing Philosophy* (McFarland) devotes a chapter to Jose Canseco and the questionable use of performance enhancing drugs. The December 2007 release of the Mitchell Report—the exhaustive study by Major League baseball into the use of such substances—has opened the door for several new books on the subject.

With all the hubbub, one would think the use of such pharmaceuticals is a late twentieth-century phenomenon. But according to *The Dark Side of Baseball: Gambling, Violence, Drugs and Alcohol in the National Pastime* by Roger I. Abrams (Rounder), better playing through chemistry is almost as old as the game itself. James “Pud” Galvin, a nineteenth-century Hall of Fame pitcher, is on record as having taken testosterone injections in 1889. Abrams, a law professor at Northeastern University whose previous books include *Legal Bases: Baseball and The Law* and *The First World Series and the Baseball Fanatics of 1903*, investigates some other dubious behavior, including recreational drug and alcohol abuse, violence on and off the field, and gambling, which pre-dates even the infamous 1919 Black Sox Scandal in which a group of eight players conspired to throw the 1919 World Series. The upshot of *Dark Side* is that everything old seems to be new again.

MLB.com senior writer Jonathan Mayo conceived of *Facing Clemens: Hitters on Confronting Baseball’s Most Intimidating Pitcher* (Lyons Press) well before the Mitchell Report. As a result, the thirteen batters he interviewed might want to revise their expressions of praise and awe. Mayo offers a variety of players, from stars like Cal Ripken Jr. and Ken Griffey Jr. to raw rookies, including Clemens’ son, Koby, who faced his dad in the minor leagues. Mayo uses just the right amount of statistics to bolster his thesis without turning his book into something only “statheads” would find palatable.



In a reversal of popular opinion, *Asterisk: Home Runs, Steroids, and the Rush to Judgment* by David Ezra (Triumph). Bonds, who became the all-time home run leader in 2007, may be a bad teammate and a jerk, the author concedes, but that shouldn’t tar him with the steroid brush. Ezra, an attorney by profession, goes about knocking down the arguments that Bonds

“juiced.” Whether his arguments are convincing or not remains for the objective reader to decide; rightly or not, others have already made up their minds.

Ron Kaplan

[Editor’s Note: This review appears in the May/June issue of *ForeWord Magazine*.]



The Best Baseball Web Sites

1. www.baseball-reference.com, hosted by Sean Forman, best for statistics
2. www.retrosheet.org, Dave Smith (Retrosheet), inventory of past major league games
3. www.baseball-encyclopedia.com/sabr.htm, Lee Sinins, Sabermetric encyclopedia
4. www.mlb.com, Major League Baseball
5. www.bioproj.sabr.org, Mark Armour, baseball biography project
6. www.baseball-almanac.com, Sean Holtz
7. sports.espn.go.com/mlb, ESPN, ballplayers statistics
8. www.baseballLibrary.com
9. www.baseballhalloffame.org, Baseball Hall of Fame
10. www.baseballcube.com
11. www.baseballprospectus.com, Clay Davenport, stats
12. www.sportingnews.com, *The Sporting News*
13. www.milb.com, Minor League Baseball

Bruce Brown
Chair, Bob Davids Chapter

[Editor’s Note: What’s your opinion? Additions? Disagreements? Send your comments to ronk23@aol.com.]



Rickey bio wins Seymour Medal

Branch Rickey: Baseball's Ferocious Gentleman by Lee Lowenfish (University of Nebraska Press) is the recipient of the Seymour Medal as the best book of baseball history or biography written in 2007.

Lowenfish will receive the medal at a special Awards Breakfast during the 2008 SABR convention on Sunday, June 29.

The committee said of the Rickey biography, "Lee Lowenfish has crafted a biography worthy of Mr. Rickey in all his complexity. Rickey is portrayed as a man of conviction, piety, intellect, and guile. Lowenfish plumbs the depths of the career of a man whose accomplishments were both the blueprint of modern baseball and the north star for race relations in America. It is a tale skillfully told by one of baseball's most noted historians."

The judging committee also recognized two books as "finalists" for the medal: *Connie Mack and the Early Years of Baseball*, by Norman Macht (University of Nebraska Press) and *Playing America's Game: Baseball, Latinos, and the Color Line*, by Adrian Burgos, Jr. (University of California Press)

Of the Mack biography, the committee noted "Connie Mack, whose remarkable lifespan included both the Civil War and Hiroshima, remains as one of the four or five most significant figures in baseball history. In the first book of a two-volume biography historian Norman L. Macht has written a book that reads like a great novel. Not only is this book an entertaining read but also a remarkably detailed examination of one of baseball's best known, and hitherto, misunderstood characters. Macht's book takes its rightful place on the shelf of indispensable books on the national pastime."

The committee also had praise for Burgos' history: "Latinos have played a vital role in baseball for generations and Burgos does a masterful job in presenting their history in the context of the complex racial and social history of the game. He argues that Latinos helped lay the groundwork for integration and endured many of the challenges faced by African-American players. Burgos' work is as scholarly as it is readable and enlightening."

The Seymour Medal, named in honor of Dr. Harold Seymour and Dorothy Jane Mills (formerly Seymour), is awarded to the book judged the best work of baseball history or biography in the preceding year. Previous winner of the medal can be viewed [here](#).

Please send articles, reviews, and suggestions to Ron Kaplan at Ronk23@aol.com. Please put "SABR Newsletter" in the subject line.

