

October 26, 2014

Last night's improbable third game of this year's World Series makes this a good time to include a number of baseball items. The Weekly Standard piece **The War for Ninety Feet** is a good look at the game inside the game.

... "I want to show you something really cool," Ritchie says, as he moves to the chalkboard and draws a line down the middle.

"Oh, this is cool," says one of his assistant coaches, Jon Tatum. "Since I've been here, this is one of the most important things I learned from coach."

On the left side of the line, Ritchie writes +90, and -90 on the right.

"Sacrifice bunt," says Ritchie. "Plus 90," says Tatum, meaning it moves the runner another 90 feet closer to home and scoring a run. Ritchie writes it out in the left-hand column. "Double play," he says next. "Another plus 90," says Tatum, meaning the team in the field has won this skirmish by taking 90 feet away from the team at bat. That, too, goes in the left-hand column.

Minus 90s are failures to execute, in the field, at the plate, or on the mound. For instance, a throw from the outfield that misses the cutoff man and allows the runner to take an extra base forfeits 90 feet. On the offensive side, failure to lay down a sacrifice bunt and move a runner closer to home is a minus 90. Bad at bats are those that make the job of the next hitter harder not easier. Those, too, are minus 90s on the offensive side.

There are dozens of possible plus and minus 90s, all of them the function of either executing team fundamentals properly, or failing to. He's not loading up the left side of the margin with home runs for the offense and strike outs for the defense, but what lots of baseball commentators call—mistakenly, from Ritchie's perspective—the "small things." The way he sees it, this is baseball skill and it's what decides outcomes. "The higher the ratio of plus 90s to minus 90s," says Ritchie, "the more likely you are to win ballgames." ...

The Wall Street Journal weighs in with **It's Time to Play by National League Rules.**

The Kansas City Royals are an anachronism in many ways, but one in particular stands out as the American League champions visit National League territory on Friday: This team has an old-school designated hitter.

You know the type—a lumbering slugger who anchors the middle of the order and hardly ever plays the field. Royals DH Billy Butler even has an appropriately beefy nickname: Country Breakfast.

Few teams still employ a classic DH, but the Royals do. So as the World Series shifts to San Francisco, where the pitcher will be required to hit, Kansas City may feel the impact of NL rules in a way that other AL teams wouldn't. Butler, who had two RBIs in the Royals' Game 2 win, will go to the bench—a situation traditionally viewed as advantageous to NL teams, which aren't built with a centerpiece DH in mind.

"The American League team is going to have a DH," Giants manager Bruce Bochy said. "They're going to spend money on a DH. A guy that has that role, where we don't do that in the National League. And then you go to our park and they don't have that player available." ...

Thomas Boswell writes on this year's crop of relief pitchers.

The World Series as bullpen war has never been fully explored, perhaps because no two pennant winners have arrived on this stage with so many lousy starting pitchers.

However, before this World Series ends, we will find out which bullpen, that of the San Francisco or the Kansas City Royals, has been pitched into a large pile of mush while the other celebrates a championship. This is a war of attrition, and until the shoulders, elbows, wrists or fingers of Kelvin Herrera, Wade Davis, Greg Holland and, now, rookie Brandon Finnegan fall off or cease to function, the Royals are in precarious command of this unique and peculiar classic.

On Friday night in Game 3 in AT&T Park, the Royals used those four relievers to get the final 12 outs and present Jeremy Guthrie, one of those diligent veterans who lasted exactly five innings, the 3-2 victory. The fresh element was the appearance of Finnegan, who pitched in the College World Series for Texas Christian less than five months ago, to get the last two outs of the seventh inning after Herrera had thrown 26 of his 27 pitches 96-to-100 mph and looked a bit tuckered.

The Royals' winning run was driven in, after an 11-pitch battle, by Eric Hosmer with a lined single to center field off — of course — a relief pitcher ...

Adam Kilgore, WaPo's baseball writer, covered the game.

Kansas City Royals Manager Ned Yost grabbed the keys and took the wheel in the sixth inning Friday night. He swerved over the double yellow, glanced off the guard rail and just about hit a pedestrian. He might have clipped a couple mailboxes. And do you know what? At the end of Game 3 of the World Series, there the car sat, fender dented and headlight busted, safe and sound in the driveway.

Yost's moves typically draw questions. The one that persisted Friday night is this: Was that dunce cap actually a wizard's hat? In the Royals' harrowing, 3-2 victory over the San Francisco Giants, Yost coaxed all 12 outs he needed from his bullpen in head-scratching, mind-bending, game-winning fashion. He rooted for his own hitter to make an out. He allowed a reliever to hit with a man on base in the seventh inning. He let a right-handed pitcher face a left-handed batter while a left-handed pitcher warmed up. He asked for a rookie who plied his trade this spring at Texas Christian University to record the night's biggest outs. The decisions led ultimately to the Royals taking a 2-1 lead in the 110th World Series.

"I'm getting really good at protecting a one-run lead," Yost said, "because a lot of times that's exactly what we have to deal with."

The burden of decision shifted afterward to Bruce Bochy, the manager in the other dugout. In Saturday's Game 4, down a game, would he start mountainous left-hander Madison Bumgarner? No, he confirmed afterward. The Giants will stick with journeyman Ryan Vogelsong and pitch Bumgarner with regular rest in Game 5. ...

Now we'll switch to football as a [WSJ OpEd](#) chronicles the football obsession of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

You don't need to know about the literary backdrop of Princeton University football to take an interest in Saturday's game against Harvard. For two years running this storied rivalry has produced thrillers that came down to the final seconds—last year in triple overtime. At stake once again is the Ivy League title.

It's safe to say that this weekend's game would have mattered a lot to F. Scott Fitzgerald. As a prep-school student in the stands for the 1911 installment of the rivalry, Fitzgerald watched Princeton pull off an improbable late victory. At that instant, his biographers say, he vowed to enroll at Princeton. Once there, he tried out for the team—but got cut on the first day, a well-chronicled disappointment that some scholars believe explains the sense of rejection that permeates his novels, especially "The Great Gatsby."

But long overlooked evidence suggests that football didn't just influence Fitzgerald: Fitzgerald himself may have exerted a decisive influence on the development of the game.

The evidence comes from a 1956 interview with Fritz Crisler, a man who unquestionably shaped the game of football. After becoming head coach at Michigan in 1938, Crisler established the practice of fielding distinct offensive and defensive units; previously, 11 men had played both sides of the ball for 60 minutes. This shift became Crisler's legacy. His biography at the College Football Hall of Fame calls him "the father of two-platoon football." ...

Richard Brookhiser's biography of Lincoln is reviewed in [City Journal](#).

*Unlike those mega-biographies that bury their subject's chief accomplishments under 900 pages of undigested detail, Richard Brookhiser's compact, profound, and utterly absorbing new life of Abraham Lincoln, *Founders' Son*, leaps straight to the heart of the matter. With searchlight intensity, it dazzlingly illuminates the great president's evolving views of slavery and the extraordinary speeches in which he unfolded that vision, molding the American mind on the central conflict in American history and resolving, at heroic and tragic cost to the nation and himself, the contradiction that the Founding Fathers themselves could not resolve.*

Of Lincoln's youth, therefore, Brookhiser gives us only telling vignettes: his sense of close connection to the Founding through the Revolutionary War-veteran grandfather for whom he was named; the kindly stepmother who entered his hardscrabble life like a ray of sunshine and encouraged his love of reading and thinking, so that, after false starts as a riverboat man and a storekeeper, he could teach himself to be a lawyer by dogged solitary study; the rain-stained copy of Parson Weems's biography of George Washington that fired his boyhood imagination with the momentous meaning of the American Founding, and that stoked (I would guess) the ambition, which he expressed almost in Washington's very words, to "be truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem;" the passionate belief in "a man's right to own the fruits of his own labor," bred not only by having to work as an unpaid field hand for his dirt-farmer father but also by his father's hiring him out to other farmers and pocketing his wages; his related belief, also conceived in servitude, and later strengthened by the Hamiltonian vision of Henry Clay, that the purpose of American liberty was, as Brookhiser puts it, "to make men—to develop the talents of individual Americans;" ...

Weekly Standard

October Baseball Notebook: The War for Ninety Feet

by Lee Smith

Don't be surprised if the Giants-Royals World Series is decided by 90 feet. After all, baseball is a series of contests for 90 feet—the distance from home to first, first to second, second to third, and third to home again. The two teams are bidding for the same property for nine innings, both when they're at bat and in the field. The club that wins more of those 90 feet skirmishes, says George Washington University head baseball coach Gregg Ritchie, puts itself in position to win ball games.

Ritchie came back to GW after a career in professional baseball that lasted nearly 30 years, with his most recent stop in Pittsburgh as the Pirates' hitting coach. We were teammates at GW and I hadn't seen him since, and then he returned to take over at our alma mater in 2013. With the postseason upon us, I asked him if he'd share some of his insights into the game.

We're sitting in his office in Foggy Bottom, decorated with mementoes from GW baseball history. One of Ritchie's predecessors as head coach here is Mike Toomey, now an assistant general manager with the Kansas City Royals. Toomey's late father scouted for the Royals, too. With two other former Colonials employed as Royals' executives, [GW baseball](#) is leaning heavily toward the Royals in the World Series. On the other hand, Ritchie himself was drafted by the San Francisco Giants back in 1987—after he was scouted by Toomey, who was then working for the Giants. In any case, I get the feeling that Ritchie's investment in professional baseball at this point is not in particular clubs, but in the game itself. I think he just wants to see baseball played at its highest level succeed, which it surely will. The game has its own stark beauty.

"I want to show you something really cool," Ritchie says, as he moves to the chalkboard and draws a line down the middle.

"Oh, this is cool," says one of his assistant coaches, Jon [Tatum](#). "Since I've been here, this is one of the most important things I learned from coach."

On the left side of the line, Ritchie writes +90, and -90 on the right.

"Sacrifice bunt," says Ritchie. "Plus 90," says Tatum, meaning it moves the runner another 90 feet closer to home and scoring a run. Ritchie writes it out in the left-hand column. "Double play," he says next. "Another plus 90," says Tatum, meaning the team in the field has won this skirmish by taking 90 feet away from the team at bat. That, too, goes in the left-hand column.

Minus 90s are failures to execute, in the field, at the plate, or on the mound. For instance, a throw from the outfield that misses the cutoff man and allows the runner to take an extra base forfeits 90 feet. On the offensive side, failure to lay down a sacrifice bunt and move a runner closer to home is a minus 90. Bad at bats are those that make the job of the next hitter harder not easier. Those, too, are minus 90s on the offensive side.

There are dozens of possible plus and minus 90s, all of them the function of either executing team [fundamentals](#) properly, or failing to. He's not loading up the left side of the margin with home runs for the offense and strike outs for the defense, but what lots of baseball commentators call—

mistakenly, from Ritchie's perspective—the “small things.” The way he sees it, this is baseball skill and it's what decides outcomes. “The higher the ratio of plus 90s to minus 90s,” says Ritchie, “the more likely you are to win ballgames.”

That seems especially so in the postseason when superior pitching leaves little room for error. The 90-foot paradigm helps illuminate the playoffs to date. As I argued yesterday, the Royals advanced to the World Series by properly executing team fundamentals, but let's break that down into a few 90 foot segments. In Tuesday night's game, KC twice scored runners from third with less than two outs, on a sacrifice fly (+90) and a fielder's choice (+90). From this perspective, the decisive margin then wasn't the 2-1 final score, but +180 feet for the Royals. Same on Wednesday when in the first inning Lorenzo Cain bunted to advance two runners (+90) and Eric Hosmer then pulled a batted ball to the right side of the infield to advance the runners safely (+90).

The +/- 90 paradigm also sheds some light on the Washington Nationals' postseason performance. As Ritchie explains, there are going to be lots of one-run games in October because the pitching is better. In the Nats-Giants series, there were [three one-run games](#). The Nats came in to the playoffs with perhaps the best pitching staff in baseball—“their strikeout to walk ratio was [best in the league](#),” says Ritchie—but the Giants staff matched them. That's not surprising because come October the pitching is necessarily first-rate: mediocre staffs are weeded out by a 162-game season. Accordingly, from this perspective, the Nats washed out of October not because they didn't hit—it's always hard hitting premier pitching under pressure in a win or go home series—but because they kept losing skirmishes for 90 feet.

The real heartbreaker for the Nats wasn't game two when Brandon Belt's solo home run in the top of the 18th inning won it for the Giants 2-1. That happens—it's baseball. No, what went wrong for the Nats was best exemplified with the 3-2 loss in game four, when in the very first inning [Gio Gonzalez](#) failed to field a comebacker to the mound and then a bunt. His inability to make two pitcher-fielder plays, and execute team fundamentals, cost the Nats 180 feet—and eventually two runs.

In the seventh inning of game four, relief pitcher Aaron Barrett bounced a wild pitch in the dirt. But physical errors are, like home runs, a part of the game—the real issue here was Nats' catcher Wilson Ramos' failure to block the ball. Instead, of dropping to his knees and keeping the ball in front of him, he tried to pick it off his backhand. The Nats lost game four by one run not because they didn't hit, but because they gave away at least 270 feet to a stingier rival.

When the Giants messed up team fundamentals, they, too, paid for it. The Nats' one victory, in game three, was a byproduct of Madison Bumgarner's errant throw to third after a Ramos bunt. The Giants' southpaw probably should've gone for the sure out at first—the bunt was good enough that it virtually ensured the runners would advance—but when he threw it away and runners started circling the bases, he gave the Nats some 360 feet. That kind of territory is very hard to make up in October.

The Giants and the Royals made it this far in the postseason because they've won their wars for 90 feet more often than their opponents. And it's those serial skirmishes rather than home runs that will almost surely decide who wins the World Series.

WSJ

It's Time to Play by National League Rules

By Having a Classic DH, the Royals May Be at a Disadvantage in San Francisco

by Daniel Barbarisi



As the World Series heads to San Francisco, Royals designated hitter Billy Butler is headed to the bench

San Francisco

The Kansas City Royals are an anachronism in many ways, but one in particular stands out as the American League champions visit National League territory on Friday: This team has an old-school designated hitter.

You know the type—a lumbering slugger who anchors the middle of the order and hardly ever plays the field. Royals DH Billy Butler even has an appropriately beefy nickname: Country Breakfast.

Few teams still employ a classic DH, but the Royals do. So as the World Series shifts to San Francisco, where the pitcher will be required to hit, Kansas City may feel the impact of NL rules in a way that other AL teams wouldn't. Butler, who had two RBIs in the Royals' Game 2 win, will go to the bench—a situation traditionally viewed as advantageous to NL teams, which aren't built with a centerpiece DH in mind.

"The American League team is going to have a DH," Giants manager Bruce Bochy said. "They're going to spend money on a DH. A guy that has that role, where we don't do that in the National League. And then you go to our park and they don't have that player available."

The Royals look like a team out of the past with their reliance on speed and defense and affinity for bunting. The presence of Butler is a further example.

These days, most AL teams spread around their DH at-bats, using the spot to give their rosters more flexibility. Alongside David Ortiz of the Boston Red Sox and the retiring Adam Dunn of the Oakland Athletics, Butler, 28, was one of the last remaining this season.

In 1984, nine teams had a single player take 400 plate appearances with at least 75% coming as the DH. But this season, there were only four, despite four teams joining Major League Baseball since the 1980s.

As the role has evolved, managers and players have cited several reasons the traditional DH has faded. First, young players don't want to do it, since being typecast as a DH can hurt a player's earning power. Many players also have difficulty hitting well while spending nearly the entire game off the field, as Ortiz has said for years.

The Tampa Bay Rays have tried using a full-time DH, but manager Joe Maddon found that in the absence of a top hitter to fill the spot, it isn't the most effective approach. "I like the idea of having a flexible DH," he said. "It gets guys off their feet...(and) for us, normally we're going to be young. Young guys don't want to be that guy. They don't want to be a DH." On the other end of the spectrum are the aging New York Yankees, who have tried to use the DH as a quasi day off for their older stars.

"I think it depends on the makeup of your team," Yankees manager [Joe Girardi](#) said of the limitations of a having a full-time DH. "If you have a very deep team and you can afford to give guys days off, then it's probably not as much of a big deal. If you have a young team and guys don't need a lot of days off, it's probably not such a big deal." The Royals' Butler can hold his own at first base when needed. It is clear that even he isn't fully on board with being known as just a DH.

"I'd like to be playing a position, but that's not the role on this team for me," said Butler, who had a career-low .702 OPS (on-base plus slugging percentage) this season). Kansas City also has a top defensive first baseman in Eric Hosmer. "I'm grateful I have a job. I'm a ballplayer; that's all there is to it. You get labeled, but we're all baseball players."

In the first two games of the series, Butler (3 for 6) helped Kansas City achieve a split, but it would be hard to say he gave his team an advantage. To fill their DH spot, the Giants trotted out a player who would perfectly fit the position's classic definition: 245-pound, defensively lacking masher Michael Morse, nicknamed "The Beast," whose OPS was 100 points higher than Butler's this season.

That speaks to the surprisingly even history of World Series DH competition. AL teams have gotten more out of their DHs, with a .739 OPS since 1976, but not by much over the NL's .712 mark, according to Stats LLC.

Now both players are expected to return to the bench for most of the National League portion, meaning their contributions may come in one pinch-hit at-bat a game. That is why Kansas City manager Ned Yost doesn't see losing Butler as a big blow—because now he can decide exactly when to use him.

"I think that in the National League, to have a bat like Billy Butler's on the bench coming into a situation, that could be the difference," he said.

Washington Post

In 110th World Series, who starts isn't as important as who finishes

by Thomas Boswell



Southpaw Brandon Finnegan is one of four Royals relievers who combine to shut down the Giants over the final four innings of Game 3, allowing zero hits and just two walks.

SAN FRANCISCO — The World Series as bullpen war has never been fully explored, perhaps because no two pennant winners have arrived on this stage with so many lousy starting pitchers.

However, before this [World Series](#) ends, we will find out which bullpen, that of the San Francisco or the [Kansas City Royals](#), has been pitched into a large pile of mush while the other celebrates a championship. This is a war of attrition, and until the shoulders, elbows, wrists or fingers of Kelvin Herrera, Wade Davis, Greg Holland and, now, rookie [Brandon Finnegan](#) fall off or cease to function, the Royals are in precarious command of this unique and peculiar classic.

On Friday night in Game 3 in AT&T Park, the Royals used those four relievers to get the final 12 outs and present Jeremy Guthrie, one of those diligent veterans who lasted exactly five innings, the [3-2 victory](#). The fresh element was the appearance of Finnegan, who pitched in the College World Series for Texas Christian less than five months ago, to get the last two outs of the seventh inning after Herrera had thrown 26 of his 27 pitches 96-to-100 mph and looked a bit tuckered.

The Royals' winning run was driven in, after an 11-pitch battle, by Eric Hosmer with a lined single to center field off — of course — a relief pitcher, the [Giants'](#) reliable Javier Lopez. That hit gave Kansas City a 3-0 lead, and Royals Manager Ned Yost parceled out his bullpen — a few precious outs at a time — to hold precariously to that lead.

Don't worry, this theme is not about to end. The Royals, who now have a 2-1 lead in the series, and the Giants have perhaps the longest list of five-inning pitchers ever to approach the final week of October still wearing funny-looking uniforms, ball caps and spikes. Except for the Giants' Madison Bumgarner, the rest of these guys, some of them old and distinguished but with only microscope tread left on their shoulders and elbows, need a litter with bearers — or a rickshaw or hansom cab or any mode of conveyance whatsoever — to remove them from the hostilities before the sixth inning can commence.

As a result of this astronomical inconvenience, Yost has no choice but to treat Herrera, Davis, Holland and perhaps Finnegan, too, as if they are indestructible superheroes from some comic book, not mortals who probably go to bed at night and think, "Shoulder, still attached. Elbow, probably in one piece. I'm good to go tomorrow, skip."

As for the Giants' Bruce Bochy, his faith in his bullpen, while extreme and sincere, is not as unmitigated as Yost's, because his men show still signs of mortality, barely visible imperfections. So you can never be quite sure — because he never seems quite certain — in what order he will summon Lopez, Jean Machi, Jeremy Affeldt, Hunter Strickland, Sergio Romo and Santiago Casilla. He must "match them up" against the Royals' hitters against whom they should fare best.

So far, the Royals seem to have — slightly — the better of the bullpens and also — slightly — the better of the brilliant defense that both teams have displayed. But Kansas City may also have another extremely powerful and somewhat mysterious trend that stretches nearly 30 years at its back. Now that the Royals know that — worst case — they are assured of going back to Kansas City for a Game 6, they probably will be even more difficult to beat.

Maybe even impossible to beat.

In 1923, baseball settled on the seven-game format for its World Series and for the next 63 seasons seemed to have settled on one of those rare accidentally ideal gems in sports, like the 90 feet between bases that is predictably but correctly cited as happenstance perfection. The goal was to find a format that seemed to give an advantage but in reality gave almost no edge either way. Four-game and six-game series would have the same number of home games for both sides (2-2 or 3-3), while five-game Series would favor the team that started on the road, with seven-game Series the only ones in which the powerful sounding "home-field advantage" actually existed at all.

Excluding the World War II Series of 1942-44, the team with “home-field advantage” — games 1-2, 6-7 at home — had a 30-30 record in World Series won and lost. The score in games was also almost ideal: 179-175 in favor of the home-field-edge team.

Then, for the 1986 World Series, baseball changed. The home team was allowed to play by its own rules, with a designated hitter used in American League parks but not in games in the NL parks. You would think — or at least I would have assumed — that the net effects over many years would cancel each other out. The AL might dominate games more in its parks with the double advantage of home crowd (and knowledge of the home park) and its own league’s rules.

Wrong.

In 27 World Series since then, a total of 148 games, the team that knows it will start the series at home in Games 1 and 2 but also will end any long series at home in Games 6 and 7 has dominated the World Series.

This home-field advantage team, like Kansas City in the current Series, has won 22 of the 27 classics. Even crazier, almost insane by baseball standards, that team has a 94-54 record. That’s a .635 percentage, the same as a 103-win juggernaut of a team.

Is 148 games and 27 years a “small sample”? If so, then how many fans will live long enough to say, “I think I’ve got enough data now to ask, ‘What the heck is going on here?’”

Does the combination of home fans, home park and home rules contribute to a fast start to a series and a sense of confidence that “getting home,” even if you are behind two-games-to-one, is still tenable?

Again this year, the team with home-field advantage is ahead. In tense moments, who knows exactly what holds them together works against the Giants? Or maybe it’s random.

The next few days will give us more data. On home-field advantages?

Oh, no. We’ll have more info on how much work, how much tension and torture these two bullpens can stand and whether it will be a Royals reliever who stands atop the hill when the final out is made.

Washington Post

[2014 World Series: Royals win Game 3, even after Ned Yost makes it an adventure](#)

by Adam Kilgore

SAN FRANCISCO — Kansas City Royals Manager Ned Yost grabbed the keys and took the wheel in the sixth inning Friday night. He swerved over the double yellow, glanced off the guard rail and just about hit a pedestrian. He might have clipped a couple mailboxes. And do you know what? At the end of Game 3 of the World Series, there the car sat, fender dented and headlight busted, safe and sound in the driveway.

[Yost's moves typically draw questions](#). The one that persisted Friday night is this: Was that dunce cap actually a wizard's hat? In the Royals' harrowing, [3-2 victory](#) over the San Francisco Giants, Yost coaxed all 12 outs he needed from his bullpen in head-scratching, mind-bending, game-winning fashion. He rooted for his own hitter to make an out. He allowed a reliever to hit with a man on base in the seventh inning. He let a right-handed pitcher face a left-handed batter while a left-handed pitcher warmed up. He asked for a rookie who plied his trade this spring at Texas Christian University to record the night's biggest outs. The decisions led ultimately to the Royals taking a 2-1 lead in the 110th World Series.

"I'm getting really good at protecting a one-run lead," Yost said, "because a lot of times that's exactly what we have to deal with."

The burden of decision shifted afterward to [Bruce Bochy](#), the manager in the other dugout. In Saturday's Game 4, down a game, would he start mountainous left-hander Madison Bumgarner? No, he confirmed afterward. The Giants will stick with journeyman Ryan Vogelsong and pitch Bumgarner with regular rest in Game 5.

"Sure, we talked about other options," Bochy said. "We're not going to change because we lost."

The Giants, vying for their third championship in five seasons, have become the desperate team, trailing in the World Series for the first time in their recent run. The Royals, trying for their first in 29, are two wins away.

The path to this point took hairpin turns and wild detours. Tim Hudson and Jeremy Guthrie engaged in an improbable pitchers' duel for five innings. The Royals ambushed Hudson, who made the first World Series start of a 16-year-career, for a run in the first inning. The score stayed stuck at 1-0 into the sixth, when the Royals, fueled by Alex Gordon's double and Eric Hosmer's RBI single to cap an 11-pitch battle against Javier Lopez, grabbed a 3-0 lead.

Three more outs, and the Royals could uncage their three-headed relief monster. Three more outs, and it would be one inning apiece for Kelvin Herrera, Wade Davis and Greg Holland. Three more outs, and it would have been so easy for Yost.

Guthrie recorded no more outs. Brandon Crawford greeted him in the sixth with a single, just the third hit Guthrie allowed all night. Bochy called on Michael Morse to pinch-hit. Morse fell behind, 0-2, and launched a hanging change-up into the upper deck in left field — just foul. Five pitches later, though, Morse smashed a double down the left field line. He waved his arms and clapped his hands as he trotted into second, and Crawford sprinted home with the Giants' first run.

Yost had wanted to ease Herrera's workload after he threw 32 pitches two nights before in Game 2. He had no choice now — with the Giants threatening, he needed his nastiest pitcher on the mound.

"I'm not going to get beat in the sixth inning with the bullpen that I've got," Yost said.

That meant the one who throws 101 mph. After allowing a walk, Herrera quieted the Giants' rally with three straight outs, including Buster Posey's RBI groundout.

Yost had brought in Herrera with an apparent plan in mind: He would pitch at least until he faced Hunter Pence, due up first in the bottom of the seventh. There was a hitch. Herrera was due up fourth in the top half. With two outs, Jarrod Dyson singled.

“Actually, I was hoping Dice would make an out there,” Yost said. “But he steps up and foils my plan and gets a hit.”

Yost still stuck to his plan. Such is his faith in his bullpen — the means to record outs is more important to him than the capacity to add runs to a lead.

“Sending Kelvin out for the seventh inning was going to be more important than trying to add a tack-on run with our bullpen,” Yost said.

And so Herrera, for the first time in his career, dug in at the plate. Afterward, Hosmer laughed hysterically at the image of Herrera in the box. “I don’t really know,” Hosmer said with another burst of laughter. “I was just hoping he didn’t get hit in the hand or something like that.”

Even if speed-burning Dyson had stolen second base, Yost said, he would not have used a pinch hitter in the middle of the at-bat.

“That was one of those decisions that’s really tearing you apart,” Yost said. “And I really wanted Dyson to go. I really did.”

Sergio Romo dispatched Herrera on three pitches, and the inning ended. “I thought he was going to hit a double,” Holland said, deadpan. “But he got a slider.”

Yost’s payoff would come if Herrera dusted Pence. Instead, Yost got more anguish. Herrera walked Pence on a low 3-2 fastball, spoiling the one reason Yost had let Herrera bat.

Rookie left-hander Brandon Finnegan — a 2014 draft pick who pitched in the College World Series this season — had been warming, ready with three consecutive left-handed batters looming. But when Brandon Belt walked to the plate, Yost stayed put — Belt struggles with high velocity and actually reaches base at a higher clip against left-handers. Herrera struck out Belt with a 3-2, 97-mph four-seamer.

Now Yost pulled the trigger on Finnegan. Bochy pulled back Travis Ishikawa for a right-handed hitter. With Morse already exhausted, the best Bochy could do was Juan Perez, an utter non-factor with a bat. Finnegan induced a soft lineout to left field. Two outs. Crawford ran the count full before Finnegan, who may be too young to feel the pressure of the moment, struck him out with a 95-mph sinker.

“It was just regular nerves,” Finnegan said. “It’s the same game. Yeah, it’s a little bit bigger, but it’s still baseball.”

The Royals had survived a two-inning rollercoaster with Yost at the controls. They had reached the eighth inning with a lead and with Davis and Holland in reserve. In other words, they had won. Davis blew away the Giants in order. Holland matched him in the ninth, starting with Posey, the former MVP who has yet to leave his impact in the Series or record an extra-base hit in the playoffs.

Yost, in these playoffs, can do no wrong. He never inserted his top pinch hitter, Billy Butler, and afterward a reporter wanted to know how much that would have gnawed at him if the Royals had lost.

“I didn’t lose the game,” Yost said, “so I don’t think about that stuff.”

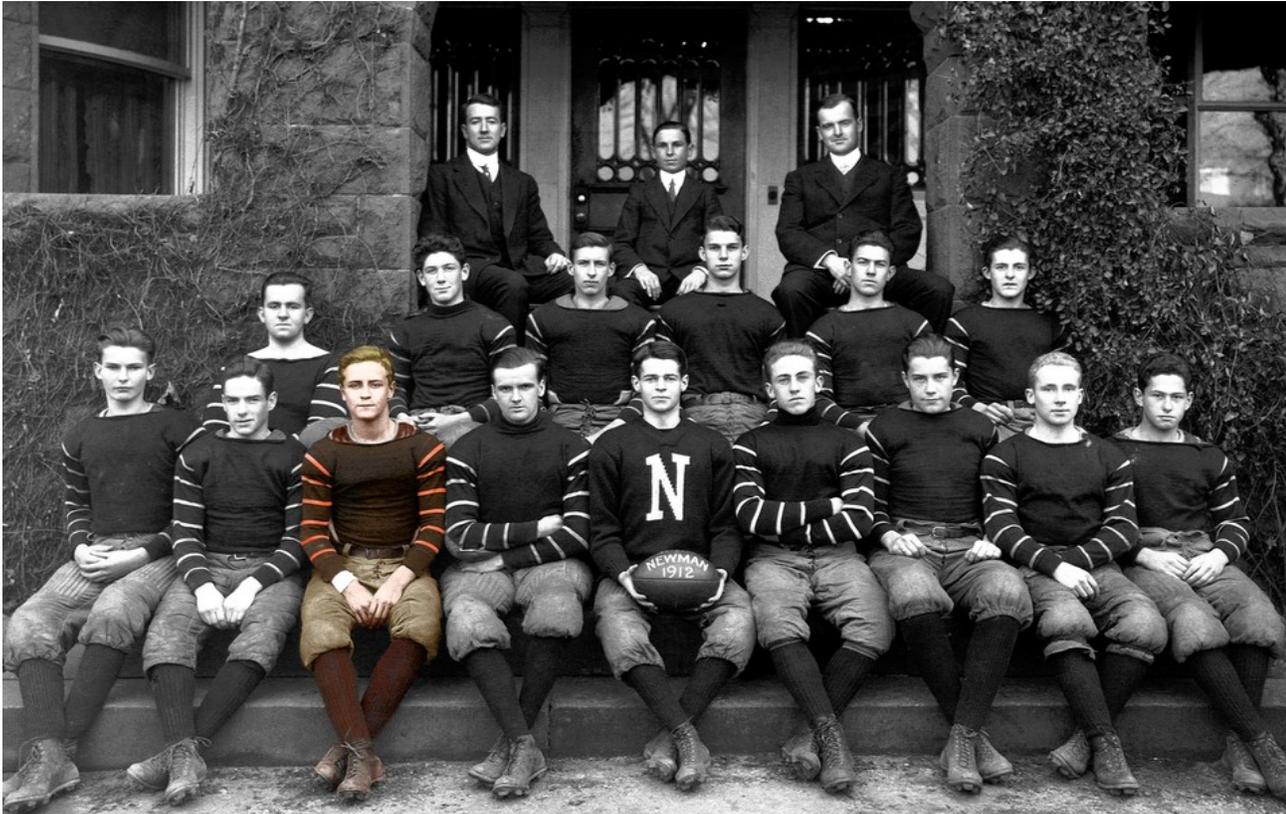
The Royals, in this Series, have taken control. It may not look like it, but they had a grip on the wheel the entire time.

WSJ

The Football Genius of F. Scott Fitzgerald

The literary star wasn't just a Princeton football fanatic. He helped inspire a key innovation on the field.

by Kevin Helliker



The Newman School football team with F. Scott Fitzgerald seated third from the left in the front row.

You don't need to know about the literary backdrop of Princeton University football to take an interest in Saturday's game against Harvard. For two years running this storied rivalry has produced thrillers that came down to the final seconds—last year in triple overtime. At stake once again is the Ivy League title.

It's safe to say that this weekend's game would have mattered a lot to F. Scott Fitzgerald. As a prep-school student in the stands for the 1911 installment of the rivalry, Fitzgerald watched Princeton pull off an improbable late victory. At that instant, his biographers say, he vowed to enroll at Princeton. Once there, he tried out for the team—but got cut on the first day, a well-chronicled disappointment that some scholars believe explains the sense of rejection that permeates his novels, especially "The Great Gatsby."

But long overlooked evidence suggests that football didn't just influence Fitzgerald: Fitzgerald himself may have exerted a decisive influence on the development of the game.



Fritz Crisler was head coach at Princeton for five years. F. Scott Fitzgerald called him 'between 12 midnight and six a.m. of the night before our games—not just sometimes, but practically every eve of every home game,' he said in a 1956 interview.

The evidence comes from a 1956 interview with Fritz Crisler, a man who unquestionably shaped the game of football. After becoming head coach at Michigan in 1938, Crisler established the practice of fielding distinct offensive and defensive units; previously, 11 men had played both sides of the ball for 60 minutes. This shift became Crisler's legacy. His biography at the College Football Hall of Fame calls him "the father of two-platoon football."

The tantalizing question raised by the 1956 interview is: Did Crisler get the idea from Fitzgerald? It is not a subject discussed in the ever-expanding library of popular and academic writing on Fitzgerald. (This year alone has seen the publication of at least three books about Fitzgerald.)

Scholars who focus on Fitzgerald's fascination with money, women, booze, jazz and 1920s Paris have never made much of his devotion to a Princeton football team that won 10 national championships in his lifetime. His life as a devoted fan never fit well in the narrative of Fitzgerald as a tortured artist, heartbroken by his wife's mental illness and confronted at every turn by commercial failure.

Even at Princeton, there is little awareness that the university's most famous dropout fanatically followed the Tigers. "I had no idea Fitzgerald was a football fan," says Princeton football coach Bob Surace, a Princeton graduate whose coming reunion carries the Fitzgeraldian theme of "This Side of Paradise" (the title of the author's first novel).

Fitzgerald was, in fact, a pioneer of the fanaticism that characterizes so many college football fans today, and his relationship with Crisler is exhibit one.

Wooed from Minnesota, Crisler became the head coach at Princeton in 1932, 15 years after Fitzgerald had dropped out as a junior. Crisler stayed five years, winning two national championships, before moving on to Michigan, where he stayed as coach and athletic director for more than 20 years. He died in 1982.

In 1956, a Michigan graduate student in romance languages did something that apparently no other Fitzgerald scholar had done before. The student, Donald A. Yates, asked Crisler if during his Princeton years he'd had any contact with Fitzgerald. Mr. Yates got an earful, and in 1956 he published an article about it in the Michigan Daily, the university's student newspaper.

During his Princeton years, Crisler told Mr. Yates, his phone would ring late at night before games. Answering, he would hear the voice of Fitzgerald, calling from Miami, Chicago or Hollywood. The calls came "between 12 midnight and six a.m. of the night before our games—not just sometimes, but practically every eve of every home game," Crisler told Mr. Yates. Often, behind Fitzgerald's voice, Crisler heard the laughter and cries of a dying party.

What Fitzgerald called to talk about was Princeton football. "It wasn't just a matter of the habitual old-grad spirit and enthusiasm," said Crisler. "There was something beyond comprehension in the intensity of his feelings. Listening to him unload his soul as many times as I did, I finally came to the conclusion that what Scott felt was really an unusual, a consuming devotion for the Princeton football team."

In his article about the Crisler interview, Mr. Yates argued that Fitzgerald's obsession with Princeton football was rooted in his failed effort to make the Princeton team as a freshman. Yet Fitzgerald had to have known he had little chance of making that era's most dominant college football team: He weighed only 135 pounds, and in high school he had been a mediocre player.

He was a smart football fan, though, to judge from that 1956 interview. "Sometimes he had a play or a new strategy he wanted me to use," said Crisler. "Some of the ideas Scott used to suggest to me over the phone were reasonable—and some were fantastic."

In the fantastic department, Crisler cited an example: Fitzgerald, he said, "came up with a scheme for a whole new offense. Something that involved a two-platoon system."

At the time of the interview, the coach was already known as the father of two-platoon football. But Mr. Yates didn't know that. "I didn't pay a lot of attention to sports," says Mr. Yates, now 84 and a professor emeritus of Latin American literature at Michigan State University.

So Mr. Yates didn't ask Crisler the million-dollar question: Did he get the idea for a two-platoon system from Fitzgerald? Looking back at the statements Crisler made to him, Mr. Yates says, "That seems to be what he is saying."

In the early years of college football, the NCAA limited the use of substitutes to cases of injury. In the early 1940s, when Crisler implemented a two-platoon system at Michigan, the NCAA was

starting to relax those rules. Platoon-based football was a much-discussed topic at the time and may well have originated elsewhere than with Fitzgerald.

Even so, “he was way ahead of his time,” says Mr. Surace, the current Princeton coach. “The thinking back then was that if you had a great player, you’d be crazy to take him out for half the game.”

There’s one bit of supporting evidence. In 1962, Fitzgerald acquaintance Andrew Turnbull wrote a biography of the author. He recounts that Asa Bushnell, a Princeton athletic manager during the Crisler years, reported receiving a call from Fitzgerald promoting the idea of distinct units of players. “Princeton must have two teams,” Fitzgerald told Bushnell, according to the book. “One will be big—all men over two hundred [pounds]. This team will be used to batter them down and wear them out. Then the little team, the pony team, will go in and make the touchdowns.”

Fitzgerald never stopped thinking and writing about football. In the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1936 he published a hilarious story about a Princeton team whose best player is an ant—that’s right, an insect.

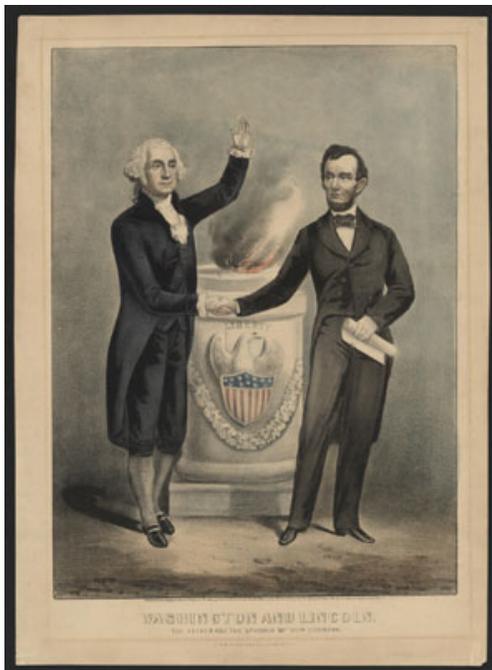
At the age of 44, he was reading a Princeton Alumni Weekly analysis of the coming season—a document that now resides in the Princeton library—when a fatal heart attack felled him. In the margins of that newsletter, Fitzgerald had scribbled several comments, including “good prose”—which makes college football the last thing he ever wrote about.

City Journal

[The Last Founding Father](#)

Richard Brookhiser’s new biography of Lincoln is splendid.

by Myron Magnet



[Founders’ Son: A Life of Abraham Lincoln](#), by Richard Brookhiser (Basic Books, 376 pp., \$27.99)

Unlike those mega-biographies that bury their subject's chief accomplishments under 900 pages of undigested detail, Richard Brookhiser's compact, profound, and utterly absorbing new life of Abraham Lincoln, *Founders' Son*, leaps straight to the heart of the matter. With searchlight intensity, it dazzlingly illuminates the great president's evolving views of slavery and the extraordinary speeches in which he unfolded that vision, molding the American mind on the central conflict in American history and resolving, at heroic and tragic cost to the nation and himself, the contradiction that the Founding Fathers themselves could not resolve.

Of Lincoln's youth, therefore, Brookhiser gives us only telling vignettes: his sense of close connection to the Founding through the Revolutionary War-veteran grandfather for whom he was named; the kindly stepmother who entered his hardscrabble life like a ray of sunshine and encouraged his love of reading and thinking, so that, after false starts as a riverboat man and a storekeeper, he could teach himself to be a lawyer by dogged solitary study; the rain-stained copy of Parson Weems's biography of George Washington that fired his boyhood imagination with the momentous meaning of the American Founding, and that stoked (I would guess) the ambition, which he expressed almost in Washington's very words, to "be truly esteemed of my fellow men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem;" the passionate belief in "a man's right to own the fruits of his own labor," bred not only by having to work as an unpaid field hand for his dirt-farmer father but also by his father's hiring him out to other farmers and pocketing his wages; his related belief, also conceived in servitude, and later strengthened by the Hamiltonian vision of Henry Clay, that the purpose of American liberty was, as Brookhiser puts it, "to make men—to develop the talents of individual Americans;" the melancholy, engendered by the early deaths of his mother, his sister, and his fiancée, that "dripped off him as he walked," said his law partner; the fatalism he often expressed in the adage, "What is to be will be, and no prayers of ours can reverse the decree;" and the loveless marriage he made to Mary Todd in 1842, which left him, judges Brookhiser, with "passion to spare" for matters political.

Through what magic, then, did a one-term congressman—he served from 1847 to 1849—manage to get elected president in 1860? It was the genius of his oratory, inspired by models as diverse as Tom Paine and the Old Testament, coupled with a lifelong conviction that the Founding Fathers had struggled to create "something even more than national independence; . . . something that held out great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come." They had fought, as Parson Weems put it, for the "GENIUS OF LIBERTY," and their struggle, Lincoln believed, was now his charge. When we speak of wanting a politician of conviction, *this* is the standard we must use.

Lincoln did not start out an abolitionist. As early as 1837, he showed ambivalence on the subject. When the Illinois legislature voted to condemn abolition societies as unnecessarily provocative that year, legislator Lincoln and a colleague voted yes but entered a protest, declaring for the record "that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." Even so, as a campaigner for Whig candidate William Henry Harrison in the election of 1840, Lincoln, in a debate with Martin Van Buren supporter Stephen Douglas, "was not above slyly trafficking in prejudice," Brookhiser notes, attacking Van Buren for supporting voting rights for New York State's free blacks. But as his congressional term drew to an end in 1849, he proposed (unsuccessfully) a plan for ending slavery in the District of Columbia, and the next year, when the three-decade-long era of trying to find a compromise on the issue of slavery came to a climax with the Compromise of 1850, Lincoln knew that the choice between slavery and abolition was inevitable for the nation—and he knew that he would stand against slavery. "When the time comes my mind is made up," he told a friend, "for I believe the slavery question can never be successfully compromised."

The time came soon enough, with the infamous Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854. In effect, the act repealed the 1820 Missouri Compromise, which, in admitting Missouri as a slave state, had barred

slavery from the rest of the Louisiana Territory lying north of the 36° 30' parallel. By the terms of the new act, however, settlers pouring into the vast, hitherto empty territories of Kansas and Nebraska, which mostly lay north of the 1820 line, could choose whether to admit or bar slavery by "popular sovereignty," the term used by Democratic senate leader Stephen Douglas, who boasted of having "passed the Kansas-Nebraska Act myself. . . . I had the authority and power of a dictator throughout the whole controversy."

Though what we call the Lincoln-Douglas debates occurred in their Illinois senatorial contest of 1858, the "six years from 1854 to 1860 were one long Lincoln-Douglas debate," writes Brookhiser, as Douglas went around the state defending the act and an indignant Lincoln pursued him, rebutting his emollient arguments in a string of immortal speeches. In Peoria in October 1854, Lincoln condemned Douglas for reopening an already scabbed-over wound. "Every inch of territory we owned already had a definite settlement of the slavery question," he observed; but thanks to Douglas, "here we are in the midst of a new slavery agitation." Douglas wants the people of the territories to decide? Fine. But who the people are "depends on whether a Negro is *not* or *is* a man." If he is, then isn't it "a total destruction of self-government, to say that he too shall not govern *himself*?" When a white man "governs himself, and also governs *another* man, that is *more* than self-government—that is despotism."

Lincoln appealed to the authority of his beloved Founding Fathers—a subject Brookhiser, biographer of several of them, knows better than most. These great men found slavery already existing in the colonies, and to forge a new nation that the slave states would agree to join, they had to accept the evil out of necessity, not principle. They clearly knew that it was wrong, as is evident in the 1787 Northwest Ordinance, by which the Continental Congress strove to prevent slavery's spread to unsettled territories; in the Declaration of Independence—"the sheet anchor of American republicanism," said Lincoln, "that teaches me that 'all men are created equal,'" including blacks, who are emphatically men; and in the Constitution itself, which accepted slavery so reluctantly that it wouldn't even name it, Lincoln noted, "just as an afflicted man hides away a wen or cancer, which he dares not cut out at once, lest he bleed to death." So let's not go beyond where the Founders felt themselves forced to go. Let's not metastasize slavery further.

In March 1857, the Supreme Court handed down what Brookhiser rightly calls "its worst decision ever" in the *Dred Scott* case. Chief Justice Roger Taney wrote that Scott, a slave whose master had died after taking him north of the Missouri line, had no right to sue for his freedom, because blacks were not citizens and therefore had "no rights which the white man was bound to respect," including the right to sue. Moreover, Taney continued, the Missouri Compromise, to which Scott appealed for his freedom, was unconstitutional. Insofar as it implied that a citizen's slave might become a free man simply by crossing an imaginary line, it violated the Fifth Amendment, by depriving citizens of their property without due process of law.

Douglas viewed Taney's decision with equanimity, since in his view blacks were an "inferior race"—a race with which Lincoln's newly formed Republican Party, he sneered in a June speech in Springfield, would be happy to intermarry. Lincoln's response was outrage. Of course the Founders who framed the Fifth Amendment didn't mean what Taney said they did, he thundered in a Springfield speech later in June. After all, five of the states that ratified the Constitution allowed free blacks to vote on ratifying the Constitution itself. And *of course* the signers of the Declaration of Independence meant to include blacks in their assertion that all men are created equal. They were stating an abstract principle: "They meant to set up a standard maxim for a free society" that would block "those who in after times might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism." As for Douglas's charge that Republicans backed intermarriage, that is silly. It doesn't follow that, "because I do not want a black woman for a slave I must necessarily want her for a wife. I need not have her for either." What is not silly, though, but everlastingly true is that "in

her natural right to eat the bread she earns with her own hands without asking leave of anyone else, she is my equal, and the equal of all others.”

In accepting the Republican nomination to run against Douglas in his Senate re-election bid in June 1858, Lincoln took the logically inevitable next step in the argument. “A house divided against itself cannot stand,” he declared. “I believe the government cannot endure, permanently half slave and half free.” Either slavery will ultimately overrun the entire nation, or the abolitionists will stop its spread and slowly push it to extinction, though not “within the term of my natural life” but perhaps “a hundred years” hence, Lincoln prophesied.

And so the Lincoln-Douglas debates were on—seven of them, as the candidates chugged by train for thousands of miles across the state, arguing the slavery issue. The Founders, Douglas asserted, were states’-rights men, “and left each state perfectly free to do as it pleased on the subject of slavery.” And their declaration that all men are created equal “had no reference either to the negro, the savage Indians, the Fejee, the Malay, or any other inferior and degraded race.” If it did, they would have freed their slaves. Lincoln riposted with his argument of necessity: “Our fathers . . . found the institution of slavery existing among us. They did not make it so, but they left it so because they knew of no way to get rid of it at that time.” But at least they tried to limit its spread, because they knew it was so wrong that slaveowner Jefferson himself, quoted Lincoln, “trembled for his country when he remembered that God was just.” But Douglas sees nothing wrong with it. “That is the real issue,” summed up Lincoln. “It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world.” On a rainy November 2, Illinois electors sent Stephen Douglas back to the Senate.

For all the disarming “rube/boob persona,” as Brookhiser calls it, that the gawky, six-foot-four, ill-dressed, frontier-bred Lincoln liked to adopt—for all his self-deprecating jokes and homespun stories—the ambition that smoldered in him as a young man had now clearly burst into a sense of calling, which appeared, one cabinet member later noticed, in an “unconscious assumption of superiority.” What else would lead a one-term congressman, with no managerial experience, to run for president in 1860 against Douglas and two minor candidates on the issue of containing and ultimately ending slavery—the “question about which all true men do care?” Perhaps he was speaking for himself, as well as for the nation, when, after repeating his usual antislavery arguments in his great first campaign speech at New York’s Cooper Union that February, he closed with this peroration: “Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.” That he surely did, with the last full measure of devotion.

On November 6, he won. Six weeks later, South Carolina seceded from the union. In his Inaugural Address on March 4, 1861, the sixteenth president tried to reassure Southerners that he had neither the right nor the inclination “to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists, and he stressed that “[w]e are not enemies, but friends,” tied together by the “mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart.” But by then, six more slave states had seceded from the union and formed the Confederacy, so Lincoln also vowed to hold the property the government possessed there. On April 12, as he tried to resupply Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, rebel canon boomed, the fort surrendered, and the Civil War was on. By the end of May, 11 of the 34 states had joined the Confederacy, founded, said its vice president, “upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition.”

Brookhiser recounts the war in two succinct chapters—fair enough, since shelves of books already exist covering every aspect of the savage conflict—and he gives a brief but useful summary of how Lincoln freed the Confederacy’s slaves by proclamation, as a wartime commander in chief, and

how he completed the job by changing his proposed Thirteenth Amendment, originally stipulating that the federal government couldn't end slavery in the slave states, to the utter abolition of the obscene institution that won final ratification in December 1865.

Brookhiser properly devotes an entire chapter to Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, which he rightly judges the greatest of his speeches—and (in my view) is perhaps the greatest speech ever made. In it, Brookhiser believes, Lincoln completed his lifelong search for a surrogate father, moving from the Founding Fathers to God the Father. To be sure, this speech, delivered on March 4, 1865, like the Gettysburg Address given some 15 months earlier, resounds with the poetry of the King James Bible, which a childhood friend of Lincoln's sons' remembered the president would often read after lunch in the White House, while the children played, "sometimes in his stocking feet with one long leg crossed over the other, the unshod foot slowly waving back and forth" as he kept time to the rhythm of the Elizabethan language's stupendous music.

But if I have one disagreement with Brookhiser's splendid book, I would think of Lincoln not as the Founders' son but rather as the last Founding Father, shoulder to shoulder with them in greatness as he completed their work, giving the nation a "new birth of freedom" and ensuring that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, that they had instituted but could not perfect, would not perish from the earth. And in the Second Inaugural, he sounds like an Old Testament prophet, questioning God's purposes, even quarreling with them, as he felt himself to be the instrument of accomplishing them. Yes, the war was just and necessary, but why was it lasting so long? Why did so many have to die in the flower of their youth? "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come;" Lincoln quoted, "but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" Why would God decree that offenses must come and then punish those who act according to His decree? Why would He decree slavery, then decree its removal, and decree punishment to everyone who had benefited from it, not just Southern slaveowners but every Northern broker and shipper who had profited from it, down to his children and his children's children? We can only carry on "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right," said Lincoln—however dimly that may be.

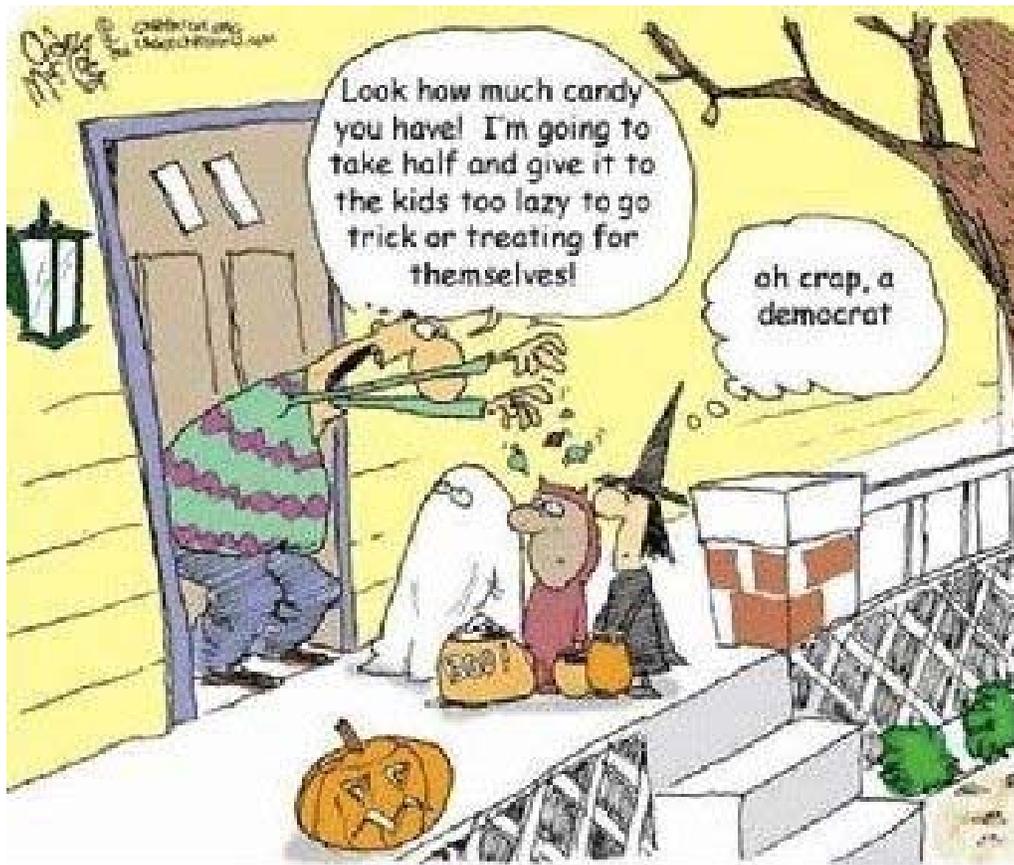
After the Confederate capital of Richmond fell a month later, Lincoln wanted to see it with his own eyes, and he walked the silent streets on April 3, 1865, with a bodyguard of only ten sailors, six days before Lee surrendered. But suddenly crowds of blacks surrounded him, shouting, "Glory to God! The great Messiah! Come to free his children from bondage." Several touched the president, as James McPherson recounts in *Battle Cry of Freedom*; and one old woman cried, "I know I am free, for I have seen Father Abraham and felt him." She was right: he was one of those world-historical figures we can never account for but can only marvel at with gratitude.

Six days after the victory, Lincoln was dead. "The Almighty has His own purposes," he had said in the Second Inaugural. But who can tell what they are?

Myron Magnet, City Journal's editor-at-large and its editor from 1994 through 2006, is a recipient of the National Humanities Medal. His latest book is [The Founders at Home](#).

WHY AREN'T EBOLA VICTIMS FLYING TO CUBA FOR THE AWESOME FREE HEALTHCARE?

iOWNTHEWORLD.COM



Libertarians



Diligently plotting to take over
the World and leave you alone.





WALTHER
P39 .40



COLT
1911PG .45



GLOCK
17 9MM



KIMBER
GOLD MATCH II .45



LES BAER
1911 STINGER .45



SMITH & WESSON
.38 SPECIAL



COLT
DETECTIVE .38



RUGER
REDHAWK .44



SIG SAUER
P210 9MM



SMITH & WESSON
.44 MAGNUM



ROSSI
R151 .38



PARA ORDNANCE
CCW .45



BERETTA
BOBCAT .22



HECKLER & KOCH
MARK 23 .45



BROWNING
BUCK MARK .22



BERETTA
BRIGADIER .40



CZ 85
COMBAT 9MM



SPRINGFIELD ARMOY
PX9011L .45

CELEBRATE DIVERSITY

Copyright © 2002-2004 ThoseShirts.com