



## FROM THE BULLPEN

Official Publication of  
The Hot Stove League  
Eastern Nebraska Division  
1992 Season

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As we wind into the bottom of this Hot Stove League season, it is looking more and more like the boisterous commandant of the Skipjacks is a mortal lock to have his name etched onto The Cup. Woe to the rest of us. Here are the standings through August 9:

	<u>Total</u>	<u>Last 2 Weeks</u>
1.Skipjacks	9900.2	1191.0
2.Cubs	9374.4	1163.0
3.Reds	9258.4	1135.0
4.Senators	9236.1	1162.0
5.Tigers	9098.3	1171.5
6.Red Sox	8628.4	1114.5
7.Tribe	8464.8	1028.0
8.Pirates	8300.1	1125.5
9.Blues	8275.6	913.0
10.Chiefs	8003.4	1132.0

It looks like the smooth-talking, back-slapping, presser-of-flesh has blindly stumbled onto a winner. His 515 point lead on the field seems insurmountable, what with Glavine, Smoltz, Drabek & Company continuing to throw complete-game-victory after complete-game-victory. As you will see, the Skipjacks have 4 pitchers in the top 10 of the League. Who would have thought that this perennial resident of the lower division and sometime cellar-dweller would rise above his own intellectual shortcomings and elbow his way to the top of the heap. Maybe Baby Trumpetfish is right, this game is nothing but luck. But then again, maybe the balding one has finally invoked some previously untapped baseball acumen, now that he is married, settled down and no longer worried about where his next meal is coming from. In any event, although it may be a bit premature, Skipper's highest kudos to you, Most Boisterous One. You will soon have another trophy for your basement shrine.

Let's take a quick look at how the rest of the brethren are doing.

Second Place: The Cubs look like they have reached their apex, with strong performances from just about everyone on the squad, except Ruben Sierra and Kevin Mitchell. Look for some serious plummeting from this squad as the season winds down.

Third Place: Despite continued managerial gaffes, the Reds continue to retain their precarious hold on third place. Look for some minor slippage the rest of the way.

Fourth Place: The Senators remain poised to rocket into a money position as soon as its late-blooming pitching staff catches fire. Keep the faith.

Fifth Place: With the second highest point totals for the week, the always-optimistic Tiger manager actually believes that his team is still in contention. But don't get your hopes up, WhiteSot. You may have reached your final resting place.

Sixth Place: Another big week for Boy Unctuous and his Red Sox. If only he could figure out the shell game between Ventura and Sheffield, he would be in contention for an upper division berth.

Seventh Place: Without a single pitcher with over 500 points, it is easy to see why the Tribe is mired in the lower division. Only a miracle can keep this anvil from dropping into the bottom three.

Eighth Place: You had to know that this team would eventually make a move, and now here they come. Unfortunately, it's too little, too late. Even with monster weeks from Frank Thomas and Tim Raines, the Pirate team made up little ground on the rest of the field.

Ninth Place: Only a month ago, nobody thought it possible that the Chiefs might overtake another team. But the Blues, with their laissez faire manager, have given them hope.

Tenth Place: With superior pitching from David Cone and a red-hot Greg Jefferies, the Chiefs are finally putting up some serious numbers. Can they make it out of the cellar? It's going to be close.

### Top Ten Hitters

1.Puckett	1032
2.Thomas	1002
3.Anderson	946
4.Molitar	942
5.McGwire	941
6.Van Slyke	929

7.Winfield	920
8.Pendleton	904
9.Phillips	903
10.Grissom	900

### **Who Was Hot**

1.Pendleton	183
2.Raines	167
3.Jefferies	164
4.DeShields	157
5.Bell	154
6.O. Nixon	154
7.Fielder	150
8.Ventura	135
9.Molitar	133
10.Fryman	133

### **Who Was Not**

11.Zeile	32
12.Alomar, Jr.	36
13.Schofield	45
14.Pagnozzi	48
15.Reynolds	49
16.Davis, C.	52
17.Palmer	53
18.Borders	54
19.Duncan	54
20.Mitchell	56

### **Top Ten Pitchers**

21.Glavine	719.5
22.Clemens	683.5
23.Smoltz	675.5
24.Cone	674.5
25.Maddox	659.5
26.Nagy	621.5
27.Brown	608.0

28.Appier	607.0
29.Drabek	574.5
30.McDowell	565.5

### Who Was Hot

1.Jones	105.5
2.Bosio	105.5
3.Clemens	104.5
4.Smoltz	98.5
5.Welch	94.0
6.Navarro	94.0
7.Martinez, D.	93.5
8.Burkett	90.5
9.Finley	90.0
10.Eckersley	86.5

### Top Reserve Performances (a/k/a Managerial Blunders)

	<u>Reserve</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Starter</u>	<u>Points</u>	<u>Net Loss</u>
1.	Otis Nixon (Cubs)	154	Kevin Mitchell	56	-98
2.	Kenny Lofton (Chiefs)	120	Chili Davis	52	-68
3.	John Wetteland (Reds)	68.5	Rick Aguilera	1.0	-67.5
4.	Gary Gaetti (Blues)	89	Todd Zeile	32	-57
5.	Tony Pena (Reds)	92	Sandy Alomar	36	-56
6.	Glenn Davis (Chiefs)	108	Rafael Palmeiro	70	-38
7.	Bip Roberts (Pirates)	86	Harold Reynolds	49	-37
8.	Ramon Martinez (Tribe)	67	Ron Darling	31.5	-35.5
9.	George Brett (Reds)	120	Roberto Kelly	85	-35
10.	Mike Moore (Red Sox)	51.5	Craig Lefferts	17	-34.5

## FROM OUR EVIL TWIN DEPARTMENT

Despite numerous guesses, nobody was able to correctly identify what was wrong with one of the two pictures included in the last issue of *From the Bullpen*. Not even Shamu or his wife. Hold onto your hats. The answer is that one of the mustachioed, crimson-topped fireplugs is not actually our boy Shamu. Look again. The handsome fellow who is flanked by Baby Trumpetfish and myself is actually an unrelated (or so Shamu's mother says) minstrel we found wandering in the mountains of Colorado during our July 4 trip there. If proof is deemed necessary, numerous witnesses can be made available who actually saw Shamu on that date, lighting off snakes in his driveway in Lincoln to celebrate the 4th. He was not in Colorado. The guesses about the pictures were myriad, and a few deserve to be shared:

- Shamu's shirt is tucked in.
- Shamu's pockets are sticking out.
- Shamu is standing on a log (Shamu's double is, in fact, a few inches taller).
- Shamu lost his red-meshed jersey.
- Jan has been sprucing up Shamu's wardrobe.
- Shamu has no food residue in his mustache.
- Shamu isn't eating.
- Shamu's shorts appear pressed.
- Shamu has lost a few pounds.

Good guesses, fellas, but not even close.

## OMAHA OUTING

In my last newsletter I suggested an outing to the Omaha Royals game, to be followed by a trip to the links the following morning, for the weekend of August 29-30. The reception has been lukewarm, at best. Is anybody awake out there? Does anyone care? Hello! Hello! If there is any interest in such an outing in the Omaha venue, I am

still willing to line up the baseball tickets and golf reservations, but it will have to be moved to the following weekend, which unfortunately, is the Labor Day weekend. Since our spouses allowed us to schedule last year's major summer trip over Labor Day weekend, I assume that this will not create any problems this year. There may be some sort of estoppel argument, or at least a pattern of behavior which we can rely upon. When each of you go to your spouse with your hat in hand and request permission, point out that this will be a great way to get the Labor Day weekend off to a good start, that you will be refreshed and invigorated and ready to spend quality time with your spouse and/or children. Also point out that they will have you the better part of Saturday, all of Sunday, and all of Monday. Enough is enough. Let me know.

One further point should be raised concerning future League trips and outings. Recently, Sandjigger's seldomly outspoken bride threatened to publish a "Wife of Jiggernaut" epistle for transmission to the wives of all League members, suggesting that all future League trips and outings should be spouse-inclusive. I only have one comment to make. Stake out your mailboxes, and intercept that publication, or we may have a major revolution on our hands. A muckraker is in our presence, and the spineless Sandjigger appears incapable of dealing with this problem himself. Drastic measures may be in order.

In a spur-of-the-moment effort to quell this insurrection, I assured Anne that her idea would be taken up at an undefined League meeting at an undefined point in time in the future. This may buy some temporary peace from "Wife of Jiggernaut," but we must pool our resources in the future to brainstorm about how to put an end to this sacrilegious dialogue. We must gird together and fight to retain our fundamental right to annually organize a sojourn to a Major League city for a weekend of drunken debauchery. Perhaps a revisiting of the League Constitution is in order. Give this matter your serious thought, and plan to caucus at our Labor Day gathering.

## **DOOZIES FROM DIZZY**

As promised in the last issue, I proudly set forth some of the more notable quotations from the inimitable Dizzy Dean:

He must think I went to the  
Massachusetts Constitution of  
Technology.

I was helpin' the writers out.  
Them ain't lies, them's scoops.

If Satch and I were pitching on the same team, we'd cinch the pennant by July 4 and go fishin' until World Series time.

If them guys are thinkin', they're as good as licked right now.

I'm through talking about things folks ain't seein'.

The game was closer than the score indicated. {After a 1-0 shutout.}

The Good Lord was good to me. He gave me a strong body, a good right arm, and a weak mind.

The doctors x-rayed my head and found nothing.

## **MORE BASEBALL LORE**

In the spirit of furthering our mutual appreciation of the game of baseball, I give you a few more tidbits from Skipper's immense storehouse of baseball minutiae:

- Don Drysdale, the greatest knockdown artist of all time, learned the art of intimidation of Sal "The Barber" Maglie as a Brooklyn Dodger rookie in 1956.
- Sandy Koufax had a record of 97 and 27 during his last four years in the majors, before retiring at the end of the 1966 season at the age of 30. His last year his record was 27 and 9, and he struck out 317 batters, down from his then-record 382 strikeouts in 1965.
- During the Joe McCarthy era and the Red Scare, the Cincinnati Reds changed their name to the Cincinnati Red Legs, and played under that name until 1960.

*From the Bullpen*

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Page 8

- Mordecai "Three Fingers" Brown mangled his right hand in a corn grinder at the age of 7. He was a marginally successful third baseman until he realized that his mangled right hand gave him the ability to throw an awesome curve ball.
  
- In 1933 Chuck Klein won the Triple Crown for the Philadelphia Phillies, with 28 home runs, 120 RBI's and a .368 batting average. His club was so impressed that they traded him to the Chicago Cubs before the start of the next year.

Arrivederci.

Skipper