



FROM THE BULLPEN

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Eastern Nebraska Division
1993 Season

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AND DOWN THE STRETCH IT'S CURBY BY A NOSE . . .

Unless he trips himself up, and he is capable of it, Curby and his Reds look like a pretty good bet to capture the League jewel for 1993. Through games of Sunday, August 22, 1993, the Reds hold a 101-point bulge on the pack. Here are the standings:

1.	Sin City Reds	6966
2.	Lincoln Chiefs	6865
3.	Omaha Senators	6538
4.	Omaha Red Sox	6464
5.	Omaha Skipjacks	6416
6.	Lincoln Colemans	6389
7.	Lincoln Cubs	6214
8.	Kansas City Blues	6160
9.	Omaha Redbirds	6127
10.	Detroit Tigers	6053
11.	Omaha Bronx Bombers	5959
12.	Lincoln Pirates	5016

After the first two teams, it's a real dog fight between the rest of the pack (well, most of the rest), with only 579 points separating the third through eleventh place teams. Anything could happen. The Bronx Bombers *could* finish above 11th place. The Tigers *could* finish ahead of both League neophytes. The Cubs *could* finish in the money. Well, I guess not *anything* could happen. The Redbirds *cannot* finish ahead of the Senators. Sorry, B.T. But at least there will be some excitement as the middle-of-the-pack teams vie for an upper division berth.

DON YOUR SPLATTER SCREENS

As we move into the final quadrant of the season, the much-dreaded point limitations will begin taking effect, making strong men weep, and separating the true

managers from the luckmongers. And speaking of luckmongers, let's now turn to this week's Chiefs Tater Watch:

Date: 8/22/93 **Team Taters: 208** **Tater Limit: 210** **Taters To Go: 2**

As this issue of *F.T.B.* goes to press, the mighty Chiefs squad has only two more home runs for which it will receive credit. After that, each tater will be nothing more than a hit, a run, and an RBI, worth a total of 4 points instead of the customary 8. This may be contrasted with the Senators' present home run total of 139, leaving the wily Skipper with 71 more taters to be credited to his bank account.

As we move nearer the moment of truth, let's take a glance at how the point limitations will affect the two League frontrunners:

Reds

Points Earned By	Allowed For Season	Number at Present	Projected Season Total	Projected Lost Points
Runs	1,000	806	1,048	48
RBI's	950	782	1,017	67
Doubles	330	257	334	4
Home Runs	210	205	267	228
Batting Avg.	1,300	1,136	1,477	177
Saves	70	59	77	42
TOTAL				566

Lincoln Chiefs

Points Earned By	Allowed For Season	Number at Present	Projected Season Total	Projected Lost Points
Runs	1,000	783	1,018	18
RBI's	950	747	971	21
Doubles	330	259	337	7
Home Runs	210	208	270	240
Batting Avg.	1,300	1,048	1,362	62
Saves	70	63	82	72

TOTAL				420
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If the Reds and Chiefs are penalized by the amounts by which they are presently projected to exceed their point limitations, and if these figures are compared to the projected penalties of the other teams that are in the pennant race, it may be more than a two-man contest after all. During the stretch run, the Chiefs team may appear to be moving ahead at about the same pace as their manager moves on the basketball floor. *Quickly, no. Quicksand, yes.*

The same holds true for Curby and his restructured Reds. Curby has been beating the village drum incessantly since The Trip, trying with all his might to convert his team from a squadron of over-achieving, blind-pig hitters to a team of over-achieving, blind-pig pitchers. He may be successful. First Curby filibustered Rookie into trading Hal Morris and Dwight Gooden to the Reds for Rafael Palmiero and Kirk Rueter. Curby then foisted a fishy deal on Mouse recently, swapping him Inky Dinky and Sammy Say-It-Ain't Sosa for Hot-as-a-Pistol Bill Swift. This one barely passed the smell test, fellas. We can probably write it off as a rookie mistake. Or, Mouse may have promised Curby *anything* in exchange for a few moments of silence while returning home from The Trip. Desperate times call for desperate measures.

TRADE WINDS

A number of trades have been consummated in the past few weeks, as insecure managers strive to fill holes and bolster pitching staffs for the final run to October. Here's a couple of the deals that have gone down:

- Senators/Cubs Darryl Kile and Stan Belinda (oh, how it hurt to give up Stan) for Paul Molitor
- Senators/Pirates Rob Dibble for Orel Hershiser and Xavier Hernandez
- Cubs/Skipjacks Don Slaught for Jose Mesa (great trade, Shamu)

TRADE DEADLINE

Don't forget that the deadline for making trades with other League members is Tuesday, August 31, 1993. While you may continue to dip into the fervent free agent market after that date, there will be no trades allowed during the final five weeks of the season.

NIGHT OUT AT ROSENBLATT

For those of you who paddle your own canoe, there will be a Boys Night Out at Rosenblatt next Monday, August 30th, to see the Omaha Royals begin their last home

stretch of the season. The Royals take on the New Orleans Zephyrs at 7:05 that evening. Prior to the game, all HSL members who are willing and able will tee it up for 18 holes of golf at Fontenelle Park. Call WhiteSot with your R.S.V.P.

POSSUM PROBATION

Are you all well aware, once again this year, as in the past, the eel-like Possum is testing the limits of tolerance of his fellow owners and managers, through his unethical trading conduct (i.e., misrepresentation of players' statistics; nondisclosure of player injuries; failure to timely call in trades when traded players suddenly get hot; and the Possum trademark, the Bait-and-Switch tactic); and his outright prevarications concerning his attendance at League functions (at least three League members have testified by affidavit that Possum verbally assured them he would be in attendance on the California trip). As a consequence, I feel compelled in my role as self-appointed ethics proctor to take immediate unilateral action (Due Process be damned) to mete punishment upon the oily purveyor of stocks, bonds and dubious investment advice. For the remainder of this campaign, and possibly forever, Possum will no longer receive his complimentary copy of *From the Bullpen*. As such, and as we have been taught by past experience, Possum may plead with other League members for copies of this and other issues to be circulated in the future. Please resist Possum's efforts until he has completed his probationary period. Thank you for your cooperation.

SONS OF SLO-PAY?

Many of you were very prompt in remitting payment for your share of the expenses from The Trip. Mouse and Rookie, the two League pledges, immediately issued their payments, as well as WhiteSot and the Egyptian Magician (Itchie). That leaves only four unpaid invoices. You know who you are. Soon, the world will know who you are. Wrestle that checkbook away from the spouse, and meet your financial obligations before I turn your names over to Accent Collections. *Merci*.

GET THE PICTURE

Enclosed, with thanks to Shamu and WhiteSot,¹ I enclose for your viewing pleasure a few photos depicting the highlights of the 1993 Trip. At least one of the photos will look very, very familiar, but rest assured all photos are from the 1993 Trip.

¹And *anti*-thanks to my spouse. Thanks to her, I clicked off 26 imaginary photos, not knowing that her camera was *sans* film.

NO, BLUTO, WE'RE AFRAID

Whatever happened to the one-time practice of other League members publishing their opinions, comments and criticisms about *From the Bullpen*, its editor, the Hot Stove League, baseball, and life in general? At various times over the years, several League members have taken their crayons in hand and attempted to create and disseminate remotely literate and amusing bulletins, most notably the short-lived *Jiggernaut* series, as well as some of the masturpeces put out by Masterspieler. But alas and alack, while Masterspieler and Itchie periodically puff out their considerable boilers and talk and act tough as nails, they both lack the initiative and firepower to do anything more than sit around the house and mutter "I coulda said," or "I shoulda said." Big deal. Write when you have time. If you're not too afraid.

That will do it for this edition.

Truly Yours,

Skipper