



FROM THE BULLPEN

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Eastern Nebraska Division
1994 Season

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Brethren:

"I shall return."

- Douglas MacArthur.

**"The glory of the Fatherland
will last a thousand years."**

- Adolph Hitler.

**"Don't forget to call
in the trade."**

- Scott Krause.

Famous last words. At the tail end of our telephone conversation last Thursday, after sealing our Bobby Witt-for-James Mouton transaction, BTBT admonished me to make sure to call in our transaction to Bill James, in conformity with the rule that both managers to a transaction must report a trade. After immediately phoning in the trade to Bill James, I breathed a sigh of relief, secure in the knowledge that the right field position in the Senators outfield would finally be filled with a living, breathing, point-accumulating body. And believe me, after watching Mark Whiten crumple like a \$3.99 K-Mart footstool, and then seeing his intended replacement, free agent signee Dave Henderson, summarily banished to the bench by Hal McRae, I was more than ready to have a live body -- any body -- occupying right field. With up-and-comer James Mouton now in the fold, my troubles

were over, right?

Wrong. While catching the ESPN highlights, and seeing Mouton circling the bases as part of the Astros' 16-point output on Saturday, my wife informed me that someone from Bill James had called to let me know that a certain someone had failed to call in the Witt-for-Mouton trade. My reaction was not one of blind rage, as it perhaps should have been, but of mere resignation. You see, BTBT's foul-up was but one more straw in a camel-back-breaking Hot Stove League Week From Hell In A Season Of Hell for the Senators. May I share a bit more with you?

The week began innocently enough, with the Senators team struggling to fashion yet another anemic week of underachievement. However, hope peered out from the horizon. By virtue of last Sunday's free agent draft, the Senators hoped to pick up a couple of crackerjack starting pitchers, and a right fielder to salve the gaping wound in the Senators' right field. My sad story continues with a trip to Ames, Iowa, on Monday of last week, to meet with an expert witness from Iowa State University.

My meeting with the expert began at 6:00 p.m., and continued far longer than expected. As I glanced repeatedly at my watch to ensure a departure which would get me into

Omaha before the midnight hour, the chatty professor droned on and on. Finally, the professor had to be stifled, so that the Skipper could get on the road to Omaha, where his wife and young son -- and baseball statistics and access to the Bill James Hot Line -- awaited. It was a dark and stormy night, as I desperately steered my vehicle through the blackness toward the safe harbor of home.

Fortunately, I did not have to make the long drive home alone. I had a good friend -- the AM radio -- as a companion. I tuned in the Reds-Cubs game in the 9th inning, just as the ace reliever of the Senators, Randy Myers, was about to sweep in for an easy save. The radio announcer reminded all of us that Myers was sporting a 0.00 ERA, and in fact had not even given up a hit on the year. As the Reds' slumping Tony Fernandez stepped into the batter's box, I had already mentally calculated the points that would be added to the Senators' total by means of Myers' save. Then Fernandez blasted Myers' first pitch for an opposite-field home run, to knot the game at 3-3 in the bottom of the 9th. Myers courageously shut down the Reds for the rest of the inning, and then returned for the 10th to give up the winning hit and to seize the loss.

I made the rest of the trek home

in silence, cursing Randy Myers, but eager to get home to my spouse and baby boy, not to mention access to Bill James.

I arrived home at around 11:30, happy to be reunited with my family, to be sure, but also safely ahead of the midnight deadline for telephone transactions. I quickly dialed the Bill James number, and was greeted by a cheery operator, who advised me that I had been successful in picking up starting pitchers Brian Anderson and Tim Pugh in the Sunday free agent draft, as well as Dave Henderson, who was by that time designated for right field. I queried the Bill James operator as to whether his computer could tell me if Brian Anderson and/or Tim Pugh were scheduled to start the following day (Tuesday), so I could make a decision about whether to place them in my starting lineup. I was advised that the operator did not have this information available to him. After a brief shouting match, I resigned myself to the fact that it was extremely unlikely that both Anderson and Pugh would be starting on Tuesday, so I decided to wait until the next day to obtain this information and decide about placing them in my starting lineup. I was lucky enough, however, to get Kent Mercker in for his Tuesday start, and to place Mr. Henderson in my starting lineup.

The eight or nine of you that I have already shared this story with know the rest of my sorry tale. Yes, Anderson and Pugh both did start for their teams the following day, while sitting in the Senators' minor league. Anderson spun a gem, chalking up 22 points, which meant nothing to the Senators. Pugh? Same chapter, different verse. Tim pitched a complete-game beauty, tallying 26 points for the Senators' minor league squad.

How about Kent Mercker, whom

I was lucky enough to actually get inserted in my starting lineup for his Tuesday outing? Three and two-thirds innings, 8 hits, 5 runs, negative 8 points for the Senators. Thanks, Kent. And what about Dave Henderson? So glad you asked. On the bench, 0 points.

Well, that was a long story, I know, but just getting it off my chest has done me a world of good.

Judging by the HSL point totals the past couple of weeks, I may be using *FTB* to blow off a lot of steam in '94. Here's how things have looked the past two weeks:

STANDINGS AFTER 3 WEEKS

1. Redbirds	1158
2. Red Sox	1022
3. Chiefs	1003
4. Cubs	994
5. Skipjacks	993
6. Bombers	948
7. Reds	916
8. Tigers	874
9. Tribe	850
10. Blues	834
11.(T) Senators	796
Pirates	796

STANDINGS AFTER 4 WEEKS

1. Redbirds	1506
2.(T) Cubs	1344
Chiefs	1344
4. Red Sox	1304
5. Bombers	1287
6. Reds	1232
7. Skipjacks	1211
8. Tigers	1200
9. Tribe	1181
10. Blues	1164
11. Pirates	1030
12. Senators	934

Two fortnights into the season, the Redbirds have established themselves as the odds-on-favorite to capture the HSL Crown in '94. The team has eventuated into a veritable juggernaut. With Joe Carter setting an all-time record for RBIs in the

month of April (31); with Kirby Puckett hitting the ball like there's no tomorrow; with Roger-the-Rocket bidding for Comeback Player of the Year; with Javier Lopez cranking it up for Rookie of the Year honors; and with slugs like "El Sid" even pitching in to make themselves useful, the Redbirds look like a formidable team. Whatever happened to the old sophomore jinx?

I know one thing: I'm sure glad that I didn't foolishly repeat last year's C-note wager with B.T. that the Senators would best the Redbirds squad. Damn glad.

TRIP UPDATE - SEND MONEY

Thanks to the hard work of Rook-ie (when does this guy ever practice law?), we are SET for our Toast to the East Coast. Transportation, accommodations, tickets, private dancing girls in every room -- oops, that last part wasn't supposed to slip out. But, now that the cat's out of the bag, maybe Magpie will find a way to bend his spouse's will in the right direction.

Of course, like everything else in life, The Trip ain't free, and it's time to start paying the piper. McBlunder has requested that all of those who will be flying out of Kansas City (he has purchased seven tickets, count 'em, seven), send him a check for \$221, a bargain-basement air fare if ever there was one. Since McBlunder has been kind enough to put all seven fares on his charge card, he would appreciate reimbursement in the next month or so. (He can stall off the foreclosure action for about that long.) The baseball tickets are being taken care of by Rookie and me, and so feel free to send along your check for 25 shekels or so, to defray our ticket purchase expenses.

THE NAME GAME

As Shamu and Jan draw nearer the blessed event (no, Shamu, I don't

mean your first Hot Stove League title -- most of us won't live that long), the Sinclairs are reportedly still up in the air about a name for their little minnow. Thanks to some helpful suggestions from League participants, I am pleased to provide the HSL Top Ten List of Names for Baby Sinclair:

10. Rusty Sinclair
9. Red Basteen¹ Sinclair
8. Red Buttons² Sinclair
7. Red Foxx³ Sinclair
6. Red Riding Hood⁴ Sinclair
5. Red Rover Sinclair
4. Red Badge of Courage Sinclair
3. Danny Partridge Sinclair
2. I'd Rather Be Dead Than Red Sinclair
1. LaPlump Orange (pronounced LàPlump _-Ronj)

Since Baby Sinclair is not due until August, we will take a vote on which name to pick for Son of Shamu when we are convened for The Trip.

THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL

Well, as you can imagine, since the announcement of Underbelly's pending nuptials in the last issue of *From the Bullpen*, cards from our readers have been pouring in, expressing in various degrees surprise, shock, anger, disappointment, delight, confusion, and envy. The

¹ Former World Wrestling Federation Champion.

² Washed up actor known for his flaming red hair.

³ Depending upon his skin color.

⁴ If it's a girl.

consensus was that, because of Underbelly's oft-expressed personal credo of "I Love My Life," such a dramatic change in his matrimonial status was, at best, perplexing. Here are a few samplings from our readership:

Dear FTB:

I was more than a little surprised to read about the engagement of Underbelly. I have always been envious of his footloose-and-fancy-free lifestyle, his devil-may-care attitude, his cavorting all around the globe, his job at the railroad sounding the whistle, I never thought for a minute there might be something missing from his life. I guess he's -- gulp -- human after all. But he's still my hero!

Jon - Kansas City

Dear FTB:

So what's the matter with U-belly? He's tired of being happy?

JT - Omaha

Dear FTB:

We knew you could do it, Underbelly! Best wishes on a long and prosperous union, from me and the boys.

Stan Johnson
President
Men's Hair Club

Dear FTB:

Itz about time that this world-klass athleat, debbonerr pleyboy, and sertifide brane trust takes the plunje. Wutt a grate gy!

Frank - Lincoln

(Nice try, Underbelly.)

Dear FTB:

A word of advice, friend. Pay attention to her, and keep her happy.

J. Bobbitt - Massachusetts

POSTSCRIPT ON ANDERSON/PUGH SAGA

Having just pulled my daily fax off of the machine, I am able to provide you with a cheery update on the progress of the two newest Senators, Brian Anderson and Tim Pugh.

Having managed to finally get them inserted in my starting lineup, look what faced me on Monday morning when I pulled the fax off the machine to see how my boys had fared on Sunday, May 1:

	W	L	I	P	H	R	E	R	B	B	S	O
Anderson	0	1	2	2	8	8	8	1	2			
Pugh	0	1	1	2	8	9	7	2	0			

Anderson	-21	points
Pugh	-26	points

In summary, then, while Brian and Tim managed to tally a total of 48 points together on Tuesday of last week when they were pitching in my minor leagues, once they were elevated to major league status, they sucked the life out of the Senators to the tune of -47 points. When added to my everyday player total of 24 points for May 1, and Kent Mercker's +4 points in relief, the Senators finished up the day with a total of 20 points in the hole. Very, very nice.

WEEK FROM HELL, REVISITED

When you receive your packet from Stats, Inc., this week, visit your eyes upon the Senators' pitching point totals for the week. No, it is not a typo. The Senators did in fact accumulate a total of NEGATIVE 75 points for the week. When coupled with the 212 batting points, the Senators tallied a total of 138 points for the fourth week of the year. Very, very nice.

Just how could a team manage to achieve *negative* 75 pitching points for the week, you might ask. Good question. Allow me to demonstrate.

Here's how the Senators' pitchers managed this amazing feat:

Tim Pugh	-26
Pat Hentgen	-22.5
Brian Anderson	-21
Chris Hammond	-8.5
Chuck Finley	-5.5
Kent Mercker	-2
Steve Farr	-1
Randy Myers	4
David Nied	7
Juan Guzman	8
Ricky Bones	12.5

I can only hope that all of my pitchers suffer painful, season-ending injuries, to stem the bloodshed.

By the way, since you are all undoubtedly wondering, my managing index for the week was 51%; for the season, a sparkling 65%.

Thank you very much.

SEASON FROM HELL, REVISITED

And if that wasn't enough, let me fill you in on the final chapter of the Senators' week. Always the optimist, I put in for three new choices in Sunday's (May 1) free agent draft. In the first round, I selected Bobby Jones of the Mets, a sure thing, given my last place standing. In the second round, I went for the up-and-coming Dave Weathers of the Florida Marlins. And finally, in the third round, I put in for Kurt Abbott, the hot new shortstop for the Marlins. When I called in to Bill James on Monday night to find out how I had fared, I fully anticipated picking up at least two of my three choices. I was stunned, as you might guess, to discover that I had picked up *nobody* in the free agent draft. How could this happen, I queried, given my last place status, and my three selections phoned in

on Sunday afternoon? To answer this question, the operator put his supervisor on the line.

The supervisor advised me that there was a reason that none of my three free agent selections had gone through. It seems that I listed Dave Henderson (a right fielder) as a conditional releasee in the second round, in the event that I picked up Dave Weathers. Unfortunately, I was advised, this transaction failed -- and with it my entire three-round free agent draft -- because Dave Henderson could not be released, as this would have left my right field bare. A sympathetic Bill James supervisor advised me that the earlier-described snafu with James Mouton had resulted in Mouton being placed in my minors (contrary to my instructions), rendering the Henderson release impossible, voiding the entire transaction.

My pleading with Bill James to redo the entire May 1 Hot Stove League free agent draft fell upon deaf ears. I was informed that this was "Not possible." So, some other lucky manager will be sweeping to the HSL title on the arms of Bobby Jones and Dave Weathers. Me? I'm joining a bowling rotisserie league.

FROM THE DUGOUT

Below you will find a couple of interesting tidbits from a recent issue of the Society for American Baseball Research (SABR) monthly journal, listing the Hall of Famers since 1960 who did not play in a World Series, and those who played in only one World Series.

EPILOGUE

Look out for the Senators! There's only one way to go from here.

See you next month.

Skipper

Hall of Famers Active Since 1960 Who Did Not Play in A World Series

Player	Year Came Closest
Ernie Banks	1970 Cubs
Rod Carew	1982 Angels
Ferguson Jenkins	1977 Red Sox
Gaylord Perry	1971 Giants
Billy Williams	1975 A's

Hall of Famers Who Played in Only One World Series (1903, 1905-1992)

Jimmy Collins (1903)
Cy Young (1903)
Roger Bresnahan (1905)
Joe McGinnity (1905)
Ed Walsh (1906)
Eppa Rixey (1915)
Red Faber (1917)
Edd Rousch (1919)
Max Carey (1925)
Paul Waner (1927)
Lloyd Waner (1927)
Joe Cronin (1933)
Heinie Manush (1933)
Dazzy Vance (1934)
Chuck Klein (1935)
Earl Averill (1940)
Bobby Doerr (1946)
Ted Williams (1946)
Arky Vaughan (1947)
Lou Boudreau (1948)
Bob Feller (1948)
Satchel Paige (1948)
Robin Roberts (1950)
Hoyt Wilhelm (1954)
Juan Marichal (1962)
Willie McCovey (1962)
Harmon Killebrew (1965)
Al Kaline (1968)