



FROM THE BULLPEN

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Eastern Nebraska Division

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Brethren,

Wow. Are you guys who haven't started preparing for the Draft in trouble. And in for a long, long year. Inasmuch as I have been able to develop a sense of the league pulse in my capacity of league scribe, it is my sense that this year there is a level of anticipation and preparation that borders on mania, if not the lunatic fringe. Bottom line: If you're not pulling two or three all-nighters this week to bone up – if you haven't refined that list of left-handed, American League middle relievers three or four times – you're gonna be embarrassed on Saturday. Don't let it happen to you.

MOCK DRAFT

Those of us gullible enough to attend last Friday allowed Otis Nixon's evil twin (Possum) to apply his Vulcan mind vacuum and suck out of us our first five rounds of selections via the mock draft, all the while floating a sea of trial balloons and giving up nothing in return. After allowing Beelzebub to act as recording secretary for the mock draft and then to hoard the results for the next several days (when will we learn?), after several phone calls and the threat of litigation and/or criminal prosecution, I am able to share with you now the results of last Friday's mock draft.

Two words of caution, however: *Caveat emptor*.¹

TRIP UPDATE

Itchie will be collecting air fare deposits for the Trip at the Draft this Saturday, so please be sure to bring your checkbooks and spousal permission slips. Looks like a

¹ Or for those of you non-Latin speaking members, *Let the buyer beware*. Or put another way: *Be mindful of the source*.

near-record turnout for this year's junket, with the following individuals having irrevocably committed to attend: B.T.; U-belly; SloPay; Shamu*; Stretch; Big Guy; Mouse; Skipper; and, of course, the Itchmeister. Rubella is the only reported definite no, and the jury is reportedly still out on Magpie and Possum. St. Louis may never be the same.

DIRECTORY UPDATE

I am providing yet another updated directory, containing changes to the e-mail addresses of Rubella, U-belly, and Itchie, as well as a new phone number and place of employment for the ubiquitous owner of the Skipjacks. Seems that Sitel couldn't live with and FDR couldn't live without him, and so Itchie returned to his old back-slapping, flesh-pressing, baby-kissing, apple-polishing spot at First Data earlier this week. It is rumored that it took a salary in the high four-figures -- and the promise of a promotion to work with One-Way Tony in the mail room -- to lure J.T. away from his ultra-lucrative telemarketing job at Sitel. It is unconfirmed whether the job change has any correlation whatsoever with last week's World Herald headlines, "*Sitel Worker Stabbed*" and "*First Data One of Six Local Companies Praised by Gay Community for Treatment of Homosexuals*." Draw your own conclusions.

See you Saturday.

Skipper

<u>Blues</u>	<u>Chiefs</u>	<u>Senators</u>	<u>Cubs*</u>	<u>Cards</u>	<u>Tigers</u>	<u>Bombers</u>	<u>Sox</u>	<u>Skips</u>	<u>Tribe</u>	<u>Reds</u>	<u>Pirates</u>
Clemens	Brown	A-Rod	Maddux	Griffey	Johnson	Martinez P	Piazza	Belle	Schilling	Garciparra	McGwire
Bonds	Walker	Smoltz	Biggio	Glavine	I-Rod	Jeter	Jones C	Mussina	Castilla	Thomas	Sosa
Williams B	Bagwell	Hoffman	M Ramirez	Rolen	Knoblauch	Cone	Gonzalez J	Vaughn M	Thome	Kendall	Rivera
Lopez	Drew	Guerrero V	Palmeiro	Larkin	Hernandez O	Nen	Park	Durham	Bichette	Greer	Salmon
Shaw	Percival	Easley	Gordon	Alomar R	Martinez E	O'Neill	Urbina	Wells	Edmonds	Thompson J	Palmer