



# FROM THE BULLPEN

Official Publication of The Hot Stove League

Eastern Nebraska Division

1999 Season      Edition No. 24

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## WEEK 20 STANDINGS

### Upper Division

- |              |      |
|--------------|------|
| 1. Chiefs    | 7420 |
| 2. Reds      | 7331 |
| 3. Skipjacks | 7330 |
| 4. Tigers    | 7163 |
| 5. Cubs*     | 7086 |
| 6. Senators  | 6847 |

### Lower Division

- |             |      |
|-------------|------|
| 7. Tribe    | 6673 |
| 8. Pirates  | 6525 |
| 9. Redbirds | 6372 |
| 10. Red Sox | 6326 |
| 11. Blues   | 6292 |
| 12. Bombers | 6070 |

Here are the totals for Week 20:

## WEEK 20 POINT TOTALS

- |              |     |
|--------------|-----|
| 1. Tigers    | 493 |
| 2. Reds      | 416 |
| 3. Pirates   | 388 |
| 4. Tribe     | 356 |
| 5. Senators  | 354 |
| 6. Chiefs    | 350 |
| 7. Skipjacks | 335 |
| 8. Blues     | 334 |
| 9. Cubs*     | 328 |
| 10. Red Sox  | 327 |
| 11. Redbirds | 273 |
| 12. Bombers  | 266 |

Top hitting team, week – Reds

307

Top hitting team, year – Tribe	5156
Worst hitting team, week – Cubs*	124
Worst hitting team, year – Bombers	3918
Top pitching team, week – Tigers	209
Top pitching team, year – Skipjacks	2775
Worst pitching team, week – Bombers	82
Worst pitching team, year – Red Sox	1447

## THE BASEBALL GODS

They can be cruel, can't they? One day last week I went into the office after the kids were in bed to catch up on the paperwork. On the drive home, I picked up the nightly baseball scores on the radio, and was ecstatic to learn that Andruw Jones had hit a 3-run homer for the Braves (is he finally coming out of that season-long slump?); that the Phillies had scored 15 runs in their game, in which Scott Rolen surely had a heavy hand in; that my beloved Cleveland Indians had scored 12 runs, meaning that my trio of Robby Alomar, David Justice and Richie Sexton probably each scored 3 or 4 runs and picked up 3 or 4 RBIs apiece; that the White Sox had scored six runs in their win, most of which were likely attributable to Magglio and Konerko; and that the Pittsburgh Pirates had scored 9 runs, obviously pointing to a big night for Kevin Young. In fact, I became so excited to get home and jump on the computer to add up the points in this bountiful night that I stopped off at the grocery store and picked up a six-pack of beer – Tsing-Tao, mind you, not the cheap stuff – to enhance my enjoyment while savoring the box scores and to toast my own good fortune at the same time.

Once home, I found the wife and little ones to be tucked snugly into their beds and sound asleep, and puffed out my chest in satisfaction of providing such sturdy and commodious shelter for my beloved family, glowing warmly about being the masthead of this fine family, and proud that these children would soon be able to tell their friends that their father's HSL team was soon to move into 5<sup>th</sup>, and maybe even 4<sup>th</sup> place, depending on

just how well my team did that night. After kissing them all goodnight and thanking the man upstairs for my good fortune, I slipped down the stairs and into the kitchen to warm up some Val's pizza in the microwave and to pop open an icy cold Tsing Tao, even as the computer in the next room was warming up and making the call to AOL.

After extracting the pizza from the microwave, I finished logging on to my AOL baseball site and began what I knew would be an exhilarating experience. I started out with the American League box scores, primarily because of my Indian triplets. As I began scrolling down the Indians' box, a-titter with excitement, I arrived first at the line score of \_\_\_\_\_ (\_\_\_\_\_), and was pleased to see that he was not a significant part of the scoring explosion. Moving down the box, the next person listed was Omar Vizquel, who, to my chagrin, demonstrated a line score of \_\_\_\_\_. But not to worry, I told myself, with 12 runs and \_\_\_\_ hits for the team, there was plenty to go around for everybody, and no need for greed. Next stop: Robby Alomar.

As I prepared to feast my eyes on a 4-4-3-5 or similar line score for Robby (the top scoring player in the league through twenty weeks), I instead was greeted with a 4-1-0-0 line for Alomar. *Damned slaggard!* But hey, it's only one player. Surely the other two Indians on my roster would be part of the scoring cornucopia.

Scanning down to the next player, I was disturbed to see that Manny Ramirez had stolen Robby's line score: 4-4-4-4. *Shit.* But hey, at least he's on McGloom's team and not scoring all of those points for Big Guy or Shamu\* or someone else ahead of me in the Upper Division. Next stop: David Justice.

Again quite certain that I would be seeing big numbers next to David's name, I nearly spit up an anchovy when Justice's line score showed up on the screen: 4-0-0-0. *Mother of God. Is there no Justice in this world?!*

I really didn't need to scroll down to Richie Sexton's line score next, as I already had a pretty good idea of how he probably did. I was somewhat pleasantly surprised when I saw that he had something other than a 4000 next to his name, but then when I realized that his 4012 was worth about a half of a point to me since my team is scheduled to smack up against the RBI cap along with most of the rest of you, albeit two or three weeks later than the **Tribe** and **Chiefs**.

After making my way through the Indians' box score, I sat back, took two deep pulls on the Tsing-Tao, stuffed a couple more bites of 'za into the old piehole, and thought to myself, *The baseball gods can be cruel. Damned cruel.* But maybe the rest of the box scores would make up for my Indians' tri-bust.

And maybe Rubella might actually win this thing someday. Or wizen up and switch his allegiance to the Husker program instead of going the loser (rhymes with Buser) Hawkeye route.

As you might expect, it was mostly more of the same. The next box score that I looked at was for the ChiSox, which currently houses two Senator starters. Hmmmm. Six runs. Surely Magglio and Konerko were major contributors to this outburst. Not really. Magglio \_\_\_\_\_; Konerko 4000. Oh, but looky here. Senator reserve Keith Foulke pitched three hitless innings of relief, amassing 18 points for the Senator farm system.

After more of the same in the American League, it was over to the National League to find out just how many points Scott Rolen managed to chalk up in the Phillies' 15-run outburst. To try to change my luck, I scrolled down to the very bottom of the box score with my eyes closed, and then scrolled back up from the 9-hole to the 1-hole, certain that this would assure a bang-up performance by Scott Rolen. When I saw little numbers in the 9, 8, 7 and 6 spots, my heart raced ever faster as I realized that Rolen's numbers might be even bigger than expected. And then, when I came to the line score of 5-\_\_-3-7, I yelled so loud that only one of the four nestled children upstairs was still sleeping.

But then I realized that the name next to these beautiful, mastadonic numbers was not Scott Rolen, but one Rico Brogna. Rubbing my eyes once, I turned back to the screen and found that the name next to the numbers was still Rico Brogna. After repeating the process three or four times yhiielded no changes, I finally mustered up the wherewithal to scroll up another notch on the screen to see the name Scott Rolen, and the puny, sickly numbers 3-1-1-1 immediately adjacent to the right.

See you next week.

Skipper