



# FROM THE BULLPEN

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Eastern Nebraska Division

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## WAHOOS WALKING AWAY WITH RACE; TRIBE SOLIDLY IN CELLAR; ALL OTHER POSITIONS UP FOR GRABS

With 21 weeks down and only 5 more weeks to go, the Wahoos are all but assured of their first-ever league crown under their current moniker, and the first-ever in the Live Ball Era for this storied franchise. With a 528-point lead over the second-place Reds, and a projected cushion of 285 points, only a collapse of epic proportion (i.e., 1964 Phillies; 1986 Red Sox; 1999 Jean Van de Velde<sup>1</sup>) can stop the Wahoos from completing their mission this season.

Without further ado, then, I give you the:

### STANDINGS THRU WEEK 21

<u>Team</u>	<u>Total Pts.</u>
1. Wahoos	8085
2. Reds	7557
3. Skipjacks	7408
4. Chiefs	7217
5. Blues	7203
6. Redbirds	7184
7. Tigers	6972
8. Senators	6936
9. Bombers	6927
10. Cubs*	6505
11. Pirates	6301
12. Tribe	6178

### SKIPPER'S MAIL BAG

While the old Skipper hasn't been that controversial in his assessments and comments in *FTB* this season—or perhaps because of this, come to think about it—there have been numerous spirited e-mail exchanges

<sup>1</sup> Don't know if I got his name spelled exactly right, but I am of course referring to the French twit who whizzed down his leg in the 1999 British Open.

that have crossed my PCU these past few months. Some I have been requested to pass along to others, and some have apparently been for my sole edification and enjoyment, if you want to call it that. But in any event, to fulfill my duty as the information and message clearinghouse for this league, I am sharing with you now a few of the recent league e-mails of note and interest:

*Dear Skipper,*

8/22/00

*You can put a fork in the Ghost Team pennant race for 2000. The West Division's Ghost Team #3 is beating up on the namby-pamby pack of squids that make up Ghost Teams #1 and #2. This got me to thinking: Who is scoring all these points for this overachieving lot?*

*Dan Reichert has 197 points as a starting pitcher. Justin Speier has 165 points as a middle reliever. Steve Cox has 174 points at first base. Not only are these guys using the whooping stick in the Ghost Team competition, they are beating the ever-living shit out of MY \*&%%\$ing STARTERS!*

*If anyone ever hears me draft the likes of Doug Glanville, Bill Mueller, Jacque Jones, Jose Lima, Brad Radke or Kerry Wood, kindly kick my ass. Hard. And often.*

*By the way, is that really a picture of Peter Gammons on the new \$20 bill?*

Warmly yours,

**Big Guy**

*Dear Skipper,*

6/19/00

*I just finished reading the Bullpen and I enjoyed it as usual. I really need to say—Thanks for the Memories. I started laughing just thinking about some of those trips. I really started laughing just thinking about "Cones" Night in Milwaukee. What a great,*

*drunken good time. It is hard to believe that it was 11 years ago. All your other “highlights” were great too!! Sounds like a return to Milwaukee might be in order.*

*Take care—and that 400 point lead I have on you is just a mirage—don’t worry about it.*

**McBlunder**

◆————◆  
**Dear Skipper,** **7/26/00**

*What is up with those clowns?*

*Was in Denver Monday night, caught the Rocks and Dodgers, front row seats maybe 30 feet up the right field line behind first base. Kevin Brown is an incredible pitcher, held one of the top offensive teams in baseball to 3 hits in their ballpark; very few Rockies even got any good swings, much less hit the ball sharply.*

*Gary Sheffield went triple, homer, double, then, with a chance to hit for the cycle, got plunked by Julian Tavaréz on the first pitch (hmmm, with no outs and runners on first and second). Tavaréz claimed he just missed inside. Next inning, Cirillo swings at the first pitch and lines out. Helton comes up—everyone in the ballpark knows what is coming. Brown rears back and doinks him between the shoulder blades at 95 mph. Helton, the class act that he is, drops his bat, and trots to first. Next guy hits a ground ball to short, and Helton about takes Grudzielanek into Fort Collins with the slide.*

*Lessons learned. Helton is a total class act—no trash talking, no brandishing the beat, no gang related cutting my throat gestures, just a consummate professional. Kevin Brown is just a terrific pitcher—changes speeds, hits spots, gets ground balls, and protects his teammates. He has NO REMORSE. And finally, while it is a game, it is a business.*

*Finally, Sheffield got one more at bat for the cycle, needing only a single, and the hapless Rockie pitcher didn’t come close to throwing him a strike. Next stop—Fenway Park, Aug. 19, 19, 20. Wah hoo Wah.*

◆————◆  
**Possum**

**Brethren,** **7/29/00**

*I’ve just been “dissed” by something called the Bullpen, it had a return address on it from Omaha, I was wondering if any of you knew anything about it?*

*Denny thought it was some rag that goes out once every two or three years, written by some disgruntled retired bowler.*

*Scott said it looks like it was written by some guy in the back seat of a station wagon on his way to St. Joe to buy a sink. If that was the case, I’ve got one word for this Casper Milktoast “DELEGATE.” Does it hold water? GOOD, BUY IT!*

*How would you like to be a major league manager and go to war with a team like this?*

- 1B Jim Thome*
- 2B Craig Biggio*
- 3B Jeff Cirillo (one week 0 pts, next week 90 pts, next week -1 pts, like I care)*
- SS Omar Vizquel*
- C Sandy Alomar, Jr.*
- OF Ken Griffey Jr.*
- OF Steve Finley*
- OF Jose Canseco*

*Really, how would YOU like to have these guys? Cause you can. I’m looking out my front window right now looking at them all lined up on my driveway, along with a exercise bike, a couple of fondue pots, a sofa sleeper, a old tire and a He Man lunch pail. These lifeless oil slick, flat tires have got to go.*

**Underbelly**

*P.S. I hope that was a pretty sink, Darva.*

◆————◆  
**Dear Skipper:** **8/3/00**

*While we are on the subject of “dissing”—what’s up with the current (and I won’t pile on by saying “belated”—we are all busy people) Bullpen, which intimates that somehow the Wahoos performance this year is basically because a bunch of mediocre players are all having career years at the same time?*

*E—WHICH MAJOR LEAGUE PLAYER ISN’T HAVING A CAREER YEAR? HELLO?????*

*More to the point—*

1) *The Wahoos drafted 11<sup>th</sup>—so all these overachievers could've been taken by everyone except Mouse, before me in the first 5 rounds.*

2) *Unlike other juggernauts in years passed, that were cobbled together by crappy performing teams early that then got first crack at free agents, most of the Wahoo key performers we drafted ON DRAFT DAY.*

3) *Anyone who knows anything about math knows about the concept of standard deviation. For example, E Martinez's batting avg standard deviation is 18 points, which means that 2/3rds of the time, his average will fall between .302 and .338—he is currently at .340 through August 1, so essentially, his performance this year, while better than average, is hardly an earth-shattering event statistically speaking. Edgar's batting average standard deviation is one of the lowest on the Wahoos—yes, they are doing better than average individually, and as a group, but again, not by any once in a lifetime degree.*

4) *And where the rubber really meets the road—if these guys are so, so what—overachieving? lucky? overpaid slugs?—then let's make a bet: I'll bet you \$100 that 8 of the players on my team will be drafted within the first 5 rounds next year, and that 15 will be drafted within the first 8 rounds. Deal?*

*But, keep up the good writing. E. You definitely rock, babe. If it wasn't for those unrealistic limits—I mean, look at REAL baseball—all time highs for home runs, and Bud Selig isn't cutting anybody off in September—the 2000 WAHOOS would clearly be the most dominant HSL team of all time. Now, if I can just get some pitching. Wah hoo Wah.*

*Possum*

*Dear Skipper,*

*8/21/00*

*I never imagined myself writing in to "From the Bullpen." I am a bright, energetic and likable Midwesterner who enjoys work, working out, long walks on sandy beaches with soulmates, gin fizzies, and fantasy league baseball. I am told that I am articulate, handsome in a non-traditional way (whatever the hell that means), sensitive, caring, generous to a fault, and built like a brick shithouse. Women worship me, men*

*long to be me, dogs like to lick me (I'm not complaining), the IRS can't touch me, and I've got a red fez that's to die for.*

*Shit, I love my life. Except for one little thing. I've been in this damned fantasy baseball league for 15 years, and I still haven't won this &#S%\*\$# league! It's driving me damned nuts that eleven shysters, stockbrokers, credit card hucksters, burger flippers and press operators whose collective IQs are but a fraction of my own are kicking my derriere in this league year in and year out. Imagine being smarter, shrewder, harder-working and better-looking than eleven of your best pals, but having to stare up at them from the league bowels on an annual basis, and then to add insult to injury, to have to grease their palms with a C-note at the end of the year.*

*It's gotten so bad this year that I'm thinking seriously about filling in the cement pond with concrete, lighting off enough fireworks in the cul-de-sac to scare the Grucci Brothers into calling the Feds on me (those damn BATF boys give me a pain), and up and moving the clan to the Ozarks to start over.*

*Hills, that is. Possums. Branson. Minnie Pearl. Give me M-m-m-el Tillis any old night, thank you very much.*

*I kin see it now, brother. "Billy Bob Hurlbut, Champeen of the Rurrl Arkinsaw Hawt Stoav Leeg." Got a mighty fine ring to it, don't it?*

*Anyhow, please print up this here letter, and let's keep it ~~anonymous~~ ~~enochmus~~ quiet.*

### ***Disgruntled in Lincoln***

Thanks for writing, fellows. Keep those cards and letters coming.

### **ENCLOSURES**

Please find enclosed a summary of the ol' Skipper's favorite baseball quotes, as well as some pics from the Houston trip.

See you next issue. Good luck in the final Run to the Roses.

Skipper

