

---

# From the Bullpen

## Official Publication of the Hot Stove League

### Eastern Nebraska Division



---

2002 Season

Edition No. 29

October 21, 2002

---

Brethren:

This issue of *From the Bullpen* comes to you on the 74<sup>th</sup> birthday of Yankee great Whitey Ford (who just so happens to share a birthday with your league scribe), the all time leader in World Series victories with 10. Happy birthday to Whitey.

Most of you probably caught Game Two of the World Series last night, and saw the 20-year-old phenom middle reliever for the Angels Francisco Rodriguez (F-Rod) blow away the Giants with his nasty slider for his fifth postseason win. Imagine being 5-and-0 lifetime in postseason play as a 20-year-old with a few months of major league pitching experience under your belt. He'll probably never get to Whitey's ten World Series wins, but the kid is for real.

I don't know about the rest of you, but I was pretty disappointed that neither the Twins nor the Cardinals made it into the World Series. I was hoping that at least

But enough about my shattered hopes and dreams. Let's move on to another subject, the Hot Stove League season that just was. We previously published our updated Record of Final Finishes in the HSL (and it will perpetually be available on our website), but I have yet to provide you with any of my own commentary about how the rest of you/us did this season. Since I have given plenty of copy to him in the last few issues, paying homage and just generally sucking up to (although I'm not sure why) our league's Supreme Being -- the now four-time winner Itchie of the **Skipjacks** -- let's move on down the ranks and take a look at how everyone else fared during the 2002 campaign.

### AROUND THE HORN

2. **Reds.** As mentioned in an earlier issue, this is Tricky's third consecutive 2nd place finish in the Hot Stove League, and the second consecutive year that his team gave up the lead during the final weekend of the season to lose by a whisker. There must have been a lot of pain associated with being this close to victory

one of these two teams would make it so that we could put together an HSL road trip to see a game together in the Fall Classic.

---

and having it slip out of your grasp. On the other hand, if you can't finish in 1st place, what better place to finish than in 2nd, where you still get to line your pockets with a few bucks and get to take the leftover of A-Rod and the Big Unit in the next year's Draft. Not only that, but Tricky got to participate in the thrill of a pennant race, which is vastly preferable to the apathy of being out of the race from the All Star break on. Just ask Big Guy.

In any event, Tricky parlayed A-Rod and his A's pitching buzz-saws (Zito and Hudson) into a fantastic 2nd place finish, and also experienced the thrill of snookering U-Bob out of the American League's best pitcher, Pedro, and being able to watch his mastery during the second half of the season. Well done, Tricky, well done. For the record, this was the **Reds'** fourth 2nd-place finish in fifteen years of HSL competition, and the mind-boggling ninth time in fifteen seasons of play that Tricky has finished in one of the top three money positions. At least one of us is actually making money on this deal.

### 3. **Scumcats.\***

---

\* This section has been written in magic ink. When (if) the Possum makes appropriate recompense to me for cheating me out of a full year of possession of our Loving Cup, my

4. **Cubs.\*** While the **Cubs\***' praiseworthy 4th-place finish fell just short of the third money spot -- with the **Scumcats** eclipsing the **Cubs\*** on the final day of the season -- and while an improvement of two positions over last year's 6th-place finish is cause for celebration in any camp, Shamu\* was no doubt disappointed that 2002 was not his year to eliminate the asterisk. After picking up Schilling, Maddux, Walker, Delgado, Thome, Bernie Williams, Biggio, Alou, Koch, and Glavine during the first ten rounds of the Draft, the **Cubs\*** looked simply unbeatable, and the old Skipper made the **Cubs\*** his odds-on favorite to take the crown in 2002. Through the first thirteen weeks of play, the **Cubs\*** were going toe-to-toe with the **Skipjacks** for the league lead, trailing by a mere 54 points through the half-way mark of the season and undoubtedly feeling confident that the **Skipjacks'** Halladay-Guardado-Perez-Lowe (taken between Rounds 15 and 22) bubble was soon to burst. But then, inexplicably, the **Cubs\*** outfit went cold while the **Skipjacks** got even hotter, and the **Baby Bears** could only muster up 4318 during the second thirteen weeks of the season compared with their 4804 points during the first thirteen weeks, nearly a 500-point drop-off.

In any event, Shamu's\* 4th-place finish was a remarkable fourth time that the **Cubs\*** have finished just one spot out of the money position. All in all, Shamu\*, a very fine season, if not quite up to your post-Draft expectations.

observations about the **Scumcats** will magically appear for your reading pleasure. For now, my lips are sealed as I embrace my short time of possession of The Cup until I dutifully turn it over to Itchie.

---

5. **Chiefs.** A crisp high-five to B.T. and Screech the Dentist for drafting a competitive team out of the No. 12 draft hole, and a hearty "Well done!" to the Screecher for adroitly piloting the **Chiefs** squad to an Upper Division finish. Even though the **Chiefs'** first four draft choices (Piazza, Morris, Wood, Sheffield) probably underperformed expectations a bit, this team was deep enough from top to bottom and supplemented through enough savvy free agent drafts and trades to take a major step towards pushing this once-proud franchise back to respectability. While the **Chiefs** had hoped for a 3rd-place finish until a late-season flurry by the **Scumcats** and **Cubs\***, the **Chiefs** were able to finish slightly ahead of the **Senators** and damned high atop the **Crimson Chirpers** to be able to claim C-notes from these two franchises. (Actually, Tirebiter, since I once again spanked your sorry rear this season, I'll let you do the honors and pay your Bennie owed to me directly to B.T. Thank you.) Then again, there's not much pressure when you're drafting last. Next year, these boys have a 5th-place position to try to hold on to.

Splendid work, amigos.

6. **Bronx Bombers.** As the rest of you may or may not realize, Mouse achieved a remarkable and laudable

As described later in more detail, Mouse picked one whale of an offensive squad for his 2002 **Bombers**, selecting four of the top eight hitters in the league in the first seven rounds of the Draft. If only hitting were the answer to all of our Hot Stove League prayers, Mouse would be sitting atop the HSL throne instead of Itchie. Sadly, Mouse has apparently fallen into the "If it's good enough for U-Bob, it's good enough for me" mindset, as have so many others in this league, only to now be able to see firsthand what great hitting can do for one's squad. It can get one up to 6th place.

Next March, I will be drafting one slot behind Mouse, at least until the gate swings in Round 6. It might be time for some serious off-season bootlicking so that he will share with me his early-round draft strategy to save me the 3rd round Mickey Tettleton, jaw-dropped stare of a few seasons back, a painful memory which still lingers in my ken.

Great work, Mouse. You're the best. The very best.

7. **Senators.** What more needs to be said that has not already been said this season about my team. Not unlike the 2002 Huskers, the 2002 **Senators** have plenty of talent but are woefully lacking in spinal components, guts and character. I look back at my first eleven rounds of the Draft from this year, and I still like the team I drafted as well as anybody's. Problem is, a number of them just didn't show

personal milestone in his HSL career this season. After ten years of toiling tirelessly and assiduously to assemble and manage his **Bronx Bombers** baseball squads, during which time he was frequently plagued by rookie drafting and management mistakes, untimely and decimating player injuries, and candidly, a suspected shortage of cerebral firepower, Mouse has finally notched his first-ever Upper Division finish. Yo! Through your perseverance, Mouse, you have now completed the first half of your twenty-year quest for the Holy Grail of the Hot Stove League, the Cup.

---

buzz-saw free agents to pick up the slack. It seemed like I was always a half step behind the field in picking up free agents, and in the end, I would probably have been better served by picking a starting twenty players and riding them out for the whole season instead of contributing to my own team's demise by jumping feet first into the shell game.

And there you have it: *Confessions of a 7th Place Manager*.

8. **Blues**. I realize that Stretch is probably actually pretty happy about finishing in 8th place this season (given his dobber-down approach to his life in the HSL, I guess this should not surprise me), and I know that in his mind (and only in his mind), he thinks that he put me into a two-palm sweat during the waning moments of the season, but I'm going to prick his little fantasy bubble with a pan of 33° Fahrenheit water by stating here that McBlunder picked a pretty crummy team

up for the season, i.e., Freddie Garcia, Keith Foulke, Preston Wilson and others. I confess, in my heart of hearts, that there are a few of them that I may have given up on a smidge too early, witness Buehrle, Todd Walker, Adam Kennedy and Tim Wakefield. Adding to this stupefyingly mediocre season for this team was the absence of any

9. **Redbirds**. Where does one begin trying to put a happy face on the **Redbirds'** 2002 season? Where, indeed? Perhaps Tirebiter might have found a razor-thin sliver of hope if not satisfaction by being able to creep up out of the cellar -- on which he at one time seemed to have a death grip -- to pass the downward spiraling corpses of U-Bob, SloPay and Big Guy. Or perhaps the worst is yet to come.

After making his little nest in the Upper Division for each of the first six seasons of HSL competition, the once-cocksure owner of the **Redbirds** has seen his once plucky squad become demoted, dejected and de-feathered, and now found molting on a perpetual basis in the lower reaches of the Lower Division.

Like some of his stubborn colleagues, Tirebiter continues to cling to the belief that he can have a competitive team in this league while ignoring pitching in the early rounds. This year he went with Nomar, Manny and Shawn Green in the first three rounds, waiting until the fourth round to take his first pitcher, and Chan

to begin with (I had them pegged for 7th position, following the Draft), and then crapped in his own mess kit by trading away Bagwell and Jermaine Dye to Itchie for Tino and Odalis. No, he didn't totally get skinned alive in this transaction, but it's going to be pretty cold around the old McBlunder estate this winter without a single piece of warm woolen fleece to protect his already maximally exposed, elongated carriage. In legal terms, *but for* his trading boner with Itchie, Tricko would be celebrating his third HSL championship and the **Blues** would have rocketed past the **Senators** and even the **Bombers** to a 6th-place final resting spot.

Other than that, Stretch, you had a fine season! (If you couldn't tell, I'm still miffed at McBlunder for throwing the wet blanket on my *Clubhouse Curmudgeon* weekly column idea. Harrumph!)

---

10. **Tribe.** A season that started in such a promising fashion with the drafting of Pedro in the first round ended on a sour chord for the **Tribe** with their 10th-place finish this season. With three finishes in the ten hole in the last six years, U-Bob ought to be getting pretty good at drafting out of it. One would think.

In any event, poor U-Bob once again tried to outthink his own chamber of gray matter by taking Pedro in the first round and then gobbling up two ace relievers, Mariano Rivera and Robb Nen, in the next three rounds. This *gimmick* drafting, which has been U-Bob's hallmark since he started one year's Draft by taking nine straight third basemen, is good for water

Ho Park at that. And of course the untimely death of Darryl Kile didn't help, but it was more the uninspired play of lackluster personnel such as Mo Vaughn, Trot Nixon, Terrence Long and the perennial **Redbird** Fred McGriff which led to this team's suckie performance in 2002.

Tirebiter has promised wholesale changes in his franchise in order to try to get the **Redbirds** back to respectability, including the hiring of a new offensive coordinator and a pledge to totally abstain from alcohol consumption during the Draft -- from Round 18 on. I guess that might work. Anyway, where's my 100 clams?

11. **Pirates.** I really thought SloPay picked a quality team at the 2002 Draft. Of course, I was drinking on a pace with Tirebiter that day, so I could be accused of exercising some impaired judgment. I can think of no other explanation for picking the **Irates** to finish 2nd. Of course, I had no idea at that time that Robbie Alomar was going to fold up like a cheap card table this season together with the rest of the Mets, or that Phil Nevin and J.D. Drew would be complete busts. I had my suspicions that SloPay's pitching staff was a bit on the weak side, but I thought that they would perform well enough to keep this squad in contention.

Yep, everything was looking pretty good for SloPay until the season started. Then the

cooler conversation but bad for a team's chance at being competitive. That, and trading away the American league's best pitcher for a pocket of colored beans just as Pedro was commencing to flame on.

But what do I know? U-Bob did in fact draft phenom Pat Burrell in the eighth round, Jarrod Washburn in the seventeenth round, and Ishii in the eighteenth, all quality players taken late in the game. One would think that the **Tribe** would have had a promising chance at an Upper Division berth with these price performers, but such was not to be. Blame it on bad luck, blame it on bad pitching, blame it on a bad haircut, blame it on whatever you want. The **Tribe** finished solidly in 10th place, just where Skipper predicted them to finish shortly after the Draft. My prediction for U-Bob's team in 2003: 10th place.

laconic SloPay and his scurvy-ridden **Buccos** set the tone for their season by choking up a 179-point first week of the season, putting themselves and their manager into a box from which they were not to escape.

As the season lingered on, U-Bob slowly assumed the helm of this team, eventually settling an old score with SloPay by changing the beloved **Pirates'** moniker to the **Junkyard Dogs**, but in the end, the 2002 **Pirates** looked a lot like **Pirate** teams of yore, that is, dismal.

But at least they didn't finish in **Dead Ass Last**.

12. **Tigers**. Speaking of that certain spot in the standings, the **Tigers** finished exactly there. Big Guy went out and drafted a crappy team, had a perpetual wedgie during the important early free agent drafts, and rode his concrete dirigible all the way down to that place that we all dread fear, the League Bowels.

Amazingly enough, according to him (and remember, Big Guy's memory makes Kreskin look like an advanced Alzheimer's patient), his beloved **Baby Bengals** had never spent a single weekend in the league cellar in more than nine years of Bill James play; at least not until the **Tiger** tail end of this season. Not unlike Frank bespoiling every beloved

## TOP TWENTY

Let's take a look now at the Top Twenty scoring hitters and pitchers during the 2002 season, and the team that drafted each such player and the round of the draft in which he was selected.

### HITTING

	Player	Points /PPG	Drafting Team	Rnd
1.	Alex Rodriguez	875/5.4	Reds	1 (2)
2.	Barry Bonds	817/5.7	Blues	1 (8)
3.	Jeff Kent	723/4.8	Skipjacks	6
4.	Alfonso	723/4.6	Bombers	7

Husker team record, mark and accomplishment, Big Guy has unceremoniously brought to an end an era of **Tiger** pride. *Dead ass last* in 2002, just as old Skipper predicted following Draft Day, to the scoffs and sneers of Big Guy and his loyal sidekick Shamu\*.

But perhaps this is just what the doctor ordered. Perhaps Big Guy can make the changes that he needs in his organization and revitalize the now toothless **Tigers** to vault them back into a contending position in the league, something that we haven't seen since the early days of the HSL, some would say not since Big Guy's glory years in the dead ball era.

Go get 'em in 2003, Proud Warrior.

	Soriano			
5.	Jason Giambi	719/4.6	Bombers	1 (11)
6.	Vlad. Guerrero	714/___	Bombers	2
7.	Miguel Tejada	706/4.4	Skipjacks	4
8.	Magglio Ordonez	685/4.5	Bombers	4
9.	Jim Thome	683/4.6	Cubs*	5
10.	Lance Berkman	678/4.3	Tribe	3
11.	Sammy Sosa	669/4.5	Tigers	1 (7)
12.	Brian Giles	661/4.3	Reds	5
13.	Todd Helton	660/4.2	Wahoos	1 (3)
(T)	Albert Pujols	660/4.2	Wahoos	2
15.	Garciparra	655/4.2	Redbirds	1 (10)
16.	Shawn Green	647/4.1	Redbirds	3
17.	Jose Vidro	635/4.2	Redbirds	9
18.	Rafael Palmeiro	612/3.9	Tribe	5
19.	Bernie Williams	607/3.9	Cubs*	6
(T)	Chipper Jones	607/3.8	Pirates	2

### COMMENTARY

♦ Conspicuously absent from the Top Twenty are Robby Alomar, Mike Piazza, Jeff Bagwell, Manny Ramirez, Luis Gonzalez, Derek Jeter and Junior Griffey, all of whom are historically hitting titans

### PITCHING

	Player	Points /PPG	Drafting Team	Rnd
1.	Randy Johnson	780/22.3	Senators	1 (1)
2.	Curt	720/20.0	Cubs*	1

who finish in the top twenty, if not the top ten in batting points.

- ◆ The lowest draft pick in this whole score was Jose Vidro, taken by the **Redbirds** in the ninth round. I'd like to give Tirebiter some credit for this low pick, but you have to remember that he took Josh Beckett in the seventh and Aramis Ramirez in the eighth, both ahead of Vidro, so this was obviously a blind pig selection. In any event, this is the first year in memory that we didn't have a true sleeper -- somebody drafted in the twentieth round or later or via the free agent draft -- finish in the Top Twenty in hitting points, like Bret Boone did last year.

- ◆ There is nary a **Senator** in the Top Twenty hitters this year, which might help explain why the **Senatros** finished in 7th place this season. I guess it really is all about hitting.

- ◆ On the other hand, Tirebiter drafted three hitters who finished in the Top Twenty, U-Bob had two, and McBlunder and Big Guy one each, and I still kicked their respective tails from here to eternity, so I'll still take my pitching over their hitting.

- ◆ And on the other hand, Part II, the **Bombers**, who somehow managed to pick up four of the Top Twenty hitters in the first eight rounds (Soriano 7, Giambi 1, Vladimir 2, Magglio 4), an incredible run of great picks, still had to fight like a street brawler to finish just ahead of the 7th-place **Senators**. It's pitching, Mouse.

	Schilling			(6)
3.	Eric Gagne	651/8.5	Chiefs	FA
4.	Pedro Martinez	619/20.6	Tribe	1 (5)
5.	Barry Zito	604/17.3	Reds	3
6.	John Smoltz	600/8.0	Blues	7
7.	Billy Koch	577/6.9	Cubs*	9
8.	Derek Lowe	575/18.0	Skipjacks	22
9.	Roy Oswalt	547/15.6	Pirates	3
10.	Halladay	538/15.8	Skipjacks	15
11.	Octavio Dotel	531/6.4	Skipjacks	16
(T)	Byung-H. Kim	531/7.4	Pirates	17
(T)	Robb Nen	531/7/8	Tribe	4
14.	Odalis Perez	522/16.3	Skipjacks	20
15.	Bartolo Colon	515/15.6	Wahoos	9
16.	Kevin Millwood	511/14.6	Bombers	27
17.	Billy Wagner	490/7.0	Redbirds	7
18.	Ed Guardado	489/7.2	Skipjacks	5
19.	Jamie Moyer	488/14.3	Tigers	7
20.	Jarrold Washburn	487/15.2	Tribe	17

### COMMENTARY

- ◆ Itchie won our league this year because he picked five of the Top Twenty pitchers with No. 8 Lowe, No. 10 Halladay, No. 11 Dotel, No. 14 Perez and No. 18 Guardado. This in and of itself is not remarkable. What is remarkable is



that Itchie drafted this quintet between Rounds 15 and 22, after drafting Mussina in the first, Brown in the third, Wells in the tenth and Reynolds in the twelfth. By the time Itchie was just starting to select this little draft mélange in the fifteenth, Tirebiter was already seven sheets to the wind and U-Bob and SloPay were already packing their car for the trip back to Lincoln.

- ♦ Lowe was the sleeper of the Draft, lasting until the twenty-second round, followed closely by Kevin Millwood, who lasted until Round 27 before being picked up by the **Chiefs**, but finished as the sixteenth-ranked pitcher.
- ♦ During the first twenty-five rounds of the Draft, the **Chiefs** did not pick a single hitter or pitcher who finished in the Top Twenty. It took them until Round 27 to get a top twenty pitcher (Millwood), and then in the second or third week of the free agent draft, they picked up closer Eric Gagne of the Dodgers who finished third among all pitchers. And yet the **Chiefs** finished the season in a respectable 5th place despite what could only be termed a mediocre draft. With this for perspective, perhaps all of you nay-sayers will now give Screech the Dentist some of the recognition he deserves for his adroit management of this team.
- ♦ The **Bombers** didn't select a single pitcher who cracked the year-end Top Twenty. In fact, there isn't even a **Bomber** in the top *thirty* pitchers. So even though a guy might be shrewd enough to draft four of the top eight hitters in the league to the chagrin of his fellow managers, it's on the hill where

## TIGER WOODS, HE AIN'T

B.T., Big Guy and I had the pleasure of touring the links with Itchie last week, in early celebration of his 2002 HSL crown. Too bad the rest of you couldn't make it. By the way, Tricko, it was free. Paging Dr. Hurlbut.

Anyway, as always, following Itchie around the links was entertaining, if not educational. Although his skills were sorely put to the test on the front nine, he has enough rounds (golf, drinks, you pick) under his belt this season (this was No. 60) that he wasn't a serious threat to match or exceed his humiliating score of 134 the last time they let him on at Firethorn. No, he's way too good a cheater for that. Moreover, he's developed a couple of new trick shots in his arsenal that had his playing partners so tied up in belly laughs that he actually finished the round tied for second with an equally lamentably poor golfer. I'm not sure if any of you have ever seen a golf tee-off shot duplicate a perfect *Isosceles Triangle*, but the fabulously talented Itchie managed to do just that. Beautiful.

## THE '62 FALL CLASSIC

With the San Francisco Giants in the World Series for the first time for quite a spell, I thought it would be good to take a look back at

rubber meets the road. You don't have good pitching, you've got no shot to win this thing.

- ♦ Will Itchie take A-Rod with his No. 1 pick next year, or the Big Unit? The pressure that will build up on Itchie to make this decision will build up bigger than his ear canal sediment, and will be like carrying a cement block on a rope around his neck. I just wish I had that problem.

- ♦ After A-Rod and RJ, who will be next? Schilling? Pedro? Helton? Bonds? Soriano? Tough, tough call. Sure glad I don't have to make it.

### NO. 3 WAHOOS

Okay, Possum, you've suffered long enough. Your **Scumcats** finished relatively high compared to the mean by virtue of overachievement from Percival, Colon, Mesa, Nomo and Rick Reed. It wasn't enough to win the thing because you had underachievement from Todd Helton, Rich Aurilia, Juan Gonzalez (like *that's* a surprise) and Ray Durham. You picked up a couple of decent Moes in the free agent draft, and you didn't get cracked by the shell game as violently as some of the rest of us. You finished in 3rd, right where you started, right where you probably should have finished.

Now get back to your stock ticker and try to make me a few bucks so my kids don't have to go to Vatterrott College with the Thielen children.

the previous history in the Fall Classic. All of you will recall that the Giants got minimized by the Mark McGwire-led Oakland A's in 1989 in the infamous earthquake series, with the A's sweeping the Giants in four games. Prior to 1989, you have to go all the way back to 1962 for the Giants' only other appearance in the World Series since moving west from the Polo Grounds in '58.

The '62 Series was a classic. The Giants had five future Hall-of-Famers on this squad, with Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Orlando Cepeda, Harvey Kuenn and Juan Marichal. After this quintet, the rest of the bunch wasn't bad either: Felipe Alou, Matty Alou, Ed Bailey, Jim Davenport, Tom Haller, Chuck Hiller and Jose Pagan for hitters, and Don Larsen, Stu Miller, Billy O'Dell, Jack Sanford and Billy Pierce on the mound.

The Giants' opponent was the New York Yankees, a franchise on the decline. Though they still had Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris in their prime or near-prime, most of the rest of the Yankee regulars were either long in the tooth or just mediocre players in glorious pinstripes.

The Series began in San Fran with a split, with Whitey Ford winning the first game for the Yankees and Jack Sanford shutting out the Yankees in Game Two. The Series then moved to New York, where the Yankees won two out of three to take the lead before the transcontinental journey back to the City by the Bay.

days because of rain in San Francisco. In Game Six, once play resumed, Billy Pierce held New York to just three hits, including Roger Maris' solo homer. The Giants unloaded on Whitey Ford for five runs, evening the Series at three games apiece and keeping the Giants' hopes alive.

The deciding seventh game pitted Jack Sanford against Ralph Terry for the third time in the Series. The Yankees held a slim 1-0 lead in the last of the ninth. Pinch hitter Matty Alou started the ninth off with a bunt single, but Terry struck out the next two batters. Willie Mays then hit a double to right, but a nifty fielding play by Roger Maris stopped the speedy Alou at third. As Ralph Terry faced Stretch (McCovey) with two outs in the bottom of the ninth and runners on second and third, he must have been thinking about the home run that he had given up to Bill Mazerowski only two years earlier to lose the decisive game of the 1960 World Series to Pittsburgh. Stretch lined out Terry's third pitch hard toward right field, but right at Yankee second baseman Bobby Richardson, who snared the seed for the Yankees' twentieth world title. It was their last for the next fifteen years, until Joe Torre led the 1996 Yankees over the Atlanta Braves.

though their team hitting was dismal. Elston Howard batted .143 for the Series, Mantle .120, Roger Maris .174, Bobby Richardson .148, and Moose Skowron .222, a composite seven-game team average of .199. The team ERA for the Yankees in the Series was a composite 2.95, quite a bit higher than the 2.66 team ERA of the Giants, and yet the fates decided that the Yankees would win. What a Series.

## WINTER MEETING

How do people feel about having a winter meeting/tribute to Itchie celebration on Saturday, December 7, to view the Big Twelve Championship? Since we won't be distracted by having to cheer for (or against) the Huskers, we can pay full attention to feting our 2002 league champion. Assuming that we are talking about an afternoon game, is there anyone who wouldn't be able to make it up to Omaha for this celebration? For now, please mark it on your calendar and plan on it, with confirmation and details to follow.

That's it for this issue. Next issue: More fascinating statistics, information and opinions from yours truly.

Skipper

---

[Back to Top](#)  
[Home](#)

[Back to Archives](#)