

# From the Bullpen

## "The People's Newspaper"

### For People Who Want to Know the Real Truth



The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have little. --[Franklin D. Roosevelt](#)

Change will not come if we wait for some other person or some other time. We are the ones we've been waiting for. We are the change that we seek. --[Barack Obama](#)

It is amazing what you can accomplish if you don't care who gets the credit. --[Harry S. Truman](#)

It's all about pitching. --[David D. Ernst](#)

Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country. --[John F. Kennedy](#)

Most importantly I never sent classified material on my email and I never received any that was marked classified. --[Hillary Clinton](#)

Let me say something that may not be great politics. And that is that the American people are sick and tired of hearing about your damn emails. --[Bernie Sanders](#)

2017 Campaign

Edition No. 32

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Gentlemen:

I decided to look back and see how well I did with my predictions back on April 6 of this year, found in Edition No. 7 of *From the Bullpen*. The short answer is: Jimmy the Greek, I ain't. In fact, I was only able to predict one actual Order of Finish, that being the **Cubs** to finish in 4th, and they indeed finished 4th. Next closest was my pick for the **Bombers** to finish in 10th, and they actually finished in 9th. Other than that, my preseason predictions bear almost no resemblance to the final standings. Take a look:

Team	Predicted OOF	Actual OOF
Bums	1	11
Tigers	2	6
Wahoos	3	1

Cubs	4	4
Redbirds	5	2
Blues	6	12
Skipjacks	7	10
Senators	8	13
Chiefs	9	5
Bombers	10	9
Monarchs	11	7
Tribe	12	8
Bears	13	3

As you can well see, I gave Magpie far too much credit for knowing what he was doing on Draft Day, and SloPay far too little. And while I thought that JimEd had picked a respectable team drafting out of the 13-hole, I had no idea that he had picked a team that would fight to the finish and end up in 2nd.

But that's enough about league business. Now to stuff that *I* want to talk about.

### THE FALL CLASSIC



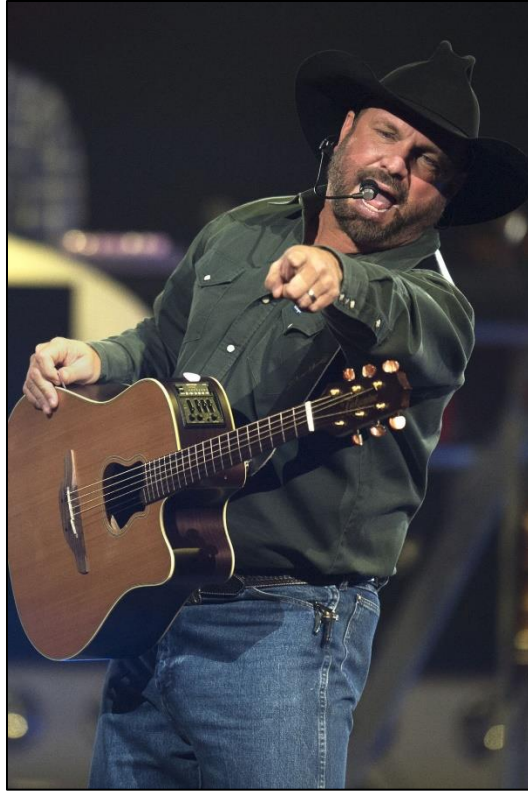
While I was personally hoping for a Dodgers-Yankees World Series match-up--not because I love either team, but because it is a classic rivalry, the two teams having met a total of 11 times over the years--a Dodgers-Astros Series could end up being a great one. The teams seem to be evenly matched, and they both have outstanding pitching staffs. If last night's Game One is any indication, this is a Series that may very well go to seven games and be a clawing and scratching fight to the very end. Although Dallas Keuchel was no slouch in Game One, Clayton Kershaw was superlative, throwing seven spectacular innings of 3-hit ball, and notching 11 strikeouts in record-setting 103-degree heat. (F1) He is certainly the top pitcher of

his generation. He may go down in history as the best pitcher of all time.

### **FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES**

Together with JimEd, Screech and the well-known inventor of the Swiss-mushroom-cheeseburger, Michele and I had a marvelous time last Saturday night at the Garth Brooks concert in Lincoln. Although I wouldn't necessarily call myself an ardent country music fan, I have always wanted to see the great Garth Brooks in concert, and thanks to our beloved and generous B.T., I finally got my chance. And I have to say this about Garth: If there is a better pure "showman" in music (not limited to country, you see), I have yet to see him. At 55 years of age and an estimated biscuit or two away from 275 pounds, this guy moves around the stage faster than Magpie chasing after Shelly Smith in his/her prime. In the third of an incredible five shows that he put on at the Pinnacle Bank Arena over the weekend, Brooks was screaming and shouting and jumping and gyrating for almost a solid three hours, and just put on one whale of a show.









Little-known fact about Brooks that I was intrigued to learn from B.T. while at the concert: He was a track and field athlete for Oklahoma State University, and was laying in the pole vault pit at the NU track in Lincoln when he decided that it was time to move past collegiate sports and take a stab at country music. Good decision.

Second little-known fact about Garth Brooks: His first name is not really Garth. His Christian name is Troyal Garth Brooks, after his father.

Third little-known fact about Garth Brooks: He earned his master's degree

from Oklahoma State University in 2011.

So there you go. Now you know pretty much everything I know about Garth Brooks. And thanks again to B.T. for the treat.

## THE BIRDS

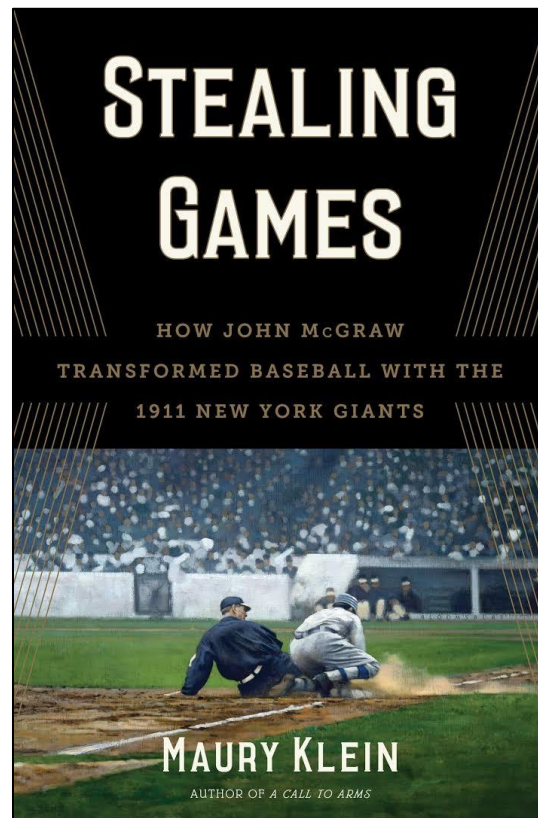


On Sunday night, Michele and I went to a screening of Alfred Hitchcock's horror-thriller film *The Birds* at the Blue Barn Theatre in downtown Omaha. The last time I saw it was when I was about 7 or 8 years old, and it scared the bejesus out of me. Seeing it as a 61-year-old, I realized quickly that it does not hold up to the test of time, despite the fact that it shows up as the *7th greatest thriller* of all time on the list of the American Film Institute. [F2] The acting in this movie by Tippi Hedren [F3], Rod Taylor and Suzanne Pleshette is simply awful, only to be outdone (underdone?) by Jessica Tandy, whose performance as the overprotective mother of Rod Taylor (even though they looked to be roughly the same age in the movie) was abjectly and undeniably abysmal.

In fact, the movie is so bad that it is actually funny to watch, and there were plenty of groans and guffaws by the audience members all around us. The cake-taker was at the very end when Taylor decides he needs to take Tippi to the hospital in San Francisco, and he tiptoes out the door of the house in which they were holed up and laughably and in fact impossibly sneaks past about a hundred thousand lurking, watching, poised-to-attack birds of all variety, and cleverly makes his way successfully into the garage where he fires up Tippi's two-seater sports car, and then the four of them (Rod Taylor, Tip-

pi Hedren, Jessica Tandy and Veronica Cartwright) and a cage of lovebirds somehow fit into the cockpit of this little rag-topped vehicle and roar past the gigantic flock of birds and towards San Francisco without incident. As Rod was coolly driving off into the distance and they flashed "The End" up on the screen, there was a collective blast of laughter from the audience at this ridiculous ending to this ridiculous movie. Hope I didn't spoil it for any of you.

**BOOK REVIEW:  
STEALING GAMES**



And lastly, a quick book review on *Stealing Games*, subtitled *How John McGraw transformed baseball with the 1911 New York Giants*, authored by Maury Klein and published in 2016. The title and subtitle of the book make you assume that John McGraw's Giants completely changed the game of baseball by virtue of the stolen base, and sped to the championship in 1911. The book fails miserably, as did the Giants, who did not even prevail in their World Series matchup that year with Connie Mack's Philadelphia A's. Mostly, the book is a slogging recounting of daily box scores from about 1905 to 1911, with very little memorable new information or period piece historical delicacies. It appears that this is Klein's first venture into baseball writing after authoring 17 other books about vastly different topics. My advice to all of you: Skip it. My advice to Mr. Klein: Stick to other topics.

\* \* \* \* \*

That's it for this edition of *From the Bullpen*. Until next issue, I remain,

Faithfully yours.

Skipper

FN1 And who among us thinks that climate change is a hoax? Snap out of it.

FN2 I'm not sure if that was before or after they kicked out Weinstein.

FN3 I'm not saying she's not hot, however.