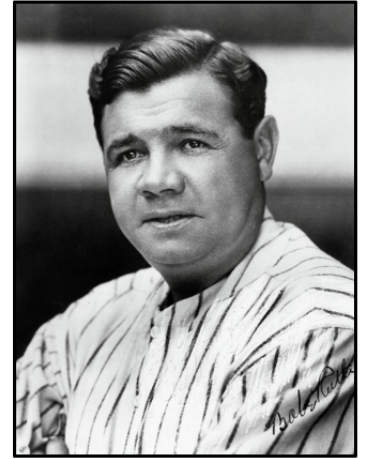




## Babe Ruth

7-time World Series Champion  
Career Batting Average: .342  
Career Home Runs: 714  
Career Pitching Record: 94-46  
Career ERA: 2.28  
1st in All-Time slugging percentage: .690  
1st in All-Time OPS: 1.164



2019 Campaign

Edition No. 9

May 3, 2019

### PAWESOME PAWNS SOUL SATAN SPARKS 'HOOS

It cannot go unrecognized the week that the **Wahoos** had. The very same team that only scored 392.2 points during the first full week of play, Week 2, somehow reconfigured itself into a team that scored a staggering **787.5** points, which has got to be the all-time record in our league. I'm not sure anyone has ever scored more than 600 points in a week before, but if they did, I'm guessing they barely passed the 600 mark.

How did he do it? Well, aside from selling whatever shred of a soul he had left to Beelzebub, PAwesome had 5 of the top pitchers for the week (J.A. Happ 55.0; Domingo Germán 48.0; Matthew Boyd 47.0; Chris Paddack 41.0; and Marco Gonzales 37.0) and 5 of the top hitters (Luke Voit 62.6; Eduardo Escobar 58.5; Trevor Story 47.8; Shin-soo Choo 35.0; and Kole Calhoun 35.0) for the week. Ten of his players, exactly one-half of his starting lineup, scored more than 400 points for the week. Astonishing.

A hearty congratulations to the Devil Boy. Don't forget to take your pocket fan with you to the hereafter.

## STANDINGS THRU APRIL 28, 2019

1	Wahoos	2383.6	-
2	Tribe	2322.2	61.4
3	Monarchs	2202.2	181.4
4	Redbirds	2201.7	181.9
5	Bums	2183.0	200.6
6	Senators	2148.9	234.7
7	Tigers	2112.7	270.9
8	Skipjacks	2038.9	344.7
9	Bombers	1995.1	388.5
10	Chiefs	1987.7	395.9
11	Bears	1983.3	400.3
12	Cubs	1922.1	461.5
13	Blues	1729.1	654.5

## POINT TOTALS FOR WEEK 5

1	Wahoos	787.5
2	Redbirds	510.5
3	Senators	491.6
4	Bears	484.6
5	Tribe	481.9
6	Cubs	462.3
7	Chiefs	452.7
8	Tigers	442.1
9	Monarchs	423.9
10	Bums	409.4
11	Skipjacks	407.4
12	Blues	400.5
13	Bombers	375.0

## TOP 25 PITCHERS

1.	Justin Verlander	Bums	165.0
2.	Tyler Glasnow	Tribe	160.0
3.	Trevor Bauer	Bums	158.0
4.	Luis Castillo	Monarchs	154.0
5.	Marco Gonzales	Wahoos	153.0
6.	José Berríos	Monarchs	152.0
7.	Mike Minor	Bums	140.0
8.	Zack Greinke	Chiefs	138.0
9.	German Márquez	Tribe	137.0
10.	Matthew Boyd	Wahoos	136.0
11.	Patrick Corbin	Senators	135.0
12.	Domingo Germán	Wahoos	132.0

13.	Caleb Smith	Redbirds	128.0
14.	Stephen Strasburg	Bombers	126.0
15.	Joe Musgrove	Bums	122.5
16.	Charlie Morton	Redbirds	120.0
	James Paxton	Bombers	120.0
18.	Marcus Stroman	Senators	119.0
	Jake Arrieta	Tigers	119.0
20.	Matt Shoemaker	Wahoos	116.0
21.	Max Fried	Skipjacks	115.0
22.	Cole Hamels	Monarchs	114.0
23.	John Gant	Bums	112.5
24.	Max Scherzer	Wahoos	111.0
25.	Trevor Williams	Skipjacks	110.0

### WHO'S HOT -- PITCHERS

1.	Steven Matz	Tribe	59.0
2.	Jack Flaherty	Bears	57.0
3.	Chris Bassitt	Cubs	56.0
4.	J.A. Happ	Wahoos	55.0
5.	Matt Harvey	Chiefs	50.0
6.	Domingo Germán	Wahoos	48.0
7.	Matthew Boyd	Wahoos	47.0
8.	Mike Minor	Bums	46.0
9.	José Quintana	Redbirds	41.0
	Chris Paddack	Wahoos	41.0
11.	Zack Wheeler	Bears	40.0
12.	Reynaldo López	Blues	39.0
	Justin Verlander	Bums	39.0
14.	Zack Greinke	Chiefs	38.0
	Pablo López	Redbirds	38.0
16.	Luke Weaver	Monarchs	37.0
	Marco Gonzales	Wahoos	37.0
18.	Chris Sale	Chiefs	36.0
	Clayton Kershaw	Tigers	36.0
20.	Zach Eflin	Cubs	35.0
	Kyle Gibson	Tribe	35.0
22.	Wade Miley	Bums	34.0
23.	Marcus Stroman	Senators	32.0
	Hyun-Jin Ryu	Cubs	32.0
	Drew Pomeranz	Chiefs	32.0

### WHO'S NOT -- PITCHERS

1.	Carlos Rodón	Bears	-12.0
	Erik Swanson	Bombers	-12.0

	Zack Godley	Cubs	-12.0
4.	Brett Anderson	Tigers	-11.0
	Dereck Rodríguez	Skipjacks	-11.0
6.	Aníbal Sánchez	Monarchs	-10.0
7.	Kyle Hendricks	Tigers	-9.0
8.	Chris Archer	Monarchs	-8.0
	Mike Leake	Bums	-8.0
10.	Kenta Maeda	Bums	-7.0
11.	Noah Syndergaard	Redbirds	-5.0
	Trevor Richards	Tribe	-5.0
	Tyler Mahle	Bombers	-5.0
14.	Masahiro Tanaka	Redbirds	-3.0
	Jeremy Hellickson	Skipjacks	-3.0
16.	Derek Holland	Chiefs	-2.0
	Josh James	Senators	-2.0
	Trevor Cahill	Wahoos	-2.0
	Jorge López	Bombers	-2.0
20.	Ervin Santana	Tigers	-1.0
	Jordan Lyles	Cubs	-1.0
	Madison Bumgarner	Bombers	-1.0
	Blake Snell	Tigers	-1.0
	Jhoulys Chacín	Cubs	-1.0
	Jon Gray	Chiefs	-1.0

### TOP 25 HITTERS

1.	Cody Bellinger	Bombers	218.5
2.	Christian Yelich	Redbirds	193.6
3.	Javier Báez	Bears	138.7
	Pete Alonso	Tribe	138.7
5.	Elvis Andrus	Tigers	137.0
6.	Trevor Story	Wahoos	135.8
7.	Rhys Hoskins	Tribe	135.4
8.	Mike Trout	Monarchs	134.3
9.	Paul DeJong	Tribe	133.7
10.	Freddie Freeman	Monarchs	133.6
11.	Marcell Ozuna	Tribe	131.5
12.	Luke Voit	Wahoos	130.2
13.	Trey Mancini	Bombers	129.4
14.	Mitch Haniger	Senators	128.5
15.	Joey Gallo	Tribe	124.1
16.	George Springer	Tribe	124.0
17.	Domingo Santana	Blues	123.5
18.	Marcus Semien	Redbirds	123.4
19.	Hunter Dozier	Redbirds	123.3
	Alex Gordon	Monarchs	123.3

21.	Matt Chapman	Bums	123.2
22.	Yoán Moncada	Tribe	122.3
23.	Paul Goldschmidt	Tribe	122.2
24.	Anthony Rendon	Cubs	121.3
25.	Joc Pederson	Wahoos	120.6

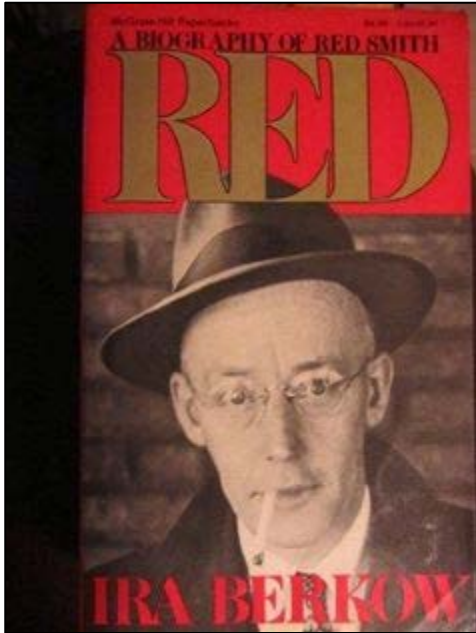
### WHO'S HOT -- HITTERS

1.	Luke Voit	Wahoos	62.6
2.	Eduardo Escobar	Wahoos	58.5
3.	José Abreu	Tigers	50.5
4.	Trevor Story	Wahoos	47.8
5.	Cody Bellinger	Bombers	44.1
6.	Max Kepler	Monarchs	44.0
7.	Nomar Mazara	Blues	43.0
8.	Rhys Hoskins	Tribe	41.7
	Nolan Arenado	Blues	41.7
10.	Eric Sogard	Chiefs	40.3
11.	Elvis Andrus	Tigers	40.0
12.	Juan Soto	Blues	38.5
	Freddie Freeman	Monarchs	38.5
14.	Javier Báez	Bears	38.4
15.	Ozzie Albies	Senators	37.8
16.	Ketel Marte	Skipjacks	36.2
17.	Carlos Correa	Tigers	36.0
18.	Shin-soo Choo	Wahoos	35.0
	Kole Calhoun	Wahoos	35.0
20.	Michael Chavis	Chiefs	34.5
21.	Danny Santana	Senators	34.4
22.	Hunter Dozier	Redbirds	34.0
23.	Mookie Betts	Chiefs	33.1
24.	David Peralta	Bears	33.0
25.	Jesse Winker	Chiefs	32.6

### WHO'S NOT -- HITTERS

1.	Mallex Smith	Blues	-3.5
	Jesús Aguilar	Skipjacks	-3.5
3.	Jason Kipnis	Tigers	-3.1
4.	Garrett Hampson	Senators	-1.9

**BOOK REPORT:**  
***RED: A Biography of Red Smith***  
**By Ira Berkow**



This Sunday past I finished reading a dandy of a biography about Walter “Red” Smith, the preeminent sports columnist of the Twentieth Century. Written by his fellow New York sports columnist and mentee of sorts, Ira Berkow, this terrific read captures the essence of a writer who could turn a phrase like no other, including such sports-writing luminaries as Grantland Rice and Damon Runyon.

Walter “Red” Smith was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin, to a business owner of mixed accomplishment. He was small and slight as a youngster, and did not distinguish himself on the gridiron, hardcourt or diamond, but grew to love sports and sports reporting. He attended Notre Dame to pursue a journalism degree, back when you didn’t have to be a Saudi oil scion to afford the tuition there. During his tenure at South Bend, the Fighting Irish were at their historic best while being coached by the great Knute Rockne. The 1924 Irish went undefeated, and won the National Championship, only to lose to the Nebraska Cornhuskers the following season. Smith was the editor of the Notre Dame yearbook his senior year, which was a position which paid him the princely sum of \$50. To this day, it may be the best yearbook that the Golden Domers have ever put out.

The best part about Red Smith’s writing, in my humble opinion, is the way that he can turn a phrase. Here are a few examples:

*Rooting for the Yankees is like rooting for US Steel.*

(On Damon Runyon)

*Runyon could do things with the alphabet that made a fellow want to throw his typewriter away and go dig coal for a living.*

(On Babe Ruth)

*He'd never been taught any reason why he shouldn't drink or womanize or eat as he pleased. And so he did.*

(On a junk ball pitcher for the A's)

*He couldn't break out of a greenhouse with a hand grenade.*

(On Johnny Pesky)

*A shortstop who can field an agitated horsefly.*

(On his way back from Spring Training one season, Smith stopped off at Aiken, South Carolina, where racehorses are trained. He wrote:)

*After three weeks among the murmuring palms and braying baseball dignitaries south of here, it was a relief to escape to this haven where a fellow can look at a complete horse for a change.*

(On Branch Rickey)

*He may be all things they have called him--a rush of wind in an empty room, a glib horse trader, a specious orator, a coon-shouting revivalist. He has been described, in purest Brooklynese and with a faithful accuracy, as "a man of many facets--all turned on."*

(About his trout-fishing adventures around the world)

*I've hung my backcast in treetops from Finnish, Lapland, to the Chilean Andes.*

(On interviewing Tony Lazzeri, a quiet man,  
Smith recalled a reporter grumbling)

*Interviewing that man is like mining coal with a nail file.*

(On a sports broadcaster of whom he was critical)

*Suppose--maybe it's an outlandish hypothesis, but we're just supposing--he should lapse into English.*

(About Joe Louis, who was knocked out in the 8th round by Rocky Marciano in a comeback attempt, his last fight in 1951)

*An old's dream ended. A young man's vision of the future opened wide. Young men have visions, old men have dreams. But the place for old men to dream is beside the fire.*

(Of the attempts of friends and acquaintances to find him a new mate after his first wife died)

*Women, especially married women, can't bear the sight of a house-broken male who isn't supporting anyone.*

(One of Smith's anecdotes was about Harry Grayson, a one-time sports editor whose office had been moved from New York, which Grayson loved, to Cleveland. In one of his columns, Smith wrote)

*In a blinding snowstorm one night, Grayson fought his way up Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. A car pulled up beside him and a man supposedly said, "Excuse me, pal, how do you get out of town?" And Grayson, wrote Smith, replied, "You silly sonofabitch, if I knew, do you think I'd be here?"*

(About Pete Rose, then a 39-year-old Phillies millionaire whom Smith described as "the most devoutly single-minded baseball player on earth")

*Pete Rose has an almost lascivious love of baseball. He plays with total, intense dedication, relishing every moment. At bat he crowds the plate in a knee-sprung crouch, his tough face regarding the pitcher from the middle of the strike zone. **The face looks like a detour on Interstate 95, and it wears the fixed wide-mouthed grin of a cat crouched over a mouse and saying, "Should I play with him a little bit more or eat him now?"***

(About Howard Cosell)

*I've tried very hard to like Howard--and I failed.*

(When he was old and nearing death, he wrote this famous line)

*Dying is no big deal. The least of us will manage that. Living is the trick.*



And despite his incredible success over more than fifty years, including being syndicated and appearing in more than 100 newspapers around the country, Smith always talked about the difficulty of writing, famously saying:

*Writing is easy. All you have to do is sit down at the typewriter, cut open a vein, and bleed.*

While Smith wrote about virtually every sport and nearly every type of athlete, his first loves were baseball, boxing and horseracing. I will end my comments about the book with a terrific joke that he included in one of his columns about an irredeemable horseracing addict:

*At the Derby, Walter Haight, a well-fed horse author from Washington, told it this way:*

*There's this horseplayer and he can't win a bet. He's got patches in his pants from the way even odds-on favorites run up the alley when he's backing them and the slump goes on until he's utterly desperate. He's ready to listen to any advice when a friend tells him: "No wonder you don't have any luck, you don't live right. Nobody could do any good the way you live. Why, you don't even go to church. Why don't you get yourself straightened out and try to be a decent citizen and just see if things don't get a lot better for you?"*

*Now the guy has never exactly liked to bother heaven with his troubles. Isn't even sure whether they have horse racing up there and would understand his difficulties. But he's reached a state where steps simply have to be taken. So the next day being Sunday, he does go to church and sits attentively through the whole service and joins in the hymn-singing and says "Amen" at the proper times and puts his buck on the collection plate.*

*All that night he lies awake waiting for a sign that things are going to get better; nothing happens. Next day he gets up and goes to the track, but this time he doesn't buy a racing form or scratch sheet or Jack Green's Card or anything. Just gets his program and sits in the stands studying the field for the first race*

*and waiting for a sign. None comes, so he passes up the race. He waits for the second race and concentrates on the names of the horses for that one, and again there's no inspiration. So again he doesn't bet. Then, when he's looking them over for the third, something seems to tell him to bet on a horse named Number 4.*

*"Lord, I'll do it," he says, and he goes down and puts the last fifty dollars he'll ever be able to borrow on Number 4 to win. Then he goes back to his seat and waits until the horses come onto the track.*

*Number 4 is a little fractious in the parade, and the guy says, "Lord, please quiet him down. Don't let him get himself hurt." The horse settles down immediately and walks calmly into the starting gate.*

*"Thank you, Lord," says the guy. "Now please get him off clean. He don't have to break on top, but get him away safe without getting slammed or anything, please." The gate comes open and Number 4 is off well, close up in fifth place and saving ground going to the first turn. Then he begins to move up a trifle on the rail and for an instant it looks as though he might be in close quarters.*

*"Let him through, Lord," the guy says. "Please make them horses open up a little for him." The horse ahead moves out just enough to let Number 4 through safely.*

*"Thank you, Lord," says the guy, "but let's not have no more trouble like that. Have the boy take him outside." Sure enough, as they go down the backstretch the jockey steers Number 4 outside, where he's lying fourth.*

*They're going to the far turn when the guy gets agitated. "Don't let that boy use up the horse," he says. "Don't let the kid get panicky, Lord. Tell him to rate the horse awhile." The rider reaches down and takes a couple of raps on the horse and keeps him running kind, just cooling on the outside around the turn.*

*Wheeling into the stretch, Number 4 is still lying fourth. "Now, Lord," the guy says. "Now we move. Tell that kid to go to the*

*stick." The boy outs with his bat and, as Ted Atkinson says, he really "scouges" the horse. Number 4 lays his ears back and gets to running.*

*He's up to third. He closes the gap ahead and now he's lapped on the second horse and now he's at his throat latch and now he's past him. He's moving on the leader and everything behind him is good and cooked. He closes ground strike by strike with the boy working on him for all he's worth and the kid up front putting his horse to a drive.*

*"Please, Lord," the guy says, "let him get out in front. Give me one call on the top end, anyway."*

*Number 4 keeps coming. At the eighth pole he's got the leader collared. He's past him. He's got the lead by two lengths.*

*"Thank you, Lord," the guy says. "I'll take him from here. Come on, you son of a bitch!"*

One word: beautiful.

\* \* \* \* \*

That's all for this issue.

Skipper