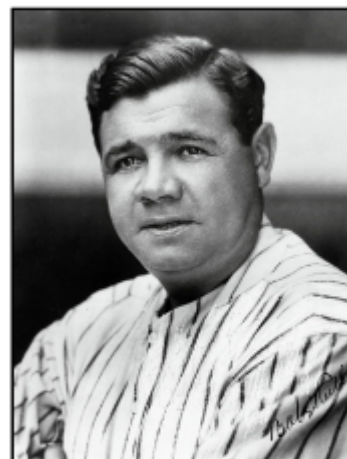




## Babe Ruth

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. 20

September 13, 2019

### REDBIRDS REDUCE FIELD TO RUBBLE

Flexing their wings like a giant condor, Jim Ed's red-hot **Redbirds** had a monster week during Week 23<sup>1</sup> of the Hot Stove League season, cranking out the prodigious total of 757 points, for an average of more than 108 points per night. Gadzooks. That was a *statement* week, Jimmy. As in "Nobody's going to catch me, suckers!"

While my own **Senators** had a pretty darned good week with 589.5 points, we still fell back off the pace by almost 170 points in a single week. The **Chiefs** (517.5) and **Bears** (513.6) both had banner weeks as well, as they fight desperately for that coveted No. 8 spot in the final standings.

At the low end of the totem pole, the **Tribe**, **Cubs**, **Blues** and **Tigers** had the lowest point totals for the week, and continue to occupy the final four spots in the season's standings, as they all look forward to better days ahead in 2020.

Here are the standings through 23 weeks and the point totals for Week 23:

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<sup>1</sup> We have actually completed 23 weeks of play, not 24 weeks, with three more weeks remaining in the season. Linda started numbering weeks of play after the first Sunday, which was 03/31/19, whereas the official MLB first week was not counted until Sunday, April 7, 2019. Consequently, we have been one week ahead of the official count all season. While Linda is not shy about arguing the merits of her reasons for a particular behavior, she has graciously agreed to relinquish her total week count in order to correlate with the official count. Therefore, we will jump back one number and call this past week Week 23, so that our season will end with 26 weeks of play at the same time as the official season ends. She says you're welcome.

**STANDINGS THRU WEEK 23  
ENDING SEPTEMBER 8, 2019**

1	Redbirds	<b>11960.8</b>	-
2	Senators	11581.1	379.7
3	Wahoos	11508.7	452.1
4	Monarchs	11449.9	510.9
5	Bums	11299.0	661.8
6	Skipjacks	11095.9	864.9
7	Bombers	10801.3	1159.5
8	Chiefs	10608.0	1352.8
9	Bears	10527.8	1433.0
10	Cubs	10404.7	1556.1
11	Tigers	10139.3	1821.5
12	Tribe	9915.3	2045.5
13	Blues	9470.2	2490.6

**POINTS FOR WEEK 23  
ENDING SEPTEMBER 8, 2019**

1	Redbirds	<b>757.0</b>
2	Senators	589.5
3	Chiefs	517.5
4	Bears	513.6
5	Bums	478.2
6	Wahoos	462.2
7	Skipjacks	459.5
8	Bombers	454.7
9	Monarchs	429.1
10	Tribe	417.6
11	Cubs	399.7
12	Blues	374.9
13	Tigers	313.9

When you look at the individual lists which follow, you will see why it is no surprise that Tirebiter's charges amassed the second highest point total of the season, second only to the **Wahoos'** flabbergasting 787.5 points during the week ending April 28, 2019. Not only did Tirebiter have 2 of the hottest pitchers for the week--Adam Wainwright had 59 points, and Noah Syndergaard had 48--but he also had 9, count 'em--9, of the Top 25 Hitters for the week. Unprecedented. Moreover, he managed to not make an appearance on the "Who's Not -- Pitchers" list for the week, avoiding the fate of such teams as the **Bombers** (Félix Hernández -20; Iván Nova -13;), the **Wahoos** (Rick Porcello -15; Marco Gonzales -3; and Domingo Germán -1); and the **Bums** (Wade Miley -14 and Brock Burke -2). I would also be remiss if I did not point out that the **Blues** had 4 moundsmen do a moonwalk for Sunny last week.

### TOP 25 PITCHERS

1.	Justin Verlander	Bums	859.0
2.	Gerrit Cole	Senators	796.0
3.	Shane Bieber	Senators	685.0
4.	Stephen Strasburg	Bombers	662.0
5.	Charlie Morton	Redbirds	627.0
6.	Zack Greinke	Chiefs	621.0
7.	Jacob deGrom	Skipjacks	619.0
8.	Luis Castillo	Monarchs	618.0
9.	Lucas Giolito	Tribe	613.0
10.	Patrick Corbin	Senators	613.0
11.	Max Scherzer	Wahoos	607.0
12.	Jack Flaherty	Bears	584.0
13.	Mike Minor	Bums	580.0
14.	Clayton Kershaw	Tigers	578.0
15.	Aaron Nola	Wahoos	570.0
16.	Walker Buehler	Skipjacks	568.0
17.	Hyun-Jin Ryu	Cubs	561.0
18.	Lance Lynn	Bums	560.0
19.	Sonny Gray	Monarchs	548.0
20.	Madison Bumgarner	Bombers	530.0
21.	Mike Soroka	Redbirds	515.0
22.	Mike Fiers	Senators	510.0
23.	Trevor Bauer	Tribe	505.0
24.	Eduardo Rodriguez	Skipjacks	504.0
25.	Noah Syndergaard	Redbirds	496.0

### WHO'S HOT -- PITCHERS

1.	Jack Flaherty	Bears	84.0
2.	Gerrit Cole	Senators	81.0
3.	Mike Minor	Bums	63.0
4.	Adam Wainwright	Redbirds	59.0
5.	Drew Smyly	Chiefs	57.0
6.	Sandy Alcantara	Senators	57.0
7.	Mike Clevinger	Monarchs	56.0
8.	Noah Syndergaard	Redbirds	48.0
9.	Max Scherzer	Wahoos	47.0
10.	Alex Young	Bombers	46.0
11.	Reynaldo López	Blues	45.0
12.	James Paxton	Bombers	44.0
13.	Max Fried	Skipjacks	42.0
14.	Zac Gallen	Chiefs	40.0
15.	Merrill Kelly	Tribe	38.0
16.	Sean Manaea	Chiefs	38.0

17.	J.A. Happ	Wahoos	36.0
18.	Justin Verlander	Bums	34.0
19.	Eduardo Rodriguez	Skipjacks	33.0
20.	Julio Teheran	Bums	33.0
21.	Liam Hendriks	Bums	33.0
22.	Jorge López	Cubs	32.0
23.	Tanner Roark	Tigers	32.0
24.	Joey Lucchesi	Bears	32.0
25.	Josh James	Bums	31.5

#### WHO'S NOT -- PITCHERS

1.	Félix Hernández	Bombers	-20.0
2.	Rick Porcello	Wahoos	-15.0
3.	Wade Miley	Bums	-14.0
4.	Iván Nova	Bombers	-13.0
5.	Joe Ross	Chiefs	-12.0
6.	Aaron Brooks	Cubs	-11.0
7.	Aníbal Sánchez	Skipjacks	-10.0
8.	Cal Quantrill	Bears	-10.0
9.	Cole Hamels	Monarchs	-10.0
10.	Jacob Waguespack	Blues	-6.0
11.	Zach Plesac	Chiefs	-5.0
12.	Carlos Carrasco	Blues	-5.0
13.	José Ureña	Monarchs	-4.0
14.	José Berríos	Monarchs	-4.0
15.	Roenis Elías	Blues	-4.0
16.	Marco Gonzales	Wahoos	-3.0
17.	Elieser Hernandez	Cubs	-3.0
18.	Steven Brault	Bombers	-3.0
19.	Madison Bumgarner	Bombers	-3.0
20.	Marcus Stroman	Senators	-3.0
21.	Brock Burke	Bums	-2.0
22.	Junior Guerra	Blues	-2.0
23.	Domingo Germán	Wahoos	-1.0

#### TOP 25 HITTERS

1.	Mike Trout	Monarchs	723.0
2.	Christian Yelich	Redbirds	714.2
3.	Cody Bellinger	Bombers	695.7
4.	Alex Bregman	Bears	690.9
5.	Anthony Rendon	Cubs	686.1
6.	Freddie Freeman	Monarchs	673.9
7.	Xander Bogaerts	Senators	655.4

8.	Mookie Betts	Chiefs	647.8
9.	Ketel Marte	Skipjacks	646.9
10.	Juan Soto	Blues	639.0
11.	Rafael Devers	Blues	636.9
12.	Ronald Acuña Jr.	Redbirds	633.5
13.	Nolan Arenado	Blues	629.0
14.	Pete Alonso	Tribe	619.4
15.	Carlos Santana	Blues	607.7
16.	Josh Bell	Chiefs	603.2
17.	Marcus Semien	Redbirds	602.7
18.	Trevor Story	Wahoos	596.2
19.	J.D. Martinez	Bums	595.4
20.	Josh Donaldson	Monarchs	588.1
21.	Eduardo Escobar	Wahoos	580.7
22.	DJ LeMahieu	Monarchs	575.9
23.	Eugenio Suárez	Redbirds	567.9
24.	Charlie Blackmon	Skipjacks	558.4
25.	Ozzie Albies	Senators	556.8

#### WHO'S HOT -- HITTERS

1.	Ketel Marte	Skipjacks	65.1
2.	Austin Meadows	Senators	59.0
3.	Joc Pederson	Wahoos	48.0
4.	Josh Donaldson	Monarchs	47.4
5.	J.T. Realmuto	Redbirds	46.7
6.	Mookie Betts	Chiefs	44.5
7.	Alex Bregman	Bears	44.5
8.	Marcus Semien	Redbirds	43.1
9.	Rougned Odor	Redbirds	42.7
10.	Tim Anderson	Bears	42.3
11.	Christian Yelich	Redbirds	42.0
12.	Asdrúbal Cabrera	Skipjacks	41.3
13.	Eugenio Suárez	Redbirds	41.3
14.	Yasmani Grandal	Bums	41.1
15.	Starlin Castro	Tigers	41.1
16.	Francisco Lindor	Cubs	40.7
17.	José Abreu	Redbirds	38.0
18.	Yoán Moncada	Tribe	37.8
19.	Jeff McNeil	Chiefs	37.6
20.	Adam Frazier	Bums	37.4
21.	Paul Goldschmidt	Bums	36.9
22.	Wil Myers	Redbirds	35.5
23.	Garrett Cooper	Redbirds	34.6
24.	Hunter Dozier	Redbirds	34.5

25.	Kyle Schwarber	Bears	33.6
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#### WHO'S NOT -- HITTERS

1.	Freddy Galvis	Tribe	-4.7
2.	Alex Dickerson	Chiefs	-3.5
3.	Kole Calhoun	Wahoos	-3.0
4.	Eric Sogard	Tribe	-2.1
5.	Clint Frazier	Monarchs	-1.9
6.	Mike Moustakas	Wahoos	-1.9
7.	Khris Davis	Bombers	-1.5
8.	Austin Riley	Bears	-1.5
9.	Kiké Hernández	Redbirds	-1.0
10.	Gio Urshela	Bombers	-0.5
11.	Will Smith	Monarchs	-0.5
12.	Dwight Smith Jr.	Tribe	-0.5

#### AMARILLO BY EVENING

Similar to but different than George Strait's melodic quest to get to *Amarillo by Morning* for a rodeo competition, my plan on Tuesday of this week was to make the ten-hour drive from Omaha to Amarillo in time for a 7:05 p.m. Texas League playoff game between the hometown Amarillo *Sod Poodles*<sup>2</sup> and the visiting Tulsa *Drillers*. Like George, I made it.

So why would I drive ten hours from Omaha to Amarillo on a whim, you might ask? Fair question. I was supposed to start a three-week jury trial in eastern Iowa on the morning of Tuesday, September 10, and so I had this entire chunk of time blocked off my calendar. When the case unexpectedly settled late last week, I knew I had to find something to do to fill some of this time other than to sit at my computer mindlessly staring at emails, one of my very least favorite lawyer activities. With the Minor League baseball season over, I wondered if there would be some Minor League playoff games within a reasonable driving range, given how expensive last-minute airline fares can be.

Like a kid in a candy store, I gleefully scanned the MiLB website and all of the listed playoff schedules for the International League (AAA), the Pacific Coast League (AAA), the Eastern League (AA), the Southern League (AA), the Texas League (AA), the California League (Advanced A), the Carolina League (Advanced A), the Florida State League (Advanced A), the Midwest League (A), the South Atlantic League (A), the New York Penn League (Short Season A), the Northwest League (A Short), the Appalachian League (Rookie, Advanced), the Pioneer

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<sup>2</sup> Easily the worst minor league baseball nickname I have ever heard of, although next year the Rocket City (Huntsville, Alabama) *Trash Pandas* will give them a run for their money. What is a sod poodle, anyway, you ask? Well, I asked, too. According to my unimpeachable source (the internet, of course): "*Supposedly, sod poodle is an archaic nickname for a prairie dog, although no one but people with the baseball team seems to have ever heard it before. The 'Sod Poodles' name originates from a nickname given to the prairie dogs found in the vast expanses of the prairie by the settlers crossing through the panhandle of Texas. And prairie dogs, being the loyal, family-oriented creatures that they are, became the perfect name for the new team.*"

League (Rookie, Advanced), the Arizona League (Rookie), and the Gulf Coast League (Rookie). To my delight, there were a wealth of Minor League playoff games yet to be played during the second week of September, but reality set in when I realized that I would have to travel to Washington, California, Oregon, Utah, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, the Carolinas, Mississippi or Florida to make it to the lion's share of these playoff games. I mean, perhaps if I was the possessor of a fine craft like Blow Torch's Mobile Sewage Treatment Wagon I would have embarked on such a bold driving adventure, but alas, I am not, so I did not.

Fortunately, I spotted a window of opportunity in that the South Bend Cubs would be hosting a playoff game at their home ballpark in South Bend on Wednesday and Thursday, and Amarillo would be hosting games on Tuesday and Wednesday. Since I've been to South Bend before (the city, not the ballpark) but not to Amarillo, and because my favorite next place to go is always someplace I've never been, I opted for Amarillo. Yep, ten hours of pancake-flat driving through Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and West Texas. Not scenic on the order of the Rockies or the Berkshires, but plenty of interesting sights to be seen, such as the endless rows of wind turbines, the countless oil derricks--mostly motionless--and the prairie grasses unique to the rural parts of these states. You couldn't pay me to live there, but I'll gladly drive through them and take a look.

I didn't have a lot of time to browse around once I reached Amarillo, because I had a baseball game to get to. But I did observe that this town of about 200,000 people seems to be made up of a lot of rugged, rough-and-tumble, weather-beaten, hard-working oddballs and misfits who just wouldn't mix well with the Dallas upper crust or even the Houston boom-and-busters. The Amarillo skyline is notably unimpressive, the wind apparently blows constantly, and the whole place just kind of felt "gritty" to me. And they have a disproportionate number of Thai restaurants there, so there's that.

### **HODGETOWN STADIUM**



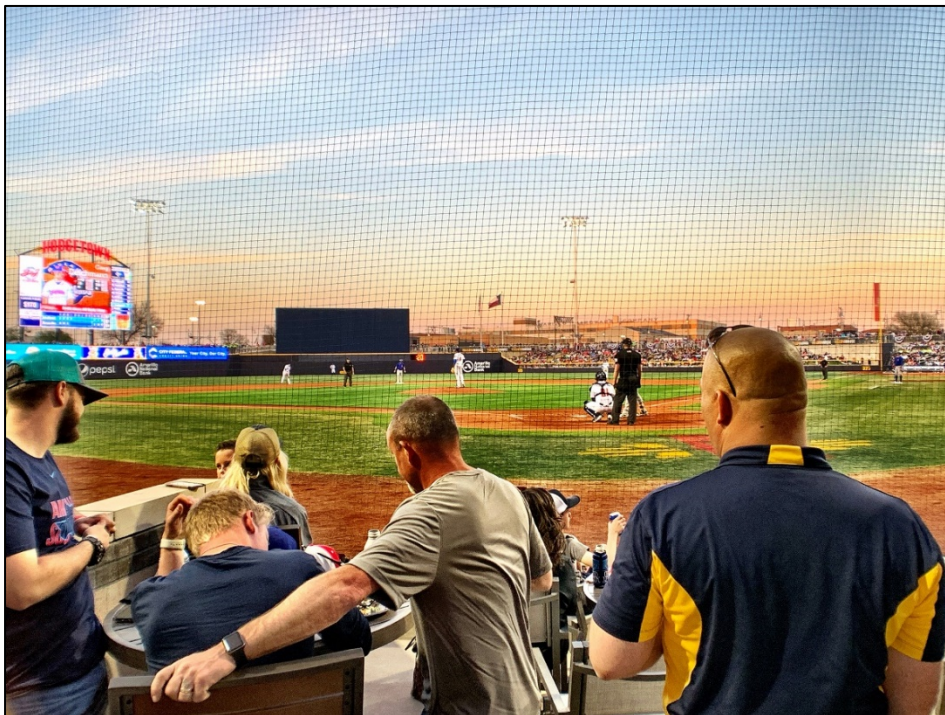




The home ballpark for the Amarillo Sod Poodles is brand-spanking new Hodgetown Stadium, which just opened in April of this year. Named for pharmaceutical baron, businessman, philanthropist and the former 26th Mayor of Amarillo, Jerry Hodge, this green cathedral is a beauty. Located right in the City Center, with hotels and restaurants situated all around, Hodgetown Stadium has a very open and welcoming feel to it, and seems to be just the right size (capacity 6,631) for a AA franchise like the Sod Poodles.







The park features many outdoor tables which can be reserved and offer a wonderful spot to eat your ballpark meal and watch the game on the field. There is a huge bar in left field called The 352 Bar--named for its distance from home plate--which offers all kinds of drinking options and an appealing perspective for watching the game. The scoreboard is huge and appears to be state of the art.



### AW, NUTS

My two minor grievances about Hodgetown are hardly worth mentioning, but I'll mention them anyway. First, the Dickey's Barbeque joint in left field is apparently so good that the line to be fed was at least 20 people long, continuously. I patiently waited until about the fifth inning when the line was down to nothing, and then when I went up to make my purchase, I found out that they had already closed. I was *mildly* irritated, but still irritated. Secondly, when I went up to purchase the Holy Triad of a brät, salted peanuts and beer, I noticed that they weren't offering up salted peanuts at the first concession stand that I went to, only Cracker-jacks and sunflower seeds. I then went over to a second concession stand to buy my coveted salted nuts, with the same result. Third stand, no dice. Fourth stand, same outcome. Close to full-on panic mode, I scampered around the entire ballpark in search of goobers, and finally found one little spot which sold only beer and salted nuts, to my everlasting relief.

So I got my salted nuts, thank goodness, and so I can't really harbor a grudge about that issue. My larger concern is that I now see a disturbing trend developing. I read an article last year that the Hartford Yard Goats professional baseball team had decided to ban salted peanuts from their concession stands, because of a growing concern<sup>3</sup> about peanut allergies. I haven't yet researched it, but I assume that the Sod Poodles are deliberately keeping salted peanuts off their main concession boards as a nod to pseudo-allergies and overprotective parents. If this trend spreads like wildfire, I may be looking for a new hobby soon. The baseball strike of 1993-94 didn't permanently sour me on the game, but a ban of my beloved salted peanuts most definitely would.

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<sup>3</sup> Is it? Or are we slowly but surely ceding ground for no legitimate reason to whining Millennials, Marshmallows and Helicopter Parents? Hey, those are *my* rights that are being trampled. I'm okay with people having their stupid guns taken away, but don't you dare take away my damn peanuts!



## THE GAME



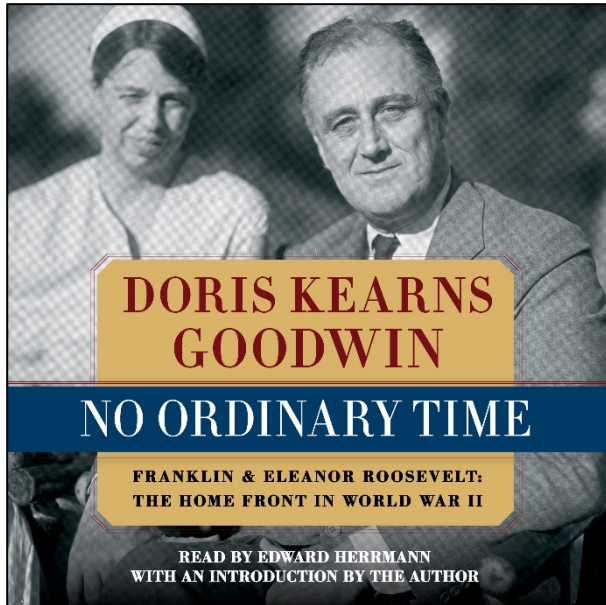
Ruckus, the Sod Poodle

With an amped up crowd waving red “Bring the Ruckus” towels with every Sod Poodle hit and every Driller out, I enjoyed a terrific baseball game in the company of something like 5500 spirited Poodle lovers. After taking an early lead, and then expanding it, it appeared that the Sodpoodles had matters well in hand as the game reached the top of the eighth inning with the Poodles ahead 6 to 3. However, in the top of the next frame, the visiting Drillers served notice that they were not going to go down without a fight, and a three-run homer by catcher Connor Wong tied up the game and silenced the then-to-fore raucous Poodles crowd. Undeterred, the Poodles delivered a barrage of hitting in the bottom of the eighth that left no doubt as to the outcome of this contest, scoring 7 runs to jump to a 13 to 6 lead, which was the final score of the game. A fantastic finish for the hometown crowd, and I liked it, too.

Apart from the game itself, one of the memorable moments from the evening was just prior to the singing of the National Anthem when the announcer admonished the gentlemen in the crowd to “Drop Cover,” which is apparently the Texas way of telling us to take off our caps. And with that plain instruction, there must have been at least 75 to 100 mostly straw cowboy hats removed for the anthem, together with all of the baseball caps in the audience.

The ten-hour ride home was not particularly remarkable, save my suggestion that you will all be able to say that you have lived a full life even if you never set foot in Dodge City, Kansas. No wonder Wyatt Earp always looks pissed off.

**BOOK REPORT:**  
***NO ORDINARY TIME***  
***Frank and Eleanor Roosevelt:***  
***The Home Front in World War II***  
**By Doris Kearns Goodwin**



As accompaniment for my anticipated twenty hours of driving to and from Amarillo, I stopped by Barnes and Noble and picked up a six-disk CD with Doris Kearns Goodwin's new book *No Ordinary Time* on it. The subtitle for this book is *Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt: The Home Front in World War II*. It is excellent. I've read quite a bit about FDR, but not much about Eleanor or operations within the White House during World War II, so much of this was unknown to me. As with all of Ms. Goodwin's books, it is thoroughly researched and vividly detailed. I wished it had been 12 CDs worth of material instead of 6.

A few of the more delectable tidbits I gathered from this "listen"--most of which were new to me--are as follows:

- Roosevelt was stricken with polio in 1921 when he was 39 years old, after a swim with his five children at a pond at their family compound at Campobello, a Canadian island off the coast of Maine. Prior to this, FDR was a muscular, strong, athletic man who excelled at many different types of sports. Afterwards, his legs were essentially lifeless for the rest of his life.





The Roosevelt cottage, a wedding gift from Sara Delano Roosevelt. After FDR contracted polio, he was no longer able to stay at the "beloved island," but he sailed there in 1933 and visited briefly in 1936 and 1939. Eleanor Roosevelt loved the cool summer weather and visited many times with her children and friends.

- During the entirety of his first three terms of his presidency, from 1932-1944, Roosevelt did not ever allow anyone except for his closest aides to see him in his wheelchair or in any way appearing to be an invalid. He wore heavy metal braces on his legs, and would use his upper body strength to lift himself up to the podium for his speeches to Congress or other groups of people. He would never allow himself to be photographed being helped in and out of vehicles, and very few people knew that he had to be helped in and out of bed each night by his valet. There was an honor code among photographers to not photograph him in any manner appearing to be a "cripple," as such folks were labeled back then. FDR's act was sometimes referred to as the "Splendid Deception."



Yalta Conference: Churchill, FDR and Stalin



- After he returned to the United States from the Yalta conference in February of 1945, following negotiations with Papa Joe Stalin and Churchill, FDR appeared frail and sick, and in fact, he was only four months away from his death. In giving his report to Congress about the Yalta conference, FDR allowed himself to be wheeled into Congress in his wheelchair and, instead of standing at a podium, sat in a chair in the well. For the first time, it became apparent to the masses that their president, who had guided them through the Depression and through more than three long years of war, was a "cripple," and they loved and admired him even more for it.



FDR reporting to Congress on the Yalta Conference

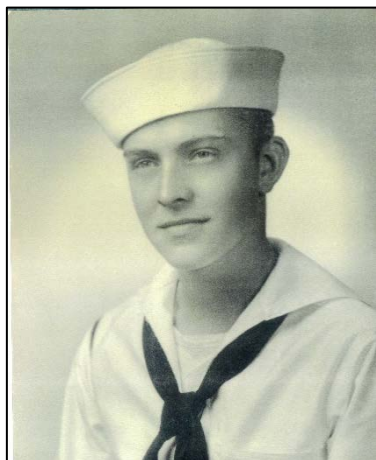
- In 1918, Eleanor discovered that FDR had been having an affair with a beautiful young woman by the name of Lucy Mercer, when she found her love letters to him in his luggage when he returned from a trip to Europe during his stint as Undersecretary of the Navy. While she agreed not to divorce him if he cut off all ties with Mercer, Eleanor's marriage to FDR was forever changed, and they never again shared a marital bed. Eleanor began carving out her own life in the public eye after this, and at times was considered more famous and more popular than her husband. She later learned that Lucy was with Roosevelt in Warm Springs, Georgia when he died on April 12, 1945, bringing about great humiliation.
- The White House was a bustling, popular place during the Roosevelts' time there, with many of their friends, family members and acquaintances invited to stay there and even live there. Harry Hopkins, one of Roosevelt's most trusted foreign policy advisors and cabinet member, lived there for more than three years, and married his third wife in a White House ceremony. Princess Martha of Norway, who came to the United States to escape Nazi rule, moved into the White House together with her children for an extended period of time, and was one of FDR's favorites. When Churchill came to Washington to discuss strategy and common cause in their struggle against the Axis, he stayed in the White House for weeks on end, consuming remarkable amounts of adult beverages, according to his loaned valet. FDR absolutely loved having people around him

all the time, especially since Eleanor was rarely with him there in the White House.

- Right around the time that the movie *Casablanca* was making its film debut, ironically FDR flew to Morocco for a top secret meeting with Churchill. After their official business was over, at Churchill's behest FDR stayed around for a couple more days so that he could accompany Churchill to a resort in Marrakesh (the Villa Taylor) where Churchill promised FDR that he would witness the most beautiful sunset that he would ever see.<sup>4</sup> After enjoying this splendor together, FDR bid Churchill adieu and boarded his plane for the flight back home. It was there and then that Churchill reportedly grasped the shoulder of one of Roosevelt's aides and told him to take good care of his friend, whom the Last Lion described as "the greatest man I've ever known."<sup>5</sup> That one got to me, I have to admit.

If anybody has a road trip coming up and wants to borrow this marvelous collection, let me know.

### JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA: LET THE ADVENTURE BEGIN



There was plenty of talk in *No Ordinary Time* about the brutal campaign against the Japanese, including the battles of Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and I was reminded of my recent research into my dad's involvement in the Pacific Campaign when he was a young Navy ensign in late 1944 and during the first half of 1945. The reason for my recent research was that I was preparing a letter to go to my great-nephew, Jack Daniel Krause (Jesse and Brittney's youngest, born late last year), who was named after my dad. By coincidence, while I was doing that research, I had to go to Louisville, Kentucky for a deposition, and as I was looking at the map and trying to decide my route from Indianapolis, I noticed that the town of Jeffersonville, Indiana is located right across the Ohio River from Louisville. I remembered that the log book from Dad's ship (LST 802) reported that his place of embarkation for the Pacific

Theater was the town of Jeffersonville. In fact, LST 802 was manufactured in a Jeffersonville shipyard that had previously been owned by a local shipping magnate family as a private enterprise, but it was taken over for the War effort and soon began cranking out one LST after another for deployment in the Pacific Theater.

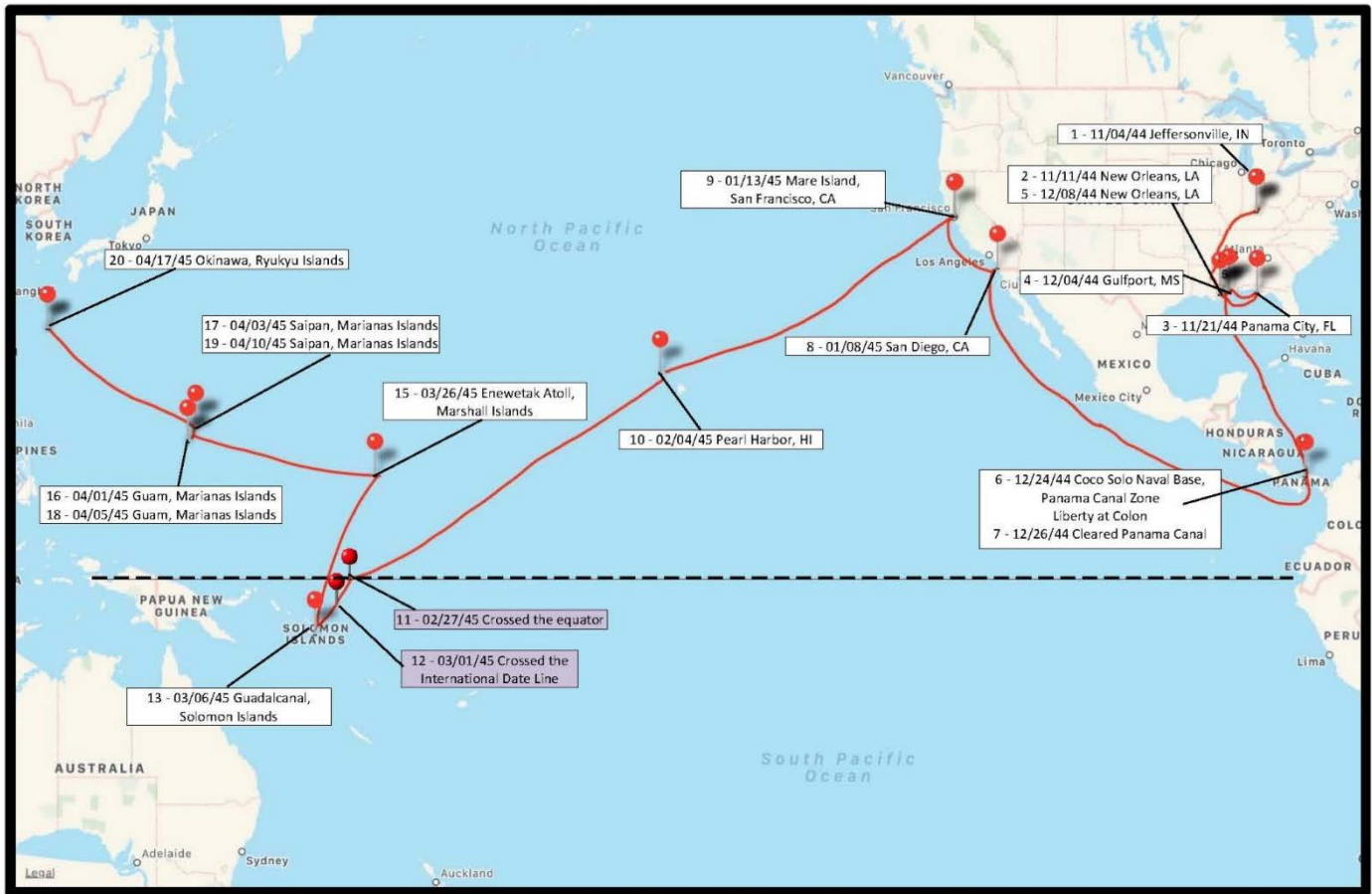
So after my deposition in Louisville, I took the road less traveled and drove over to Jeffersonville for a quick peek, in effect taking a time machine from July of 2019 back to November of 1944, not quite 75 years ago, so that I could walk the same steps my dad once walked, and gaze out upon the vast Ohio River the same way he must have gazed out upon it, wondering then what was in store for him, an 18-year-old farm kid from Kansas. And what stood in store for him--I now know this from the LST 802 ship's log--was a trip down the Ohio River to its

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<sup>4</sup> Now if I can just figure out where this place is, it's going on my bucket list. I've had the pleasure of seeing some phenomenal sunsets in places like Hawaii, Key West and Greece, but if this place tops them all, I've got to find a way to get there.

<sup>5</sup> Can't you just hear his "pal" Macron uttering a similar remark about *The Donald* one day? Not.

confluence with the Mississippi River, and then down to New Orleans, and from there into the Gulf of Mexico for a shakedown cruise. After that, it was down to the Panama Canal and out into the Pacific Ocean, then on to San Diego, then San Francisco, then Pearl Harbor, then to the Solomon Islands, then the Marshall Islands, then to the Marianas Islands, and then to Okinawa, in support of the Battle of Okinawa. Below is a cool map that Linda put together to document all of the places that the LST 802 went from November 1944 to April 1945.



In my recent reading of the book *Indianapolis*, I learned that in late July of 1945--just days before it was torpedoed and sank--the *Indianapolis* crew delivered a top secret package (the partially assembled atomic bomb) to Tinian Island for future loading onto the Enola Gay for its historic mission to Hiroshima, which bomb was dropped on August 6, 1945. Although not mentioned by name on my dad's ship's log, the island known as Saipan, which is located less than 15 miles away from Tinian, is mentioned as one of the ports of call of LST 802. It is fascinating to think that the crew of LST 802 was this close to the place where the Enola Gay later took off for its war- and world-changing mission.

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All right, time to close this one out. The best of luck to you all in the final fortnight of the 2019 HSL Campaign.

Skipper