

# FROM THE BULLPEN

Official Newsletter of the

## NEBRASKA HOT STOVE LEAGUE

2023: Our 39th Season

Edition No. 17



June 22, 2023

### OWNERS:

**Ted Bridges**  
("PAwesome")  
Wahoos  
Returning Champion

**Jeff Bechtolt**  
("Screech")  
Monarchs

**Jon Blongewicz**  
("Sunny")  
Blues

**Denny Bontrager**  
("SloPay")  
Bears

**Jim Buser**  
("Tirebiter")  
Redbirds

**Rick Drews**  
("Big Guy")  
Tigers

**Dave Ernst**  
("Skipper")  
Senators

**Bob Hurlbut**  
("Underbelly")  
Tribe

**Scott Krause**  
("BT")  
Saints

**Mike Morris**  
("Mouse")  
Bombers

**Mitch Pirnie**  
("Magpie/Tricko")  
Bums

**Chuck Sinclair**  
("Shamu")  
Cubs

**John Thielen**  
("Itchie")  
Skipjacks

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Dave Ernst

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### TRIBE TROUNCES FIELD, THREATENS TO ESCAPE CELLAR: REDBIRDS STILL REELING

The story for Week 12 was the **Tribe**, who somehow managed to score 607.1 for the week, way ahead of the second-best **Monarchs** at 538.2, and the third-best **Wahoos** at 531.6 Who lit the firecracker under this team's derriere?

Anyway, with this unexpected outburst, the **Tribe** is now poised to leapfrog the **Redbirds** and **Senators** and move out of last place.

At the other end of the spectrum, the woeful **Redbirds** could only muster 280.5 for the week, worst in the league, dropping them into 12th place and only 37.7 points ahead of the cellar-dwelling **Tribe**.

Here are the HSL standings for Week 12 and the point totals for Week 12, together with all the usual individual statistics and data:

### HSL STANDINGS THRU WEEK 12 ENDING JUNE 18, 2023

	Team	Points	Pts Back
1	Wahoos	5864.7	-
2	Saints	5639.8	224.9
3	Skipjacks	5270.8	593.9
4	Cubs	5220.0	644.7
5	Bums	5209.2	655.5
6	Bombers	5099.7	765.0
7	Bears	5081.5	783.2
8	Tigers	4948.0	916.7
9	Monarchs	4933.8	930.9
10	Blues	4863.5	1001.2
11	Senators	4711.9	1152.8
12	Redbirds	4682.7	1182.0
13	Tribe	4635.0	1229.7



POINT TOTALS FOR WEEK 12

	<b>Team</b>	<b>Pts</b>
1	Tribe	607.1
2	Monarchs	538.2
3	Wahoos	531.6
4	Saints	502.4
5	Skipjacks	450.3
6	Cubs	445.9
7	Tigers	422.7
8	Bums	413.8
9	Bears	395.8
10	Bombers	386.7
11	Blues	385.0
12	Senators	341.4
13	Redbirds	280.5

TOP 25 PITCHERS

	<b>Pitchers</b>	<b>Roster</b>	<b>Pts</b>
1.	Shane McClanahan	Blues	372.0
2.	Nathan Eovaldi	Wahoos	341.0
3.	Kevin Gausman	Bombers	336.0
4.	Marcus Stroman	Tigers	334.0
5.	Gerrit Cole	Bombers	331.0
6.	Framber Valdez	Wahoos	322.0
7.	Zac Gallen	Bears	321.0
8.	Mitch Keller	Saints	312.0
9.	Logan Webb	Tribe	308.0
10.	Joe Ryan	Tribe	303.0
11.	Clayton Kershaw	Cubs	302.0
12.	Shohei Ohtani	Redbirds	299.0
13.	Spencer Strider	Tigers	296.0
14.	Merrill Kelly	Tigers	295.0
15.	Cristian Javier	Tribe	287.0
	Zack Wheeler	Cubs	287.0
17.	Tyler Wells	Skipjacks	281.5
18.	Luis Castillo	Blues	274.0
19.	Zach Eflin	Redbirds	273.0
20.	Bryce Elder	Redbirds	268.0
21.	Michael Wacha	Wahoos	266.0
22.	Corbin Burnes	Senators	261.0
	José Berríos	Senators	261.0
24.	George Kirby	Blues	260.0



25.	Shane Bieber	Skipjacks	257.0
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WHO'S HOT – PITCHING

	<b>Pitchers</b>	<b>Roster</b>	<b>Pts</b>
1.	Bryce Miller	Saints	65.0
2.	Zack Wheeler	Cubs	58.0
3.	Logan Webb	Tribe	52.0
4.	Dean Kremer	Cubs	46.0
5.	Hogan Harris	Cubs	43.0
	Joe Musgrove	Saints	43.0
7.	James Kaprielian	Bears	38.0
	Blake Snell	Skipjacks	38.0
9.	José Berríos	Senators	37.0
	George Kirby	Blues	37.0
11.	Taijuan Walker	Bums	36.0
12.	Charlie Morton	Wahoos	35.0
13.	Eury Pérez	Bears	34.0
14.	Zac Gallen	Bears	33.0
	Brayan Bello	Wahoos	33.0
	Michael Wacha	Wahoos	33.0
17.	Tylor Megill	Tribe	32.0
	Tony Gonsolin	Blues	32.0
	Braxton Garrett	Saints	32.0
	Patrick Sandoval	Monarchs	32.0
21.	Jordan Hicks	Wahoos	31.5
22.	Hunter Brown	Wahoos	31.0
	Tyler Wells	Skipjacks	31.0
24.	Garrett Whitlock	Blues	30.0
	Lance Lynn	Bombers	30.0

WHO'S NOT – PITCHING

	<b>Pitchers</b>	<b>Roster</b>	<b>Pts</b>
1.	Chris Bassitt	Senators	-19.0
2.	Domingo Germán	Bears	-18.0
3.	Kyle Freeland	Bombers	-14.0
4.	Jack Flaherty	Saints	-11.0
5.	Jon Gray	Wahoos	-10.0
6.	Reese Olson	Cubs	-9.0
7.	Louie Varland	Bears	-8.0
8.	Ryne Nelson	Cubs	-7.0
	Chase Anderson	Skipjacks	-7.0
10.	Max Scherzer	Senators	-5.0
	Logan Allen	Bears	-5.0



12.	Carlos Carrasco	Blues	-4.0
	Bobby Miller	Bums	-4.0
	Miles Mikolas	Redbirds	-4.0
	Michael Lorenzen	Bums	-4.0
16.	Trevor Williams	Bombers	-3.0
	Edward Cabrera	Skipjacks	-3.0
	Yu Darvish	Wahoos	-3.0
19.	Sandy Alcantara	Bums	-1.0
	Daniel Lynch	Saints	-1.0

TOP 25 HITTERS

	<b>Batters</b>	<b>Roster</b>	<b>Pts</b>
1.	Ronald Acuña Jr.	Cubs	364.6
2.	Shohei Ohtani	Skipjacks	359.5
3.	Freddie Freeman	Skipjacks	347.4
4.	Corbin Carroll	Bears	310.7
5.	Marcus Semien	Cubs	304.8
6.	Mookie Betts	Bombers	299.0
7.	Randy Arozarena	Saints	293.3
8.	Matt Olson	Wahoos	293.2
9.	Bo Bichette	Bears	280.5
10.	Paul Goldschmidt	Cubs	279.7
11.	Jonathan India	Bears	278.3
12.	Ryan McMahon	Wahoos	274.0
13.	Jorge Soler	Bombers	271.5
14.	Yordan Alvarez	Redbirds	271.1
15.	Ozzie Albies	Senators	270.9
16.	Adolis García	Skipjacks	269.5
17.	Wander Franco	Blues	267.3
18.	Juan Soto	Saints	264.0
19.	Ketel Marte	Saints	263.2
20.	Mike Trout	Senators	262.7
21.	Josh Jung	Bears	262.2
22.	José Ramírez	Tribe	261.7
23.	Aaron Judge	Wahoos	260.0
24.	Yandy Díaz	Bums	258.7
25.	Nick Castellanos	Senators	257.1

WHO'S HOT – HITTING

	<b>Batters</b>	<b>Roster</b>	<b>Pts</b>
1.	Shohei Ohtani	Skipjacks	75.6
2.	Eddie Rosario	Monarchs	57.5
3.	Michael Harris II	Bombers	57.1



4.	J.T. Realmuto	Cubs	54.0
5.	Ozzie Albies	Senators	53.9
6.	Corey Seager	Tribe	50.9
7.	Christian Walker	Redbirds	49.2
8.	Ryan McMahon	Wahoos	47.4
9.	Fernando Tatis Jr.	Saints	46.2
10.	Christopher Morel	Tribe	44.0
11.	Spencer Torkelson	Tribe	41.0
12.	Orlando Arcia	Tribe	40.9
13.	Ronald Acuña Jr.	Cubs	40.5
14.	Justin Turner	Tigers	40.1
15.	Kyle Schwarber	Wahoos	40.0
16.	Leody Taveras	Bums	37.5
	Austin Hays	Wahoos	37.5
18.	Kyle Tucker	Monarchs	36.7
19.	Matt Vierling	Tigers	36.6
20.	Ketel Marte	Saints	35.9
21.	Ian Happ	Redbirds	35.1
22.	Alex Verdugo	Blues	34.6
23.	Javier Báez	Monarchs	34.3
24.	Corbin Carroll	Bears	33.5
	Mike Trout	Senators	33.5

WHO'S NOT – HITTING

	<b>Batters</b>	<b>Roster</b>	<b>Pts</b>
1.	Bryan De La Cruz	Redbirds	-7.0
2.	Byron Buxton	Cubs	-6.5
3.	Pete Alonso	Bums	-2.9
4.	Owen Miller	Tigers	-2.7
5.	Gio Urshela	Redbirds	-1.5
6.	Patrick Wisdom	Senators	-1.0
7.	Nolan Gorman	Saints	-0.8
8.	Tim Anderson	Redbirds	-0.7
9.	Francisco Álvarez	Bums	-0.5

A POX ON THY COMPUTER;  
AND ON THY IPAD; AND ON THY IPHONE;  
AND ON THY TESLA COMPUTER MODULE  
AND ON THY PEACOCK STREAMING APP;  
AND ON THY MICROWAVE;  
AND ON THY . . . (FILL IN THE BLANK)

Although I feel that this may be preaching to the choir just a bit, I nevertheless wish to vent my spleen about my recent “troubles”<sup>1</sup> that I experienced in trying to upload, download,

<sup>1</sup> And those pasty white Irish Catholics thought that they had it tough back in the '70s and '80s. But believe me, nobody knows the *troubles* I've seen!



sideload, or whatever you call it, our ten tickets for admission to the ballpark for our Kyle Peterson "Behind the Scenes" event on Tuesday. *Ay yai yai*. I'm not sure there's enough paper in our massive litigation copying machine or enough air in the iCloud to fully document and explain the saga that unfolded this past week, but of course I'm going to try.

As in the Book of Genesis, our sordid tale began with an individual of one gender tempting a mate with a piece of delectable fruit from the Garden of Eden.<sup>2</sup> The scene was at the Marianfest fundraiser back in February when the silent auction was completed as the live auction was about to begin. As she does, HQ was working herself up into a lather about all of the great auction items that we should bid on, not only because they were "great deals"<sup>3</sup> but also because it was, for a great cause, to-wit, a private girls' school currently under the leadership of HQ. In the throes of this process, HQ breathlessly pointed out in the live auction pamphlet the Kyle Peterson "Behind the Scenes" Insider CWS package, and in no uncertain terms told me that I "had to" bid on it. After one little taste of this forbidden fruit, I had to have not only the entire apple, but the entire apple orchard, and soon I was bidding as if I was in competition with Jeff Bezos and Sir Richard Whatshisbucket for a ride on Elon's space shuttle to Mars in 2027.

I have no actual memory of the bidding process itself, just Eve shrieking silently, *We won! We won! We won!*<sup>4</sup> Before you knew it, HQ was gently prodding<sup>5</sup> me to make sure that I lined up enough of my "baseball people," including you all, to make sure we made a good showing at this event.

### THE SAGA CONTINUES

Once the "Behind the Scenes" event package was purchased at *Marianfest*,<sup>6</sup> the event itself was forgotten until a few weeks before the start of the CWS, when I was informed for the first time that the event package that we had purchased had to be scheduled for one of the 1:00 games during the week, meaning either Monday, June 19 or Tuesday, June 20. At that point in time, I was sent an email with the ten tickets to Suite 3 at Charles Schwab "The Chuck" Field for the June 20 1 p.m. game, which I immediately accepted and tried to download to the Apple Wallet on my phone, but was thwarted. "Oh, well," I thought, "I've got plenty of time to get this figured out." And I did, but I didn't. After blinking twice, suddenly the Father's Day Weekend was upon me, and Itchie von Fretmeister was haranguing me to send him his ticket so he could just meet us all at The Chuck, self-important fellow that he is. Miraculously, I was able to negotiate this transaction and sent not only Itchie his ticket, but also was able to electronically

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<sup>2</sup> Yes, perhaps I am being a bit dramatic here, but we all know that drama sells. *E.g.*, every book in Oprah's Book Club, every TV show that HQ watches, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Is there ever a "great deal" at a charity auction? I think back to the Superbowl package that Mouse bid on back in 1989 that allowed Mouse and Wiffy and Itchie and your scribe to attend the 1990 Superbowl at the Superdome in New Orleans for something like \$500, which package deal included air fare, Superbowl tickets, and two or three nights at a motel in Slidell.<sup>ψ</sup> Now *that* was a smoking charity auction deal, and perhaps the last one that has ever personally benefited me which, of course, is the only thing that matters.

<sup>ψ</sup> We needn't explore further the quality of this establishment.

<sup>4</sup> And in a technical sense, we did, since we were announced as the winners and the tickets were eventually received, downloaded, walleted and used by nine lucky Hot Stove Leaguers, including myself. But as Kenny Rogers famously sang, "Every hand's a winner and every hand's a loser, and the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep." *The Gambler* was again right, on several levels.

<sup>5</sup> As in, "If you know what's good for you, buster, you'll do as I say"; or "If you ever want to see another baseball game or go golfing with your buddies or experience the unparalleled joy of marital relations"; or, well, just use your imaginations, boys. But it wasn't subtle.

<sup>6</sup> Together with various and sundry other items via both auction formats.



transport through thin air the tickets to PAwesome, Magpie, Mouse and young William Ernst. A modest if not remarkable technological achievement for the Old Skipper. But wait.

Suddenly it is late Monday evening, and I realized that I still needed to figure out a way to download, upload, sideload (*i.e.*, “get”) the remaining five tickets for the rest of us from my email inbox to my iPhone, preferably into my Apple Wallet, before leaving for the game on Tuesday morning. After multiple unsuccessful attempts to make this happen, I pliantly turned over my iPhone to the more tech-savvy HQ, who likewise was unsuccessful in getting the ducats transferred into my Apple Wallet, boosting my self-esteem a few notches. HQ then suggested that I seek technical help from the individual who sent the tickets, from the Charles Schwab Field website, and/or from Ticketmaster, which I did to absolutely no avail.

On Tuesday morning with my 11 a.m. deadline for leaving for the event fast approaching, I again sent electronic pleas for help to the administrative assistant for the owner of the luxury suite, to the Charles Schwab website help line, and to the Ticketmaster help line, and left voice messages for each of them on their help line numbers, but again, got only the cold shoulder. It was then and only then that I beseeched our firm IT guru, the inimitable Ricky Todd, to help me “get” these five tickets into my Apple Wallet. Our IT expert went through each of the steps that I had gone through to try to make this happen, and was similarly thwarted. At one juncture he thought he had the problem solved, and showed me that they could be seen on the screen of my iPhone, but again, like me, was unable to move them to the Apple Wallet so that we could use this feature to produce the bar codes that would enable us to get into the game.

Finally, after close to 40 minutes, Ricky said something like, “Voila! They are now in your Apple Wallet.” When I asked him what special trick of the trade that he had used to conquer this internet Mt. Everest, he more or less confessed that he had “no idea.” Which gives me a lot of confidence for tackling a similar project with other tickets in the future.

Technology is great when it works, but when it doesn’t, it can drive one to the Looney Bin.

When all of this was playing out, I was reminded of a similar happening back on March 17 when HQ and I were down in Phoenix visiting the girls and decided to attend a Cubs Spring Training game at Sloan Park. I purchased two tickets that morning over the internet and accepted them and could see that I had them on my phone to use when we got to the game that afternoon. However, once in line at the gate, perhaps because of excessive internet traffic, I could not summon up the necessary bar codes to get us in. Fortunately, the Cubs had in their employ that day a very congenial old fellow whose only job was to help befuddled Boomers like myself get into the game with electronic tickets. This old boy had the perfect personality for the job: friendly, kind, patient, and presumably an internet whiz. After following his verbal directions for a few maneuvers, I turned over my iPhone to him to let him work his magic. However, after a few minutes of fruitless dilly-dallying, and with the line of customers growing, the Cubs internet maven in hushed tones pointed over to the ticket window and instructed me to say to the teller that, “Frank asks that you print off two hard copy tickets”—but to keep it on the down low to prevent a stampede to the box office—which I did, and they did, and soon we were happily inside and sipping on a couple of green beers. So it isn’t just me.

Anyway, if there’s anyone out there who is still awake and reading this, my point is that for the Boomer generation, the technology world that we now find ourselves living in can be challenging. I mean, I almost never get mad enough at any person to ever yell at them or even raise my voice, but I find myself at least a couple of times a week cursing like an angry sailor at my desktop computer, my laptop, my iPad or my iPhone, when they have the audacity to tell



me that I have typed in the wrong user ID, or have used an incorrect password, or that I have included the wrong user ID-password combination, or that a different account exists for said user ID, or that I was being timed out because I had exceeded three attempts to log in, or other such nonsense. I'm not proud to admit it, but I have been heard to utter in loud tones, "You're an effing liar" when my computer tells me something that I don't want to hear. Brilliant. Now I'm yelling at inanimate objects.

I don't know about the rest of you, but if I ever do retire, I'm pretty sure it will be because of some "last straw" technological glitch preventing me from getting information or transacting some business or uploading a ticket, causing me to take a fireman's axe to whatever electronic device I'm not using at the time. I even told HQ that if I couldn't solve the mystery of the "Behind the Scenes" tickets and get us into the game on Tuesday, I was going to turn in my law license and head over to the closest Walmart to ask for a paper application for a job as a Walmart greeter.<sup>7</sup>

### BEHIND THE SCENES WITH KYLE PETERSON

For my money, every good movie and every good story has a happy ending, and so too does the story about our Tuesday CWS tickets. Nine of us from the Hot Stove League<sup>8</sup> and young Will were able to get through security and into Suite 3 at The Chuck to watch Game 9 between the Oral Roberts Golden Eagles and the TCU Horned Frogs in air-conditioned comfort and with a fully-stocked refrigerator of cold beverages, as well as game dogs, hamburgers and other tasty consumables. And consume, we did. In this elimination game, we saw the TCU Nine send the TV preacher's boys home to Tulsa by the score of 6-1, although the Golden Eagles loaded the bases in the bottom of the ninth to make it interesting.



*The HSL Boys enjoying their luxury suite at The Chuck*

<sup>7</sup> If you're out my way someday, stop in for a complimentary greeting.

<sup>8</sup> Our entire Baker's Dozen sans Sunny, Shamu, B.T. and Tirebiter.



In the late innings of the game, we also had a chance to spend a few minutes with Kyle Peterson for the “Behind the Scenes” event that had been bargained for. After receiving a text from Peterson, four of us met him at the elevator. Although he had just returned from the funeral of one of his beloved ESPN colleagues, Kyle Brown, and looked absolutely exhausted, Peterson graciously led us on a tour of what happens “behind the scenes” of a CWS telecast. He first took us up into the announcers’ booth where his colleagues<sup>9</sup> were announcing the TCU vs. Oral Roberts game; Peterson himself was slated to work Game 10 that night together with the inestimable Karl Ravech and Eduardo Perez. When he was asked about who amongst his ESPN colleagues was the best at filling down time during rain and lightning delays, Peterson without hesitation said that it was Ravech, who he said is a treasure trove of knowledge and stories about baseball and baseball players. He also volunteered that Perez was an absolutely unbelievable and unmatched “directory” of current and former baseball players and personalities, such as Ken Griffey, Jr. and Pete Rose, to name a few, who frequently call him with their comments and input.

There were five people in the ESPN broadcast booth, the three announcers and two people to feed them statistics and information. Peterson showed us one sheet full of data about a single player, which had probably in the hundreds of pieces of information about the player and his hitting or pitching record and tendencies, etc. Fascinating stuff.



Peterson then took us down to one of the ESPN trailers on the ground floor where there must have been about a hundred some TV screens on the wall displaying different images and four or five different people communicating with each other and with the broadcast team and with the engineers and producers back at the home office in Bristol, Connecticut, a riveting scene of apparent constant chaos of the individuals who were monitoring the screens making seemingly instant decisions on what images and what information to include in the live broadcasting of the game at ESPN headquarters.

All in all, a very interesting and fun experience to catch a glimpse behind the scenes of an ESPN College World Series baseball game production. It was way too short and went by way too fast, but well worth all the technology trouble.

<sup>9</sup> Including Mike Monaco and Ben McDonald.

KP BY THE NUMBERS

During our time with Peterson, I asked him to remind me how many visits that he made to the CWS when he was a pitcher for Stanford. He answered that he came here twice as a Cardinal player, in his freshman year when they went 1 and 2, and in his sophomore year when they went 2 and 2. Here is what the internet has to say about his career as a college and professional baseball player:

## Kyle Peterson



**Position:** Pitcher

**Bats:** Left • **Throws:** Right

6-3, 215lb (190cm, 97kg)

**Born:** April 9, 1976 (Age: 47-073d) in Elkhorn, NE us

**Draft:** Drafted by the Milwaukee Brewers in the 1st round (13th) of the 1997 MLB June Amateur Draft from Stanford University (Palo Alto, CA).

**High School:** Creighton Preparatory School (Omaha, NE)

**School:** Stanford University (Palo Alto, CA)

**Debut:** July 19, 1999 (Age 23-101d, 17,516th in major league history)  
vs. CHW 5.0 IP, 8 H, 3 SO, 3 BB, 5 ER

**Last Game:** July 5, 2001 (Age 25-087d)  
vs. STL 3.2 IP, 9 H, 5 SO, 1 BB, 4 ER, L

**Rookie Status:** Exceeded rookie limits during 1999 season

**Full Name:** Kyle Johnathan Peterson

[View Player Info from the B-R Bullpen](#)

### COLLEGE:

Name	Yrs	From	To	ASG	G	PA	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	CS	BB	SO	BA	OBP	SLG	OPS	Yrs@School	Drafted
<a href="#">Kyle Peterson</a>	2	1999	2001	0	20	30	27	3	4	1	0	0	2	0	0	1	10	.148	.179	.185	.364	1995-1997	1997-1

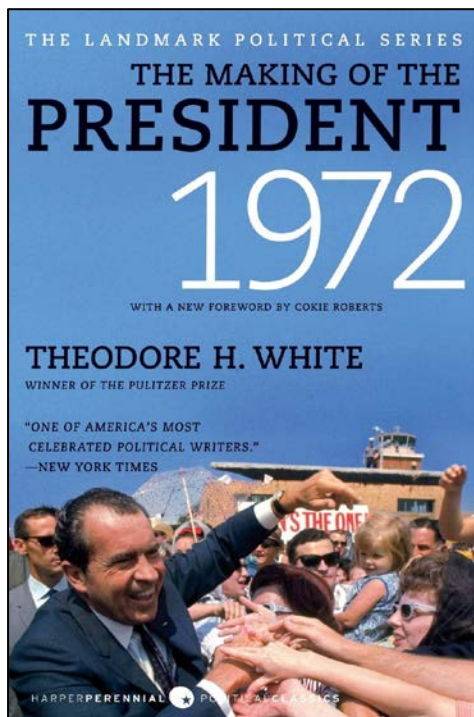
### MiLB and MLB:

Year	Age	AgeDif	Tm	Lg	Lev	Aff	W	L	W-L%	ERA	RA9	G	GS	GF	CG	SHO	SV	IP	H	R	ER	HR	BB	IBB	SO	HBP	BK	WP
<a href="#">1997</a>	21	0.6	Ogden	PION	Rk	MIL	0	0		0.87	1.74	3	3	0	0	0	0	10.1	5	2	1	1	4	0	11	1	0	0
<a href="#">1998</a>	22		3 Teams	3 Lgs	A+-AA-AAA	MIL	8	9	.471	3.97	5.15	25	25	0	1	0	0	145.0	148	83	64	6	51	0	146	9	5	6
<a href="#">1998</a>	22	-4.6	Louisville	IL	AAA	MIL	1	0	1.000	7.94	7.94	1	1	0	0	0	0	5.2	8	5	5	0	2	0	4	0	0	0
<a href="#">1998</a>	22	-2.3	El Paso	IL	AA	MIL	3	2	.600	4.40	5.02	7	7	0	1	0	0	43.0	41	24	21	2	16	0	33	1	0	1
<a href="#">1998</a>	22	-0.5	Stockton	CALL	A+	MIL	4	7	.364	3.55	5.04	17	17	0	0	0	0	96.1	99	54	38	4	33	0	109	8	5	5
<a href="#">1999</a>	23	-3.7	Louisville	IL	AAA	MIL	7	6	.538	3.55	4.29	18	18	0	1	1	0	109.0	90	52	43	13	42	1	95	6	2	5
<a href="#">1999</a>	23	-5.4	MIL	NL	Maj	MIL	4	7	.364	4.56	5.38	17	12	2	0	0	0	77.0	87	46	39	3	25	2	34	4	0	1
<a href="#">2000</a>	24		2 Teams	2 Lgs	A-AA	MIL	1	2	.333	3.20	5.03	4	4	0	0	0	0	19.2	16	11	7	3	8	0	18	1	0	1
<a href="#">2000</a>	24	0.1	Huntsville	SOU	AA	MIL	0	1	.000	7.71	13.50	1	1	0	0	0	0	4.2	6	7	4	1	4	0	1	0	0	1
<a href="#">2000</a>	24	2.3	Beloit	MIDW	A	MIL	1	1	.500	1.80	2.40	3	3	0	0	0	0	15.0	10	4	3	2	4	0	17	1	0	0
<a href="#">2001</a>	25	-1.7	Indianapolis	IL	AAA	MIL	2	10	.167	5.71	6.34	21	20	0	0	0	0	115.0	143	81	73	17	26	0	73	7	2	1
<a href="#">2001</a>	25	-3.9	MIL	NL	Maj	MIL	1	2	.333	5.52	6.14	3	2	0	0	0	0	14.2	19	10	9	3	4	2	12	0	0	0
<b>Majors (2 seasons)</b>					<b>Majors</b>		<b>5</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>.357</b>	<b>4.71</b>	<b>5.50</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>91.2</b>	<b>106</b>	<b>56</b>	<b>48</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>46</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Minors (5 seasons)</b>					<b>Minors</b>		<b>18</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>.400</b>	<b>4.24</b>	<b>5.17</b>	<b>71</b>	<b>70</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>399.0</b>	<b>402</b>	<b>229</b>	<b>188</b>	<b>40</b>	<b>131</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>343</b>	<b>24</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>All Levels (5 Seasons)</b>							<b>23</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>.390</b>	<b>4.33</b>	<b>5.23</b>	<b>91</b>	<b>84</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>490.2</b>	<b>508</b>	<b>285</b>	<b>236</b>	<b>46</b>	<b>160</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>389</b>	<b>28</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>AAA (3 seasons)</b>					<b>Minors</b>		<b>10</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>.385</b>	<b>4.74</b>	<b>5.41</b>	<b>40</b>	<b>39</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>229.2</b>	<b>241</b>	<b>138</b>	<b>121</b>	<b>30</b>	<b>70</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>172</b>	<b>13</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>AA (2 seasons)</b>					<b>Minors</b>		<b>3</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>.500</b>	<b>4.72</b>	<b>5.85</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>47.2</b>	<b>47</b>	<b>31</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>34</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>A+ (1 season)</b>					<b>Minors</b>		<b>4</b>	<b>7</b>	<b>.364</b>	<b>3.55</b>	<b>5.04</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>96.1</b>	<b>99</b>	<b>54</b>	<b>38</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>33</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>109</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>A (1 season)</b>					<b>Minors</b>		<b>1</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>.500</b>	<b>1.80</b>	<b>2.40</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>15.0</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>
<b>Rk (1 season)</b>					<b>Minors</b>		<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>		<b>0.87</b>	<b>1.74</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>10.1</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>2</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>11</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>



Peterson retired after 2002 and soon thereafter blossomed into the ESPN/CWS icon that he is today. While not working the College World Series, he heads up the Colliers Real Estate Group based in Omaha.

PARTIAL BOOK REPORT:  
THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1972



I am about half-way through the final book in author Ted White's literary tour de force "The Making of the President," beginning with the 1960 presidential election of JFK over Tricky Dick; followed by LBJ's trouncing of ultra conservative Barry Goldwater in 1964; followed by Nixon's redemptive election in 1968 over Hubert Humphrey; and concluding with Quaker Dick's 1972 defeat of South Dakota populist George McGovern. Just two takeaways from this book at this time:

1. It is amazing to me that Nixon was able to gain reelection in 1972 even as the Watergate scandal was being unspooled in the press and some of the dirty tricksters were already going to jail; and

2. It is stunning to me that George Wallace was competitive in the Democratic primaries running up to the 1972 election, picking up 40% of the vote in Florida<sup>10</sup> until a would-be assassin's<sup>11</sup> bullet almost killed him but put him in a wheelchair and effectively neutered him as a prospective presidential candidate.

In one of the chapters that talked about the ground game in Wisconsin to try to secure the vote for McGovern, it talks about campaign manager Gary Hart<sup>12</sup> motivating his lieutenants, including a savvy political organizer from Greater Nebraska with the last name of *Pokorny*. Apparently, he was one of the best in the business. Coincidentally, as I was heading out to Alliance on Wednesday and driving out through the Sandhills, just about as I reached the Halsey National Forest, I noticed a large sign on the other side of the highway that declared "Pokorny Ranch." I'm going to have to find out if there is any relation to the Pokorny who was organizing for McGovern. I'll get back to you on that.

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>10</sup> I've never really thought about Floridians being a bunch of racist bastards, a handle more frequently associated with Georgians, Mississippians and Alabamans like Governor Wallace.

<sup>11</sup> How many of you knew that this crackpot (Arthur Bremer) actually set out to rid the world of Tricky Dick, but because he kept stubbing his toe and missing his opportunities, this led him to give up on going after Nixon and instead choosing to pursue Wallace.

<sup>12</sup> A young lawyer from Colorado who took a sabbatical from his law practice to lead McGovern's campaign; later becoming a candidate for the presidency himself until an ill-advised tryst with a young lady on the *monkey business* scuttled his quest to become POTUS.



Thanks again to all of you who joined me for the CWS game and Kyle Peterson event on Tuesday. It was great to have most of the top baseball fantasy league (in the country) owners together to enjoy this momentous occasion!

Have a great weekend!

Skip

