

FROM THE BULLPEN

Official Newsletter of the

NEBRASKA HOT STOVE LEAGUE

2023: Our 39th Season

Edition No. 18



July 6, 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

STAFF:

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Dave Ernst

Webmaster and
Assistant Editor
Linda "Chief" Koftan

MONARCHS ON MOVE;
WAHOOS AND SAINTS STILL 1-2;
REDBIRDS STILL REELING

On the strength of the perfect game tossed by Domingo Germán, the 24th perfecto in history and the first since Félix Hernández threw one in 2012, the **Monarchs** soared to a league-best total of 515.7 points for the week, eclipsing the **Wahoos** by a solid 1 point and the **Bums** by 3.4. However, the **Wahoos** maintained their first place standing through 14 weeks with 6893.3, a lead of 114.5 points over the second-place **Saints**.

At the other end of the universe, the **Redbirds** could muster up only 282.4 points for the week, leaving them buried in the cellar at 5390.9 points, a mere 1502.4 points off the pace.

I. HSL STANDINGS THROUGH WEEK 14
AND WEEK 14 POINT TOTALS

	Team	Pts	Pts Back
1	Wahoos	6893.3	-
2	Saints	6778.8	114.5
3	Bums	6236.5	656.8
4	Skipjacks	6199.9	693.4
5	Cubs	6195.5	697.8
6	Bears	5987.7	905.6
7	Bombers	5948.0	945.3
8	Monarchs	5939.5	953.8
9	Tigers	5795.8	1097.5
10	Blues	5714.8	1178.5
11	Senators	5499.1	1394.2
12	Tribe	5480.3	1413.0
13	Redbirds	5390.9	1502.4



	Team	Pts
1	Monarchs	515.7
2	Wahoos	514.7
3	Bums	511.3
4	Saints	503.0
5	Cubs	488.6
6	Tribe	481.2
7	Skipjacks	479.7
8	Senators	467.5
9	Bombers	452.7
10	Tigers	391.5
11	Blues	363.7
12	Bears	353.6
13	Redbirds	282.4

II. INDIVIDUAL POINT TOTALS

TOP 25 PITCHERS

	Pitchers	Roster	Pts
1.	Kevin Gausman	Bombers	399.0
2.	Nathan Eovaldi	Wahoos	397.0
3.	Spencer Strider	Tigers	393.0
4.	Gerrit Cole	Bombers	388.0
5.	Zac Gallen	Bears	385.0
6.	Shane McClanahan	Blues	374.0
7.	Mitch Keller	Saints	366.0
8.	Clayton Kershaw	Cubs	365.0
9.	Marcus Stroman	Tigers	364.0
10.	Framber Valdez	Wahoos	362.0
11.	Shohei Ohtani	Redbirds	360.0
12.	Joe Ryan	Tribe	340.0
13.	Logan Webb	Tribe	333.0
14.	George Kirby	Blues	321.0
	Merrill Kelly	Tigers	321.0
	Justin Steele	Monarchs	321.0
17.	Bryce Elder	Redbirds	320.0
	Zach Eflin	Redbirds	320.0
19.	Luis Castillo	Blues	311.0
20.	Jesús Luzardo	Saints	308.0
21.	Tyler Wells	Skipjacks	306.5
22.	Pablo López	Saints	306.0
23.	Zack Wheeler	Cubs	304.0

24.	Lucas Giolito	Senators	302.0
25.	Michael Wacha	Wahoos	299.0

WHO'S HOT – PITCHING

	Pitchers	Roster	Pts
1.	Spencer Strider	Tigers	67.0
	Andrew Abbott	Tribe	67.0
3.	Reid Detmers	Saints	63.0
4.	Jordan Montgomery	Bums	62.0
5.	Colin Rea	Tribe	55.0
6.	Brady Singer	Saints	51.0
7.	Domingo Germán	Monarchs	49.0
8.	Justin Verlander	Tigers	48.0
9.	Kevin Gausman	Bombers	41.0
	Sonny Gray	Bombers	41.0
	Dane Dunning	Skipjacks	41.0
12.	Bailey Ober	Skipjacks	40.0
13.	Patrick Corbin	Tribe	38.0
	James Paxton	Wahoos	38.0
15.	David Peterson	Redbirds	37.0
	Chris Bassitt	Senators	37.0
17.	Dylan Cease	Monarchs	36.0
18.	Ryne Nelson	Cubs	35.0
	Ranger Suárez	Cubs	35.0
	Luis Castillo	Blues	35.0
21.	Corbin Burnes	Senators	34.0
	Shohei Ohtani	Redbirds	34.0
	Justin Steele	Monarchs	34.0
24.	Sandy Alcantara	Bums	33.0
	Nathan Eovaldi	Wahoos	33.0

WHO'S NOT – PITCHING

	Pitchers	Roster	Pts
1.	Eury Pérez	Bears	-20.0
2.	Luis Severino	Cubs	-15.0
3.	Taj Bradley	Bears	-14.0
	MacKenzie Gore	Skipjacks	-14.0
	Johan Oviedo	Blues	-14.0
6.	Cal Quantrill	Redbirds	-13.0
	Drew Smyly	Bombers	-13.0
8.	Jaime Barría	Tigers	-12.0
9.	Dean Kremer	Cubs	-11.0
10.	Julio Urías	Saints	-9.0

	Joe Ryan	Tribe	-9.0
12.	Nick Martinez	Bombers	-8.0
13.	Cristian Javier	Tribe	-6.0
14.	JP Sears	Bums	-5.0
	Tony Gonsolin	Blues	-5.0
16.	Julio Teheran	Tribe	-4.0
	Shane McClanahan	Blues	-4.0
18.	Patrick Sandoval	Monarchs	-3.0
19.	Josh Winckowski	Bombers	-2.0
	Michael Kopech	Tigers	-2.0
21.	Oswaldo Bido	Bears	-1.0
	Michael Lorenzen	Bums	-1.0
	Garrett Whitlock	Blues	-1.0
	Kyle Gibson	Monarchs	-1.0
	Matthew Liberatore	Tribe	-1.0

TOP 25 HITTERS

	Batters	Roster	Pts
1.	Ronald Acuña Jr.	Cubs	453.7
2.	Shohei Ohtani	Skipjacks	444.2
3.	Matt Olson	Wahoos	387.8
4.	Freddie Freeman	Skipjacks	385.8
5.	Mookie Betts	Bombers	374.7
6.	Marcus Semien	Cubs	354.1
7.	Juan Soto	Saints	343.1
8.	Randy Arozarena	Saints	340.3
9.	Corbin Carroll	Bears	339.2
10.	Ketel Marte	Saints	334.4
11.	Luis Robert Jr.	Blues	331.3
12.	Adolis García	Skipjacks	329.0
13.	Paul Goldschmidt	Cubs	324.9
14.	José Ramírez	Tribe	324.7
15.	Bo Bichette	Bears	316.6
16.	Nick Castellanos	Senators	313.6
17.	Spencer Steer	Bears	312.0
18.	Ozzie Albies	Senators	311.4
19.	Luis Arraez	Bums	308.9
20.	Mike Trout	Senators	308.7
21.	Rafael Devers	Monarchs	308.0
22.	Lane Thomas	Cubs	306.7
23.	Wander Franco	Blues	305.9
24.	Yandy Díaz	Bums	301.7
25.	Jonathan India	Bears	300.8

WHO'S HOT – HITTING

	Batters	Roster	Pts
1.	Shohei Ohtani	Skipjacks	65.5
2.	Ronald Acuña Jr.	Cubs	60.5
3.	Mookie Betts	Bombers	58.8
4.	Matt Olson	Wahoos	48.3
5.	Spencer Torkelson	Tribe	47.8
6.	Luis Robert Jr.	Blues	47.6
7.	Tommy Pham	Wahoos	47.0
8.	Carlos Santana	Senators	42.5
9.	Spencer Steer	Bears	41.4
10.	Luke Raley	Wahoos	40.6
11.	Jack Suwinski	Cubs	40.5
	Nick Castellanos	Senators	40.5
	Kyle Tucker	Monarchs	40.5
14.	Eloy Jiménez	Skipjacks	39.0
	Jose Altuve	Tribe	39.0
16.	Brandon Nimmo	Bums	38.5
17.	Rafael Devers	Monarchs	38.1
18.	Adolis García	Skipjacks	36.5
19.	Marcus Semien	Cubs	36.3
20.	J.P. Crawford	Bears	35.6
21.	Christian Yelich	Tigers	35.0
	J.D. Martinez	Skipjacks	35.0
23.	Ezequiel Tovar	Monarchs	33.4
24.	Austin Riley	Saints	32.6
25.	Anthony Volpe	Redbirds	31.6

WHO'S NOT – HITTING

	Batters	Roster	Pts
1.	Donovan Solano	Tigers	-2.8
2.	Joey Votto	Blues	-2.0
	Michael Conforto	Skipjacks	-2.0
	Bryan Reynolds	Monarchs	-2.0
5.	Alek Thomas	Skipjacks	-1.5
	Adam Duvall	Skipjacks	-1.5
7.	Christian Vázquez	Tigers	-0.9
8.	Ian Happ	Redbirds	-0.5
9.	Seiya Suzuki	Blues	-0.4

III. DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL

About a fortnight ago I was returning to Omaha from a deposition trip to Alliance, once again affording me an opportunity for a beautiful drive through our spectacular Sandhills. Like the last two times I drove to Alliance, I took Highway 2 on my way out west so I could enjoy the full Sandhills experience, and then returned via the interstate because of looming darkness. I much prefer the former over the latter.

On this particular return trip, I was tooling along, happy as a lark, having completed all of my dictation from the two lengthy nursing depositions I defended that day, as well as various and sundry other matters. I was in full relaxation mode as I pulled into the Rest Area just a couple of miles east of Cozad. After finishing up my business, I returned to HQ's Kia which I had borrowed for this little expedition, and began making my way out toward the interstate entrance ramp. As I cautiously and carefully made my way past a number of reflector stakes lining the entrance ramp, I glanced quickly to my left to make sure that I wasn't going to be mowed over by a merging semi-truck leaving the Rest Area at the same time, and suddenly **BAMM**, my vehicle came into contact with something and immediately I knew I had a flat tire or a broken axle or something else very wrong that was impairing the operation of my vehicle. After stopping, and still not being sure exactly what had happened, I backed the vehicle up until I was back within the confines of the Rest Area and could get out and take a look.

Fortunately, it was still daylight. I was able to open up the hood of the Kia but could not see any sign of damage to the engine or the tires or anything else. On the outside, there was a bit of damage to the right front quarter panel, but it was not pushed into the tire and I could see no reason why the vehicle was no longer capable of being driven. I then parked the car and walked back out to the east where I felt the impact, and was able to see that I had come into contact with a reflector attached to a metal stake about one inch in width, which apparently had appeared out of nowhere and planted itself just in front of my right front quarter panel as I had looked to my left for truck traffic. Clearly a Nebraska Department of Transportation (NDOT) goof-up.¹

With HQ's Kia no longer roadworthy, I weighed out my options. I first tried calling a tow truck company in Cozad, but apparently there is no such thing. I then tried for one in Kearney, but came up with snake eyes. My next call was to a tow truck company in Grand Island, and for a charge equivalent to the monthly mortgage payment on my first house I was able to have a tow truck operator dispatched the 90 miles to the Rest Area near Cozad to give my vehicle and me a lift to Grand Island, the closest Kia dealership with a repair shop. Don't ask me how much this little blunder set me/us back, and by all means, don't tell HQ² that it was equivalent to a mortgage payment.

It took a solid two hours for the tow truck to get from Grand Island to Cozad, and you know what? There isn't a heckuva lot to do at a Nebraska Interstate Rest Area except rest, and go to the bathroom. But what I realized is that there is a whole weird subculture that exists in these places, especially as darkness came over us, and there are a whole lot of people who

¹ That *is* my story, and I'm sticking to it.

² Not that I don't share everything with my better half. Okay, well, maybe not *everything*. The Bucket List item of a weekend with Thai twins should probably should just stay our little secret. †

† And also please keep under your hat the two no-expiration-date plane tickets to Sao Paulo and the bowling bag full of diamonds I have amassed just in case the IRS ever tightens the noose on me a little too much. Heh heh.

apparently sleep in their vehicles (and not just semi-truckers, I mean) including in vehicles akin to B.T.'s Mobile Sewage Processor, Sammy Johns' Chevy Van, and various and sundry other vehicles that you couldn't pay me enough to spend an hour inside. Weird, weird place to hang out. Next time, I'll bring a knife.

Finally, after what seemed like an interminable wait, my exceedingly gruff tow truck driver (Kevin) pulled in and started loading up the vehicle, grunting all the way and more or less refusing to acknowledge me in any way other than as his annoying customer. After he wiggled his not insignificant carriage under the Kia Sportage to attach a clamp, I tried using the flashlight on my phone to illuminate the area and be helpful, but all I got in response was a grunt and a picture of perhaps the largest butt crack I have ever seen. If you don't believe me, just look.



Ugh. Can't unsee that.

Anyway, after Mr. Gruffaluffagus was finished with his work securing the vehicle, he grunted at me to jump into the front seat of the tow truck, which I did with a bit of trepidation given the utter state of filthiness of the cab of the truck. If the Rest Area had had a biohazard suit vending machine, I would have been plunking down quarters furiously.

Once we were on the road, I tried making small talk with my grumpy driver once or twice, and got little more than a grunt in return. After a few minutes of staticky music from the radio and the overwhelming scent of manure from nearby feedlots on a hot and humid night, and with another 80 to 90 miles before us to get to Grand Island, I tried to find my happy place but it was to no avail. This wasn't exactly what Janis Joplin had in mind when she composed and sang *Me and Bobby McGee*:

*Busted flat in Baton Rouge and heading for the trains,
Feelin' near as faded as my jeans.
Bobby thumbed a diesel down, just before it rained,
Took us all the way to New Orleans.
I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowing sad while Bobby sang the blues.*

*With them windshield wipers slapping time,
And Bobby clapping hands, we finally
Sang up every song that driver knew.*

No, sir, that was not this.

But in the fairness of full disclosure, and in fairness to Grumpy Kevin, the mood in our cab did lighten up a bit and Kevin did eventually start conversing with me about our mutual careers, travels, bucket lists and so forth and so on,³ and by the time we got to Grand Island to drop off the vehicle, we were fast friends and he invited me to spend the night in his trailer.⁴

IV. SCHEER DELIGHT

Linda reminded me recently that I promised quite some time ago to include a little courtroom ditty about an opposing expert witness by the name of Dr. Abraham Scheer. Here goes:

A TALE FROM THE WELL

SCHEER DELIGHT



Abraham Scheer, M.D.

For a trial lawyer, one of the most challenging parts of our work is conducting a cross-examination of a witness, and especially an expert witness. It is also one of the most rewarding and enjoyable parts of the job, when it goes well.

One of the most exhilarating and satisfying trial cross-examinations that I have ever personally conducted involved a rather unctuous character by the name of Abraham Scheer. He was, and perhaps still is, a physician who practices in the Philadelphia area. He was trained in psychiatry, pediatrics and neurology, and at one time was a darling of the plaintiffs' bar because he would testify to absolutely anything that he was asked. Truly a *Have Opinion, Will Travel* kind of expert. An unapologetic whore.

The legal case under discussion was an extremely sad one as it involved the untimely death of a 19-year-old Council Bluffs lad from bacterial meningitis. The lawsuit that was filed by his parents was a wrongful death action against Dr. Timothy Clanton, a primary care physician in his 50s, and his employer, the organization which owned the family practice clinic in the Bluffs. The claim asserted that Dr. Clanton missed signs and symptoms of bacterial meningitis and

³ See Footnote 1 above.

⁴ Not really. He wouldn't take the hint.

incorrectly diagnosed the teen with a viral illness. The attorneys for the family named as their primary expert witness Dr. Abraham Scheer. They disclosed his expert opinion that Dr. Clanton committed medical malpractice by not doing a thorough enough examination of the patient during a very brief office visit, and that a proper examination would have led to a prompt diagnosis of the bacterial infection. This in turn could have been successfully treated with a broad-spectrum antibiotic, which, he opined, would have spared the lad's life without any adverse sequela.

Prior to taking the pretrial discovery deposition of Dr. Scheer, I gathered a sizeable dossier of intel on him, consisting of a heap of transcripts of depositions he had previously given. Even better, I providently obtained a transcript of his testimony about a licensing issue from a disciplinary hearing in which he was involved in the state of Florida. The bulk of these materials were procured through a request from one of my defense brethren who practices in Lincoln, Jim Snowden, who had previously been involved in a different case in which Dr. Scheer had been designated as an expert.

When I first discussed the Scheer matter with Snowden, he informed me that he had some really good stuff to provide to me, but made me promise not to waste it by asking Dr. Scheer about it during his deposition, and instead to save it for his trial cross-examination. Snowden confided in me that his case with Scheer had settled, so he had not yet had a chance to spring all of these goodies on him during a trial cross-examination—to his great disappointment. He hoped that he might have a chance to cross swords with this expert at some point in the future, but in the meantime, he wished me well and sent me all of the dirt and mud and tar and feathers that he had on Dr. Scheer to be used at our trial, but *only* at trial.

According to custom and habit, many months before trial I traveled to the City of Brotherly Love and took a discovery deposition from Dr. Scheer. I found him to be extremely comfortable with himself for no apparent reason, and he was inordinately smug for my taste. I used his deposition as an opportunity to pin him down on all of his opinions and their bases, but I did not break out any of the heavy artillery which I was still accumulating on him through multiple sources. Sometimes it's really hard to resist opening up a can of whoop-ass on a cocky expert during the course of his or her discovery deposition, but it's almost always best to keep one's powder dry for trial.

The *McCarthy v. Clanton* trial began in Pottawattamie County District Court in Council Bluffs on May 10, 2011. It was a high stakes case which we tried to resolve before trial, but the lawyers for the Plaintiffs were asking for a 7-figure settlement and we were offering much less than that amount. As always, the trial began with jury selection which, in most cases, is one of my favorite components of a jury trial. Not universally so in the Bluffs, however, because of the always jaw-dropping lack of intellect and education which I have consistently found to inculcate the jury panels drawn in Council *tucky*.⁵ In contrast to Omaha and Lincoln jury panels on which the majority of jury panel members have at least high school degrees and many have some formal education beyond high school, in Council Bluffs it is remarkably different. On a number of the juries to which I have tried cases in the Bluffs, barely half have graduated from high school, and usually only one or two have a college or associate's degree or any significant education beyond high school.

Not that one has to have a college education to be bright and/or a coveted juror, mind you, but I have been forced by lack of better alternatives to leave many a Council *tuckian* on my

⁵ I guess there's a reason that we regularly use this term to describe our Sister City just across the wide Missouri.

juries whose elevators did not go beyond the second floor. As Hazel would say, there are a lot of *real doozies* over there in the Bluffs. A little too much inbreeding, others might say.

But enough talk about the vagaries of jury selection. I don't even remember if I said anything to this particular McCarthy case jury about Dr. Scheer during jury selection, but I am sure that I mentioned a few subtle things about him during my opening statement to try to whet their appetites for what they were going to hear later, without tipping off opposing counsel that there was a treasure trove of anti-Scheer ammunition loaded up for use during cross.

Following opening statements, we proceeded to the Plaintiffs' case-in-chief. I don't remember the specific order of the witnesses, but both of the grieving parents were called to testify, and several other family members and fact witnesses. If I'm not mistaken, the Plaintiffs' final witness in their case-in-chief was the much ballyhooed Dr. Scheer. During his direct examination by Plaintiffs' counsel, he regaled the jury with false humility about his education, training and experience, including specialty certification in Pediatrics, Neurology and Psychiatry. He clearly believed that he was someone who obviously was so brilliant and so educated that his opinions should be accepted as the Gospel truth. After humbly reciting his impeccable credentials, this modern-day *Music Man* laid out all of his many criticisms of Dr. Clanton and the clinic nurses, barely able to mask his ostensible outrage over the allegedly substandard care by the Defendants.

After Dishonest Abe's direct examination was concluded, it was time for cross. It would be fascinating to know what thoughts were tumbling through Dr. Scheer's mind right at that point in time, whether he was worried a lot, a little, or not at all, given the cocksure manner in which he had handled himself at his deposition. I am pretty sure that he had absolutely no idea what was coming.

For the next sixty to ninety minutes, the aforementioned Scheer dossier was used to chip away, piece by piece, little by little, at Dr. Scheer's opinions and his credibility as an expert. Employing the many available transcripts of his prior sworn testimony, Dr. Scheer was first asked a question about a particular prior statement from a previous deposition to set the hook, and then after he either denied having made such a statement, or simply said that he could not remember making such a statement, a transcript from a previous deposition was pulled out and shown to him so that he could read to the jury his previous testimony—which contradicted his trial testimony just given.

Unflustered by my initial attempt at such impeachment of his credibility, Dr. Scheer then faced a second test and was given a second chance to read from a deposition transcript in a different case in which he contradicted his trial testimony given mere minutes earlier. This second round of ammunition appeared to leave a deeper mark on Dr. Scheer. The previously unflappable expert now appeared to be *flappable*.

Without boring you with all the details, when everything was said and done, Dr. Scheer had been forced to admit to an avalanche of memory lapses, inconsistencies and/or outright falsehoods and misstatements, because in each and every one of the depositions that were used to cross-examine him, he had sworn under oath to tell the truth in that particular proceeding, just as he had sworn to do in our courtroom in Council Bluffs. After trying to fight off and explain away the first six or seven or eight such impeachments of his credibility, eventually Scheer just more or less gave up and started answering "yes" to almost everything asked of him. He likely would have admitted to the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby if I had gone there that day.



But the best part wasn't what Dr. Scheer said, it's what he did. And what he did was to start sweating profusely after about twenty-five or thirty minutes of being peppered with questions about his past testimony, to the point where he pulled out his handkerchief and began feverishly mopping up his very sweaty bald melon for all the jury to see, prompting more than a few smiles and snickers from the jury box. By the end, he was a sweaty, disheveled mess.

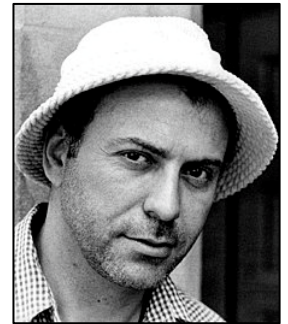
Later on, after the trial, the court reporter said that Dr. Scheer was sweating so furiously she almost needed a "splatter screen" to protect her steno machine from his projectile perspiration. The trial judge commented at some point when I next encountered him—outside the presence of Plaintiffs' counsel—that if he hadn't been there he would have paid the price of admission to watch Dr. Scheer self-immolate on the witness stand.

While there have been a lot of very fun moments across the years while cross-examining the opposition's fact and expert witnesses—one of my favorite parts of almost every medical malpractice jury trial—the cross-examination of the once imperial Dr. Scheer stands out as my very favorite. If only I could take credit for the episode being the result of my keen intellect and rapier wit I would unabashedly do so; however, to give credit where credit is due, it was our magnificent expert dossier assembled through the help of my colleague in Lincoln and others that was the proximate cause of the joyous disemboweling of the all-knowing Dr. Scheer.

With the pun fully intended, it was a courtroom afternoon of *Scheer delight!*

V. THIS, THAT

- ① R.I.P. Alan Arkin, who passed away recently at the age of 89. One of my favorite actors, his credits included: *Catch 22*, *The In-Laws* and *Little Miss Sunshine* for movies, and *The Kominsky Method* for a favorite TV series.
- ① Did anyone else catch what Commissioner Manfred said⁶ about the reverse boycott by fans of the Oakland Athletics? Absolutely tone deaf, that man.



⁶ When more than 25,000 fans showed their support for keeping the team in Oakland and called for owner John Fisher to sell the team, Manfred said, "I mean, it was great. It is great to see what is this year almost an average Major League Baseball crowd in the facility for one night. That's a great thing."

In that same series of remarks, Manfred noted he felt sorry for A's fans and also blamed the local officials for not doing more to provide Fisher with tax dollars for his proposed stadium and surrounding real estate development. Needless to say, Manfred's remarks about the reverse boycott were met with firm criticism. In advance of the London series between the Cardinals and the Cubs, Manfred was given a chance to revisit those comments. "My comment about Oakland was that I feel sorry for the fans, that it was my initial and preference that we find a solution in Oakland. The comment that I made about the fans on a particular night was taken out of context of those two larger remarks. I feel sorry for the fans. We hate to move. We did everything we could possibly do to keep the club in Oakland. And unfortunately, one night doesn't change a decade worth of inaction."

① The recently concluded College World Series featured a whole host of excellent games, most of them decided by one or two runs, and being tight to the finish, including the first game of the Championship Series. In that first game, the LSU Tigers slipped past the Florida Gators by the score of 4-3 in 11 innings; however, the last two games were no-doubters, where the Gators demolished the Tigers in Game Two of the Championship Series by the score of 24-4; following which the Tigers improbably delivered a final game beatdown of Florida by the score of 18-4. An inimitable series.

VI. THE OTHER

Finally, my son Joe and his fiancée Abbey have asked me to remind all of you to please R.S.V.P. for their August 12 nuptials. For ease of response, here is the link to their wedding website:

<http://withjoy.com/abbeyandjoe>

Password: abbeyandjoe

And that's all for this issue of *From the Bullpen*, amigos. Have a great weekend.

Next edition: Schrader v. The Omaha Royals, Remembered; In Praise of Gordon Lightfoot; and much, much more.

Skipper