

# BRASSWORLD JOURNAL

Volume 3, Issue 3

December 2008



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## Simply Stunning! Silver Sluggers Win in Seven

The task was daunting. The odds longer than a Ryan Howard blast. But the Silver Sluggers put a historic cap on the 2008 BRASSWORLD season by charging back after losing the first three games of the Series to deny the Moose their second BRASSWORLD title.

The Sluggers prevailed in Game 7 (boxscore below) on the bat of Brandon Phillips who once again delivered a multiple homer game. His fifth-inning, two-run blast gave the Sluggers a 3-1 lead while his two-out solo shot in the seventh regained a slim 4-3 lead in favor of Silver.

### PAST CHAMPIONS

**2003: Syracuse SkyChiefs (John Feola)**  
**2004: Portland Grays (Stefan Feuerherdt)**  
**2005: Northwoods Moose (Corey Weisser)**  
**2006: Montreal MacGaffigans (Jonah Keri)**  
**2007: Montreal MacGaffigans**

But the game was still in doubt in the top of the eighth. Tied at four, Carlos Beltran singled and stole second with none out to provide the Sluggers the opportunity they needed. Bobby Abreu was brought on to pinch-hit while Corey called on lefty specialist Trevor Miller to navigate the inning. A slider from the lefty broke over the plate and Abreu slammed it through to center field to score Beltran standing.

Northwoods came so close to ruining the massive Slugger comeback when the Moose loaded the bases in the bottom of the eighth. After one run was plated



Series MVP goes to Brandon Phillips for his 9 for 32 hitting- including his pivotal two home run performance in Game 7. Phillips' delivered ten homers in only seventeen post-season games. Simply stunning.

### AL AWARDS

MVP	PTS	WALTER JOHNSON	PTS	ROOKIE	PTS
Chipper Jones	90	Carlos Zambrano	71	Ryan Braun	117
David Ortiz	71	Brandon Webb	54	Jeremy Guthrie	45
Prince Fielder	50	Hideki Okajima	37	Joakim Soria	35
Carlos Beltran	30	Aaron Harang	36	Dustin Pedroia	34
Adam Dunn	23	Mark Buerhle	26	Tim Lincecum	29
Jim Thome	13	Chris Young	23	Josh Hamilton	21
Mike Lowell	10	Fausto Carmona	19	Hunter Pence	16
Chase Utley	9	Dan Haren	16	Mike Pelfrey	7
Ichiro Suzuki	5	John Lackey	14	Aki Iwamura	5
Brandon Phillips	5	Sergio Mitre	9	Pete Moylan	3
Matt Holliday	3	Ted Lilly	6		
Derrek Lee	3	Jeremy Guthrie	1		

### NL AWARDS

MVP	PTS	CHRISTY MATHEWSON	PTS	ROOKIE	PTS
Alex Rodriguez	99	Justin Verlander	72	Jack Cust	110
Miguel Cabrera	76	Jake Peavy	55	Kevin Kouzmanoff	70
Hanley Ramirez	63	Brad Penny	50	Yunel Escobar	43
Albert Pujols	28	Tim Hudson	42	Billy Butler	23
Carlos Pena	16	CC Sabathia	32	Brendan Harris	22
David Wright	12	John Smoltz	26	Daisuke Matsuzaka	19
Magglio Ordonez	11	Kelvim Escobar	22	Yovani Gallardo	18
Carl Crawford	3	Javier Vazquez	5	Travis Buck	3
Grady Sizemore	2	Roy Halladay	4	Reggie Willits	3
Manny Ramirez	1	Erik Bedard	3	Lee Gardner	1
Mark Teixeira	1	Jason Istringhausen	1		

### PAST AWARD WINNERS

YEAR	AL MVP	NL MVP	JOHNSON	MATHEWSON	AL ROY	NL ROY
2003	Barry Bonds	Vlad Guerrero	Randy Johnson	Tim Hudson	Not awarded	Not awarded
2004	Javy Lopez	Albert Pujols	Carlos Zambrano	Bartolo Colon	???	???
2005	Barry Bonds	Albert Pujols	Randy Johnson	Ben Sheets	David Wright	Khalil Greene
2006	Alex Rodriguez	Albert Pujols	Carlos Zambrano	Roger Clemens	Gustavo Chacin	Huston Street
2007	David Ortiz	Albert Pujols	John Lackey	Chris Carpenter	Prince Fielder	Hanley Ramirez

## Free Agency Wrap Up 2009

### By Chris Blake

The 2009 edition of BRASSWORLD Free Agency went off with fewer issues than previous years. There were a few spurious bids by last minute bidders adding too many zeroes, and a mysterious time-display problem some folks encountered, but overall it was a success.

Annadale and Taggart had the big bankrolls and were in a race to spend it. In the end, Robert Smith pulled ahead spending an enormous \$118 Million in guaranteed money over the next 5 years. Mark's Taggart came in a close second with \$106 Million.

For it's money, **Annadale** got premier lefty Johan Santana with the premium \$11M per season pricetag. In fact, Robert picked up a lot of pitching help, also signing John Garland to a long term contract , John Grabow, and Heilman. He also won out on injured shortstop Furcal, who was possibly the best shortstop in this year's free agent class, and center fielder Aaron Rowand who had a bit of a down year in spacious SF. Annadale signed 11 players.

**Taggart** also signed a premier starter to head is rotation for the next 5 years, inking CC Sabathia to a \$50M contract. He'll not only provide an instant bump to the rotation, but his bat should help as well. Brian Roberts was one of the premium infielders on the market and Mark got him for a fairly steep \$7.5M a year. Others of note: fallen ace Barry Zito will try a comeback and provide innings, Jody Gerut had a good season on a pitiful San Diego team, and AAA slugging champion Dallas McPherson will try to turn those minor league numbers into major league success with Taggart. They signed 12 players.

**Aspen** was next with \$96 Million guaranteed, and a boost of \$25.3M in 2009 payroll. Rene got the multi-talented Orlando Hudson and his gold glove defense (and good bat, as well) for a reasonable 5Y-\$4.6M - provided he returns from injury as good as new. Other signings were super utility man Chone Figgans, and the solid Japanese import starter Hiroki Kuroda. Aspen signed quite a bit of pitching including Mike Adams - who has rotator cuff damage, the resurgent Jeff Karstens, closer BJ Ryan, Stults, and Darren Oliver. At \$2.5M over 4 seasons, Rene is hoping Balfour repeats his 2008 success, rather than his previous seasons when we went unsigned. Aspen signed 9 players.

**Lafontaine Park** signed 14 players to \$74M in guaranteed money, lead by 1 year rentals Mike Mussina and Greg Maddux. Both will provide excellent innings, but Mussina has already retired so the \$4M 2010 contract will be wasted. Ramon Ramirez will provide great bullpen help vs righties. Leo Nunez will be a great setup man, and Zobrist can play LF and Short with better than usual offense this season. Pierzynski was the only full time catcher in the draft

and he provides above average offense for his position. Hinske will provide good power, at least for 2009, but is only on a 2-year deal. Lowry could be OK if he recovers from his injury.

**Plum Island** signed \$47.6M in guaranteed money, most going to Starter Tim Wakefield and 1<sup>st</sup> baseman Adam Laroche. Wakefield is a knuckleballer and could pitch another 5 years, and had his best season in years in 2008. But in his 40s, he could also decide to hang it up at any time if the grind becomes too much. Laroche provides good power and solid D at first and is still in his prime. Also signed was Jorge Cantu, who wasn't on anyone's roster in 2008. He regained his offense from 3 years ago and had a great season. Henry is hoping he stays at that level for the next 5 years. Jerry Hairston rejuvenated his career as well with solid offensive numbers in a utility role. The rest are fillers Erstad, Bard, Lieber, Wright, Mota, Stairs and Glavine. They are not signed long term and are flyers.

**Northwoods** signed 2 blue chippers in Brandon Phillips and JP Howell, both for reasonable contracts (3.75M, and 3.5M) but for long deals. Phillips is worth it. Howell could be too if he stays healthy. Marte had a decent year and was signed for a 1.3M 3Y deal. The rest are roster filler, Brayan giving his usual awesome power versus righties and awesome strikeout numbers. Corey spent \$44.4M guaranteed, \$12.8M in 2009 payroll.

**Palm Harbor** had little money to spend and picked up underrated Ted Lilly for 4Y at 4.9M/year. Good innings and a fairly reliable starter. The rest are position filler. Fred spent \$30.5M, \$8 in 2009 for 4 players.

**Bloomington** was next at \$25.6M in guaranteed money, \$9.7M in 2009. They got Colorado shortstop Barmes for 3Y at \$1.7M per year. Clint was an injury fill-in and can't hit away from Denver, so Vaughn is hoping he becomes the utility man and can keep hitting at home. Geary is a nice pickup giving reliable relief versus righties. Tatis came back from nowhere to post good numbers in 2008. Edmonds was a reasonable \$1.3M signing and Durham was a steal at \$800K. Cruz could be a steal if he can regain his stuff. At \$1M per it is a good gamble.

**Alaska** was next at \$25.5M guaranteed, \$8.7M for 2009. Little money room to play with, Alaska had to settle for whoever could give innings. They signed Brian Moehler, a mediocre pitcher but with 150 much needed innings for 2Y at \$2M per, and relievers Bell, Crain, and Chan Ho Park. All are OK, and Chris is hoping Heath Bell at 5Y, \$1.8M per year stays a good setup man. Vazquez gives the Hot Stoves some needed Shortstop at bats to try to replace Furcal. Other attempts at getting short stop at bats ended in getting outbid. Kapler and Ross are filler, Kapler a good deal at \$667K

**West Oakland** was next at \$21.8 Guaranteed, most to one player Mark Buehrle, who Bill signed for 5Y at \$4M per year. Bill is hoping he returns to form and keeps being a workhorse, innings-eater. The rest are filler.

**Dublin** is next with \$20M guaranteed, \$5.4M in 2009. The Gael Force got a bargain in Jack Wilson at 3Y \$905K per year. Dana Eveland was the big purchase at 5Y \$2.8M per year. Dana is young and did well in his shot in 2008. Doug is betting he'll continue progressing.

**Gotham City** is next at \$16M guaranteed, \$5.9 in 2009. Wayne picked up a number of serviceable guys, making the most of short money. He picked up 10 players, most notably Cameron and Emil Brown in the OF, bullpen help Grilli, Shouse, and Rusch, and a flyer on Shealy.

**Virginia** signed only 4 players (\$15.3M), but all middle tier with Marlon Byrd heading the list (3Y \$2.7M/yr). Bullpen help was needed and Mike added 3 decent ones in Billy Wagner, Chad Bradford and Reyes all on short contracts.

**Williamsburg** was next at \$14M, picking up Griffey for the year at \$3M, Florida reliever Joe Nelson, who had a great year coming back from injury at 3Y \$1.25M, and utility guy Amezaga (everyone needs one of those guys) at \$800K. The rest were decent value signings Romero, Eckstein, Torrealba, and Jay Payton.

The **Metz** signed only 2: Melky Cabrera at 5Y \$1.7M and Chad Gaudin 3Y \$1.3M. He might have overpaid for both, but he has plenty in the bank so why not grab the guys you want?

**Greenville** signed 7 players for a total of \$11M guaranteed. Paul Byrd was the headliner at 2Y for \$3.8M per. At that stage of the draft there was a scramble for innings and Paul was the last decent starter available. The rest were filler, all signed for close to minimum.

**Montreal** was next at \$10.6M and picked up a bunch of pitching on the cheap. 10 players for \$5.4M in 2009 - all are mediocre lead by Ponson (1Y \$1.5M)

**Waikiki** followed a course similar to Montreal, signing a lot of players to short money. 11 signings for \$6.8M in 2009 (\$10.2M guaranteed). Guillen is the headliner, with decent players Sean Green, Inge, Weathers, Mike Lincoln, Patterson, Howry, and filler.

**Silver** (\$9M guaranteed) signed Mark Ellis to man 2B at \$1.55M 4Y. and Jeff Kent to a cheap \$785K.

**Mequon** was next at \$7.75M guaranteed to Ron Belliard (3Y \$1.75 per) and 1 year rental Salomon Torres.

Georgia (\$3.8M), Hoboken (\$3.8M), and Palo Alto (\$2.4M) all had very limited cash, so picked up whatever cheap filler they could, most notably Chad Cordero on Palo Alto.

The league spent a total of \$727M in guaranteed money in this year's free agency. This was down from the \$1.1B spent last year.

## **A painful anniversary**

### **By Jonah Keri**

Fourteen years ago last week, my heart was ripped by the start of the 1994 baseball strike. That labor stoppage would ultimately wipe out the rest of the regular season, as well as the entire playoffs.

For a Montreal Expos fan like me, it was especially painful. When the strike started, the Expos owned the best record in baseball (74-40) and were well on their way to an NL East title, having built a six-game lead on the Atlanta Braves while peaking in the summer months.

Those were heady times for any Expos fan, but for me especially. I spent most of that summer in California, staying with my then-girlfriend, an amazing girl I'd met a few months earlier who'd become my amazing wife a few years later (anniversary #11 is just around the corner). We went to a bunch of West Coast games that summer, most of them in San Diego.

Watching the Expos destroy the Padres in the final series before the All-Star break remains one of my fondest baseball memories. Nos Amours swept the four-game series in San Diego, outscoring the Pads 34-3 in the process. When the 'Spos completed the sweep on that final first-half Sunday by [winning](#) 8-2 (thanks to two homers from Moises Alou and a grand slam by Wil Cordero that caused me to have an out-of-body experience), they moved into sole possession of first place. At that moment, I knew in my heart that this team was headed to the playoffs for just the second time in franchise history, and their first World Series title.

Just look at the team that the [Expos](#) trotted out that season. Larry Walker, Marquis Grissom, Moises Alou and John Wetteland in their primes. Superprospects Cliff Floyd and Rondell White getting their first tastes of the big leagues. A killer bullpen stuffed with power righties. A well-built, potent bench. A lights-out starting rotation led by veterans Jeff Fassero and Ken

Hill...and a young, string-bean righty named Pedro Martinez. There is no way this team would have lost, to anyone. I know this to be true.

Today, ESPN.com's Page 2 (via ESPN The Mag) has a tribute to the '94 Expos, complete with a gallery of great links and clips that tells the tale of that team, and of the franchise as a whole. Click [here](#) to check it out.

I encourage everyone to flip through these gems. If you're an Expos fan like me, you'll get a welcome jolt of nostalgia. If you're a fan of baseball history, these blasts from the past will resonate. If you're a fan of baseball in general, you'll appreciate the contributions of the Greatest Team That Never Got A Chance.

You'll also gain a great deal of insight into my roots.

I am a Montrealer. I am a Montreal Expos fan. Always and forever.

From Ralph Nader, after he'd been told by Washington Post editors that the lack of coverage of his presidential campaign was because he had no chance of winning:

*"Then why are you covering the Nationals?"*

## **Yankee Stadium Memories**

### **By Jonah Keri**

My first trip to Yankee Stadium was supposed to be my second trip. A last-minute bailout the first time delayed the inaugural expedition for 12 years.

The day was August 12, 1995, the summer after second year of college. Brian, Elan, Eric and I set out on a four-day baseball road trip down the East Coast, with the first stop in the Bronx.

It took a while. The drive from Montreal takes six hours. There was also a stop at Crabtree & Evelyn to buy this girl we were staying with a gift for her hospitality. (Sales clerk at the store, inquiring about our gift choice: "Is she...earthy?"). When we finally arrived at the ballpark (one of the scam-job parking lots around the park, to be precise), we were zonked. Stepping out of the car, we felt the blast out of a muggy New York evening, complete with all the smells you come to expect from a quality borough on a hot summer night.



We were expecting a shrine, a living monument commemorating Ruth, Gehrig, DiMaggio, Mantle, Meacham, all the Yankees greats. Instead, we got a zoo. Swarms of people everywhere, flitting around the periphery of this monstrous structure. We were told to pick up our tickets at Gate...something, we couldn't remember. After 30 minutes of darting through the throng, shoving people aside and getting piss-off responses from fans and stadium workers alike, we finally found our ticket window. Made it to our seats in the bleachers just in time for first pitch.

Once again, it smelled. Awful. We were told that trash sometimes piled up under the bleachers, but we figured that was just an exaggeration. Um...no, it was not. Combined with the sweltering heat (89 degrees at game time), we were doing everything in our power to focus on the game, or beers...anything other than the sticky, stinky, squashed-in mess that was left field that night.

Food, that'll do it. We trudged to the hot dog stand. Line was a mile long. Pretzels weren't going to cut it after sitting in the car all day. What's left? Arby's. Arby's?! Should we? Dare we? The line was reasonable, our stomachs howled, and we were missing the game we drove nearly 400 miles to see. Roast beef it is. We'll take four.

I knew Arby's was a bad idea before I ever took a bite. The substance that claimed to be roast beef looked like a stack of gray fiberglass insulation, all of it piled high on a halved, off-white hockey puck. Didn't smell good either. But screw it, I'm 20 years old, it's a road trip, we're at Yankee Freaking Stadium...how bad could it be? Four bites later, we were back to watching Jack McDowell and former Expo [Dennis](#) Martinez wage what turned to be a pretty good pitcher's duel.

At least that's what the guys told me. Ten minutes after polishing off the Arby's delight, my stomach started churning. Ten minutes after that, I had a splitting headache and was sweating profusely. The game, I was told, got exciting after a while, the Yankees giving up two in the 6<sup>th</sup>, then retaking the lead with single runs in bottom of the 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup>. McDowell, I was told, was frustrating Indians batters all night. He would eventually go the distance, using a [PAP-exploding](#) 142 pitches to do it.

I never saw any of it. From the 4<sup>th</sup> inning on, I was doubled over on the bleacher bench, sweating and shaking, dizzy and in pain. My buddies kept asking me if I was all right, that they could leave and take me to a doctor. I refused. I wasn't going to screw up our big road trip, the one we'd talked about for years, planned for months. When McDowell got Manny Ramirez to fly out deep to right to end it, we shuffled our way back to the car, me all but carried there.

I'd like to say it went better. I didn't die of food poisoning. I also witnessed one of the funniest moments of my life. Brian, after two hours of driving down the basket toll-ridden Garden State Parkway, through New Jersey and into Pennsylvania, pulled up to the first toll booth in the Keystone State, grabbed a pocketful of change and flipped the coins...right at the unsuspecting toll attendant.

Generally speaking, I'm an optimistic, perpetually cheerful type. I love baseball. I love baseball games. I even, after several more outings, grew to like Yankee Stadium. I even made a point of seeking out bleacher tickets on future visits, enjoying the banter of the creatures and finding better food choices as the years went on.

But that first time at the Stadium, the one you never forget as a fan...was a disaster. If only I'd made it there 12 years earlier.

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So what happened that first time that made me miss my first trip, you might ask.

It was the summer of 1983. I was eight years old, traveling with my grandparents to visit my ultra-religious relatives in Brooklyn. It was a bit of a shock, especially sitting there on a Saturday—no TV, no activity, nothing to do but stare at the walls. The next day would be better, though. Field trip to the Statue of Liberty, all kinds of neat stuff for a kid. And on Monday...Yankee Stadium! THE Yankee Stadium! I could hardly wait.

When we got back from our day of sightseeing Sunday, I peppered my grandfather with questions. How would we be getting to the game? (By subway, cool!) Where were we sitting? (We didn't have tickets yet, but there were plenty available...hopefully upper deck, where foul balls glided in softly.) Who were they playing again? (The Red Sox, sweet!)

I woke up early the next day. I could barely sleep with all the excitement of the game ahead. We'd hop on the train around 12:30 and make our way up to the Bronx, plenty of time for a rare weekday 2 p.m. start time, I was told.

Then the morning started getting hotter. And hotter. By 11 the temperature had spiked above 90 degrees, with stifling humidity. Not that it bothered me. All I could think about was going to the stadium to see the game. My grandfather had other ideas.

Me: "So when are we going?"

Papa: "I don't think we can go, it's too hot."

Me: "What?! I thought you said we were going!"

Papa: “I’m sorry Jonah, it’s just too hot outside. You can listen to the game here, on the radio.”

My little heart was broken. Deep down, I knew my Papa would’ve done anything for me. He always did. But at that moment, I wanted to cry. With no TV around, I settled in on the couch of that Brooklyn walk-up to listen to the game I so badly wanted to see in person.

Both teams stayed scoreless through the first four innings. Then the Yankees scored once each in the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup>, the second run coming on a long home run by Don Baylor (I was a precocious fan, I knew Baylor was the big guy with the straight-up batting stance). The Red Sox still couldn’t push across a run. Something odd was going on, though. I noticed, about four innings in, that they also didn’t have a hit. They still didn’t after six innings, the likes of Wade Boggs, Jim Rice and Dwight Evans all shut down by the Yankee pitcher.

The game moved along, and still no hits for Boston. As they came up to bat in the 8<sup>th</sup>, it dawned on me: Is it possible that I may end up missing a no-hitter?! One-two-three went Evans, Nichols and Stapleton. The Yankees scored two more in the bottom of the 8<sup>th</sup>, bringing their flawless lefty back to the mound for the 9<sup>th</sup>.

I didn’t want this to happen. Even at eight years old, I knew how awful it would be if I came that close to seeing a no-hitter—against the Red Sox!—at Yankee Stadium!!!—only to miss it.

Newman drew a leadoff walk. OK good, the pitcher’s getting tired, the Sox are going to rally. I didn’t much care who won, just please, no no-hitter. But then Hoffman grounded out. So did Remy. One batter remained.

That batter was Boggs. In just his second season, he was at the height of his powers, destined to hit .361 that year. He’d gone 0-for-3 to that point in the game. He was *due*.

Or so I thought. The pitcher got two strikes on him. PLEASE WADE, GET A HIT! The pitcher rocked back, fired...and struck him out. I had just missed a no-hitter. Yankees-Red Sox. Yankee Stadium. [ON THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY!](#)

To this day, 25 years later, I still make sure never to break plans to go to the ballpark. To this day, I cringe whenever I see a game on July 4<sup>th</sup>, knowing that on the scoreboard they’ll flash a graphic for “This Day In History”, reminding me of the masterpiece I missed.

To this day, I curse the name of Dave Righetti.

## **Aspen Comes Out of the Rain**

### **By Rene Custeau**

The Aspen Rainmakers have made several off-season moves to make an attempt to pull themselves out of the gutter and into contention for the 2009 BRASSWORLD title. They knew going into the Free Agency draft that they were in desperate need of a couple of power hitters and a whole new bullpen. They had only retained two relievers (Dave Borkowski and Mike Gonzalez) from last season and they both would be considered “mop-up” at best.

First, they dealt away starting pitcher Ryan Dempster to Virginia for Kelly Shoppach, Chris Carter and Virginia's 2010 1st round draft choice. This gave the Rainmakers a young catcher to relieve Jason Kendall and provide the team with some added pop. “It was tough giving up Dempster but we only had him signed for the season and thought the deal was the right direction for the team,” elaborated Aspen's general manager, Johnny Bench. “Demp was a fan favorite here and we took a lot of flack but the team had only produced 120 wins over the past two seasons so something had to be done.”

With Dempster gone the Rainmakers still have four pretty damn good starting pitchers in Rich Harden, Adam Wainwright, Kevin Slowey and Scott Kazmir. They next made a trade with Henry Vance of the Greenheads to pick up slugging leftfielder, Alfonzo Soriano. Aspen sent Kevin Frandsen, Kyle Kendrick, Aspen's 2009 1st round draft choice and \$1,500,000 to get him and lefty relief specialist Matt Thornton. They gave up a lot but it was the acquisition of Thornton that made the deal. He was the first cog to rebuilding Aspen's depleted bullpen.

Next, they picked up Waikiki's right-handed reliever Dan Wheeler to complement Thornton by giving up youngster Brandon Moss and a 2009 later round draft pick. Wheeler was the second pitcher added to Aspen's bullpen.

GM, Bench then opened up owner Rene Custeau's wallet and spent several millions of dollars in Free Agency, signing 2nd baseman Orlando Hudson and 3rd baseman Chone Figgins. Hudson would replace the versatile Marco Scutaro at second and freeing him up to backup everyone else. Figgins would give the Rainmakers some speed at the top of the lineup and replaced disappointing Kevin Kousmanoff at 3rd. This move solidified the Rainmakers infield. They now had Connor Jackson at first, Hudson at 2nd, Figgins at 3rd with Jhonny Peralta and Jason Bartlet battling for shot.

Bench also signed 3 more significant relievers Grant Balfour, Darrin Oliver, and Mike Adams. With these signings it could be said that the Rainmakers have assembled the best middle relief crew this league has every seen. Next, they signed starting pitcher, Hiroki Kuroda to replace the loss of Ryan Dempster and will complement the rest of the starting staff.

With all the moves mentioned above the Rainmakers still needed the one big bat in the middle of the lineup. With their infield all set they needed to find an outfielder with some considerable pop. There really wasn't anything left in the Free Agency so they turned toward other teams looking for a trade. "We had inquired very early on about Adam Dunn's future in Hoboken. They were interested in starting pitching and had mentioned Dempster, Blanton and Cha Seung Baek," Bench was quoted as saying. "When GM Peter Blake contacted us (Rainmakers) we had already dealt Dempster and weren't willing to part with Blanton so it was Baek who was shipped to the Bum's for Dunn. With Dunn now anchoring the middle of Aspen's lineup there outfield was set with Soriano in left, Winn in center and Dunn in right.

So, the Rainmakers added two big bats and a slugging catcher to their lineup (Soriano, Dunn & Shoppach) as well as rebuilding their bullpen. (Wheeler, Thornton, Oliver, Adams, & Balfour). They have replaced starter Ryan Dempster for Hiroki Kuroda and added Figgins & Hudson to their infield. Who knows if they will be able to win it all next year? One thing we can say for sure is they have worked hard at assembling a team that will definitely be much more competitive than the last two seasons and, with a little luck, compete for the infamous BRASSWORLD title.

#### 2009 Aspen Rainmakers Projected Lineup

*Chone Figgins, 3B*

*Randy Winn, CF*

*Alfonzo Soriano, LF*

*Adam Dunn, RF*

*Orlando Hudson, 2B*

*Connor Jackson, 1B*

*Jhonny Peralta, SS*

*Kelly Shoppach, C*

#### 2009 Aspen Rainmakers Projected Starting Pitching Rotation

*Hiroki Kuroda, SP*

*Kevin Slowey, SP*

*Scott Kazmir, SP*

*Rich Harden, SP*

*Adam Wainwright, SP*

#### 2009 Aspen Rainmakers Relievers

*Dan Wheeler, RP*

*Matt Thornton, RP*

*Grant Balfour, RP*

*Mike Adams, RP*

*Darrin, Oliver, RP*

## Williamsburg Record Book

By Jim Bodnar

The 2008 year saw five primary team records fall; three of them we were actually proud of, but first the bad news. Ryan Zimmerman wasted no time breaking his team record of 24 DP in 2007 as he hit into 29 in 2008. He was only 3<sup>rd</sup> overall in BW 2008 though as Victor Martinez hit into 35. Carlos Silva broke Elmer Dessens 2004 team record of 230 hits allowed by allowing 244 in 192 IP. By contrast, Elmer needed only 148 IP when he yielded his 230.

Rafael Betancourt was only a shadow of his MLB self in BRASSWORLD 2008. While breaking Johan Santana's save record (17) from 2003 with 21 saves this year, he also blew 11 save opportunities and saw his ERA balloon from 1.47 in MLB to 3.33 in BRASSWORLD. Chase Utley despite missing nearly a month of games blew by Jacque Jones team's doubles record of 46 set in BRASSWORLD's inaugural 2003 campaign by cracking 60 this season. The BRASSWORLD record is 64 held by Todd Helton. Finally, Kenny Lofton hit 9 triples breaking the old Williamsburg mark of 7 shared by Bret Boone (2003) and Chase Utley (2006).

AB	Chase Utley	2007	662
R	Barry Bonds	2005	163
H	Chase Utley	2007	218
2B	Chase Utley	2008	60
3B	Kenny Lofton	2008	9
	Chase Utley	2006	7
HR	Barry Bonds	2005	70
RBI	Barry Bonds	2005	168
BB	Barry Bonds	2005	171
SO	Jim Thome	2004	181
SB	Luis Matos	2006	25
DP	Ryan Zimmerman	2008	29
AVE	Barry Bonds	2005	.408
SLUG%	Barry Bonds	2005	.981
ERA R	Jose Contreras	2004	2.15
ERA S	Randy Johnson	2005	2.53
W	Randy Johnson	2005	18
L	Nate Cornejo	2004	22
G	Johan Santana	2004	83
CG	Randy Johnson	2005	8
ShO	Johan Santana	2005	3
Saves	Rafael Betancourt	2008	21
IP	Randy Johnson	2005	242
Hits	Carlos Silva	2008	244
HR	Elmer Dessens	2004	33

BB	Jorge Sosa	2003	81
K	Randy Johnson	2005	275

### BRASSWORLD Single Season Records thru 2008

As BRASSWORLD celebrates 6 years in the books, a retrospective is offered that we might fondly remember many of the outstanding performances.

First though, not one major batting or pitching record was set in the past season as maturing BRASSWORLD performances settled in between the two standard deviations. It was only in 2007 that David Ortiz shattered the record for home runs and rbis with 80 and 179. Not even the 60 HR or 150 rbi marks were reached by this years leaders Alex Rodriguez (58) and Miguel Cabrera (148). The sole new record documented here belongs to Victor Martinez of Maryland who grounded into 35 double plays, the new single season record. Carlos Lee had 33 this year, which might be the second highest total ever.

Many of the records cited here will probably stand a long time given the historic nature of Barry Bonds performances the first half of this decade, but other performances stand out also. Jason Istringhausen's 2003 record of 52 saves by far away has been the best for BW in 6 years. We're still quite far from a thirty game winner, but Carlos Zambrano did win 25 back in 2004. Chone Figgins record of 24 triples in a season leads the rest of the season leaders by a significant margin.

<b>BA</b>		year	
Barry Bonds	WIL	2005	.408

<b>At Bats</b>			
Ichiro Suzuki	GBS	2006	701

<b>Runs scored</b>			
Barry Bonds	WIL	2006	163

<b>Hits</b>			
Ichiro Suzuki	GBS	2007	231

<b>Doubles</b>			
Todd Helton	MMM	2006	64

<b>Triples</b>			
Chone Figgins	BEC	2005	24

**Home runs**

David Ortiz	GCG	2007	80
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**RBI**

David Ortiz	GCG	2007	179
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**Walks**

Barry Bonds	WIL	2005	171
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**Intentional Walks**

Barry Bonds	WIL	2005	27
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**Slugging Percentage**

Barry Bonds	WIL	2005	.981
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**On Base Percentage**

Barry Bonds	WIL	2005	.584
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**Runs****Created/27**

Barry Bonds	WIL	2005	27.7
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**Wins**

Carlos Zambrano	PIG	2004	25
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**ERA**

Roger Clemens	MON	2006	2.04
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**Strikeouts**

Randy Johnson	SKY	2003	342
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**Saves**

Jason Isringhausen	WAU	2003	52
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**GIDP**

Victor Martinez	MMM	2008	35
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**Hitting Streak**

Garrett Anderson	ANN	2003	23
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Ichiro Suzuki	GBS	2006	23
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**The First Year of the Palo Alto Robber Barons**



## By David Dick

I took over the former Mansfield Mounties shortly before the start of 2007 FA, so I thought with the ending of 2008 FA now would be a good time to look over how my first year in BRASSWORLD has gone and what the outlook is like for the Palo Alto Robber Barons.

Taking over the team I saw a huge hole at 3B and some really bad contracts in Andy Pettitte (3,F4-33M), Cliff Floyd (3,F4-24M) and Mark Kotsay (3,F4-24M). There was also not much relief pitching on the team, as the only rated relievers were Jason Isringhausen and Carlos Marmol. I knew I would have my work cut out to fill all those gaps with enough at-bats and innings pitched, but saw that the team had some really good young players (Peavy, Verlander, Marmol, Mauer, Teixeira, Stephen Drew) and could be a powerhouse in the future. After much deliberation, I decided to blow almost all of my remaining cash to land the biggest fish in 2007 free agency, Alex Rodriguez. It was a huge gamble, but I figured that talent like that doesn't come around that often and if I sign him to a five year deal he would still be around once the bad contracts expire and I would have a chance to really compete. I was willing to go up to \$10M per year to get him and was happy to land him for \$9.6M per year. I then used the rest of free agency to pick up every scrub reliever I could find since I had pretty much no cash left.

I wanted to free up a little more cash and I still needed a corner outfielder, so I took the plunge and traded away Jason Isringhausen for Jason Bay. Of course, I forgot about the closer rule which would come back to haunt me once the season started. But I got a young corner outfielder on a L5 contract that I was hoping would rebound after a down year. I needed an outfielder that could (somewhat) hit lefties, so I shipped off Joel Guzman for Emil Brown (though Brown played like crap for me). Finally, I realized that Stephen Drew would not be a great card so I shipped Wandy Rodriguez to get Brendan Harris and Kip Wells so that I could do a reverse platoon with Drew and Harris at SS.

I had the pressure of the #1 overall pick in the 2008 Draft and finally decided to take young phenom Rick Porcello. I picked mainly for upside the rest of the way. John Lannon turned out to be a nice grab in the 4<sup>th</sup> round. The pick of Joe Smith in the 5<sup>th</sup> round helped the bullpen. Max Ramirez in the 9<sup>th</sup> round also turned into a find.

The season began and I thought the team would have a shot at the playoffs, but wouldn't be too upset if we finished in the middle of the pack, given the bullpen. The offense carried the day, making it so that I didn't have to worry about the bullpen too much. Halfway through the season Rob Bell was my saves leader, thanks to plenty of 3-inning "mop-up" saves. Blown saves by Carlos Marmol and Ron Mahay on a routine basis led me to realize I needed to pick up a reliever with a better closer rating than 0. So, I traded for Todd

Jones and Pat Neshek, who proceeded to do well in picking up the saves at the end of the year and I found myself a wild card. I was able to get past Port Richey in the first round, but Montreal polished me off in the second round. Looking at my team in the off-season, I realized I had a real chance to compete for the title next year if I could just find a few more pieces.

Unfortunately, some of those bad contracts were still on the books so if I was going to do this it would have to be on the cheap. When I found out that Grady Sizemore was on the market, I realized he could be a big piece of the puzzle. The price was steep, but I parted with Rick Porcello, Matt LaPorta, Max Ramirez and a couple of picks to snag Sizemore and Reed Johnson. I still needed to shed some salary, so I dumped Cliff Floyd for J.J. Putz. Unfortunately, to entice Jonah to take Floyd I also had to part with Chris Duncan, Brendan Harris, James McDonald and some picks. Didn't want to give up McDonald and the picks, but I desperately needed the cash.

2008 free agency was an almost non-event for Palo Alto given my cash constraints. I picked up Willie Bloomquist to be my utility infielder since Harris is now a McGaffigan. I was still hurting on relievers, so I picked up Alan Embree and Tyler Walker to be middle inning pitchers. I wasn't sure about Marmol getting a good closer rating and Putz is limited innings so I picked up Todd Jones and Jason Istringhausen on the cheap. Finally, I took a flyer on Chad Cordero in the event that his arm is healthy for the next couple of years. What's the outlook for the franchise heading into 2009? The rotation should be average, with Jake Peavy leading the way. Verlander, Pettitte and Lannan will do yeoman's work and Sean Gallagher and Odalis Perez will try not to get shelled too much as the #5 starter. The bullpen should be ok, with Marmol, Jones and Putz closing things for me. The offense is what is going to carry this club. Mauer, Teixeira, ARod, Bay and Sizemore will form a fearsome middle of the order. Should be a lot of fun next year.

I've had a blast so far in BRASSWORLD and appreciate playing in such a great league. Thanks for letting me join!

## A Big-League Brother

Published: November 26, 2008 in the New York Times  
Heading Home

*The latest installment in an occasional series of guest columns by Doug Glanville.*

I'm not sure if it even made the local paper in Raleigh, N.C., but my brother keeps racking up baseball accomplishments. This past season, not only did he

play in three different leagues, but he managed to win all three championships, and on two of those teams had the leading batting average.

Oh, and he did that at the age of 45. (Sorry, Ken, had to throw that in there.)

Growing up, I didn't have the story of picking up my glove and tossing a baseball with my father. He was the age Ken is now when I was born and, because of a chronic neck problem, limited in his sports activities. I remember my dad sitting in a chair with some water-bag contraption, trying to alleviate some of the pain. Most of my early baseball memories involve my brother dragging me out in the rain to play, and my parents supporting from afar.

From what my parents told me, my brother could not wait to have a playmate when I was born. He had the energy and will to outlast any of the neighborhood boys and, when it came down to it, he knew that a little brother has no choice but to follow along with whatever big brother has planned. We are seven and a half years apart, but he competed with me as if I were his age – very little mercy and high expectations. He gave me my competitive spirit.

By the time I could identify letters and read a little, Ken was ready with his trusty blue scorebook, which contained his grand plan to make me a major league baseball player. First I was to learn Wiffle Ball, then stickball, then play in a local neighborhood league (I was supposed to be a key cog in the engine of the Cadmus Court Killers), then it was on to the “cerebral” by learning the rules of Strat-O-Matic baseball.

By the way, all of this was supposed to happen before I played Little League.

Ken taught me the fundamentals of a good swing, but when I went to my Little League tryout at a local gym, I swung and missed on every pitch but one. Kudos to the coach who nevertheless recognized that I had a sound enough swing for Little League and could skip the T-ball level.

Everything Ken plotted out worked like magic. I did what I was told and I notched a Strat-O-Matic baseball championship before I was 10 – competing against my brother's peers, who were juniors and seniors in high school. I learned how to make a lineup as well as anyone and I was merciless in my desire to beat your team. When I started a Strat-O-Matic league later in my high school years, the little brothers of a couple of my friends joined, and I tried to bury them every chance I got. Thanks to big bro for teaching me how to play to win, by not showing any sympathy for me when I was age-disadvantaged.

Any baby brother eventually needs to find his own identity, and our age gap gave me an easier path to individuality. Still, going through the same school

system, with the same teachers, I had my share of people calling me “Ken.” But my brother was a sports legend in school, so it wasn’t a bad thing.

Once I got old enough, we would come home from our respective games and proceed to give each other the highlight reel, touching on every game situation. It was an alternate Ken-Doug universe, and I doubt an outsider would have known how to participate even if given the chance. We talked for hours about what happened in our games, right down to the final out.

During junior high, Ken started keeping his statistics in every league he played in. A few years ago, he stole his 1,000th lifetime base and took the time to raise the base over his head in celebration. Of course, since he was playing for his one millionth team, no one had any idea what he was doing. To them, it was just another stolen base. But Ken knew he had made personal history.

So when I came along, he had me keeping statistics practically from birth. I had one crazy Little League season where my pitching numbers read like this: 47 innings pitched, 3 hits allowed, 102 strikeouts. I doubt any other kid in the league kept stats so detailed.

The only time I remember him getting mad at me was when I decided to reject an offer to play on his summer league team because another team promised me a starting job. After a month or so, we faced each other for the first time. I was playing third, and he hit a ground ball that I fielded on one hop. I savored firing a strike to the first baseman and throwing big brother out. Heaven on earth.

We made the most of the one time we were on the same team, and we did win a championship together, although I was sick in bed when they were pouring the champagne. Then again, I was 16, so it would have been sparkling cider for me anyway.

I followed my brother into anything and everything, and I usually quit when he quit. When he took up piano, I took up piano. I chased him in math. I clawed my way to match every endeavor he undertook. Baseball was the one thing that brought everything together – brotherhood, passion, numbers, fun and competition. We loved the game. And we probably drove our parents crazy at times. Apart from the broken windows and ruined family heirlooms, my mom washed uniforms more often than she brushed her teeth.

I haven’t mentioned the obvious: my brother is an excellent baseball player. A switch hitter, master base stealer, smart strategist and team player, he can pitch left-handed or right-handed, and he plays through all kinds of injuries (including one he got when he impaled his arm on a chain link fence). No need to emphasize that he is dedicated to the game.

And when the phone rang on draft day, summoning me to professional baseball, it was just as much a call for him as it was for me.

My brother had worked tirelessly to help me become a better baseball player, but in the years leading up to my draft day he had also pursued his own professional aspirations, packing up his car with various teammates to drive to baseball tryouts all over the country. Even though he would never surpass amateur status, he was a major league teacher. Oh, and he even snuck me into a Mets tryout at Shea Stadium. (Shhhh . . . he stretched my age a little so that I could get in).

As I climbed the ladder from A-ball to Double-A to Triple-A to “the big time,” he showed up everywhere for me – a supportive, dedicated, proud and unselfish big brother. After one game against the Dodgers in Los Angeles, he couldn’t get a cab back to the hotel, he didn’t want to bother me, so he decided to walk from Chavez Ravine. Seven miles later, we had to pour water over him to wake him after he passed out on my hotel bed from exhaustion.

There was one time I didn’t follow in his footsteps: I retired from baseball on my own without his lead. And years later, my brother is still playing.

A few years ago I had the opportunity to go down to Florida and watch him in a national tournament. It was nice to go and support his efforts for a change. But – vintage Ken – it wasn’t enough for him to play in one age group. He was on two teams: 25-and-Up and 35-and-Up. In this year’s tournament, he added a third team, 45-and-Up. I don’t know how he keeps his uniforms straight.

So I want to wish my big brother a glorious and happy 46th birthday this week. He is living proof of what it means to follow your heart and to leave nothing on the table while you do so. He is the passion point in our family, with a generous soul to go with it. May he play until he can’t anymore (at 65 probably), and after that, I’m sure I will see him managing some team, somewhere, and maybe one day teaching my son a thing or two. After all, my little guy is almost walking!

Happy Birthday! From Little Bro.



Our Friend in Strat, Bill Galanis.

Original BRASSWORLD member.

Manager exemplar.

Thank you, Bill, for helping our league be what it is today through your actions.