

Welcome, per the usual, to our annual Family gathering - our seventh for this occasion.

First, a legislative matter: As the impending bottoming out of the economy may preclude passing of such legislation in years hence and as this year's lack of expansion franchises halts the growth of the pot and as Matt Cullen is now employed and so flush that he's able to afford anonymous weekend jaunts to Lawrence, the League hereby proposes a fee increase of \$5, bringing the new proposed total entry cost to \$25 per franchise. If there are no objections, be it so. If there are objections, may they be heard now. Further to that point, the League will introduce a \$1 transaction fee so as to relieve the burden of Treasurer Jon Heinz who to date has shouldered the Paypal-imposed fee himself with uncharacteristically little complaint. So, everyone owes \$26 and they owe it before Thursday's first game tips off. Let's move beyond being a league of debtors and closer to being a league of honorable, responsible participants. Please get your money in on time. Treasurer Heinz will commence payment correspondence in short order.

And now, if you'll turn your attention to the rafters, we'll recognize our past champions:

2003 Jon Heinz
2004 Matthew Cullen
2005 Matthew Cullen
2006 Daniel McClure
2007 Daniel McClure
2008 Kevin C. Wilson
2009 ?

The rules will remain the same. If the entry fee increase carries the day and if all those invited participate, we'll be vying for a winner-take-all prize of \$275. All bylaws can be reviewed at the league website.

In closing, I quote a great but small and bald man (no, not Likens, though he too is great) who I had the pleasure of spending a couple of hours with a few years ago; a man who complained to me that complainers were too often complaining, saying that it wasn't his fault if the collective complainers didn't suck on their mommas' tit enough. He said this while firing peanuts and Bud Light bottles at an initially alarming, then somewhat annoying and

finally hilarious clip. No, I don't know what he meant. Best I can remember, it had something to do with bootstraps. What I do remember are his immortal words that we all remember, be it from center ring or weekday afternoon television. The man: Mills Lane. His words: Let's. Get. It. On. Marvin Gaye said it, too, but we're looking more for the spirit of Mills' slogan here.