



CAMEL DROPPINGS

D-DAY MINUS ONE

If only the mighty IOB could have turned back the clock one day and invoked the rain gods to cry on Sunday. As the team took the field for a lazy batting practice, they occasionally glanced over at the small mustering of the enemy and felt a forfeit was at hand.

Alas, fate threw the Camels a curve ball. The motley crew that is 'JMLS' (Just Made Lame Slide) decided to play short-handed. And, as in the last game, one bad inning was all it took.

Ishtar went on to lose by one run, 12-11. After taking a command-

ing lead, our heroes went into the top of the fourth inning feeling confident. Then it happened: An opponent in yellow (with a shirt that had a picture of an ostrich, but said 'Llama') barreled into our resident bruiser Laura at second base, knocking her to the ground.

One might think this blatant act of aggression would have fueled our troops to a secure victory. But just the opposite happened. Our hapless foes scored six runs and never looked back. Didn't their girls look cute with their gloves?

Well, enough of them.

We had plenty of shining moments—at least enough to keep us thinking we still had a chance. Play of the day goes to Kari for a smash down the 3rd-base line to keep us in the game in the last inning (Cathy had a similar shot in the preceding inning.) Tony went 3-3, dedicating his last hit to "The Gipper." We'll miss you.



The team fuels up for the contest ahead

Got Glove?



It's made of leather. It protects the hand. It promotes catching success. It's the all-American GLOVE!

Now I don't know about the older members, but this is the first time this humble writer

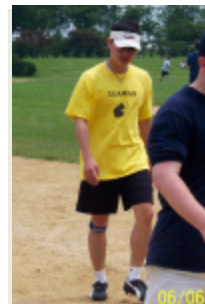
has seen this abomination in a 16-inch softball game. What's next? Ankle guards at the plate? Face masks for the catcher? Athletic supporters??

Well, we might be able to use some of those.

Inside this issue:

PLAYER PROFILE	2
SCHEDULE/LEAGUE INFO	2
PICTURE POTPOURRI	2
MANAGER'S MUSINGS	3
PICTURE OF THE WEEK	4
DROPPINGS	4

Dork Opponent of the Week



Call him the catalyst for our loss, or call him a really bad slider. I prefer to call him a complete idiot!

Truly, there is just not enough room. Let the picture speak for itself.

Player Profile—Kari DeVille



Kari pulls out her Mojo before the game...

Kari is another former sub who joined the honored ranks this year. She is athletic, hilarious and is quite the Wrigleyville socialite.

When not hosting the drunken hordes after a Cubs game at her fab pad, Kari is partying with Amir the rest of her teammates about town.

On the field of battle, Kari does it all: she hits, pitches and is a fierce outfielder and base runner. She will place herself in front of a speeding ball and block it with her calves of steel before picking it up and making the play.

She laughs at pain and loss. They

just fuel her unquenchable lust for competition. Who is this magnate of mayhem and mirth?

“Hey, it’s just me!
[Insert distinctive Kari outburst of laughter]”

...and then strikes a pose.



Schedule/League Info

Next Game:

June 13 03:00 PM 109 - Toons Vs. 101 - Ishtar on Beta Grant Park Field 16

Standings:

“Omigosh! What is that behind you??!! It’s a comet! Look!

Picture Potpourri

Mike Madden’s Three Rules of Engagement:



1. Enter the fray in an intrusive, bold manner.



2. Find the smallest guy and engage him with malevolence, ignoring any comrades that may be on the ground.



3. Walk away abruptly with a stoic grimace and an extra dash of machismo.

Manager's Musings

By John Sangimino

Since our performance this past Sunday was somewhat less than poetic, I turn to the father of all soliloquies for inspiration in this time of need. Envision if you will, young Hamlet perched on a Grant Park hillside, beholding a 16" softball (which is not visually as powerful as a human skull, but you get the idea).

To Play (or Not To Play)

Adaptation by J. Sangimino (yes, J.Sangimino, the very same).

To play, or not to play, That is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the bumps and bruises of broken-up double-plays,

Or to take arms against a sea of squabbling competitors,

And by opposing, slaughter them?

To lose, to sleep (in)...softball no more,

And by a sleep to say we end the heartache,

And the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir too.

Oh 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished...to lose...to sleep (in).

To sleep (in)...perchance to dream?
Ay, there's the rub.

For in that sleep o'loss what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this pitiful season?

Must give us pause,

There's the respect that makes calamity of so long a summer.

For who would bear the hits and misses of play,

"Thus conscious does makes cowards of us all."

The umpire's wrong, the victor's contumely,

The pangs of Joe's food?

Sobriety's delay, the insolence of CSSC,

And the spurns that patient merit of slow waitresses takes,

When we ourselves might our quietist make with better foodstuffs?

Who would Chloe bear to pant and sweat under a weary life,



Cathy helps John fulfill his drinking responsibilities

But that the dread of something after loss,

The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns,

Puzzles the will! And makes us rather bear those games we have,

Then fly to bars we know not of.

Thus conscious does makes cowards of us all.

And thus the native hue of Ishtar's disposition is sicklied over with the pale cast of thought.

And innings of great pitch and moment with this regard their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of victory ... (sigh)...

Back for a special encore:

"WHAT IS GAM LOOKING AT NOW?"



He can run, but he can't hide!



**THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER
OF ISHTAR ON BETA**

VOLUME 2

Tony Yaniz—Editor-In-Chief
Nicole Pagoria—Photographer
Paula Halfman—Copy Editor
John Sangimino—Special
Contributor

Phone: 773-772-3235
Cell: 773-213-5864
Email: ayaniz@sbcglobal.net

**[Any names or likeness to persons
living or dead is purely deliberate.]**

**This issue is dedicated to
Laura and Glen on their
tropical wedding.**

**Congratulations, you crazy,
tan kids!**



Droppings

Will our fascination with animals ever end? With crap like this, how can it?

The heart of a blue whale is the size of a small car.

You're more likely to be a target for mosquitoes if you eat bananas.

In 1888, an estimated 300,000 mummified cats were found at Beni Hassan, Egypt. They were sold at \$18.43 per ton, and shipped to England to be ground up and used for fertilizer.

The turkey was named for what was wrongly thought to be its country of origin.

A duck's quack doesn't echo anywhere, and no one knows why.

Swans are the only birds with penises.

Ants don't Sleep.

A pregnant goldfish is called a twit.

Camel's hair brushes are not made of camel's hair. They were invented by a man named Mr Camel.

The most common name for a goldfish is "Jaws."

Armadillos have four babies at a time and they are always all the same sex.

In the last 4000 years, no new animals have been domesticated.

There are more plastic flamingos in America than real ones.

You're more likely to get stung by a bee on a windy day than in any other weather.

The first known contraceptive was crocodile dung, used by Egyptians in 2000 B.C.

Of people with companion animals, 18% sleep with them.

The sperm of a mouse is longer than the sperm of an elephant.

More types of fish swim in Brazil's Amazon River than in the entire Atlantic Ocean.

The average human will eat 8 spiders while asleep in their lifetime.



**“Oooh my head! Wait a
minute! This is a pancake,
not a bag of ice!”**

Picture of the Week



1. **John:** “You must be this tall to face my wrath!”
2. **Laura:** “It’s ok, really. I found my spleen over there.”
3. **Dork in yellow:** “(Must...remember...karate!)”
4. **Mike:** “(Dammit...he’s not short enough. I’ll wait until the next fracas.)”
5. **Ty:** “(Did I leave the stereo on?)”