



CAMEL DROPPINGS

Phew! That Was Tough!

A beer in the park is sweet. A forfeit and a win is sweeter. Ok, we got the win the easy way. So we drank heavily to assuage our feelings of guilt.

Under strict orders from our leader, John, the Camels filled their humps with revelry and booze before our third game. The other team did not show and IOB scrimmaged with the ill-named "Saints and SYNers." They must have been under similar orders as they also were drinking heavily (out of bottles—shame on them!)

The scrimmage was won, although this re-

porter was too drunk to remember if anyone was even keeping score. Nonetheless, there was much mirth and mayhem. It was like we combined Joe's and the game into one beer-chugging, base-running love fest.

Bathrooms were not close, but after a while some of the guys became less abashed about just going to the other side of the hedge-row nearby. Which way was the wind blowing, Ty?

Several of the faithful were nice enough to bring the food and drink, including Kari who made her famous

cookies. At one point, Tom could be seen lying next to the bag seeing how many of the baked treats it took to soak up a six-pack and a hangover.

As we have not yet won a legitimate game, this pre-game drinking has still to prove itself an asset. We will keep trying until it does!

Bottoms up!



Ishtar toasts their overwhelming 'victory'

Drinking On The Job



Union Break?

Drinking and playing softball seems like a good marriage. Drinking WHILE playing softball, though, seems like a great marriage.

If only we could introduce alcohol into other areas of our life. Who

hasn't dreamt of being wasted at a staff meeting or while taking a blood test.

Heck, I'm drunk... right now. Watcha lookin' art—; pooP. Get dose spider!s offa me! oohh look at yooooo. Belch.

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Dork Opponent of the Week



We all try to emulate our favorite celebrity. Sometimes we even act like them, say by using our cell phones on the softball field.

The Sopranos are calling; they want their 'Joey Pants' back.

Player Profile—Ty Sherman



Ty looks for a large, cozy bush.

“El Jefe” Robert Tyrone Sherman led Ishtar to their only championship two years ago. He has set a legacy that will be tough to beat. What is the secret to his success? Is it his charm? His laissez faire approach. His joviality? All of the above, of course!

Ty is, at his core, a man of leisure and music. He will stand there listening to a live jam session with his eyes closed and with a brew in his hand—and you’d swear he thought he was literally in heaven.

Ty is also one of the most consistent hitter at the plate. He will drive

one into the gap faster than you can say “Jerry Garcia was hairy”.

Well, now Ty can just sit back with a beer and garner the praise.



“Hmmm...not quite balanced yet. I need a bigger beer.”

Schedule/League Info

Next Game:

June 20 03:00 111 - Saints and SYNers Vs. 101 - Ishtar on Beta Grant Park Field 16

Record:

We are 1-2! Ain’t that a peach? (Old rivals, The Slammers, are on top at 3-0. Grrrrr!)

Picture Potpourri

Is it possible that we having too much fun? Yeah.



Manager's Musings

... is off this week

No Rest for the Rested

by Tony Yaniz

So I was sitting at work this week in what was a rather rare lull in the afternoon. I somehow talked myself out of a deadline after the brilliant idea of blaming the delay on the Offshore team of IT technicians (“They must have had trouble with my English...or something.”) Who said outsourcing was bad?

As I flipped through pages of interesting photographs of bikini-clad strangers that I came upon on the Webshots.com site, I decided I needed to go to the bathroom. It has always been a peaceful ‘sanctum sanctorum’ where I can collect my thoughts.

Naturally, I needed to bring some reading material. I am not one of those crass troglodyte males who whips a paper under their arm and proudly announces they “are going to sail the U.S.S. Poopy around the porcelain pool.” No, I am a much more sophisticated troglodyte. I carefully folded up the TEMPO section of the Tribune and shoved it in my back pocket so no one could see it. I proudly walked out past

several cubicles as if I was going to a meeting with the CIO. Oh how confident I looked!

I walked into the bathroom and quickly analyzed the situation. Being alone in the bathroom is like a Republican winning in Chicago; It almost never happens. Of course, half of the four stalls were occupied. So either way, I was going to be next to someone. “Hmmm,” I

“She would have whipped me down with that beastly glove of hers.”

thought to myself, “two or four?” I finally decided to take the last one to avoid being in a stinky sandwich.

I noticed that our Finance manger, Mike, was in stall one. How did I know this, you ask? He is one of those goofballs who keeps his id badge attached to his belt—which at the moment was around his ankles and proudly displaying his smiley-faced visage to the entire bathroom under the stall wall. I felt like saying “How are those ‘figures’ looking, Mike” as I cantered by, but decided one good idea a day was enough. Thanks again, Offshore.

I quickly went through my preparation ritual and decided to be extra



“Renounce Thy Glove, Naïve!”

noisy in an effort to shoo my neighbor away. Luckily it worked, and I was far enough away from Mike to really care about him. I happily began reading the comics.

By the time I got to Hagar the Horrible, my mind started to wander to last week’s game. I thought about what a great time we had and all the beers we drank and ... how much fun it would have been to pick a fight with that goofy woman on the other team in the black sweat suit and blue doo-rag. “Nah!” I concluded, “She would have whipped me down with that beastly glove of hers.” Damn those gloves!

My ‘fantasy’ was soon interrupted by someone settling into the stall next door. I let out an audible grumble. After he sat down I saw a picture of my boss looking right up at me. “Egad. Not another one.”

He just won't go away!

”WHAT IS GAM LOOKING AT NOW?”



“I would rather have a Martini on the rocks, please. Not a Mike.”



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

This issue is dedicated to
Greg on his thirty...uh ...on
his birthday.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GAM!



Droppings

The Summer movie season is in full swing (get it.) So Droppings turns to a particular genre that has always brought inspiration: The Porn Flick. We know you love those crazy titles. Can you name the real titles? (Hint: It's not hard.)

DUDE, WHERE'S MY DILDO ?

BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE VAGINA

TEA BAGGER VANCE

HINDFELD

GERANALMO

MOULIN SPLOOGE

POKE 'ER MON

13 GOING DOWN ON 30

ALLY MCFEAL

ANALYZE THESE

BAT DUDE AND THROBIN

BATTLESTAR ORGASMICA (I could not make these up, people)

BEVERLY HILLS 9021-HO!

BOOBARELLA

BUFFY YHE VAMPIRE LAYER

DUN HER (My favorite)

FREE WILL HUMPING

GHOST LUSTERS

THE HUNCHBACK OF NASTY DAMES

MAD JACK BEYOND THUNDER-BONE

MIRACLE ON 69TH STREET

MISSIONARY POSITION: IMPOSSIBLE

ON GOLDEN BLONDE

Picture of the Week

1. Laura: "Really, I can get myself to third base."
2. Tom decides its time to have that growth removed from his shoulder.
3. Laura: "What do you mean you don't like Duran Duran? Hiiiiiiiiiaaaaayyyy!!!"
4. Tom and Laura try some unsuccessful drunken cheerleader routines.
5. Tom emulates his hero, Andy Kaufman, and starts wrestling women.



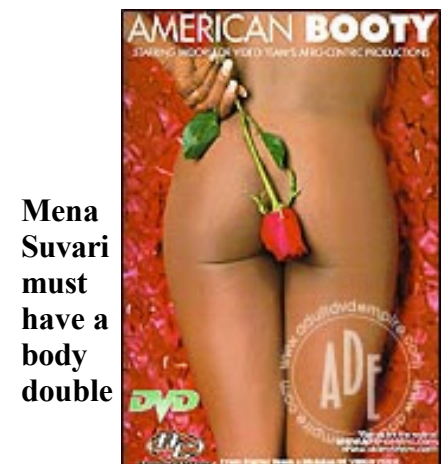
ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S BREAST

THE OZPORNS

PULP FRICTION

REBEL WITHOUT A CONDOM

LORD OF THE G STRINGS



**Mena
Suvari
must
have a
body
double**