



CAMEL DROPPINGS

We won! Oh what a pain.

The Camels marched onto a very hot field Sunday to earn their greatest victory yet. Facing a motley crew of independents, IOB played an all-around solid game to win 10-3.

The day wasn't without pain. A poor fellow from the previous game suffered a severe knee injury, and the entire park was soon filled with his profane moans as he waited over 30 minutes for the ambulance to arrive. Our leader that day, Mike Madden, finished the game wincing in pain from a back injury. He ultimately had to go to the ER and is out for a

couple of weeks. Heal fast...life is on the field of battle.

So we are past the half-way point and you all are probably wondering how we're going to finish. Injuries and weddings and trips, oh my! Well, I just don't know. So play every game like it is your last one of the season, and we might win a few more, dig it! But as a precaution, maybe we should look to scrounge up a few spare Camels for the home stretch.

Lastly, I'd like to add how disappointed I am at the apparently low readership of the *Red Eye* paper! The ref, for

example, had the gall to ask us "Which team are you?" In last week's issue, I wrote that people would either fear us or hate us because of our new fame. Well, I obviously neglected to include "or ignore us!"

Now that is not very "Chicagoey."



Mike pushes through the pain to lead us to victory.

Bees Knees



He later realized how long it took for her to say 'yes.'

So another player loses a knee on Sunday. Did he have to moan so obnoxiously? He has another one.

Actually, we 'kneed' our knees. We propose on them, we beg on them, they allow us to

sit down, etc. They are also handy for the ladies to keep their men in check. Not that any we know would be so sadistic, right? Luckily, I saw *The Karate Kid* and know how to "Wax off!"

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



This jovial chap was a strong hitter, but annoying in all other respects. He made dorky comments to our players during side changes, and stepped on Nicole's toe running to second. Ouch!

Player Profile—Katrina Sopkovich



Katrina gets ready to swat the yellow date near the plate

Katrina is the newest Camel to join our esteemed ranks. A former co-worker of Greg's, she has proven her strong commitment and mettle.

Katrina has quickly established herself as quite an athlete. As a matter of fact, I can't say I've ever seen her without her bike. Her arduous treks to Grant Park are just preparations for her prowess on the field.

She must have felt the team was REALLY special when she got interviewed by a Tribune reporter at our very first game. Then we lost. But then she came back! Now that's a keeper!

Her number may be '13', but Katrina will bring good luck to the team, and, of course, her bike. We promise not to hold your association with Greg against you.



"Silly GAM. What would he do if I elbowed him in the gut?"

Schedule/League Info

Next Game:

July 18 03:00 110 - Foul Polls Vs. 101 - Ishtar on Beta Grant Park Field 16

Record:

We are 3-2! Can you say "winning record?" Ty, it's time for some ballet!

Picture Potpourri

The ladies of Summer



Manager's Musings

... is off this week

I found this in an amusing Chicago commuter's blog. It was way too good not to share! -Tony
www.smartypants.diaryland.com

LIGHT-YEARS BEYOND "NOT NICE"

Anyone who has been reading this webpage for a while knows that I am a dedicated observer of human quirks and oddities, particularly the collection of human quirks and oddities that rides Chicago public transit. I honestly enjoy the parade of weirdness that I see there. Even when my transit experience is objectively unpleasant---when someone is yanking it on the El, vomiting off the platform, or yelling about how God made vegetables---I still feel that I am better off for having witnessed it.

Well, that's changed. Yesterday on the way home I sat behind two individuals who completely and truly grossed me out on every level. Maybe I was just abnormally sensitive that day, but you can judge for yourself.

a) A tweeky-looking African American man. His clothes are kind of dirty, but not in a "homeless" way, just in a "not giving a fuck about stains" way. There is something odd lodged in his hair, and try as I might to avoid looking more closely at it (eyes on the book, Mimi! Eyes on the book!), my morbid curiosity forces me to note that it is a large clot of Kraft Macaroni and Cheese.

b) His girlfriend, a very overweight and much younger white woman wearing a hospital bracelet and carrying a wad of clothes in one of those "PATIENT'S BELONGINGS" shopping bags. She has a tattoo of Tweety on the back of her neck.

c) The couple is having a loud argument/discussion of some sort. It seems to be about money, and it is kind of cryptic in that the terms "fives," "tens," and "twenties" keep getting tossed around, along with many foul-language accusations and re-cremations about someone named "Nancy." The more I listen the more it is obvious that they are drug dealers involved in some complex crack-for-rent scheme, and Nancy is their main customer and landlord.

"...it is a large clot of Kraft Macaroni and Cheese."

d) The conversation shifts to a discussion of whether or not the woman half of this couple slept with someone named Darrell, with her swearing it was "just that one time." Tweeky Guy gets kind of upset but Big Mama soothes it over, repeating "it was just that one time, it was just that one time" like a mantra right through his litany of complaint, although at one point she switches it up to be, "It was just that one time, we needed the money."

e) I wish I were making this up.

f) Abandon hope, all ye who read further, because it gets worse. As part of calming Tweeky Guy down, Big Mama conciliatorily reaches over as the argument dwindles and starts popping the zits of her Kraft-headed paramour, squeezing and pinching and yes, there is blood and zit-juice, which she dabs off with her forefinger and wipes on the shoulder of his shirt. At this point I literally have my hands over my face and am peeking through the fingers like a girl at



Some say it doubles as a conditioning agent.

a horror movie, and am considering climbing over the woman next to me and running for the exit, crowded El train or no crowded El train.

g) After a hellish eternity of zit-popping, Big Mama lays her head on Tweeky Guy's shoulder and sighs, "I want a baby." "Damn straight you want my baby," Tweeky Guy says. "You going to have a dozen of my babies, bitch." They smile at each other. They get off the train at Wilson. I wish that I could pluck out my eyes and soak them in bleach. The end. So now we have proved that not every transit story is quirky -sweet-uplifting, or even "roll your eyes at our urban existence" funny. A drunk peeing his pants and singing the theme from The Love Boat? I smile indulgently and look the other way. Trixie types yammering about nothing on their cell phones? The flame of annoyance flares, but soon dies down. It took Tweeky Guy and Big Mama's vile inappropriate grooming and moronic, circular, in-any-other-context-it-would-have-been-performance-art arguing to make my brain cringe. I guess I should thank them, really, for showing me that even a dedicated amateur anthropologist like me has limits.

You can't have
enough of ...

**"WHAT IS GAM
LOOKING AT
NOW?"**



**"Man down! Knee blown!" GAM
cannot believe the irresponsibility!**



**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 our
latest win which puts us over
fifty percent!**

WAY TO GO ISHTAR!



Droppings

It's all about the words, baby!

The longest word in the English language, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, is *pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis*. (It's a lung disease.)

Dermatoglyphics, *misconjugatedly*, and *uncopyrightable*, each fifteen letters long, are the longest English words in which no letter appears more than once.

Strengths, nine letters long, is the longest word in the English language with only one vowel.

No word in the English language rhymes with *month*, *orange*, *silver* or *purple*.

Stewardesses is the longest word that is typed with only the left hand.

Typewriter is the only ten letter word you can type on the top row of your keyboard.

The average person's left hand does 56% of the typing.

"Two plus eleven" and "one plus twelve" not only give the same result but use the same letters.

Euouae, six letters long, is the longest English word consisting only of vowels, and, also, the English word with the most consecutive vowels. Words with five consecutive vowels include *cooeeing* and *queueing*.

"I am" is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

The verb "cleave" is the only English word with two synonyms which are antonyms of each other: adhere and separate.

The word "set" has more definitions than any other word in the English language.

The dot over the letter 'i' is called a tittle. (Hee hee.)

The combination "ough" can be pronounced in nine different ways. The following sentence contains them all: "A rough-coated, dough-faced, thoughtful ploughman strode through the streets of Scarborough; after falling into a slough, he coughed and hic-coughed."

"CAMEL DROPPINGS" ANAGRAMS!

CAMEL GRINDS POP

MALIGNED PC PROS

CARMEN DIGS PLOP

CLAD NEGROS PIMP

CALM DOG SNIPPER

CPA NERDS GO LIMP

CIGARS LEND POMP

SPERM IN GLAD COP

DR PEG COMPLAINS

Picture of the Week



1. "Curse you Capt. Sphere! You haven't seen the last of me!"
2. "OWWW!!! There goes my last finger! Now what?"
3. Our opponents perform their sacred "16-inch Samba" ritual dance before the game for luck.
4. Do not touch Super Happy Fun Ball.
5. "Where did my bat go? Wait, this isn't home plate"