

# CAMEL DROPPINGS



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## BACK-TO-BACK? WE'RE BACK!

June 5th and June 12th saw the mighty Camels of Ishtar move to a glorious 3 -1 record. It was a major spank-a-thon as IOB scored 18 runs in each game. Schpongled and The Dupers were simply stupefied at Ishtar's offensive might.

There were so many great plays that they cannot even be counted. Everyone played magnificently, but it also must be mentioned that our opponents left much to be desired. Schpongled showed up smoking and were complaining about hangovers. Ahhh, you could smell the athleticism oozing from their pores. The Dupers struck hard in the first inning, then petered out faster than a Yugo going uphill in a snow storm.

Mike Madden took the reigns of leadership during John's two-week absence. He tried not to remember

the now infamous "Fall of Despair" from last year; it seemed to work. We are not sure if he has given a special title to his line-up process, like WHIP or BLOSSOM, but we like the results.

Game Two against the Dupers saw the DeVille family provide valuable assistance across the board. Kari's brother brought power to the plate with big hits and fast base running. Kari's dad enforced justice by setting the umpire straight on the number of outs we actually had in one particular inning.

After Game One, the team returned to Joe's only to find that Sunday's are now a Biker Brunch hosted by rock station WLUP. Mike H. was especially upset that he won none of the door prizes. GAM was upset that he didn't get to talk to the Loop Rock Girl. We expect to make new friends over time.



Mike thinks about breast enhancements

Poor Tom is still on the disabled list. The Camels anxiously await his return to the field of battle. And let us hope his groin is back in working order.

A new confidence has filled the Camels' humps. John returns to the helm to steer us into the second half of the regular season. With a sub-filled lineup on Father's Day, his work won't be easy.

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## OPPONENTS' CORNER



Scary Schpongled!

## GOT BILLS TO PAY?



Tyson considers using the Force to get movie roles

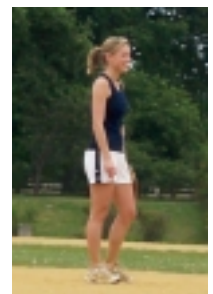
Why do we still play softball after all these years? Aren't we past our prime? Haven't we had our championship, our moment in the sun?

What impels athletes to continue past their prime? Some might say it's integrity. Others just have bills to pay.

So if our continued "excellence" doesn't cut it anymore, we'll have to find ways to parlay our unique talents into something more lucrative and long-lasting.

I can see it now .... "GAM's Lo-Fat Grill." Or maybe "Halfman's Haunted House."

The Dupers Glove of Doom!



# SCHEDULE/LEAGUE INFO

## SEASON 13 RECORD : 3 -1

- Game 1 – May 15: SLAMMERS 6, ISHTAR 1
- Game 2 – May 22: ISHTAR 16, INDY Team #5 4
- Game 3 – June 5: ISHTAR 18, Schpongled 5
- Game 4 – June 12: ISHTAR 18, The Dupers 7
- Game 5 – June 19: TBD

## SEASON 13 SCHEDULE (All games on Field 11)

- June 19: BRAVEST 11:AM
- — — TASTE OF CHICAGO — — —
- July 10: Jimmy's Muffler Shop 11:AM
- July 17: Sorry, Were Partyin 11:AM
- The rest: TBD

# PICTURE POTPOURRI

## Anatomy of an Amir Score:

1. Smack the crap out of the ball



2. Run like the dickens



3. Avoid the groper at First



4. Head to Second



5. Watch out for the scary chick as you run to Third

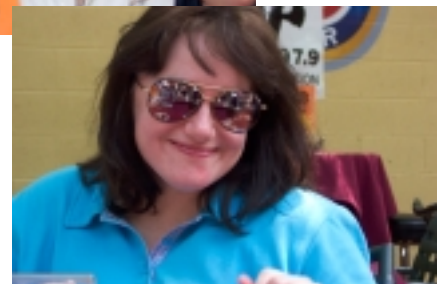


6. Arrive triumphantly at Home. Get hug from GAM



7. Cry to Fiancée because of GAM hug

## Shades of Summer (even if they were found in Center Field):



# MANAGER'S MUSINGS... *is on vacation*

## The Zen of 'EL'

by Tony Yaniz

I ride the EL to and from work every-day. While I appreciate the privilege of public transportation so close to work and home, I have come to realize that it is one of the greatest sources of strife in my life.

I suppose any commute, whether it be driving or biking or busing to work, has its share of stress and grief. But after almost 14 years of experiencing this 'privilege,' I have come to realize that it is a mandatory experience in understanding and tolerating the human nature.

For example, when I get into a crowded EL car and my face is thrust into the armpit of a taller, smelly man who has to reach over me to hold the bar, I take a deep breath and appreciate the aroma of grit, and individuality gone awry.

When I am running late and get on the single-file escalator behind a woman who decides she'd rather enjoy the ride up while dozens of rush hour commuters wait behind her, I stop clenching my teeth and appreciate the virtues of laziness.

When I am standing in a crowded train, and some out-of-towner decides it necessary to stand up from their seat three stops before their destination and shove me further into the 'armpit from hell' because they have a misguided phobia that

they won't get off the train on time, I kindly reminisce on my own phobias, like stupid people.

When I am getting on behind someone who decided long ago that they need to stand by the door, and trip over them trying to get around into the interior of the train, I giggle and remind myself that they must be really important and are in more of a hurry than me.

When some sneezes, coughs, yawns, sniffles, hacks, sighs, blows, ticks, burps, talks, winces, brushes, shakes, whistles and/or breathes on me in a most vile and inappropriate

*"... armpit from hell ..."*

manner in the enclosed space of the EL, I smile with gratitude that my facial pores are absorbing the true essence of my urban brethren, clearing my complexion of hate.

So off I march, wide-eyed, with crossword in hand, into the microcosm that is the Chicago EL. I go knowing that I will emerge transformed into something else. Whether that be a person with deeper pools of tolerance, or a shivering, mad, resentful, fearful, phobic, maniacal, sick, angry, cynical and sassy commuter, I at least know that I am human, and so are they! Some of them must suffer too. So I go that going for me. Right?

## BONUS PICTURES



Easy math! 4 - 3 = PAULA! (She's a '1' to us)



Kari's brother scored and scored!



Cathy makes a perfect pitch!

## WHAT IS GAM LOOKING AT NOW?

It's been a CAMEL DROPPINGS favorite three years running! Silly GAM, what on earth are you looking at now?



GAM seems worried that there might be competition for his newsletter space!

Can this new GAM usurp our old favorite? It certainly seems like new GAM is trying to look at something!

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER  
OF ISHTAR ON BETA

VOLUME 3

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*"Serving the will of THE CAMELS  
since 2002"*

**This issue is dedicated to ...**

**1. The DeVille Family.  
Thanks for the assists!**  
**2. Whacko Jacko. It was a  
'Thriller' how you 'Beat It'  
and Moonwalked to freedom.**

## PICTURE OF THE BI-WEEK



- 1. GAM: "Put 'em up! Put 'em up!"**
- 2. GAM likes to land on every base in a Michael Jackson pose.  
"Heeee heeeee!"**
- 3. Opponent in red: "Agggghhhhhhh!!!!"**
- 4. Megan: "I can stop the ball in mid-air with my mental powers."**
- 5. Amir: "I think I have those moves. Let me try ..."**

## DROPPINGS



You know you're a Star Wars geek when...

You pass out while trying to move a pencil across the desk with the Force.

You would love to have Frank Oz stick his hand up your ass so you can be as wise as Yoda.

You get your head stuck in a bucket pretending you're Darth Vader.

You punch out trekkies who say "Death star my ass, I'd like to see those losers take out DS9."

You name your right hand 'Leia.'

When you are in trouble, you mutter "I got a bad feeling about this."

You need to go to the toilet, you say "Intensify Forward firepower, I don't want anything to get through."

You ram a model X-Wing up someone else's asshole and congratulate yourself for finding the only weak spot.

Your girlfriend is called "Jabba the Slut."

You can't resist to hum when you turn on a flashlight.

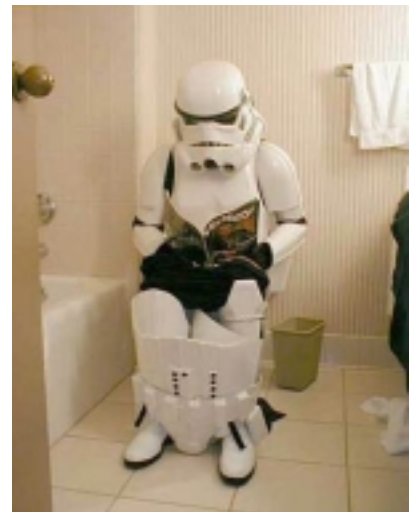
You actually feel the need to attack Star Wars geeks with a camera to prove that you are not of their kind.

You listen for Obi-Wan while attempting to parallel park.

When your father asks you how fast your car is, you reply, "Fast enough for you, old man."

After looking at your tiny 'light saber' you remember Yoda's saying "size matters not."

You unsuccessfully get the last cheerio in the bowl and instinctively



**"C'mon mom! Can a Trooper get a little privacy???"**

mutter, "The Force is strong in this one."

Your name is 'Tony Yaniz.'