



# CAMEL DROPPINGS

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 4      JUNE 8, 2003

## “I CAN’T #\*%@%ING BELIEVE IT! WE WON!”

HOLY COW!

Chicago, do you believe in miracles? This season is not lacking in drama so far for the battle-hardened IOB team.

Despite injuries and roster changes; despite tough opponents; despite themselves; IOB rallied in the last inning to defeat an attitude-riddled, cigarette-smoking team from Bar Louie.

IOB was down 5-4 coming into the last inning. The game was neck and neck for most of the hour, until some aggressive base running by Bar Louie gave them a one-point edge.

At the bottom of the last inning, two of The Camel’s



biggest hitters, Tom and Maddox, popped-out to place doubt over the team’s victory hopes. But Laura and the brothers Madden had their ‘clutch’ on and pulled off a miracle.

Kevin hit a Single, followed by a Double (overthrow to first) from Berger which propelled Kevin to Third. It was all up to Mike. Maybe it was the pressure,

or maybe it was his socks, but Mike connected and brought his brother and Laura home for the win.

Paula Halfman stepped onto the pitcher’s mound laughing in the face of any mention of a curse. She proved her mettle with a solid performance—AND NO BROKEN FINGERS!

Rounding out the great performances was a fantastic catch and tag at Home by a steel-eyed Ann, who stared into the face of the enemy and didn’t flinch. That last out was a major contribution to the over-all win.

Ishtar has double trouble next week, facing off against Joe Mama and The Slammers. Boy, where do they get these goofy names????!!

### DORK OPPONENT OF THE WEEK:



*“Stretch” here from Bar Louie whiffed so much he caused a dust storm near second base!*

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## ANOTHER CHAIR BITES THE DUST.

Mike Madden does it again! In his personal quest to off the entire chair population at Joe’s establishment, Mike took his latest victim this last Sunday at IOB’s post-game gathering.

When asked about his bloodlust for the green

chairs, Mike could only respond “Monkeys!”

Recent reports indicate that Joe’s has been trying to recruit sturdier chairs. Although more expensive, they are sure to holdout.

What will make Greg laugh now?



Chairs line up to apply for new positions at Joe’s, due to recent ‘losses’.

## PLAYER PROFILE—GREG MILLER



**“Wheeee! I caught it!”**

Greg Miller, GAM, The Thundering One—whatever you want to call him, Greg is a presence on the field.

This long-time fixture on

IOB , Greg plays Shortstop. And although he is not short, he certainly stops the ball. He is literally immovable, even in the path of a line drive.

Greg is also best known for delightful (read: ‘make-you-cry’) criticism of his teammates’ abilities and pretty bandaging on most of his body’s major joints.

Greg prides himself on his truthfulness, and we delight

in his steadfastness on the field of battle. Let it continue to Thunder!



## 2003 SCHEDULE (3 WEEKS ONLY)

One of our opponents next week is called “Joe Mama”

- Joe Mama is sooo fat, in the Summer she sells shade!

- Joe Mama is sooo stupid, she thought a Quarterback was a refund.

- Joe Mama is sooo ugly, after she was born her father went to the zoo and threw rocks at the stork!

Sunday, June 8th, 2003 - **DOUBLE HEADER**

12:00 PM	601 - Ishtar on Beta	Vs	609 - Slammers	Grant Park Field 10
1:00 PM	601 - Ishtar on Beta	Vs	604 - Joe Mama	Grant Park Field 10

Sunday, June 15th, 2003

**NO GAME**

Sunday, June 22nd, 2003

11:00 AM	601 - Ishtar on Beta	Vs	609 - Indy Team #611	Grant Park Field 10
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## INJURY REPORT - JUNE 8TH GAME

**OUT:**

Nicole (Hand)  
 Cathy (Hand)  
 John Sangimino (Ankle)  
 Stacey Erickson (Wrist)

**QUESTIONABLE:**

???

**PROBABLE:**

Mike Madden (Ankle)  
 Tony Yaniz (Thumb)  
 Greg Miller (Misc.)  
 Kevin Madden (Baby)

## EAR ON IOB

**Quotes (some are actually real) heard at the last game and afterwards:**

1. "I think she wants to kick my ass! Hmmm ..." John, referring to the opposing team's pitcher who threw out a lot of sass after John confronted her team about lineup irregularities
2. "No, I think it's GREAT!" Tom to the waitress at Joe's after she made a comment about how we might be sick of seeing her face (since we were her only customers)
3. "Underwear blah blah underwear blah blah underwear." The only words overheard from a conversation Laura Berger was having at the other end of the table at Joe's
4. "My arm! My left arm!!!" Greg experiencing a mild heart attack brought on from laughter after watching Mike go down in his chair yet again

"When the waitress puts the dinner on the table, the old men look at the dinner, the young men look at the waitress."

Gelett Burgess  
(1937)

## TY'S TAKE

Ty graciously ceded this week's space to the guest submission below.

## BOTTOM OF THE THIRD PAGE [SPECIAL SUBMISSIONS]

**"Mikey at the Bat"**

*Adapted by J. Sangimino*

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Ishtar team that day,  
The score stood five to four with one half inning left to play.  
And then when Maddox came up short and Ellis did the same,  
A pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair.  
The rest  
clung to that hope which stays alive inside each human breast.  
They thought, "If only Mikey Madden could get a whack at that..."  
We'd bet our weight in Car Bombs now,  
with Mikey at the bat."

But Kevin preceded Mikey, as did also Laura Berger,  
And the former hadn't slept much lately,  
while the latter was hung-over.  
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
For there seemed but little hope of Mikey getting to the bat.

But Kev let fly a single (as Bar Louie's bitchy pitcher cursed),  
And Berger, fleet of foot, legged out an over-throw to first.  
And when the dust had settled and fans saw what had occurred,  
There was Laura safe at second and Kevin hugging third.

Then from the nearby Cancer March, there rose a lusty whoop,  
It rumbled clear down Balbo Drive, and rattled through The Loop.  
It echoed off of Marshall Fields, spread shock and awe down State,  
For Mike Madden (Mighty Mikey) was advancing to the plate.

There was ease in Mikey's manner as he limped into his place,  
There was pride in Mikey's bearing and a smile lit Mikey's face.  
And when responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in Grant Park could doubt 'twas Mikey at the bat.

Homeless people watched him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,  
Squirrels and birds applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.  
Then as the crack whore pitcher ground the ball into her hip,  
Defiance flashed in Mikey's eyes, a sneer curled cross his lip.

And now the 16-inch circumference sphere came scorching through the air,  
And Mikey stood by watching in a haughty grandeur there.  
Close by the injured batsman, the ball unheeded sped,  
"Do you like monkeys?" he asked the short-centerfielder..."Strike one!" the umpire said.  
From the patrons in the park, there arose an angry roar,  
(Like the grinding of express bus gears in rush hour down Lake Shore.)

"Kill him! Kill the umpire!!" shouted Mrs. Berger from the stand,  
And it's likely she'd have killed him had not Mikey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity, great Mikey's visage shone,  
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on.  
He signaled the skanky pitcher and once more the dun sphere flew,  
But as Mikey scratched his groin and yawned, the ump yelled out "Strike two!"

"Fraud!" cried Mr. Berger, and the marching thousands echoed "Fraud!"  
But one scornful look from Mikey and the audience was awed.  
They saw his face grow stern and cold,  
they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Mikey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Mikey's lip, his teeth are clenched with hate,  
He pounds with arms of pasty white, his bat upon the plate.  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now she lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered with the force of Mikey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,  
Hot waitresses named Andrea fill pitchers with Bud Light.  
And somewhere there is laughter, as Joe's outdoor chair legs snap,  
But there's also joy on Weed Street – Mikey hit one to the gap.

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER  
OF ISHTAR ON BETA  
VOLUME I

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## BRING IT ON!

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THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO LAURA'S PARENTS. THEY ARE TRUE FANS OF CAMEL DROPPINGS (THE NEWLETTER, THAT IS) AND THE TEAM.



## DROPPINGS

**Little (Internet) snippets about the two things that are always on our minds:**

### WHY SOFTBALL IS BETTER THAN SEX

- \* You can play softball as much or as little as you want; YOU get to decide.
- \* After an unusually long and difficult softball game you can still ride your bike home.
- \* In softball, the other team pays attention throughout, even if they're done scoring.
- \* If you have to take a piss during a softball game, you can say "Excuse me, I gotta drain the swamp" and you don't lose style points.
- \* In softball, nobody comments on the size of your bat, as long as you know what to do with it.

- \* In softball, you don't feel guilty about winning the ugly ones.
- \* The other team never has to forfeit a game cause they're on their period.
- \* You don't have to buy the other team dinner to get a game.
- \* If you get all scratched up in a softball game, you can brag about it to your wife.
- \* In softball, if you go a couple months without scoring, your balls don't hurt.
- \* In softball, you can play the same team every day for a year and it's never the same twice.
- \* You don't mind if your parents come to watch you play softball.
- \* You can play three, maybe four softball games a day.

- \* Playing the wrong softball team won't get you shot.
- \* You can be absolutely certain that, nine months after a softball game, the other team's lawyers won't call, asking for half of your pre-tax income for the next eighteen years.
- \* Rest assured that the other team will not invite you to the ballet.
- \* The other team doesn't demand that you shave before the game.
- \* The other team can smell like road kill and you'll never know it.
- \* If you don't score in a softball game, the other team doesn't ask you if you've had that problem often.
- \* No matter how drunk the other team is they never throw up in your bed.

## Picture of the Week

1. **"The smell from this box has been known to break some chairs."**



2. **"My other sock was used by the Iraqi's when they ran out of Phosgene gas."**
3. **"A diorama from Jodi? I thought it was a box lunch!"**
4. **"Do I look fatter in this picture than now? I'd better feel my gut ... .. awww shit!"**
5. **"Hey waitress! Forget monkeys, how do you like me now?"**



**"Boy Chuck, watching these bozos play 16-inch Softball is making me horny. Let's go find Richard Gere!"**