

08/13/90

Quite frankly, I enjoyed the literary efforts of both Sandjigger and Underbelly. While plainly not up to the lofty standards of From the Bullpen, they were nevertheless clever, and obviously the product of a good deal of thinking and the expenditure of a vast amount of personal time. But then, these two characters have a considerable amount of disposable time on their hands. A hectic week for Underbelly consists of frantically looking for a fourth for a game of pitch at work, running off the baseball league stats and speeding over to B.T.'s fax machine on Tuesday afternoon, and monitoring his sizable investment portfolio (100 shares of virtually worthless Bridges Investment Fund stock and 15 or 16 dog-eared baseball cards). And as for Sandjigger, since his promotion to vice president in charge of customer glad-handing and flesh-pressing, he's had enough time to convert the MacIntosh personal computer purchased from me (at only a slight markup) into an \$1800 address book and Nintendo machine. Not to mention the fact that he owns George, Paul and Ringo in Challenger Yahtzee.

While we're on the subject of my expansive (waistline) and receding (hairline) neighbor to the north, I thought you might all be interested in a glimpse at a typical workday for the bombastic credit card peddler:

- 7:30 a.m.           Awakes with a pounding hangover from previous evening's schmoozing with prospective clients
- 7:40 a.m.           Consumes six Tylenol and one-half bottle of Listerine (80 proof) to soften up spike through head
- 8:00 a.m.           Consumes health-nut breakfast of three Slim Jims, half a bag of Doritos, and remaining half bottle of lukewarm Rolling Rock

8:15 a.m. Showers, shaves (forehead and back) and frets about clump of hair in shower drain

8:25 a.m. Dons butterscotch leisure suit while finishing off Listerine

8:25 a.m. Logs in on computer for quick game of Yahtzee with Ringo

8:30 a.m. Hops into PMBMW and listens to motivational sales tape by Clarence "Zig" Zigler: How to Win Friends, Influence People and Make Sales by Pressing Flesh, Telling Jokes and Slapping Backs

8:40 a.m. Arrives at work and tells receptionist and secretary how beautiful they look this morning

8:45 a.m. Walks by boss' office for first time, wishes him a good morning, tells him he looks like he's lost weight

8:50-9:00 a.m. Drinks coffee (Irish) and reads box scores to see how the flacid Mudhens are doing

9:05 a.m. Walks by boss' office a second time and tells him he loves his new suit

9:10 a.m. Begins calling on prospective customers; tells them that whatever they are buying, F.D.R. is selling

9:25 a.m. Walks by boss' office a third time and remarks about great-looking family in photo on boss' desk

9:30-10:00 a.m. Updates information in \$1800 address book

10:05 a.m. Walks by boss' office and offers to get him a fresh cup of coffee

10:10-10:25 a.m. Intensive sales strategy and brown-nosing session with boss

10:25-10:45 a.m. Generalized schmoozing and butt-kissing of secretary and other office staff members

10:45-1:15 p.m. Four-martini lunch with prospective client at Chez Freddie's

1:30 p.m. Returns to office and assures boss of likely new client, comments on how hard boss seems to be working these days

2:00 p.m. Tee-off time at country club with prospective clients

2:01 p.m. First of many purchases from beer cart

4:10 p.m. Makes turn with a 69

6:15 p.m. Alcohol content now up to usual level, cards a 41 on the back 9

6:30-8:30 p.m. Cocktails at the 19th Hole

8:30-11:30 p.m. Cocktails at the Holiday Bar and Arthur's

11:30-1:00 a.m. Cocktails and ballet at Last Chance Saloon

1:20 a.m. Arrives home, admires and pets pheasant on mantel

1:25-1:50 a.m. Whips up on Ringo at Challenger Yahtzee

2:00 a.m. Slumps into bed, fully-clad from waist up, otherwise in birthday suit

4:15 a.m. Awakens and updates \$1800 address book with name of dancer from Last Chance Saloon

4:30 a.m. Pets pheasant on mantel

7:30 a.m. Awakes with pounding hangover and begins cycle anew

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**SKIPPER'S TOP 10 LIST  
OF REASONS WHY SANDJIGGER BACKED OUT  
OF THE OPENING DAY BASEBALL TRIP TO BALTIMORE**

10. Conflicting weekend religions retreat with Al Sharpton.
9. Saturation of cliché-spewing credit card salesmen on East Coast.
8. Heartsick about Iraq's unfair treatment of Kurds.
7. Too upset about Ringo's continued domination of him in computer Triple Yatzee.
6. Refused to pay surcharge imposed by airline for seatbelt extender.
5. Must wait by phone for call about donor for emergency hair transplant.
4. More fun to stay home alone and play solitaire ping pong and admire basement shrine to self.
3. Concern over sharing queensize hotel bed with Underbelly in drag.
2. Baltimore movie theaters no longer showing Batman.
1. Anne said no f---ing way.

Circa 4/91

**SKIPPER'S TOP TEN LIST OF REASONS  
THAT SANDJIGGER BAILED OUT OF THE  
WEEKEND WORLD SERIES TRIP TO MINNEAPOLIS**

10. Refused to participate in degradation of Native Americans.
9. Busy working on Billy Jack's presidential campaign.
8. Trying to keep a low profile after being arrested in California with Jimmy Swaggart.
7. Molly won't let him go either.
6. Afraid rabid Braves fans might complete scalp job.
5. Agreed with Anne that he would rather stay home and go to crafts fair with her.
4. Caught up in false sense of self-importance at work.
3. Still pouting at gutter finish of Mudhens.
2. Afraid of chance meeting with Aunt Linda in Minneapolis.
1. Anne said "Don't even ask, Buster!"

10/21/91

## TOP TEN LIST OF REASONS FOR ITCHIE'S RECENT PROMOTION AT FDR

10. FDR needed someone to fill weekly spot in Sunday business section of *Omaha World Herald*, every other vice president already promoted within last sixty days.
9. Company will having easier time selling Itchie on this year's bonus -- subscription to Jam-of-the-Month Club.
8. Itchie went above and beyond the call to snare Wiggins account -- dressing he and Zack up like mother and daughter to schmooze female Wiggins CEO act of sheer genius.
7. Joining the "Hair Club for Men" paying huge dividends.
6. Anne playing hanky-panky with Itchie's boss finally bearing fruit.
5. Itchie's strategy of shooting in the 130s every time he golfs with his boss<sup>1</sup> paying off.
4. Only other candidate for position recently killed by mail bomb.
3. Textbook example of the Peter Principle.
2. Seventeen years of Dale Carnegie courses finally panning out.

### *And the number one reason that Itchie was promoted is:*

1. John Thielen finally recognized for what he is: The best ass-kissing, apple-polishing, boot-licking, flesh-pressing, brown-nosing credit card huckster in Omaha!

12/19/94



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<sup>1</sup> And everyone else.

## ITCHIE'S TOP TEN LIST OF NEW HOME AMENITIES/FEATURES

10. Taxidermy and showroom for stuffing and exhibiting pheasants.
9. Computer Yahtzee room with life-size Ringo playing partner.
8. Simulated ticker-tape machine with infinite strand of ready-to-use insincere compliments for customers and FDR superiors.
7. Lazy Susan toupee holder in dressing room.
6. Guest house for Kato Kaelin or Carl McPipe or any of Anne's other "special friends."
5. Central sound system to pipe Bread's Greatest Hits through every room of house.
4. Personalized talking vanity mirror which tells him "You're the coolest" and "What a handsome dude" and "Knock 'em dead today, Tiger!"
3. Big screen TV room where he can watch idol Rusty the Bailiff on re-runs of People's Court.
2. Central liposuction vacuum.
1. Pyramid-shaped shrine in basement to house Cub Scout certificates, bronze medal from 6th grade track meet, and photo of dead heat finish with Subby Anzaldo at Corporate Cup race.

# The FiggerNaut



As happens at least once every summer, my vociferous neighbor's disparaging barbs regarding the up and coming Mudhens have finally pushed my patience past the boiling point, and prompted me to respond to the sophomoric Journalism and auto-fellatio which emanates from his publication. Of course, I must first point out that my fellow comrades and I would not enjoy the liberty to respond to "From the Bullpen" in such a manner without the valiant efforts of Underbellie, who in his own little mind believes the banal, half hearted response that he boasted about for months has knocked down the Berlin Wall and cleared the way for the rest of the league managers to voice their opinion. You are truly a trailblazer, Underbelly, a man who paddles his own canoe.

There are a few things that need to be made clear to the "Skipper" (has anyone else had it with that name?) before he runs off and spends his third place money on his dream honeymoon, which I understand includes one night at the Interstate Inn, followed up by the matinee at Bluff's Run. The season is not quite over, and making predictions can be a risky proposition. The Skipper may want to consider the fate of certain other "would be" prognosticators which I have kindly included for your viewing enjoyment. It ain't over 'til it's over, sport.

Now, back to this moniker which he proudly wears. Since I was not a member of the Hot Stove League at its inception, I am unclear of the derivation of this nickname. However, my life experience and years of expertise in deductive reasoning have led me to conclude that "Skipper" was derived from one of the following sources:

1. The striking resemblance of his physique to that of Alan Hale.
2. The fact that he is "a little light in the loafers", and Skipper seems to appropriately describe his gait (right fella?) or,
3. The fact that he is continuously skipping his legal duties to work on his precision iron game, which is so inept that during a recent golf outing, a total stranger was prompted to facetiously dub him "The Surgeon" for his delicate touch around the greens.

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I also have a hard time conceptualizing how this walking, talking, quadruple bogey man has the cajones to criticize my golf game, when our last five mano a mano matches have resulted in landslide victories for the JiggerMan. Such criticism seems akin to Roseanne Barr badmouthing Barbara Streisand's singing prowess.

Having vented a portion of my anger through this impromptu edition of The Jiggernaut, I would like to close with a prediction of my own:

CALVIN PEETE WILL BE  
THE CLUB PRO AT SHOAL CREEK  
BEFORE THE SENATORS FINISH IN THE MONEY!

You'll hear from me again, Skippy.



"The Senators will finish in third place."

David Ernst 1990



# DEWARS

# PROFILE



NAME: David "CheeseDick" Ernst

HAIR STYLE: Vintage Dennis the Menace

LIFE'S AMBITIONS:

Understanding the basic concept of baseball  
Portraying a hillbilly in "Deliverance II"  
Properly operating a charcoal grill

FAVORITE BOOKS:

Cat In The Hat  
Horton Hears A Who  
Connect The Dots

LIKES: Beer, Wine, Bourbon, Gin, Vermouth, Vodka,  
Mouthwash, Nyquil

DISLIKES: Preparing for Hot Stove League draft (obviously)  
Reading Boxscores (who can blame him)

FAVORITE PAST TIMES: Betting on ex-dates at Bluffs Run  
Demolition Derby Trials

ROLE MODEL: Rusty the Bailiff

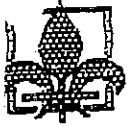
IDEAL DATE(S): Drive in movie with Dave Stewart

FAVORITE MOVIE(S): Lily Tomlin Trilogy

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Donny Osmond  
Tiffany

FAVORITE SCOTCHES: Dewars, Someone else's

\* \* \* (WE'RE NOT DONE YET) \* \* \*



# The Jigger Naut



Yeah, I guess you could say I've about had it with this ambulance chasing shyster. This know it all has been running his chops non stop since I graced him with my presence by moving in next to his bungalow nearly two years ago. His antics merit more than a Dewars profile - a few of my candid observations are outlined below.

Let's start out by discussing a subject near and dear to all of us; the Hot Stove League. CheeseDick has been whimpering about his hideous collection of ballplayers all year. But he's never made a bad pick, mind you, he's simply run into bad luck 25 times this year. As soon as McBlunder's team heals up, the Senators will spend more time in the cellar than a fine wine.

Speaking of alcohol, CheeseDick likes to get a snootful of the loudmouth soup and tell you what a great athlete he is. Golf is a good example. "I know I could play on the tour right now" he cackles. Sadly, he also turns to alcohol to mask his ineptitude at that simple game. His golf cart looks like Foster Brooks' Lazy Susan. When he's on the tee, he should be arrested for driving while intoxicated.

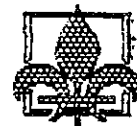
He is immediately recognized on the course by his habit of beginning every sentence with "I'll take a . . ." as in, after slicing three into the woods, shanking one into the water, playing from trap to trap for half an hour, and three putting, "I'll take a six".

Bad Lies? A Parole Officer doesn't get as many as this babbling fool. The best wood in his bag is his pencil.

But then, there's always Softball. "I could play for Steele's right now" he laments. Unfortunately most of us have witnessed his feeble efforts at this game, too. He's nicknamed "BINGO" because of his oh-seventy five average, yet he's more helpless in the field than he is at the dish. Talk about cement thumbs, I've seen better hands on a clock.

"But what about Basketball?" he retorts. "I could start for Illinois right now". CheeseDick is what's known as a shooter (note, not a scorer) on the courts. This guy has no conscience - his idea of a good shot is one taken by him. Hence his nickname "THE BLACK HOLE". He thinks a pass is something used to get into a movie for free. On the few occasions he has managed a bucket, it's because of his proficiency for picking up trash, which led to the "ABE" moniker which is heard whenever he steps on the hardwood. Let's face it, this guy couldn't score in a gym by himself.

# The Jigger Naut



"Tennis is my game - I could play at Wimbledon right now" he crows. Yet his only verified opponent is our anemic, dinner sock wearing, pipe smoking neighbor Roger, who routinely spansks CheeseDick like a red headed albino stepchild. I would suggest he propose a match with Shamu, in order to show us the true definition of "endless love".

"But at least I'm good at sports trivia" he spouts. "I could be on Jeopardy right now". This coming from a guy who thought the Kentucky Derby was a hat, and the Davis Cup was something worn by an Atlanta catcher.

All things considered, aside from the incessant whining and bragadoccio which continually spews forth from the humble starter home next to mine, CheeseDick is really not that bad of a neighbor. I must say though, that I was quite surprised when I eventually determined that Carl McPipe didn't actually live there. It was only after realizing that the appearance of Carl's Electra Deuce and a Quarter coincided precisely with CheeseDick's office hours that I surmised something wasn't kosher. Don't fret, CheeseDick, I know you'll eventually find a sheep that can cook.

Enough for now. Suffice it to say that the junior high journalism and blatant slander which has been inflicted on the nine knowledgeable league owners will not only no longer be tolerated, but will be addressed with swift and just rebuttals.

Eat my dust CheeseDick, the Mudhens have blown the doors completely off the "would have, could have, should have" Senators.

No Further Questions.