

Anne--

Hello again, Anne. Herbie Schroeder sent a follow-up to his first letter, mostly about the Shelton tournament. He said to tell you thanks much for printing his first letter, and he hopes you will do the same with his new article. The letter is attached.

## HERBIE GOES #2

Well, a big how-DEE to y'all out there in shuffleboard land. This is ol' Herbie Schroeder checkin' back in fer some grit about that Shelton shootout tournament up there in Washington State, the one ol' Vern (and here he goes usin' them \$1000 words) calls an 'extravaganza'. Now me myself, I ain't never had much 'extra' anythin', but I might could surely use a little extra on my 'vaganza'-- ya know what I mean, Vern. Again, I'm givin' the letter to that short fat feller I met, Grant Manning, to send out fer me. I jest call him my Clark Kent 'cause I can always git in touch with him, but with one BIG difference from that comic strip--I ain't wearin' no speedo and tights with my spurs, no way, no how!

Okay, here we go: First off, Vern's makin' me write what he calls a 'retraction' on what I said in my last letter. I still surely do ponder where Vern gits them \$1000 words. My idee of re-traction is getting' my tractor stuck in the mud an' then needin' re-traction to git it out. On any account I surely didn't mean no aggravation to ol' Gordie Smith, the other sheriff of that Olympic company doin' the Shelton tournament. What I'm tryin' to say is this--I found out there ain't no feller called Ol' Limp Dick helping' to run this here company, 'cause it's called 'O-lympic' Shuffleboard. My big oops. I surely wasn't describin' ol' Gordy-- Patti kin speak fer that.

Now, about this here tournament. I sat back and watched more than 130 players goin' balls to the wall shuffleboard for 5 days. Like I said afore y'all, and if I'm lyin' I'm dyin', this here place will make your think you died and ended up in shuffleboard heaven. They had these padded seats goin' from the playin' floor up to the nose-bleeds (Vern says they's called bleachers) so's a fella could watch a passle of games at once...come to think on it, Vern, why's they called bleachers? Them seats was bright blue and surely wasn't bleached out. Some things I jest don't savvy no how. The boards they played mighty fine--a far hoot from another big ol' tournament I went to out West in November where the boards was jest a tad step up from firewood. Watchin' the events, this family of shuffleboard folks looked like they was havin' a high time tellin' wonderful lies about their exploits and grand exaggerations about jest about everthin' under the sun. I saw lotsa folks I know and a bunch of new players who helped make this tournament special.

Most all the players I jawed with could only say mighty fine things about the whole tournament, but to be straight up, I did hear one or two whinings. Eddie Brayman didn't like the flow of events--a course, go figure the source--Eddie's a good ol' boy, but I hear he cried on his 16<sup>th</sup> birthday 'cause he got a yella' car for a present and it wasn't his favorite color...pink. Anyways I never seen Eddie NOT complain' in 'bout somethin'. From what I

seen, his value judgments been 'bout as consistent as his left cross shot. Then there's that Mike Waters feller from up yonder, talk about grumpy ol' men. Boy howdy, he wanted the boards moved farther away from him where he was shootin' 'bout 2 inches on accounta his lags they was 'bout 2 inches too long--Mike's method of adjustment-- 'bout 1 beer shy of a six pack. Now I hear Mike was 'bout the only one knew there was an error on this gal's ratin' from Canada (she was near a '1' and got rated a '4' by mistake) so instead a sayin' something' in the Pro-Am draft room he put her on his team, so's when it all got straight and the air cleared it was too late to change his team. Now go figure who won that event unbeat--yep! Now, they had this here code of ethics 'bout fessin' up when you see something' out of order, so I jest wonder if this will affect Mike's nomination for next year's sportsmanship award.

It was so much fun watchin' all them great players. I jest found out Dave Keithahan has started callin' hisself 'Buttercup' on accounta his love for butterl--he says its like cheese for his soul. Ever time I saw folks call him that you could jest see his eyes light up and he looked all warm inside...seemed to shoot better, too--took 2<sup>nd</sup> in the open singles and doubles. Also I surely did enjoy watchin' all them Arizona players...one in particular. They was havin' a good ol' time playin', gambling', and carry'in on. One night I watched them give Joe Munez a passle of money to play craps (said he never lost). Well, he won a bunch until this Clark Kent of mine, Grant Manning, he bought in. Now, I call Grant "the cooler" 'cause he couldn't win at gamblin' if the deck was stacked in his favor. Sure nuff, his money hit the pot and BAM--lights out. One thing these Arizonians did right, though. These AZ boys all bought a piece of Cindy Clark in singles on accounta they know the kind a player she is. Fact is, I hear hear Bud LaChapelle got to pick which piece of Cindy he wanted--Hell, I wanted some, too, but I jest wanted her heart. This ol' cowboy git's a might tired endin' up kissin' his horse. I surely did enjoy seein' the Texas players, too. Harvey Kidd got to lose 3 times in the open singles. In the loser's bracket he lost a game to Billy Powell, went to his room, and then found out his match was supposed to be 2 out of 3. After Billy had already started his match against that fella with 2 first names and no last name, Gary George it was, all came to a screechin' halt-- ol' Harv got hisself back in, beat Billy 2 straight, then did the same to Gary and ended up 'bout one short of the money. Exceptin' Dairy Queen it's the first time I ever did see a player needin' to be triple dipped to git knocked out of an event-- only in Texas. Yeehaw, way to go, Harv! The other Texas couple, this here Tom and Linda, I hear Vern caught'em frenchin' in the corner when they wasn't runnin' themselves ragged helpin' Vern and Vickie keep the tournament flowin'. NOTE: I guess I got it wrong. Vern says he didn't catch them doin' nothin' and their name is Tom and Linda FRENCH... Another re-traction. I gotta say these four deserve a gold medal for hard work and makin' this show as good as it was!

Y'all, one other person of note-- This is the first time I ever seen ol' Rick ("you want somma this?) Gindt show hisself gettin' tired at a tournament. A course I never seen nobody make so many trips from the playin' area to his camper and back. Hell, that would tire even ol' Rick Boyer out. I don't know what Rick needed in that camper, maybe jest to cry about one of his bad shots, 'cause ever time he come back, his eyes they was real red. A few times I even saw Darryl helping' him out. With all them red eyes, they must a been a might emotional--it's amazin' how many shuffleboard people suffer and show these same

deep feelin's. Then I saw one player, Two Ton Kersting, call for a wheelchair to git to his room(the beer was flowin' pretty good). Well, he got dumped out in the parkin' lot, fell on his...beer bottle, and went to Emergency to git the end of a finger sewed back on. Actually, no big deal, 'cause like Mel Hohn said--"He never could lag a lick no how."

Jest stick with me, y'all, I jest gotta mention somthin' 'bout the 'handles' on some a them players out of Washington. Why's so many of them boys only got 2 first names and no last name? Maybe they don't want their real last names showin'---players like Gary George, Freddie Johns, Marv Wilbur, Dennis James, and last but not least, Jimmy Allis, and Bob Shirley. Boy Howdy, I'm glad those two didn't show up dressed in drag. Then we all got them players out yonder with what I calls 'pseudos', I guess so's to help them identeefy theselves-- Cowboy Wade, Snuffy Smith, Junior Williams, and finally Donny Cox and Brandon Glascock. I ain't even goin' there with that one. Then that Anne Herald girl--I figured she'd call her web site "The Weekly Herald", but who's ol' Herbie t'say. It's jest somethin' to see all these folks work so hard for such a game jest on accounta wantin' this game to carry on. T'all all you out there mentioned and not mentioned (yet), Herbie gives y'all a great big YEEHAW!

Endin' up this memo I jest gotta say again what a fine tournament this has become in Shelton, and how sweet it is watchin' so many folks competin', laughin', arguin' some, lyin' a lot, and makin' it look more like a family reunion than a tournament. Gettin' together in a place like this on Puget Sound at the edge of the O-lym-pic mountains--'bout as good as it gets. Well, y'all, keep the porch light on and a sandwich in the cooler, 'cause more 'n likely I'll be back. This is Herbie Schroeder signin' out fer now.