



WOW. FINALLY, A BUNCH OF SPORTS STUFF TO TALK ABOUT

By Kerry Schmidt April 19, 2009

Finally, we get a time frame where there are lots of things happening in the sports world. Now a good bit of it is not worth the time and ink it takes to talk about them, but hey, at least “it’s happenin’ baby.

And, when I toss in my caustic acts of unreality, plus my usual abilities to put a dark, and at times X-rated sense of stretching the facts, ta da, you get some pure garbage.

I have a 3-page outline, so I won’t even bother to attempt to put it in any logical order. Rather, I’ll just fire away, and see if any of you can follow.

As said above, this first worthless nothing is really a reach to call it sports.

However, since sex and pornography is a sport in many places, good stuff.

Joe Shuster was the creator of the Superman comic books.

Along with Jerry Siegel, they first showed Superman to the world in 1938. Somehow, they reaped virtually no money from this, since Superman did not really explode in popularity until the 40’s.

Shuster was barely working then, and died in 1952.

But “his best work” was discovered when Craig Roe began researching Superman and other comic’s history.

He found some really good stuff. Seems Shuster had produced hundreds of pages of very erotic sadomasochism stuff. Even by today’s standards, it would have been X-rated.

You had fully naked women with whips, brutish men with red-hot pokers (doesn’t say wherein those red hot “pokers” were located) and steamy sex scenes, even by today’s standards.

And the best part is, the two main sex fiends looked very much like Clark Kent and Lois Lane.

One even showed a naked Kent with an also naked Lois, bent over his knee as he spanked her naked buttocks! Being Superman, I bet that hurt like hell.

Sex was evident, don’t know re the rock and roll.

Oh that sneaky Kent. I can just see him “undressing” in the phone booth, then leaping out, totally naked, seizing Lane, and, while holding her upside down – whoa there, Kerry, he would fly off into the night.

Thus, the origination of the “Mile High Club.”

Unsure whether his glasses fogged up in these “hero” action scenes.

Hmmmm, a “man of steel,” with a hot pecker, I mean poker. Good stuff.

Well, baseball is now into its second week, racing quickly towards the 9 – month pennant race, and then finally giving birth to the playoffs.

I touched on the payrolls of teams and players’ salaries last week.

As of this writing (Friday), the Yankees record is 4-5 and the Marlins total payroll is only 3.5 million more than A-Rod’s yearly salary! And A-Rod has yet to play!

Couldn’t happen to a more deserving family.

The Yankees christened their new 1.5 BILLION stadium last Thursday. Newly added super-star pitcher CC Sabathia ran his record to 0-2, as the Yankees were edged out by Cleveland, 10-2.

This stinker followed a 15-5 loss to Tampa a couple days earlier.

Many scribes tried to come up with the new name for the new stadium, replacing “The House that Ruth Built.”

It seems that finally, either “The House that George Built,” or,... “The House ‘The Boss’ built.” All wrong. It should be “The House that the Taxpayers Built.”



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All but about \$300,000 of the cost was funded via some sweet “tax free bonds” for the Steinfuchs, plus some other slight of hand methods that will end up with the common folks footing the bill!

Who the F cares, right? They’re in New Yawwwk. Blame it all on Hilary.

Final Yankees BS. Last week, I mentioned that the “prime,” deluxe seats behind home plate would go for \$2500 per game. Sorry, I was wrong. The real price is \$2,650 per game. What a steal.

On opening day, those seats were all filled – by AIE executives. What a great time we live in. The NBA’s forever long regular season is over, with the playoffs having started yesterday. They will continue into June!

Everyone is talking about “The Dream” match-up: Lakers and Kobe vs. the Cavs and the King. I can assure you that ESPN and CBS are having wet dreams about that title match!

Cleveland is a virtual shoo-in, especially with Boston’s Kevin Garnett out.

The East only has, really, three good teams, Cavs, Celtics and Orlando. The 7th and 8th seed in the East are sub .500, the 6th seed is right at .500 and the 5th seed is a whopping 3 games above .500. In the West, 8th seeded Utah is 14 games over .500. Phoenix, 12 games over .500 did not make the playoffs. Had they been in the East, they would have been either the 4th or 5th seed.

So why arguably Cleveland is the league’s top team, the competition is, overall, far less than in the west.

Until Cleveland’s final game, one that meant nothing since they had already secured the home court advantage, they had only lost one game at home. That was to the Lakers. Note: Lakers beat them I L.A. also.

Last year, the Lakers lost to Boston. Their excellent center, Andrew Bynum was injured and did not play. Back and healthy, the 7’ 1” – 290 pounder is a beast in the middle.

Should the top 2 teams meet, it could be an all-time great.

The NFL draft – AKA, the ultimate crap game, is next weekend.

But the big story in the NFL, in all of sports really, is the retirement of John Madden. No one can even come close to the standards that John set, and the popularity he earned.

He is the common man’s football analyst. He studies the game like no other, then explains it in a humorous way – BAM, BOOM, et al, and he explains the game in a manner that everyone can understand and enjoy.

He developed the “teleprompter,” wherein its early days, he would draw squiggly lines on your TV screen and say...and he does this (line), and “BOOM,” so and so cuts behind him, POW, and another scribble on the screen, then a couple more and he ends with, “and that’s why it worked. Just like it should. BAM. He also is the reason you now see the yellow lines marking the 1st down spot.

Madden was actually bigger than the game itself. Virtually all media types of every ilk had to at times struggle to talk to a given player. Not Madden. All the players wanted to talk to him!

He was a true blue-collar analyst, with whom every type of fan could instantly relate. “Heck,” and “Gosh” and “Gee whiz” were other trademark comments. Down to earth, simple and honest. And, he knew the game better than any other announcer in the business. While taking his famous “Madden Cruiser” cross country, he would study every player and every detail and play for the upcoming game

He hated to fly, but the irony was his wife, Virginia, had her own plane and would fly everywhere.

Thus, he quietly walked away, leaving 3 years, at \$8.5 million per, on the table.



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His “Madden” football game is huge. Millions (over 70 mil to date) sold every year. Players beg him to feature them in the updated one each year.

His numerous endorsements bring in a decent bit of change, also.

No big announcement. He called ABC Sports chairman Dick Ebersol back on April 7. All he said was, “I’ve decided to retire. Nothing wrong, no complaints. I’m not tired of anything, but I’m going away. That’s what makes it so hard.”

Ebersol immediately flew out to John’s home in Pleasanton, CA and spent 11 hours trying to talk him out of it.

“John’s mind was made up,” Ebersol said.

He grew up in Daly City, CA, just south of S.F. John Robinson, the noted USC coach was, and still is, his best friend.

Robinson said, “He hasn’t really changed since grade school, when he cheated off my tests. Or was it the other way around?”

His health is “as good as it ever has been.” That, he says, is another reason to retire.

“My 50th wedding anniversary is coming up, and my five grandchildren are old enough to know me, and I want to spend time with them.”

He won a SB as coach of the Raiders after the 76 season, and retired after compiling the best winning percentage of any NFL coach with over 100 wins.

He will keep the famous Madden Cruiser. He said, “I’m not going to stop doing stuff (another common man’s word he used often), I’m just not going to announce football any more.”

I could write forever on Madden, since this is the only decent part of the column, but I must move on.

But it will not be the same without John Madden’s POW, BOOM, BAM, GEE Whiz, et al. He will be missed.

Speaking of AIG in the \$2600 seats.

They have been the sponsor of England’s Manchester United, THE eminent soccer team in the world. But when the bottom fell out, they had to cancel.

Guess what. Shortly after the Bailout, they jumped back on the sponsor’s of an English soccer team.

Another discussed addition to the new Yankee’s digs, are 30% more toilets (293).

But the age old question still rules.

You’ve sampled a few of the finest malt beverages, and you “gotta go.”

This takes planning some say. “You look ahead to see which batters will be up this inning, and if, say A-Rod or Manny Ramirez are due up 2nd, you just have to ‘hold it.’”

Thus, perhaps the BEST way to decide the celebrity of a player. If you have to “hold it” for Albert Pujols, for example, he is a great player. But if Abe Average is coming up, time to go pee! I wonder if they have a 7th inning pee song?

Some real good news re the NBA. TNT is giving Sir Charles Barkley his own video channel – The Barkley Zone.

Barkley is the best, and funniest, announcer on TV. Turn him loose with a few comrades, and you surely will get a very entertaining show. Can’t wait.

Some ink for golf.

The Masters was on last week end. Some interesting play.

But a sad aspect was also present.

John Daly, once a very promising golf pro with the booming drives, was not playing.

Done in by his own “illnesses” – drinking, gambling, and smoking: The results of his “illnesses” are 4 broken marriages, millions of dollars lost gambling – he is now nearly broke, and he is nearing the end of his 6-month suspension by the PGA.



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One could find him, his RV parked outside the main gate at Augusta, hawking paintings, T-shirts and other Daly memorabilia.

In a picture of him outside his RV, his body looks like a rumpled sack of dirty laundry. He needs a 44-D bra.

He'll talk of "all his mistakes," and then adds, "Everybody makes mistakes. At least I talk about mine." But not enough to finally admit what he has become, and really try to save what was once a very promising career. Or at least his life.

Yet, say those who still stick by him, "He just does not get it."

They leave him sipping beer in front of his sales merchandise.

It would not shock some if he was just one day found dead in a not so good area. Very sad.

Boy, has this column taken a sudden wrong turn.

As I write this, I'm sure not sipping a beer. NO WAY. I'm sipping 18-year old McCallun single malt. Much better.

More baseball. MLB announced that African-American players accounted for 10.2% last year.

Some said that while that "is an improvement," it's no enough.

I hate to clue them in, but does the fact that nearly 40% of all MLB players are Latinos mean anything to them?

Damn sure it's not a racial situation. I can assure you that if ANY player was good enough to make it, he would be there.

NOTE: The NBA is over 80% black, and the NFL is over 50%, so that tells you where said players gravitate to.

Mark "The Bird" Fidrych died last week. He was a loveable, eccentric pitcher for the Tigers. He would never step on a white chalk line, but would loudly talk to the ball, bend over and clear the rubber with his hands, and often run over to teammates to slap them high fives.

He was not crazy like Al Hrabowski, the "Mad Hungarian," who would scream at himself, pound his glove, often hit himself in the head with his glove, then jump back on the mound and stare down the hitter.

The Bird (because he looked like Big Bird on Sesame Street, he was just a fun-loving guy. All sports need more characters like him.

RIP.

Well, a few sips of single malt got me through another one, so, now that it's finished, I believe I will go have one more.

Bottoms up. (Or was that Superman's line?)