



SOMETIMES, YOU JUST SPIT IT OUT!

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By Kerry Schmidt

The above headline simply means, absolutely, that there is not one single thing that is worth wasting your and/or my interest.

In fact, there is nothing but worthless bull s..t

Thus, this gives me free reign to say anything I want to.

So, baton down the hatches, as here comes a tsunami, grab your dog's pooper scooper and look out.

NOTE: If you can't tell the difference from the real/unreal, well, you need to start drinking heavily.

About the only thing I won't make up? Well, maybe a little bit of BS in this next paragraph. Or after this 2010 uncapped NFL season.

This year's season is uncapped, i.e. teams may spend at will.

However, while those words are music to player's ears, fact is that there are many strings attached.

Teams already have released several restricted free agents. Now, your team may then offer an amount that will likely be less than they would receive if there were no cap.

Any team may grab them up, but if they do, the team losing player(s) will receive draft choices. If the team does not match the offer, the team with rights to said player, can offer him whatever they want.

Some of the top notch players may well be signed by another team – resulting in team he just left by receiving money and draft choices(s).

If you think this is a bunch of poop, you're right.

You can call this year as "uncRapped year"

2011 WILL be the giant explosion.

Here, a few of the bug bucks teams (Dallas, Washington, et al) may spend like a drunken sailor, but, for the most part, teams will sit back and see.

The reason for this situation is the owners' cancellation of the contract that has been in place for over 20 years.

The major sticking point is the 60% of revenues that are given to the players. And each year, same as now, there likely will be a salary cap, with cap amounts.

The owners want the 60% mark to be reduced by 18%. I don't need to tell you what the players have to say.

The owners, with commissioner Roger Goodell, have this true BULL POOP statement. He says "The idea is to grow the pie. We want to grow revenue and if we do that, then players will make more money, and that is good for the 'system.'" What system?!

This will shock you, but both sides just want to make more money.

But it is the owners who are really the greedy ones.

The real danger here is that, with no contract in place by 2010, the NFL could well end up like MLB, which has the haves and have not teams. See Yankees.

There is one aspect that both owners and especially players, may agree on.

The veterans are pissed off, and rightly so. When they see a couple of rookies come aboard with a guaranteed 15-20 Million bucks before he takes his first play.....



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This is common. The rookie gets big bucks up front, then it is usually 2 years before he really starts to shine. And some never do.

The last year of the K is a large amount, and past history is team's re-structure the existing contract, or let the player go.

Say 2011 is here.

If the owners do lock out the players, like the 1982 season, who knows. Bringing in "replacement players," as in 1982, will most certainly piss off the veterans to no end.

This will shock you, but this is all about money. WHOA!

Each side is breathing their fire, mainly to try to scare the other.

The player's union head, DeMaurice Smith, predicted the chances of a lockout is at 14, on a scale of 1-10. HMMM, wonder if he thinks there will be a lockout.

As 2011 approaches, all this will get nastier, and name calling begins. The fuse is then set to flame, and either it goes off before said date or not.

While the owners, on paper, have more to lose. But they could bring in the strike-breakers, and pay them very little. AND, the fans are stuck with their \$100 ticket. The fans are the ones who take it in the backside here.

Note: Look at the disaster "scab" football players caused. They were shunned and hated 'til the last ones left Dodge.

I've wasted way too much time.

I received several emails from Canadian folks, boasting about beating the US for the Gold, and more to the point, they told me how exciting the sport is and I needed to write about it. OK, you hockey pucks.

For what it is worth, I am happy Canada won. It is very important to you.

Hey, I loved the shots (pictures) of some of your female members of the hockey team that also beat us. Sitting on the ice, drinking beer and champagne and a couple had cigars. **YOU GO GIRLS!**

Now, hockey really SUCKS when you watch on TV. You can't follow the puck (yes, some stations give the puck a bright color just for TV, which helps.)

However, there were a few aspects of the games I liked.

My brother and I had season tickets to the LA Kings, and the best seats!

Our 4 seats were right next to the "cage" wherein the official pushed the red button to affirm a goal. During time outs, he would

ask us to keep an eye out while he went to take a leak.

WRONG!

As the players were warming up, they would practice their various shots at the goal.

Well, I, or one of my friends, would ring the red button (We would duck down so no one could see us, so crowd really started to laugh, et al.

One time, I did it twice and, well, the score keeper must have been drunk or something, as he added 2 goals to our team.

We got caught finally. But, later in the season, we slipped the REAL button boy (BB) with some single malt. Lucky for us, a couple of shots were REAL close as to whether the puck crossed the rid line or not. I quickly told him it WAS a goal (it was not), so he immediately hit the magical button. That gave the Kings a one goal lead with only 2 minutes left in the game.

They did not have instant replay then, so, well I won a game for the Kings. Good Stuff.

Other neat stuff at a hockey game. Our seats were right in front, with the ¾ inch high grade plexi-glass. As the payers were warming up, we'd put our hand on the plexi-glass and they would try to hit it.

It was like getting hit with a boxing glove. They would ask us to move our hand around.



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Before the final period, they would beckon us to their seating box and give us some pucks, a stick and autographs.

Last, but not least.

The plexi-glass was held in place by 2x by 4's. It allowed the plexi-glass to be very flexible.

Now. One time I needed, for business, to take a snotty bitch who had no frickin idea what was going on. She just liked to sit so close, as she would be on TV every time the action was in our zone.

Now, my favorite. As 1 to 2 players were after the puck that had been shot into our end. You could tell which players were real players or chicken shits. IE, the first guy to the puck was most definitely going to get his face imprinted into the plexi. One time a player got a broken nose, right in front of us! YEA. Blood all over.

Now, I had to set up the best part. No beer for Ms. Super Snob, had to be the best white wine (in LA, they had a good selection, and I had to buy her a \$35 glass of pinot or something). I told her to put her cup on the ledge in front of her. Hee, hee, hee.

As two rampaging behemoths got past half court, I would excuse my self – she could care less, she got to be on TV again, while I stood 2-3 rows back.

Super great!! They both slammed into the boards right in front of our seats.

That full wine glass flew off the ledge and hit her dead center of her \$10,000 surgically fitted left plastic tit. And I mean really nailed the bitch! She was soaked in some type of \$40.00 wine.

Soaked her from chin to crotch. Greatest moment in my hockey life.

She threatened to sue everyone, until I pointed her to the mega-TV above center ice. She was on TV for a good 30 seconds. Her demeanor changed instantly as she smiled, gave the crowd a kiss, and even stood up and gave the crowd the obligatory Malibu-type of smile.

Only one thing could top it. I set her up a second time, only about 5 minutes later!! There was THE ultimate dumb blonde.

Well, next day, there was Ms. Plastic, her smiling face on the front of the sports sheet. I spoke to a friend of mine about a year ago, and she still had that pix – laminated on a redwood carved board and hung over a fire place in, well, with 32 rooms, not sure which room it was, but...

And, believe this: With that pix, she DID get moved up to the high "B" list! Qualified her to walk the red carpet at Oscar time.

Damn, I should have asked her for awell, never mind. You get the idea.

Only in Hollyweird!

Current issue of Sports Illustrated has a 12-page section of golf. The usual crap, pictures of \$2,000 clubs – did Tiger get a face full of that?

What ever. This off-beat look at golf quickly returned me to, Ta da, "KERRY GOLF."

Easy to play. First off, there are NO rules.

Well, a few. We had to hire a couple of very pretty Hooters girls and rent them a cart. Their sole job was to bring us an ice cold beer at the end of every hole.

Since I played very little, I rented a bag. There were 8 or 9 clubs. I told them I did not need that many, but they said it was a set, so had to take them all.

OK, no pro-blemo. I brought my "club" which I used about 80%.

It was a 36" lacquered maple, Louisville Club base ball bat!

I out-drove (is that a golf word) my 3 buddies by at least 40 yards.

And I kept it in the fairway about 40% of the time.

Since it was "Kerry Golf," we asked the few other folks on the "links" if this was OK?

Well, somewhere around, whatever hole, I was in serious need of "outsourcing" (good business word) my bladder!



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OK, the truth. There were 4 of us and behind us was a tiny Japanese couple. I speak a tiny bit of Japanese, so I confirmed he was with his wife, and I tried to get them to play ahead of us. No compendo, baby.

I then made a further attempt to explain to them that since this course had well over 500 out door bathrooms – for men, anyway, what I needed to do.

The wife, (she was shorter than most of her clubs) it seemed, was amused by our game.

Not wanting to walk a couple hundred yards to facilitate my bladder function, plus the fact that another 4-some was just teeing off on the hole before this one, I figured to utilize my problem-solving skills, and, while standing on the tee, I simply dropped all, and managed to soak my “tee.” Good shooting.

The Japanese man did not seem amused, but his wife was laughing big time. However, they soon disappeared.

My lawyer – also very good friend—see some lawyers are OK – was riding in my cart. As I sped downhill, he realized that I was going to try to jump the little stream there. After some loud, quick pleading, he bailed out.

Well, sports fans, I made it. The bags, cooler and whatever, flew out all over the place, but we managed to find everything.

I think it was somewhere around the 13th or 14th hole that the head groundskeeper (Bill Murray!) came up to us and said we may want to finish up

He was real cool. Knew us from our previous trips. I agreed, tipped him \$50, gave him a beer, and headed to the clubhouse.

Some guy at the cart place wanted to know how all that dirt and mud got on the side of the cart. Since it had not rained in a month or so, I had not answer.

Oh well. Went into the clubhouse and had a couple of beloved single malt.

We gave each of the Hooters girls \$50, and they left, saying that they definitely wanted to be our “caddies” anytime we were going to play.

While readying to pay our bar tab, the asst. mgr. of the club came over and, well, quietly, and with embarrassment, said that we needed to “improve,” our behavior. He was not upset, he knew we tipped everyone \$50, so we were favorites. Even gave him 50.

I would love to know how that tiny Japanese lady explained he golf game when she got back to Japan!

Shoot!

Ran up enough junk. Should have not bothered to tell you re the 2010 and 2011 NFL seasons. I should have just told the other four classic moments that would fit in a column that is called.....

“OFF THE WALL SPORTS!

Single malt time!!