

Frisko Eddie's Revenge: The Return

A series by Balboa Ron Schweikert

(In last month's episode, Eddie left the airport when he remembered that he still had the \$10,000 he and Lil had won in Texas. He returned to Tacoma Tim's to give her the money and requested the cabbie to wait for his return to the airport for his trip back home. Lil's fond farewell gave him second thoughts.....)

Eddie was trying to make the words come out. The cabbie was looking at him strangely because of the confused look on his face. Finally (what seemed like an eternity), the instructions to the driver were complete.

Lil could hear the cab as it drove off. She could hear her heart pounding as well, and when she couldn't stand it a second longer, she went to the door. She knew there was no one out there, but she had to make sure for herself. She opened the door and, as she feared, the only thing she could see was the disappearing taillights of the cab. She was totally depressed now. Then something strange happened. There was resistance when she tried to pull the doorknob. Her heart was pounding as she took a look around the door. There was Eddie standing against the wall holding the outside of the doorknob. Lil was speechless then, but Eddie wasn't. "Well, love, are you going to let me in, or what?" he said.

Eddie put down his bag as Lil rushed to him. They embraced then -- in a very serious way. They hugged and kissed like passionate lovers. Lil whispered into Eddie's ear: "My room is ready, sweetheart." Eddie replied: "I thought you'd never ask. What are we waiting for?" They were both desperately trying to get their clothes off as they made their way to the bedroom. They just flung things as they went!

Tim's bedroom was just down the hallway from Lil's room and the commotion had him half awake. He could hear the sounds coming from the other bedroom. It didn't take him long to figure out what those sounds were. He turned on his side then, and with a smile on his face, went back to sleep.

Tim was up first in the morning. He laughed to himself when he noticed some articles of clothing on the hallway floor. He made his way to the kitchen and began making a giant pot of coffee. As the coffee was brewing, he selected the things he would need to make breakfast.

Now Tim was quite a cook and when he had overnight company, he especially liked to prepare breakfast. He began to lay out the food items he would need. He selected a half slab of hardwood smoked bacon, which he cut into thick slices. Then he took out a one-pound package of fresh pure pork sausage. The jumbo eggs were then layed out. He got out three large frying pans and put two of them on very low heat. He also brought

the oven to 400 degrees to pre-heat. While that was on, he peeled and then grated three large fresh Idaho potatoes into a bowl of ice water.

He had timed his system to where everything would be hot and ready at the same time. He'd found a place where he could get freshly prepared biscuit dough that was perfect. He rolled and shaped the biscuits and, after buttering the tops, placed them on a large cookie sheet and into the oven.

He took the pork sausage and added his own spices. He sprinkled in some garlic powder, a touch of salt and pepper, some oregano, parsley and just a touch of dried and finely crushed red peppers. He formed them into small patties.

He started the bacon and sausage then and, in a second pan, he melted a chunk of butter and started his home made hash browns. He didn't have the heat too high at first, so they wouldn't burn. He took the bacon and sausage out when they were well-cooked and drained them. He poured off most of the grease, but left a little from both pans in one pan so he could make his famous "Red-Eye" gravy.

After the remaining grease from the bacon and sausage was hot in the pan, he added about 4 tablespoons of flour, mixing it with the grease until it started to brown. Then he poured in one cup of water and brought it to a boil while he stirred. He added about three cups of whole milk then and brought it to a boil once more, stirring all the time.

Everything was done about the same time. All he had to do now was place it all in the oven on low heat and get the two "lovers" out of bed.

He knocked on their door and heard whispering coming from inside. He hollered out: "Hey, in there, breakfast is ready. How do you want your eggs?"

Lil and Eddie had awakened earlier. It was a wonderful way to wake up. Lil knew about Tim's famous breakfasts, so she shouted out: "Eddie and I will have them the usual way -- and we'll be at the table before they're done, Tim."

Cooking eggs was also an "art" for Tim. He had a special Teflon pan that had a heavy, tight-fitting clear glass lid. He turned the heat to medium and added a chunk of butter. Then he broke his six jumbo eggs into a bowl. When the butter had melted, he carefully added the eggs, making sure he didn't break any of the yokes. Then he added his secret ingredient -- about two tablespoons of water on the side of the pan. Just as he got his tight-fitting lid in place, Lil and Eddie made their appearance.

They all made eye contact. There was a smile on all of

their faces and they all had a knowing twinkle in their eyes. Lil continued to look at Tim as Eddie made his way to the coffee. She gave him a big smile and a wink, along with a "thumbs-up" sign with her hand. No one spoke right then; there was no need to.

Lil and Eddie began to set the table and poured the steaming coffee as Tim went back to his eggs. The water he had added had turned to steam and was nicely firming-up the white around the yokes on the tops of the "sunny-side-up" eggs.

Everything was put on serving plates and bowls and the breakfast began. Eddie watched Lil and Tim as they loaded their plates, and then followed their lead. He took one of the hot biscuits and broke it into pieces on a side plate, and then poured some of the "Red-Eye" gravy over it. He put butter and honey on a second biscuit.

Eddie found that the food was wonderful! The bacon was crisp and very tasty and the sausage was delicious. The "from scratch" hash browns were also crispy on the outside and chewy on the inside. The eggs were also perfect -- of course!

After they had finished, they just "kicked back" in their seats with satisfied looks on their faces. There was a good, warm feeling in the room.

Tim finally broke the silence by saying: "Well, my children -- what happens next?" There was no answer. Lil and Eddie were holding hands and looking into each other's eyes. They were only thinking of the good things that had happened earlier and what was happening at that very instant. They both felt a deep sense of an emotional "moment of clarity." It felt good. What happens next? Who cared? Next would just be....next.

--TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH--

Editorial Note to Ron: This is a true story....It was Saturday noon, Nov. 14, and I had been setting copy for several hours, fueled only by several cups of coffee and a vitamin pill. By the time I got to Tim's breakfast, my stomach was growling so loud that I couldn't hear the click of the computer keys. I hit the "save" button and went to the kitchen. (George was back up at Houghton Lake finishing up some odds and ends from the tournament, so I couldn't haul him to the bedroom!) No bacon, no sausage, no biscuit mix, no time for homemade hash browns. There was, however, a can of spam, an egg, and a cheese bread stick. Even though I broke the yoke, it was the best breakfast I had in a long time -- at least good enough to give me energy to return to the computer and finish setting your story and the others that arrived in the mail today. Thanks to your graphic description of Tim's breakfast, I am not slumped over the computer with fatigue and hunger, and the fingers are flying over the keyboard! -- Donna

More Notebook....

Another Loss for Shuffleboard

We in Las Vegas recently lost a dear friend and avid shuffleboard player. His name was Frank Smith. He was well-known here and in the Southern California area as "Orange County Frank." He passed away as a result of a heart attack at 66 years of age. He was given a full Military funeral, with honors, at the newly-built Veteran's Cemetery here.

Shuffleboard was Frank's passion and he played for well over 30 years in the L.A. area and here in Las Vegas. You'll be missed, Frank, and not soon forgotten. It was always a delight to have the "tall man with the cigar" show up for our tournaments. Rest well, good friend, from all your partners in Las Vegas.

Balboa Ron Schweikert, Las Vegas, Nevada

A "Virgin" Views a Full House

Labor Day weekend, I went to Pat Kinard's shuffleboard tournament at the Full House in Wynnewood, Oklahoma. In the women's singles, I reinstated my "virgin" status because I couldn't do a thing. (Well, that's not all the way true because I did win two games off of two women who may have had one or two little drinkee-poops too many.) Then I came up against Betty Brantley from Davis, Oklahoma. She slowly but surely unhinged me. She was so nice and apologetic about it that I couldn't feel too bad. It was, after all, double elimination, and I was still in. Next, I was up against my friend Pam Worsham from Oklahoma City. I play her all the time at Bristol Station. Well, my friend Pam showed me how the cow ate the cabbage. She apologized for slam-dunking me and I was out.

Nancy Tice came in first, Betty Brantley second, and Pam Worsham third. Thank goodness I didn't have to play Nancy Tice. She was in the zone and couldn't be beat. A young woman, Shannon McLeod, from Austin, Texas, played Nancy a great game. Shannon was so poised and focused for one so young and inexperienced. She will be a force to be reckoned with if she keeps her interest in shuffleboard. Shannon's husband, Mark McLeod, will be a hot one in the very near future, too. Look for them; they are so young and fresh. Just what shuffleboard needs to carry on the sport. Stay in there, Shannon and Mark.

I do have one little complaint. Why aren't there any handicaps in the women's singles? I, for one, think more women would play in tournaments with a handicap for them. What do you think?

In the sweetheart draw, I drew Richard Harden from

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