

Frisco Eddie's Revenge

*A series by Balboa Ron Schweikert
Las Vegas, Nevada*

(Editor's Note: Back in 1985, Balboa Ron delighted readers with a series of short stories about a shuffler named Frisco Eddie. After recovering from two major hip surgeries, Ron is back at his typewriter with a "Frisco Eddie....The Return" series. Because we have so many new subscribers since 1985 who missed the original "Revenge" series, we're going to publish those before we start "The Return" series. Enjoy!)

Frisco Eddie walked into the rear door of the Blue Moon Lounge on a clear and sparkling Sunday morning. He selected a bar stool which would afford the best chance to catch all the shuffleboard action.

(Man, they're all here -- Two-Hanger Fred, Texas Kid, Big Al, Oklahoma Jack....Must have been playing all night, Eddie surmised.) "What'll you have, Eddie?" asked Mike, the bartender. "Coffee for now," Eddie replied.

"Hey, Frisco!" shouted Big Al, "You want to get in on the action?" (All the hustlers laughed a little because they had taken Eddie so many times.) The \$500 bankroll Eddie had stashed in his Levis began to burn.

"I'm in. What's the game, suckers?" said Eddie. "Me and Texas Kid have the board. Want to walk it?" was the reply. "I'm not glued to this seat, man. Let's go," said Eddie. (This is my chance to get those high-rollers, he thought.)

After a few practice shots, the board was freshly waxed and the quarters put in. The game was underway. Eddie lost the toss. (The sideline responded with muffled snickers. They were all splitting the action against Eddie, a \$500 spread.)

The game began with Eddie having some trouble sticking on the deep left and right cross shots against Big Al. (I've got to settle down some, Eddie thought.) At the end of the fourth frame, he was down 9 to 6; Texas Kid's lag was working. The knowing looks on the sideline indicated the predictable -- Eddie would lose. Big Al and Texas Kid were methodically working him over.

By the end of the eighth frame, Eddie continued to trail. The score was 14 to 11. (This is it, thought Eddie, now or never.) He passed a short weight that Big Al had put up. Al stuck. Eddie tried the combination shot -- no luck. Big Al set up a deep left thumb shot -- a duece. It was then Eddie's last shot.

Everyone knew it was over now. They had beat him again. Eddie sized up the board; everything was blocked except the left hand. (This is the time now, man -- I'm going to do it!) Eddie waxed the fingers of his left hand for the "Jersey Lag," sprinkled a small amount of wax

on the left rail, and made his shot.

The release felt good; the weight was on track. (Jeez, it looks good, Eddie thought.) Two-Hanger and the rest of the hustlers started to get nervous as the weight sailed down the board. "Oh, my God! He's going to....he did! He lagged a...." Then came a voice:

"Hey, Eddie! You've been sitting on that bar stool staring at that damn shuffleboard for 20 minutes now," hollered Mike, the bartender. "Quit daydreaming and let's get going and clean this joint up before the Sunday afternoon tournament." Then Mike assured Eddie, "Don't worry, kid. Keep on practicing and we'll put you on the team next fall -- maybe."

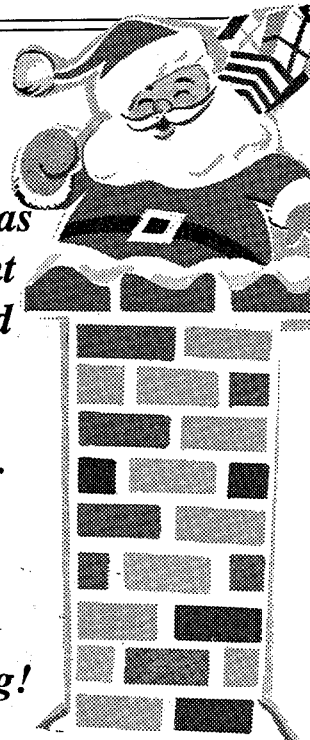
The sun was still shining brightly outside the Blue Moon Lounge as Eddie went to the back room to get his mop and pail. "Someday," Eddie thought, "someday...." *(To be continued next month.)*

I would really like to thank "Laggin' Lee" Waggoner for coming to Las Vegas and helping me out following each of my operations, and to Al Stewart for stopping by to check up on me. -- Balboa Ron

Dear Santa:

**What I really
want for Christmas
is a leather weight
case designed and
crafted by Fritzi.
Please check out
the enclosed flyer
and order mine
today.**

**I have been
good all year long!**



Your Favorite Shuffler

FULL MOON LEATHER WORKS
Your Own Design
100% Hand-Made
by
Fritzi Broka
Bourbon, IN 46504
219-858-2278