

# **Frisco Eddie's Revenge: The Return**

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

*(Editor's Note: In the November, December 1993 and January 1994 issues, we reprinted Balboa Ron's short stories about a shuffler named Frisco Eddie, originally published in The Board Talk back in 1985. We're pleased now to continue that series with "The Return." If you run into Ron at the P.C.S.A. Las Vegas tournament, take a moment to tell him you enjoy reading about Frisco Eddie; it's the only "pay" he gets!)*

After Frisco Eddie walked out of the Blue Moon Lounge that Sunday morning, he was reflecting on whether or not it would be a good idea to pursue a full-time career playing shuffleboard. He had just beaten "Big Al," and he was weighing the pros and cons of becoming a "hustler" on a permanent basis.

Eddie gave the idea a great deal of thought. He had a girlfriend to think about also....one that he might even ask to marry some day. It wouldn't be fair to shut her out. His girl (Shelli) wasn't too keen on the prospect of Eddie being on the road all the time. He had a good job at the Blue Moon, and it was expected that someday soon he would even be made a partner in the business, and eventually become sole owner.

He finally decided to just "hang-on" for awhile, and let the action come to him in the local area. If he was going to be able to hit *all* the tournaments, and hustle on the side also, he'd have to travel a lot. He would be on the road too much, in fact, to establish himself at the Blue Moon. Shelli was happy; the owner of the Blue Moon (Bob) was happy; Eddie was happy, and all was going just fine.

Just fine, that is, until a very pretty gal walked into the bar one Friday night. Her name was Lillian, but to the shuffleboard world her "handle" was "Long Beach Lil." Eddie didn't know it then, but all his plans....were about to change.

"Long Beach Lil" was a dead giveaway as she strolled to the far end of the bar, near the rear exit. Her gaze shifted between the shuffleboard and on Eddie. The fact that she was carrying an expensive weight-case raised some eyebrows at the bar.

After she sat down, Eddie asked, "What'll you have?" Lillian sized Eddie up and then stated very simply (in a low and lusty kind of Texas drawl), "Everything you've got, Eddie." Eddie was taken back for a moment, but he kept on looking into her eyes. Lil was a thing to behold; she had dark brown hair, was about five feet, seven

inches tall (with a knock-out body), and piercing blue eyes....and the eyes were on Eddie.

Eddie asked, "Seems you know my name -- now, what's yours?" "Lil," she replied. "Well, it sure is good to meet you. Nice case you have there," said Eddie. Then Lil said, "I heard about your action, Eddie. How did you manage to luck-out against 'Big Al' and his crowd?" "Wasn't much *luck* to it -- I just shot-their-eyes-out," Eddie replied. She countered with: "My eyes are on you right now, Eddie. Would you like to try to shoot them out, too?" Their gazes were locked as Eddie hollered out, "Hey, Bob, take over, O.K.? I've got a live one here!"

After the board was waxed, and they each had some practice shots, Eddie said, "How hard do you want to make this on yourself, Lil?" Lil replied, "As hard as it can get, Eddie. Let's start for a hundred a game and build up from there. O.K.?" Eddie's anxiety level went up a little, and he had mixed emotions as he put the quarters in. He thought, "This is either too good to be true....or too true to be good."

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*Which will it be, readers: too good to be true -- or too true to be good? Read the next chapter of "Frisco Eddie's Revenge -- the Return" in the next issue of The Board Talk. This is better than the soaps!*

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## **Notebook** *(continued from Page 2)*

### **Al Speaks Up for "Behind-the-Scenes" Workers**

In response to Tony Bastanchury's letter in last month's issue: Tony, I listened to you grumbling in Reno and I didn't say anything, but when I saw the letter in The Board Talk, that was too much. I know the rooms that are not in the tower (at the Aladdin) are not handy, but they are clean and comfortable. So sorry your room was not upgraded in Reno. I guess they didn't know you were coming! I know you are used to going first-class because I have seen you playing in the local beer bars. Von and I were raised and live so near the poverty line, we thought the rooms were super nice.

Now, about your other complaint to me in Reno about moving from the Showboat to the Aladdin. Let's pretend you are helping set up the boards at the Showboat. We are trying to get the truck to the outside hoist which is the only way to get the boards to the second floor. We get behind the cars that are unloading their luggage. When you get through that, you might have to wait until the linen truck unloads the clean linen and takes it up and brings the dirty linen down.

But just maybe you can't unload yet. The big party they had last night -- they had to bring the folding chairs and tables and any other thing they take up and down the hoist. Like I said, that is the only way to the second floor.

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