

Frisco Eddie's Revenge: The Return

A series by Balboa Ron Schweikert

(In last month's episode, Frisco Eddie and Lil were giving thanks for escaping a brush with death when the Boeing 727 on which they were flying developed engine problems just before they were to land at the Sea/Tac Airport in Seattle, Washington. They were headed to stay with one of Lil's friends, "Tacoma Tim.")

Lil's and Eddie's excitement levels were still very high from the emergency landing ordeal. As they were leaving the car rental lot, with Lil at the wheel, Eddie asked her where they were going. Lil said: "We're headed for a little town on the outskirts of Tacoma. It's called Puyallup." Eddie remarked: "What a name -- Ha!" Lil replied: "Most of the towns in this part of the world have American Indian names, and the streets are numbered kind of different, too -- like '45th Street SW.' It's a pretty good system, I guess, once you get used to it."

Lil turned off the main route then and said: "I don't think I told you that I had a younger brother. His name is Jon. Anyway, he graduated from a college that's located a few blocks from here. I thought we'd take a quick drive-by look at it, as long as we're this close." In a minute or two, she said: "It's coming up now."

As Lil made a right turn, Eddie saw a magnificent campus in front of them. The archway said "Pacific Lutheran University." Its ivory-covered buildings were beautiful. Lil remarked: "It's nice, isn't it? I was here years ago for his graduation." In a few minutes, they had worked their way back onto the main avenue.

As they got close to the outskirts of Tacoma, the scenery started to change. The highway narrowed then. The air was clean and crisp, and the huge green fir trees that lined the road were quite a sight. It was good that they had auto-speed windshield wipers because there was a constant drizzly mist in the air.

In about 15 minutes, Lil turned off onto a back road and after a short while said: "O.K., Champ, we're here." They turned into a winding driveway and parked in front of "Tacoma Tim's" house. It was a large Northwest style wooden bungalow. Eddie could see smoke coming from its chimney.

The front door opened as they approached to reveal an elderly man of about six feet in height. His eyes were bright and he had a big smile on his strong-looking bearded face. He extended his arms and said: "There you are! Let's give me a hug now." After a happy exchange of words and hugs, Lil introduced Eddie. Tim said: "So you're the upcoming young shooter. Welcome to my home! We all have a lot to talk about."

After they entered, Tim told them: "Now you two take a seat in the den here and I'm going to fix you both a

good stiff drink. After what you've been through, I'm certain you need it!" As he was getting their drinks, Eddie looked around a little. It was quite a nice place. The house they were in was all top-grade wood construction, with thick carpeting throughout. The room they were in had a nice-looking wet bar and the walls held displays of various deer and elk heads, along with some huge "steel-head" salmon and other large fish. It was obvious that this "Tacoma Tim" was a man of the outdoors.

After they had settled in with their 12-year-old scotches in hand, Tim asked Lil: "Now, update me on what you've been up to these last years, and what your plans are." Lil finished telling about the plane emergency and all, then gave Tim a full account of what events took place from past years, and since she first met Eddie.

Eddie more or less just sat there and took it all in. There was a lot of laughing going on as the stories (and the aged scotches) kept coming. Eddie was really starting to relax now as he listened. After the current things were all covered, the "war stories" began!

They went back and forth and Eddie was enjoying each episode. Then Tim said: "O.K., Lil, here's the one to top them all. I know you've maybe heard about this one -- but I was there and saw it!"

"Now, this took place right here in Puyallup. It was the biggest tournament we ever had up 'til that time in the state of Washington. This was in the fall of 1963, and was held at the Great Lodge. There were teams there from all over the Northwest. This huge extravaganza was really something, but it turned out to be really unusual as well, because something strange occurred. On the second day of this week-end long event, a man walked in who, to this day, in this part of the country, is called the 'Mystery Shuffleboard Man.' What I'm going to tell you is true, and almost unbelievable. It begins with....."

Don't miss next month's episode to find out why this man was called the Mystery Shuffleboard Man and what he did that made this story unbelievable. You'll note on the enclosed "Play Your Way Across the U.S.A." that we have a subscriber shuffleboard establishment in Puyallup -- the Nifty's Fifties' Pub and Grill. Is it possible that some of its shuffling customers remember this event? Or is it pure fiction? Only Ron knows for sure! Ask him in Vegas! And be sure to thank him for his monthly contributions to this newsletter. If you can't be in Vegas, you can write to Ron with your comments and/or story ideas: Balboa Ron Schweikert, 8301 W. Charleston Blvd, #1050, Las Vegas, NV 89117.