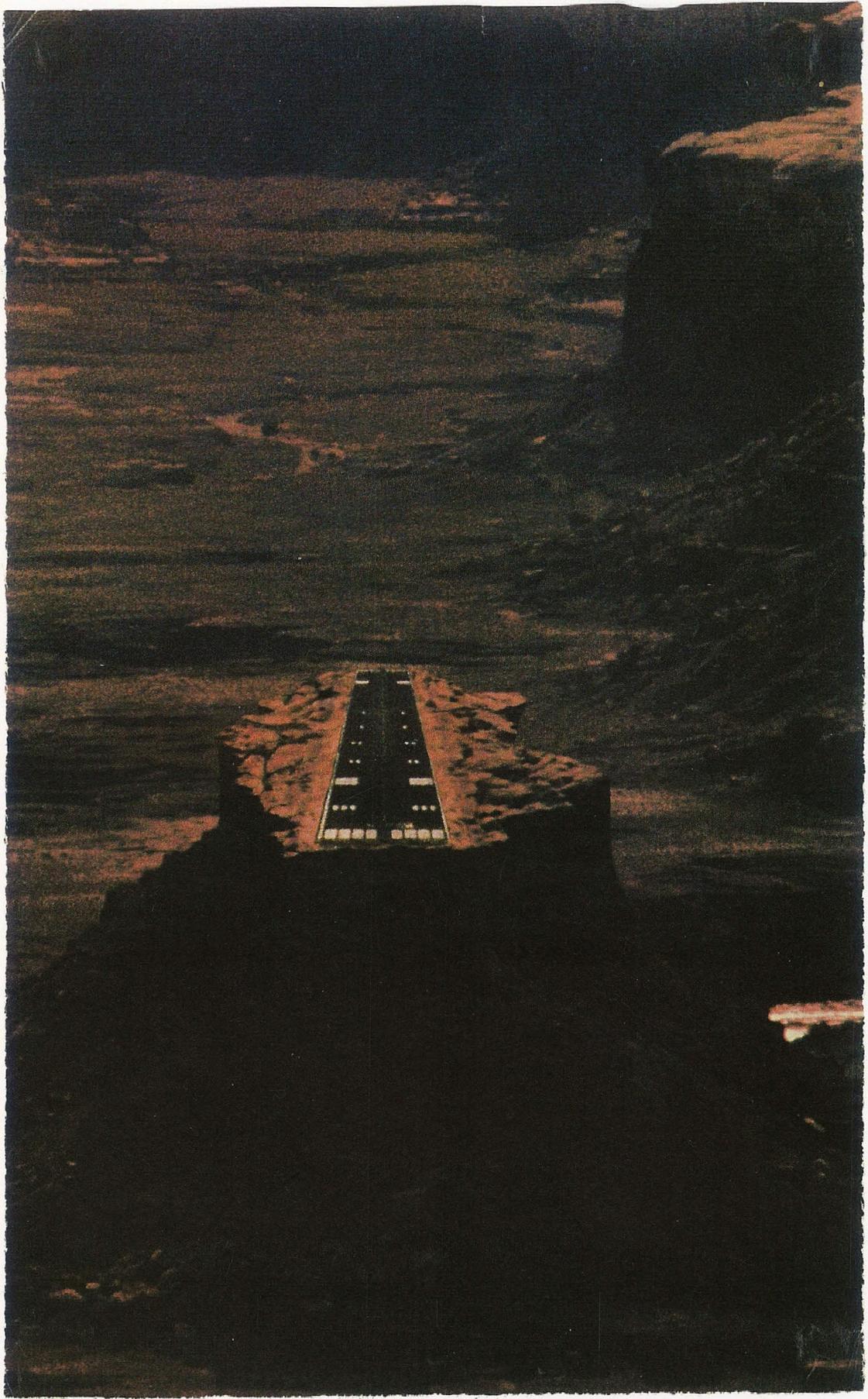


Chapter XI

Spring 1997 and beyond

“England, a wedding and the legend lives on...”

Itching for some time killers and eager to make sure the gang stayed in touch, I began to write and compile FUBAR News Corporation newsletters and updates whilst overseas to send back to the FUBAR's stateside. These newsletters were a way for me to maintain contacts and of course keep the spirit of the FUBAR's alive...



TOP SECRET

THIS IS A COVER SHEET

FOR CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

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(This cover sheet is unclassified.)

TOP SECRET

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA FUBAR NEWS CORPORATION

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Hello FUBARian comrades. It is with a heavy heart that this late breaking edition of the FUBAR News Corporation (FNC) is issued. Rumors were circulated a couple weeks ago that the upper FUBAR echelon were having merger talks with their arch-nemesis GROUND EFFECT. This merger was proponent to a shortage of manpower of both organizations. The FUBAR Captain Mark "business sense - NOT!" Avellino was heading these talks and seemed to have a good proposal for the merger. Mark "I have no backbone..." Avellino said at the latest press conference, "Look, you need to see it from my point of view... We didn't have the resources, I figured, let's get "rid" of the main competition by joining forces. Then we clean up the league in one fell swoop!" However what Capt. Avellino failed to comment on was the loss, that's right FUBARians, the loss of the FUBAR name!

Apparently, during the negotiations stage, the topic of what to call this new merger organization arose. Captain Mark "Boneless" Avellino was quoted as saying during the conference, "Whatever you want to do?" There you have it friends!?... Then current Captain of the Ground Effect organization took a stand at that point and declared the new team name - you guessed it... GROUND EFFECT. There was no rejoicing at the FUBAR camp!

CEO/Founder Dave "the living legend" Moeder apparently got wind of the negotiations and phoned Capt. Avellino with explicit instructions not under any circumstances sacrifice the FUBAR name. Mr. Moeder's reasoning was due to the eight year dynasty the FUBAR organization brought to the league without any faltering or periods of rest. Most of the older member's of both organizations will recall that GROUND EFFECT took a year hiatus from the league a couple years ago. Mr. Moeder was quoted as saying at a press conference in England, "They took a year off for %^#^ sake!. I mean come on, there is no brain effort required here. They lost their right for contention when they shut their doors two years ago! There is only one name synonymous with softball and that's The FUBAR'S. No one should ever tell you different." Capt. Mark "I took the money." Avellino was unavailable for comment as he was "relaxing" in the Caribbean with a "donation" from the GROUND EFFECT company. His wife could only respond to the actions of her husband with, "Aw man, that's sucks Mark!...Aren't you the captain!?" Her reactions were echoed by millions.

Outside FUBAR World in Orlando, Florida, thousands of fans marched in protest. "This is FUBAR!" They chanted. Police and security officials found the situation very disturbing and radical. One officer had this to say, "Never in my twenty-three years of service have I ever noticed such mayhem and disdain... I tell you, COPS is gonna have enough material to carry them into the millennium"

Protests and outcry of this affair rang over the nation. CNN had it's phone lines flooded with calls on the matter causing a system-wide crash. Microsoft estimated an increase in e-mail traffic by almost 46.4% One representative said, "I have never seen such an influx of mail to one site before. It was overwhelming we had to add additional lines for allocation and demand." . (www.FUBAR.com got an estimated 1 million hits every hour!)

The chaos seemed to be never-ending until CEO/Founder Dave "The Magical" Moeder made this statement which helped to ease the tension, (the following is the complete television statement) "My fellow FUBAR's, It is with great reservation and admonition that I make this statement to you today. It is official, that the FUBAR's have merged with GROUND EFFECT. However, the FUBAR Corporation is not in any way related in this matter. The only portion of the FUBAR organization which will suffer from this is the softball division which was headed by then appointed Mark Avellino. I assure you that although the FUBAR Corporation took a major blow by the almost traitorous actions of there Captain the corporation will not falter. All other facets of the organization will remain intact and operational. FUBAR World, FUBAR Park, and my personal favorite, FUBAR Island will operate as before. The FUBAR Corporation did take this blow, but it is the fans who will truly feel the pain. It is the understanding of this management to determine the feasibility of re-establishing the FUBAR Softball Club. However, no definitive action has been taken. Until such a time, you can still see your favorite players of true FUBAR lineage at a ball-park near you. I thank you for your time." So, that was the end of Mr. Moeder's very direct and emotional statement to his people.

Member's of the FUBAR "Glory Years" were contacted by the FNC for their opinions of the situation.

Previous captain Scott "I'm not so horrible now am I?" Hager said, "You know, it can't always go the way we want. We won some, we lost some, but the loss of the name was big. I thought the prestige alone would've prevented that from happening. I guess you really can buy anything, and the actions of one weak individual prove that."

Chris "the real Nolan Ryan" Roth was quoted as saying, "What!... get the ^#^%\$ outta here. I don't believe it man. What a gyp!"

Kevin "Wild thing" Russo was unavailable for comment, but did send this telegram -

"Heard about the merger....STOP
Anyone got any rope?....STOP"
end transmission

Jeff "speedy" Engel was quoted from aboard FUBAR 1., "I just heard about it. You think the guy who got the damn team to the finals last year would have at least tasted victory enough to want the FUBAR's atop one more time? Goes to show you how weak some people can be?"

The toxic twins, Steve "Cool 1" Hancock (huh huh, cool name dude...) and Brian "Capt. Caveman" Messer had the following comments:

Steve - "Hey, guys, that sucks about the name no? I mean, that was the team name, how can you just up and go change it no? Coca-Cola doesn't just decide one day that because one factory isn't up to snuff, let's allow Pepsi to rename our pop no? That really sucks man. I'm very upset. I don't know if I can go on dude.?!"

Brian - "What's up with that huh dude? That sucks. Oh well, guess we have to get new shirts too?... What a bummer. You know, we should make Mark pay for the retrofit! That's what I think!"

Noriyuki "The Silent Assassin" Kobayashi was contacted about the matter at his dojo in Japan, he had this to say, "I gonna choppa his head offa!" Obviously a very distraught individual there ladies and gentlemen.

The softball player formerly known as "Dickie" had this comment, "What dude, no more FUBAR'S, that really blows. Where else am I gonna get the opportunity to play ball and smoke? Oh yeah, and drink? And then smoke some more huh? Tell me. Where? That's just what we didn't need, new management..."

Classic center-fielder Ed "Stand By Me" GORDON had a comment from his engineering physics lab somewhere in the northeastern US (location withheld due to sensitivity of materials handled there); "Hey baby what's goin' on there? I leave and the whole place falls apart. I knew it. There was a 34.732134% chance that if I left the team it would lose cohesion within two years! Damn am I good. Watch out Microsoft!"

There were various other comments by high ranking FUBAR officials, but this is a family news organization, and we wouldn't want to upset any "sensitive" types by printing vulgar material. The last thing we would want here is a few complaints by some freakish hippie earth-loving cult. So, we leave out the \$%@#! comments that are offensive to the freakin' *&%\$#!!!

Needless to say, Mark "where's my spine?" Avellino did eventually make a statement to FNC. He said, "Look, I had a lot of other commitments at the time. I am only one man. I understand the FUBAR pride and tradition, and somewhere along the way, I lost the drive. I could not have imagined the possibility of the outcry over this decision. Had I known, you're damn right I would have fought. Unfortunately, it didn't happen, and I must face the consequences. I am sorry..." At that Mark was placed under protection and escorted away.

Well, on to the new news for the FUBAR Corp.: In response to all this scandal and debauchery, the FUBAR Fashion Firm (F³) has just unveiled a line of **FUBAR Clothing**. CEO/Founder of the FUBAR Corporation Dave Moeder has stated that this is just the tip of the iceberg. He said earlier this week, "The FUBAR Corporation will begin to drive forth in all areas of business and competition. I want everyone to call home on a FUBAR Phone. I want you driving a FUBAR CAR. It is only a matter of time as is repeatedly demonstrated. Give us a little room for improvement, and you might as well go home. The new clothing line will start the ball rolling. We will win in everything we do, as always. It's a way of life for us."

Shown here is FUBAR Girl Melinda Messenger modeling one of the new articles. The line claims to be the best product out there. It boasts it's success with new inventive ways of marketing the products. Such as including FUBAR Player Cards with your favorite FUBAR Hall of Famer on it. The Jesse "Psycho" Rhodes card seems to be the most popular. The FUBAR Corp. hopes this new line of women's clothing will be a benefit to all and has plans for the men's release early this spring. **FUBAR Clothing** can be found anywhere fine clothing is sold.

Coincidentally, Melinda said she just loves the FUBARS' and would never wear anything that didn't have the name FUBAR attached to it...

Melinda
XXX

Melinda Messenger

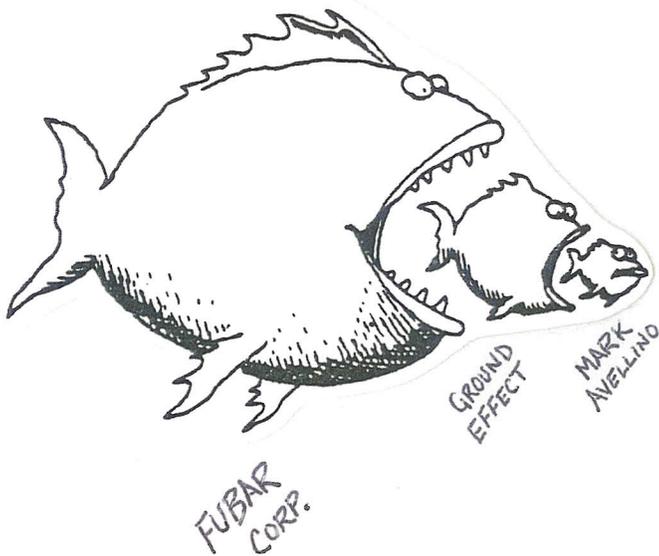


Well FUBARian's there you have it once again. Just when it looks grim for the kids, they just come right back. The FUBAR'S are here to stay. One individual said that "the world's my oyster." That was before he lost it to the FUBAR'S! I think you know where this is going? We're knockin' and we're comin' in! With the new headquarters' in England, and division's worldwide, we can truly say that old adage (with a slight modification of course: **The sun never sets on the FUBAR Empire.**

So fellow FUBARians, press on in old style and the FUBAR's spirit will not falter. The dynasty lives on, the legend's live on, and the memory's live on...

This has once again been your faithful reporter and correspondent reporting only the real news to you, the FUBAR people. Press on and win!

Dave Moeder #23
CEO/Founder FUBAR Corp.



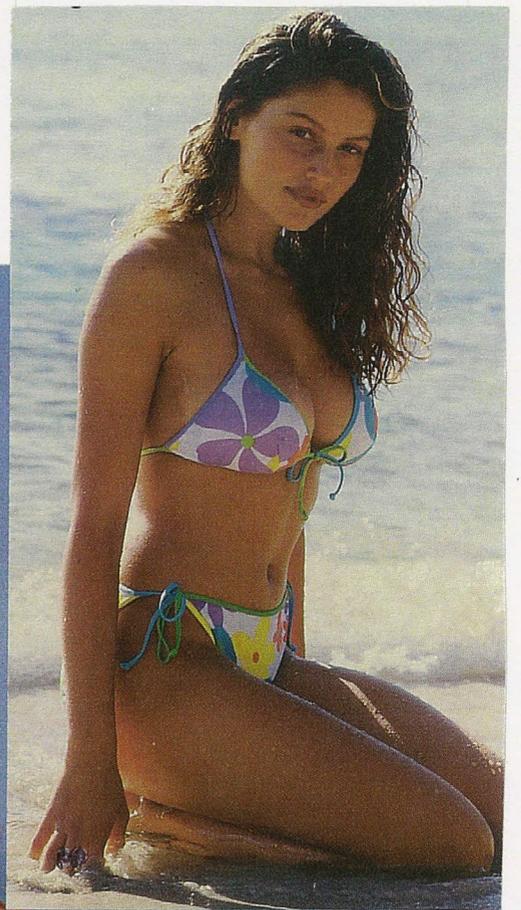
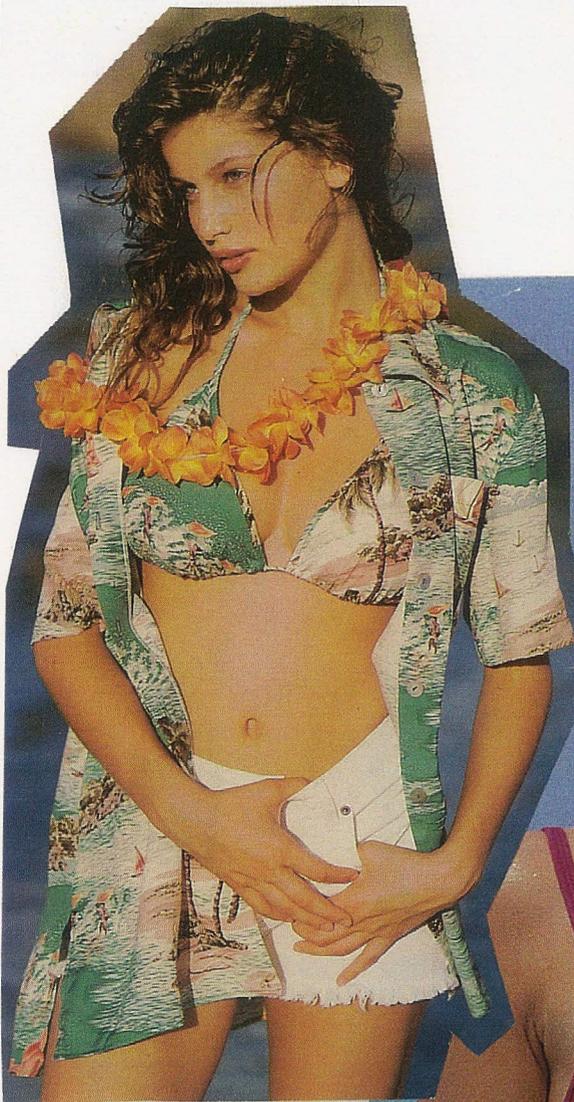
FUBAR Girl, Ashley models the FUBAR White Bikini

The FUBAR'S
proudly present

"The FUBAR Collection"

A collection of swimwear and fine lingerie

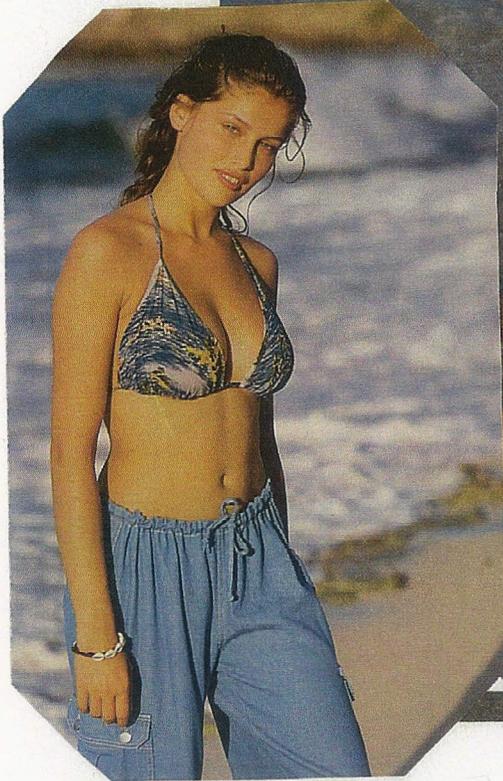
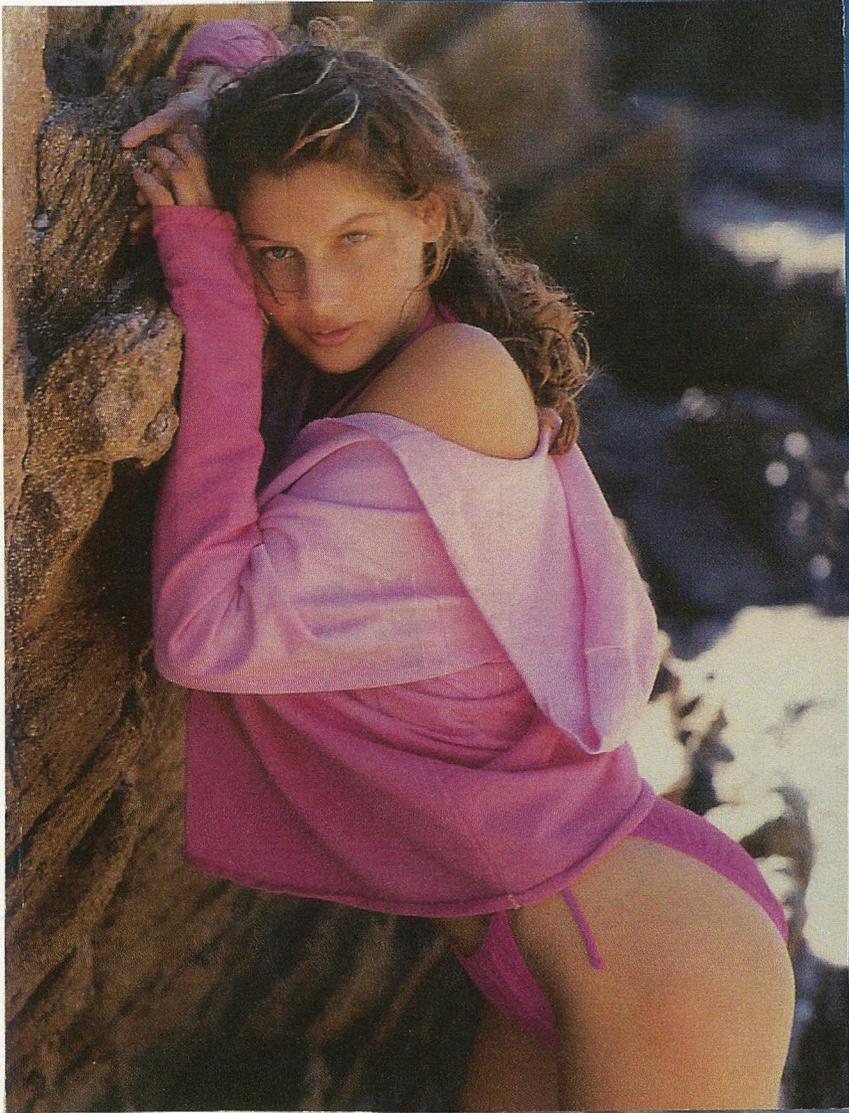
*The FUBAR
Collection*



*The FUBAR
Beachwear
Collection*

la





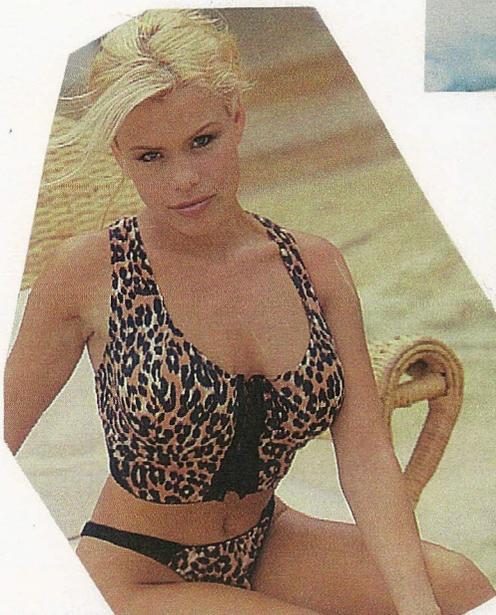
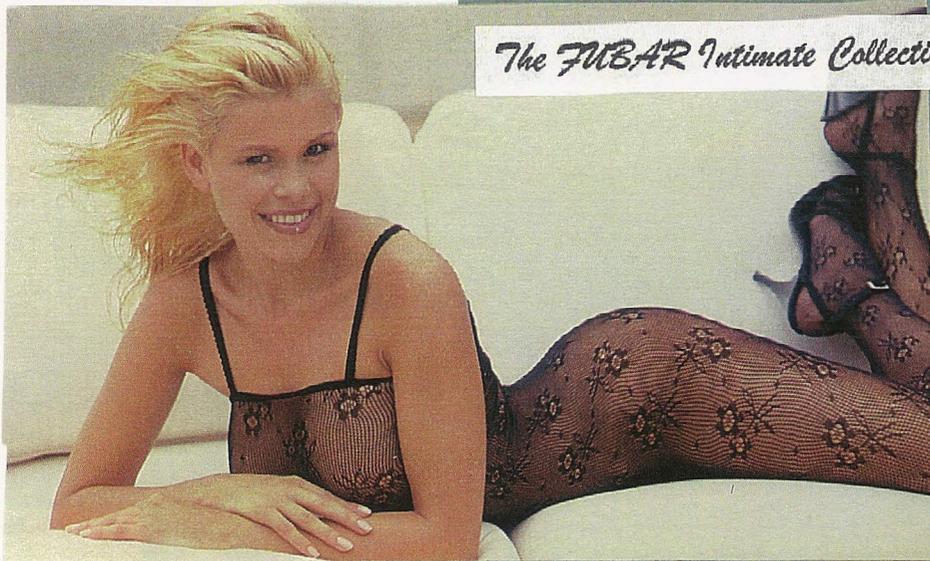
ordering, call 1-800-F-3-FUBAR



“If you’re gonna support
the FUBARS, you might
as well do it in style.”

- Melinda

The FUBAR Intimate Collection



Melinda
XXX
Melinda Messenger

FUBAR News Corporation

“Friends help you move. Real Friends help you move bodies.”

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Hello FUBARians, it's that time again. Once again the FUBAR Dynasty has been on the warpath. CEO/Founder of FUBAR CO. Dave “Wonderboy” Moeder was spotted this past month in Orlando, FL. And was alleged seen in company of the infamous FUBAR Capt. Mark “I lost the name” Avellino. In addition FUBAR Hall of Famer Chris “golden arm” Roth and Jesse “goin’ postal” Rhodes were also inn attendance of the great Moeder. Mr. Moeder was approached while leaving a club in Orlando and asked why the change of heart in the Avellino case? Moeder commented, “You know, there comes a time in one’s life when you have to let things go. Maybe now’s the time to do that? I don’t know, it’s behind me and the organization and frankly I am focusing the organization to other avenues. Maybe the softball division will flourish again, maybe not. You can’t keep a good thing down and it had great leadership through and through. The record speaks for itself. The guys know who the best were and so does the rest of the world. As for Avellino, he’s a hell of a guy and you can’t find a better drinkin’ buddy. Anyway, I hear a beer callin’ gotta go.....” At that Mr. Moeder was spotted lumbering off into the sea of drunkin’ party-goers. Of which Jesse “psycho” Rhodes was one of?...



Mark “the shark” Avellino, Jesse “Hey watch the hands!” Rhodes, Dave “@\$\$ grabbin” Moeder, and Chris “nice face” Roth tearin’ it up in Orlando Florida, FUBAR Style.

Sources report the evening was a “mild” one as Jesse “the Savage Beast” Rhodes Did not get in a fight or draw police attention to the group!!!...Paparazzi were not happy.

On to other news, Ex-FUBAR Captain, Scott Hager "the horrible" has undertaken the helm of an Ice-hockey team, coincidentally named, you'll love this, "THE ICEMEN" Original if nothin else - NOT! Just kidding. You can find Scott's new group of warriors at the following web site (also printed on the newsletters) - <http://members.primary.net/~fran/icemen/> be sure to check it out. You may even see a mention of the FUBAR News Corporation who are the sole reporters for the ICEMEN organization. Contracts were suspected to be quite lengthy and intricate.

Scott - "Hey Dave, can I write a newsletter about my hockey team and use FNC as the reporter's?"

Dave - "Yeah, sure just kiss are butt a little!?"

Scott - "I can do that, thanks"

Thus the merger was born. Anyway, that's the new news. Other than that the FUBAR echelon continue to reek havoc amongst the rest of the globe. Jeff "Jet Wash" Engel was unavailable for comment as he has been utterly engrossed in flying "cargo?" around the US for an un-named source. Over at TEAM RUSSO (also known as ANTIPLANE 1) the kids are using their combined engineering skills to attempt a mass sterilization of "ugly" people! (RUN GORDY RUN!) Steve "Cool 1" Hancock, and Brian "the wild man" Messer are still holding down camp ERAU, and have been promoting the "new" FUBAR movement by only wearing their FUBAR jerseys to games? Steve "the cute 1" Hancock (still giggle every-time I write that last name ☺) was seen in company of Moeder in DAB as well during the last month. Hancock had this to say, "That Moeder kid is a little obsessed with the whole FUBAR thing hey. I mean, let it go little fella, time to move on. How old are you now anyway? 30? time to grow up buddy!?" Just for record, Hancock is now out of the will?? On to other news, Ed Gordon is apparently hiding from the sterilization machine!....

Well kids, it's time for me to sign off once again. I have enclosed an interesting article about softball, read it, it's quite amusing. Especially when you get to the DO's and DON'Ts (Moeder is guilty of a few! ☺) Well, keep on truckin' and that's the news.

Your steadfast and loyal reporter -

Dave Moeder

CEO/Founder FUBAR's est.'89



"So then the little sailor dude whips out a can of spinach, this crazy music starts playin', and ... well, just look at this place."

FUBAR GIRL OF THE MONTH



the male animal

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC

The Real Summer Game

Softball is your last best chance to lurch toward greatness, your final shot at the shiny plastic cup

By Tom Chiarella

At some level, everybody plays softball. Import some schmoe from France to your weekend league and you can likely get him through the basics in fifteen minutes, stick him in right, and bat him last without snarling things too badly. No doubt he'd bad-mouth the sport upon his return to Marseilles, but, truth be told, even a Frenchman could nibble a single and knock down the occasional stray fly. Pencil the frog in at the bottom of the order and play ball.

Still, not everyone cares about softball. After all, there's a certain amount of risk in caring about winning a game in which, as you step to the plate, your teammate leads



off third wearing a thigh-grabbing pair of Jordache jeans, a promotional windbreaker, and a ski cap, while in the distance a lanky left fielder readies himself in a full-blown Marlins uniform. It's easy to write off a sport in which between pitches the catcher spits sunflower-seed shells on your new cleats and bitches about not playing second anymore. But you're in the game; you care because you have to. ▶

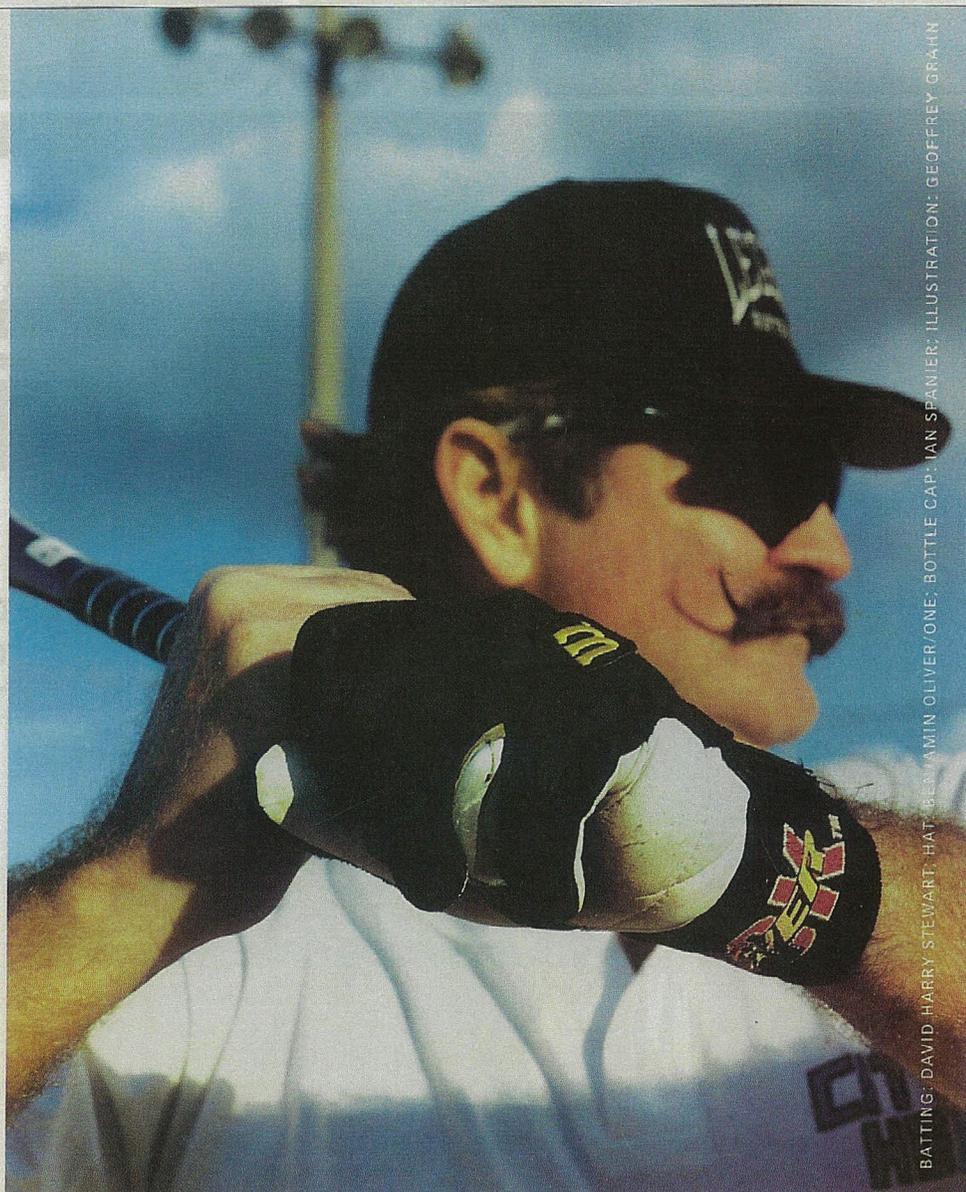
the|male animal

If you don't care about softball, don't play. Play because you care. Care because it doesn't matter. Win because you still can. My team, Jerry's Foreign Auto, won my town's B-league championship, and I'm here to tell you it was an epic run—racking up wins, going chin to chin with concrete workers, bickering and fussing, drinking and diving for line drives. What more could a summer offer?

Our team ran the length of the genetic salad bar: a mixture of moderate muscle, limited speed, and various advanced degrees. In the outfield, we had a former high school quarterback, a HVAC repairman, and a balding geologist. A guy named Moose manned first, a sociologist guarded second, and a forty-three-year-old Deadhead with bad knees, who sometimes quoted Blake at infield conferences and took the ball to right better than Tony Gwynn, did the work at shortstop. Our pitcher was an Italian physicist who could, on good nights, drop the rock on a dime. A couple of bearded academics served as backstops and utility men. Me, I held down third. Barely.

For years an outfielder, citizen of the land of the speedy, the young, the acrobatic, I had shifted grudgingly that very season, after my final game in left had ended with one inning in which three consecutive line drives disappeared into the setting sun then reappeared, after skimming my glove, as direct cannon shots to my chest. Suddenly, I was in the infield, where there's a premium on bravery and quick hands—especially at the hot corner, where the ability to stop balls with your chest represents a primary qualification for the job.

We began that season in a battle with Cash Concrete, a fully uniformed, semi-bearded bunch of tough guys who regarded us as the lowest sort of trash—brainy wannabes, pretenders to the B-division crown. We spanked them, 13-7, but, as with most softball rivalries, bad feelings arose out of something that occurred off the field, after the game, when our geologist spun his wheels on the park gravel, tossing broken stone across the fronts of Trans Ams and Carnaros of hues too numerous to mention. "That's my fucking car!" one of the Concrete boys said, and soon we were all face-to-face, holding bats, each of us thinking, "Well, shit. What now?" We were grown men. Didn't we have anything better to do with our time? Of course we did. Did this really matter that much? Shit, yes. ▶



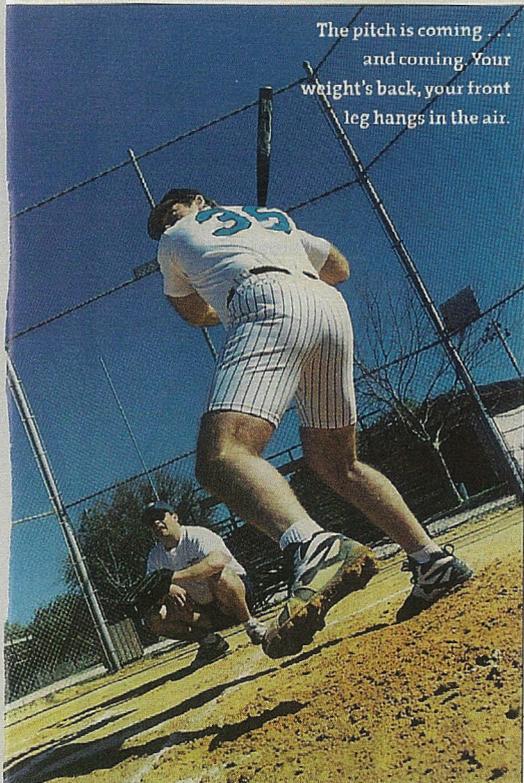
BATTING: DAVID HARRY STEWART; HAT: BENJAMIN OLIVER/ONE; BOTTLE CAP: ILLUSTRATION: GEOFFREY GRAHN

TIPS ON TAKING IT LONG

How long-ball king Bruce Meade grips his weapon of choice.

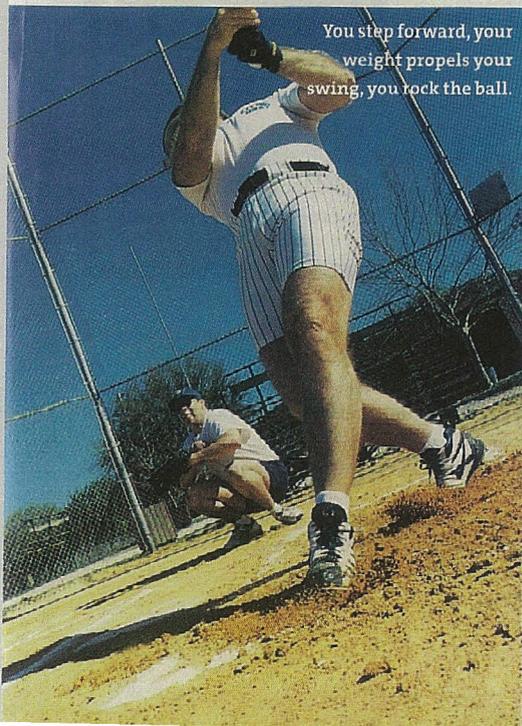
A sheriff's deputy from Bradenton, Florida, holds the all-time record for the longest home run in softball. One summer day in 1978, Bruce Meade smashed the ball 510 feet. (That's more than one and a half football fields.) Meade stands six feet six inches and weighs 280 pounds, but he'll tell you that batting is more about technique and hip action than heft.

GRIP Bat speed = whip = wallop. To generate the fastest possible swing, loop the pinkie of your bottom hand below the knob, with your ring finger over the top. Or try the lap-over: The pinkie of your top hand rests on top of the index finger and thumb below. Keep it loose—don't squeeze. Some sluggers hook the top pinkie and bottom index finger.



The pitch is coming . . . and coming. Your weight's back, your front leg hangs in the air.

TIMING Stay back . . . and explode. Keep your weight on your back foot, your back elbow up, and your sights over your lead shoulder. With the pitch, your front leg lifts, and your swing begins to uncoil. Your weight shifts forward as you step; your hips turn, your shoulders and wrists follow—a chain reaction that peaks at the fat of your bat.

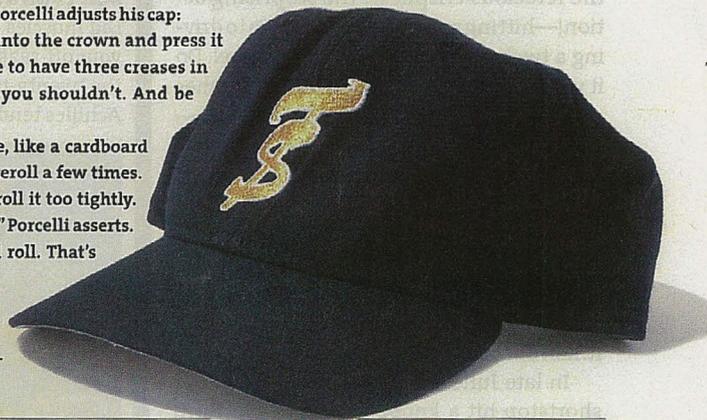


You step forward, your weight propels your swing, you rock the ball.

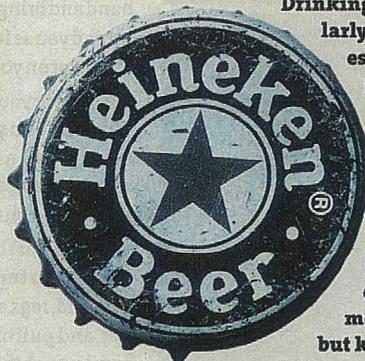
roll'em

According to Peter Porcelli Jr., chairman and manager of the 1997 ASA national-champion Tampa Bay Smokers, the right hat worn the right way will get you on base, even when you're not on the field. Here's how Porcelli adjusts his cap:

- Collapse the back of the hat into the crown and press it into a domed shape. "Umpires like to have three creases in their crowns," says Porcelli, "but you shouldn't. And be sure there are no wrinkles."
- Gently roll the bill into a tube, like a cardboard cannoli. To make it hold its shape, reroll a few times. Be careful not to fold it, and don't roll it too tightly. "Tiger Woods takes it a little too far," Porcelli asserts. "His brim looks like a paper-towel roll. That's not practical on the ball field."
- Still striking out? Improve your average by watching professional moves in action. Call 813-249-2255 for the Smokers' schedule.



Drinking and Driving the Ball



Drinking at a softball game should never be discouraged, particularly if the other team is drinking more than yours and most especially when you are spraying the ball straight at their punims like a bunch of pissed-off hornets. Although most leagues ban beer from the ball yard, almost any softball game is made a little richer with a case or so put back for the late innings. One or two beers take the edge off any aluminum-bat envy you might be harboring, but keep in mind that while hitting a softball might feel as comfortable and safe as piloting your SUV, fielding is quite another matter. Knocking down a one-hop rocket at the end of a forty-five-foot makeshift base path is more like operating heavy machinery. Drink all you want, but keep your wits about you and your hands high.

How to Hide Your Game Face

By Michael Segell

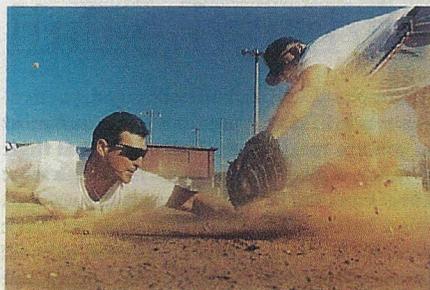


Okay, everyone knows you're the scourge of the house league, fleet of foot and long of ball, but your next game is against corporate, whose team includes the CEO—that's Ms. CEO to you—and her avid but athletically challenged lieutenants. Running up the score on the hapless suits would be just plain mean—not to mention hazardous to your career. On the hockey rink or basketball court, you could subtly downsize your game simply by orchestrating plays and setting everyone else up to score. But a softball game is a collection of individual efforts—and in this case, yours would be overkill. So how do you take the edge off your game?

- Think like a dad. Play just hard enough to force opposing players to make adequate plays, so they beat themselves if they can't.
- Play catcher. You can quietly affect the pace and outcome of the game without having to make heroic catches or in-your-face DPs.
- Chop the ball. On every hittable pitch. You'll get on base either because one of the suits boots the ball or because it squirts through the infield for a hit. But no one gets hurt.
- Medicate yourself. A testosterone blocker or quaalude should tamp down your attitude.
- Remember: Don't act smug when you ratchet down your effort. Don't bat lefty if you're a righty. Don't throw like a girl. Don't run like a duck. The suits want to win fair and square. Humor them.

I once heard Ken Burns ramble on at a college lecture about baseball being a game of small failures. Maybe so, but softball is about success. You're supposed to get a hit every time up. While hitting a baseball may be the premier atavistic pleasure in all of sports—the ferocious crispness! the surprising action!—hitting a softball is more akin to driving a twelpenny nail into a wet towel. Do it well and a workmanlike sensibility comes over you. Do it poorly and—whoop-de-do—you're legging out to a one-hopper to the local clergyman. In softball, making contact is not the point; it's the given. A .300 hitter is a warm body just hoping to play catcher. One for three doesn't cut it. Five hundred is the number—to succeed more than you fail. We managed the same with wins, and we liked it. Ken Burns could kiss our ass.

In late June, we won a game when our shortstop hit a knobby grounder to third



that bounced up and shattered the third baseman's nose. From then on, whenever we needed a clutch hit, the call went up from the bench: "Give us a little rhinoplasty!" Soon after, the stone-spraying geologist left a dinnertime game when it looked as if the other team would forfeit, saying, "I gotta go. The manicotti's on the table." Minutes later, the other team showed up, and we played them a man short, winning 12-10. From then on, when he strode to the plate, we called to our man: "The manicotti's on the table, Fred!" Such were our war cries.

The season pressed on. Ligaments ►

Dealing with the Asshole

By Michael Segell



Every team has one. He's the guy who takes the game just a little too seriously, dispenses ridiculous advice (*Don't throw the ball in the dirt!*), argues every close call, and compulsively takes out opponents with high slides. The only reason the team puts up with him is that he takes care of all the details off the field—arranging for diamond permits, uniforms, equipment, practice schedules, phone lists, transportation, and beer. Or, of course, because he single-handedly wins games. Still, he's a pain and needs to be neutralized if you're going to continue to find anyone willing to play you. How do you deal?

- Shower him with affection. Basically, he has no life. Why else would he care so much? Everyone on the team should tell him he's loved.
- Alternatively, pretend he's invisible. Look through him, as if you were the Dalai Lama, when he suggests you should have swung on that called third strike. *But there is no past, my little jockstrap.* Be passive to his aggressive.
- Invite his wife or girlfriend to the game. Encourage her to lean on him when he loses his grip.
- Put him in right field. At least you won't hear him for half the game.
- Pay the umpire to throw him out of the game. Even if you lose, it's worth it.

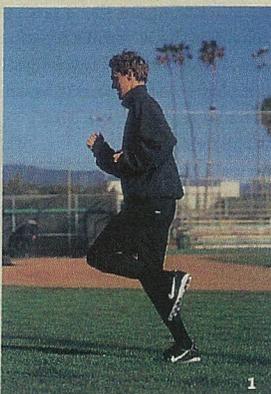
Prep

DON'T BE ASKING FOR TROUBLE

You're no stranger to the gym; you've been running, blading, treading the mill—whatever—all winter. Your legs feel solid, and (hey, it's only softball) you're game-ready. Not so fast out of the box, says Dr. Elton Strauss, chief of (and sometime third baseman for) Orthopedic Trauma and Adult Reconstructive Surgery at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital.

Don't Pull a Fast One

Leg muscles are easily the most common casualties in softball, says Strauss. Most likely, your off-season ambulatory exertions do little to prepare you for sudden acceleration and the twenty-two-yard dash to first. A quadricep pull can end your season, and a blown-out Achilles tendon requires surgical repair. Here are your best shots at avoiding them.



1. The first-inning stretch.

Invariably, you're late getting out of the office and impatient to take the field. The only right thing to do, though, is to take a warm-up jog, no less than five minutes—"Always take the long way around," says Strauss—then stretch. Stretching cold is a waste of time.

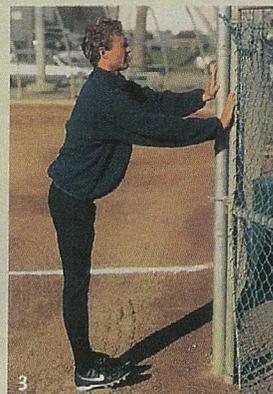
2. Crank up your quads.

While standing straight, grab your right ankle with your right hand and bring the ankle up behind you as far as possible. Repeat on your left side.



3. Attack your Achilles.

Walk around on your heels, then lean against a fence or wall and press the heel of each foot in turn to the ground behind you.



4. Go for the groin.

Find a partner; sit on the ground, legs apart, foot to foot, and pull on each other's hands, pushing your legs as far apart as possible.



Don't Tear Yourself Up

Things you never want to feel: your rotator cuff rotating too far; your arm distancing itself from your shoulder; your lower back finding a new and asymmetrical alignment.

How not to feel them: Throw plenty of warm-up tosses, use the lightest bat you can, and cultivate your own on-deck ritual—take lots of warm-up swings and loosen the shoulders and torso with the classic repertoire of bat contortionism. You're not a showboating wannabe—you're taking care of business.

—BEN DICKINSON

were torn, fingers jammed. You limp through summers when you play softball. The raspberry scabs from too many ill-advised slides patch your thighs, weeping into your chinos by day, oozing openly during games, daring you to slide on them just one more time. Your moments come and go. You dive for a line drive and come up with it. You peg the relay throw just right, just once, and it saves a game. You trip from ten wins to twelve, then fifteen. Soon you start to care.

My moment of the summer came, as it does for all bit players, in a meaningless tilt, mine against the House of Phones. My parents were visiting, and I dragged my father to a game. I had probably played in 250 ball games, and I could recall his presence at only one, a Little League game in which I, having been banished to right, made a routine catch and walked in my only plate appearance. For him, sports, and baseball in particular, are about as compelling as accountancy. He did his job in other ways, and I held no grudge, but I wanted him to see my game.

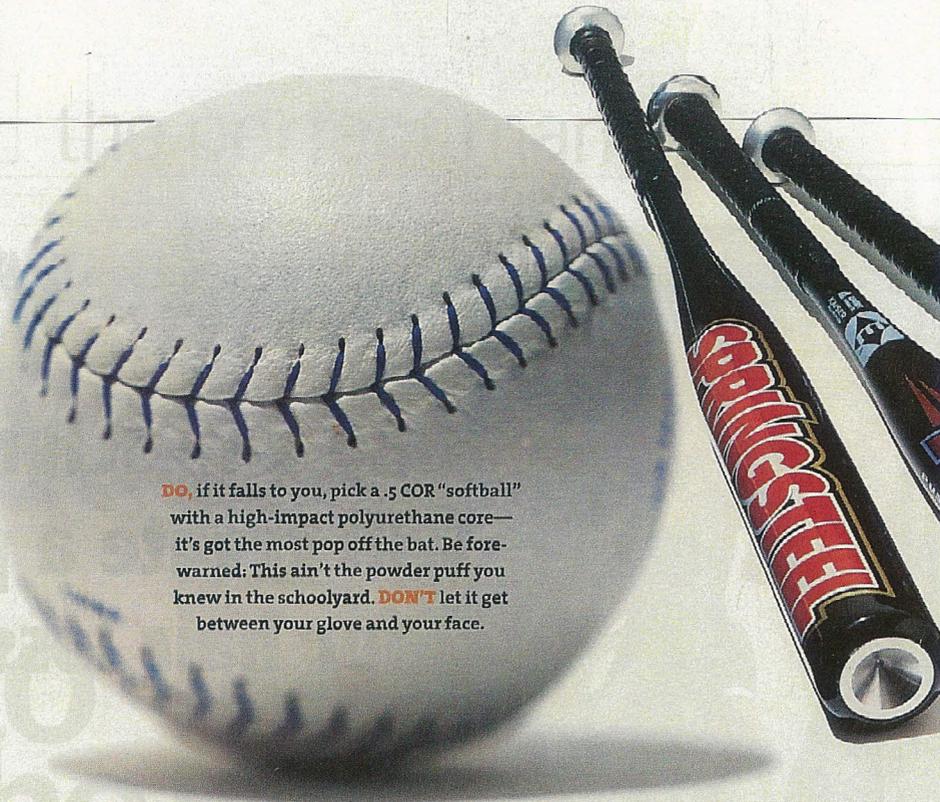
Son of a bitch if the first pitch didn't come in flat and I didn't crush it to left over the head of a wobbly cell-phone salesman. I found myself, at the age of thirty-one, rounding second and looking up into the stands to see if my father was watching. He was, over the top of his newspaper. I bore down and crossed the plate standing.

I climbed the bleachers and watched the rest of the inning with my father. "Nice hit," he said.

I thanked him and, after a pause, asked: "Did I look really slow?"

"Not too bad," he said, without elaborating. In the third, I hit a two-run single, and the manager, the little martinet, pulled me, in one of those indecipherable coaching decisions. My dad and I watched the boys gimp out a 5-3 win. We were nearing our glory. In two weeks, we would nail down the championship, dropping the Concrete team once again in a final dash of closure.

As we walked home, my dad allowed that he'd been thinking about my speed question. "You were running hard on the homer, not fast, but you looked determined, like it mattered." I laughed and said it really didn't matter, that I'd just wanted one more homer and I was glad he had seen it, since it was probably my last ever. All of that proved true, too, reaffirming the simple, incongruent axiom of softball: It really didn't matter, and I really did care. ■

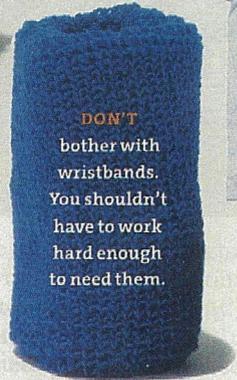


DO, if it falls to you, pick a .5 COR "softball" with a high-impact polyurethane core—it's got the most pop off the bat. Be forewarned: This ain't the powder puff you knew in the schoolyard. **DON'T** let it get between your glove and your face.

Look Like a Player



DO wear a hat. If you don't and play badly, you look like a goon oafing your way through another abortive attempt at glory. If you play well but wear no hat, you look as if you should be playing soccer and hence belong to an entirely different universe.

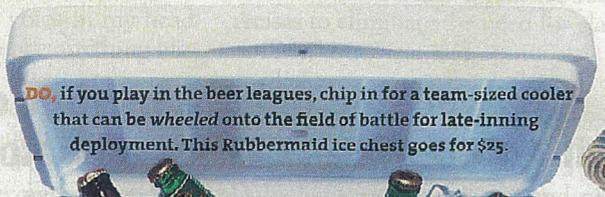


DON'T bother with wristbands. You shouldn't have to work hard enough to need them.

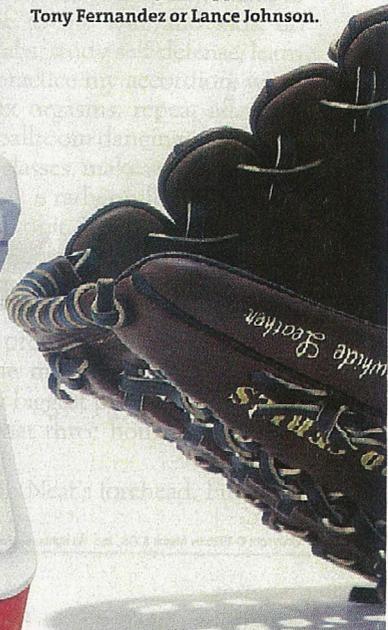


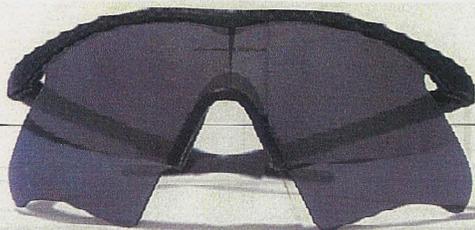
DON'T wear anything with the number 1 on it, unless you happen to be Tony Fernandez or Lance Johnson.

BENJAMIN OLIVER/ONE



DO, if you play in the beer leagues, chip in for a team-sized cooler that can be wheeled onto the field of battle for late-inning deployment. This Rubbermaid ice chest goes for \$25.





DON'T overdo the eyewear. On their own, wrap-around Oakleys or Gargoyles flirt with going over the top; combine them with eye-black and you might as well tape an ASSHOLE sign on your back.



DO down a couple of ibuprofen an hour before the game: Used preemptively, it inhibits the release of the hormone that inflames your stressed-out muscle tissue.



DO arm yourself with the liveliest bat your league allows—why sell your line drives short? These three sticks stand at the top of the dugout heap and are approved by all of softball's major sanctioning bodies. Louisville Slugger's TPS Springsteel, \$200; Easton's Redline, \$250; and DeMarini's Ultimate Distance Double Wall, \$299.



DON'T advertise your package. Crotch-hugging calf-length spandex is strictly verboten. Ditto PE-issue sweats that shrink and cling. As for the shorts-over-sweats look, let's put it this way: Are you still listening to Skynyrd and rooting for the Cowboys? **DO** look like a player. The key is mixing parts of a standard uniform with your basic work-out clothes—cut-up sweatshirts, tees from old Neil Young tours. Baseball pants are okay, if they're not too tight. Shorts are fine, but they make sliding a big issue—the wounds wear for weeks.

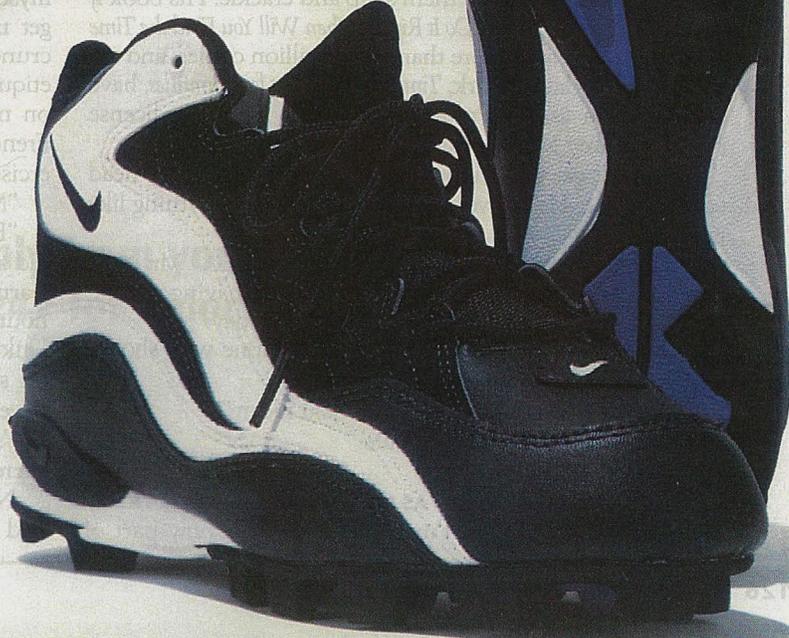
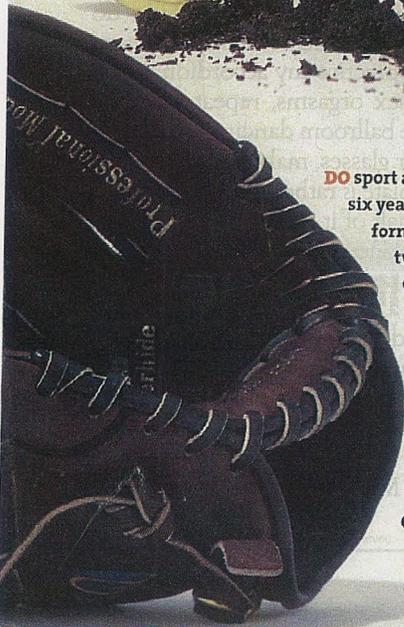
DON'T spit where you sit.



DON'T wear two batting gloves. (See ASSHOLE, above.)

DO give your ankles a fighting chance against municipal-field turf. Spring for some rubber-cleated shoes that feel comfortably supportive. Nike MCS Franchise 3/4, \$55.

DO sport a cool glove. For the last six years, Pinckard, a small California company (head count: two) has been squeezing out the finest gloves (1,200 a year) you've never heard of. The Trapeze-Weave model is handcrafted from the highest-grade steerhide, with sturdy preformed pockets, and costs \$150. To order, call 650-728-0911.



Dear Everyone,

I thought I would make this easy on myself, and write a "general" letter to all concerned. For those of you who haven't heard from me in a while (as I am a terrible relative/friend or both), let me re-cap what's been going on. I'm sure most of you have heard that I am engaged to be married this October the 10th (that would be 1998, for you keeping score.) For those who have not heard;... Bonus. It was your classic case of boy meets girl; boy phones girl; girl visits boy; boy visits girl a couple of times;... then boy moves off to England!... You see, nothing more than your average everyday love story ?! (Universal is purchasing the rights...look for it in theatre's in '99!?)

Anyway, this letter will eventually be followed up by a formal invitation but for now, consider this the 'el cheapo version. I will be getting "hitched" to Dawn Maddock (of the England Maddocks and they have utterly assured me that do not know the queen!?) and I figured I'd give you a heads up as the "best darn wedding this side of the equator" is about to creep upon you and you need to plan ahead, as it will... (this is where I put the disclaimer about those of you with back problems, heart disorders, susceptible to motion sickness, or shorter than four feet to take a seat, anyway "as it will...") take place in jolly old ENGLAND! Now, now, settle down kids as I don't want to have to come back there and really give you something to cry about!... We figured that having the ceremony/reception in England was a fair compromise as I moved there for this period of two years, and then we would move to remain in the good ole' US of A. . I have been learning a lot about a very productive and healthy relationship here, and that the secret to maintaining that level is by understanding that there will be a lot of sacrifices (i.e. "Yes dear!, we most certainly can have the wedding in England." ☺) Now most of you at this point are thinking... "*%\$£! ENGLAND, is he out of his freakin' mind?" I have been questioned about my mental stability on more than one occasion in the past, but I assure you (or one of my other personalities does) that I am indeed ... sane...

So anyway, now that the introduction to this letter is concluded, on to the main portion. The reason you are receiving the " 'el cheapo" version is so you can start saving your wampum (that's gibberish for money) and we can't afford the good ones yet. The official date is (get a pen and paper...I'll wait go ahead...) **October 10th, 1998!** Airfares should not be too bad in October, but the weather may or may not be so co-operative (therefore, pack a sweater and an umbrella.) Remember, as with any airline fares, the earlier booked, the better rate!? (British Airways and Virgin Atlantic airlines are currently having a price war, worth checking out?)

Accommodations are for the most part available on a first come, first serve basis provided some don't mind the floor. Therefore, if you arrive earlier (or make a phone arrangement with us - bribes help) you will get a "bed-type" object to sleep on, those afterward unfortunately get the Siberian Nail-Board. (Or you can of course book other accommodations - We will of course find some suitable hotels, etc. for your choosing...)

The wedding will be in Birmingham (no not Alabama), which is located in the center of England. First airport of choice is ironically Birmingham, then London Heathrow or Gatwick, and lastly Manchester. (I highly recommend a "non-stop" flight.) If you plan to make this a little vacation, please arrive for the week prior to the wedding, as there will be multiple people who will also wish to sight-see and we could all go and take places by storm. Besides, Dawn and I are planning the honeymoon for that Mon. the 12th onward and if you think we're gonna leave some bloody Americans in our home whilst we're away, you're sorely mistaken mister! (just kidding, but a pretty bloody good English accent 'eh?)

I hope you can all attend this glorious and brilliant affair (OK, now I'm just getting silly). One other thing of minor importance. You will **need** (unfortunately a must item) to "**acquire**" a **passport**. Forms can be found in your local post office. It will require your birth certificate, two "passport" photo's (which are the ones you can only get from a photo center, and cost twice as much and are half a good as ones you can do yourself?!), and of course a little monetary "donation" for their time and "effort" at the US immigration office ("effort" by definition, involves pasting "one" of the photo's into the passport!?) Anybody know what happens to the second one? If you already have a passport, verify it will still be valid as they have a shelf-life of ten years, and if so, ignore the aforementioned.

Anyway, I've given you almost ten months notice, so hopefully you can sort all of this out and attend. Please notify us and let us know if you are a "yes", "maybe", or "sorry, but we have other plans". If you're having a problem getting through to us here in England, then call "mom", and let her know, as like a good son, I call every week and can get the info. from her. I thank you for your time, and hope you can make it. I will understand if you cannot attend, but if you don't, remember, I know where you live!.... Be safe, have fun Talk soon.

Dave "somewhere in England" Moeder
aka. - D-Man, Daytona Dave, Mage, Dave the Wave, "Coach", (insert nickname here)

Dave Moeder
75 Odell Place
Off Priory Road
Edgbaston
Birmingham
B5 7RG
England

phone number (England) - 011-44-121-471-1592 (remember we're five hours ahead!)
phone number (Mom's - Florida) - 813-461-5310

FUBAR NEWS CORPORATION

"I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy..."

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Hello Fubarians, hope all finds you well this fine month of September? This is your loyal and dedicated comrade reporting live (well..as live as we can get here!?) once again from our headquarters in Birmingham, England. Since we've relocated FUBAR HQ to our European office, we have noticed a slight difference in the climate from our once favorable and much welcome Florida Office. This change you

ask, well let us tell you. Florida was a much welcome environment, boasting a mostly year round mix of sun and surf, with your occasional storm and a nice mild winter. You could say Florida had a relatively summer climate. Now what have FUBAR personnel been noticing over here in England? you ask... Well, Seeing as how FUBAR HQ is located at a more seasonal latitude of 52 ½ degrees North (unlike Florida's more tropical latitude of 30!) we would expect a more noticeable change in climate. One would expect a fairly harsh cold winter, a mild spring and summer, and a pretty wet fall. Well, it's been 18 months now at Club FUBAR

we've been through all 12 months on the calendar at least once and let us tell you, there is (just like Florida) a predominant season. Which one you ask? Is it Fall?... Negative... A year-round Spring... Big Donut there!... A familiar FUBAR Summer Season?... Nope. That would leave a Winter then?... Actually that's not it either!?... So what then? Well, let us not keep you in suspense anymore (this should've weeded out the non-believers by now?) There is indeed one predominant season my friends - Cloudy! That's right. Temp's range from freezing to 80s, but it's a gradual and mild change, the one staple in all this is clouds kids! You want 'em you



FUBAR GIRL Pamela

got 'em, all the groups, low, middle, high, and those with vertical development. Some of our associates have been back to the states, they claim they have seen a large orange orb which appears to hang in the sky!? We'd commit them, except some of the "ancient" FUBAR prophets remember seeing this object back in the old world. We at FUBAR HQ have adopted a new lifestyle which does not require the use of this "sun" as they once called it. Our bodies have adopted a new form of regenerative process which allows us to break up biological nutrients into sugars for bodily heat energy. So to get to the point, we're making do?...

Anyway, on to the news- there hasn't been that much since the last FNC report. The FUBAR Lingerie line has been a huge success, and FNC is planning a merger with SEGA Enterprises for a first of it's kind Video Softball game! It's going to be huge kids! All your favorite teams will be there - Ron Con Coca, Flight Team, Housing, even FUBAR arch-rivals - Ground Effect. Take your boys to the top! Play an entire 8 game season and then hit the single elimination playoffs where the action really gets good!? Think that's it? Well, let me tell you with 32 bit processing, the action is as realistic as it gets! See Kevin "the wild man" Russo snicker as he "K"s the opposition, hear Ed "Stand By Me" Gordon say his patented, "check out that catch bucky!?" and our personal favorite, see Ron "where's he gone?" Doles spit and scratch at Short-stop. Last minute inputs include Ground Effect's Pitcher Mason "Potty-Mouth" Aldrich screaming "Aw, come on ump, if that was any closer to the box you could call me the president!" and Jeff "Hooter" Engel pound the dirt after it rolls through the five hole! Also, Use your controller to duke it out Mortal Kombat style when another team gets in your face, or use the same function to see which captain (Moeder, Avellino, or Hager) will lead the team to victory as you fight for control of the Boys! Check out the game of games - FUBAR's - Lead, Follow, or Get out of the Way!... In stores this Fall!



Chris Roth at BIG BEN

OK, enough for the merchandising, now on to other news. Chris Roth wins the "First FUBAR to visit Dave in England" contest! Chris "Cy-Young" Roth had the pleasure of working for a week in the UK. Founder/CEO Dave "the Immortal" Moeder met up with Chris in London for a day viewing the sights and a night on the town. Chris was very impressed with London and the English culture. Couldn't stop him from making an @\$ of himself a couple times but that's the hazard of being in a foreign country with an American.

However, FNC was lucky to have him in country and bring that little bit (OK, with Chris that's a lot of bit) of American culture we miss so much over here. It was an amazing experience and as we both stated at one point, "Dude, I can't believe we're sitting in London!" Chris will be receiving his award by mail shortly (Dude, you have to blow it up first!?)

So now for our Top Story, the big news of the day is of course the mother of all weddings. FUBAR Founder/CEO Dave "Boy Wonder" Moeder is getting down to the wire boys and girls! At time of print he was 33 days from the big day!? Now, will this be the downfall of the Mighty Moeder Empire at FUBAR Corp.? Will it turn in to a "Bill and Hillary" situation where "she" will secretly wield the FUBAR power why the rest of the FUBAR Dynasty have nothing to do but watch as Dave turns into a "Do-Boy"? What does this mean? Well we've gotten some very shocking comments from various FUBAR sources close to the action...

Mark "The Shark" Avellino had this to say, "This is it, without the Kid in the seat, I can expose him for the fraud he really is and when the organization needs someone to stand in, I'll do it with pride, the sell the mother for all it's worth (probably to Ground Effect) and run like hell. By the time they figure it out, baby I will long gone and the check will be cashed kid!?"

Scott "I'm not so horrible" Hager had these comments, "Man Moeder buying into the marriage world, let me tell ya man, Marriage is a great institution, if you like living in an institution!?"

Kevin "Yes Dear" Russo was approached for comment and had this to say after wife Denise "FUBAR Chick" Russo approved content and grammatical format, "I think Dawn has found herself a great, caring, wonderful and loving guy and only wish she'd marry him instead of that @\$shole Moeder!"

Chris "The greatest FUBAR pitcher in the world ever..." Roth had this comment, "Dude, When I heard Dave was getting married, I was like Dude and all my friends were like Dude, but I really think he's a great guy and wish him well and Dawn good luck... Man what a load of crap there huh? God how long to I have to keep kissin' that kids @\$!?, I mean <Sir, we're still live.>... 'er, what a great pinnacle to modern team-building Mr. Moeder is. A role model for all. ... Damn that was close... Dude you know what that could do to my FUBAR X-Mas Bonus <Sir, the little red light, that means> G-d Dammit man, will you tell me when we're F***** clear!!!"

Ed "You got a friend in me" Gordon was approached for comment and only stated, "As I have said on previous times, you got nothing nice to say, you totally make fun of the guy and talk behind his back... That kids a freaking nightmare on society. I mean he's a little wacky! You know, playing house but nobody's home, switching the channels but the TV's off, I'm talking your run of the mill fruit cake! Man, don't get me wrong, he's no Benedict Arnold like that Avellino schmuck, but there's just too many quirks about that guy!" <Didn't you room with him one year?> "Hey man, I was desperate, needed money, you got nothin', That's it, interview is over, gotta go." <But you just got here and I booked an hour> "Yeah, well I forgot you were an @\$shole, so I'm off OK!"

Lastly, we approached our always loyal and dedicated FUBAR hall of famer, Jeff "Jet Wash" Engel. He had this for a comment, "I had the pleasure of meeting Dawn for the first time last X-Mas. My lovely wife Tanya and I spent two whole days with Dawn and Dave and let me tell you, we never met a more courteous, gracious and caring person as Dawn. What the hell she sees' in Dave I have no freaking idea. I mean I love Dave as much as the next guy, well maybe not as much as Gordon but he needed money back then, but I mean he's cocky, arrogant, hell the guy benched me! What the hell was he thinking? I was the best offensive player the FUBAR's ever saw. What a Jack-@\$\$.> <Didn't you actually WIFF once?... In softball!>

“Hey! Did I say Jack-@\$\$? I mean’t nice @\$\$! Guy’s a god, couldn’t say anything nicer about him.”

So there you have it, the views of the veterans, good thing we edited the interviews, one guy actually dropped his trousers and ... well, we don’t need to tell you what Gordon did (got a few bucks from us for it though!). Anyway, that’s the news for now, have yourself a fine FUBAR day and remember, no one is worthless, well except maybe Jesse Rhodes!?... oh, and that Avellino character acts up now and again as well. Once again, this is your friend, and mine?, reporting from cloud city (told you I’d get a Star Wars reference in here somewhere!). Talk later;

Dave #23
Founder/CEO
FUBAR Corporation



FUBAR GIRL Latitia

FUBAR Lingerie
1998

Here's a rare opportunity to see first-hand the newest addition to the FUBAR aerial fleet. This baby cruises at over 100 knots and reaches altitudes of +10,000 feet, and the plane doesn't do too bad either. Come see this puppy on display for a limited time only at the Smithsonian Air & Space museum in the FUBAR wing. Also be sure to read the attached Ed "Live it up baby" Gordon supplement to the FUBAR newsletter "Rules for choosing a company softball team" Enjoy, this has been another FNC publication.

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FUBAR Ultralight and FUBAR Girl Samantha

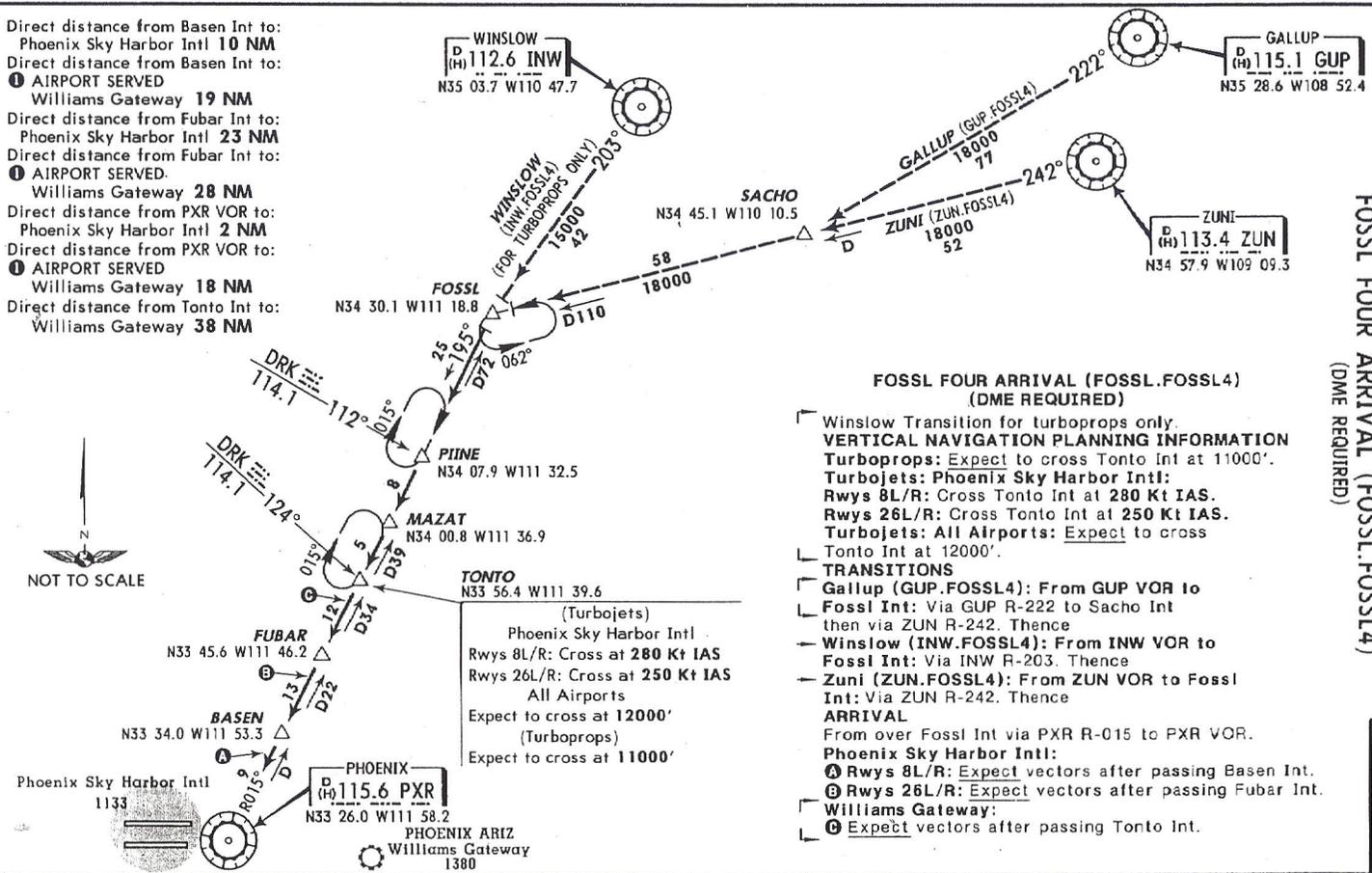
Well, FUBARIans for those who thought it was never possible, behold the FOSSL FOUR ARRIVAL into Sky Harbor International Airport in Phoenix, Arizona. If you look closely enough, you will notice there is a checkpoint which holds the familiar name - FUBARI! This is an authentic arrival procedure and does, without a doubt, land the FUBAR's on the map!
Live it up baby!?

Talk later,
Dave #23
CEO/Founder
FUBAR Corp.
est. 1989

- Direct distance from Basen Int to: Phoenix Sky Harbor Intl 10 NM
- Direct distance from Basen Int to: ① AIRPORT SERVED Williams Gateway 19 NM
- Direct distance from Fubar Int to: Phoenix Sky Harbor Intl 23 NM
- Direct distance from Fubar Int to: ① AIRPORT SERVED Williams Gateway 28 NM
- Direct distance from PXR VOR to: Phoenix Sky Harbor Intl 2 NM
- Direct distance from PXR VOR to: ① AIRPORT SERVED Williams Gateway 18 NM
- Direct distance from Tonto Int to: Williams Gateway 38 NM

CHANGES: Procedure title, transitions, airports served.

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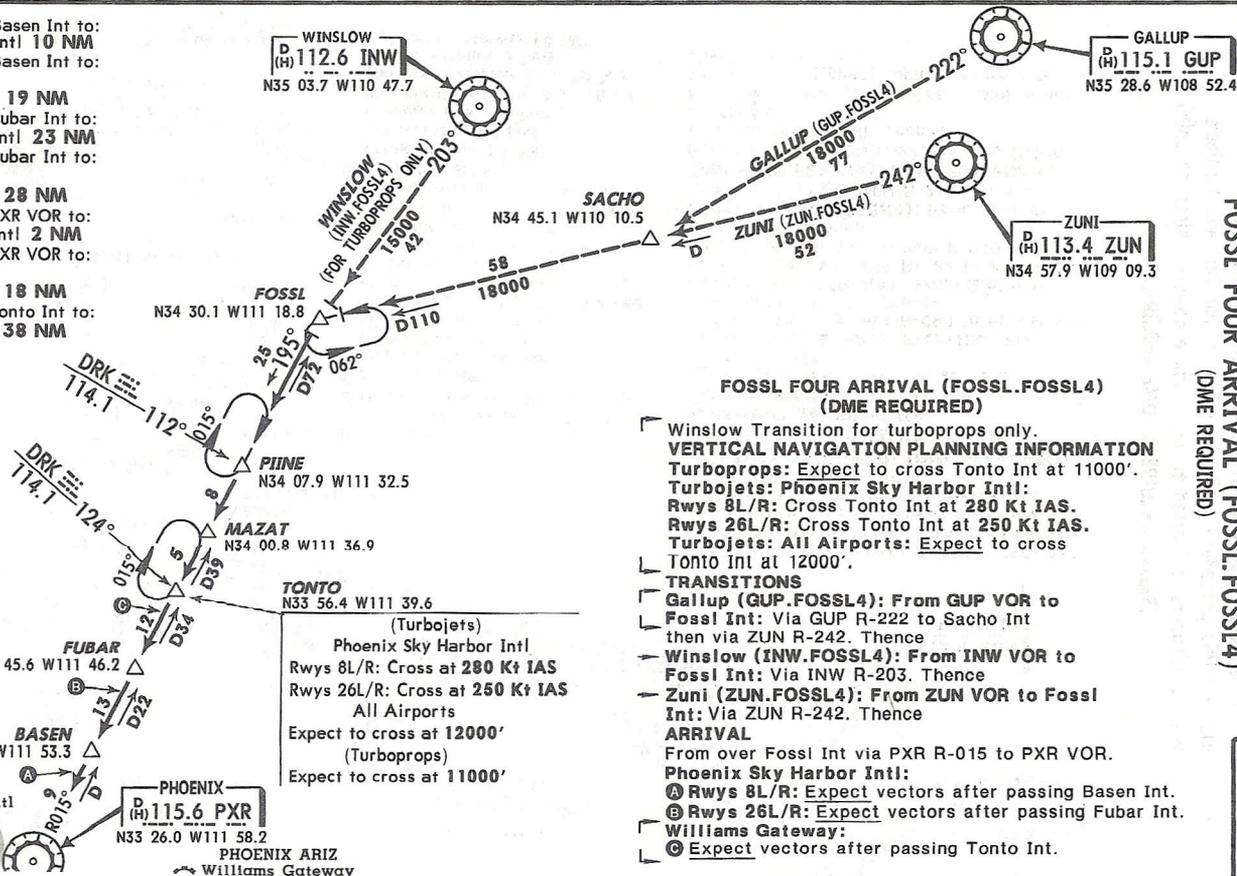
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Phoenix Sky Harbor Intl 2 NM
Distance from Phoenix Sky Harbor Intl to:
Tonto Int 38 NM



**FOSSL FOUR ARRIVAL (FOSSL.FOSSL4)
(DME REQUIRED)**

- Winslow Transition for turboprops only.
- VERTICAL NAVIGATION PLANNING INFORMATION**
- Turboprops: Expect to cross Tonto Int at 11000'.
- Turbojets: Phoenix Sky Harbor Intl:
Rwys 8L/R: Cross Tonto Int at 280 Kt IAS.
Rwys 26L/R: Cross Tonto Int at 250 Kt IAS.
- Turbojets: All Airports: Expect to cross Tonto Int at 12000'.
- TRANSITIONS**
- Gallup (GUP.FOSSL4): From GUP VOR to Fossil Int: Via GUP R-222 to Sacho Int then via ZUN R-242. Thence
- Winslow (INW.FOSSL4): From INW VOR to Fossil Int: Via INW R-203. Thence
- Zuni (ZUN.FOSSL4): From ZUN VOR to Fossil Int: Via ZUN R-242. Thence
- ARRIVAL**
- From over Fossil Int via PXR R-015 to PXR VOR.
- Phoenix Sky Harbor Intl:
A Rwys 8L/R: Expect vectors after passing Basen Int.
B Rwys 26L/R: Expect vectors after passing Fubar Int.
- Williams Gateway:
C Expect vectors after passing Tonto Int.

**FOSSL ARRIVAL (FOSSL.FOSSL4)
(DME REQUIRED)**

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STAR

Hello everyone, first thing, this will not be one of my patented seven page "hold on a minute while I take a seat 'cause we're gonna be here all day" letters, but just a quick note to accompany the invitation (which is good 'cause they get lonely too you know?) By the way, those of you who had the thought "man I hope this isn't one of those patented "Moeder Seven-Pager" deals, you can toss the invite at this time ☺! Now for my "real" family and friends, read on and enjoy the wonder of my multi-faceted and sometimes awe-inspiring literary talent?...

You have in your hands (besides the letter) a wonderous and brilliant (they love that word here) opportunity to, well quite frankly attend Dawn's and my wedding. It will be as far as I can deem a very memorable one and I hope you can attend, however, there is one catch... (a Moeder clause!?)... As indicated on the invitation, it will be in Birmingham. That would be the one in England though and not the one in Alabama. So, there are a few considerations I figured you would want to be aware of when making plans...

First is the issue of a passport. You will need one and they usually take up to six weeks to acquire and require two photos (They keep one? Where it goes? Who knows?)

If you have one, then verify it is still valid as they have a ten year shelf life, I believe five if you obtained prior to your 18th birthday. I also figured you would want an idea of costs associated with this glorious endeavor. For planning purposes, the current monetary exchange rate is 1.70 US dollars to 1.00 UK Pound. The main analogy is that you take the US dollar price sign and replace it with a UK Pound one and that's what things cost. I can tell you then some estimates for expenses (note dollars or pounds) (These are estimates ☺)

Airfare -	400-700 dollars (depending on when you book, and with who)
Passport -	65 dollars
Hotels/Bed&Break. -	40-70 pounds/night (sleep 4 - one double, two singles)
Transportation -	20 pounds (train fare - daily roundtrip Birmingham to London)

Those are the main expenses I can think of, if you have any other concerns, feel free to call us or email me for info. As for me, for those I haven't spoken with in a while, I am here in England as I have been for the past year working as a civilian for the USAF. I will be marrying Dawn Maddock (as stated on the invite) of the Telford Maddocks. (They have asked me to assure you that they do not know the queen.) I moved over here to be a little closer to Dawn as the commute was killin' me, what with the swimming and all!?... (OK, that was really bad.) Anyway, I'm going to leave you now, and hope you can attend. Dawn and I would appreciate if you could RSVP (include total number attending) by July 20th as many of you know a final number count is crucial to wedding planning. Also, Dawn needs to know how many of her family will then be able to attend. (serious - by the way, I will assume if you do not reply at all, you are secretly trying to sabotage our day - hey, thanks.) Looking forward to seeing you all.

Later,
Dave



Hello again everyone. I would first like to thank you for choosing to attend the "best wedding you will ever see this side of the equator" Well, you have decided to take the infamous hop across the pond? Let me tell you, nothing like 6 hours in coach class - Yee Ha. Most of you have been inquiring about airline tickets, but I figured you may well want the info. For Hotels, Bed and Breakfasts and taxi/trains and coaches (see attached vocabulary list - it's a bus) as well. The attached pages will cover all those except the coaches. If you are traveling into the following airports, you will need to get a coach to Birmingham -

Heathrow - £25.00/person
Gatwick - £28.00/person
Manchester - £13.50/person
(These are the prices as of August 31st.)

The coach will get you from and to the airport. Suggest you allow a couple hours for baggage claim and customs when determining the coach time. You can call in advance, or pay when you arrive, however booking in advance guarantees a seat. I will provide a number to book in advance, just tell them the arrival time and destination of your flight and they will advise the best coach time. You will need a coach from your airport to the BIRMINGHAM DIGBETH COACH STATION

The number is -

NATIONAL EXPRESS - 011-44-990-80-80-80

(If you fly into Birmingham International, let us know and we will pick you up.)

If you are one of those who has grabbed a first come, first serve spot in our place, just keep in mind that you will still need a hotel room on the Friday Night (Oct. 9th) before the wedding so Dawn doesn't kill you* (* she has been known to get in a mood when getting ready for important occasions and for some reason she thinks this may be the case here so if anyone were to accidentally get in the way, god help them!!!!) and you may want to bring some bedding if you have the room. (i.e. a sleeping bag is the best choice, however, don't go buy one for this, we'll get you something otherwise.)

Make sure when you book anything over the phone, inquire as to whether they take VISA, etc. but ensure you can, if your planning to, pay when you arrive or if you have to pay when you reserve (i.e. in advance over the phone?).

That should be about it. If you haven't found flights yet, I would suggest arriving on the morning of or prior to the 6th. I suggest spending a week here to sight-see a bit as well, but I understand many are quite busy. The best flight time is the overnight (or "red-eye") and stay up the day you arrive, really controls the jet-lag.

I know some of you have asked about gifts, however, we understand what it takes to just get over here for this so we are not expecting anything. Now, if you have money to burn, we did register with a gift service here. I've enclosed the brochure, you can call to get a gift list or find out what's on it. (The most important stuff is the luggage ☺) If your not sure about a gift, money will work quite well too! ☺

Well, I guess that's it for now, if you have any questions or need any help with this stuff, feel free to call on any of the following numbers -

Dave and Dawn - 011-11-121-249-0953 (answering machine)

Dave (work M-F) - 011-44-1638-52-3152

I've also enclosed a list of common terms which may be misinterpreted by the British if you use them like you would in the US. (Just look at it and think what would happen if you said, "Nice Pants." To a lady. So, study up and there will be no problem blending in...

DAVE'S BIG TIP! - DO NOT FORGET YOUR PASSPORTS!

Talk later, see you in about 5 weeks.

BRITISH**AMERICAN**

Loo (slang)	Toilet
Lorry	Truck
Lounge suit	Business suit
Mains	Electric wiring
Marrow	Squash
Martini	Dry vermouth
Methylated spirit	Denatured alcohol
Motorway	Freeway
Nappy	Diaper
Newsagent	Shop selling newspapers
Number plate (of car)	License plate
Overtake (of car)	Pass
Pants	Underpants
Paraffin	Kerosene
Pavement	Sidewalk
Plaits	Braids
Pinny (pinafore)	Apron
Plonk (slang)	Table wine
Petrol	Gasoline
Pinafore dress	Jumper
Plaster /sticking plaster	Band-aid
Plimsoles	Sneakers
Pram	Baby carriage
Pub (public house)	Tavern
Public convenience (toilet)	Public rest room
Push chair	Baby stroller
Quay	Dock
Queue	Stand in line
Quid (slang)	One pound (sterling)
Rates	Property taxes
Reel of cotton	Spool of thread
Registration number (car)	License plate number
Return (ticket)	Round trip
Ring/ring up	Call on telephone
Ring road	Town center bypass
Roundabout	Traffic circle
Rubber	Eraser
Rubbish	Garbage
Rubbish tip or dump	Garbage dump
Salad cream	Mayonnaise
Saloon (car)	Sedan
Scone	Biscuit
Sellotape	Scotch tape
Serviette	Napkin
Shandy	Drink of beer & lemonade
Silencer (of car)	Muffler
Solicitor	Lawyer who provides advice but does not appear in court
Spanner	Wrench
Sprouts	Brussel sprouts
Squash	Fruit drink



“Could you help me? An articulated lorry has crumpled my wing, and the call box on the footpath is engaged.”

BRITISH**AMERICAN**

Stalls (in theatre)	Orchestra seats
Starter	Appetizer
Subway	Underpass
Summer time	Daylight saving time
Suspenders	Garters
Swede	Turnip-like vegetable
Sweet	Dessert or candy
Tailback	Line of traffic
Terraced house	Townhouse
Treacle	Sweet (corn) syrup
Tube	Subway
Underground	Subway
Venue	Location of event
Verge (of road)	Shoulder
Vest	Undershirt
Waistcoat	Vest
W.C. (water closet)	Toilet
Windscreen (of car)	Windshield
Wing (of car)	Fender
Yard	Enclosed paved area (not synonymous with garden)
Zebra crossing	Pedestrian crossing
Zed	Letter “Z” (phonetic)



BRITISH vs AMERICAN

VOCABULARY



Someone once quipped that the United States and the United Kingdom were "two nations divided by a common language".

While that is certainly not the case, and we can understand one another under most circumstances, there are some language differences.

The following vocabulary, while by no means all-inclusive, may help you over a few rough spots:

<u>BRITISH</u>	<u>AMERICAN</u>	<u>BRITISH</u>	<u>AMERICAN</u>
Articulated lorry	Semi-trailer truck	Estate agent	Real estate agent
Bangers and mash	Sausages and mashed potatoes	Fag	Slang for cigarette
Bank holiday	Legal holiday	First floor	Second floor
Bap	Soft roll	Fit	Install
Barrister	Lawyer who normally appears as advocate in court	Flat	Apartment
Bird	Slang for "girl or girlfriend"	Flex	Electric cord
Biscuit	Cracker or cookie	Flyover	Overpass
Bitter	Ale	Football	Soccer
Bonnet (of car)	Hood	Footpath	Sidewalk or path
Book (tickets etc)	Make a reservation	Fortnight	Two weeks
Boot (of car)	Trunk	French beans	String or green beans
Braces	Suspenders	French stick	Loaf of French bread
Bungalow	Single-storey house	Fridge	Refrigerator
Call box	Telephone booth	Fringe	Bangs
Calor gas	Bottled gas	Gateau	Layer cake
Car park	Parking lot	Geyser ("geezer")	Water heater
Caravan	Camper vehicle or trailer	Grill	Broil or broiler
Chemist	Druggist	Ground floor	First floor
Chips	French-fried potatoes	Hire purchase	Installment plan
Cinema	Movie theater	Hoarding	Billboard
Closet	Water closet or toilet	Hob	Installed gas or electric range top
Coach	Bus	Holiday	Vacation
Cooker	Stove	Hoover	Vacuum cleaner
Cot	Child's bed/crib	Humpback bridge	Sharply humped bridge
Crisps	Potato chips	Interval (at theatre)	Intermission
Cupboard	Closet	Ironmonger	Hardware store
Dress circle (of theatre)	Balcony	Joint (of meat)	Roast
Dual carriageway	Divided highway	Jumper	Sweater
Dustbin	Garbage can	Knickers	Underpants
Dustman	Garbage collector	Knock up	To awaken someone (by knocking)
Dynamo (of car)	Generator	Lager	Beer
Engaged (on telephone)	Line/number is busy	Lay -by	Roadside parking area
Estate (of car)	Station wagon	Left luggage	Baggage checking
Estate	Subdivision/housing or industrial development	Lift	Elevator

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHURCH AND TO Highbury Hall.

FROM M6 (Junction 6)

- Follow the A38 (M) into Birmingham City Centre (this road will take you over an overpass and under three tunnels to a set of traffic lights/stop lights (approximately 4 miles - McDonalds is on the right hand far side of the lights.)
- Continue straight through these lights and through two sets of pedestrian lights to another set of traffic lights (approximately 1 mile after McDonalds- Priory Road)
- At these lights **EITHER** -
- Turn **right** (to the Priory Hospital, Harbourne, Ladywood and the Botanical Gardens) to head towards **Edgbaston Old Church**
- OR**
- Turn **left** (to County Cricket Club, Balsall Heath, Moseley and Cannon Hill Park) to head towards **Highbury Hall**.

IF YOU GET LOST ASK ANYONE FOR DIRECTIONS TO THE COUNTY CRICKET GROUND AND TRACE YOUR STEPS FROM THIS POINT. (See directions to Highbury Hall)

FROM M5 (Junction 4 - do not exit at Junction 5 even though sign-posted for the A38)

- Take the A38 to Birmingham South West (do NOT follow the A38 to Bromsgrove!) into City Centre (total distance is approximately 8.5 miles) :-
You will pass through four sets of traffic lights/stop lights (including pedestrian lights) then, turn left at a small island and then pass through another 24 sets of traffic lights (including pedestrian lights) There are speed cameras on this road and are usually in use. The speed limit is 40 mph so please be careful!!

As you head into Birmingham City Centre you will pass through Northfield and Selly Oak. After Selly Oak, Birmingham University is on the left hand side and the BBC Studios are signposted to the right. You will then approach the final set of traffic lights. -

Turn either -

Left (to the Priory Hospital, Harbourne, Ladywood and the Botanical Gardens) to head towards the Church

OR

Right (to County Cricket Ground, Balsall Heath, Moseley, and Cannon Hill Park) to head towards Highbury Hall.

IF YOU GET LOST ASK ANYONE FOR DIRECTIONS TO THE COUNTY CRICKET GROUND AND TRACE YOUR STEPS FROM THIS POINT. (See directions to Highbury Hall)

FROM THE M40 AND M42:

Although you have to drive around Birmingham, it is wiser to come in to Birmingham City Centre from the M6 (Junction 6). It does add about 15 minutes to your journey but it will avoid you queueing in traffic for about 45 minutes in Kings Heath!

TO THE CHURCH:

Follow the road up the hill (heading towards the Botanical Gardens) to the top. You will pass the Priory Hospital on your left hand side.

Turn right at the roundabout and park on the road side as near as possible to the roundabout, the church was on the left on the roundabout.

(There is no parking on the dual carriageway in front of the church or in the Golf Club next door!)

TO Highbury Hall

At the next set of lights go straight through towards Moseley (the cricket ground is on the left after the lights)

At the next roundabout turn right into Russell Road. (Highbury is sign-posted).

Follow the road to the end, at the roundabout - straight over into Queensbridge Road.

Turn right into Yew Tree Road (sign-posted to Highbury)

Highbury Hall has a concealed entrance on the left hand side.

BY TRAIN:

Take a train to Birmingham New Street Station. Outside the station there is a taxi rank/stand for you to get a taxi to the church or Highbury.

PLEASE NOTE:

There is parking at Highbury, however there is no function on the Sunday. If you want to leave your car, take a taxi home and collect your vehicle the next day then you must park on the road overnight or you will not be able to recover your car until Monday at 9:00am because the gates to Highbury will be locked.

For those attending the evening reception, you will be welcome at the Church if you wish to see the wedding service take place. The service commences at 2:00pm but please advise us if you are going to attend so that we can ensure that an order of service will be available for you!.

The afternoon meal will be served at 4:00pm and the evening buffet will be served at 8:30pm.

The function is due to end at 11:30pm. If you need a taxi then please book in advance by 9:00pm. A phone and taxi numbers are situated in the bar in Highbury Hall.

HOTEL ACCOMODATION.

There are many hotels in the Birmingham area. If you wish to book hotels for the Friday or Saturday night then we have obtained prices and phone numbers as follows:

- **Beechwood Hotel - (round the corner from our house)**
199-201 Bristol Road
Edgbaston
(0121) 440 2133
Single £38.00 (inc. breakfast)
Double £50.00 (inc. breakfast)
- **Bristol Court Hotel - (round the corner from our house)**
Bristol Road
Edgbaston
(0121) 472 0078
Single £35.00 (inc. breakfast)
Double £49.50 (inc. breakfast)
- **Forte Travel Lodge - (in the city centre about 1½ miles from the house)**
230 Broad Street
(0800) 850 950
Double or family room (one double, one single) £49.95.
Continental Breakfast £3.99 each.
- **Hotel IBIS - (in the city centre about 1½ miles from the house)**
Ladywell Walk
Birmingham City Centre
(0121) 622 6010
Double £48.00
Family £69.00
Breakfast £5.25
- **Birmingham Travel Inn - just off the A38(M) about 4 miles from the house)**
Waterlinks
(0121) 333 6484
Double £38.00
Breakfast £3.45 (Continental)
- **Kensington Guest House - on the Pershore Road about 1 mile from the house)**
785 Pershore Road
(0121) 472 7086
Single £38.00
Double £48.00
Twin £48.00
3 bed £55.00
4 bed £70.00

A family room is supposed to be for two adults and one child but you could sleep three adults comfortably - just do not tell them when you book the hotel room!

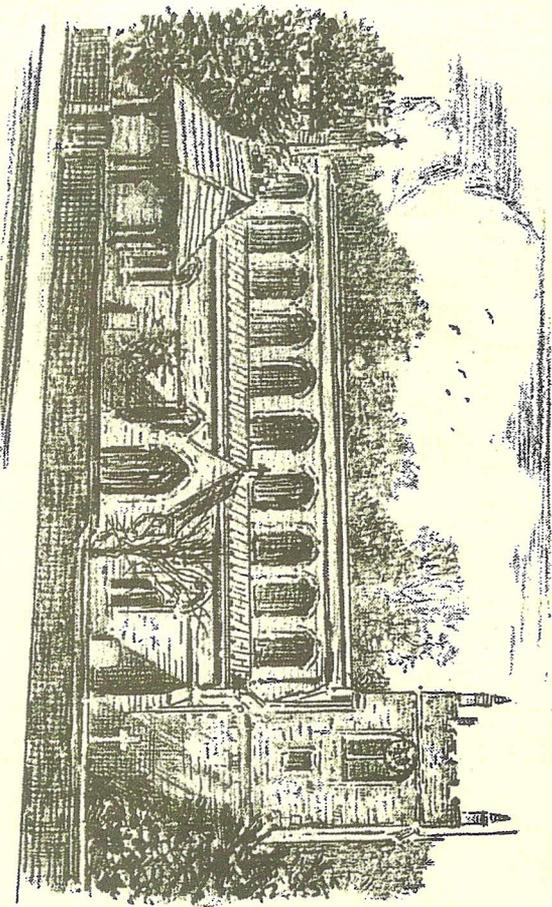
If you can not find a suitable hotel then please let us know and we will try to help!

The Marriage of

Dawn Elizabeth Maddock

and

David Alexander Moeder



Saturday 10th October 1998

The marriage of
Miss Dawn Elizabeth Maddock
and
Mr David Alexander Moeder
Saturday 10th October, 1998.

.....
will / will not be able to attend.

Please notify us of any special dietary requirements
and the total number to be in attendance.

EXTRA SPECIAL EXTRA SPECIAL EXTRA FUBAR News Corporation

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Photo courtesy of: FUBAR Public Relations

From left: Bill "Thrillseeker" Moeder, Dave "Superman" Moeder, Jeff "swiss cheese" Engel, Ed "Stand By Me" Gordon, Jesse "Psycho" Rhodes, Kevin "Wild Thing" Russo, and Chris "I'm a pitching god" Roth.

Hello FUBARians. Big news for the FUBAR camp. Dave "Living Legend" Moeder has wed! That's right folks. Apparently the CEO/ Founder of the FUBAR Corporation has taken a bride. Dawn "it wasn't for the money" Maddock was the lucky lady who stole Dave's heart. The lady from England completed the merger on OCT 10th, and has probably just married the most influential person of the 20th century. The FUBAR upper management are up in arms as to the potential effect this may have on the corporation. As of printing date, the stocks have not shown any sign of faltering, but only time will tell. Anyway, the photo above (courtesy of the FNC Press Corp.) shows that many major FUBAR representatives were in attendance, including FUBAR legend from the New York based division Bill "I'm the kids brother, that's why I have a job" Moeder.

Most FUBAR rep's arrived in town around the 7th of OCT., with the occasional slacker, or two, arriving later. FNC will not mention the names of those individuals, but will tell you Jeff Engel took "arriving the latest but still attending the wedding" prize with his arrival of 0815 on OCT 10th! Way to go Jeff! Your check is in the mail!?!...

There were approximately 30 guests and friends from Camp FUBAR attending the ceremony which took place in Birmingham, England. A very impressive turn out to say the least. Dave "hitched" Moeder had this comment, "I was so impressed with the numbers. It was a lot to ask, but everyone did their best to try and get here and I'm grateful for everyone's effort."

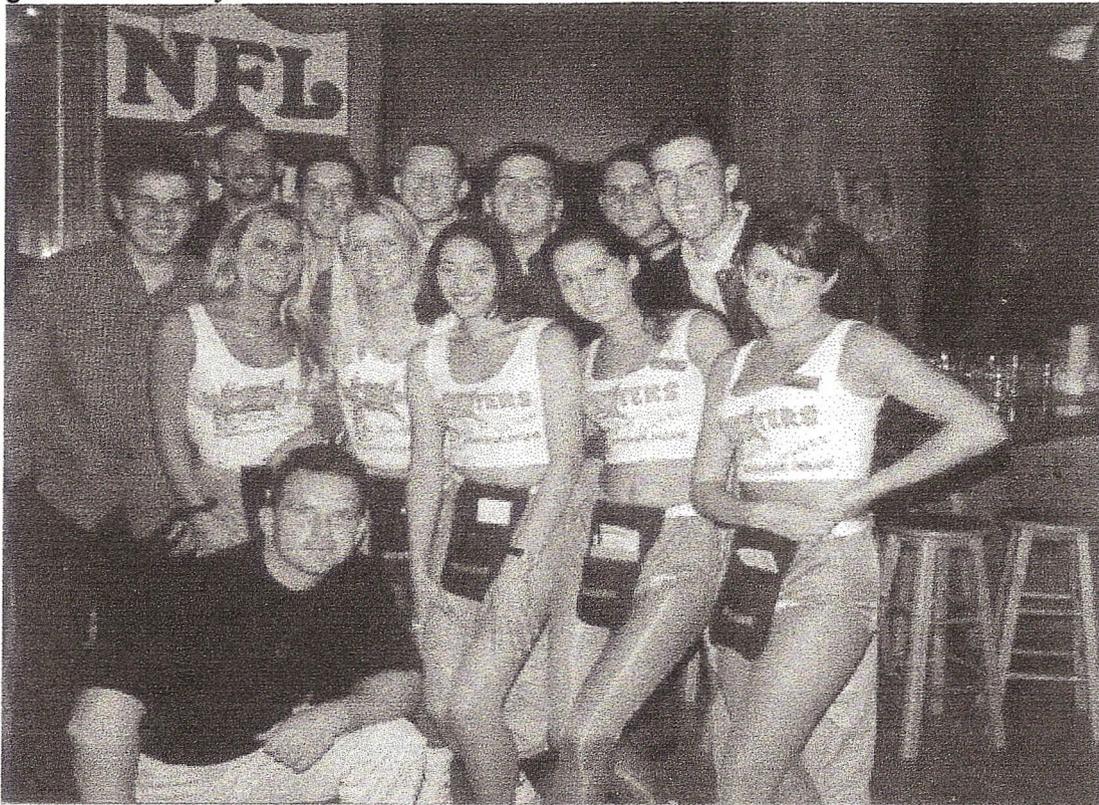


Photo courtesy of: FUBAR Public Relations

From left: Ethan, Ed, Thomas, Jesse, Dave, Jeff S., Chris, Girl#1, Girl#2, Girl#3, Girl#4, Louise, and Bill.

The FUBAR VP's in conjunction with Dave's (at the time) fiancée, had themselves a night of festive partying prior to the wedding. This did consist of consuming mass quantities of BEVERAGES and of course a meal at the FUBAR's favorite eatery, HOOTERS which have just opened a few restaurants in the UK. (Pictured above are FUBAR's and Friends.) The FUBAR tourist brigade as they became affectionately known did much sightseeing also whilst in the "Old Country", including a trip to a castle and the infamous, "Yanks visit London" Tour which happened the night after Dave's little Bachelor do. This meant Dave was feeling a bit "SH***Y" for the entire day. (This feeling never went away either.) One FUBARian was quoted as saying (we think it was the Roth kid?), "Dude, you look like sh*t!" Moeder's reply was something along the lines of, "Look buddy, I can still play softball better than you AND kick your @\$!" Chris Roth shrugged this off as beer delirium and hangover effects. Other FUBARians just made loud noises and made the occasional comment of, "you did it to yourself", and "that's what happens when you drink so much."

"Philosophers all they have become;... I hope they all die..."

- Moeder, 11:56am, Oct 9th (morning after Bachelor party.)

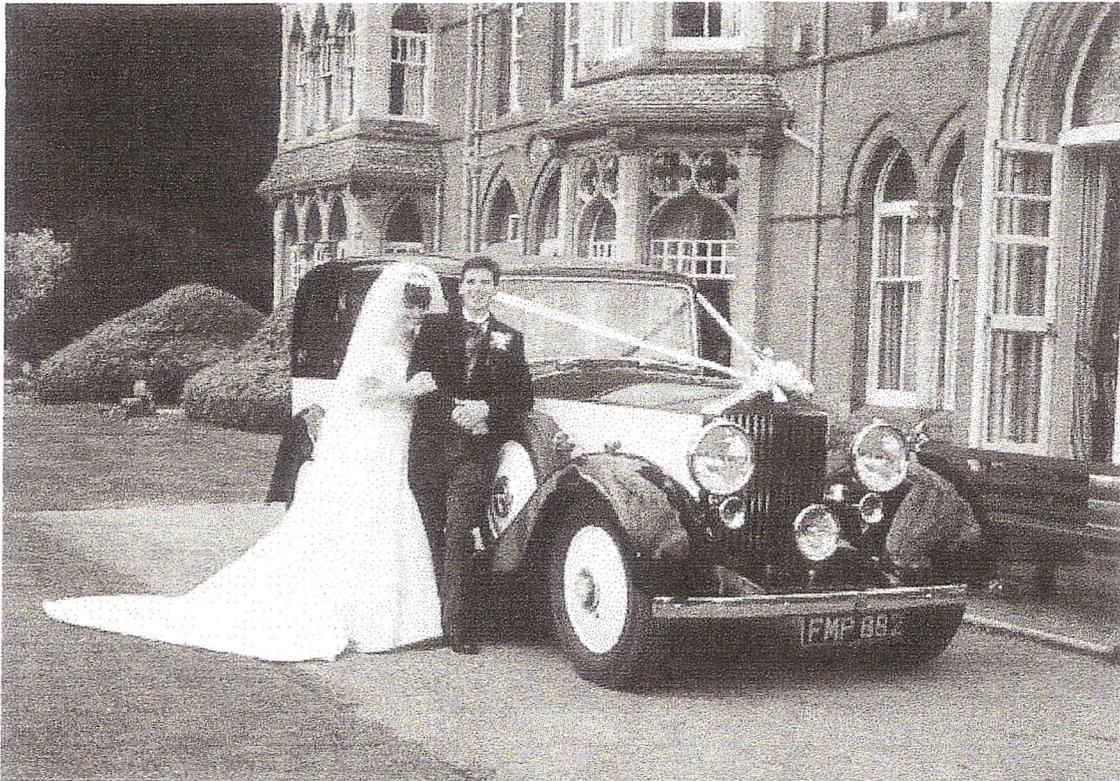


photo courtesy of: FUBAR Public Relations
Dawn & Dave with gifts purchased from FUBAR annual dues account... "Thank you very much!"

After the wedding event of the century, the Moeder's, jetted off to Italy, where they spent three weeks traipsing all over the country. Of course FUBAR press was there documenting it all, but the real news was back in the UK and England, where the press was having a field day with the guests. Here are a few comments:

Kevin "Wild Thing" Russo, "What a bunch of pompous bastards, one guy said to me, "I take it your kind aren't used to an occasion such as this? I would imagine something a bit more... middle class" - Middle class! I got your middle class right here buddy." Russo was later identified as the "crazy little American who tried to kill muffy."

Ed "Goose-man" Gordon had this to say, "I haven't seen the kid in almost three years and I flew all the way over for this crap! Dude, what's up with that!"

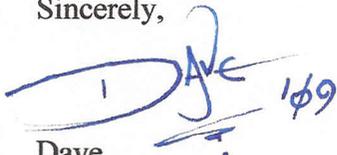
Jesse "Underground" Rhodes, "Dude, I thought the wall just divided the street from the sidewalk, let me tell you, it didn't - 25ft down baby... don't ever jump over a 3ft high wall in a drunken stupor... That sucked!?"

Anyway, all turned out in the end for a spectacular time and fun honeymoon. Other than that, there's not much more to say, so that will do it for this FNC SPECIAL EDITION Report, updating you on the marriage of our CEO/Founder to his bride. Hope she helps to run it better than the little Dictator does? Anyway, that's the news and once again this has been your loyal and dedicated reporter, bringing you only the facts and truth. Till next time,
TTFN...

Dave

So, there you have it, if you've gotten this far, I commend you (or pity you – one or the other?) In either case, thanks for at least looking at this thing for me. It only took me, oh, about 11 years to get this far. Good thing no one was waiting for it or anything. The big question now is, did you really read this far into the book, or did you just skip ahead to the last pages? You see, if you read it to here then that would be ok but, if you skipped, well that is just unacceptable!?... I mean, that's the same as eating the pseudo-chocolate cake dessert on your Hungry-Man TV dinner BEFORE you eat the dinner! It's an outrage! EVERYONE and I mean EVERYONE knows you save the dessert till last!?... WHAT's wrong with you people? Next thing you know there will be teenage pregnancy, gambling, and we won't be able to leave our doors unlocked at night and THEN we'll really be in trouble!?... Ok, I digress - Well that is all for now I guess, keep checking the web for FUBAR News Updates and of course your mailbox in case I decide to actually send you something again!? Whichever you choose to do or not to do I'm sure I'll be putting the **FUBARchives Vol. II** together after the next decade or so, so if you miss something I'll get it to you eventually. Next time though, I'll try and go for the books on tape feel or CD or the brain implant chip or whatever the new hot media is then!?... So until then why not kill some time by going to the beginning and actually reading this thing. I should hope you know how to read don't you? - If not it's easy - Top to bottom, left to right. Group words together to form sentences. Take Tylenol for any headaches, Midol for any cramps!.... Ok , got my Tommy Boy reference in, I can go now. Enjoy and thanks for giving me the material to work with...

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read 'Dave', with a large flourish and the number '169' written to the right.

Dave
CEO/Founder
FUBAR'S est. '89

Oh, almost forgot, **Appendices i-iii** contain a whole mess of previously unreleased material. I hope you find all that stuff as enjoyable as this was!?...

Softball's history

Ever wonder how softball got its start? Believe it or not, the game was born in a Minneapolis firehouse.

A fire fighter named Lewis Rober wanted to create something like baseball. He came up with softball, a game that his fellow fire fighters could play indoors.

A large handmade ball made it possible to play inside because this type of ball wouldn't travel as far as a baseball. The shorter distance between the pitcher and batter was thought to be an unfair advantage for the pitcher, so the pitcher was required to throw underhand. The batters used lighter, thinner bats so they wouldn't be able to hit as far. Later, softball was moved outdoors.

Today, more than 15 million men, women and children play softball. The rules for softball are basically the same as baseball, except softball is limited to seven innings. Extra innings are added if there is a tie.

Many people enjoy playing softball. Several countries, including the United States, compete in annual, amateur world championships.

Most important, it's a great game that the whole family can play.