

The Girls Continue to Rule the World, Right Fellas?

By Duane Plank

Did any of you watch the Breeders' Cup horse racing extravaganza last weekend? I tried to view as many of the championship races as possible, but necessary things like work and soccer seemed to get in the way. Anyway, I watched about three or four of the races "live" on the tube Saturday, including the Classic, where the chickie horse Zenyatta stepped up and challenged the best male horses in the world. And won.

Was watching the final race in the neighborhood of *RJ the Golfer*, who started to lose his mind when Zenyatta apparently wasn't perking up her ears, or something similar, in the first couple of furlongs, or whatever they are called. Girl didn't get out of the starting gate too well, I guess? Anyway, the superstar super-chick horse won the Classic. Good for her and her classy connections.

I lost my very small wager on the race cuz I selected some stupid European horse, because I had listened to somebody saying something that I thought made sense. Nag ran way up the synthetic track. The winner of the huge in-house pool was none other than the *Girl*, who selected Zenyatta with her bold pick in racing's biggest day's biggest race. She must know a shoot-load about the ponies. Or someone really smart touted her on the mare. Not sure which angle is true, maybe both. Okay, it was me. I was the tout. Self-congratulatory slap on the back.

Mentioned to someone that record mogul Jerry Moss was the owner of Zenyatta, and that Moss and Herb Alpert, Mexican music icon and all, were the guys behind the legendary A & M record company. Referenced Herb A., and suffice to say, the iconic *Music Man*, and others, including your intrepid columnist, started riffing some of the incredible Tijuana Brass tunes that ruled the airwaves in the 60s. Songs like "A Taste of Honey," "This Guys in Love with You," and "The Lonely Bull."

Going out in the garage tomorrow to find out just how many gems, like my *TJB albums*, that I still have in the LP box that I am readying for dumping/storage/giveaway.

Anywho, the persona who I queried did not recall the glory years of A & M. How could she cuz she is just 29? She innocently asked if the Alpert dude was the guy who "bit someone?" Maybe she was thinking of Marv Albert? In fact, I know that she was referencing the iconic sports announcer. Had a great laugh at that comment, but in reality, how was she to know? Don't think Herb Alpert chomped on anyone. Now if she had said Merv Griffin?

So how long do you think it took Dodger steroid-cheatin' outfielder Manny Ramirez, or more probably, his uber-agent Scott Boras, to figure out that Manny had better re-up with the Blue and take the \$20 or so million that

they were proffering for next year? For all of you Doyer Blue fans, remember that Manny hemmed and hawed last offseason, waiting for a better offer than the one that the locals were forced to put on the table after the Red Sox quitter lucked into a great gig in El Lay. Mannywood, and all of that mania.

Want him back, fans? Let's see. If Manny drains \$20 mil or so out of the Dodger payroll, how the heck is the canned Jamie McCourt going to survive? Lady claims that she needs nearly 500k per month just to function. Hey gal, check out the recent unemployment numbers in our Great Bankrupt State? Plus all of the perks she has become accustomed to. Like back massages from the limo jockey, I assume.

By the way folks, *Plank* had mentioned the Cougar thing with the lovely Ms. McCourt about a week prior to her alleged affair with the driver became public knowledge. I'm just saying... Trust my sources. And you should see some of the stuff that I don't write cuz I feel a responsibility to someone, somewhere.

The USC footballers just defeated the AZ State Sun Devils in an incredibly monotonous game Saturday night. It was 14-9 or something similar. Fight on, to all of you SC guys and gals who think that a college football game is a really big deal, a test of your man or womanhood. Puff it out, guys. Or even better, puff it out, ladies! Like to see you women sporting the Cardinal and Gold tight Ts. Personally, I get all fired up when the Cal State Dominguez Hills Toros win something, cuz that is my alma mater and this stuff is so darn important!

Shockingly, the football Bruins actually won a game! Criminy, that screws up my cheeky prediction made about five weeks ago that the Bruins-in-Ruins would lose out the rest of the season. Hate when I am wrong, but gotta take the bullet. And the Air Force Blues could actually win two in a row, because they travel up north to play the horrible Washington State somebodies this Saturday.

Just need to add that column favorite Rich "The Rat" Rodriguez and his Michigan kids dropped another game last weekend, turtling to the supposedly overmatched Purdue Boilermakers last Saturday in the "Big House." First home loss to the Rick Mounts in about 30 or so years. Nice loss, Coach Butthead. Started out 4-0, now you may end up 5-7. Congrats to your squad, Mr. Muraida. Even a blind squirrel finds the occasional acorn.

Stanley Cup alert. My Kings worked the Stanley Cup champs Penguins last week, beating the favored team of the lovely *LJ*, 5-2. But then the fellas came back to earth, losing to the Nashville Pre-Dators 3-1. What the heck is a Pre-Dator? Oh well, Kings are

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Frankly Plank

By Duane Plank

Told ya'll before that I love the running. And while some things in my life may start to go a little off-kilter, the run is always there. Left the mansion the other day, not necessarily fired up about the next six or so miles, but immediately ran by a guy 'bout half my age in his pajamas, standing outside, smoking a cig. So I guess, as a barely 50-something, hitting the pavement smoke-free is a little better than standing outside, smoking a cancer stick.

Ran by a column supporter that morning, apparently. She honked at me, but I was way too engulfed in the iPod and Springsteen musica to notice. So I trotted by without acknowledging the friendly honk. Rude, self-absorbed guy that I can sometimes be. But she did take a shot at me when I saw her later, her saying something akin to "nice red headband." As I ran by, guess I looked like some character out of the movie *Xanadu*. Or some misfit from a corny, early '80s Olivia Newton John video "Physical." Cuz I was sporting a red headband to keep my buzz-cut in place. What, that's not cool anymore?

Remember the flick? Movie about dancing. I believe the at-the-time hottie Olivia Newton-John wore a headband in the parts of the movie, when she did whatever she did in the 1980 film. And one of her big-time music hits was "Physical." She must have sported the headware in the video. Have to ask my friend SW. I am sure that his vast, pirated video library would include *Xanadu* as well as any and all ONJ music videos. Or maybe he never pirated anything?

Anyway, was thinking about the running thing and wanted to thank all of you locals who hail me as I pass by. Some of you honk, some wave a hand, some of you just wave the middle finger. Totally understand. I shouldn't be dodging in and out of the city streets, avoiding your vehicles as you drive across the street to grab a cup of \$5 coffee. I should be jogging on the decrepit, dusty track at the local high school. Hear that we will be getting turf on the track in Mayberry sometime before I move on to the old folks home and the dynamic sport of shuffleboard. But thanks for not running me down, drivers. Yet. California stop and all. And remember, speaking on that cell phone while you drive still is illegal.

May have told the faithful that I was signing up for Bookface, or Facebook, in a must-read column a few months ago. Guess I half-ass signed up for the all-important social networking site, but must not have completed all of the required info before I jumped to something else. Seems that I am easily distracted, jumping from one thing to another before I finish the first endeavor. Or even get close to finishing the first thing.

Wife has long said that I can't multi-task. Maybe she's correct. If she reads this column, maybe she will be happy to have received

the props. You *may* be right, dear.

Great timing. Watching the boob tube the other night, and shockingly, not sports. Channel goes on the screen and they are promo-ing one of their allegedly funny sitcoms, *Gary, Unmarried*, starring the not-so-funny Jay "The Bore" Mohr. His ex-wife is bitching him out, per usual, when she notes that he seems a little frazzled. She says, and I paraphrase, "Gary, you are trying to do 10 things at the same time. And when you try to do only one thing at a time, you are, at best, average." Typical nice shot taken at a guy from a freeloading ex-wife. Guess Gary is not a multi-tasker, either. My wife had a chuckle at that exchange. I cringed.

But maybe I suffer from ADD, the affliction a lot of parents seem to say that their kid has when their kid comes home with a crummy report card. Don't know about this ADD. I do know how to add, but...see, did it again. Jumping around, no focus.

Okay, back to Facebook. I finished giving them the info that they needed, and then one of my grammar school classmates wanted to hook up with me. Don't they all? Specially the ladies. She wanted to add me as a friend. Great, we all need friends, some of us more than others. But in order to be added as a friend, I had to type in my password. Now, I am stupid enough to screw around with my passwords at times, trying to be "cute." I think smart folks would use the same password each time. Easy to remember, right? Not me. So of course, I have no clue which password I used when starting my Facebook account.

And another thing, I guess that I am supposed to somehow put my mug on the Book page. Good chance of that happening. Even if I had a startlingly handsome picture of myself to upload, download, uplink, whatever, how the heck would I figure out the way to do it? Big-time work in progress, yes I am.

Well, the North American Baseball Series was captured by the dreaded Yanks, who won the title for the 27th time. New York born and raised wife was very happy, so that makes *Plank* very happy. Say what you will, but the Yankees were the best team in MLB from May 1 and were able to roll over just three starting pitchers in their postseason games. So they surely got their money's worth, about \$425 mil, from their offseason acquisitions of free agents CC Sabathia, Mark Teixeira, and A.J. Burnett.

And we fans better get used to the Evil Empire restocking each and every offseason. Doubt that they are going to quit throwing greenbacks at any free agent who they think will help them win championship number 28. And they aren't shy about it.

Said Teixeira, who was a flameout at the dish in his first postseason but played masterfully on defense: "To the rich go the spoils."

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