

Some Added Spring In His Step

Sometime ago, I blogged about the famous and infamous celebrities who have gone through the seemingly revolving casting door of the musical [Chicago](#). Well, you can add one more: sleaze television king Jerry Springer. This month, the lawyer-turned Cincinnati mayor-turned talk show host-turned Dancing with the Stars (yes?) contestant wrapped his six week stint on the London West End as ethically elastic lawyer Billy Flynn. I suppose the acting would not be a far stretch from his days as a real lawyer and questionable politician. He is well known for his flamboyant, quick talking, flim flam personality. However, singing? Never had the pleasure of hearing him so I can't judge (let me see if he has made the you tube rounds). Here he is performing ["All I Care About"](#) at a performance of selected songs at a Leicester Square park. You just have to forward past the opening "All That Jazz." Personally, I would rather watch the first number but that is not what this post is about.

Well at least he and David Hasselhoff have something else in common. Jer-eee was the host of America's Got Talent and the Hoff is one of the judges. And as some will recall, the Burger King aficionado played the roles of Jekyll and Hyde on Broadway. Wonder if ol' Dave is going to put on the tux. Springer says that he is going to be joining the Broadway cast until he returns to the Windy City for the talk show. However, the producers of the New York show have no knowledge of this.

Gremlin Be GONE!

Apparently, there was some type of gremlin caught up in the works of our happy little site but I see that it has been irradiated. The past two has has been a relatively busy one in our small little neck of the woods. Friday and Saturday was our town wide garage sale in which over 60 homes participated. Quite remarkable considering the size of the town. Not only did residents of the community but businesses also came out and put some of their products on display. The local, weekly newspaper gave out homemade ice cream... well, they accepted a free will donation. The grocery had a Produce Tent Sale. It was called Tent Sale but nowhere did I see a tent only a bunch of displays full of watermelon, cantaloupe, peaches, nectarines, lemons, green peppers, and other goodies. We also had a hot dog, chip, and soda/water for \$1. I was lucky enough to man the sale for an hour Friday afternoon (would have enjoyed spending more but I was only covering for a break). But, of course, who had to haul in the pallets at the end of the day?

But once again, I had a Saturday to myself so I took my nephew and a "tag-a-long" (his words, not mine) to see Harry Potter. We left with 15 minutes before show time and thinking ahead decided to go the back route to save time. However, I had forgotten that the 3 mile bridge (or a small section of 576) is closed for the next week or so. In any event, we were about 5 minutes late for the movie and had to sit in the next to front row. Joshua enjoyed the movie... our companion did not think so highly of it although he has assured me that he has read all the books and seen the previous 5 movies. He thought it was a waste of time and he is going to see it on IMAX next week?!

Before returning home, I needed to stop by my old stomping grounds and pick up a present. While there, our 18 year-old friend decided that he wanted to buy something that he has

always wanted: a cap gun. He was like a kid in a candy store. Cap guns have changed since I last had one. They used to operate on straps of paper. Today, they use rounds of small plastic pellets. Nate was occupied quite well on the 12 mile trip back to E-town.

All in all, a pretty fun few days. Made even more so by a pair of Yankee victories (sorry, [justj](#)) and a Red Sox loss. STILL 2 behind the Stockings!

Man Of Steel Stolen; Report At Eleven

While in the process of changing from his garb as “Clark Kent, a mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper” the Man of Steel was abducted from a red 1940s London-style phone booth. Apparently, one of the Last Son of Krypton’s vile enemies discovered his alter ego and tracked him to the town of Steamboat Springs, Colorado. I take you now to the report filed by *The Steamboat Pilot and Today* newsman Jack Weinstein:

Steamboat Springs – The Man of Steel is missing.

A mannequin dressed as Superman – complete with blue tights, the familiar “S” logo on the chest and red cape – was reported missing Monday. Superman dutifully greeted customers in front of the My Wireless location at 675 S. Lincoln Ave.

Superman was taken from a locked 1940s London-style red phone booth. It appeared someone had broken the lock with a rock, said Andy Brown, founder of the Steamboat Springs-based Verizon Wireless retailer.

Brown said the Superman mannequin and phone booth were placed outside the store shortly after the company opened its second Steamboat location there, about 1 1/2 years ago. He said it reflects the way My Wireless operates.

"We kind of have a light-hearted approach to everything," he said. "We want everyone to smile."

An employee noticed that the 6-foot-tall, 40-pound Superman had been taken and reported it missing. Steamboat Springs Police Department Capt. Joel Rae said Tuesday that the incident is under investigation.

Aside from some scratched paint to the exterior of the phone booth and a broken light bulb inside, there was no other damage. There was also no damage reported to the store.

Because the store's first location at 1755 Central Park Drive is open Sundays, the South Lincoln Avenue location is not. Brown said Superman could have been taken anytime after closing Saturday to when the store opened Monday morning.

Brown suspects the incident was just a prank and doesn't want anyone to get in trouble. But for a prank to be a prank, he said, Superman would have to be returned.

"Hopefully someone will get their jollies in and bring it back," he said.

My Wireless is offering a \$100 store credit, free cell phone upgrade or accessories for the safe return of Superman, Brown said.

Which of Superman's dastardly villains perpetrated such an act of villainy and who will follow the clues to his whereabouts. Could it be the evil Metallo, the trickster Mr. Myxyzptlk, the sinister Darkseid, or perhaps the "greatest criminal mind of our age": Lex Luthor. Only time will tell. Curse you evil doers!

Viewus Potterius

I have been eagerly anticipating the premier of the newest Harry Potter film. It was SUPPOSED to be released last holiday season but for whatever the reason (most likely Daniel Radcliffe's Broadway debut in a play about a boy and his horse... anyone for charades ☐ was postponed until today. Last week when I learned that the movie would be showing at midnight at the nearest cinema I could find, I KNEW I would be there. Sunday night, I asked Megan if she would like to come...Kwel she said.

So, I headed over and went to see what time the doors opened. 11.30 so we still had 45 minutes to get there. There were about five young'uns in line so no big deal. We left Megan's about 11.20. The doors were open and the two screening rooms were nearly full. When we found two seats, we were surrounded by some fellow thespians who seemed to be dressed to watch *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Before the movie began, I saw wands brandished with shouts of "Wingardium Leviosa," "Viewus Potterius," and other such whimsies. FINALLY, 10 minutes after it was supposed to begin, [*Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince*](#) rolled. I will not divulge too much only to say that the movie did not disappoint one bit! Even the 2.5 hour length flew by. I happened to glance at my watch and it read 2:15 (NO WAY). Magical action, lots of humor, teenage angst aided by various love potions, a few tears (especially if you are only acquainted with the movies and have not yet read the books), and [QUIDDITCH](#) (no matter how limited) helped make the young wizard and company's return to the screen well worth the wait. I have not read the sixth Potter novel in some time so I was surprised to find myself surprised by a few things I had

forgotten... I Like that! There was one scene in particular in which I knew something exciting was going to happen. I kept waiting, and waiting. I whispered to Megan: "Don't jump." I let my guard down for a millisecond and all of a sudden... "WHAM!" **I JUMPED!** I love it when a director plays with his audience and at just the right moment gets you. The adrenaline was palpable.

Like the book, the movie set up perfectly the climax of the series which will be divided into two films. I don't know that any singular book has ever been divided into two movies but I will definitely be there when the first half of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows* opens. I just cannot express the wonder and fun that both the books and movies bring. Lots of fantasy, excitement, fun, the power of friendship and bravery in the face of mortal danger. Life's little lessons found in extraordinary places. If you have never experienced either media form I HIGHLY, **HIGHLY** recommend doing so. One minor quibble: on the Hogwart's Express, Harry used something from Fred and George Weasley's Joke Shop to turn himself invisible. Did he not use his cloak in the book? A minor detail.

Although getting to bed after 3AM and going to work from 12-9 made me a bit worn, it was worth every minute of sleep lost! I'm sure others had to be up earlier ☐

Big Red Robin And The Crazy Technicolor Quilt

I recently started to catch up on some of my DVR viewing (hours and hours of programming, someday when I'm more

free...)). I watched one of the tens of episodes of *Batman: The Brave and the Bold* that harkened back to the 60s series. The pre-credits teaser found the Caped Crusader and the Boy Wonder up against a villain known as [Crazy Quilt](#). The villain was using a weapon that fired deadly multi-colored beams of light at the dynamic duo. Robin uses a piece of reflective glass to throw the beams back at the baddie rendering him blind.

Years later, Crazy Quilt escapes from Arkham Asylum and vows revenge on Robin. Now, we are presented with an older, but not a lot wiser version of the crimefighter. He no longer patrols Gotham City but is the guardian of a community known as Bludhaven. The last thing he wants is his old mentor coming to town to swoop in and save the day. He grew weary of the "Old chum" bit, felt he had nothing more to learn from the World's Greatest Detective, and wanted to escape the Shadow of the Bat. However, as Bats reminded him, Speedy (The Flash's protege), Aqualad, and Red Arrow all served with older heroes before setting out on their own. Once again, the team regrouped to battle an old foe.

Since there have been a total of three characters to assume the role, I was curious as to which Robin we were getting.

- Dick Grayson is the original and probably the most known. Bruce Wayne's youthful ward reached adulthood and became [Nightwing](#).
- Jason Todd inherited the role and was murdered by the Joker (ironically, this came after a nationwide 900 number poll in which the public decided the fate of the hero).
- The most recent Robin is Tim Drake. I know little about him apart from his name.
- In this episode, we have a pre-Nightwing Dick Grayson.

The look and feel of the cartoon very closely resembled the classic series. Several of the BEST devices of the show were there. Notice I said **BEST!** No bat shark repellent spray here

and no exploding rubber shark for that matter. But we had the classic bat traps and the obligatory “Holy delusions of grandeur, Batman!”

A very fun episode!

MY First Time

A comment on [Taylhis'](#) blog gave me inspiration for post fodder. My first time riding a coaster took place when I was 10. My family spent a day at Cedar Point with my uncle, aunt, and two cousins. I liked riding rides and had been on several smaller coasters. I remember the Beastie at Kings Island (still there, Lis?). I took my cousin Stacy to ride the Jr. Gemini. However this year, I was too TALL to ride the smaller version. Seeing this, my Uncle Bob challenged me to ride the REAL thing with him. Why not? The line for the double train, much like The Racer, was not long so I did not have to wait a great deal. I still remember having my eyes shut tight after we made the turn and approached the first hill. From what I understand, I also held onto my co-riders hand and squeezed it a little bit too hard. But what a rush! Red and blue racers going up and down hills and then the split at the end when the cars tilt to the side and finally return home. There may be bigger, faster, longer coasters (you can see the [Magnum XL 200](#) which is 20 years old this summer... NO WAY! dwarfing the classic) but the good old [Gemini](#) is still one of my favorites. That day in 1983, I discovered that I was growing up because I was no longer small enough to go on any of the kiddie rides. No more Kid Arthur's Court for me. But I can ALWAYS ride the Cedar Downs racing horses.

So Much For Sleeping In...

Saturday morning, I had planned to sleep in a few hours especially following the late night (SO NOT COMPLAINING... others had it much worse) that is until Mother Nature had other plans. So, I was up by 8AM and decided to make a small dent in my new book. Later, I got a phone call asking if I would like to continue my birthday celebration at a site yet to be determined (either a Mud Hens game or a drive-in movie later). Anything was great with me. So, an hour or so later, we decided on a return to the Toledo Zoo.

I have to say that my favorite animal this trip was the baby gibbon... well six month old "Quon." The little one was so adorable. One minute he(?) was clutching onto his parent being carried around the exhibit on the ropes, etc. then, he would attempt to grab onto a rope solo. I loved watching Quon climb the fence with his little arms reaching.. adorable.

I also enjoyed the tigers. To beat the heat, the kitties got into their pool of water and at times took turns and other times shared the relief. The sloth bears were also out. As expected, the social one came right up and sniffed. I held out my Supes cap and sure enough was drawn to it... he must be a fan (but something tells me otherwise, but my post so I'm sticking to it). TANGENT: I must have left my cap somewhere along the way.

After the zoo, we went to Ruby Tuesdays for dinner and a point was made to announce that we were celebrating 2 birthdays... 35 years and one day apart! Nothing exciting happened... no kazoo playing, cabaret singing, nor being led around the restaurant while wearing a sombrero (NOW THAT would be fun!). But the big guy and I did get a dish of ice cream.

On the return trip, I got tracked down and informed that I was to be at work the next morning an hour early! What a way to spoil a great day ☹️ So, after having some fun in B-town, and going to Sonic with the girls, I did manage to make it home by 10. Everyone was tired and had to get up the next morning. Once again, a funtastic day!

A Beary Super Birthday!

Yesterday started off slowly and ended in the best way possible. I had to work on my birthday but I really wanted to have Saturday off just in case plans arose for an all day celebration (ya never know). I decided to call my pal when I got ready before work to check up on him because we were still bumed about the auditions. After talking to him, I sensed that he was still not fully recovered. Hopefully, the game night would help.

Before I went to work, I stepped out into the beauty shop and was greeted with birthday wishes from my mom's co-owner and an old friend who remembers this day 36 years ago. The mother of the first woman to ever break my heart. Ok, so i was like 6 when I asked "Seeah" (could not say Teresa) to marry me then she went off and got married to another man. To this day, she reminds me of this.

After a loooong, uneventful day at work, I called over to the game night festivities that had already begun to inform them that I had five minutes left! Games, brownie cake with a "54" candle on top. $54=18$ (another game night participant celebrating her birthday)+36. I think it was 54... sometimes that short-term memory ain't what it used to be.

Then the surprise package. I received a thong with a lottery

ticket (\$2.00 winner) from Megan and a gift bag with a homemade card from Taylor, an invitation to Beeber's 1st birthday party, a hardcover copy of *The Death and Life of Superman*, and a fantastic stuffed #1 Yankee fan bear. I think I like the bear even more than the book it is soooooo cute. Thanks taylhis for going to the trouble.

As usual, I was the last guest to leave. We got into a discussion of our status as guests in a roundabout way. Something like you no longer are considered a guest if you stay long enough to help clean up. I don't know how much I cleaned but I definitely stayed long enough.

Thank you all once again for a Super birthday!!! I hope it helped C as much as it did me ☐

Wherever One Door Closes Another Is Sure to Open Soon

While at work tonight, my sister and cousin came into the store with some bad news. The director for Little Shop called the house to inform me that I was not cast in any role... apparently my attempt at a Jewish accent did not meet with the director's approval? Have to work on that... I would hate to think that he only one I am good as is one from Liswathistan ☐ . I will have to think about the offer to work backstage this time. It has happened previously and while it was fun, I really want to be on stage. I know that the Village Players are doing a murder/mystery soon. Another area theatre usually has a fall production... although the drive is a bit longer. As I have noted before, I have been on different stages in the area and have had great times on each of them. I dunno... is

this wrong of me? I love to be a part of the theatrical experience in any way especially when great friends are involved (two of them are producing Little Shop), but I am definately an on stage person.

Another great supporter suggested I research a theatre even farther away in [Fort Wayne](#) where they are doing Joseph in the near future. I signed up to join their email list to be informed of audition dates and info. That would be a GREAT BIG WONDERFUL adventure. We shall see. Until then...

Another Night Of Horrors

Tonight was the second and final night of Little Shop auditions. Tonight, I did not travel from E-town alone. A friend commented on my Facebook space that she would like to go and put her foot in the door of the world of community theatre. If you are frequent guest of my blog, you know that one of my 50 high school classmates has been cast in a B-horror movie. Peg told me that she would like to try auditioning for a live stage show. Never having been on film (aside from a certain television news broadcast a year or two ago), I could only say how much I adore the smell of the greasepaint and the roar of the crowd.

I thought Peg did fine her first time out. She just lacks the confidence that only repeated auditions and experience will bring. She has a lovely voice but just needs to project her voice more so that it can be heard. When she read scenes from the script, I could see a bit of the 'tude necessary for one of the trio of Skid Row gals come through.

Another newbie (well... someone who was not available to attend yesterday's round) continued to amaze me. Chris may have been

running on fumes but his excerpt of "Love Changes Everything" was brilliant. He asked me to keep him awake if we were ever called down to read together... never happened. Dunno... too much talent to put on stage at once? His plant voice was tremendous and brought a tear to my eye from laughter. I did catch him dozing in his seat a time or two, but his stage presence still rocks!

I once again read mainly for Mushnik, a bit for Orin, and once for the voice of the plant, Audrey II. I would be happy with either of the roles. However, I think the part of the florist would be a hoot. I was tempted to ask to read for Seymour but I thought why when I had already read for two of the supporting roles who have ample opportunity to shine. I'm just not sure that I could do justice to the plant. A bit of off the wall reading was asked of the men when we were asked to read a few lines as women. Weird, to say the least.

Well, we were informed that we would learn of our sentencing tomorrow. I have waited longer than that to find out the results of show casting (one I will not mention). So... good luck to all and once again... great job, Peg. Hope to see you again!