

# J.E.A.M. CENTS

Volume IV

Issue No. 13

"The Official Last Newsletter of The Millennium"

December 31, 1999

## DISCLAIMER

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Welcome to our last newsletter of the Millennium! We would like to thank those of you loyal readers for picking up our newsletter every month this past year and in the past millennium.

In our end of the year edition we have included some of our best material from throughout the year. From "Best" event to "Most valuable Employee". Also included are some of our best articles written by employees and managers. Hope many of you enjoy it.

Our next *T.E.A.M. CENTS* edition will not be until January 10, 2000, which will mark *T.E.A.M. CENTS* five year anniversary, thanks to all of you out there.

So Happy New Year and let's be safe out there, let's start off the New Millennium safe and in good health.

In the words of Adam "The Toolman" Tolman- "See you next year!!!!!!"

## MISCELLANEOUS CATEGORY

Our first category is the miscellaneous employee awards:

Biggest flirt in uniform: Stephen "I haven't had a date in 12 years" Bressan

Biggest freak not in uniform: Chris Malast

Employee most likely to be distracted by tinsel: Derek "Derelict" Boice

Employee who calls the office the most: Shaun Anderson

Employee who has the most problem counting or adding: Bret "Cade's Brother" Rowley

Employee who weighs less than a P200: Stephen Bressan

Former employee who calls the office the most: Taryn Jewell

Grumpiest employee: Andy Jimenez

Grumpiest manager: Bill Selby

Happiest Employee: Joyce Kucaba

Happiest manager: Bret Rowley

Member of management least heard About: Adam "the tool man" Tolman

Newest Rage-a-holic: Mike Sikora

Overnight King: Waseem Muhieddin

Toughest employee: Sherri Sprau

Youngest employee: Austan Smith

## BEST OF 1999 CATEGORY

Best article for the newsletter by an employee: Matt Fleener

Best article for the newsletter by a manager: Adam Tolman

Best AWA supervisor: Eddie Cano

Best backstage supervisor: Richard Cavazos

Best club/bar crew: Club Rio Thursday night crew

Best Club Rio Supervisor: Tim Roberts

Best concert at AWA: Ricky Martin

Best daytime DMB supervisor: Andy Hoffman

Best dispatcher: Stephanie Burdick

Best event of 1999: Thunderbird Balloon Classic

Best event crew: State Fair Crew

Best excuse for no showing: "My wooden leg was mistaken for a log!"

Best I.D. checker: Joe Gose

Best impression of the Backstreet Boys: Bill Selby

Best idea: Derek Boice's "Fishnet Condoms" idea

Best new addition to management: Scottie "can't keep a secret" Beattie

Best new employee: Shaun Anderson

Best nighttime DMB supervisor: Billy Ierley

Best Papago employee: Brian Miller

Best parking employee: Mike Butler

Best patrol services employee: Tony "Ponch" Bozzo

Best place to be assaulted: Club Rio

Best place to go for Long Island Ice Teas: BJ's Meeting Place (advertisement)

Best place to visit a former employee: America West Arena

Best Promise Keeper: Joe Gose

Best scheduler of the Millennium: Taryn Jewell

Best Trails employee: Jared Rafferty

### **MOST OF 1999 CATEGORY**

Most boring class/meeting: Anything conducted by Bill Selby

Most consecutive hours worked: Chris Casias- 28 hrs at Artfest in the Village of La Jolla

Most continents visited in 60 seconds: Bill Selby on Christmas Eve

Most creative Letter of Intent for Supervisor: John Arends

Most friends brought in to work for T.E.A.M.: Larry Hardman

Most fumbles in parking: Wes Lattin

Most helpful employee: Tie- Derek Boice/ Billy Ierley

Most holes in uniform: Tie between Gabe Rendon and Ron Trifari

Most improved rage-a-holic: Bill Selby

Most likely to call for a ride to work: Sherri Sprau

Most likely to lose all his friends: Larry Hardman

Most likely to need a ride home: Sherri Sprau

Most likely never to be seen apart: James Sullivan and David Burgess

Most likely to form a "Ring of the Month" club: Stephanie Foley

Most overtime: Gabe Rendon

Most payroll protests: Joe Coomer

Most polite employee: Matt Ingram

Most paranoid about appearing in *T.E.A.M. CENTS*: Eddie Cano

Most time spent hanging around 111: Derek Boice

MVP for weekday DTC parking: Matt Ingram

MVP for DTC weekend parking: Mike Butler

### **BEST ARTICLE BY A MANAGER**

#### **FROM ACCOUNTING: PART II**

By Adam Tolman

Greetings from the accounting department. In between diligently entering time and making correct paychecks, we do

have a little time to reflect on life's little mysteries. A recent poem read was quite insightful and is appropriate to be shared here:

'I passed one day through a lonely town,  
And saw a crew tearing a building down.  
With a 'ho-heave-ho' and a husky yell,  
They swung a beam, and a side wall fell.  
I asked the foreman, 'Are these men skilled,

The kind you'd hire if you had to build?'  
'Oh, no' he chuckled, 'no, indeed,  
Common laborers are all I need.  
For I can destroy in a day or two  
What builders have taken years to do."  
I asked myself as I walked away,  
'Which of these roles have I tried to play?'  
Am I a builder with ruler and square  
Who builds and shapes with time and care?'

Or am I a wrecker who roams the town  
Content with the task of tearing down?'

I hope we realize the great people we work with, and just once amidst all the sarcasm and barbs that is thrown around-in good fun, mind you-we take the time to let each other know we appreciate the good work being done.

Have a great week, work hard and smile.

### **A Beer Drinker's Trouble Shooting Guide:**

**SYMPTOM:** Drinking fails to give taste and satisfaction, beer is unusually pale and clear.

**FAULT:** Glass empty.

**ACTION:** Find someone who will buy you another beer.

**SYMPTOM:** Drinking fails to give taste and satisfaction, and the front of your shirt is wet.

**FAULT:** Mouth not open while drinking or glass applied to wrong part of face.

**ACTION:** Buy another beer and practice in front of mirror. Drink as many as needed to perfect drinking technique.

**SYMPTOM:** Feet cold and wet.

FAULT: Glass being held at incorrect angle.

ACTION: Turn glass other way up so that open end points toward ceiling.

SYMPTOM: Feet warm and wet.

FAULT: Improper bladder control.

ACTION: Go stand next to nearest dog. After a while complain to the owner about its lack of house training and demand a beer as compensation.

SYMPTOM: Floor blurred.

FAULT: You are looking through bottom of empty glass.

ACTION: Find someone who will buy you another beer.

SYMPTOM: Floor swaying.

FAULT: Excessive air turbulence, perhaps due to air-hockey game in progress.

ACTION: Insert broom handle down back of jacket.

SYMPTOM: Floor moving.

FAULT: You are being carried out.

ACTION: Find out if you are being taken to another bar. If not, complain loudly that you are being kidnaped.

SYMPTOM: Opposite wall covered with ceiling tiles and fluorescent light strip across it.

FAULT: You have fallen over backward.

ACTION: If your glass is full and no one is standing on your drinking arm, stay put. If not, get someone to help you get up; lash self to bar.

SYMPTOM: Everything has gone dim, mouth full of cigarette butts.

FAULT: You have fallen forward.

ACTION: See above.

SYMPTOM: Everything has gone dark.

FAULT: The bar is closing.

ACTION: Panic

SYMPTOM: You awaken to find your bed hard, cold and wet. You cannot see anything in your bedroom.

FAULT: You have spent the night in the gutter.

ACTION: Check your watch to see if bars are open.

## YOU MIGHT BE A REDNECK

### JEDI IF...

\* You think the best use of your light saber is picking your teeth.

\* At least one wing of your X-wing is primer colored.

\* There is a blaster rack in the back of your land speeder.

\* You have bantha horns on the front of your land speeder.

\* You can easily describe the taste of an Ewok.

\* You can find no grammatical errors in the way Yoda talks.

\* You have ever had an X-wing up on blocks in your yard.

\* The worst part of spending time on Dagoba is the dadgum skeeters.

\* Wookies are offended by your B.O.

\* You have ever used the force to get yourself another beer so you didn't have to wait for a commercial.

\* You have ever had your R-2 unit use its self-defense electro-shock thingy to get the bar-b-q grill to light.

### Notice !

On January 29<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup>, 2000, we will be conducting the next CCW class. Anyone 21 or older, interested in taking the class, please let Mick know. Anybody interested in being part of the armed division - the CCW is a prerequisite to be considered. Remember, to be part of the armed division, you must have worked here at least a year, before you can be considered. Andy Lafave, Mikel Sikora and Chris Lee - I expect to see you all there.

### HOW GULLIBLE ARE WE?

A freshman at Eagle Rock Junior High won first prize at the Greater Idaho Falls Science Fair, April 26. He was attempting to show how conditioned we have become to alarmists practicing junk science and spreading fear of everything in our environment. In his project he urged people to sign a petition demanding strict control or total elimination of the chemical "dihydrogen monoxide".

And for plenty of good reasons, since:

1. It can cause excessive sweating and vomiting
2. It is a major component in acid rain
3. It can cause severe burns in its gaseous state
4. Accidental inhalation can kill you
5. It contributes to erosion

6. It decreases effectiveness of automobile brakes

7. It has been found in tumors of terminal cancer patients

He asked 50 people if they supported the ban of the chemical. Forty-three said yes, six were undecided, and only one knew that the chemical was water. The title of his prize winning project was, "How Gullible Are We?". He feels the conclusion is obvious

## BEST T.E.A.M. TOP TEN LISTS

### BEST T.E.A.M. TOP TEN LIST

#### OF 1999

By Chris Casias

Our top ten list for this month comes directly from our home office in Safford, Az. The category is *Top Ten Things Overheard in Our Accounting Office.....*

10. I think we should charge our employees for thinking.
9. Bo Chavez can come back here anytime!
8. The check is in the mail!
7. How did they know we were livin' la vida loca?
6. Chris can't work New Year's Eve because he's not Y2K compatible!
5. "Our meeting to overthrow Mick now comes to order..."
4. How come we reimburse Mick and Chris for spent ammo every week?
3. Why do we keep paying Bill Selby for his "www.bs.com" website? This is bull----!!!
2. There are three kinds of people in the world- those who can count and those who can't.  
...and the number one thing overheard in our accounting office... The jury was sleepwalking when they announced the verdict!!!

## BEST T.E.A.M. TOP TEN LIST OF THE MILLENNIUM

By Chris Casias

From October of 1998 comes our best top ten list of the millennium:

Ten List comes from Buckeye, Az and our category is....." Top Ten Signs You're a Country Music Fan"

10. You have a bumper sticker on your truck that says " I'd Rather be Cow

Tipping!"

9. You think "modem" is something you do to the fields.

8. You like jumping through moving trains in downtown Phx.(Eddie & Rolando)

7. Every time you cancel for a shift it's because your girlfriend left y o u and she took your truck!

6. You only work events that have the word "Coors" in it.

5. You practice safe sex by marking an "X" on all the sheep that kick!

4. For Halloween you're dressing up as a Cowboy, and the only thing you have to buy is a can of chew!

3. You pick up hubcaps on the side of the road to make more belts!

2. The last time you saw 90210 you were standing on a scale!

.....and the Number One Sign That You Are a Country Music Fan is.....Everyone tells you "If you wash your truck, you'll get better gas mileage!!"

### ARE YOU COOMER COMPLIANT?

By Joe Coomer

Well folks, it's about time to put things on cruise control for awhile, the busy season is almost behind us. Thank you all for the time and effort that you put in. There is one minor thing that does keep me awake until the wee mornings, and it's not my drinking games with Rudolph.

Guys, if you take a permanent schedule and you go out of town, and don't tell anyone (especially the schedulers) you are written up for a no call/no show, and you become in danger of losing your permanent rate.

Well, now that that is behind us, the month of January and February does hold quite a few events at Bank One Ballpark and America West Arena (from motorcross to monster truck jams, from Cher to Korn and Kiss) so after you recover from the New Year come on in and sign up.

If you are wanting permanent hours during the day, come on in and take a permanent schedule for parking, two or three days a week. This is a parking attendant position, we are paying seven dollars an hour for these positions. Well time to run, Taryn is calling and making

changes to the arena call again. Stay warm and have fun!

### MICK'S MEMO

By Mick Hirko

Since perception is reality, I guess I will go along with the notion that we are on the door step of not only a new year, but a new century and millennium. (It actually is next year) Either way, it's a time of our lives, that not of us will ever see again, unless they make some pretty amazing advancing in geriatric medicine in the next couple of decades. I obviously have mixed feelings about New Year's Eve every year, because it is very stressful, trying to take care of all the planning, logistics and execution of one of our busiest nights. So, please bear with us, if we are a bit short on temper and patience, and are not very forgiving towards lame reasons why you cannot work. For many of us, this is our only job, for others we feel a sense of responsibility and commitment, as this is a job, and for others again, it is because it really is a lot of fun. So, sorry for those of you who really would rather party that night, or just not feel like working. Many of you, who feel that way, will get your rewards next year, when you suddenly find yourself not part of this organization anymore. Obviously you don't care, so why should we? Everything in life is a matter of choices, and we make our choices, just like you.

For those who are working on New Years Eve, I want to thank you in advance for all your hard work, your commitment, and your determination to have fun with us that night. I am getting so tired of hearing all the media hype about this, the scares and dangers, etc. It's a night like any other. The sun will set in the west, and rise in the east. The heavens will not open up and spit fire, the only explosions will be from champagne corks and the fireworks, and the only riot will be from people trying to get on the next shuttle bus, to beat the crowd home. Give me a break. I grew up in Europe, and was unwilling participant in many of a

terrorist act. There was many a time, while sitting in class on the military base, where there was a loud explosion, followed by rattling or breaking glass, as a car bomb, building bomb, or even missile detonated. We lived in awareness of these incidents,

but not in fear. It was a way of life, and you accepted it. The one thing that was consistent with all of these events - They were never announced or expected. It was kind of funny, in a way to see the pattern. A bomb would go off either on or near a military installation. After the mess, there was a complete shut-down of all military installations, with extreme security - (ie. All cars searched, dogs and armored vehicles at all entrances, all Military Police decked out in complete combat gear, and armed to the teeth, Machine guns nests, concrete barriers and sandbag bunkers all over the place. Every ID was checked 10 times, and you did not move on base without proper credentials. That lasted a couple of weeks, then the dogs and the armored vehicles disappeared, followed a week later by the bunkers, machine guns and barriers. Finally, about two weeks after that, the MP's either went back to single guard with just a side arm, or abandoned the entrances all together. Then, some time after that - Boom! ... and the whole cycle repeated itself. Terrorists count on the element of surprise, and do not strike targets that would make their cause unsympathetic. Even Oklahoma City was aimed at the federal government and it's employees, not revelers and innocents.

A terrorist event can happen at any time, and any place. They count on fire and mass hysteria. We already have that now, so if any of them were planning anything like that, they have accomplished their goal, and are taking the night off.

Everything I am hearing about the militia groups the Neo-Idiots and other inbreds, is that their paranoia has them convinced that this is the night the government is planning to take them out, so they are all bunkering down in the their New World Order camps. Who does that leave that we have to worry about? Joe Coomer. First of all, he is on our side, and we will be watching him very closely that night.

Don't worry, have a good time, reflect on the great year it's been, make plans and resolutions for the new year, and Party like it's 1999. I wish you all the best, may all your dreams, ambitions and wishes come true, and only happiness for 2000.

I usually share my resolutions and wished for the new year in the newsletter, but my wish for 2000 is kind of private,

and is dependent on another person being part of this. Anyway, I cannot control anyone's actions besides my own, I would rather keep it private. I'll be sure to let you all know, if it does come true. Keep the Peace, and only the best to all of you.

### **MY HIGH TIMES**

By Chris Casias

You know you've live a sheltered life when a presidential candidate has done more drugs than you have.

I was watching CNN the other night and they were interviewing Democratic presidential hopeful Bill Bradley. The issue about Republican candidate George W. Bush's alleged past drug use came up, and in the course of the discussion Bradley was asked if he'd ever smoked pot.

"On several occasions," Bradley answered without hesitation.

"And did you inhale?" joked the question, referring to Bill Clinton's infamous claim about having smoked pot without actually smoking pot.

"I did indeed," said Bradley.

Well he's one up on me. I've never used pot, or actually any kind of drug at all. Once I thought I did, but I was mistaken. It was all Angeline Kennedy's fault. Angeline was my school's resident pothead. She and I were friends, and she made it her mission to get me high. While outwardly I protested, secretly I wanted her to make good on her threat because it seemed like such a bad boy thing to do.

One day Angeline arrived at lunch with a smile on her face and a small bag in her hand. It was, she said, marijuana. The real thing. I looked at it with a rapidly-growing sense of alarm and wonder, and asked her what she was going to do with it. She opened the bag, took a pinch of the green leaves, and proceeded to sprinkle them over the little carton of our lunch selection that day.

"Dig in," she said, grinning.

I took a spoonful of the pot-covered ice cream and tasted it. It wasn't particularly nice, but I figured that since I'd stuck my toe in the waters I might as well go all the way. I quickly ate the rest of it and put the dish down.

"I don't feel anything," I said to Angeline.

"Don't worry," she said. "It takes

a while."

As it happened, that afternoon my mother and I were driving to my sister's house for the weekend. She picked me up at school right after lunch. As I got into the car, I wondered if she could tell that I was high. Because I was sure that I must be high. After all, I'd eaten pot. I settled nervously into my seat and tried to remember all of the things we'd learned in health class about the signs of drug use. I kept trying to look at my eyes in the rearview mirrors to see if they were bloodshot, but if my mother noticed she didn't say anything.

For the entire five-hour trip I debated whether or not I was high. I didn't really feel any different, but I knew that I must be under some kind of influence. After all, I'd ingested real live marijuana. I even tried being more high than I seemed to be, squinting my eyes and giggling a little. But I just felt stupid, and eventually I settled into a morose silence, trying to console myself with the thought that I was in a car with my mother and I was stoned.

It felt very movie-of-the-week, very after-school special. I imagined myself getting high on a regular basis, hiding my pot from my other inside a hollowed-out Bible or something. My grades would slip, and I would start to have friends of dubious reputation. It would all be very wicked, and when it was all over I would be a different person, edgier and street-wise like the girls in the novels I sometimes got from our church library who ran away from home, became hookers, and had to be rescued from foul-mouthed pimps by their dedicated and surprisingly attractive youth group leaders.

All weekend I remained in my new-found druggie persona. I sat on the couch, watching my sister and my mother and thinking, "They have no idea that I use." If they asked me questions, I lied just for the practice. I knew it would come in handy later on. By the time we returned home on Sunday night, I was ready for the big time. On Monday when I saw Angeline, I asked her when she could score for me again.

"That wasn't pot," she said, laughing. "It was oregano. I was just

fooling with you."

I've been getting high on oregano ever since. The sad truth is that I probably wouldn't know a real drug experience from the one I could

convince myself I was having. Besides, I'm convinced that if I do take anything, the very second my consciousness is altered, the house will catch fire from some freak accident and I won't be coherent enough to get the dog out.

I realize that this is the vestigial remains of good old Catholic guilt, but it's there nonetheless. In the same way, I just know that if I were to snort cocaine, it would inevitable come from a bag that had been cut with rat poison and my brain would explode on the spot.

Honestly, I don't think I've missed anything by not playing around with drugs. But when a presidential candidate, of all people, has done more than you have, it makes you wonder if maybe you haven't been just a little too uptight about things.

The problem is that it's too late to start now. Experimenting with drugs at 22 is sort of hip and expected, like announcing that you're a Communist for a week or two. But at 30-something it's more like buying a red convertible and trading in your perfectly wonderful girlfriend for a moody French underwear model. It just means you're trying too hard.

So I'll leave the coke and the Ecstasy to other people. I still have the memories of my oregano-induced weekend to get me by when I need to relive my wild days!

And now my final thought of 1999...

With this past year we saw many changes here at T.E.A.M. along with employees and managers coming and going, we also added many events to our curriculum.

In the past few years that I have been with T.E.A.M. I have seen many managers come and go. From

Stephanie joining us and with Taryn leaving us, sometimes it's hard to keep track of who occupies the office next door. Whether it's hearing Taryn's flip flops or Stephanie's noisy space suit pants, Scottie's annoying bean bags, Bill's snoring in the warehouse, the giggling boys in scheduling, Mick slamming doors and the accountants' radio blaring with the Jim Rhome Show. I'm glad that I've had chance to work with these people. And I wish them the best in the coming year.

In the beginning of the year we lose another manager who is moving on. And so we bid good-bye to Adam "The Toolman" Tolman, who is practically abandoning Bret in the accounting department.

I hope many of you have had the chance to visit our website ([www.teamsecurity.net](http://www.teamsecurity.net)) as far as websites go, this is one of the best ones I've seen. There's a lot of useful information and as well as some good links. You can also e-mail some of the managers from the website, so do yourself a favor and spend some time on it.

Thanks to those employees who, for the past year have read my articles every month. I've received feedback from many you complimenting me on them and I hope you've enjoyed them as much as I have enjoyed writing them.

Be sure to pick up our next issue out on the tenth of January, we'll have some of our employee and manager resolutions.

For those of you working this New Year's Eve, I wish you the best of luck, be careful out there and we'll see you in the coming year. Happy New Year!!!

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