

Hello my name is Joel Isaacson and I am a Dartplayer.

I am also the Vice President of Public Relations for the Greatest Dart Organization in the World , the CDA .I have been a playing darts for over ten years and still love the game. I have been a Columbus All Star and now a participant on the reigning city champion dart team.. That's enough about me.

My goal for my time in office is to keep darts fun at all levels.

Whether you are a tournament player or just starting out , my goal is to make your playing experience the best it can be. But I cannot do it alone. I need your help.

So If you have any ideas, suggestions, compliments or complaints feel free to talk to me anytime. You can contact me by email at inymetsfan@yahoo.com. All emails will be kept confidential. Please do not be worried about hurting my feelings, trust me those who know me know that will not happen. I am here to help not hurt.

I want you to know that the CDA is here for you not the other way around.

Thank you for taking the time to read this today and...**SHOOT them Well!**

- Joel

If you ever wished you could remember Norm's greetings on Cheers, here you go:

Sam: "What's shaking Norm?"

Norm: "All four cheeks & a couple of chins."

Sam: "What's new Normie?"

Norm: "Terrorists, Sam. They've taken over my
 stomach & they're demanding beer."

Sam: "What'd you like Normie?"

Norm: "A reason to live. Give me another beer."

Sam: "What'll you have Normie?"

Norm: "Well, I'm in a gambling mood Sammy. I'll take
 a glass of whatever comes out of that tap."

Sam: "Looks like beer, Norm."

Norm: "Call me Mister Lucky."

Sam: "Hey Norm, how's the world been treating
 you?"

Norm: "Like a baby treats a diaper."

Woody: "What's the story Mr. Peterson?"

Norm: "The Bobbsey twins go to the brewery. Let's
 cut to the happy ending."

Woody: "Hey Mr. Peterson, there's a cold one waiting
 for you."

Norm: "I know, if she calls, I'm not here."

Sam: "Beer, Norm?"

Norm: "Have I gotten that predictable? Good."

Sam: "Whatcha up to Norm?"

Norm: "My ideal weight if I were eleven feet tall."

Woody: "How's it going Mr. Peterson?"

Norm: "Poor."

Woody: "I'm sorry to hear that."

Norm: "No, I mean pour."

Sam: "How's life treating you Norm?"

Norm: "Like it caught me sleeping with its
 wife."

Sam: "What's going down, Normie?"

Norm: "My butt cheeks on that bar stool."

Woody: "Pour you a beer, Mr. Peterson?"

Norm: "Alright, but stop me at one... make that
 one-thirty."

Woody: "How's it going Mr. Peterson?"

Norm: "It's a dog eat dog world, Woody & I'm
 wearing Milk Bone underwear."

Sam: "What's the story Norm?"

Norm: "Boy meets beer, boy drinks beer, boy
 meets another beer."

Woody: "What's going on Mr. Peterson?"

Norm: "The question is what's going in Mr.
 Peterson? A beer please, Woody."

Woody: "Can I pour you a beer Mr. Peterson?"

Norm: "A little early isn't it, Woody?"

Woody: "For a beer?"

Norm: "No, for stupid questions."