

"July, you're a woman..."

- Neil Diamond, 1967

"Neil, you're full of shit..."

- Travis Williams, 1991

Dear Party:

A gaggle of geese, a pride of lions, a party of Brothers. Hence: "Dear Party." How the heck you doing? Haven't heard a word from most of you, so I guess we'll concentrate on the others this month. This is Page One of a three-page newsletter, so I can tell you right now: don't go lookin' for a fourth page. A 29¢ stamp gets you 3 pages; that's all.

Forrest says this newsletter needs a masthead to make it official. I agree. The assignment goes to Jere Hudson. Create a masthead. Make it 2" high, and 8½" wide. Has to Xerox well. The name of the newsletter is either: "Emmetropia" (a medical term which roughly translates to mean "perfect vision," or "Thunderhead," which does not translate into English at all. It's your call, Jere; I have no preference. For those of you who might not like either choice, I offer this suggestion: take over the newsletter and name it any damn thing you wish.

This month's edition was supposed to feature an update on Clabe Hangan. Apparently Clabe didn't realize that. I did receive a photograph of Clabe sitting with Jere and Roberta in some hilltop pizza joint, but there's not much I can write about that. So instead, this month we won't feature anyone.

Travis writes: "Thank you all for your concerns expressed about my recent illness. I was diagnosed as having "Meniere's Disease." It might go away; it might stay with me the rest of my life. I don't much have a preference either way. Once you know what it is, and how to control it, it's pretty easy to deal with. In fact, if you're clever, you can even have a little fun with it. Anyway, we're on the mend and once again planning vacation. Up to the Wishful Thinkin' ranch on August 10 for 4 days, then to Vegas on August 16 for the North American Open Dart Tournement, then to Catalina on August 24 for 4 days, then back to the Ranch on the 29th through Labor Day. Wish me luck.

From Forrest: "Dear Travis, Peggy, et all: We have braved our way back to Tuscon by way of the Huntsville Rocket & Space Museum and Carlsbad Caverns. Both are outstanding and well worth the price of admission. Tuscon is hot, but is a lot more pleasant than Alabama. It feels good to be near relatives and close to Brother Sean and Sister Kate. Managed to play golf with Sean once. Boy do we need some practice. Patty is now in Korea. I will send you her address if you care to drop her a line and

perhaps put her on your subscription list. I hope to find work; just spent two long days trying to get resumes together. Zeke is enjoying all the attention here. Especially his cousins. Patty's sister's boys are 11 and 12 and have quad motorcycles and take him for rides. Patty's sister is a nursing supervisor so I guess she's good at patching up children who (heaven forbid) fall off of vehicles. Marcella (the sister) and Alvin (the husband) are into diving down at the Sea of Cortez. Good chance I'll be joining them on their excursions."

You win a few, you loose a few. John Parmenter finally surfaced. He's at 1147 E. Broadway #236, Glendale, CA 91205 Telephone: (818) 246-1918. How ya doing, John? On the other hand, Mike and Joy Misener disappeared. The June issue came back stamped "Return to Sender, Unable to Forward." So long, Mike & Joy. (I wonder who received and enjoyed reading the previous 4 issues?).

Jere sez: "We all seem to be in training for something - always - Today is the 2nd of July. We arrived in Ashland about 12:00 and had a flat tire at the bottom of Church St., about $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile from our house, after traveling 1,259 miles without mishap...well, the black eye was a mishap given to Zach by the gorilla State Champ from Arizona (they let him out to wrestle for 3rd place). Zach...had 34 persons in his two brackets - took 2nd in the bracket, 4th overall in the Regional Finals. Boise was not bad - the weather was cool, the traffic was heavy..."

Next month: Annual Brotherhood Nude Photography contest. Send your entries in now; they will be faithfully Xeroxed in black, white, and shades of gray for all to enjoy. First prize: One year free subscription to Emmetropia or Thunderhead.

Travis writes: "We were very proud parents watching Karin carry the torch as part of the prelude to OlympicFest '91. She didn't drop it, and the flame didn't burn out. Our stay at Newport Dunes from the 3rd through the 7th was relaxing and mostly uneventful, except for one relapse of Meniere's Disease. I talked to Roberta a few minutes ago. She has been at camp with Brielle, while Jere has been busy with Wrestling Camp with Zach. I am expecting a return call from Jere today, because I want his permission to reprint a poem he wrote recently, which will add an extra two pages to this newsletter and bring you all a good deal of enjoyment. I'll let you know what his answer is."

The Jennifer Staab wedding is coming up very soon. It's scheduled for Saturday, August 3rd, at the First Congregational Church, 1800 N. Broadway, Escondido. We're sure looking forward to seeing all of you there. You will be there, won't you?

Meet me in the quad -



Ted Shove

My son asks me questions
as we run the Ditch Road,
he breathing easily
(he runs like a cat),
I, gasping and sweating,
dry-mouthed and dry-lunged,
with puffs of dust bursting
in the road where I spat

racing loosely beside me,
a Thompson's gazelle,
with poems in his soul
and wings on his feet,
while I struggle to fill my dry, ravaged lungs
made impotent by the middle-age spread I have reached.

Our feet scuff and scatter
the dry, rotting granite.
The stones skip and shatter
under my tortured knees.
I see my son's legacy shadow before me,
dodging mirrored mud puddles
through shadows of trees.

"How do people make sweat?"
"How do people make spit?"
"How do people make earwax and tears?"
He asks, knowing well
I will tell him the answer
through knowledge-stained lips
the wisdom of years.

I explain that the sages
who work on retainer
and we who think ourselves wise,
all ask of ourselves the very same question.
Then with knee joints aflame,
I wipe sweat from my eyes.

"Your question is studied
by wisemen and prophets
and by jesters who juggle for kings,
and it's mumbled by the wizards
who peer into smoke
for answers in mirrors,
these very same things."

We run for a time,
and I try to explain
about hydro-osmosis and plasma,
as we dance,
dodging waterfilled ruts in the road,
an old dilettante
suffering from asthma.

I explain in great detail
permetation of membrane
and saline transfer through soft tissue.
"Stop dad," says my son,
"That's not what I want.
The chemistry isn't the issue."

"How do people make spit?
Do they make it from tears,
and are all of these things
just the same?
"Does the sweat and the spit
come out of your blood?
Does the earwax come out of your brain?"

"With the possible exception
of earwax," I said,
"they are all just one and the same.
The sweat and the spit
come from holding back tears.
Tears come when you hold back the pain."

"Don't bother to try
to sweat or to cry.
Don't bother to stop
once you start.
Sweat comes from inside
when your body wants rest.
Tears come when God squeezes your heart."

"It's all just the same,
just ask anyone who
is a crier, a spitter, or sweater,
but the earwax is different,
like lint in your navel.
The less said about it
the better."

Jan 1991