

Summer better than others, 1991

Dear Patron:

This edition of the Beta Pita Fajita should be coming to you from Two Harbors on Catalina Island, or the "Wishful Thinkin' Ranch" on Piute Mountain, or some other equally exotic spot. But instead, here I sit in old Travis' garage, watching my hard-earned vacation slip like sand through my fingers. Stricken suddenly by an evil virus last Thursday morning, necessitating a royal summoning of paramedics and an ambulance ride to Western Med, I now find myself confined to quarters with blurred vision and an unnatural gait. Woe is me. So to kill time, I shall assemble this newsletter and consume a pound of Yuban.

As promised last month, our lead feature this time around concerns the status of Chip and Barbara Wood. Herewith is Barb's letter, dated the "7th day of the 5th month of retirement."

Hi,

We are alive and well, still in Maryland. Chip's consulting business is putting food on the table and in the dog and cat bowls. (Editor's note: that's a pretty strange consulting business.) AF retired pay covers the mortgages (just barely). Since leaving the AF Chip's blood pressure has returned to the normal range. He has an office set up at home (upstairs w/view of the Potomac), so he can work till 2-3 a.m. Only person I know that works on 2 computers at the same time in jogging shorts or nude for companies that have just made him upgrade his wardrobe (\$40 ties, \$14 socks, etc.). These high level execs are really into status dressing right down to the pens they use. He does have some interesting clients: Purina, Nestle, MCI, TRW, Huntington Bank, and Southern Air Transport. He is really racking up the Frequent Flier miles. But he likes the variety of work: facilitation, organizational climate surveys, creativity training, teamwork development, and expert witness (pays better than jury duty). Oh, I forgot, the CIA, U.S. Postal Service & U.S. Foreign Service. Anyway, keeps him busy.

As to my glamorous life as a yacht broker, since the first of the year I've worked 4 boat shows (it's hard work being charming for 5 days straight to people who have no means to buy a boat). Had pneumonia twice (the Chesapeake is cold in Feb.), and made enough money to buy a 12 ft. canoe. I call it my yacht.

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Love,

Barb

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BARB WOOD
YACHT BROKER

HARBOUR YACHT AGENCY

Control of this newsletter has now reverted to the narrator. Thank you, Barb, for taking the time to let all of us know what you and Chip are up to. Isn't it amazing how many people you can touch with just one letter? Next month: an in-depth update on the life and times of Clabe Hangan! (Clabe: that's a hint; now's the time to write or call).

Forrest writes on June 4th from Anniston, Alabama: "Sorry to have made off with your key, but as you have Zeke's raccoon I figure you had a hostage. We have been having adventures and trying to keep from killing each other. I stayed with Robb and Allison for about 3 weeks. Patty has passed most of her training and is now on field exercises for two weeks. Had to take her PT tests with a slightly fractured ankle, but she did it. She graduates June 26. Still has to go in the live agent chamber (nerve gas). Patty still hasn't got her duty assignment, so we have no idea where we are going next. Hopefully we will be through there sometime in July to pick up raccoon.

Love to you all,

Forrest

Jere Hudson writes:

Today Saturday (18 May '91) - Clabe left about 3 hours ago. The cat left about three days ago - we assume he was eaten by dogs or racoons - (the cat), Roberta has left about three moments ago - (to get the paper, which the good for nothing paperboy won't bring to the house), and to get the mail - (which the lazy good for nothing mailman won't bring to the house)...

Today, Zach is working on his Science Project: "Strength and Sex," an evocative title pitting 6th grade girls against boys in bench press by % of body weight.

Brielle, having heard Clabe, is plucking faithfully on Zach's guitar...driven toward stardom -

as are we all -

Jere

Sean and Katy showed up at Travis' garage recently, after dumping their daughters at the Flying DW Ranch, the only ranch which subscribes to this newsletter. It was a quick trip and didn't allow for as much visiting as we would have liked. We took Sean & Katy down to one of our favorite spots at Sunset Beach, but the quality of

the food was an embarrassment. Sorry, guys; we'll do better next time.

Robb dropped in on June 3rd for an overnighter. He finds excuses to come to the coast now and then. We went to dinner at a restaurant which sells only chicken, and they were all out of chicken. I felt like I was living in a Stephen Wright routine. We all hung around in Ed and Heather's garage for awhile, talking about diving and snorkeling and drinking beer. I think Henry came over, and Tom from down the street dropped by, and it was just one of those magic Monday afternoons where you feel like you live in Mayberry.

The Williams family will be setting up camp at Newport Dunes in Newport Beach on July 3rd, and will remain there until July 7th. So if you're in the area, drop by for a pint.

Another big event, this one also scheduled for July 3rd, will be Karin Williams serving as one of the torch runners for OlympicFest '91.

Her leg of the journey will be located about $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile from Travis' garage. The torch is on its way from Sacramento to Los Angeles. Karin is very excited about being a part of this event. We are, too.

I have a half a page left, and I have to fill it with something, so I guess I'll bring you all up to date on the progress of erecting a new outhouse on Piute Mountain. Ed & I took two truckloads of materials up on June 8th, and got the thing about 2/3's done. I am very anxious to get back up there at the earliest opportunity to finish it up, as it is quite vulnerable to theft in its present condition. While we were setting it up, neighbors would frequently drop by and admire it. "Knew would!," they would say with excitement. "Knew would!" It took me awhile, but I finally figured out that they were saying "New wood!," which is something rarely seen up there. It wouldn't surprise me to find all of my "new wood" missing when I return; recycled from my outhouse to serve as window frames and tie plates throughout the neighborhood.

And on that depressing note, I shall close. Have a safe insane Summer. Get rid of your Tim Morgan albums.

as are we all -

P.S. Late update from Trav
Forrest...Patty is headed to
the war front in Korea for a year...
leaving from LAX on or about July 10th...Forrest: keep us updated
on date, departure time, flight number, etc. (unless military
secret)...Forrest to stay in Tuscon at Mom's...address:
41 Santa Belia, Green Valley, AZ 85614...telephone (602) 625-8749...
Sorry, Forrest, your cheque has been destroyed...subscriptions are
free to families with dependents on active duty...Have Fun, Patty!!!