

Come What May, 1991

Dear Mom & Dad Stanovich:

A belated Happy Mother's Day to you, Mom, and a premature Happy Dad's Day to you, Pop! This issue of the Fraternal Flotsam is dedicated to you two wonderful individuals, without whom we would have no heritage. Thank you for the role you have played for almost THREE DECADES in keeping us in touch and in harmony. We - your eternal children - love and respect you.

This was going to be the last issue of this rag, but a few things happened to change that, damn it. First of all, new subscriptions started pouring in; paid subscriptions, not the type most of you have. That created within me some sort of wierd "moral obligation" (look it up, guys), to keep on publishing.

Then some rich doctor on the east coast decided to spring for postage, and his wife sent me a HUGE check to cover it. The intent might have been to fund a lifetime subscription for the doctor and his wife, but in reality it just don't work that way. So I have generously spread their postage money across the board to underwrite the next three mailings to all of you. Thanks to the Doc and the yacht broker, all of you are covered through the July issue. Maybe by then, a new philanthropist will emerge and we'll keep on truckin' for a few more months. But remember: nothing is forever. This, too, shall pass (and hopefully for long yardage on third down).

Geez; what a month this has been. As predicted in earlier editions, Forrest and Zeke showed up here for a few days en route to elsewhere. Forrest and I set sail on the Freelance out of Davey's Locker and spent the day fishing along the coast of Catalina Island. I decided to try Dramamine for the first time in my life, and boy was I in for a three-day surprise! For the first 8 or 10 hours or so, I just thought I was having a good time. A really good time, in fact. It didn't occur to me that (a) I quit fishing because I felt empathy for the bait, (b) I was eating all the food on the boat, and (c) the first three cases of beer did nothing to alleviate my incredible thirst. By the time I realized what had gone wrong, it was the following Wednesday, and Forrest was long gone. In fact, even now, I have no idea where Forrest and Zeke are. But enough about Forrest and Zeke, let's talk about some other people for awhile.

Among the paid subscription letters this month was one from Sharon M. Vice. Sharon is having a tough time of it, and has taken to dating men who wear skirts. Rather than screw up by paraphrasing her letter, I have enclosed a copy of it, just so

you can see how neat and tidy the font is on her printer. The next time we have a party, I think we can count on Sharon to bring along this "find" of hers for show-and-tell. Thanks for the nifty letter, Sharon.

My congratulations and best wishes to Brian Staab and Karen Latreille on the occasion of their forthcoming wedding June 22nd in San Carlos. Wish I could be there, Gary, but that's Kyle's birthday (#15), and the first day of my vacation. I'm certain you and Barbara will have fun without me.

Well, Jere and Roberta wrote. Roberta is enjoying her Leave Without Pay through October. Jere is pissed because the Principal has assigned him to teach hippie stuff like crafts and jewelry making, which is complicated by the fact that the school has no money for supplies. Jere is taking out his anger on the students assigned to his "Help Session" (social restriction), especially the ones who make the mistake of getting in his face. Since Jere is going to be teaching jewelry making this Fall, wouldn't it be really, really nice if he and his students made Brotherhood tie tacks for all of us? Yeah; that would be really, really neat, Jere!!

Hey; guess who lives in San Clemente and works at Pyxis Corporation in Sorrento Valley? Why, yes; it's Jana Stanovich! Jana asked that she be added to the Brotherhood mailing list, not realizing that this requires a 2/3's vote of the living membership. The company which made the mistake of employing Jana manufactures and leases to hospitals "a medication distribution system that works like an ATM machine." I think Staab needs one of those up at Drummond Medical.

Sean called while the Dramamine was wearing off, and said he and Kate would be arriving here on or about May 28th. They'll take over the Forrest and Zeke Suite for a couple of nights; we're looking forward to that. There'll be full coverage of their visit in the next edition.

Just enough room left on this page for a few classified ads. The "Wishful Thinkin' Ranch" needs the following items (donated or at low cost): small wood-burning stove, Silva compass (Type 17, 20, 27 or 15CL), Brunton Pocket Transit (can you help me out here, Hanks?), solar water system, solar lighting system. Thanks a lot for your help, and if you need any of the junk in my garage as compensation, feel free to ask.

Well until next time, here's wishing you a safe and sane Memorial Day.

Your Loving Son,

Franko

P.S. Coming next month: An exclusive look at Chip & Barbara Wood!

April 18, 1991

Travis and Peggy Williams
11832 Stephanie Lane
Garden Grove, CA. 92640

Dear Dear Travis and Peggy,

It worked ! You've succeeded in making me feel guilty. I do apologize for not keeping in touch with you or my other "brothers". As a sentimental old fool, I do love the fact that I still have good friends that I've known for over 25 years. As one of the few original "sisters" (and a donator of one brother, one ex-husband, and several old boyfriends to the cause), I can tell you that I have fond memories of my friendship with the Brotherhood. In fact, I'm looking forward to the time we can all get together again. If there is, indeed, a gathering before your '66 Class Reunion - then count me in.

My life has been good. Considering I am writing this letter while recovering from double pneumonia that has had me off work for two weeks now, it's a little difficult to say things are perfect. However, I'm on the mend now and on the whole things have been great lately.

I still work at California State University, Los Angeles as the Student Relations Coordinator. I act as a liason between students and the Division of Financial Management and Services. It's a high stress job, but I actually like it. I do have to deal with some angry students sometimes, but I like the challenge. Besides, I make good money, have a nice office, a male secretary, and a lot of power - what more could a poor working lady want ? I work a four day work week now. It's great to be off Friday, Saturday and Sunday, but on Monday through Thursday, I leave my house at 6:15 a.m. and don't get home until 7:00 p.m. That makes for a long day.

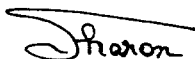
I still live at the same old homestead in El Monte. I'm slowly continuing to change the house to suit my tastes. I'm still in the middle of several projects, but someday I hope to get it all together.

My family is well and happy. I go to San Bernardino often to visit my mother. It's still hard, but she is well and doing pretty good on her own now. Bill and Danielle are in their lovely new home in Riverside. They just returned from a trip to Sedona, Arizona to soak up some great scenery and new age enlightenment before returning to their teaching jobs.

I spend the rest of my time with a man that wears a skirt and a long ponytail. Got your attention ? As you may remember, my mother is from Scotland. To celebrate this heritage, we always attend the annual Robert Burns Birthday dinner in San Bernardino. In January 1990, fate decided to allow one extra chair at our family table. In came this tall gentleman with long dark hair in a ponytail and wearing the complete Scottish kilt attire. The rest, as the say, is history. We've been together ever since and we attend ever Scottish event in California and Arizona. My mother claims I've become more Scottish than she is. I hope I have the chance to introduce you to Gary sometime. He's a very interesting guy. Since he wears the small knife in the sock, a dirk and a broadsword on his side, I don't think I'd tease him about the kilt.

I do like your newsletter concept. It's great to hear the bits and pieces of news from the brothers and their families. I think you should be commended for your efforts to keep this motley crew in touch. I also agree with Jim's observation that we need to aid in the expense of this project. So I'm including my stamped envelope, and looking forward to the next installment.

Always,

 Sharon