



Unofficial Journal Of The Brotherhood Of Beta Omega Sigma

Volume One, We're Number One!

10¢

Travis' Birthday Issue

Dear Reagan Library Scholars:

Well, how do you like it? That's quite a masthead, isn't it? It was chosen by you, our readers, from amidst a dozen conceptual drawings by Ashland's artist in residence and poet laureate, Jere "Why Me?" Hudson. All of the other drawings resembled Woody Allen with various moustache styles (Hitler, O'Toole, Judge Thomas, etc). But the masthead chosen best exemplifies the spirit of this newsletter and its seemingly never ending quest for input from a basically dead core of readers.

Last month's subscription drive, as you may recall, was a total bust. Only 5 letters of inquiry were received, and all 5 had no connection with the Brotherhood whatsoever. These included my sister, my primary care physician, my pen-pal (who is Canadian and speaks no English), and two yellow umbrellas from Tejon Pass.

And speaking of physicians and umbrellas, Sean, Katy, Shannon and Megan were through here in late October, as predicted. All 8 of us crowded into The Casey's 16th floor hotel room and practiced non-contact sports for an hour or so. We talked about all of you behind your backs. Some of you were pretty damn interesting, too. Especially David Dickey and Ted Mumm, who ignored last month's call for white papers on the status of their respective lives. The punishment fits the crime.

Speaking of my pen-pal, Lynne Egan of Burnaby, British Columbia, she and her husband Ray dropped in last Friday and Saturday nights while roaming through Southern California on holiday. Lynne, as you'll remember, is an honorary Brother by virtue of her once setting foot inside the Long Beach Brotherhood House in 1968, while it was occupied by Robb, Sean, me, and some guy named Bill. So feel free to stay with Lynne and Ray whenever you're in Burnaby.

On October 23rd, while I was attending a convention in San Jose, the Editor and Peggy celebrated their 20th Wedding Anniverary.

Because love has no price tag, I gave Peggy a banjo. She starts lessons this Thursday. I learned that diamonds are cheap, and banjos are expensive. And with professional instruction thrown in, it's the gift that keeps on taking.

My work has been quite stressful of late, and my doctor says activities such as this newsletter add "balance" to my life. So if you wonder why I continue to publish without input or readers, you now know why. It has nothing to do with the feelings I hold against you. It is simply mindless babble, or as Sean might say, "a bit bucket for stuff that was destined to be thrown away anyway." But you're reading it again, so what does that say about you?

It occurred to me that one reason reader input might be lacking is that some might feel intimidated by the relative glamour and excitement of my life. Yeah, right. If you've trimmed your toenails lately, you've got me beat. So drop me a line, or send me a photo that's worth a thousand words. I promise I won't hurt you.

THE EDITOR'S FILTHY, DISGUSTING MAILBAG:

To editor: Thunder Head

Ref: Potential lawsuits
for Libel and/or
Slander.

Dear Sir: You are, no doubt, served with the District Court subpoena which I filed with my lawyers on Monday last - (that is a mis-statement; it should of course be Monday LAST).

As you can see from the enclosed notarized codicil, I use no less than 12 other return address labels, and these are only the ones with my name spelled correctly - I have others as well.... using other names and addresses. So there!

You won't have Jere Hudson to kick around anymore! No sir! Free press has its limits. I demand a retraction, and a photo of the editor being beaten with a stout club...

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"And all the people in the club should be wearing shiny black boots - and I want them to wear bicycle chains around their necks, and"

Love,

Jere

Editor's Reply:

Dear Jere:

I knew Oregon was full of nuts, but I didn't realize that they had gotten together and elected themselves a leader.

Your Editor

This month's feature poem is untitled, although in talking to Jere about it over the telephone, we both referred to it as "The One About The Crickets," which seems like a good enough title to me. I like it a great deal, and I have some limited insight into where the author was coming from when he wrote it, I think. Jere actually writes and publishes this entire newsletter each month, but he doesn't want anyone to know it because he fears that Oregon would revoke his teaching credential if the truth got out.

Unfortunately - by default - we have exhausted the library of Jere's contemporary poetry. Unless he writes fast, and good, by next moon's issue we will begin presenting Jere's essays. The first of these is entitled "Potholes in Peru," and teaches us everything we need to know about public works and traffic engineering (much to the chagrin of professionals such as Jim and Chris Hanks). So that is where we stand.

Do you have a problem at work that you would like to share with us? Our readership offers expertise in the following disciplines, and others: education (all levels), national security, data processing, medical care, bus driving, music, business, real estate, yachting, communications, credit, banking, electronics, public safety, ranching, sociology, engineering, and construction. Plus miscellaneous hobbies and fetishes. It's a great opportunity to network. So just give us a problem, and let us take it from there.

Jere



Still life with Peggy, Banjo & Boots.

At night as a child my mother would tell me that crickets made noise to call out the names of all of the babies who missed evening formation who were out after dark... in the warm summer evening... who forgot to come home or were out playing games.

"When babies get lost in the wet southern summer crickets all search together..." or so mother said until all of the babies are found for the evening and given hot chocolate (with whipped cream and sprinkles) and then scolded gently... and sent off to bed.

You say that your mother would hear this same chirping she would say to look up and would point to the sky she would say, "You are hearing the sound that the stars make... as they hang in the night... and you hear the soft voices and you hang on her words... and you hold your head high.

"The sound that the stars make", that sounds so appealing and so much more Romantic than what we discover... a frustrated insect who's hoping to mate... (you can rub your legs raw and still not find a lover).

Science calls up an image of thousands of crickets all lonely and longing, with knee-joints aflame all looking for love (or an evenings enjoyment) chirping anyones number and anyones name.

Crickets lead shortish lives that are briefish and brutish compared to the children who keep them in jars the children however have lives just as fleeting when measured in moments of firefly stars.

On my dusty front doorstep a cricket sits shining like a red rusty hinge with a bright cricket song it occurs that I hope that our mothers were right and that what science tells us is wrong.

