

M JERE'S MASTHEAD! ☺

volume high, no issue

October, 1991

No Nukes

Dear diary:

Not to worry: that basically blank space at the top of this page is not long for this world. Jere assures me that he is nearing completion on the masthead. All he needs, he says, is a simple photograph of me with my moustache. I will oblige.

September was a fun month. I went up to the ranch alone, which was a big step for me. Caught a cold, and have been blowing my nose ever since. The outhouse is completed now, and we'd love to have y'all visit and take a dump, on us. Just make sure you leave that comma in, where it belongs. We've been dumped on enough.

BIG mistake on Forrest's new address last month; even the newsletter came back "undeliverable." So, let's try again:

Forrrrrrest Markham
101 N. Jessica #263
Tucson, AZ 85710
(602) 886-0889

Forrest sez:

"We are settling in at the above address for the next 10 months or so. Nice little place, but I can't say I like Tucson that much. I've been swinging a hammer again since August 1, but I keep getting in on the tail end of jobs, and start Monday the 16th with my third company. Not good for the stress level. Work starts at 6 a.m.; mostly it's too damn hot.

"Have you been out fishing? In late July, I flew to SFO to get my stuff and wanted to stop by, but I didn't have time. Would like sometime to meet you in San Diego, spend the night at Jay's, and go fishing down there. Can you still handle boats?"

Well, yes, Forrest; I can still handle boats. I just can't handle San Diego. And it's too bad you didn't stop by in July to see my Marlin. But keep trying and yes, we'll get together soon.

Aha! My high school reunion! I know all of you want to know how it went! Well, here's the straight scoop.

The HOT couple of the night consisted of "tart royale" Leah Poppett and her swinging date, Ted Shove. Yes, that's right, the same campus security Ted Shove who was once hanged in effigy in the Quad by some illegal off-campus fraternity. Ted looks great; not a day older. I was honored to walk right up to the old guy and say, "Hi! Remember me? "E" head, '65?" To which he replied, "Get outa my fuckin' way, kid." Geez, what a guy!

Hit the garage sales today, and collected the following: 6" Crescent wrench, small can opener, miter box, Boy Scout Silva compass, diver's belt weight mold (6 lb.). Let me know if you need any of this.

I paid \$80.00 for two tickets to watch Ted Shove dance with Leah Poppett? Quick; somebody kill me.

Next month's newsletter will profile either Ted Mummm or David Dickey, whichever one feels their reputation can stand up to the test of yellow journalism. (Ted, David: could one of you please write me a letter this month? I'd sure appreciate it. Thanks.)

I've been told that it was Forrest who shinnied up the palm tree to hang old Ted in effigy. Ted says Forrest couldn't shinny up a tether ball pole if his life depended on it. Who's right?

Hot News Flash!! I just roused Sean & Katy out of their collective bed at 9:30 on a Sunday morning (God only knows what they were doing), and learned that they will be in Southern California October 25-28. They'll be staying at the DoubleTree Hotel in Orange while attending the wedding of one of sister Lynne's sons on the 26th.

Jere has graciously consented to the publication of his epic poem "French Roast" in this month's edition. I hope you all enjoy it as much as I did. And I look forward to more submissions in the future.

Jere Hudson
LTC - MI
395 Strawberry Lane
Ashland, OR 97520

Off to the left is the return address label from the most recent parcel received from Jere. Please take note of all that cryptic bullshit on the second line: "LTC - MI." What in the hell is that supposed to mean? Needless to say, there must be a story behind it. By bringing it out in the open in this manner, I hope that Jere will see fit to offer an explanation. As I'm sure you all know, I frown on return address labels that serve no purpose other than to try and impress the letter carriers of the U.S. Postal Service.

The rest of this newsletter speaks for itself, for a change.

Celebrating Liz Taylor's Wedding,

Michael Jackson

P.S. Glad to be rid of her, too!

~~RICH~~
FRENCH
ROAST
COFFEE

I could make it somehow
if my loved ones all left
if my job were replaced
by machine

Or if the IRS visited my home in the night
or if teenager vandals broke into my car
and I froze both my feet while lost on a mountain
and my nose and my toes and my fingers turned green.

I groggy do open one eye at a time my head starts to pound my hands start to
shake
and I wonder if life would be even worth living
without chocolate to eat, without coffee to make.

To the four major food groups
I've added a fifth
to my breakfast of poached eggs and toast,
a Hershey bar eaten with freshly ground blends
of Kona or Sumatra, but mostly FRENCH ROAST

The French are quite Bruitish
and nasty and crude
and they spit on the ground at America's feet.
Their commitment to NATO...they'd rather avoid.
They scratch places in public
and pee in the street.

They are haughty as peacocks and charge too much for wine,
and they talk like their mouths' full of gravel.
At least that's what I'm told
by the few friends I have
or at least by my few friends who travel.

But let's give them some credit
where credit is due,
for I'm told they can cook and can sew,
and the coffee they make is the best in the world
and I drink enough coffee to know.

I get out of bed,
and I stagger downstairs,
my voice all aquiver
my dim eyes grow moist,
as I fumble for coffee
my head starts to clear...
clearly French Roast is my drug of choice.


1991

DESERT CAMO Honeymoon



E. CAMO HONEYMOON

Now all you Outdoors Ladies can tame that "Lion" of yours with our new "Camo Honeymoon" negligee. This novelty apparel is designed with camouflage pattern sheer netting and is delicately accented with black lace at the neck and bottom. U.S. Made.

Q37-102 "Woodland Camo Honeymoon" \$29.95
Q37-282 "Desert Camo Honeymoon" \$29.95

No; this isn't Patty soaking up the Korean rays in her G.I. Camo outfit. It's Forrest wearing Patty's uniform.

May 9

Cold and rain every day, all week. When I see the sun I'm going to rejoice. It took the last two days to get my outhouse built. It sure beats my old latrine hole. I told the Simmons, friends from Wabasha, that my outhouse was near completion, and Jane said, "Gross." That's her perspective. From my perspective, it's my first real luxury.

The conversation reminded me what a difference perspective can make. I mentioned the outhouse because it was my first real accomplishment. I was proud finally to have done something, and it really was an improvement over the temporary latrine, but the Simmons hadn't understood. They seemed to think it was just crude.

I see the importance of looking at someone else's accomplishments from their viewpoint and not my own. Even though I might see no value in something, I'd like to be able to appreciate its meaning for someone else.

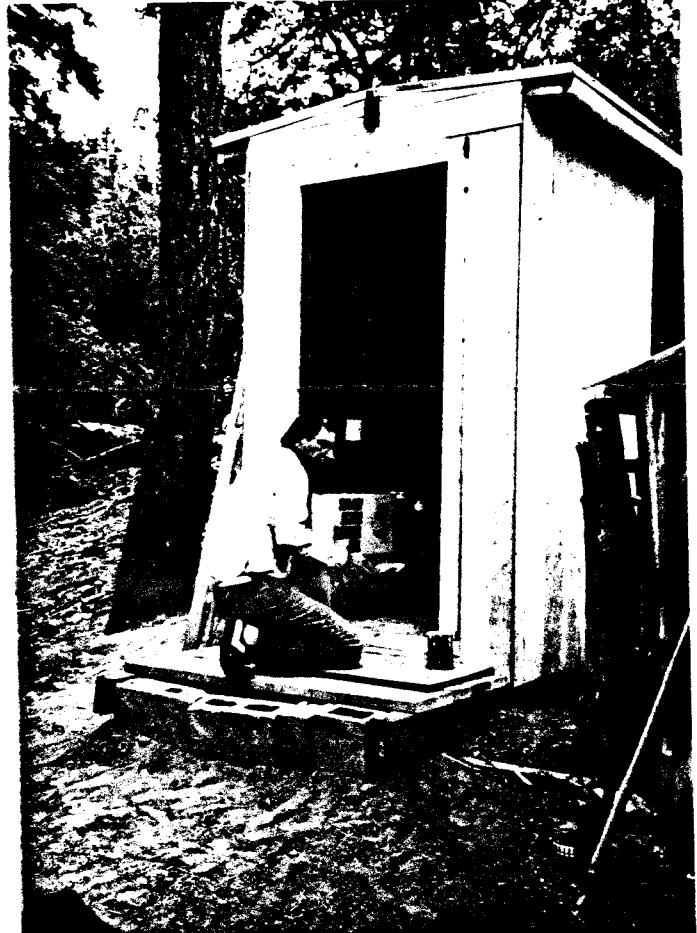
— "A Dreamer's Log Cabin"
by Laurie Shepherd



PROOF
RIGHTED
PHOTOGRAPH

PROOF GDR 66 BEER 13

Travis & Peggy at
the 25-year reunion



SHIT Happens