

*** BΩΣ ***

This space reserved for Jere Hudson's custom masthead which hasn't arrived yet (along with the custom Beta Omega Sigma tie tacks. Maybe next month).

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Dear Nudists:

Last edition's call for entries in the annual Brotherhood Nude Photography Contest had the usual response: more entries than we have space to print. Jana won the First Place prize, for "baring" her soul to "let you know how much I enjoyed Jere's poem. Thanks for sharing it. Please keep me on the list for the "Emmetropia" - I wouldn't want to miss anything." Well, thanks, Jana, and "thanks" from Jere too. And thanks to your entry, we didn't miss anything either. Now, Jana: go explain all of that to Mom and Dad.

First of all, a couple of updated addresses:

PV2 Patricia Markham
552 Signal Company
15539
APO AP 96258-0603

Forrest & Zeke Markham
101 Jessica Street
Tuscon, AZ 85710
(602) 886-0889 (maybe)

We were in Escondido on August 3rd for Jennifer Staab's storybook wedding, representing all of you who were there in spirit only. Had a great time with Gary, Barbara and Brian, not to mention Gary's dear Mom and his camera-toting father and Gary's good ol' brothers Dale and Paul. I suffered another one of my little "episodes" shortly before heading home, which caused my driving to become somewhat erratic (no, folks; this was a dry wedding reception, so don't blame the champagne). Subsequent

diagnosis by Dr. Zerba: Anxiety or "panic" attacks. I now carry Xanax in my pocket wherever I go. A great drug; you don't have to take it at all; just carrying it in your pocket does the job. No problems for the past month, although lots of opportunities.

We went to Vegas in mid-August for the North American Open, and as predicted a year ago, we equalled our 1990 showing by being eliminated in the first round. Had a good time.

I talked to Robb tonight. He's fresh back from 3-weeks in

England, and has a continental perspective on recent events in the Soviet Union. Call him for details. He also has a new job. He also had recent conversations with Sean and Forrest. Call him for details.

Vacation was great. Spent 4 days at Two Harbors on Catalina, getting sunburned, stung by yellow-jackets, having our tent invaded by drunk women at 1:20 a.m. (?), hiking our legs off, etc. I highly recommend it. Then celebrated Peggy's birthday, and moved camp up to Piute Mountain for 3 nights. Had the property surveyed, and finished the outhouse.

Last night, Peggy and I celebrated her birthday with a night at the Crazy Horse, where Hoyt Axton was in concert. Paul Williams was in the audience (Paul Williams?), and Hoyt called him up on stage to join him in singing "Just An Old-fashioned Love Song," which didn't work out because no one could find a key to sing it in. But I think you can picture how funny it was to see the Pillsbury Doughboy standing next to Hoyt. The only thing they had in common was that both had written songs made popular by Three Dog Night.

Jere wrote a poem called "French Roast" which I would like to publish next month, if Jere will call me and give me permission. It will get you in the mood for Autumn.

As most of you know, we in the Class of '66 had our choice of finishing our "education" at dear ol' PHS, or transferring to San a Go-Go in our Junior Year. 1,452 chose Pacific, but for our 25th reunion this month, we chose to have a combined one with SG. So far, barely 250 people have responded. See you all in the Garden Room of the Orange Show grounds on September 14. The "Class" of '66. The Class of Crap.

I will not publish any more Jere Hudson poetry until he finishes the Masthead and tie tacks, as he was assigned. We will use re-runs instead. Address all complaints to 395 Strawberry Lane, Ashland, OR 97520, or call (503) 482-5808.

I have a moustache again, which makes me look as hokey as my good friend Sean. My CB handle is "Mountain Man," and you can reach me on Channel 34 when I'm on the mountain. I might buy a shotgun this weekend, just for the image. Always scatter a cup or so of lime or quick lime on your stool after using the privy. This is the equivalent of "flushing" the toilet. Thank you.

August was a slow month; not only for me, but for you as well. Only one letter received. Hence: a two-page newsletter. Tough shit, you complainers! So write something!

Feeling ill,



Mikhail Gorbachev

Interupted Clabe in the middle of a Dodger game last night and caught up on all the latest Hangan news. He says he has a letter almost ready to mail to me, but lies are cheap. Ali was in the Gulf; now stationed in Texas. Has a wife and family down there too. Clabe's still got a calendar full of bookings through '92, and I think he said he was working on something that would take him to the Orient. If he ever finishes that letter and mails it to me, we'll have all the facts.

Went to the gun show today and bought a Korean 12-gauge for \$60. That oughta keep the rascals away. Lotsa neat shit there. Some guy was selling T-shirts that had the Soviet hammer and sickle insignia with a red circle around it and a line through it, emblazoned "The Party's Over." If you believe that, you'll believe anything.

That's all for this issue. I'll kill the remaining space with losing entries from the nude photography costest.

