

f/r 545.52687

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NOTE COA effective June 13, 1987!!!!!!:

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I announce my candidacy for OA!
A vote for me is vote for merit
selection! (I merit selection)

I also announce LATEPUB!

DOES STARVED ROCK REALLY WORK?

I have new job as an assistant State Appellate Defender. Which means that not only do I get to be a lawyer, but I get to write for a living as well. I already have two cases assigned to me. The first will be a DUI appeal. I really get to test my advocacy skills there because I don't think enough of those fiends get convicted in the first place. But everyone is entitled to a fair trial and a good defense under our Constitution. Even, oh I don't know, maybe SATAN?!?!

Anyway, I went down yesterday to look for a place to live. I found one with the help of a friend of my brother's who lives there. It is a third floor walk-up (can't you guess from the address) in an old building which is part of an old complex of three apartment buildings. There is lots of

woodwork, and an antique mirror in the hallway, and hardwood floors and an ironing board that comes out of the wall. The building is one block from the Appellate Court and the Woolworth's and the movies and two blocks from work and the Catholic church (which is directly across from work). Heat is supplied. All this for only \$185 per month! The lady didn't ask for references or even a security deposit. They only rent to women, so I don't have to worry about the guy across the hall, 'cause there ain't no guy across the hall. I have a nice view of the Fox River and am only blocks away from the Illinois. Sounds great.

Of course, I like the big city, too. But Ottawa is only 1 1/2 hours from home, as opposed to 24 hours as Houston was. I can come and go at home as often as I want, as soon as I get a car.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

My family moved into our house on Ridgeland in August, 1961. About the same time we moved in, the house next door was sold to a family named Kennedy. They also had about seven or eight kids. A couple of years later they had to move because of Mrs. Kennedy's health and the house was sold to the Bacoms, who had six daughters. Mamie was my age. Mr. Bacom was a Secret Service agent assigned to the Chicago area. In 1973, after nearly 22 years (an almost unheard of assignment to one area) Mr. Bacom was transferred to Washington, D.C.

The Bacoms then sold the house to Pat & Violet Tantillo, a young couple.

My family (especially my dad) is not what one would call overly concerned about yard appearance. In fact, one might say that our yard has a rather "fannish" look to it. In 1963 Dad put in a Japanese rock garden, which would have been okay, except that when we lived in British Honduras the people renting the house didn't take very good care of it and after that it was never quite as pretty as he had meant it be. Eventually it got to be pretty run-down. Dad also likes wild flowers and prairie grasses -- he collects them and transplants them to a couple of patches he has cultivated in the front and on the side (we have the corner lot.) Sometimes the grass doesn't get cut right away when it needs it, for various reasons, such as, in the spring he wants to wait until the daffodils & crocuses have gone to seed because he is naturalizing or we don't have the time for a few days or a couple of weeks.

Pat & Violet, on the other hand, take meticulous care of their yard. And since they moved in a dozen odd years ago, they have been silently feuding with us about the yard. In the spring she calls the village and complains, sending the village inspector out. In the fall he puts the leaves from their lawn in the gutter on the sidestreet next to our house, plugging up the sewer hole, which usually results in water

accumulating in the gutter and, eventually in the driveway (one time it was so bad that when I got out of the car in the driveway, the water was up around the tops of my ankles.)

The first spring they lived next door, she started to cut down an old vine which was on our fence. It was very lucky for her that dad was home: otherwise ghod knows what he might have done to her for cutting down his 20 year old grape vine! Last year, she decided that a tree which is on our property was too close to her house, so she cut off a major branch of the tree. Not only that, but, when the branch fell into our yard (on top of our lilac bush, which was damaged by the falling branch) she marched in and took it out of the yard to dispose of it. All without saying one word to us, and while my mother watched in amazement.

A few weeks ago, I prepared some beds along the fence for a vegetable garden and planted some seedlings I had started earlier. She was in and out of her yard all the while that I was working. The next day I went out to water the seedlings. I noticed that one seemed to have disappeared. Then I noticed that there were some dead weeds and dirt over the place where that seedling had been. I thought her damn little dog had been digging. But then she came out and started to plant a tree or something. I asked her "Excuse me, but were you digging along the fence today? "I dig along

that fence every year." "Well, you didn't have to throw your dirt and weeds over here."

That was when she started screaming at me about our yard. "Look at that yard. It's a pig sty!" Etc., etc. etc. I started back about the tree and the leaves. She told me "don't get mad at me because I have a nice yard!" and continued to yell. (Actually I wouldn't be: raises my property value!) Finally I gave up, called her a bitch and stormed off. (I was late for court.) (I never said I wasn't a bitch myself; you know it takes one to know one.)

Sunday, I woke up at 8 a.m. to the sounds of Pat digging in the yard. He was putting in post holes for a wooden privacy fence. Of course, when dad got up I told him, since he had been talking about a survey (he thinks that the fence we have up is actually a foot or two over onto our property, which would put the fence they have started onto our property as well.) He talked to Pat, who agreed to stop until the survey was done, but who then continued yesterday, supporting the opinion that it is Violet who wears the pants in that family. Pat mentioned something about me storming out and calling her a bitch over some dirt. I didn't think that I stormed out, but, of course, if being in my yard when she came out of the house and then saying "Excuse me, but . . ." is storming, then I guess I stormed out.

Anyway, I am ordering a survey

at dad's orders and can't wait for the results. I hope their new fence is about six inches inside our property so we can make them tear it down and move it. That should be real fun.

Yes, fences make good neighbors. But one man's "jungle" is another man's garden.

AIDS

Dad tells us that there is no open heart surgery being performed in the San Francisco/Oakland area anymore. A friend of his took a job last year heading a brand new, multi-million dollar cardiac unit in Oakland. It is now closed and he is looking for another job. Also, no one will perform such surgery on those who have tested positive for the AIDS virus. The reason: there is no way to adequately clean and sterilize the heart-lung blood exchange machinery. The number of people who could be infected by one contamination is limited only by the viability of the virus in the interior of the machine. The mind boggles. For instance, the congressman who recently died of AIDS was said to have been infected when he had open heart surgery in 1979. Whether he was infected during the surgery or after is not known but if it was during others may have been infected either before or after him through the use of that machine.

PRIDE GOETH BEFORE THE FALL

Whether Gary Hart sleeps with every bimette in Washington or not may have little to do with

what kind of President he would have been. But his lack of judgment does. (1) He practically dared the news media to follow him. They did. Good for them. (2) In spite of his aforementioned invitation, he then brought the bimchette in question (a) to his house (b) when his wife was away (c) after going on an overnighiter with her and another couple to Biminy. Give me a break! (3) He up and quits under the pressure. If he couldn't handle some nasty rumors about his sex life, what would he have done when the Russians were on Roosevelt Road? (4) He can't even acknowledge that he played a part in his own downfall. Instead of admitting that he made mistakes in judgment, he blames news media for doing their job.

Right, we don't have to know everything about a candidate down to his shoe size. But I do think it is relevant to know with whom the candidate associates and what the nature of those relationships are. After all, we may be entrusting our lives to the man. Think of it this way. We know not only the candidate but also his family. In recent times the actions of the wives of several presidents (not just Nancy Reagan but Rosalind Carter and Betty Ford) have been the targets of critics. Yet, who can realistically expect these women to just sit quietly on the side? Or that their husbands would not need to tell their wives some things in order to unwind? In these days of feminism, marriage is

increasingly seen as a partnership. Most married people share not only their home lives but also some amount of the stress and pressure they receive on the job with their spouse. So when a candidate runs we examine not only the candidate but also his family and particularly his spouse. And we expect to learn about the spouse just as we learn about the candidate. But what about his "silent" partners?

And where does Hart get off thinking we the People have no right to know about his private life, anyway? After all, this man will have his hand on THE BUTTON. Do you want to entrust that responsibility to someone who knuckled under as quickly as Hart did?

But after all is said and done there is really still only one word which can adequately describe Gary Hart: HUBRIS. This guy's pride was so incredibly large that he dared the press to follow him and then he made an ass of himself, his wife, a bimchette and worst of all, his staff workers, who deserved it not at all.

THE SOCIETY PAGE

The sun was shining, the sky was a clear blue and the breeze gently wafted through the apartment of socialite Marie Bartlett and her new husband, entrepreneur Kirby Sloan, as they exchanged wedding vows on May 8, 1987. Ms. Bartlett was radiant in an elegantly simple white tailored suit, while Mr. Sloan beamed in a dark blue suit, with a red rosebud

boutonniere. The bride wore a garland of purple and yellow mums in her hair.

The bride was attended by her sister Julie Bartlett, fan Sheri Katz and Marie's former college roommate, Sue Easterling. The groom was supported by DeKalb area fans Allan Sperling and Sandy Woggon, who refreshingly enough, happens to be of the female persuasion. Kudos to Mr. Sloan!

The ceremony itself was performed by Ms. Bartlett's cousin and was very simple and beautiful. Following the short, poignant ceremony, the couple entertained a multitude of friends and family, mundanes and fen.

The flowers were arranged by the Sloan-Bartlett's neighbor in colors of purple and yellow and purple and yellow roses adorned the three tier wedding cake.

Sandwiches were served for those who attended the ceremony and light munchies were served for those who arrived later. Bheer, pop and wine was fannishly cooled in the bathtub. The bride and groom had thoughtfully arranged for guests to arrive in shifts to avoid a crush in their tiny apartment, an arrangement which worked out wonderfully.

LETTERS WE GET LETTERS

Comments on recent material.

f/r 544.??? (I can never remember the numbers unless I

have it in front of me.)

George: I did not demand that Michael Drop Teresa. I merely pointed out that she had been wrong and that you and Peter had been wrong in not catching it. I noted that if you had wanted to mention it & then say she could pass on it this time, fine. But do not blame me for the fact that Michael Dropped Teresa. What he did, he did not because of me, but because he thought it should be done.

f/r 545.??? **Teresa:** Sorry to cause so much trouble, but it is a little irritating when I sit here sometimes trying to figure out what I should number this thing and then someone just whips out some bogus number. Glad to see you decided to stick it out. Your stuff is a little Fishy sometimes, I often find myself laughing at it just for the Halibut.

FR 545

Ross: I agree with Yale. I think we all ought to look at what we put up with by saying "it's none of my business." Hey, that line didn't work for Cain any more than it will for the American Christian community. The fact is we are our brother's keeper.

Yes I know plenty of people who live good Christian lives, who give of themselves without asking for anything in return. My dad is one of them. It would take a couple of pages here to tell you the things he's done for others in the past 40 years or so, so I won't. Christianity isn't supposed to be like that.

But, on the other hand, I know lots more people who profess to be good Christians, yet who wouldn't hesitate to stab someone in the back. There are probably more hypocrites than there are genuine Christians. These are most often the people who stand at the front of the church saying "Here I am, God. Look at me." What they don't understand is that you don't have to call attention to yourself, because God sees us all. Every minute we waste pointing at ourselves is a moment we could have been spending at prayer.

And prayer isn't just the Our Father or the Hail Mary. Those are merely forms of prayer. Our daily lives are our loudest and most effective prayer.

(Sorry if I sound like an evangelist, but something just got started. I am the first to say that I am not a good Christian at all. I need to work on a few things, like my temper. But I at least acknowledge that I need to work. I wonder how many who profess to be "Christians" are willing to do the same.)

Warren & Smokey: We are always wrong! Don't you know that? Don't you know that the Communists are not using the Sandanistas to get a foothold on this continent? Don't you know that the isolationist policies of the Democrats won't lead to the eventual erosion of the strength the US has gained in the last forty years or so? Don't you want to live in a dreary, socialistic communist

society? Hey, I do! After all, we all know that the first to go will be the civil libertarians and the liberal Democrats. I for one think that's great!

JMLee: Maybe you've heard those jokes before but only because I told them to you two years ago, dolt!//If I were you I'd get a better editor (Fingers get tired there, Yale?)

Smokey: I loved your joke and it has been the hit of the office here where the hunters think it's great. Got any more? Anybody got any?

[What does HART stand for?
Had Any Rice Today?

What was Gary Hart's biggest mistake?
Not having Ted Kennedy drive her home.

What does Gary Hart say to his wife after sex?
"Hi, honey. How's Denver?"]

Dian: I will miss Terry Carr for a very different reason than you or George or anyone who knew him will: I miss him because I never got to know him. It was always something I wanted to do and I never got up the nerve to do it. I think it is a lesson for me, to get out there and meet these people who have such an enormous effect on my life. I envy you the fact that you knew him and wish you could tell us more.

Last of the page so gotta go.
Love & Kisses,
KT.

KT