

Little News Weekly

"All the News That's of Little Interest"

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TURKEY DAY 2008

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Editors Note:

Well it's nice to be back! After a two-year sabbatical, we have a lot to report! We received many letters in the past year, and some of your suggestions have been incorporated in this blockbuster issue. Following the riot which ensued when I boycotted the paper last year, I did negotiate with some of our readers and have agreed to return as editor-in-chief as long as you people stop throwing eggs at my car. Many of you also wanted to see not only a return of the PAPER in its original form, but also a broader distribution. Some of our readers suggested sending out this paper to developing countries to educate the world BEFORE they start to hate us. Is this an example of forward-thinking or complete lunacy? Maybe one and the same, considering the subversive content of the paper. As Voltaire suggested, however, maybe we should "tend our own garden". Which means, for those of you not as well-educated, we will keep our paper distribution to a very select population. We are firmly opposed to any international distribution. We have a hard enough time writing in English, and now you want Spanish and various Chinese dialects? Who knows what might be lost in the translation, since my Spanish is limited to Dora the Explorer episodes. And, by the way, China *is* a developed country. And, as they demonstrated at the Olympics, they don't have to like us—they are China! It was also revealed at the Olympics that there are a lot of Chinese people in China. Who knew? Also, some of them know how to use computers. Fortunately, we don't have to keep thinking about that. With the Olympics over, we can switch the channel and go back to "Dancing with the Stars"! I

digress as usual, but there is a lot to discuss, isn't there? Anyway, you can rest assured that the paper will continue to twist new and old ideas for our own undisclosed purposes. This paper has always strived to take a very narrow, biased, and some say, distorted view and that is not going to change. That should be comforting to those of you walking around in a trance saying "Change is Good." Snap out of it! In the interests of *fairness*, dictatorships are also good if you are the dictator. And that is just *one* example! A lot to think about, isn't it? And there is so much more! It's great to be back!

The Editor

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

While I appreciate the importance of this Newsletter as it's one way of figuring out how my wife thinks, I have to complain about the amount of time this takes away from important things like raking leaves, and digging holes for 250 daffodils. None of this was done while I was gallivanting through South America eating olives. Also, no one bothered to buy the bone meal that Poppy says we need for the daffodils. (Where do you get that, I wonder, Agway?) Well, look-- all I know is that I've been away in Chile for almost 3 weeks, and I come home to a house that looks not even neglected but more like *abandoned*. The entire lawn was three inches deep in leaves. I had to guess where the driveway was. My garage was a mess, and I can't describe the state of the inside of the house. And I mean- I *really* can't describe it because there

were no working lights. Can ALL of the lightbulbs actually burn out simultaneously as my wife suggested? I guess I just needed to vent a little, so this this newsletter does serve some purpose I suppose. Who else am I going to complain to? Not my wife—she is busy typing on her laptop and chuckling to herself. What next!?

Disturbed Husband,
John Jayne

To the Editor:

This is my first time writing to The PAPER. Actually it is my first time writing, *period*. I knew I could do it. I just took out the binky and replaced it with a pen. Goo Goo, Gaa Gaa! I'm keeping the fact that I can write, and actually read, a secret so I can do a big TA DA for my parents. Aren't I the cutest!! Anyway I had to write this because this is also my first time visiting Littleton! I can't wait! I heard that I might be getting "Blue Baby". Finally it's my turn! Just wait till I get really attached to it! I hope my Aunt Karen gives Mommy the backup "Blue Baby" or there is going to be trouble! Maybe we can get some more people for my big brother!! Anyway, I can't wait to see my cousins! This is so exciting I might need my binky back. Oh, here it is. I feel better now. Lastly, the best part is that I am celebrating my first birthday!!
ROCK ON!

Signed,

Baby Emma
Soon-to-be-big-girl-1-year-old



Burmudez
A Lesson in History

By: J.R. "I could be happy here" Donohue

BURMUDA--Once upon a time, there was a small island in the south mid-Atlantic, where they had pink sand and beautiful beaches. An explorer from Spain named Bermudez stopped by one day and decided that the climate suited him, plus the golf courses were challenging enough to have he and his crew play a few rounds. Sometime later a dim-witted fellow in the office of "Lets Name An Island," remembered caddying for the Spanish Gent and named the island Bermuda. Miss-spelling in those days, without Word Perfect, was quite common and computers in the 1600's were not what we have today, but that's another story. Bermudez also had trouble with his cell phone when trying to call his lovely wife (Mrs. Bermudez, who else?) in Barcelona. You can see, times were not easy in this palatial paradise.

Bermudez and his merry men had to spend their time drinking Swizzles in a trashy place called the Swizzle Inn. *Swizzle in-Swizzle out*—perfect for the merry men. To pass the time, they concocted a drink called “Dark and Stormy”, a combination of ginger-beer and black rum. This was a lethal combination and some say the early stages of developing TNT.

Have you ever wondered why people would walk around screaming FORE! at the top of their lungs, while playing a quiet game of golf? It all started in Bermuda. Bermudez, and the three ship officers he played golf with, had a habit of screaming FOUR! When they were thirsty. This meant they wanted four Dark and Stormy drinks. ASAP. Little Joe-Joe would rush out with drinks in a matter of seconds. Joe-Joe’s name was Joe but Bermudez had a speech impepepidiment,(stuttering). Bermudez due to his aforementioned speech impediment would scream out Four Four and little Joe Joe would rush out with forty four dark and stormys. This created havoc for the golf foursome, resulting in being carried off before finishing the first round. On the other hand, little Joe-Joe became very wealthy serving all those drinks and was able to build his own house at Tuckers Pt. He still lives there, married to Catherine Zeta- Jones, but that’s another story.

Isn’t history wonderful? People (golfers) still walk around screaming Fore! And have no clue as to what started it, but you do. Unfortunately, the golfers were not always served enough dark and stormys and they had to leave the golf course occasionally.

They took up TENNIS and by the local custom were forced to wear all white outfits. This created a problem, but Bermudaz being a resourceful chap, took an expensive cab ride into Hamiltonia (another miss-spelling) and found an expensive tennis shop that outfitted the entire crew. When he returned to his men (he took the bus back – much cheaper) he coined the phrase “tennis anyone?”

Of course the beach was one their favorite pastimes, particularly when Beyonce make an appearance. Bermudez and Beyonce were about to become an item but Mrs. Bermudez got through on her cell phone and that was that. She gave Bermudez a whole list of things he needed to buy. Mr. B. almost filled up his ship with sweaters and other trinkets. He had to buy so much he enlisted the help of a woman named Coleen- a professional shopper. After that Mr. B. had more time for golf.

Mr. B. and some of his crew were lucky enough to stay at his niece’s house in Tucker’s Point. Tucker’s Point was named after the Governor of Bermuda who made only one good remark during his term in office—ergo Tucker’s Point. The house with it’s own swimming pool and overlooking the golf course was just right or the crew, not to mention huge amounts of Jack Daniels. This created many toasts to T. Rowe Price, a large firm in Barcelona.

Ah, but all good trips must come to an end and Mr. B. and his crew rode their motor scooters back to the ship. The crew decided to wear tennis whites when they sailed from Bermuda and became the “laughing stock” of the Spanish Navy. Later on, navies around

the world started wearing white uniforms – more history. As they left, some natives recall our heroes singing, “Bermuda, Jamaica, Gee I wanna take her....”



A PARENT IN THE PULPIT

By Kennon Jayne

NEW CANAAN – In this upscale New England town on a recent Sunday citizens gathered to hear a renowned resident pontificate from the pulpit of a small parish church. Long lines formed at the entrance to this church. Parishioners waited to be ushered into crowded pews. Excitement was high, hushed voices prevailed, anticipation reigned within the sanctuary, From the chancel the clergy contained their concerns, Would this non-ordained female in the pulpit carry the word of the Lord to the highest? Would The Ten Commandments be broken? Or, might this spontaneous sermon turn evangelistic and evoke an exodus from this 175 year old church?

The moment arrived . Up to the pulpit stepped a local resident, Sabra Jayne, with Bible in hand. It was awesome. Silence prevailed. Nervous clergy around the altar held their breath with

some trepidation. Then a ray of sunlight suddenly burst through the stained glass windows. This self appointed female preacher raised her hands to the heavens and delivered a penetrating story of her conversion to the Episcopal faith 52 years ago in this very church. Parishioners in the pews were spell bound. Lay preacher Jayne revealed with most passionate words her humbling experience of being one of the two candidates to be blessed by the Episcopal bishop of Connecticut. A most anticipated event for her. It then came to pass that the bishop did deliver a long, very religious and meaningful, blessing lasting several minutes to the first kneeling candidate on Mrs. Jayne’s right. Following that, blessing lay preacher Jayne held her breath to hear these same words again as the bishop approached and laid his hands on her head. However, and to the shock of all, the only words then uttered by the bishop to parishioner Jayne were, “AND SAME TO YOU”!

From the pews came cries of pity, mixed with laughter and sorrow, and from the clergy standing by came sighs of relief and wonder that such a lay person’s performance could so move a congregation. May Sabra Jayne’s spiritual career continue. Amen!

American Dynasty Emigrates to Bermuda

SHREWSBURY - Silencing all of the rumors that have been circulating these many weeks, a Donohue family spokesperson released a statement yesterday to the associated press confirming that the famous family will

be moving *en masse* permanently to the British-held island of Bermuda. Wild speculation has been fueled by the family's recent long vacation to this island paradise, which, in a surprise turn, included much of the immediate family. Although Bob and Mary Ann have made several trips to Bermuda in recent years, staying at the home of their favorite niece (and person) Mary Miller, they have in the past deliberately neglected to invite their children. Probably in an effort to avoid the usual bad behavior and surliness inherent in a typical Donohue gathering, they chose to invite close friends, neighbors, and in a pinch, perfect strangers. In all cases, the guests were bound, gagged and put on a plane to the secret location in Bermuda, where they reportedly were forced to endure long cocktail parties on a sweeping verandah while listening to Eddie Fisher recordings and endless discussions of the island restaurants.

This time, the trip to Bermuda was different, and apparently, all of the Donohues were invited. In typical fashion, most of Bob and Maryann's children jumped at the chance to go, and quickly yanked their children out of school angering many local school principals. Parenthetically speaking, sports commitments had to be honored leaving Connor Stambaugh to literally "carry the ball" in Shrewsbury. All in all, a large contingent of the Donohue family made an appearance at the Miller home in Tuckers Point, Bermuda, presided over by Bob and MaryAnn.

While on vacation, there have been several clues that the family was considering a permanent move to the island. Coleen and Bruce Stambaugh with their son Dillon arrived in

Hamilton to a great reception by the Chamber of Commerce. At their arrival the economy immediately improved and several new jewelry stores opened. Coleen had also set up meetings with the Bermuda Department of Transportation, lobbying for a permanent change to the bus schedule to further accommodate her shopping needs. Big Bob Donohue wrote a letter to the Bermudian government demanding that customs increase the duty-free allowance for liquor and wine imports. His flawed argument reminds the Bermudians that Dewars is made in Scotland and *ipso facto* is the same thing as being produced here on the Island. Hmm. I don't think so- but you've got to hand it to him for trying! Also nice use of his parochial education—*ipso facto* my eye!

John Jayne picked up several brochures on purchasing motor scooters. Actually, this is not unusual, so scratch that. JTJ might have been looking for some relaxing reading material and anything with pictures of something with a motor is almost as good as a technical manual or a catalog of very small parts. On the other hand, young Joe Jayne has been seen selling Hot Wheels paraphernalia to younger Bermudians to convert some of his assets to bermudian "monies". Jean Marie Donohue was seen inquiring about renting space above a Head Shop to set up an Obama campaign office. It's another country and the election is over, but so what- they also need to know how great he is! Also this could be a great place for an Obama second act. He is Black, you know, and seems to like foreign countries, so would fit in nicely. Donohue watchers also noted a suspicious change in the menus of many of Bermuda's finer eating establishments. Now the dinner specials

always include Chilean Sea Bass, and “authentic” Fish and Chips. (Pass the malt vinegar!). This would be fine except for the complimentary cocktails we have seen pop up all over the island. Bruce Stambaugh has a special plastic cup attached to his golf bag for Dark and Stormy refills. “Hey, they are free,” he says, “so keep ’em comin’!”

Finally, yesterday, Bob Donohue gave a press conference and confirmed his intention to move the family to the island. In a rare moment of introspection, the head of the family said that he had struggled with this decision for some time but that the deciding factor had to do with his aversion to sidewalks. He remarked, “I’ve always said, if sidewalks come to Shrewsbury, I am out of here! So long, suckers!” Keeping one step ahead of City Hall, or at least the Boro of Shrewsbury, Bob Donohue is saying sayonara before the inevitable happens and he has to shovel snow off a sidewalk. MaryAnn is delighted and is skipping around with her Ipod tuned to the Beach Boys—*Bermuda.. Jamaica...*

Reaction to the news has been widespread and largely indifferent. Other members of the family abandoned in the USA to attend college or whatnot, expressed grudging approval. In a recent interview on Entertainment Tonight, Leigh Stambaugh revealed “I don’t know if everyone realizes this but, I was not even, like, invited on this trip—do you believe that? Nice. Here I am left at an expensive college and am left to vacation in crummy Mexico on Spring Break. Although, now that I think of it, I could invite my rich friends to go to Bermuda next year. I have to go and call Daddy.” Others, like Jan and Tom

Kirwan, long-suffering neighbors of Bob and Mary Ann couldn’t be happier. “I thought this day would never come!”, said Tom in a rare interview. “Finally, I can stop supplying ice cubes for that guy’s parties.” Plans are already in progress for the Kirwans to acquire the Donohue estate in Shrewsbury and convert it to a garage for their famous fleet of blue cars. Mucho re-landscaping of the Donohue property is proposed but the agreement calls for the holly tree to stay. Everything else may have to be leveled.

Now the only question that remains is: Where will the Donohue family settle in Bermuda? An anonymous bartender, still bristling at the Donohues for stingy tipping, had a decidedly “deer in the headlights” demeanor when confronted with a future of Donohues at his bar. He sighed, “not here, please God, not here...”. Apparently, Mary Miller, always helpful, has suggested that they look at some sketchy areas near Somerset or the Dockyard, which are as far away as possible from Tuckers Point but offer close proximity to the maximum security prison.



The ConMan Critic

Movie Reviews
By Connor Stambaugh

Ladies and gentlemen- it’s Thanksgiving. This season is a time for

love, family, friends, and of course...movies! I hope you all had a wonderful movie going experience this year. And as always, the ConMan Critic is here to recap, revive, and review three of this years biggest blockbusters- just in case you missed 'em.

The Dark Knight

Rating: Pg-13
Genre: Crime, Action/Adventure, Drama, Sequel
Starring: Christian Bale, Heath Ledger, Morgan Freeman

It takes a film like this one to make audiences fully appreciate the magic of cinema. Batman is back, after saving his hometown of Gotham in 2005's *Batman Begins*. The movie opens up with a bank robbery, and introduces a criminal mastermind known as the Joker (Ledger). Creepy makeup covers the scars on his face and adds to the mysteriousness of his character. District Attorney Harvey Dent (Aaron Eckhart) is determined to rid the streets of crime alongside his girlfriend Rachel Dawes (Maggie Gyllenhaal). Throughout the film Rachel is torn between her new love and her old flame- Batman. Christian Bale steps into the black costume as the caped crusader and turns in another brilliant performance (when you can understand what he's saying). The Joker is hired to kill Batman, and he transforms the city of Gotham into a whirlpool of anarchy, forcing Batman to choose between being a hero or a vigilante. I can not reveal the ending or any major twists (which are plentiful) in case you have yet to see this movie. *The Dark Knight* succeeds as both an action blockbuster (the fights are so awesome) and as a suspense thriller, largely in part to the Joker. The cast is almost perfect-

Bale and Eckhart fit right in while Morgan Freeman continues to impress. Michael Caine as Alfred, Batman's trusty friend and butler, adds humor to the dark world of Gotham. The one fault, perhaps in the entire movie, is Rachel. Maggie Gyllenhaal seems uncomfortable and miscast, but most of all just isn't good looking enough for the role. Am I forgetting someone? Oh yes. The late, great Heath Ledger, who before and after his death was receiving tremendous praise for his portrayal, is flawless. His scary/funny Joker makes the film and makes all the other characters less important. I completely support any notion out there for him to receive a posthumous Oscar. If you haven't seen this movie, see it. And see it for Heath Ledger, who will make you want to watch it over and over again. The best movie of the year? Maybe. The most entertaining? Absolutely.

Four and a half stars out of Five.

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Tropic Thunder

Rating: R
Genre: Comedy, Action/Adventure
Starring: Ben Stiller, Robert Downey Jr., Jack Black

I do not care whether or not you are a fan of Ben Stiller (although I can't see why not), this movie needs to be seen. It's an action comedy that is *funny*. Sure, it's a little over-the-top, but I can guarantee big laughs will come from watching it. Three self-absorbed Hollywood actors join forces to create an action film based on a popular novel. However, costs for the film run too high and production is shut down. The director is then talked into deploying the actors into a real life war-zone to film

the movie- that's where the fun begins. Stiller is Tugg Speedman, former action movie superstar. In an effort to save his career, he starred in "Simple Jack", a movie about a mentally challenged farmhand who thinks animals can understand him. The movie flopped, so his agent (a cameo by a very funny Mathew McConaughey) signs him up for "Tropic Thunder." Also on board is Jeff Portnoy (Black), who specializes in fart humor. Black is easily overshadowed by Stiller, although he does have one funny scene where he begs to be tied to a tree, then begs to be released. Stealing the show however is Downey Jr. He plays Kirk Lazarus, an Australian actor who has won 5 Oscars and surgically dyes his skin to portray a black man. He is so committed to this role that he remains in character at all times, seemingly convinced that he is actually black. Downey Jr.'s comedic timing is perfect and brings in the big laughs when he goes at it with fellow actor Alpa Chino (Brandon T. Jackson). Chino was born black and blasts Lazarus for his delusions. Alpa Chino (say it out loud) is like many rappers and promotes his merchandise, most notably Booty Sweat, and energy drink that keeps him going through the jungle. Tropic Thunder is a hysterical satire of Hollywood and the movie industry. I highly recommend seeing it, although it is too much for the little ones.

Three and a half stars out of Five.

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Iron Man

Rating: PG-13

Genre: Action/ Adventure

Starring: Robert Downey Jr., Terrence Howard, Gweneth Paltrow

2008 belongs to Robert Downey Jr. Between Tropic thunder and Iron Man, he has reinvented himself as a star. He plays Tony Stark, a wealthy weapons industrialist and genius inventor who is kidnaped and forced to build a devastating weapon for terrorists. Instead, using his intelligence and ingenuity, Stark builds a high-tech suit of armor and escapes captivity. He realizes then that the weapons he created were used to kill many, and vows to stop. When he uncovers a secret plot which would cause global problems, he enhances his suit and vows to save the world from destruction as Iron Man. Naturally there is a villain- Stark's ex-business partner Obadiah Stane (Jeff Bridges), standing in his way. Stane builds a bigger, badder suit and rivals Stark in an all out brawl. With the help of his best friend "Rhodey" (Howard) and his beautiful assistant Pepper Potts (Paltrow), Iron Man flies and fights his way to a happy ending...or does he? You'll have to see for yourself. Iron Man is full of eye-popping stunts and Downey Jr. adds enough humor that you may consider it to be a comedy. The point is, Iron Man prevails in being a completely entertaining summer blockbuster and although it's not perfect, it is definitely worth the price of admission.

Four stars out of Five.

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Well that about wraps things up for me, but please see these three films if your looking to be entertained or for big laughs. See ya next year!

Annual Awards : And the award goes to...

This year, we would like to recognize substantial achievements in a variety of dubious categories. The editorial board of this paper hand-picked a group of luminaries to act as judges. Our distinguished board included: Sarah Palin, OJ Simpson, and Kennon Jayne. The board met in secret to hatch plots and so forth, but had no real input into the results of this competition. The PAPER had the final say as usual. However, we have allowed our judges to give you some commentary as you will see. Now for the AWARDS:

The Mr. Nice Guy Award: This year, this much-coveted award has to go to Bruce Stambaugh. Whether he is helping out Mrs. Hoffman, taking care of Poppy's lawn, or taking his nephew Joe to a Blue Claw's Game, has anyone ever known a nicer guy? Even John Jayne admits, "he's nicer than me!" And a few people think John Jayne is pretty nice. But everybody loves Brucie!!

Sarah Palin: "You betcha! The Hockey Moms love Bruce." He is my kind of guy!

OJ: 'Well, (*chuckle*) He's definitely nicer than me. Ha Ha—yeah, what if I *did* do it??'

Ken Jayne: Oh yes, I remember when Bruce came by and saw us at Number 19 in New Canaan. We had a cup of tea together. Sabe, you remember...?

Sabe: No K'non, I do not, but do go on. And loveroni!

Ken Jayne: OK Sabe—anyway, *Verry* nice fellow. Married to Coleen. We had a very nice conversation and then, he *actually* knew when to leave. Amazing! We don't see that too much in New Canaan. What about that friend of Johnny's who showed up for tea and wanted to talk about *His* Sewall family book almost until cocktail time.

Most Trips to the Emergency Room for Sports-Related Injuries That Turned into Nothing Serious: Here we have a tie: Connor and Dillon Stambaugh for numerous bumps and bruises in their respective sports careers. Special commendation to Dillon for being more concerned about keeping the ball than being able to stand up! Get back in there guys!!

Ken Jayne: Keep at it boys ! I was a wrestler ! It kept me in shape all through life! I can probably take you all on now! How 'bout it! Tennis, anyone? Oh NO, here comes Bruce—he probably wants to wrestle----well let's have at it!

The Shakleton Award: This prestigious award is named for Ernest Shakleton¹ who showed tremendous resolve and endurance in the face of adversity. This year t¹his award goes to

¹ Ernest Shakleton: Anglo-Irish explorer who was one of the principal figures of the period known as the Heroic Age of Antarctic Exploration. During the "Imperial Transantarctic Expedition" (1914–17) disaster struck and his ship, *Endurance*, was trapped in pack ice and slowly crushed, before the shore parties could be landed. There followed a dramatic sequence of exploits, and an ultimate

Mr. Donohue who faced an ongoing medical issue this year with forbearance and grace. Nice Going Poppy! You do us proud. Here's to you!

Sarah Palin: "Listen, America, and I am talking to You, America! I can hunt down an elk, skin it, cook it, and then give birth, but this man is tougher than me and Todt put together!

OJ: Can we please have "One and Done" before I go to prison?

The Ferries Bueller Award: This goes to Connor Stambaugh for organizing pool parties for his friends.

Sarah Palin: "Gosh darn it! He is just a great kid. This is what America should be about-- Having fun on Main Street! I'm off to play dibble!"

OJ: "Yeah, the kid might have a career in professional sports too—And then as a sports commentator, like me. *I know, I know, I know*--- that's where the similarities end."

Ken Jayne: "Is he working? That's what I want to know— Way too much unemployment in this family!"

The Vasco Da Gama Award: Yes, we went with a somewhat obscure explorer this year. Well, maybe not obscure, but rarely mentioned? This award goes to John Jayne for travels around the world

escape with no lives lost, that would eventually assure Shackleton's heroic status. His memoirs are chronicled in the book South

in pursuit of Science (*note capital S*). Too bad he has no time for sightseeing. Great Job Johnny!

Sarah Palin:" And there we go again, another great guy out doing what we need as Americans. Research is great! And ya know... we are up there in Alaska doing the same thing for you, too-- doin' research, ridin' skidoos, and producin' energy. Whatever they find out... man-made climate change, or not, I'm with John Jayne 100 %.

OJ: "Who the *&#\$ is Vasco Da Gama?"

Ken Jayne: "Sabe and I are proud of all of our children and this is a great honor, so Thank you! However, I have to object to the name of this award. Why not call it the Arthur Sewall Award— don't you think that our family history of Shipbuilding in Maine just says it all about the American dream of Exploration and Discovery? Plus we just financed a new definitive biography of the family and that could have been handed out as door prizes at the award ceremony. Or wait, I think we should sell the book, don't you-- to offset the sea wall project.. This is exciting. I need to call a meeting with the boys....Joe-set up a conference call..!"

Sabe: "Johnny, Father Bird would be so proud of you!"

Best Smile Award: This goes to Ian Chick. This year we have seen a new

Ian-- with new wheels, new haircut, and new responsibilities! Great job Ian! Nice to see your beautiful face! And a great smile!

Ken Jayne: "Ian, It is great to see you. I'd like to show you off to my friends up in Small Point. Maybe you would like to come up next summer and help haul trap rock back onto my sea wall?"

Sabe: Oh, K'non, NO ONE wants to do that!"

Ken Jayne: (*whisper to Sabe*) "maybe OJ after prison?"

Sabe: Oh K'NON!

Sarah Palin: " what a nice boy and a nice-looking car! Up in Alaska, though, we don't go for BMWs, XYZ's or whatever that thing is. How about a nice snowmobile for you? All my kids hav'em! Had'em since birth!

OJ: " Hey I heard this kid has an arm, too! A natural like me. Ok, Ok, Ok, that's where the similarities end. Wait, I am repeating myself! I learned that trick from whats-his-face...you know... "If the glove don't fit, you can't convict"... a nice jingle.

High Society Award: Tough choice here with all of the Donohues joking for position. But let's call it a tie: Jean Marie Donohue and Leigh Stambaugh. Jean Marie made it to the New York Times Society Page in a beautiful gown nicely escorted by Phil Wagner! Both

looked splendid! Good going guys! Leigh Stambaugh went to many society events this year, including The Preakness and the movie debut of "Sex In the City- The Movie" in Manhattan, probably wearing Jimmy Chu's (sp?)

Sarah Palin: Those gals have class! I wear high heels too - but ya know...I don't know who made my shoes-- Never heard of Jimmy Chu's - That sounds kind of Chinese. --- I live in Alaska for gosh sakes...

Ken Jayne: I knew those blue eyes would become famous! And I read the New York Times!

Editors note: This is obviously turning out to be a long awards program... where is the warning background music or the gong-show hook? Mistake on my part. Note to self: Don't ask Hannah for any music!! Back to our program...

Martha Stewart Award; This goes to Coleen Stambaugh for many Martha Stewart-like things. We all remember this year's Easter table setting- don't we? How can anyone top that! Fortunately that is not a problem for the editor this year who is hosting Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving *can* be a kind of primal/savage affair, don't you think? With a few squashes thrown on the table as centerpieces and a dead turkey or two we should be fine. Yeah, I think we'll be fine.

Sarah Palin: "There you go again, editor. As if it is all about you! As Martha Stewart suggests there *is* a right way to do things

and I mean to do things right in Washington! (OOH, I like that line) Oh, I like the bunny ears, Coleen! You go, girl! There may be a place in my cabinet for you. Let's think to 2012!"

OJ. : Hey, next year I am definitely up for this award, since I will probably be staying at the same prison as Martha Stewart did! I just hope I don't have to crochet a poncho....

Ken Jayne: "Coleen you can come to #19 anytime. I miss our talks. Whatever happened to that riverboat Captain from "The Navesink Lady"?"

Sabe: He's dead or in prison K'non.

Ken Jayne: OK, that's too bad. But I still think, Coleen, you could talk to your sister about moving that picture about the rehearsal dinner out of their bathroom!

BFF Award: This is the Best-Friend-Forever Award. In a surprise twist, we are giving this award to someone who will probably never even read this paper! This year's award goes to Jeannie Lamberti, who has been a great friend to the Donohues. Jeannie has gone above and beyond both career and friendship--not only caring for Mr. Donohue as an outpatient, but being available for multiple, late-night trips to the emergency room with the Stambaughs (reference earlier award above!!).

Best Dinner Party Award: As expected, both the senior Donohue's and

the senior Jayne's lobbied heavily this year to capture this award. Apparently, both couples had given and been to so many dinner parties we lost count. Both of these couples sent in videotapes hoping to sway the judges.

Unfortunately, these videos showed many, frankly inexplicable, dinner party traditions. Here are some heads-ups for you guys for next year: Our judges just don't get the end of the night "finale" with everyone playing instruments and blowing on a brass horn while someone plays Winter-Wonderland ("*let's try it again!...*") on the piano and calling relatives on the phone. Nor do they understand "Time to P.O!" being called out to everyone at the end of the night. Finally, the die was cast by the obvious avoidance of paying any restaurant tabs! Anyway better luck next time Donohue's and Jayne's.

Without further ado, the award this year must go to Jan and Tom Kirwan for their annual Holiday Dinner Party. This year it was held at a nearby Italian restaurant called Mia's. The entire group of family and friends was transported there via limousine and enjoyed course after course of scrumptious victuals. (Apparently, several other groups of diners were in the restaurant and about to order when they saw the tell-tale limos pull up and several overdressed revelers pour out. These other diners quickly realized their mistake and escaped to a back exit—probably to Buena Sera). What a night was had by all! Good food, Good wine, and Good Company. We have it on authority from the Food and Wine Editor of this paper that Mia's is sure to enjoy a similar fate to that of previous Kirwan favorites: a catapulting rise in popularity for several years, which includes long

discussions with the chef, and wine bottles going back and forth from the restaurant kitchen to the dining room, until “something happens” and then the restaurant suffers a cataclysmic fall into nonentity status. Well, That’s show biz, folks!

Ken Jayne: “ Italian food on Christmas! What a great idea, *easy* on the gums”

OJ: “Heck, I don’t see why you need limos, I would drive myself—hee hee- you can all follow me like in the good old days...”

Sarah Palin: “Wow, that dinner party sounds like fun. We do the same thing up here in Alaska. Todt and I pack up the family and go out to dinner on a dogsled. Now that’s living in America! Sometimes we get hungry on the way and I have to shoot an endangered polar bear or something.”

The Salvador Dali Interior Design

Award: This award goes to Isabelle Rosa and her mother Jean Marie for the exhibition entitled “ Isabelle’s Room”. How can one describe it? Part new-age, part post-modernist, with a little revisionist hippie chic with a nod to Dr. Suess-- This room has become a new paradigm in design for eight- year-old girl’s bedrooms. In fact *only* eight- year-olds can go into this room without getting really dizzy. A psychedelic triumph in purple and pink. And the beauty of it is that it is still a work-in-progress! All through the year, casual trips to ladies boutiques, hardware stores, antique dealers, foreign countries

and Christmas tree shops have resulted in more bric-a-brac with sparkles, fringe, flashing lights, and sequins than you can imagine. Has anyone taken a picture of this, yet? Also, worth mentioning is the fact that the enthusiasm for the project remains unabated, which really put Isabelle and her mother ahead of the competition. And I should mention the competition, namely the Littleton Jayne’s, who really talk a good game-- like “let’s re-do Hannah’s room” or lets “re-paint the room off the kitchen”—but they seem to quickly lose interest. As expected, this results in rooms having a feeling of dubious intent --curtains only half-hung, and splotches of paint samples left on walls for visitors to wonder “Does anyone live here?” Very existential/angst-like. Not so with Isabelles’ room! It has a Mission! And that what we like!

Sarah Palin:” When I get to the White House (and it will happen!), you have to help me re-design the Oval Office. It’s Girl Time in Washington!”

Kennon Jayne:” I like your spunk! I recommend a fire extinguisher in there too! I have one in every room of my house!”

The-Land-of-Nod Award: This award goes to our new-parents-for-the-second time: Bobby and Michelle Donohue and Joe and Sibyl Jayne. This award is for making it through the sleep deprivation of the first year! Great job! Time to take a nap! Nightly night!

Sarah Palin: “Wait--I had a baby too! I know what it’s like.”

Kennon Jayne: “Wonderful news. I’m getting sleepy thinking about it.”

OJ: “Yawn.”

Kitty-Cat on Trial for Aggravated Assault

MONMOUTH BEACH - The much publicized trial of a small defenseless domesticated house cat, called Kitty-Cat (KC), of Monmouth Beach will start today with opening arguments. Kitty-Cat is being charged with first degree aggravated assault on do-gooder Jean-Marie Donohue (JM), also of Monmouth Beach. Apparently some time circa July 2008, JM and her daughter Isabelle, being at loose ends one evening, went in search of an animal to save. Kitty-Cat, a local celebrity, had previously made a break with her owners and had chosen an alternative lifestyle of living on the street. Reportedly, she had been living on the street mostly chasing rodents and getting cheap thrills out of breaking and entering into residents houses hoping to pounce on them while they are asleep. As everyone knows, cats love this, (and I really don’t). Ironically, Kitty-Cat had tried to surprise JM and Isabelle in this manner previously, but was dismayed to learn how easy it is for a cat to break into their house. Really, amateur hour. Anyway, on the day in question, Kitty-Cat was doing what cats normally do at night-- -hunting and slinking around in the shadows. According to Kitty-Cat’s lawyer, she was snacking on a tasty dead bird when JM and Isabelle swooped in cooing “ It’s OK, Its OK” and then bam! They had her. Off they went at a pretty good clip, which offended Kitty Cat’s tummy by the way, still digesting. Then the worst was to come again, according

to KC’s lawyer. In an attempt to seal the deal, JM sent Isabelle ahead to get the “kitty carrier”, which she did, but left the screen door unsecured! Out bounds a happy but huge ridgeback named Patrick! Yikes! The startled KC had no alternative than to suggest (with a few terrible scratches)—Let Me Go! JM stuck to her convictions and said No Way Jose. She refused to let go. A little girl needed her cat back and she was going to make it happen! And so that’s where we are, with KC in the clinker. Interestingly, among the witnesses for the defense are both JM and Isabelle. Apparently, there are no hard feelings. An unnamed source said that the famous animal advocate is suspicious that there might be those on the jury who are “not animal people”, and therefore won’t understand what Kitty Cat has been up against living on the lam in Monmouth Beach. JM understands. It’s a nice place if you are a beach person, but KC is a cat and, HELLO, they don’t like the water. Monmouth Beach Cat Life is rough. Arguing on behalf of the state,



prosecuting attorney pointed out that this argument really wasn’t going to

“hold water” since KC was seen trying to start Ian Chick’s Jet Ski in the hopes of chasing some of the dolphins sighted this summer in Monmouth beach. So, life is not so bad for a cat in Monmouth beach, eh? You heard it hear first! Clearly this is just the beginning of a sensational trial. We will keep you up to date with any new developments. Also KC and Patrick have apparently made up and are planning on spending Thanksgiving together (see photo). I love a happy ending!

Climate Change or X-File ?

SHREWSBURY WEATHER–ALERT: Strange weather patterns have been observed recently at the address 39 Court Drive , Shrewsbury, NJ. Visitors to this home have noted dramatic fluctuations in the indoor temperature. In one case, the resident’s daughter, Karen Jayne, was visiting and reportedly went to sleep in a cool air-conditioned room only to wake up overheated and parched. And, in this particular case, we did rule out menopause and/or too much wine. This same kind of thing happened again and again with many daytime and nighttime visitors. Coleen Stambaugh showed up many times this past summer in color-coordinated bathing suit/cover-up ensembles only to shout out: “Are you going to turn on the air-conditioning or What!” Apparently, once the air conditioning is turned on and the house cools down to a comfortable level- it is immediately shut off and windows are opened to emit a furnace blast into the house. The cycle is then repeated over and over. These radical temperature fluctuations are inconsistent with ambient temperature patterns studied by NOAA (the National Oceanic and

Atmospheric Administration) over the past several decades. Scientists have been yanked out of their day jobs to look into it. One scientist quipped, “look-everyone knows about the ozone hole and global warming, but this Shrewsbury thing is BIG! I mean *Nobel* BIG! I am on it!!” Teams of scientists, with their gadgetry, have descended on the front lawn of 39 Court Drive expecting a welcoming reception. Not so. Mrs. Donohue remarked, “I suppose you can come in, but my cleaning ladies are coming soon and I am *not* turning on the heat! It’s not even December!” Among the group was noted atmospheric chemist John Jayne, who, by a strange twist of fate, is also a son-in-law to the Donohues. He was grudgingly allowed to enter on condition that he cut the lawn later. By all reports he looked apprehensive, entering the extremely clean house with a bunch of man-made electronics, and a smiling 6-year old on his back. The study is expected to take several months. At this point, the reports are all the same: “The science is puzzling, but the food is great!”

Bail Out With Bruckner

**By Special Correspondent
Kennon Jayne**

NEW YORK CITY: November 7, 2008 - The Chinese Are Coming with Anton Bruckner leading the charge. This reporter and his talented wife, Sabra, of Lincoln Center fame, witnessed a global transition of world talent at the Philharmonic. When last attending the symphony here, and as then duly reported, your New York City desk was struck with Japanese string instruments

galore. And now again, string instruments, but in the hands of the Chinese with Lang Lang himself and his flying fingers on the keyboard. Yes, talent from the orient sounded forth again at the NY Philharmonic! Hello China! The world may now be flat, Tom Friedman, but it was also sharp this day at Lincoln Center. We counted 35 violins, 10 violas, 10 cellos, and one lonely harpsichord, plus a trombone here and tuba there. Strings did predominate. The Chinese have bailed us out at Lincoln Center!

THE BOOKIE-

Here is my opportunity to torture you with recent books that I enjoyed, or that I feel compelled to tell you about...

The Religion
by Tim Willocks

Historical fiction chronicling the siege of Malta by the Turkish Empire in 1565. Not for the faint hearted—very graphic. Almost too graphic. An epic story of love, adventure, and the power of religion. This has got to be made into a movie. You had better read it. *"I come to Malta not for riches or honor, but to save my soul."* Good stuff. Also there is supposed to be a sequel. This book will stay with you. I read it over 6 months ago and was happy to be done with it—so gory. But now I keep thinking about the story and the writing. Very good.

Special Topics in Calamity Physics
by Marisha Pessl

I think I read this during this past year but maybe it was earlier. Had to mention it. Quirky coming-of-age story of an overeducated young girl and her

eccentric father. Lots of real and fake literary allusions with footnotes. I love footnotes. Anyway the story is really fun and surprising!

The Double Bind
by Chris Bohjalian

Psychological thriller recommended by Mrs. Crowe. Ripped through this at the expense of taking care of my children.

Out Stealing Horses
By Per Petterson

A Norwegian novel which is so beautifully written, it took my breath away. Spare writing reminiscent of Hemingway. This book reminded me of the huge difference in good and *great* writing.

A Fraction of the Whole
By Steve Tolz

A debut novel from Australia that I just finished. It was laugh-out-loud funny in some parts, which reminded me in some ways of when I read The World According to Garp and Catch 22. This book is not derivative of either, though, and I can't wait to read more from this author.

Sacred Games
By Vikram Chandra

An Indian novel set in Mumbai. The storyline is kind of a cross between Crime and Punishment and the Godfather. Very long. I gave it to Poppy who gave it to MeMa who made herself finish it. I doubt anyone else in my family is going to read this. However, I think it was quite a good book. Interesting. And I learned how to say a

lot of bad words in Hindi, which hopefully will come in handi.

LOCO for Loyola

By Leigh Stambaugh

Hear ye, hear ye- It's that time of the year once again when we all cozy up next to a burning fireplace to read the news from those near and far. Currently residing in Maryland, I write to tell you all of the never "crabby" college life of a Loyola Student.

Let me begin by stating, I never thought I would be referred to as "mom" at the tender age of 19, a nickname given to me by my roommates in the bustling building of Campion Towers. I have acquired the nickname for many reasons: always making sure the trash is taken outside, cooking family dinners at least once a week(I've become an expert in the "Shake and Bake"), and of course, making sure the quaint apartment seldom smells of chocolate chip cookies or the favored Funfetti cake. Every single person who enters our apartment seems to wonder, "How come your dining room looks different each time we come by?" The roommates reply "Mom", but little do they know I keep my secret weapon, Coleen Stambaugh, secret, who sends different décor to correlate with the changing seasons.

One may wonder what it is like to live with five young, beautiful, "book-smart" females. In order to understand the way Caitlin, Megan, Jillian, Kristine, Lindsay, and I live picture the Brady sisters trapped in a Potterybarn catalog with the closet from Clueless (minus the rotating hangers). Yes, my living situation has its retail benefits. However, I find that I have become unbelievably close with the pre-Madonnas over the

past and have come to admire, and find humor in their individual quirks.

Caitlin, my dearest roommate carries the New York City sentiment on her shoulders, never afraid to put people, mainly men, mainly men who have done a "no-no", in their place. For example, when Megan's boy came home from Thailand, she was giddy and hoping to welcome home the same Joe she said goodbye to last semester, but I warned her, the Loyola students who go to Thailand, want to one day run Thailand. And so Joe comes to Megan bearing gifts, which he told her to not open until her birthday...and then he told her about "the other woman". Megan then kicked him out of Campion and Caitlin encouraged the breaking of the framed female Buddha as a means of liberation. The next morning I found Buddha Megan in half. While Megan and Caitlin are forward with their feelings about men, my other roommate Jill, or as we call her Beans, which now has become Beanhead, reserves her feelings for the other important things in life, like food. Whenever I, or any of the girls, eat ANYTHING, Beanhead has the same redundant response, "Ewww that looks gross. Can I have a bite?" And while Jill may underestimate the power of our delicious grub, Kristine never doubts the power of pasta. From sunrise to sunset, the girl craves penne vodka, but can't seem to figure out how to preheat an oven. Looks like she'll be having take-out for the next ten years. Lastly, no matter what Thai presents we break or what I cook for family dinner, Lindsay is always the first with Swiffer in hand to clean up our mess because, luckily for us, she has OCD.

Though it may not seem like it, I actually am going to school. I have classes, homework, papers, tests and compositions. As a Communications major and Marketing minor, I love nearly all my classes, except for the special gem that has taken control of my life: Spanish. The woman, excuse me, professor, Ursula, who teaches the class is straight out of a Peruvian potato field and doesn't speak a lick of English. She carries a big stick and has driven me to my "tutorgod", who will receive a very nice Christmas gift. All my life I never had a problem with Spanish, in fact I wished to study abroad in Alcala, Spain. However, considering my recent change in heart, I now hope to travel to Melbourne, Australia in the Spring of 2009 and take down the outback, not to mention find myself a nice Aussie while I'm at it.

In addition to all of these things, attending a college in Baltimore could not have more perks. I can visit the inner harbor anytime I want and the largest Halloween celebration in the U.S. takes place in Fells Point, which more or less resembles a lesser-clothed circus act. I was almost trampled by Sparta in Risky Business attire. Yes, my roommates and I paid homage to the age old act of Tom Cruise this past Halloween and put on quite a show when we did our rendition of "Old Time Rock and Roll".

All and all, I have fallen in love (don't get too excited). I have fallen in love with a school that was number nine on my choice list the end of senior year. I have fallen in love with a city that offers both diversity and beauty to college students, like myself. I have fallen in love with the residents of Campion 211, who have given me strength and humor to continue my day. However, as much as I love Baltimore, it

can never compare to sitting, eating pumpkin pie, and toasting to you good people. I love you and hope you all have a wonderful Littleton Thanksgiving!



IN COMMITTEE of SAFETY,

EXETER, November 1, 1782.

ORDERED,

THAT the following Proclamation for a general THANKSGIVING on the twenty-eighth day of November instant, received from the honorable Continental Congress, be forthwith printed, and sent to the several worshipping Assemblies in this State, to whom it is recommended religiously to observe said day, and to abstain from all servile labour thereon.

M. WEARE, President.

By the United States in Congress assembled.

PROCLAMATION.

IT being the indispensable duty of all Nations, not only to offer up their supplications to ALMIGHTY GOD, the giver of all good, for his gracious assistance in a time of distress, but also in a solemn and public manner to give him praise for his goodness in general, and especially for great and signal interpositions of his providence in their behalf: Therefore the United States in Congress assembled, taking into their consideration the many instances of divine goodness to these States, in the course of the important conflict in which they have been so long engaged; the present happy and promising state of public affairs; and the events of the war, in the course of the year now drawing to a close; particularly the harmony of the public Councils, which is so necessary to the success of the public cause; the perfect union and good understanding which has hitherto subsisted between them and their Allies, notwithstanding the artful and unwearied attempts of the common enemy to divide them; the success of the arms of the United States, and those of their Allies, and the acknowledgment of their independence by another European power, whose friendship and commerce must be of great and lasting advantage to these States: Do hereby recommend to the inhabitants of these States in general, to observe, and request the several States to interpose their authority in appointing and commanding the observance of THURSDAY the twenty-eighth day of NOVEMBER next, as a day of solemn THANKSGIVING to GOD for all his mercies: and they do further recommend to all ranks, to testify their gratitude to GOD for his goodness, by a cheerful obedience to his laws, and by promoting, each in his station, and by his influence, the practice of true and undefiled religion, which is the great foundation of public prosperity and national happiness.

Done in Congress, at Philadelphia, the eleventh day of October, in the year of our LORD one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two, and of our Sovereignty and Independence, the seventh.

JOHN HANSON, President.

Charles Thomson, Secretary.

PRINTED AT EXETER.