

Little News Weekly

"All the News That's of Little Interest"

November 26, 2009 \$ priceless \$

Thanksgiving 2009

~Wicked Pissah Edition~

The Best of The Newsletter from the past 7 years!

A Look back at some great moments in Journalism:

Famous letters to the editor
JR Donohue Retirement Scuttlebut
Joe Jayne's musings and panic attack on impending Fatherhood
Ken Jayne's interesting observations on the symphony
The Donohues go to Bermuda!

Editor's Desk:

Time flies! Recently, it was suggested to me by an unnamed source (my father) that Benjamin Franklin was probably a very annoying person to be around- constantly offering up proverbs. A stitch in time saves nine. A penny saved is a penny earned. And-imagine what it was like to be his wife! Constantly having to say "that's a good one" with enthusiasm. But these things are stangely ubiquitous. In a recent discussion with my Mommy she reminded me "Don't put off tomorrow what you can do today"! Thanks MeMa. But there is a lot of truth in Ben's (and Memas) sayings. Time does fly and I am not sure if Ben even coined that phrase. However, this year is certainly proof of that- can you believe that Thanksgiving 2009 is here? We couldn't. We really couldn't. In fact, we were caught with our proverbial pants down on this one. But not to worry. Some of us were content to just let this one pass by—who needs a Newsletter every year anyway? But--Complacency is not our motto. Wait a minute, do we even have a motto? WHAT the devil is it? Anyway we will have to address that in a later issue. As far as this issue is concerned we are a GO. Much like the Obama Machine- our newsletter can not be stopped. So here it is, and actually - this is a good one. Given that we were short on time, we improvised and "necessity is the mother of invention". (Gosh, once you start with proverbs, it is hard to stop). We decided that it was time for a BEST OF edition. This comes at an opportune time. We have been in business for 7 years. So just like locusts,

and other plagues, the newspaper needs to hit you hard at the seven year mark. Also I should mention that the phrase "Best Of "should be taken with a grain of salt. Regardless of what I say below, we were unable to recover some of the gems from yesteryear—so if you have a copy of the Newsletters 2006 and 2007--keep'em! Colectors items! And if in their original wrapper - worth even more, as many of you know who watch the Home Shopping Network latenight!

For the current issue I hand-selected some of the best articles we've had in our newsletter for your enjoyment this year. This was difficult. Fortunately, we didn't have to put it up to a vote. Democracy is overrated.

I must say it was fun re-reading some of the old issues. As usual, my husband caught me laughing like a maniac in the basement while at the computer doing this research. As I perused those old annals, it was interesting to see some commonalities in the Newsletters from 2002-2008. Did you know, for example that a certain Rhodesian Ridgeback named Patrick was written in to the paper at least three times—all with the same theme. Trying to finagle an invitation to come to Thanksgiving. Seems like that got ignored. Hmm. Also it seems that we have always had a long, drawn-out article chronicling the Littleton Jayne's summer trip to New Jersey, complete with sordid details like people throwing up in the car, melt-downs in restaurants, and various family feuds. In retrospect-Who cares? NOBODY! That also is not included this year. Also noticed that I tend to overuse the word "digress". (Note to self: use a thesaurus).

Glad to be back in print! Wicked
Pissah!

Happy Thanksgiving!!

The Editor

Leigh Stambaugh writes it. By the way,
have you read her autobiography
"Shades of Red"? WOW!!

JT Jayne

Littleton, MA

2003

Letters to the editor- BEST OF

From 2002

To the editor: I'm truly offended by the picture of the turkey on the cover of this issue. Usually, this rag is pretty low brow but this is the bottom of the barrel. It's time to think out of the box! How about a nice tofu turkey with nuts and berries as accoutrements? You know, there is a lot on the traditional menu that you really can't digest. I think we should all have a nice cup of boiled ginger root beforehand to aid in the digestion and stave off impending colds. Just a thought!

J.M. Donohue

Monmouth Beach New Jersey

From 2003

To the editor:

I would like to see more technical-type stuff in this paper. I don't mean science- for goodness sake, I get enough of that at work! What I'm looking for is some really detailed information of small electronics (I really like transistors), automotive, computer, or other hardware components. I would like to see it typed in a very small font. You know, like a catalog, or operator's manual, with pictures and schematics. Yeah, that's it ! What I don't need to read are any more of these crazy articles on the Donohue and Jayne families, unless

From 2005

To the editor:

This is a pre-emptive strike! I know this rag "newspaper" is going to report on certain bizarre behavior attributed to me leading up to my daughters birth. Ok, Maybe I did freak out a little before hand. And yes I remember, I actually wrote a letter to this paper last year listing my "concerns" (diapers, lack of sleep, etc). I did go on a bit after a couple of Jack Daniels, truth be told. It's hard to really remember those days now that we have my darling Madeline. Which brings me to the purpose of this letter: I certainly hope this newspaper will recognize how I stepped up to the plate! Did anyone think I had it in me? I didn't! I don't want to take anything away from my wife—have you all met Sibyl? Beautiful, charming, smart! Am I a lucky man or what? Anyway, although we all know she actually had to go through delivery— I was really helpful through it all- wasn't I Sibyl? Only went out for Baskin Robbins once during labor! Just kidding! And I have been really enjoying my late nights with Madeline. Have you seen my baby? She is the cutest! Anyway just wanted to set the record straight.

Sincerely

Joseph Jayne

Happy father

p.s. it turn out that selling a condo and buying a house is a whole lot worse than having a baby, let me tell you...

From 2004

To the editor:

As commander-in-chief, and PRESIDENT,(Oh, stop crying!!—what a bunch of big babies!) I want to personally extend my thanks to you and your widespread readership in helping to get my message out to the voters. You are the Heart of America. The best part about your paper is that you only publish 1 issue per year (unlike those other communist rags), so I don't have to read about how I am screwing up. Also, I like that I don't have to ask Laura what those big words mean. Just kidding. Isn't this a kick! How about we get together soon at the ranch for a Texas Barbecue?

Sincerely,

W._

From 2004

To the editor:

My fellow Americans.... I want to thank you so much for your support through this campaign. We did not win, but the discussions that we started as a result of this campaign will continue and I am proud of my family (yawn) and our participation in this process (double yawn). Actually, I am glad that Teresa is not going to be first Lady. She is "interesting" enough, as she will readily tell you, and already fairly dependent on narcotics. wait, did I say that? Anyway, I can't wait to get back to my old job, where my presence isn't really required and I can go windsurfing anytime I want. Hey, Life is Good!!

Best Regards,

Senator John Kerry

P.S. I wonder if the party will ask me to campaign for Hillary in 2008? Yikes! I better make myself scarce!

The Articles: BEST OF-

Thanksgiving Checklist

2003

This year, we sent out our investigative team to do countless interviews and spend hours poring over research documents. Instead, they ignored us and made up the following stuff—BUT, they assure us that this is basically how Ph.D. dissertations are created. So here goes: a list of recommendations for those traveling to 15 Matthew Drive for Thanksgiving. We feel we have compiled a sure-fire way of ensuring a happy and healthy Thanksgiving for all. We are calling it: The IDIOT'S GUIDE to A Happy Thanksgiving in Littleton:

- ❑ Long underwear: preferably worn *under* clothes, **not** as your special Thanksgiving outfit.
- ❑ Own working radio: we can't be sure what they have working up there.
- ❑ VCR/DVD player: able to accept small Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck figurines.
- ❑ Cash/credit card: escape to a hotel if things go bad
- ❑ Sweater/sweatshirt: preferably emblazoned with Alma Mater or favorite bar

- ❑ Plans for Friday: or you could end up making a yo-yo in the basement
- ❑ Written, detailed, step-by-step instructions on how to change the TV channel
- ❑ Full complement of sports equipment: sans smelly hockey gear. Sorry Bob!
- ❑ Empty belly !!

--Remember, they have no stores up there. This is a carry-in/carry-out kind of adventure.

Unkown year:

Where are the people?

By a disgruntled guest

Yes, I mean you! You, there ! Sitting in a cushy armchair or perhaps enjoying a spa treatment while you chuckle and probably try to find fault with this newspaper!! So!! Not Coming?? Isn't it bad enough that the rest of us are stuck here freezing to death in this godforsaken place? Where is the loyalty? This is exactly what is going wrong with the rest of the country. Everyone seems to think they can just come and go as they please. What about us, I ask you? The forgotten few... knocking ourselves out trying to have a good time in worsening conditions. This year everyone was forced to bring their own transistor radio- not knowing what to expect for musical entertainment. AND don't even think about a CD player, which is apparently like asking for the moon. Fortunately, we had the foresight to make some social engagements well in

advance—dinner at Bamboo Wednesday night---so we don't have to go through that ridiculous explanation on how the TV works for at least one night! The good news is that we are professionals and will overcome any obstacle these hicks put in front of us, including an over-engineered cooked Turkey-- do we really need a running data acquisition system on this? I guess we do—who knew? Anyway, hope you enjoy your Turkey Day, wherever you are and take a moment to remember the less fortunate- Us!!

J. Robert Donohue Retires!

Hard to believe, but true! After many years of a mediocre career, sitting behind a desk making paper planes and boats (keeping it nautical) Bob Donohue retired from Waterman Steamship on August 30th, 2002. At a farewell toast in the office, Bob was quoted as saying, “You know, the ships went out, and came back in, in spite of me.” Everyone agreed that this was a true statement of fact.

On leaving the office, Bob could not help hearing some of the comments being made in low tones: “Loser,” “Good riddance to bad rubbish,” “How did that guy last so long with Waterman? He must have the negatives.”

Bob thought it a good idea to kiss the ladies in the office good-bye, however, they sensed this might happen and all retreated to the ladies room. Unfazed, Bob left the office and proceeded home on an early train. Bob told the conductor that this was his last trip and the conductor said, “So what.”



No hand waving about it, he's on the loose!. What will he do?

On departing the train, Bob was met by his family, friends, and neighbors. Not being the most well-liked guy in the neighborhood, the family had to resort to bringing in mercenary well-wishers. Some of these were homeless people, ex-cons unable to find other work, and nursing home people in wheelchairs, walkers and one poor soul who dropped his crutches under the train. Champagne was poured and the homeless people started to get out of hand. The nursing home people started a fight over who would sit where on the bus back to the home. Chaos prevailed and the police were called. Bob remained oblivious to it all and continued to make paper planes and boats, which his grandchildren ridiculed and said, “Poppy is ready for the home—see if there is room on the bus.” Bob finally proceeded home alone, his wife staying at the station with an ex-con who told here he was Mother Teresa’s son.

The next day featured the annual day at the track with Bob having a M.H. (monstrous hangover). Softball,

Coleen’s pool, track, volleyball back at the house with beer, booze, and the ever-popular foul shooting contest. Even with M.H., Bob managed to be the winning pitcher at softball and somehow won at foul shooting. Ian Rosa won the junior foul shooting event, keeping all the money in the family.

On the money side, Ken Jayne sent in one dollar to bet at the races “in absentia”. Obviously, Ken is on the installment plan and will send in another dollar next year, so he can make the minimum two dollar bet every other year. Let’s hear it for frugal Ken!

Sibyl Jayne made her track debut this year accompanied by her millionaire hubby Joe. They both participated in all of the events, excelling in drinking, dancing, and M.H.s.

The Donohue family now looks forward to the next all-out, knock-down, drag-out holiday at Thanksgiving—Littleton style. Ah, I can smell the turkey cooking.

O, I almost forgot—Back to the track. The tenth race was named the J. Robert Donohue Retirement Run. Bob ended up in the Winner’s Circle with the owners, trainers, jockey, family etc. Bob told the jockey that he always wanted one of his daughters to marry a jockey. I think I’ll save that story for the next newsletter.

---J.R. Donohue

2002

I really need to step up to the plate!

By Joseph K. Jayne
Reprint from newsletter 2004

Oh my God!!!!
Here it comes.... Part 2!
My name is Joe Jayne and I'm having a baby!!! My wife Sibyl is physically doing the deed, but I am the father! It will be a girl, and I am thankful for that!

First off: What the hell am I supposed to do with all the toys that this child receives? We have limited space in our condo, I hope I don't trip and break something! Maybe I will fall on the Cat! Bonus!

I'm not good at things when I don't get enough sleep. This could become a problem for me. I have been trying to stay up late and be active in hopes it will prepare me for the challenges ahead! My wife Sibyl is bothered by this activity because she wants me to go to bed with her, I just can't!

I am hoping that my child is smart and pretty...like my wife. They can shop together. My thinking is that it will be nice to have a little girl. Instead of 5a.m hockey practice, I can buy her an expensive handbag! I saw what my parents had to go through. Those poor people. My father had to shove Oatmeal and fresh squeezed grapefruit juice down my throat and drive me to practice long before the sun came up! That poor man! And what of my mother, she would pick me up in her Bathrobe In the freezing cold!!! That poor Woman!

And what about all this hospital stuff? I'm not to comfortable with the sight of pain and blood. I need to be strong for this part! My wife Sibyl is counting on me. She will be very angry if I pass out or faint or fall down in any way.

And finally, there is the granddaddy of them all: What about the poops! I am very nervous about this Diaper business. My Brothers John and Trux seem not to have a problem with this. My brother John always encouraged me to practice on his children, I never did... My wife Sibyl will not allow me to walk away from this duty. I'm thinking if I can change cat litter (sorry Mom, I didn't see that coming) I can do this! I gotta go!! Ill let you know how it all comes out in next year's column!!!
Love to all my Family and especially to My lovely wife Sibyl!!!!

Symphonic Review Section "Sweet Potatoes at Lincoln Center"

New Canaan: October 20, 2003 – SWEET POTATOES. Yes, sweet potatoes at the NY Symphony. This reporter never thought he'd see that day.

Remember when we were younger(way back) when we would blow into a round shaped plastic thing looking like a sweet potato with holes in it for fingering notes of sound? That instrument was called a sweet potato. Well Lincoln Center has now reverted back to that simple instrument. And this reporter is pleased – it is music I can understand! Enough of those base viles, coronets, kettle drums, and singing overweight ladies. One note at a time sweet potatoes delivers notes in a simple sequence. Very user friendly.

There was no dozing off during the sweet potato performance. But when it came to the rest of the show drowsiness did set in – a severe case of

shut eye. This part of the show was quite different. Very heavy in violins. Practically the whole orchestra was violins – violins to the right and violins to the left! But way in the back they stuck one poor little flute player. He sounded off as a solo. You could barely hear him or see him!

Viewed from the race and gender perspective this symphony was unlike any this reporter has reviewed before. It was heavy with females and orientals. I counted seven Japs on violins – all girls – and they were just the ones you could see up front. Who knows how many Japs with violins might have been hiding in the back! Their soloist leader was a slightly heavy weight Japanese lady with a not so friendly face. She looked like she had just come out of the trenches on Iwo Jima – great facial expression and dramatic body contorsions as she wrestled with her violin. It was a scary experience for this reporter. For future events news coverage I am hereby requesting reassignment to your “Dining Out” desk.

disclaimer: As you might have expected, The Littleton News Weekly bears no responsibility for the content of his paper. We are an open forum and contributions to this paper are made by a variety of ethnic groups including japs, chinks, Micks and WASPS, and the occasional communist. If you are offended by anything in this paper, too bad ! Write a letter to the editor.

2008

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 Bermudez 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 makes 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 for 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....”

Appendix: some great photos in the last 7 years.



Seattle Sam October 26 2002





Although unemployed, Ken Jayne continues to volunteer his time. Seen here teaching the importance of "high visibility orange" for hunting and water safety to a new (*interested?*) class member.



Max and Hannah's first vacation



Call me cute !

