

NOVEMBER 22, 2012

LITTLE NEWS WEEKLY

All the news that still is of little interest

Thanksgiving Edition



~EDITOR'S DESK~

Howdy Folks!!

As you can see-I thought I would try out a folksy greeting—but gosh that really sounded so horrible-didn't it? Well, what to do, as my father likes to say. Let's move on. I can't believe it's been a year since we were together on the pages of the Newsletter! So much has happened. Wedding Announcements. Major Milestones. Health Crises, Roommate Crises, Natural Disasters, New Jobs, and a host of sport-related injuries. We can really pack in a lot in a year. Do you think it is because of global warming? I do. Anyway, so glad to be back on the job giving you the best of the best in journalism. Our contributors this year are of the highest integrity and only had to be blackmailed a little bit to get them to send in their stories ! Oh well, all in a day's work. And it is worth it! So hold onto your hats and enjoy the thrill of reading the Little News Weekly 2012!!

Happy Thanksgiving!

Editor-In-Chief

~YOUR LETTERS~

To the Editor,

I'm writing in response to a recent letter I saw in your newspaper denouncing the NJ transit system. I totally agree with Leigh Stambaugh! It is utterly inhumane to ask commuters to be a slave to a totalitarian train schedule, not to mention what it does to one's social life. How is Leigh supposed to hang out with Donald Trump and Paris

Hilton AND make the 5:22 out of Penn Station?

How else can I make your readers understand? I tried writing a 5-line BASIC program but that was going nowhere so here is a simple graphic that everyone can understand:

Places Leigh does
NOT want to be

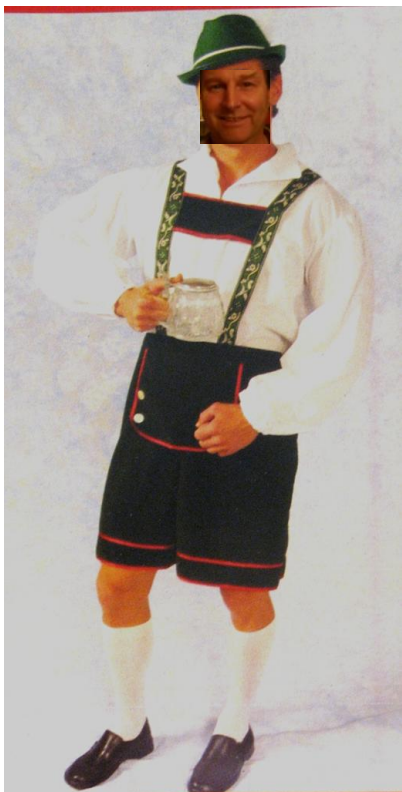


Places Leigh **DOES**
want to be



So, I was glad to hear that Leigh has gotten "on the bus" (get it?) and avoids that nasty Conrail altogether.

Lastly, being a world traveler- I can tell you that Conrail needs to wake up and smell the Wiener schnitzel! The Swiss have it all sewn up, like the stitching in my lederhosen (see below) when it comes to rail service. No one in Switzerland just pays for a ticket and gets on a train. When they have to travel they require at least two kegs of beer on the train along with dainty pastries. Yes it is true! Having had this experience I'm not sure what I will be able to tolerate in the US. (I wonder if my wife knows how to make strudel. That might be tasty during my car ride into work).



Anyway, I really didn't get it when I first read Leigh Stambaugh's scathing expose on NJ transit- but now after my European travels, I'm On-Board (get it?). Thanks Leigh!

John T. Jayne
Happy Traveler

To the Editor,

Please let the Jayne's know that we received their invitation to train at their facility this fall, but after looking at the brochure, we will have to decline. The Olympic Committee rules state that all practices must be held in a safe, certified gymnasium with certified coaches. Mr. Jayne's approach to cross-training is great – we did notice a lot of non-gymnastic activities planned. But don't you think our parents have yards that need raking too? And isn't it dangerous to put kids on the

roof and clean out gutters? These unusual training practices seemed to have worked on Hannah (we have seen her arms!), and Joe loves to play on the roof- but do other parents allow that? We don't think so.

Lastly, our parents won't let us ride a mini-bike, much less ride it through a trail through the woods bordering on a cliff. So, Sorry!

Sincerely,
The Fab Five

~FEATURED ARTICLES~

Ice Bucket Scandal

Recent polling data has confirmed what everyone already knew. Karen Jayne's acquisition of a "replacement" ice bucket was a very bad idea. The Rasmussen poll showed that 95% of those polled are against the ice bucket. Details supplied by the Rasmussen people also pointed out that this poll was particularly accurate having been conducted by phone and at cocktail hour. The Gallup Poll showed the same trend with 89% against. Interestingly, this poll was conducted in the morning, and strangely did not include certain demographics such as middle-to- upper class white males living in certain enclaves where ice buckets might be more prevalent. Joseph Jayne objected to this: "These Polls are bogus! No one asked me, but I say a new ice bucket is *always* a good idea. Where else am I going to put the ice I just bought for my cocktail? Also I think whatever Karen does is the greatest thing- so if it was her idea than I am behind it 100%-- plus you can use it to chill a bottle of champagne- right, Sibyl?" His wife, Sibyl, did not immediately respond, but muttered something like "Sure, Joe, if we

were at the Day's Inn." John Jayne took an even stronger position after seeing the wretched thing for the first time: "Look at that thing- it is plastic! It's just going to get all scratched and dirty". He shook his head in disgust. "I can't believe my wife could do this- it is the UGLIEST thing I have ever seen." Right out of the Pampered Chef box, the ice bucket became a lightning bolt on the kitchen countertop, causing major disruption in the otherwise happy household. Soon after that, the media got involved with front page headlines such as "ON THIN ICE" and "Dicey Reception" and "BUCKET O' SORROW." Karen Jayne tried to ward off further scrutiny by attempting to take the ill-fated ice bucket to Small Point. John Jayne felt that would only make matters worse- and insisted that the family had to "face the music" at home. So it was that a small domestic issue (one would think) became a national scandal, with reporters hiding in the garage of 15 Matthew Drive, hoping for a glimpse of the ice bucket when it is inevitably thrown out. Pollsters soon got involved- happy to dig into this important issue now that the election is over. Even though all the polls are in agreement—with the vast majority of Americans against the ice bucket, these polling organizations insist on taking polls on this issue twice a day- which tells you how critical this issue is for the Nation. A representative from the Pew Research Center had this to say, "You never know about those undecided voters. They continue to be a bee in our collective bonnet. They could easily swing this to an unfavorable position- then the ice bucket would become a permanent fixture in the Jayne household. When you consider the impact of this on the next generation—you see how important daily polling becomes!" A renowned historian who spoke to us on condition of anonymity had this ominous warning. "As any student of history knows, you should NEVER do the following 1)

fight a land war with Russia, and 2) Let an ice bucket into the house without careful consideration. Look what happened at the Jayne's Beach House. Do you seriously think that the orange plastic ice bucket is ever going to be thrown out, or replaced? Not likely. It is literally ensconced on that counter. Even if a hurricane comes and knocks down the house, we are pretty sure the ice bucket will remain. It is that tenacious."



Finally, we ended our investigation by interviewing Karen Jayne to get an inkling of why the heck she would deliberately do such an obviously subversive thing as acquire this ice bucket when the old one was perfectly fine, even if it was "borrowed" from a hotel in Portland, Maine. Avoiding our questions, Ms Jayne sought to obfuscate the matter, saying cryptically, "Everyone had the same information at the same time, except for the people who had very different information, and while I claim partial to full responsibility, depending on who else I find to throw under a bus over this, there was never any evidence, or none that I care to share with you, to suggest or imply that the actions taken by those involved in this incident would not be perceived in ways that were not otherwise unexpected." As we looked on with puzzled faces, she then came clean "OK, OK, the ice bucket was free- all right?"

Hurricane Update:

Chris Christie Applauds Local Couple

~Associated press~

In a televised press conference today, New Jersey Governor Chris Christie discussed the relief efforts which are ongoing in the Hurricane-beleaguered state. In an unusual breach from protocol, the governor went on to highlight the efforts in one particular town- Shrewsbury, a small town in Monmouth County, where the governor says one family, the Donohues have done more than both Bruce Springsteen and Jon Bon Jovi combined to “make the best of it” by providing a haven of fun for displaced persons/relatives. Governor Christie spoke at length and seemed sincerely moved by this couples efforts to “shine a light”. Apparently, braving out Hurricane Sandy, Mr. and Mrs. Donohue fared better than most- in fact, way better, having had a new back-up gas generator installed at 39 Court Drive. Household operations were only interrupted for, what, maybe a few minutes? Wonderful! And it gets even better. After celebrating their good fortune with a couple of high-fives-- A light bulb went on in both Mr. and Mrs. Donohue’s heads (simultaneously, which is really amazing) when they realized they were one of the few establishments with power in the “area”. So they quickly converted their home to an Inn- which was easy to do, since not a lot of changes were required, or actually allowed by Mrs. Donohue. And being one of the only Inns with power in Shrewsbury- they immediately had customers/ relatives. But even if there were other choices, the Donohue’s make it hard for the competition. Governor Christie didn’t go into details but as usual we set up an investigative team to find out what’s what. We sent out a “scout”

who was actually one of the Donohue’s daughters to go in as a Hurricane refugee (which she was, so that helped). Her report provides conclusive evidence that the Donohue’s new inn, called “Inn or Out” is going to be a HUGE success and lead the way to the restoration of the Jersey shore (which does include La-Vallette). You can see why this venture will be so successful if you examine the daily schedule: Breakfast-- coffee and eggs, any way you want’em. Then, the games begin. The Donohues have yet to acquire a gaming license, but it could happen and then-- watch out! For now, guests are typically swept up into the ongoing Racko Marathon, or for a greater challenge guests are offered to try their luck playing Mille Borne, where the rules are constantly in question and there is usually a lot of yelling. In the afternoon, there is typically a long discussion of what to have for dinner, which thankfully leads into the cocktail hour. During cocktails, residents are invited to look out the back window and discuss possible scenarios for the damaged tree- will it fall on the Ferraro’s pool? Maybe. Plans are made to call another tree person that someone knows. Dinner is, as always, delicious, and well presented. The Donohues have engineered a perfect system for ensuring the best dinners: if any unruly guest/relative suggests that they eat left-overs, this is summarily squashed by Mrs. Donohue, who pulls rank and insists on lamb chops. End of discussion.



Lost in Connecticut ?

by Kennon Jayne

Our Connecticut reporter has experienced difficulty finding evidence of our in-laws in that area. Flags have been going up and down during Veterans Day. room heaters blast away, thermostats are turned up, washing machines were heard spinning, medication capsules appeared empty, flower bouquets were seen being delivered, bills were stacked high on a desk, cleaning maidens come and go, calendars showed many appointments. One visitor did arrive with a casserole and then did inform us from her previous deliveries that the residents are usually napping most of the day. And behold, our reporter discovered these two residences were sacked out upstairs taking their nap!

Editor's note: The following essay has a backstory. In a recent visit to the Stambaugh's I learned of Dillon's approach to writing an essay for college applications. Very interesting. Apparently he and his friends believe the following: 1) 90 % of admissions people are women, so you should show your sensitive side, and 2) lie if necessary. Good strategy? You decide...

Birdhouses

by Dillon Stambaugh

There are about nine of them. They dangle patiently under the involuntary protection of an army of sycamores in my backyard. My floating society on 99 Obre

Place could be described as a low budget scene in director James Cameron's *Avatar*. I've constructed nearly half the community; the rest are barely genuine gifts from people who felt obligated to give my father a present on his birthday. They are not all occupied; a portion of the exquisite, hand-crafted real estate is currently vacant. However, I prefer it this way- it gives me something to look forward to.



Most people think I'm a lunatic for even expressing interest in these birdhouses, let alone dedicating my backyard to nearly a dozen of them. That's the short of it; the long, however, is their jaw-dropping, eye-popping expression when I share with them the Air-Soft pellet gun I use to scare off revolutionary squirrels who attempt to overthrow my upstanding, law-abiding sky village. But who needs friends when you have birds, right? Right...

I feel as though everyone is a little strange. I feel as though being slightly peculiar helps you maintain your sanity. If everyone adhered to the same tedious routine, moping through life all in the same direction, it would be overwhelmingly

dreary. This is why following your passion is so important- it keeps you sane. Most people hate their jobs because they aren't doing something they love. It's not about the money you make or the social status you achieve, life is about enjoying yourself. It's about accomplishing your goals or allowing yourself to be a little strange sometimes. It's about making the occasional birdhouse.

The General

By J.R. Donohue, PVT, 1st class

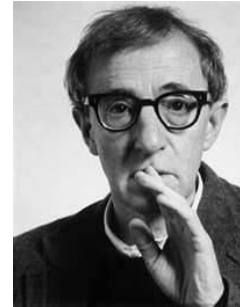
I recently read an editorial with the headline "Petraeus Deserves His CIA Job Back." The writer went on to say he had a glancing familiarity with Petraeus, noting that the writer had long maintained that a man of 60 who had no body fat is not to be trusted. He said Petraeus was the exception. He also quoted novelist Nelson Algren's three rules of life:

- 1) Never play cards with a man called Doc.
- 2) Never eat in a place called "MOM's"
- 3) Never fool around with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own.

Petraeus (the name makes me think I'm writing greek mythology!) obviously had trouble with #3.

This got me to thinking. It's very dangerous when I do this. How about inviting the General to the Jayne house for Thanksgiving! We have a small crowd this year and the general would be a fine addition. In order to stimulate conversation I also thought of inviting Woody Allen, who knows a quite a bit about the fooling around

scene, and the dialogue of "Allenese" would be priceless.



Who else?

I thought about Caesar, and Marc Antony but who speaks Latin? Although they might bring Cleo.

Going through time with all-time great philanderer Thomas Jefferson would be in the top 10. He also speaks English but might have a hard time with Woody Allen. How about some of the other US Presidents? FDR, Eisenhower, JFK, Clinton—all in the general's class. But, no, I'll leave the invites to the general and Woody. I think that is enough.

As a former private first class in the US Army, the general and I would probably monopolize the conversation with stories of our many accomplishments. He graduating from West Point, top 5 % of his class to becoming a 5-star general with great success in Iraq and Afghanistan. My own Cold War occupation of Germany- making sure there was enough beer in the barracks for my fellow soldiers.

I'm sorry to say you readers (most of you) will not be privy to the Grand Feast but I'll tell the general you were asking for him.

The Gift That Almost Wasn't

By Sibyl Jayne

Mary turns to me and says, "While we have a minute, let's discuss details for the anniversary dinner!"

"Yes!" I reply. "Great idea.."

So there we are, on Polly Crawford's porch during the annual Columbus Day cocktail party in Small Point going over the plan for Karen and John's 20th anniversary party. Mary was hosting a pre-dinner cocktail party for Karen and John on Oct 20th and I had made reservations at Sprig's Restaurant in Acton for our dinner. By the time we were discussing this in Small Point, most of the plans were set. Just a few details were left.

The porch was full of Small Pointers, jolly from the *Filp-Flop* wine and dressed in autumn's finest after-work gear. (The idea is we are all working like dogs to close up the houses and the party is an after thought, but really the weekend ends up to be more about the parties!) In any case, the setting was perfect for Mary and I to steal a few moments without anyone knowing what we were discussing.

We confirmed what had been done, who was coming and the status of the menu, but we were trying to think of ways to add little surprises to the night. Karen and John already knew about the dinner and the cocktail party and the guests...so what could we do?! Mary was arranging a special cake, Joe was going to prepare a toast and I needed to think of something too.

"You know what I would love to do?" I say to Mary.

"It would be great to put out pictures of Karen and John around your house during

the cocktail party. Maybe I could get some from their wedding even..."

"Or do a slide show?" Says Mary.

Hmmmmmm.

"That would be so cool!" I say. "I think Joe is going to CT next weekend to see his parents. I will ask him to look around for some pictures while he's there. I may have some too, but they will be more recent. Ok, I'll work on this..."

Famous last words.

Fast forward a week. I was back home in the craziness of everyday life thinking, "There is no way I can pull these pictures together for a slide show. None of them are digital, Joe didn't bring anything back from CT and I only have a few. I will just have to do something else."

A few more days pass and I cannot think of anything.

I decide to forge ahead with the picture project anyway not even confident that I would finish it or even have enough pictures to do it. "I should call Colleen." I say. The trouble was, I did not have her phone number or email address. Karen was in New Jersey for the weekend and it was one week before the party. "The is crazy..." I think. "I should have started on this *so* much sooner!" 2 more days pass.

Wednesday before the party I check my facebook account, which I do maybe once a month. I see Jean Marie's posts, commenting on politics (big surprise!) and it hits me. I could reach out to her through FB! I send JM a message asking her for help, knowing that I am really asking a huge favor. JM really came through and said she would be happy to do it. The trouble was, I forgot to send her my direct email address!

Thursday morning this occurs to me, but by now Jean Marie is harassing me via Facebook, "Where are you? Too busy playing with your bunny to send me your email address?!" followed up with, "Rocket Scientist gets married...25th anniversary!" Posted on Facebook are some terrific pictures and I am actually able to download them directly to my computer. I thank JM and announce on FB, as requested, that she is the "Best Sister of the sister-in-law ever." JM was great and also offered Colleen's number, if I needed more. I didn't think I would need more wedding pics, but knew I would probably have to answer to Colleen for this at some point. I just did not have time to worry at this point. Once in iPhoto I realized JM had pulled out Karen's wedding album and scanned the images for me. What a lot of work! Now the pressure was *really* on. If I didn't come up with something after reaching out for help like this, I was sunk. The pictures were great and so beautiful. After some simple editing in iPhoto, things started coming together. I was so motivated at this point that I went to my basement and found the proofs from my wedding. There were pictures in there I could use too! I get a few out and plug in my scanner. Nothing happens. I try all different cords and 2 different computers and I cannot get that scanner to scan – ARGH! I tell Joe when he gets home and he says, "Oh yeah, I know it does that. If you just keep playing with it it will work eventually." "I've BEEN playing with it and it's not working. Can you do it?" I ask. The night goes by and although I have a good start, no additional photos from the scanner.

Friday comes along, one day before the party. I am getting very excited about the party and the slide show, but I need just a few more pictures and am really determined. At this point I am waiting for some pictures from Mary, who was travelling for work and

hoping that Joe would help with the scanner. Finally, Friday night (after dinner and more than a few cocktails) I get Joe into the basement and he works his magic on the scanner! Hallelujah! Now I have a bunch of pictures to add and am so psyched. By 11pm, I am recording the slide show and ready to burn it to a disc.

Saturday morning I preview the slide show and of course the music was not the song I had intended! "Are you kidding me!?" I say. I go back, change the music and then notice that Mary did send me a couple pictures and I had to add those too. I never do ANYTHING last minute so this whole process was really unsettling and not like me. Still, in the end, I was so happy with the final product and really happy to present the slide show to Karen and John at Scott and Mary's house that night.

Helpless Man Identified

We have finally been able to identify the Littleton man found dazed and wandering in circles in the Shaw's parking lot in late August of this year. Now that several months have gone by, his condition has improved and he is able to communicate through grunts and using his own version of sign language. What we have surmised from all this is very disturbing. In mid-August, he returned from his usual week-long vacation in Small Point, while his wife stayed on with her sister-in law for what was supposed to be a "few days more". Our John Doe was left to his own devices at their Littleton home- with a few frozen bubba burgers in the freezer. He thought these, along with a can of hominy, would hold him over until the wife reappeared and went to Market Basket. But that didn't happen. Instead, the two ladies decided to stay in Small Point "a little while longer". Not knowing what that meant, John Doe called his wife every day

and was told one-after-the-other hair-brained reasons why the two sisters-in-law had to stay for another day.

Excuses ranged from:

“We have to install a new dishwasher”,and
“We were invited to a party”, and
“The electrician can’t come until next Friday—we’ll have to stay”, and our favorite: “The tide is just not where we want it to be, so we will have to stay.”

Growing increasingly anxious, our John Doe took to spending long hours in the basement working on electronic projects without any snacks being delivered.

Fortunately, the summer does end and the ladies eventually had to pack it up and leave Small Point and return to real-life without the National Guard getting involved. Upon his wife’s return, John Doe immediately perked up and asked for a foot massage so we think he is going to be OK.

This looks really complicated. This could take days. We may have to extend our stay...

Yes, let’s do that. And we should plan on going to that party. If we are going to be here anyway...

