

## Editor's Desk

Happy Thanksgiving! So happy to be back in press again. It has been a busy year. We have so much news to report that we had to be selective, but rest assured you are still getting the same mediocre quality that you have come to expect. Although we do have some standout articles this year from our junior reporting pool: Hannah, Madeline, and Joe Joe Jayne all have break-out articles in this issue. Nice work guys!

So, my advice is to kick back on the sofa, grab some egg nog, and some mittens, maybe a blanket or your parka which you hopefully remembered and settle in for an astonishing reading experience that is and always will be  
*(drumroll)*

THE LITTLE NEWS WEEKLY!!!

Cheers,  
The Editor

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## Letters to the editor:

Dear Editor:

There are home-runs and there are HOME-RUNS ! Hey I was just doing my job- but nothing could have inspired me more than having the Stambaugh on my side! When we were going into game 6 and I saw Bruce Stambaugh pushing his way through those crazy fans at Fenway- it turns out--just to cheer me on! Apparently he drove all night with a neck brace—what is that all about?—just to see me win yet another ball game. Strangely, I heard he missed the 7<sup>th</sup> inning stretch because he had to watch a wrestling match (?) at Boston Latin. What a sports fan. I love this guy. But back to supporting the boys of summer: Man, I am touched.

This 2013 team means a lot to me (-although there is nothing like the old team, ahem,, talent wise, 2004, 2007—look at the tapes.) So, anyway, you know the team is one thing, and I love these guys, but the fans! And Bruce is the best of the best!! And the best is- this guy is a Baltimore fan. Jeez. And I heard he sometimes associates with Yankee fans (I just don't know what to think about that).

David "Big Papi" Ortiz  
Go Red Sox 2013

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To the Complaint Department:

Just wanted to voice my objection to the entire way Thanksgiving has been rolled out this year. First of all, every phone call I have had with my sister, the so-called "host", is prefaced with the "I am really busy" line. Once and for all: WE GET IT. It just gets so obnoxious. Secondly: when we offered to bring our usual dish, which is delicious and I know everyone gobbles it up (gobbles, get it?) she tell me that it is not acceptable and can I please make a very specific recipe from a high-brow cooking magazine. Is this like "Invasion of the Body Snatchers", or what? Did you ever see that movie- the old one I mean. Very creepy. That is how Thanksgiving is looking right now. But you know what? It starts to become comical, doesn't it? All of these requests and demands. Next they will be asking us to sign up for healthcare insurance on a faulty website. All right- That might not happen- but other equally outrageous things could. I like adventures, but my children are NOT sleeping on a trampoline in November in sleeping bags. Yeah- I know, it's hard to believe that I actually have to say that. Do you think this is what the pilgrims had in

mind? Let's get back to basics. At least talk turkey!!

Sincerely  
R. C. Donohue

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## The Articles:

### Leaves

*By J.R. Donohue*



Every year around this time, the leaves fall off the trees. But you know that, right? What you don't know is that they all fall in my backyard. What to do?

Every year I try to find a way to solve the problem. One way is to pay someone to clear them out. Being extremely cheap, this simply is out of the question. I then thought there might be a 'Leaf Fairy'. One could place a leaf under the pillow and make a wish. The next morning the leaves disappear. You think this an unrealistic approach. You are correct. I am left with many leaves under my pillow. This is another problem to deal with.

I next thought of utilizing my grandchildren to work the backyard. My oldest grandchild, Leigh Taylor is living the good life in New York City and if I mentioned RAKE to her, she would think of some guy she went out with. Her brother, Connor 'Baby Bear', is

busy hosting continuous parties down at Loyola University, and raking duties may not be his thing, unless I can tie a party into it.

Dillon is wrestling at Roger Williams. I'm not sure he's wrestling males or females, but he has little time for raking.

Ian Chick is away at Montclair State in his senior year and playing club basketball. He may turn pro after graduation. The Knicks could use him. Long arms- could be a good raker. Hmmm!

Isabel Rosa- you probably won't believe this- but she volunteered to rake. She may be the solution!

Hannah and Joe Joe Jayne are hiding out in Littleton, Mass. They have a good share of leaves in the backyard and I'm sure they will help out their parents. (Maybe?)

My son Bob's kids may be a little young for raking, but Ryan is into hockey and Emma is becoming a dancer. They are still on my list.

My final solution to the leaf problem may seem drastic, but I think it might work.

My neighbor behind my house is the Chief of Police in Shrewsbury, but more importantly he owns a leaf blower.

My plan is to fall down in my backyard, while raking, when he is in his backyard. When he comes over to help me and say "What's wrong?" I'll mutter "Leaves". If this doesn't work, I might have to revert to Isabel Rosa.

Happy Thanksgiving  
Poppy

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# The Do's and Don'ts of Living Down Under

By Connor Stambaugh

G'Day Mates! This past spring I was fortunate enough to travel across the world and study in Melbourne, Australia for a semester. The trip was incredibly eye opening and exciting and taught me so much about this new culture and about myself. During the trip, I was able to travel to Sydney, Brisbane, Cairns, and even the Outback. During my travels, I picked up a few things that I'd like to share with you:

**DO:** Try new things! This trip gave me the opportunity to expand my horizons and try things that I may never be able to experience again. From bungee jumping in a rainforest to scuba diving in The Great Barrier Reef, Australia is full of fun and exciting activities. Even the food is crazy. I chowed down on Kangaroo, Crocodile, and Emu, to name a few. Hint: Try the Roo— it's awesome.



**DON'T:** Try Vegemite. This isn't just a tip for those planning on going to Australia. Wherever you see people eating Vegemite, immediately run away and write those people off as enemies. It's that bad. With a little bit of butter, Vegemite is a popular

spread Down Under, but it tastes like foot-flavored tar and the people eating it should never be trusted.

**DO:** Keep in touch with your loved ones back home. Being in a new country for several months can get pretty lonely. Every week I looked forward to the FaceTime sessions with my family and friends from back home. It made being away that much easier and gave me something to look forward to.

**DON'T:** Use Vodaphone to keep in touch with your loved ones back home.

Vodaphone is the third largest international phone company in the world. They are also an evil, soul-suckingly incompetent force of idiots who robbed me blind. Just ask my parents.



**DO:** Check out The Outback. The Australian Outback is a vast, majestic stretch of beauty that pictures cannot do justice. I recommend hiking up some mountains, checking out some sand dunes, and (definitely) staying for sunset.

**DON'T:** Check out the Outback for more than 2-3 days. I stayed for a weekend. It was mostly perfect, except towards the end of the trip when walking around a desert sweating

with flies circling your mouth grew less and less appealing. There's just not much to do. We had a rock-throwing contest and watched a sheep shearing demonstration.

**DO:** Learn what the Aussie slang means. Sure, you've heard of putting a shrimp on the barbie but it's honestly a whole new language. Example: At uni, I was throwin' back some lolly waters with a few Kiwi sheilas who were gabbing about this one mate who was a right fair dinkum when all we really wanted to do was crack a tinnie <sup>1</sup>!

**DON'T:** Bring the slang back to America. By now, I've lost most of my friends just by saying "heaps" too often or by calling McDonald's "Macas." Note to self: you won't get a cab by waving and screaming "Oi! Oi! Oi!"

**DO:** Hug a kangaroo at The Steve Irwin Zoo. They're just so darn cute.

**DON'T:** Hug a wild kangaroo. Yes there are wild roos and yes they will kick you where you don't want to be kicked (Down Under).



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<sup>1</sup>At school, I was having some lemonade with a few girls from New Zealand who were talking about this really genuine guy when all we really wanted to do was open a cold beer

I hope this helps any and all of you looking to travel to Australia in the near future. Be safe, watch out for dingoes (and aboriginals), and most importantly of all, enjoy your life.

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## Going To See The Elephant

By K. D. Jayne

Recently I became acquainted with the expression "going to see the elephant"-from- surprise surprise- a book by that title. It is an old expression- hardly used today, but I learned that it means: going in search of your dreams. It was popular in the late 1800's-early 1900's and during that time it referred to going out west-to California! So—more than 100 years later-- here we are re-living history: this year we went to California and we definitely Saw The Elephant.

Another good phrase from that earlier time is an action phrase: to "light out" or past tense "lit out" (i.e. skedaddle). I feel like there is an unsaid part though: *parts unknown* should necessarily follow. "*He lit out for parts unknown.*" Another problem with this phrase is that to me it evokes horseback riding off into the sunset by yourself, maybe even abandoning your family and responsibilities. Whether you see this as romantic or lousy, the consequence is rather open-ended: it also suggests the questions "who knows where I will end up?" and also, kind of happily "who cares?"



Let's scurry ahead 113 years to the Jayne trip: We did not have any of that- we had a DESTINATION and this was our BIG FAMILY TRIP and WE CARED. So on all accounts, we did not "light out" for parts unknown- not even a covered wagon was involved- but now that I think about it- that could have eased some the luggage issues.



So starting last January, we embarked on months of planning, spreadsheets, measurements, on-line ordering, faxes, phone calls, email, purchasing, suit-buying, dress buying, dress returning, dress re-buying, reciting, remembering, practicing being in the airport, rolling luggage around the house, blogging, singing, weekly meetings, teleconferences, and coordination with other family members.

Finally we arrived in California pinching ourselves (and each other) for the much anticipated wedding of Housty and Jen. And it didn't end there. Because after that- we went to Seattle to continue our West Coast adventure.

It was worth all the effort. Here are just a few of my favorite memories:

- Hannah rolling her Vera Bradley luggage through Logan
- Going shopping in Chinatown with Hannah and Joe: Yes we will buy a giant crystal with a turtle inside!
- Lunch with Housty in SF- what is the name of that great place?
- Having morning coffee by the pool with Sibyl and Althea: Rehash session of the night before
- Joe steering us through San Francisco airport- into a secret car rental place- no lines!
- Reconnecting with Aunt Wink's girls: All such interesting people!
- Meeting Jen's family!
- The famous Ralph Lauren photo of Max, Sam, Hannah, Joe, Mads, ad HEJ



- JTJ officiating the marriage ceremony: Nice job, Johnny!



## Unexpected Gifts

By Hannah Jayne



- “L” is for the way they look! So Beautiful
- Dim Sum
- Sam and Joe chasing pigeons in SF. One tried to find us later— Sam: “Guys, guys, look who arrived!”
- Hanging out with Trux and Christina in their Seattle and Baker houses
- Driving up Mt. Baker and seeing the snow!
- 4th of July festivities in town of Baker!
- Big smiles on Johnny and Trux

What a great trip we had. The gold rush could not have been more exciting. And incidentally, at the wedding we met Ernestine Evans, a Jayne cousin, who is a descendant of Hannah Jayne. Hannah Jayne was one of the original settlers in Oakland. She started the first public school in Oakland. The story is that Hannah Jayne did “Go To See The Elephant” back in the late 1800s, even traveling across the isthmus of panama on a mule. Thus, the circle is now complete.

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“Dashing through the snow, in a one horse open sleigh” I sing as I walked through the door from gymnastics at 8:30. “Hannys is singing Christmas music again”, my father complains as he sits on the couch hollering out orders to the children. Here comes our daily bickering, I think to myself. I look over and I just can't take the guy seriously, he's lounging around focused on every possible electronic device--- computer, an electronic circuit he hooked up, and of course his new smart phone- yes he did make the switch. On top of all that, his hair is sticking straight up (as usual)! I guess that's why he's a mad scientist, or should I say mad Vice President. Anyway I really can't be talking, I'm singing Christmas music in September. It's not that crazy, why not get a head start on the festivities? Last holiday season my dad and I took multiple secret trips to *Cataldo's*, *Kohl's*, *Home Depot*, and places I'm not allowed to mention. This is my favorite time of year, not only because it's Christmas, but because I get to spend time with my Dad.

Then comes Christmas morning when Joe and I “Ooo and Ahh” while we open our presents- your typical Christmas morning. It's now my mom's turn to open her presents, here comes the surprises, and the not-so-typical presents that my dad and I bought during our shopping sprees. These include:

Jumper cables  
Bathroom Countertops  
Bathroom Sinks  
air mattresses

Yes, her big present last year was a bathroom sink bought by my father- I did say unexpected didn't I? In my defense,

during our numerous outings to shop for my mom, I did raise objections to the wild ideas he had in mind that I shouldn't mention. There has also always been the phrase, "Why not just some pretty earrings for her, like a normal husband would buy for his wife?" I try to mention this throughout the decision making. If we are lucky, he may pick up some jewelry once in a while, but clearly being normal is way too overrated for John Jayne. I'm looking around the house to predict the upcoming presents for this year's Christmas. He's talking about new siding on the house, will that be under the tree?!



### The Infant Arrives in Shrewsbury

A big event has passed almost unnoticed by the local, and OK, seriously biased, media. Fortunately for you, this news organization has people planted at NSA and so we can hear everyone's phone conversations and we read personal emails just like the rest of the government. So this is what we intercepted:

First there was an email from a US scientist to a spy in Eastern Europe. As you will see, the husband/wife cover is pretty transparent. We've watched re-runs of the TV show "The Americans" and these two, in

comparison, look like real amateurs. Here is the transcript of an email:

**Female US scientist:** "*(Name deleted)* I need you to get me an Infant of Prague statue for my father. I love you. Hope all is going well."

**Spy** (based in Prague): "Just had sausage and noodles, again. No sightings of infant. There is only one kind of beer here. I miss you"

Then later:

**Spy:** "The Infant is in the pocket, I mean, my pocket. I don't get it- a lady with long hair? Can't wait to see you. Please no sausages for dinner."

A few days later and on the other side of the world, a really miniaturized statue appeared at 39 Court Drive, Shrewsbury NJ, USA. At first, the statue caused some local controversy:

Bruce Stambaugh: "THAT is a girl."

Jan Kirwan: "Is that Jesus in Drag?"

Coleen Stambaugh: "Why is he pointing his finger at me!!?"

But after more careful scrutiny, the infant was found to be the genuine article and installed in the John Jayne shrine over the Donohue's fire place. It was also discovered that he was offering a blessing and not accusing anyone of anything. Thank goodness. Looks like he can stay.

Poppy: "He's perfect."

After the news broke, local celebrity, Leigh Stambaugh was interviewed by Matt Lauer on that much maligned Today show. Leigh pronounced the replica as genuine, and that "The original statue is not even in Prague,

you know. But I love Prague. I had the best bagels there-almost like Bagel Masters. “

## PRESS RELEASE

–*editor’s note: Go Johnny!!*

Billerica, MA – September 30, 2013 - Aerodyne Research, Inc. (ARI), a for-profit small business contract research and instrumentation company located in Billerica, MA, appoints Dr. John T. Jayne as Vice President of Instrument Systems Development and Production.

Dr. Jayne brings over 20 years of postdoctoral experience in the field of atmospheric chemistry and advanced instrumentation development and sales for atmospheric pollutant and air quality measurement. He obtained his undergraduate degree in chemistry from Hofstra University, LI, NY in 1984 then worked in industry for two years prior to starting graduate school at Boston College where he received his PhD degree in physical chemistry. He later studied as a post-doctoral scholar at MIT prior to starting at ARI.

Dr. Jayne has been with Aerodyne Research since 1993 when he was hired as a Senior Scientist. In 1997 he was promoted to Principal Scientist and then to acting Co-Director for the Center for Aerosol and Cloud Chemistry (CACC) in 2006. At Aerodyne, Dr. Jayne jointly manages atmospheric aerosol chemistry research projects, instrument development projects and the CACC instrumentation group. As a new Vice President, Dr. Jayne will oversee and direct the companies growing interest in the development and sales of state-of-the-art

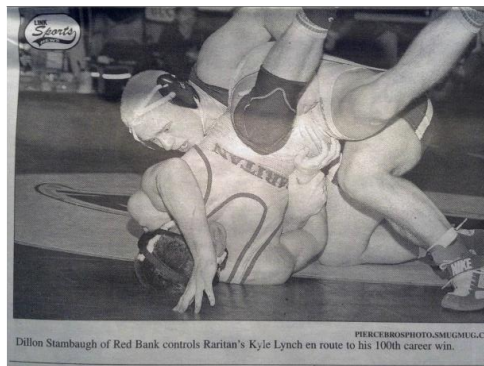
instrumentation for measurement of important atmospheric gas and particle pollutants that impact climate change and air quality.

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## The Dillon Report

Dillon has had a BIG year, here are a few highlights:

- All sports are accounted for: Dillon was Captain for 3 varsity sports in his senior year at RBRHS



- Has 100<sup>th</sup> career win wrestling at RBRHS---Go Dillon!!---
- matriculates to Roger Williams University. Becomes immediately inspired and heads to a tattoo parlor:





- Hard to argue with this!
- Even his Mom is on board (kind of)
- We love Dillon! Here he is with his greatest fan



He was just strolling around in Central Park. All of a sudden, he came across *The Today Show*.



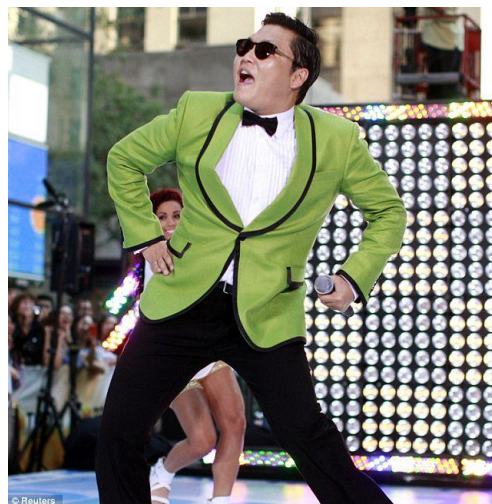
## The Hot Dog Dog in NYC

By Hannah and Madeline Jayne

One day in NYC there was a hot dog dog named Coco.



Coco got way too excited and jumped on the stage while Psy was performing his song *Gangnam Style*.

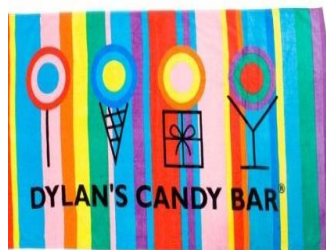


Then he got bored of that and went to the *Philharmonic at Lincoln Center.*



His stomach was then filled up, so he ventured to the Statue of Liberty.

Soon Coco realized that he didn't enjoy classical music. He left the philharmonic and he went to *Dylan's Candy Bar.*



When Coco reached the Candy Bar he immediately dived into the millions of brightly colored lollipops.



After getting dirty through his journey to the Statue of Liberty, Coco decided to get groomed at *Shaggy Chic dog grooming*.



Once he was groomed, he finally found his owner, Hannah and Madeline Jayne, who live in New York City.

*The End*



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## Scared: It's a good thing

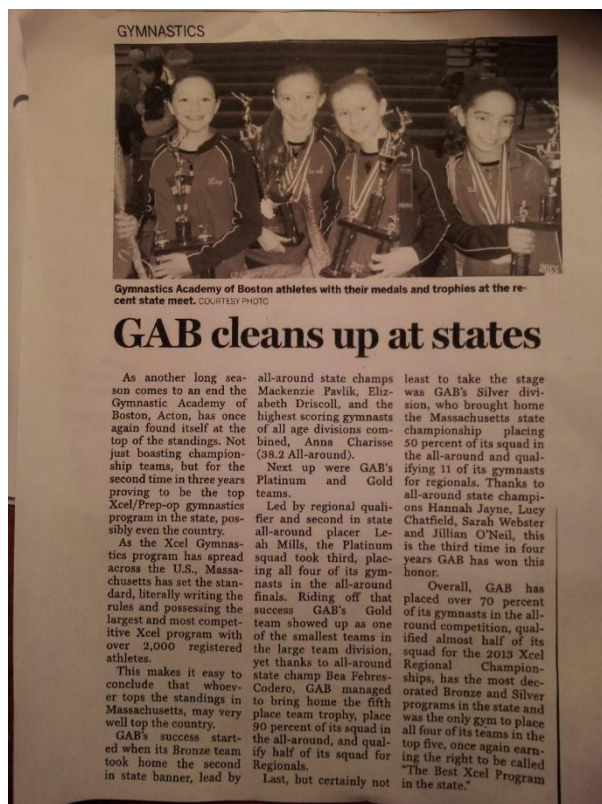
By Joe Joe Jayne

It's four o'clock, and I'm hiding on the other side of a corner. On the other side there is a door leading into the family room- I am halfway into the hallway. I hear a door slam, and I tense up even more. *Here she comes* I think. I suddenly become extremely quiet, and my sister carries out the plan. My mom approaches the door. Hannah says "Hi" to my mother, who just opened the door entering the room. I start to slowly walk up behind my mom. My sister opens the door to the basement and yells "Mommy's home!". Now my mother is sure that no one at all is behind her about to do something she hates. I slowly creep up behind her. As she is almost in the kitchen, I get pretty close and yell "Boo!" My mother almost faints in fright, and me and my sister almost die laughing.



## Best Day of Life

In a small town in Massachusetts-Littleton to be exact, a 12-year old girl announced in May 2013 that she has already had the Best Day of her Life! After much hard work and determination, Hannah Jayne led her gymnastic team<sup>2</sup> to a championship season and became both the State and Regional All-Around Champion.



The beam has always been the big mental challenge to overcome for all the girls. But the girls were determined to beat out another team - GLC<sup>3</sup>- their arch rivals. It became imperative to stay on the beam-not fall off. And the first to go was Hannah. Leading the team forward she set the stage with a beautiful routine. The rest of the girls followed suit.

Finally, Hannah's floor routine was equally wonderful to watch.

As one parent asked me "Who is your daughter?"

"Hannah Jayne," I say

Reply: "Say no more!"

So, congratulations Hannah Jayne. Here's to many more best days!!!

Going into the State competition, her coaches scrambled to get the best out of each girls routine. But the Head Coach said to me in particular-"one thing I am not worried about is the Vault!" And boy was he right!! Hannah sailed through-defying gravity. Hannah's Bars, always really good, were Amazing and we knew it right away!! The look on the judge's face said it all.

<sup>2</sup> Gymnastic Academy of Boston- **1st Place Silver Team 2013**

<sup>3</sup> BTW-Gymnastic Learning Center- came in 5<sup>th</sup>,



### Sports Update from the Donohues

Not to be outdone by their cousins, Ryan and Emma Jayne are training for greatness. Following in his father's footsteps or iceskates, Ryan Donohue has taken to the ice big time. He plays for the Brick Stars Hockey Club and hopes to play for the NY Ranger's. (Sorry Bruins!)



And here we have Emma- a budding Tennis Star!



Emma is a great success in the classroom as well. She was recently awarded a special lunch with the principal for good behavior in kindergarten. Nice Job Emma!

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Lastly some pictures from a summer visit with cousins in NJ:

