

Sept. 4th and I'm still experimenting with the Ditto and with the masters. Had a good trip to Washington, D.C. and Maryland. Daughter Kharis and son-in-law Russ and I also took another day and drove to Atlantic City, N.J. to do a little playing at the casinos. Spent the day, played in all 3. I lost \$6.00, Russ & Kharis about \$30.00. One heck of a lot of fun for the money. Russ was about \$400.00 ahead at noon but blackjack finally got him.

Wife Carolyn is over in Ft. Wayne, Ind. this weekend playing in a bridge tourney so after doing a few things around the house I decided to play a little more with this.

The following is by Jay Kinney and is reprinted from his zine, NOPE #5. August 14, 1968.

LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US...

The second time I visited Jay Lynch, there was a bus strike on in Chicago. The Black bus drivers were unhappy with the power distribution in the Union and went on a wildcat strike. Bus service was very spotty. But I went in to Chicago anyway. Arriving in the loop, staunch defender of Black Power & labor strikes that I am, what did I do? Took a bus ride up to the Lynch's naturally. I was the only person on the bus.

The bus driver was white, sturdy, with slicked back grey hair. Idiot that I was, I took a seat in the front of the bus, a yard or so from the driver.

"I'm not driving today for the money, you understand. I'm driving because they're trying to break the union!"

"Oh grand," I thot to myself, "a talking busdriver."

"You a college kid? You gotta lot to learn. Right? Nah? Right?"

This was hard to argue with, otherwise why would I be going to college?

"Yeah, I guess so," I responded enthusiastically.

"Where did you get those shoes?"

"At a shoe store."

"Yeah? How much did they cost ya?"

"Oh, about 12 dollars."

"See these? These cost me twenty bux. Florsheim. They're falling apart. They're not making things like they used to. Right? Nah? Right? You gotta have self respect."

"Yeah. Sure. Self respect is important." I was still the only one on the bus. We were driving through the middle of one of Chicago's "sculful" neighborhoods and I didn't feel much like getting on the bus driver's wrong side. I had visions of him making me get off in the middle of nowhere. You can't trust those bus drivers.

"I didn't go to college. Look at me, I'm a bus driver. Guess how old I am. Fifty years old. See....I take good care of my body. I golf. People look at me and think I'm just a busdriver, but when I get out on that golf course....Don't judge a book by its cover!"

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