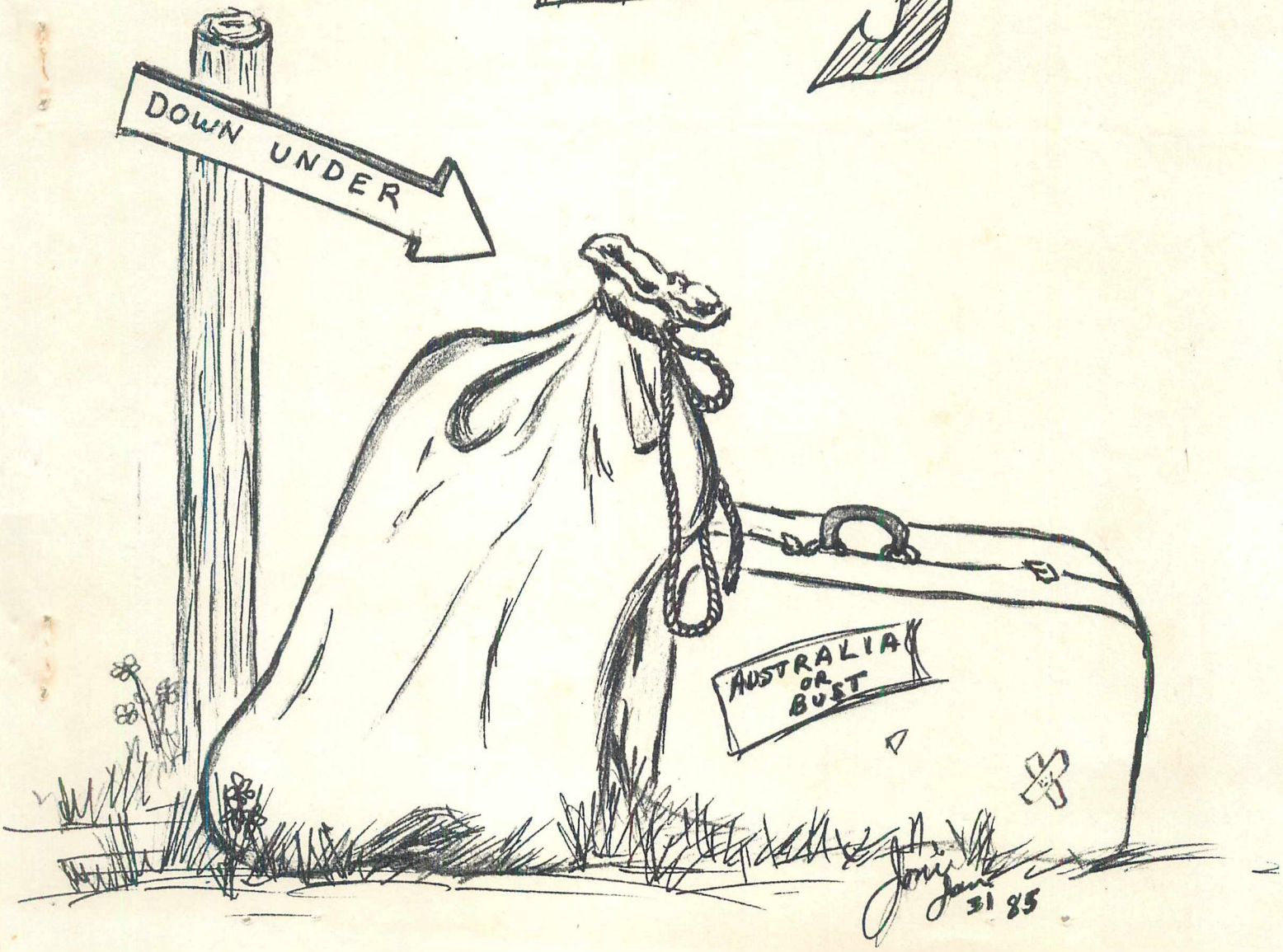
# DUFFLE BAG



DUFFLEBAG

This is an attempt to get out some additional votes for DUFF, brought to you by Joni Stopa, January 31 (a very frozen January 31), at Wilmot Mountain.

Vote early but this isn't Chicago so don't vote often.

We are reprinting TIGGER from Mark Ortlieb. The trouble is with so many names to choose from voting is difficult. The 100 word platforms given on the ballot form don't really give the voters much information. Therefore, the candidates were offered more space in which to talk. What follows are pieces provided by three of the candidates in this year's DUFF race. DUFF is the fan fund which allows Australian fans a trip to North American conventions and North American fans a trip to Australian conventions in alternate years. The fund customarily contributes to the airfair of the winner, and the convention often provides free membership and accomodation. DUFF relies on donations of money from fans, through auctions, voting, and through the sale of donated items - sometimes even trip reports produced by the DUFF winner after his/her trip. If you would like further information, contact the Australian DUFF administrator, Jack Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Building, Sydney University NSW 2006. His trip report, which is due out early this year, sells for $2.50 or $3.00 for a signed copy. Order yours now, or contact Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103.

Of the four/five candidates in the 1985 DUFF race, the following submitted material. I'll print their contributions in the order in which the names appear on the ballot.

Joni again. I've called Mike Glicksohn who said he would get me his additional words by the end of this week or not at all. If I have them you will be able to read them; if I don't get them you won't.

RICH BROWN

"Take these," said Linda Blanchard, placing an eight inch stack of the most recent Australian fanzines we had in my hand. "loC 'em all if you want to be better known in Australian fandom." My only recent contribution to a Strine zine (Have I got it right?) had been a letter in SIKANDER -- not bad as such things go, but far overshadowed by friend Ted White's "Lost in Oz" -- and my major misgiving about standing for DUFF was that, while I've been in fandom since 1956, I am not all that well known among the current generation of fans west of the Antipodes. Of course, that's part of what DUFF's all about. And, arguably, not being "all that well known" could be an advantage.

Another, more recent, misgiving: Linda and I are going our separate ways -- as friends, but parting. We'd been unable to compromise incompatibilities and so, as neither of us was masochistically inclined, decided not to stay together. Normally this would just be our own sad affair -- but my platform promised I'd bring her if I won, provided I could convince her the Old Ways Were The Best. On the one hand, obviously I hadn't convinced her; on the other, the ballot was misleading but couldn't be changed-- and it bothered me to think of getting votes from fans who thought this their best chance to meet her. I used my foot (having run out of hands) to consider how quickly I could start to bore people if I mentioned this in every LoC I wrote.

These considerations delayed writing of those LoCs. Then I got a note from Marc Ortlieb, saying he'd decided to give the DUFF condidates a chance to tell Australian fandom more about themselves that was allowed by the hundred-word platforms of the ballot. I'm grateful for the opportunity to set the ballot straight.

The problem with keeping one's eyes open while writing a puff piece about oneself? Sooner or later, you note the old "I, I, I" flashing by like so many telephone poles along a superhighway and think, Gad, I sound conceited. With typical brilliance you hit on the idea of speaking about yourself only in the second or third person...but discard the notion because your fine high-type fannish mind realizes fans have such broad mental horizons they'll probably never fall for it.

Even with false modesty aside, my number of years in the microcosm (aside from establishing me as a member of "old fart" fandom) only means I've had time to do things. And perhaps, as an off-shoot of the old "infinite-number-of-monkeys-writing-Shakespeare" trick, that's why at least a few of them have been judged worthwhile.

I entered fandom as a CRY letterhack, member of LASFS (from which death will not release you, even if you die) and publisher of fanzines of unparalleled distinction, i.e., they were worse than you might expect, even from a fourteen year old. My first con was the 1958 Solacon; I've atteneded many since. In 1965 and 1966 I was co-chair of the Eastercon -- the "party" side of Lunacon, not the annual British affair -- and was on the 1967 NyCon III worldcon committee. But I think my best convention accomplishment was the Disclave roof party: I'd misplaced the notebook I kept "party" room numbers in; rather than reconstruct it, I told those I met I'd heard a rumour about a byow (bring-your-own-whatever) party to be held on the roof. I didn't specify a time, so when I arrived (about 7:00 p.m.), there were indeed some forty to fifty fans holding a party -- which lasted until the a.m.; with probably an equal number coming and going throughout. There were roof parties the next two years, but the tradition was cut short when the Disclave moved from the Sheraton Park Hotel.

I am primarily a fanzine fan. Most of my early zines were as above, although I was listed as co-editor with Shelby and Suzy Vick of the weekly TIRED FEET. In truth, I only contributed a column,"Liniment: Or, Something for TIRED FEET" -- and the title was the best thing about it.

But eventually I published two fanzines I'm still proud of -- FOCAL POINT, a fannish newszine, and my current zine, beardmutterings. In its second incarnation, FP started and ran the Bob Shaw Fund, which brought BoSh to the worldcon in Boston; with co-editor Arnie Katz, I reissued THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR (which Bob co-authored with Walt Willis) and published THE INCOMPLEAT TERRY CARR to raise money for the Fund.

These days, I write a lot for other fanzines. Mostly I've been a letterhack but I've also been writing "Totem Pole: An Irregular Column" for Dan Steffan's BOONFARK, faaanfiction for Lee Hoffman's SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY, and articles both fannish and serious for any number of other fanzines.

I worte the fanzine review column "The Clubhouse" for AMAZING after Susan Wood and have sold half a dozen sf stories (mostly to Ted White when he was editing AMAZINE and FANTASTIC) -- but the last of those was in 1976. Although I supported myself for nearly twenty years as a journalist and editor, I consider myself an amateur -- hopefully in the best meaning of the term. (Walt Willis pointed out, some time ago, that "amateur" comes from the Latin amare, "to love" -- and, in making distinctions between amateurs and professionals, one should consider whether one would prefer the ministrations of a loving wife or a prostitute...)

At which point, I guess, we're up to the items in my DUFF platform: I tied with Terry Carr in last year's PONG Poll as best letterhack of the year and was very nearly fan GoH at the Australian National Convention ... except somewhere along the line it was decided it couldn't be held in conjunction with next year's

Norwescon as planned. I'm one of the founders of the SBOF (Society of Borlin Old Farts, a.k.a. the Secret Bastards of Fandom) as detailed in my platform and in the last issue of beardmutterings.

I also run Drudge Enterprises, a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Vernon McCain Division of Proxyboo, Ltd., which maintains fanzine mailing lists and prints address labels for myself, Bill Patterson Richard Bergeron, Avedon Carol, Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Larry Carmody, Stu Shiffman, Alina Chu, Teresa Minembras, Marty & Robbie Cantor, Bob Lichtman and David Singer. I guess I have a Lot To Answer For.

Now, I hope you'll excuse me for being so brief -- but I really must start writing some LoCs for Australian fanzines. I've been mentally composing one for quite some time now: "Dear THYME," it will begin, "my sincere congratulations to you Aussiefen on winning the world convention..."

MARTY CANTOR

Marty's Bit

Marc wrote and asked for about a thousand words from Robbie and me - sort of an introduction to those Aussies who might not know us. Well, I palmed off five hundred of those words onto Robbie (*snicker*), but I really should be either typing a FAPA zine or working on HOLIER THAN THOU #21. Actually, I do not feel like doing either of those things right now, having just put out HTT #20, all 114 bloody pages of it, and 330 copies, each and every page hand-cranked out of our tired old mimeo -- except for the XX-rated Brad W. Foster fold-out cover.

I assume that the several dozen Aussies who receive our fanzine have already made up their minds as for whom they will be casting their ballots, so this bit of puffery is designed not only to introduce my wife and me to Aussiefen who may not know us, but to convince the readers of our fanzine to change their bloomin" minds (such as they are) and to vote for us.

Two for the price of one is our motto, as we do not presume that DUFF should pay for more than one of us. We have already commenced putting aside our pennies - when our bank sinks from the weight we will know that we probably have enough.

In many ways, Robbie and I are very disparate fans. Robbie is a Canadian, I am an American (not that anybody but Canadians profess to see any difference 'twixt the two nationalities). Robbie has a decided liking for sf media, whilst I am fanzine oriented. Needless to say, the major differences between us is that one of us is not female and the other is not male. Oh - and the one with the beard seems to also corner the family market in hair, as my head hair is many times the length of hers.

Robbie and I met a CHICON IV, which is good and sufficicent reason to consider Worldcons a bloody good thing: it was mutual love-at-first-sight. I had never before been married, and, at age 47, had about given up the thought of ever being in such a situation. Robbie, 17 years my junior, was in the process of getting a divorce and was definitely not interested in another man. HAH! We were married the following January, aboslutely as soon as possible after her divorce became final. All of our North American nominators were at the ceremony too. The fact that, a year later, they were still willing to nominate us for DUFF must say something, but probably not "getting rid of you for a few weeks", as at least two of them will be at AUSSIECON.

Despite the disparity in our ages, Robbie has been in fandom longer than I. An sf reader from about 1945, I did not discover fandom until thirty years later. Making up for lost time, I have produced over three hundred fanzines in the last nine years. My major one, Holier than Thou, has gone through twenty issues, and started as a quarterly. It is now put out thrice yearly, with Robbie as co-editor. We managed three issues in 1984, despite being on the LACON II concom. They were good issues, despite the pressure. It is usually a hundred plus pages in length, and regularly pubs some of fandom's best writers. It is also known for its covers -- always good, sometimes spectacular. It was a Hugo nominee in 1984.

I have gone on at length about HTT because most of the fans who know me do so because they know of, or receive, the zine. I have rarely had the money to attend more than one out-of-area con per year and so I usually opt for Worldcon; at such cons I spend all of my non-sleeping time socialising with other fans, not even bothering to leave the venue for any local sightseeing as I like being around fans. Well, I married one did I not?

As I told people when I announced back in '81 that I was going to run for DUFF in '85, I had met many Aussies and had liked all of them. (Some months bac-, after LACON II, we even hosted Jack Herman and Justin Ackroyd - simultaneously. One does not do such a thing unless one likes such people - and nothing negative or smartass is meant by that. Our place is rather cluttered and we are not really set up for guests.) I decided that it would be a good idea to see Aussies in their home environment, provided of course that any were at home, rather than galivanting around the world. I am of the firm opinion that Australia would be an over crowded country were it not for the fact that, at any given moment, at least half of your population is somewhere else.

A P.S. to Mike Glicksohn - despite the natty attire which I usually wear, I have had an Aussie bush hat since the mid-1950's (and used to wear it quite a bit), longer than you have had yours. This proves two things: I have been interested in things Australian longer than you have - also preferring to live in a desert clime rather that in the frozen Northern wastes as you do - and it proves that I am an older phart that you are.

My only regret about this DUFF race is that we won't all be able to be at the Worldcon in '85; I know Rich and Mike personally, and like them both; Joni and I share an apa, and we have talked over the phone and trade genzines. Nice people all, and I only wish that we could ALL win this race.

Robbie's Bit

This is what I consider the hardest type of writing - biographical. Not that I can't talk about myself. Nothing's easier, it seems sometimes. But write about me? Ack!

However, insecurities aside, "If 't were done, 't were best done quickly," or something like that.

I am a red-headed French Canadian, soon to be 33 (repeating double digits, yeah!), 5'5" tall (or short - take your pick), weighing somewhere around 125 (it changes too often to be precise).

Not 500 words yet, eh? *sigh* Then I guess we get down to the nitty-gritty.

I was born and raised in Quebec, spending the first twelve years in the town of Thurso before moving around to several different towns elsewhere in Quebec -- Lachute, Shawville, Bryson. As an incorrigible tomboy my favourite passtimes were ice hockey, tackle football (no pads in either case), wrestling and...reading.

Reading was the escape from the taunts of others, which there were, despite the fact that I was good at ice hockey, tackle football and beating up boys. Unfortunately, you're not allowed to beat up the girls and, once we moved from Thurso, I was no longer allowed to beat up the boys either. Parents can be a pain sometimes.

My reading habits tended towards science fiction, mysteries (especially the Saint and Hercule Poirot), and comics -- mostly DC. In Thurso, there was little said about any of this -- I would have beaten up anyone who dared to comment -- but later, in the new towns, it brought a lot of abuse my way, so, by the time I was 15, I was considerably more secretive about the habit. At the same time I bagan to write my own, originally as a dare to prove that an English teacher was not as impartial as she claimed to be. Surprise! She was!

"Star Trek" had come, and was on its last legs. "Doctor Who" I had seen two years worth of -- one year each of William Hartnell and Patrick Troughton -- but, even so, I was not yet involved with fans. But I knew where my interests lay. I loved to see s.f. on t.v. or at the movie theatre. Reading was great but movies and t.v. added a special kind of life. I mean the stories were usually pure pulp, but it was fun and exciting. It still is.

Marty says I have been a "fan" longer that he. He is mistaken. True, I did attend a few conventions prior to "discovering" fandom (even L.A. Con), but I didn't know about fandom through all that time. I found fans and fandom when I was called up and asked to help found a local "Doctor Who" club in Ottawa. The call came as a result of my being a member, through correspondence, of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society.

And get involved in fandom is exactly what I did. I helped run the club; I joined the local s.f. club; I ditched my non-fan husband; I helped run the local s.f. club; I got involved with the local convention; and I borrowed money to attend Chicon IV, where I became ill and was ordered not to attend the Hugo ceremonies which resulted in my meeting and falling in love with Marty, which led to his inviting me for a two week visit, which resulted in his proposing and my saying yes; which ends by having us married now for about two years. Oh, and I did return home briefly after the two week visit -- eight months after I'd come down.

I am still very much involved in fandom. I was on the committee for LACON II; worked on the last three local conventions; have been President of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society for the past year; still collect comics with a passion; and watch both "Star Trek" and "Doctor Who" over Marty's protests.

A reason to visit Australia? Well, I'd like to meet all the Aussies on our mailing list as well as the ones I correspond with and I'd like to see a game of footy.

JONI STOPA

Here I am, a candidate for DUFF, and doing a perfectly lousy job about it. I started out with the best intentions in the world. I was going to be an active member of Applesauce. Since I joined in Fall, and work seven days a week in the Winter, I never got around to writing anything. Vera Lonergan even took the time to send me a note reminding me that I was due for sending in my mailing, if I wished to remain a member, and that got misplaced by the secretary. I found it just about a week after the mailing was due.

I then decided to write something spectacular before joining and I would have a lot better than minac and make a good impression at the same time. Unfortunately, it was Spring. In Spring I start working on my garden.

This is a suspicious trait in most fans. The fan usually considers him/herself above such matters as whether the grass lives or dies. I don't worry about the grass so much as I worry about my gardens, both flower and vegetable. I make up for all those fans who want nothing to do with any of it.

I am a passionate gardener. Perhaps, because I grew up in the city. The first Spring we lived in our house, my husband brought me three tomato plants, three iris bulbs and three daylilies. My small daughter was clutching seed packets. As far as I am concerned seed packets should be marked as potentially habit forming. Once I had started plants from seeds, I was hooked! So starting April 1st, I start playing with seeds, planting mix and a propagater indoors and working with manure and peatmoss outdoors. I find it all very exciting. My husband finds it a pain. The dining room table stays awash with seed packets and potting soil until May 1st. He thinks there is something significant in the fact that I always start on April 1st.

At any rate, I don't do much but play with the garden until everything is safely in the ground on June 15th. If I manage any fanac at all, the best I will produce is minac, and not very well written minac. This year I had not only the garden to worry about, but I was going to provide the site for a fannish wedding. The garden got minac, fanac didn't even get that, but the house was cleaned, polished and readied like never before. We even cleaned out the useless kipple and the kitchen junk drawer. Cleaning out the kitchen junk drawer is akin to preparing for armageddon.

The previous Summer and thru the Fall I had been writing a trip report about a vacation we had taken in Southern Colorado. Since both Jon (my husband) and I are geology buffs, and I am a rock hound, I was describing not only my personal reactions to Colorado, but a mountain chain by mountain chain, rock by rock description of the geology.

This, I thought, carefully rewritten, could be sent thru Applesauce and really impress everyone. The best laid plans and all that.

Right after the wedding I found myself staring right into the ferocious deadlines of both Flap and Fapa. We are talking mere days here. I had no idea what to write about. A letter came in from England; Cas and Skel wanted to know how the wedding came off. So I sat down at the typer and rehashed all the details of getting ready and the catering itself. It really was a letter, it only lacked the formal start of "Dear Cas & Skel". I met my deadlines.

I really should have done the final part of the trip report, but I couldn't have done it fast enough, but I did what I could instead. I probably should have sent that to Jean Weber to put thru Applesauce, but I felt nobody in Aus would know who Madman and Hillary were. So I again let everything sit idle while I took a trip to Florida to visit my mother. I was going to finish the trip report then, forgetting that it really isn't feasible to write either on the road or while at my mothers. When I finally got home toward the middle of July I started to work on the finish of the trip report. It wasn't going all that well. Unless what people really wanted to read was a pretty dry geology report. Somehow, I didn't think that would be what fans had in mind. To a certain extent I think that I didn't write it because the other trip was so fresh in my mind that I really couldn't focus on the other one. So much for sending a trip report thru Applesauce.

The weather turned really hot about that time and I don't take to heat and humidity all that well. I don't really get sick or anything, I just tend to loll around. No direction, no purpose, just loll. If the temperatures drop enough in the evening I might make some jam or jelly. These sell nicely for Taff and Duff and make a pleasant little gift to give to friends. At a friends insistance I even entered them in the county fair this year and pretty well cleaned up on the first premium ribbons. I was disappointed that two jars only got second premium, my husband looked upon this as pure greed.

Thus the best laid plans of Joni Stopa to be a good candidate came to naught.

Around September 1st Dave Locke called me. We pretty much had all the material that we would need for the next issue of Gallimaufy, the zine that Dave and I co-edit. He wanted my editorial, and he wanted it ASAP. I didn't have any idea of what I wanted to write, so I ruminated for awhile. I got a letter from Dave, I wrote back and said that I was working on it. I couldn't think of what I wanted to write, but I wasn't going to admit that.

I made a number of false starts, wrote about 2 double spaced pages on each. Decided it was boring, or not funny at all and tore it up. I finally decided what I wanted to write about, and mailed it back to Dave last week.

Then I remembered getting a letter from Marc, wanting me to write something about myself. I think the deadline was Dec. 15, and I promptly forgot all about it.

Until now that is. The season has started, my personal time is precious and short, and Christmas is coming down on me like a freight train that is out of control. But I will do the best I can and hope that it isn't too late.

I'm not going to say that I have been in fandom for a long-time, but I discovered it via the letter column in Planet Stories when I was nine years old. A letter there caught my imagination and I sent the perpetrator a letter. In reply he sent me not only a letter, but a fanzine as well. The fanzine was a lot of fun to read and I wanted more, more, more.

Being just a kid, I had something of a drawback. There were three basic ways to get a fanzine; subscribe, write, or send artwork. Sending money was out of the question. The only money I had was a 50¢ a week allowance, lunch money and bus money. By walking to school I could save my bus money. By eating the cheapest lunch I could find I could hoard all the money to buy S.F. I wasn't about to give up Planet and Thrilling Wonder Stories in my lust of fanzines.

Doing much by way of writing seemed a bit out of the question. Fans didn't just write, they typewrote. The only typewriter I had access to was an ancient Underwood that probably was the latest word at the turn of the century. The striker bars came down instead of going up and you really had to pound those keys. Compounding the problem was that I wanted to sound very grown up. So I wrote using a thesaurus and a dictionary. Never use a lot of little words when a bunch of big ones were more impressive.

However, I could do artwork. The stuff I did at nine was equal to the general run of fanzine art at that time. Artwork also gave no clues as to my age. By the time that 1960 rolled around I was one of the better fanzine artists. I worked with Bjo Trimble on the very first artshow at a worldcon. Something no fans considers even a regional con complete without now.

Bjo in turn talked me into wearing a costume at that con. (Pittcon) I arrived at the costume ball wearing a pink toga made from a sheet and about 10 or 15 pounds of grapes with ribbons forming the vines. The sheet came from home and the grapes were

no longer of "the best quality" and would have been thrown out at the end of the day. The fans and pros certainly seemed to enjoy eating them though. Naturally I was supposed to be a nymph. This showed a lot of imagination.

In 1961 I wore a costume again. Once more at Bjo's insistance. I re-worked a costume Bjo had on hand and went as C;mell redoing my face with putty and putting on blue point Siamese makeup. In 1963 I married Jon and he automatically assumed that I would make us costumes. To please him, I did so. We won, and Jon just sort of assumed again that I would continue making costumes. I did for quite a while and we continued winning. Until I got tired of making costumes.....

I gradually withdrew, or at least ceased to draw for fanzines. There was something terminally stupid about spending the whole day at a drafting table turning out art for a livelihood and coming home and spending the evening doing art for fanzines. This was at the time before your average faned could have things electro-stenciled. The electro-stencil could only be had at fairly great cost, and only in fairly big cities. Whereas, the fan artist only need patience, certain tools, a tracing plate, shading plates, a lightbox and a willingness to put up with eye strain.

I did my first fan-article somewhere around 1967. Bill Bowers printed it a year or two later and I got a lot more ego-boo out of that one article than I had ever gotten in my career as an artist. People LIKE art, they just never say much about it. Between my years as a fan artist and a handful of funny things I wrote, I managed to go on hold for a few years and nobody seemed to notice very much.

But there is a turnover in fandom. Besides, you let enough time slip by without any response whatsoever, and zip, you are cut off the mailing list. There had to be a better way to get fanzines than trying to respond to everything that dropped into the mailbox. Harry Warner may be able to do that, but not me.

I find writing a very difficult thing. Not because I don't have anything to say, I just find it difficult to say anything on paper that anybody would want to read. I certainly wouldn't want to have to plow thru some of the things I've written. Given half a chance I can be quite a pendant if I don't watch it. I find it next to impossible to write about gardening if I can't use the proper technical words or the proper plant names. I don't grow bluebells, I grow campanulas. The worst part of it all being that in many cases I know the latin names of plants, but not the common name. As far as most fans are concerned, I might as well be speaking latin when I mention my ranunculus.

Or maybe they think I have something that is catching. I've learned to try and skip the topic or look up the common name.

I also have a tendancy to forget what I am writing about and find myself running off at the keys on another topic all together. Jon thinks it would help if I made an outline of what I want to say. I'm not sure that would work for the though, I never know where I am going to go when I am writing. The only thing I have found easy to write is trip reports. Those have a structure put on from the outside. You just have to report where you went, what you did, and what you saw. It's all very easy. Dave Locke says I take trips just so I can write about them.

As I was saying though, there had to be an easier way to get fanzines. There is too, trade. Then it's just a matter of getting the fanzine out. Which is a lot easier said than done. It took me 5 years to get the first one out. I'm not talking about an apazine here, but a Genzine. There is the matter of getting enough decent material for the first issue. Then there is the matter of re-getting all that material after the post office lost it enroute to Jackie Causgrove who was going to mimeo it for me. I finally got Dave as a co-editor when he probably figured that it wouldn't get out at all unless he pushed me. Actually, I think he decided to co-edit with me just to shut me up about when I was really going to get out the issue. He was tired of hearing excuses I guess.

That pretty well sums up my fannish life; other than that I am a middle-aged, middle class, middle-westerner who loves cats, gardening, cooking, fanzines and science fiction, not necessarily in that order. Sometimes I don't like some things at all.

"Other than being a middle class, middle American, Jon and I are part owners of a Ski Area in a part of the country that is not particularly noted for its mountains or cold weather. When I refer to our business as "Wilmot Mountain" certain fans who think they know their geography wonder what the hell I am talking about. The name came from both the place, and a dictionary definition of mountain...a noticable rise of land. Well the mountain is a terminal moraine aided and heightened a bit with the use of bulldozers. We are hillbuildies.

Our financial resources rise and fall with the natural snow level. Translated into real terms means that one year a trip to Nairobi might be more than possible but the very next might mean that I am only one step up from poverty. I have done my best to totally remove myself from the world of art, but I found myself doing bookkeeping instead. Being a bookkeeper isn't bad, just not my idea of how to be a glamorous person."

I have spent all of my adult life participating in fanac. If I wasn't doing art I was writing. Sometimes I just worked on convention registration, ran an art show or a costume ball but I have stayed active one way or another for so long now that I am not about to quit. I am probably not the best man for the job since I am a woman, but I would give it my best shot. I'd love to meet all of you. From what I have read, and the fans I have met, Australian fandom sounds like a truely delightful group of people.

I am proud and honored to be among a very outstanding group of candidates, although to be honest I thought that there would be more. Thank you all very much for even considering me.

I"m sorry that I have to run this thru FLAP but I have been caught short of time. Not that I have nothing to write about.....I could fill pages with our wonderful new phone system. I'm not sure that is far enough in the past to be funny yet. In the meantime, once the season got started, about Jan. 1, we've been pretty busy, and no time to write. Before thatI was much too depressed to do much by way of writing or anything.

best Regards,

Joni Stopa