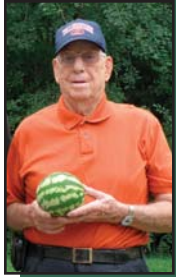
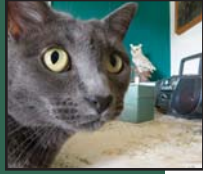
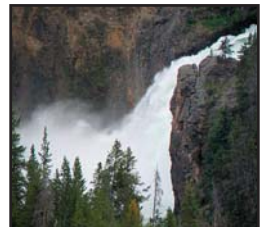


December 2009

Dear Family & Friends -



Cody & Yellowstone, WY, 7/2009



For the first time in 70 years I am not asking for a toy boat with a windup propeller for Christmas. I started asking (begging) when I was five, and 70 years of disappointment is quite enough.

Goodness knows I've tried to live a good, clean life. Ok, so who's perfect?

I'd just like to know which of the broken Ten Commandments doomed me to a whole life without a stupid toy boat with a wind-up propeller.

"That propeller would cut your fingers off!" My mother said.

"Mother! I have ten of the ding-bling things."

"Don't use those nasty words!" She washed my mouth out with Camay—the soap of beautiful women.

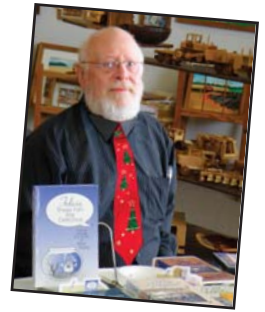
"Anyway, you have no place to sail it. The washtub we use as a bathtub is too small."

"Mother! I'm not asking for the whole, dam-blam North Atlantic Fleet!"

She washed out my mouth with Lava. I was the only kid in town who spent Christmas with his teeth in bandages. And so it went.

This year my knees have warned me, "Don't even think about trying to kneel by the bathtub!"

So go ahead. Have a happy, joyous, merry Christmas. I'll just sit in my recliner and admire another ding-bling, dam-blam Christmas necktie.



Happy Holidays!

Max & Carol