

# The Pabulumic Sodality

Vol. #41

The ΘΣΤ Alumni Assn. Newsletter

APRIL, 2002

## House News

This spring the house got eight pledges: Christine *No Dice* Darimont, Colin *Eros* Rafferty, Roxanne *Wonder Woo* Ross, Christie *Marcie* Robinson, Katie *The Kleptomaniac Aardvark who Handles Yaks* Schoofs, Jharik *Dr. Ruth's Hot Potato* Shields, Ted *The Magic Handle of "Buck Naked"* Tickler, and Katie *José the Belching Tequila Worm* Zboralski all pledged the house (regrettably, Colin has had to depledge for personal reasons). We hope to welcome them as Future Alumni at Activation on April 26.

We also welcome Scott Riley, the house's newest social member.

## Alumni Site News

A couple additions have been made to the alumni website.

Memorial pages have been set up for Scott Ackerman (89) and Andy Bright (95), both of whom have passed away due to illness. The pages contain comments, thoughts, and memories about our deceased brethren, as well as pictures. Members are invited to contribute their own words or pictures about the memorialees.

A page has been added that contains images and descriptions of house relics and memorabilia. On this page can be found pictures of parts of Tau, such as the crest in the staircase, the key over the ex-fireplace, and the archives. One can also find pictures of the house mannequins, wall hangings and other items belonging to the house. There is much more to be added as we have time to do so, and if you have anything you wish to add, please contribute!

The house website is located at <http://alumni.ThetaSigmaTau.org>

If you wish to have an email address through our domain, like [plenz@ThetaSigmaTau.org](mailto:plenz@ThetaSigmaTau.org) or [Nages@ThetaSigmaTau.org](mailto:Nages@ThetaSigmaTau.org), email Plenz at the above address for details

## Sad News: A Death in the Family

Andrew M. Bright, 28, of West Bend, died Friday, January 25, 2002, at St. Luke's Medical Center, Milwaukee, due to complications after lung transplant surgery.

Andy was born May 8, 1973, in Park Falls, and moved to Wausau a few months later. He attended Wausau Bible Church as a youth and was active in the youth group and Bible quiz team. He graduated from Wausau West High School in 1991. He attended UWMC and Ripon College.

Andy met Amanda Miltenberger in 1995 in Ripon. They were married July 17, 1999, in Yarmouth Port, Mass.

In 1996, Andy was diagnosed with primary pulmonary hypertension. He enjoyed life as full as possible with his disability, having a strong will to live and great courage. He had a love for books and a good discussion on politics, philosophy and religion. He also was skilled in painting miniature figures.

He will be greatly missed by his family and many friends who all deeply loved him, but we know that he is with our Savior and we will see him again.

Andy is survived by his wife and best friend, Amanda, West Bend; his parents, Charles and Carol Bright, Wausau; his brother, Timothy (Marcy) Bright, Grand Rapids, Mich.; and his grandmother, Eleanor Carangelo, Traverse City, Mich.

[Text taken from the Wausau Daily Herald, Jan 31, 2002.]

## Individual News Updates

Scott "Zeus" Ahern announces: I, Zeus (the Tau voted Most Likely Never To Get Any), am getting married! Tina and I have set a date of Saturday, 6 September 2003. The festivities will be in the Appleton/Green Bay area. Needless to say (but I'll say it anyways), an invitation for interested Taus will be forthcoming (along with the note about free beer and wine at the reception).."

Patti Beck (Speed Queen) ". . . received her MS in chemistry from LSU-Baton Rouge in Dec 2001. After 3 years of studying synthetic organic chemistry, she took a job with a small pharmaceutical company, OSI Pharmaceutical. Their four areas of interest include cancer, respiratory diseases, diabetes, and cosmetology (AKA wrinkle cream). OSI is located in Tarrytown, NY necessitating a cross-country road trip. Then, in July, the company is moving to Long Island. So Patti and her chinnies: Maureen, Max, and baby Muad'Dib; will be moving a lot in the 6 months. Prior to her move, Patti went to visit her husband George Johnson in Korea and then enjoy summer in Australia. (See last issues Letters from the Front.)"

Brook Compton is living in Wauwatosa, WI, working for a company called Apria Healthcare as a Quality Controller. Apparently his job is to make sure that insurance claims forms are filled out accurately ("The length of the line crossing this 't' is too short by three nanometres..."). Brook is planning on moving when his lease runs out in June, but remaining in the Milwaukee area. He would be interested in hearing from anyone interested in rooming with him here in Mil-wacky.

This note from Karen Derf-Reilly, referring to her daughter, Amanda's, difficult and now cured heart condition, should have been in the previous edition of the newsletter. We apologize for it's lateness reaching print: Thank you all so very much for the calls, cards and good wishes during this challenging time for our family this year. We are happy to report that Amanda is extremely healthy and will not need any extra surgeries, medications, nor does she have any restrictions. After her last checkup the cardiologist didn't want to see her again for a year! We are so very thankful and grateful for all the prayers and good thoughts for our child and our family. Words just can't begin to describe our gratitude. THANK YOU! - Karen, Kevin, & Amanda

Alexia Natkin lives in Wauwatosa, WI, and works for Iscar Metals. She has started a personal project, her own on-line comic. It is updated once a week and is a fantasy adventure-type story. The website is: <http://www.geocities.com/silverswirling/>

Bryan and Stacy (Theisen) Slick (99) moved to Ludowici, GA, relocating with Bryan's transfer to a different military installation

Matt and Marissa (Tran) Small (93/93) are living in Reedsburg, WI, with their three sons: Zane, Kern, and Yuri; and their daughter, Xana.

Mage Soldner (02) and Eric Lanz (ΛΔΑ, 03) recently announced that they are engaged to be married.

Torii Swader works for Edstrom Industries of Waterford, WI, as a Software Test Engineer. Torii says: ". . .but my actual job duties can be more accurately described as 'Give it to Torii, he can do it'. I've started picking up tasks including shooting photos within the company for promotional use, proof-reading manuals, updating training materials, and testing software and hardware. Needless to say I'm busy these days. However so far I'm enjoying the job, which is something I've had a hard time saying about jobs these days. I'm still new however, so I'm gonna give it a few more motnhs before proclaiming it a great job." Torii lives in Wauwatosa, WI.

## Letters From the Front

A continuing series, excerpts from emails sent in by 2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. George Johnson (00) who is currently assigned to the DMZ in Korea.

**January 14, 2002**

Hey Everyone;

Life in Korea sucks as always. Too much work, not enough time, not enough sleep, the bullshit of the military. I came into the office at 1:30 AM to pour all this venom about the army over email while on Staff Duty and then found out a friend of mine from Ripon was in a coma that started while I was in the field. So, as I stay up late trying to do my job and in the crack a joke of two, I am thinking of him. It puts my gripes in perspective and places them where they belong, in the realm of humor. Too many I hold dear have bigger problems than mine I realize. I sincerely hope I entertain while maintaining a connection to those I know and care about back in the land of the big PX. My love to Andy Bright, may you wake up and find this dumb soldier's lot more amusing than I find it now. Amanda Bright I hope this is a distraction that can be appreciated in its effort to help if not its ability to do so.

Every winter we have an initial field problem called Triple Threat. At Triple Threat we deploy to the field and "acclimatize" ourselves to the winter weather while practicing various soldiering skills and activities. This really means we go out there and freeze our asses off for a week. You quickly find out that no one under the rank of Major calls the exercise Triple Threat. Everyone else calls it Triple Freeze. The HHC commander (sort of my boss even though I work for a higher-ranking fellow, the BN Operations Officer) decided the best way to acclimatize was to stay in the elements. He decreed no tents and no cots out in the field. Our sleeping bags include a waterproof Gore-Tex cover so we can live through it but, my, does it suck. Thankfully the Battalion Commander put a stop to that.

As an Assistant Operations Officer (one of my jobs) I am the night Battle Captain when the Tactical Operations Center is deployed. I work from 1900-0700 directing a Non-Commissioned Officer and a radio operator (which we call an RTO). We track everything that is going on in the BN: Where people are training, what they are doing, how many there are, who is running it, how many rounds they have, who is feeding them, etc. We trawl up all this info and make sure everything is as it seems. If we notice that chow has been driven from the Field Kitchen at the Field Trains to all the companies except D Company it is my job to get it back on track. It is kind of weird. Everyone on duty is exhausted. The radio checks are conducted hourly and often we must call repeatedly to wake up the RTOs in the Companies. Its kinda funny, they try to stay awake and sleep with the handset jammed up against their head. So sometimes they wake up with a start and say bizarre shit over the net.

My daytime counterpart, Captain Sloan, and I are bombarded with odd requests for information and when we say we are not tracking that and we will have to call up and ask, the XO or Battalion Commander look at us "like I have a dick growing out of my forehead" as CPT Sloan would say. He hung a sign in the TOC as a not so subtle joke that has a picture of a beaming soldier holding up a canteen cup with the caption "How about a nice glass of shut the fuck up?" (Incidentally those of delicate sensibilities leave the email, while I didn't intend it to be this way this email is in a downward spiral of crudeness, inevitable when one discusses CPT Sloan)

CPT Sloan is often accused of being a SGT trapped in a CPT's body (he was a SGT before he went to ROTC) but truth be told he is a 12 year old trapped in a CPT's body. He was in the 82nd Airborne Division and therefore a "light" infantry soldier (light has no tracked vehicles and few trucks, they walk around the battlefield). After being promoted to CPT and attending the Infantry Officer's Advanced Course he was assigned to 1-9

Infantry. They are a mechanized infantry unit. This means the infantry rides into battle within the heavily armed and armored M-2 Bradley fighting vehicle.

This was fine with CPT Sloan, who was sick of carrying 80-pound rucksacks and road marching everywhere. He was anticipating the life of riding in the tracks and spending lots of time in the motorpool. He attended the Bradley leaders course at Ft. Benning and then flew to Korea. He spent 1 week at 1-9 and then THEY decided he would better serve his country by going to 1-506 and spending more time in the light world. CPT Sloan was pissed. He was looking forward to getting, in his own words, "MechFat" Instead he laments that the runs and ruck marches make it impossible to achieve his goal of being "Mech Fat". He posted his objection to the light fighter's existence by putting a picture of a WWII tank on his door with a dialogue bubble off the beaming tank commander in his cupola saying, "God I Love to be Mech Fat! Light Sucks!" Of course this is blasphemy in the light community. But CPT Sloan is his own man and defies what is considered to be "huagh" in order to pursue his own vision (that includes obesity apparently). He is a fun guy.

CPT Sloan is a big "Office Space" fan and was teasing all of the Air Assault folks when we got back about our wings, accusing us of going just to get more "flare".

Take it easy, George

**February 5, 2002**

Hey folks;

The army is an odd place. One person can make a difference. For instance I dislike a couple of things about the way we run our tactical operations center that we use to control the battle while in the field. So I told my boss and we talked about it for a while and now I am writing the revision. As a 2LT in the US Army Chemical Corps I am writing the TOCSOP for an infantry battalion. People do this stuff all the time. They see something wrong and even if it is outside their lane, they fix it. This willingness to fix things is what makes the Army great. George Patton expressed this emphasis on individual initiative when he said, "Men are nothing, a man is everything." Everything starts with the individual. People see this as at odds with teamwork. Perhaps it is. But the balance of the two is utterly necessary. The two can compliment and enhance the other.

For instance, the premier unit in the US Army is the elite Delta Force. Their selection and recruitment program emphasizes individual initiative, drive to continue on alone and self-discipline. Yet Delta Operators are so effective because of a level of teamwork that is beyond almost anything you will see anywhere. They think as individuals but know each other well enough to improvise on the fly and be in synch. Sort of like a good jazz band improvising.

Oh well enough rambling on why the military is cool, I could give you just as much on why it sucks. In other news I got to do combatives PT today, we are learning Gracie style Jiu-Jitsu. Pretty neat stuff, a lot of fun. It definitely makes for a nice change from running long distances with nothing to look at but fences and minefield markers.

Did you guys know the Superbowl is a holiday in Korea? Mostly because it starts at 0800 on Monday morning here. So we had the day off to watch the Superbowl and recover from watching the Superbowl. It would have made a grand time for a nK attack. The gate guards would probably have told them to go away and come back after the game.

Well I hope you are all well. Have a nice day. - George

**February 10, 2002**

The image that comes to mind is the 1-9 Air Cav skimming over the waves at the village in *Apocalypse Now* ... Guns blazing and Wagner playing. The reality is less sexy but none the less interesting. We are about to execute a BN Air Assault next week. I am involved in the planning process so I thought I would talk a bit about how we do Air Assault.

A modern Air Assault has many moving parts and requires a lot of coordination. I'll run through just the basics and tell you a bit about a couple of the unique pieces of the puzzle that are often glossed over in the books and movies.

Air Assaults are broken down into five parts. These parts are always considered in reverse order from their execution in combat. The all-important last event in the Assault is the ground tactical plan. How we are going to take the objective is the most important thing, once we know that we will figure out what LZs to land on, where to fly the helicopters, etc. The ground plan is what accomplishes the mission and all previous steps must facilitate its success.

So the Ground Tactical plan is formed first then the landing plan: how many Landing Zones (LZs) and where and how many birds into which LZ. This is preceded by the Air Movement plan. How do we get the birds from the Pickup Zone (PZ) to the LZ without them getting shot down by friendly or enemy air defenses and avoid detection by the enemy while in route. While the birds are on the ground at the PZ we need a plan how we can quickly and efficiently load 500 joes onto the birds, plus dozens of slingloads also. Everything from Humvees packing machine guns and automatic grenade launchers, mortars and their ammunition, supply vehicles with their beans and bullets have to be rigged to hang beneath a helicopter in flight. This one is a bear to plan. The first step is the staging plan. You gotta get all these yahoos broke down into their chawks (a single aircraft load), weigh, rig and inspect the slingloads and a million other things.

It is daunting because we don't have enough birds to bring the whole BN in one lift. So we have to determine what units are most important to taking and seizing the objective. We are going deep into enemy territory and back so the turn around time for the birds to go back to the PZ and get the next group to the LZ often takes 45 or 50 minutes. The amount of people carried by all the birds in one trip is called a Lift. So while we are 500 steely-eyed killers, often we can get only 100 in on the first lift, they are on their own for almost an hour until we get the next lift in. Currahee.

As a result the first lift is almost exclusively infantry guys with rifles. Coming in with them is usually a command and control element of the Battalion Commander and his entourage of radio dudes and the fire support bubbas to call down the wrath of the god, Field Artillery, upon thine enemies.

While it sounds like the odds are stacked against the first lift (because they are) they are not completely alone. Sometime before the Assault our scout platoon went in and set up positions to overlook the air field. They get an accurate look at how many enemies and their positions. They bring radios along to call down the thunder an hour or so before the air assault, they also have a couple of high speed air force guys with them to call jets in to hit the enemy. Then, 30 minutes before the first lift touches down the scouts actually engage key enemy personnel with their sniper rifles. Usually they concentrate on enemy Air Defense positions and heavy weapons.

Also I will give some air time to some of the interesting non-combat element that go in with the AASLT. I will mention the Medics and the UMT.

The companies have their own medics organic to them, but in addition in the first or second lift we put in an Advanced Trauma and Lifesaving Section (ATLS pronounced "atlas") of the BN Physicians Assistant, four medics, and as much medical shit as

the five of them can carry. They set up the BN Casualty Collection Point (CCP) next to a field where we can land Medical Evacuation (MEDEVAC) birds. Following behind them in one of the first serials of slingloads is a vehicle devoted to casualty evacuation. It isn't an ambulance (too heavy) but a cargo humvee that darts like mad across the battlefield, you throw casualties in the back and it roars off to the CCP (we call it a non-standard Casualty Evacuation or CASEVAC). Also coming in about that time is the BN Surgeon. He makes the CCP into a mini-operating area. If someone is in a bad way he will operate on them right there in the middle of combat if he deems it necessary.

Another component coming in about the same time as the Doc is the Unit Ministry Team (UMT) consisting of the BN Chaplain and the Chaplain's assistant who is part assistant and part bodyguard (the chaplain being a non-combatant may not carry a weapon). The UMT assists the medics and performs emergency religious support (a military way of saying he comforts the dying). It sounds like an odd thing but I think it takes tremendous courage to run around the battlefield armed with a Bible. I am not religious but I have a great deal of respect for the Chaplain and what he does in combat.

A modern Air Assault is a complex and dangerous maneuver that gives us the ability to strike deep into enemy territory. It requires tremendous planning and dedication to succeed but the Currahees are ready to "Stand Alone" anywhere and anytime we get the word.

**March 4, 2002**

Hey folks, I am just back from the field. I am behind on writing about what happened in our air assault three weeks ago.

It started about H-23 hours, or about two hours after full darkness on Tuesday when we inserted our scouts to set up observation posts around the airfield we were seizing. They communicated back to us with tactical satellite radios telling us about the enemy dispositions. One team was compromised and killed by the enemy counterrecon guys, the others stayed hidden and reported all they saw. The first lift of ten Blackhawk helicopters went in at 1930 hours, just after full darkness. It was 100 infantryman from B Company. The birds went in with "guns hot", meaning their door gunners were free to engage any muzzle flashes they observed since no one was on the airfield yet.

Coming in ten minutes behind B Company was lift 2 with the remainder of B, part of A Co and a command and control element of the BN Operations officer and his Radio Telephone Operators (RTOs), I was one of the RTOs. The ride was uncomfortable as we were squashed in the back of the Blackhawk with our rucksacks stacked on top of us plus our weapons. It was almost pitch black in the bird as we flew toward the objective. We were flying low, it is an odd feeling to watch terrain feature roll by above you as we were flying down a valley. All of a sudden everyone starts holding up one finger and shouting "ONE MINUTE" over the din of the helicopter. The crewchief slid open his door and took up his station on the port door gun. He was "weapons tight" meaning that with friendlies on the ground he could only fire on targets that were definitely firing on the helicopters. We feel the helicopter bump onto the ground hard and we rush out both sides of the aircraft.

Despite what books and movies portray the first couple of minutes of an air assault is not sexy, you do not come off the bird with death in your eyes ready to cause mayhem. You come off with a weapon in one hand, your helmet falling over your eyes, trying to carry your 75 lbs. rucksack in the weaponless hand. You are sweaty and disoriented. For about 2 minutes you are just trying to ready your weapon, turn-on your night vision goggles, turn on the radio, get your ruck on and try to figure out where in the name of Hades you are. Meanwhile the night is

pitch black except when punctuated by the flashes and bangs of gun fire somewhere in the night. We become deadly engines of destruction, but it takes a little while.

After a few minutes, the Operations Officer's party (including me) was gathered and we went to find a place to hide. Major Robbins calls us his "Steely-Eyed Killers" but our job is to coordinate the battle not get shot up. We find a spot near the action but not in it. At this point the RTO job came into play. I

### March 4, 2002, continued. . .

listen to the command net and get status reports on the battle through direct inquiry of subordinate unit leaders (the company commanders) or most often just by listening to them talk during the fight. I then decide what is important for MAJ Robbins to know and what isn't (there is a lot of extra crap being transmitted). 2LTs are used as RTOs because we have been trained in the rudiments of tactics and BN Operations and would have an easier time filtering than a PFC who knows only killin'.

When Major Robbins sees the company commanders in a situation that requires some help, or when the CO commanders request it, we direct other units to help or call in aviation assets to help.

So we squatted in a ditch listening to the radio and looking at a map with a poncho draped over our heads to block the light from the flashlight, trying to direct the battle. When a company would hit some tough opposition we would call in some mortars on it or talk to the helicopters to get them to hit it.

The helicopters fly blacked out but you can see them with your goggles on (they have infrared running lights). The line joes would mark the buildings they had taken with infrared glow sticks and the remaining cluster of unlit buildings would be left to the helicopters. They swoop overhead, .50 caliber gun pods winking as they make gun passes. Pretty exciting stuff.

At its base, war is chaos. Pure chaos. And the command element is there to collect analyze and distribute information. Make sure reports get to the right place, resources are distributed properly, casualties are evacuated, etc. 5 individuals devoted to reining in the chaos on the battlefield make a contribution much larger than if they were just another fire team. Well enough rambling about three weeks ago, I have to move on to other stuff. Next time I will talk about the dog farm.

George

### March 7, 2002

I was out in the field for two weeks. We were being referees in a war game between various elements of 1st Brigade. They are known as the "Iron Brigade" and are a heavy (i.e.: tanks and armored personnel carriers) brigade. 1/506 is part of 2nd Brigade known as "Strike Force", we include one battalion of mechanized infantry and 2 battalions of Air Assault infantry (1/506 and 1/503).

In any case referees in Army exercises are known as OCs or "Observer Controllers" and when we were not out grading the units our home base was an assembly area next to a dog farm.

Yes a dog farm. Its kinda like a chicken farm, even looks like a chicken farm (though the coops are bigger, of course). And it reeks, it really reeks. It gets the distinction of smelling bad in a country known for bad smells. You wanted to gag 300 meters on the opposite side of a hill from the farm. That and there were dead dogs everywhere. Its strange, the dogs get out once and a while and then run out to the road and get hit by cars. No one bothers to dispose of them so there is a mile long section of road with 5 dead dogs in the ditch. Puppies escape and wander into the fields and starve, so there were about 4 dead puppies that I saw. They must have a lot of dogs to afford that many escapees. It was pretty disgusting.

Strange place. I visited a historic battlefield yesterday at a place called Chipyeong-ni. We did it as an officer professional development thing. We read accounts of the battle including first person perspectives and walked the battlefield and figured out where everyone was. Then we discussed the merits of the positions and figured out how we would defend Chipyeong-ni today were we assigned to do it. It was fun and we got a helicopter ride back from the battlefield. Riding in helicopters is always fun.

Well, take it easy.

George

### March 11, 2002

Yet another weekend on the Korean peninsula. The weather is warm and sunny for once, so we are grilling out at my hootch today. We grilled steaks and listened to loud music ranging from Limp Bizquit to Jimmi Hendrix. We also got drunk in true WI/Army/Infantry/Chemical/Tau/George standard. The nice thing is that darkness chases you inside since it gets cold and then you can sober up and make something of the evening. It was nice to unwind since we have been working so much.

We went down to Chipyeong-ni, a famous Korean war battlefield. We figured out what happened in the past and how we would fight it today. We also went to a restaurant that night, each company put on a skit that poked fun at the leadership of the battalion. Always fun.

I saw a band about a week ago called "Sun King". They are one of the bands that the Army pays to travel around Korea entertaining the Joes. These guys are probably the best I have seen so far. They are from Hawaii, and they do a lot of covers including some unusual stuff like The Cure and "Head Like a Hole" by Nine Inch Nails. The most interesting though was their original music. They toured here a year ago and went back to Hawaii and wrote some music about being in Korea. They had a good perspective on life here. They went downrange like Joe does, they drank with the Joes in between sets, really cool guys. So they come back a month ago for another tour and brought with them some great songs on being a soldier in Korea. Notable entries include "Slow Down Adashi" about Korean cab drivers, "Kimchi Pie" (not about Korean food), "Soju Experience" and one they wrote specifically for those at Camp Greaves called "DMZ". Cool guys, I am glad people like them are willing to come over here even north of the river and play for us. I know that they are getting paid to do it but still we appreciate it.

Well you all have a great day. I send you warm greetings from the warming peninsula of Korea.

George Johnson  
BN Chemical Officer  
1/506 IN (AASLT)  
Camp Greaves, ROK

# The Pabulumic Sodality

Vol. #41

The ΘΣΤ Alumni Association Newsletter

April, 2002

## Theta Sigma Tau Alumni Association

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### QUOTABLE QUOTES

“Well, it fits, but it’s harder to get off.”  
- Plenz, re: a ring on a different finger

“Once you’ve broken the seal you can slide it in & out.”

- Plenz, re: a champagne cork

“People are used to me flashing them and blinding them.”

- Plenz, re: flash photography

“That defeats the whole theory of lick & stuff, lick & stuff.”

- Daven Howard,  
re: peel & seal envelopes

“Zero to braless in 4.5 seconds.”

- Daven Howard as Tric Roll “undoes”  
Darlene Wulf.

“One pillow or two?”

“Two, one to kneel on, one to bite on.”

- A question on *The Ultimate Survey*  
and Kevin Clancy’s answer.

“If I were 20 years younger and you were a little blind in one eye . . . what a wonderful life we could have together.”

- Random Guy #2, Babylon 5

### QUOTABLE QUOTES

“Meanwhile, Grunthar is pooping his little hamster pants.”

- Sarah Hoffman, re: Plenz making cat sounds

“Meanwhile, Jeff doesn’t have a one-eyed monster.”

- Sarah Hoffman, referring to her hunk-o-man while talking about Monsters, Inc.

“I just can’t stand him since he stopped being funny.”

- Viola Martin, re: Bill Cosby

“I was five making weird vibrating noises on the back of her bike.”

- SaraH Hoffman, re: riding on her mom’s bike

“We’ll gladly feast on those who would subdue us.”

- Addams’ family motto, suggested by Bryan “Lurch” Hall as an addendum to the Tau Creed

“I just think that it’s a good idea not to antagonize the local law enforcement.”

- Dana Scully, X-Files

“If it’s free, I don’t mind sucking.”

- SaraH, re: IM bowling

“Every time I turn around, a screaming beacon of suck comes out of the sky.”

- Brad, a Shadowfist player at  
Plenz’s semi-weekly card night

“I touched it in its special spot.”

- Mage Soldner, re: dartboard

“Oh no! Look how badly I bruised my pear!”

- One of Plenz’s female RAs . . .  
say it out loud and think in naughty mode

Contributions to help defray costs for the newsletter (conservatively estimated at \$3/person/year) are always welcome.

Send them to Pete at the above address.