

Hellooo Jennifer,

Hope this doesn't come as too much of a surprise, for it should not, now in the ole mailbox as previously it were'n the inbox (from where it was plucked and placed unto here) ... but I was looking through the newsletter per usghe and saw'll but a letter from Patti to display and dismay. I cannot help but bring it to your attention as you've read it and afforded it grounds for complaints, (commintsing it in the comments section of the 07 Laurelhurst BEE). What hell on earth is placeably equating her concern with Bar-B-Ques being held in proxam to the Tennis Courts. Further... ... how does she feel positioned to speak on this with her sons tripping larcenously around those baselines after dark? My Jim went through worse Hell and back here addling materials for the club-and-racquet house and now Patti is the gate's keeper? Larcenously so, I might add. I am going to say – I don't think so, no I don't know ...so... if for she puts down that cursed multi-beving device to carry for the Trim & Outside, Outside Trim, Eaveside Fascia, and Soffit, ntm the required ten 1x4x6's, four 1x3x6's, two 1x4x14's, and two 1x3x12's! Also the dripedge, or whatever coated then blackened Jim's thumbs for days. But of course she will not be there instead of here (wherever each is) with her salient hippy friends for yet another coming together, worthy of a celebration, probably Joan's gala.

Beyond the Patti-situation, I think of the newsletter as thoroughly solid. Perhaps we could use a new gambit for the advo' section. This "The Trap" is off 51<sup>st</sup> and Foster and should make no means of bombasting a presence in the neighborhood's BEE. Think one of Patti's sons is responsible for this. Gary's poem area is whatever gary do your thing... the gary area haha. Anteway, I hooooope all is well with the organizational dinner planning for the Club's big 50 and would looove to help you on the management commitments so please give me a call or just reply to this letter about that.

Happy summer!

Jen Pl.

**proof**





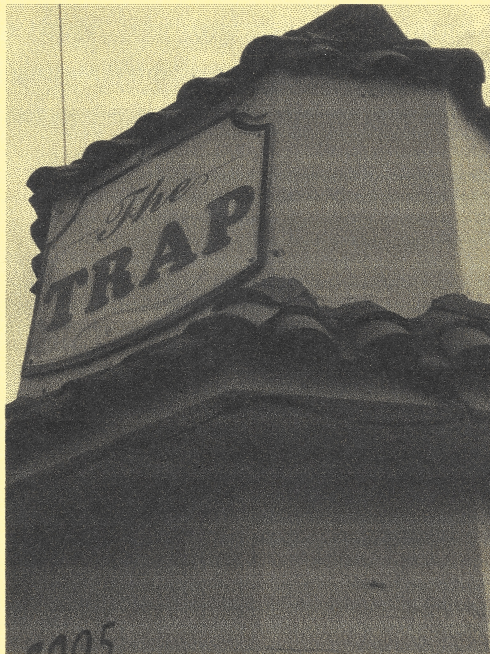
*(continued from page 2) But what remains my biggest problem with Laurelhurst Summer Barb-B-Que Series Club is the defectious air of smoke that prevails not only from the BBQs but what coals are scattered about the board. In the event-crisis of another BBQ happening, patrons of our park who wish not to participate in ceremonious roasts to nothing in particular are thrown into sensory overwhelm by the club's state-hood presence. Take: my son tried to bring his friend who did not live in the neighborhood onto the courts for a friendly afternoon match. Their athleticism was cast out by smoke and embers, from the grills and the cigars of those in silk and linen shirts past their elbows. In what will inevitably be read as sniveling complaint, voiced by my single distress, which will resound in everyone's recycling bin sooner than later, I ask that we please consider the whole community!!!*  
*Patti - 2393 LHurst. DR*

## Gary's Poem of the Month

It's no lie we have a nice little piece of a pond at the Laurelhurst Park and whether you fish, or just stare at the water and fish for words like me, it's bound to be reflective. But all being said, this is just that.

Staring down what do I see?  
 Here in my space, I'm back at me  
 Pond water ripples, I know it's there  
 Pen ink scribbles, from above my chair.

Now where am I headed in my later years?  
 Away from my duties, and from my fears  
 And if all near my own fin du monde  
 I hope to be by this here pond.



## THE TRAP

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