



NANCY'S NEWS



1999 ~ A Momentous Year – My Silly Sorry Summary!

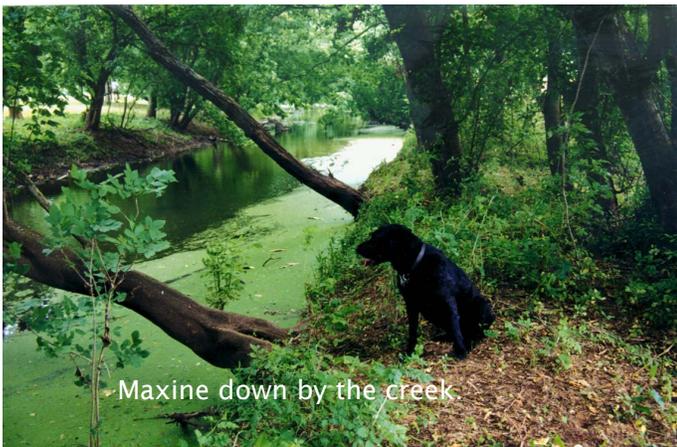
- I tripped over Maxi on the way back from the mailbox and put my hand out of commission for quite a while
- My roof started to leak during Hurricane Frances, and I had to put on a new roof for a mere \$3700 !
- My poor company is hurting due to the downturn in the oil business , so, we live month to month!
- Tosha got married! I went to Homer for the wedding! Tommy, Velma and I were calmly sitting in the eye of the hurricane!
- My friend Cindy and I attend the May LSAG convention and see how the upper crust lives by staying overnight at the very, posh Woodlands Resort!
- I went back to Maine for a visit! Had a great time sightseeing with the four blossoms and the Governor! (To translate for the Texans, that means my four aunts and my Uncle Wayne!)
- My nephew Charlie came to Houston for a visit , and we painted the town red. Then we went to San Antonio and painted that red. Then we went to Galveston and painted that red!
- My air conditioning went out , and I had to get a whole new system for a mere \$4700!
- We had a successful round of fall art shows.
- They are doing some great work on the park down by the creek. Maxi and I are taking advantage of that!



I attended the Livingston Art Show and won 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 1st Honorable Mention ! How many were in my division? Well, okay, there were 2 in my division, but, hey, it still sounds good, huh?

The Cow Tripped Over the Dog!

Yeah, you guessed it! The cow was me! The dog was my neighbor's dog Maxine (or, more affectionately, Maxi). It happened around Jan 23. It was dark and we were walking down



Maxine down by the creek

to the mailbox. And, no, it is not in front of my house! It is one of those "cluster" boxes and , as such, is down the road a piece. On the way back, I had my hands full of mail. We stopped at the corner so we could look both ways before crossing the street. Unfortunately, for me, Maxi looked a little too well! As we trotted across the intersection, Maxi saw something that was irresistible and to the other side of me (of course) ;so , she executes as perfect 90 degree turn and ZOOMS in front of me as I am jogging across the street. Needless, to say I caught her rear end and toppled over to the right. I put my right hand out to stop me, but my momentum was pretty decent , and I continued on past the contact point of my right hand and the tar...way past...as a matter of fact, I didn't realize fingers could be bent that far back without breaking! Well, during the next couple of days my whole right hand and 2 inches down past the wrist turned a nice shade of black with a little green and yellow mixed in for good measure! The folks at work said that I really should go to get it X-rayed ; so, I did. Nothing broken, but I was seriously out of commission for a while. It didn't stop hurting until September! Finally, it began to get better. Now it only hurts when I drive for a while. Well, that's another fine mess that I got myself into,

Toshia's Wedding

I drove up attend my cousin Donna's daughter's wedding. They live in Homer, Louisiana. On the shores of Lake Clairborne. Donna and Pete have a VERY nice place ...right on the lake. And "Tool Time" Pete constructed most of it with his own hands! It's a wonder Donna is still kicking! Pete is so like Tim Allen on Home Improvement, it is kind of miraculous that the house is still standing! Okay, Pete, I'm just joking!



As I said, Donna was looking a little frazzled and Pete was Mr. Cool!! Okay, I thought this picture was cute!

I arrived in the middle of the wedding rehearsal. Cousin Tom and Aunt Velma were helping out in their heavy duty supervisory capacity! Donna and Toshia were looking a little worse for wear, but Pete seemed to be handling things like he was having a great time!

We all went out to a catfish feed that evening. YUM! Afterward, since I didn't know how to get to their place, Pete said I could follow him. Aunt Velma came with me for moral support. "Don't worry, says Pete, I'll go SLOOOOWWW!" . RIGHT! Well, I followed him out of the parking lot and,

even though I kept it at 65, all I saw of him after that was a glimpse of red taillights, dimly shining through the dust trail!

Anyway, we all managed to survive the wedding I have included a couple of pictures. I had a great time visiting with the folks. Aunt Velma gave Pete, Donna and myself lessons on how to make yeast rolls. I don't think I've mastered it yet, but, I hear, from Donna, that Pete is practicing up a storm...let the flour fall where it may, and does!



Some dingbat in a BIG hat ducked in front of my camera during this critical shot of the bride walking down the aisle. Toshia was a beautiful bride. Pete wasn't too shabby, either, as the daddy of the bride!

I included this picture because I thought Tommie was LOOKING GOOD! And Aunt Velma is looking pretty spiffy, too! We were trying to help set up the reception while the wedding party was getting ready for the wedding. Tommie looks like Sam Elliot. You really are expecting a hat and cowboy boots and to have him say "You, I say, your day is done!" —Just like Sam!



Donna with her eyes open! All in all, Donna did a great job at organizing the madding crowd It was a beautiful wedding! I particularly liked the peach colored roses. They were VERY pretty!



Yankee Humor



How do you explain Yankee humor? Well, you don't, I guess, because it is unexplainable! I'll just show you some of the pictures that I took this summer!



The first one is taken during Uncle Wayne's guided tour of Grand Manan Island in New Brunswick. The other two were from Aunt Lois's guided tour of the Moosehead lake region! I think they speak for themselves!



Okay, all three of us have seen our better days, but this is me, Aunt Lois, and the Lumberjack Moose! Well, Okay, the moose and Lois don't look too bad, but I had had a heavy day of touring under my belt, you see.

A' Yuh, well you just cain't get there from heaya' , don'cha' know



I titled this one "Horny Girls"! This is Aunt Lois and Aunt Bette . I made'em pose next to the moose horn display just so I could caption this photo for this newsletter! I'm always thinking way ahead, you see!


Back to Maine!



Bryan did a fine job as LOBSTER chef!

Well, I made it back to Maine this summer. I flew in to Bangor and good, ole' Aunt Bette picked me up. Now Bette was looking a little the worse for wear! She started having arthritis really badly early in the year and was hobbling around. She was surely looking slim, though! I hardly, recognized her. She did a great job on Weight Watchers and lost a goodly amount of weight. I was jealous!

Renee and Bryan invited Bette and me down to their new house for a lobster feed that night. BOY! They put on quite a spread! Lobsters, corn on the cob, steak...yum..yum..yum! It was definitely tasty!

My first full day, me and Bet went and picked up Aunt DoDo and then went down and picked up Aunt Velma. There is no one in all of Maine that knows the backroads as well as Velma! We went sightseeing down around Stonington and Deer Isle. There are really some beautiful spots in Maine, you know. The high point was the lunch! FRIED CLAMS! YES! There are few things better than good, ole', Maine fried clams. Well, okay, they aren't too healthy, but go down really well.



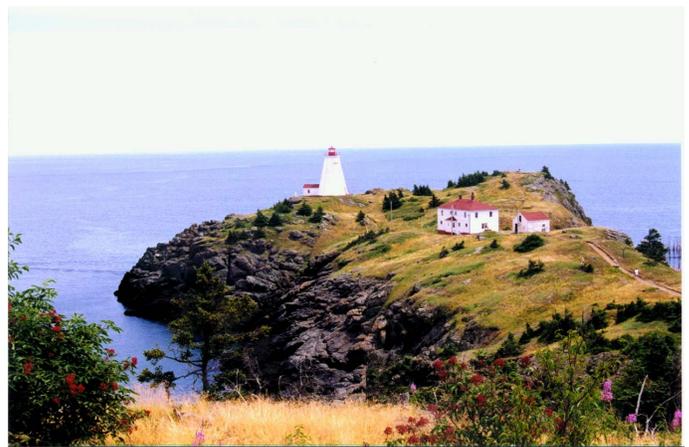
I've won a couple of ribbons on this shot taken in the Asticou Gardens. Pretty, huh?

The second day we picked up Uncle Wayne and Aunt DoDo and traveled down to see what they call the "quiet" side of Acadia National Park. Well, they were right...it was the quiet side, and there was a good reason for that! It was pretty, but not spectacular like the "loud" side was! We went down through Southwest Harbor and then came back to Bar Harbor. Bette showed us the Asticou Gardens. You know, when I said Velma knew the back roads better than anyone? Well, Bette knows where every pay phone in the state of Maine is located! Her job, before retirement was collecting change from the pay phones. Cool, huh?

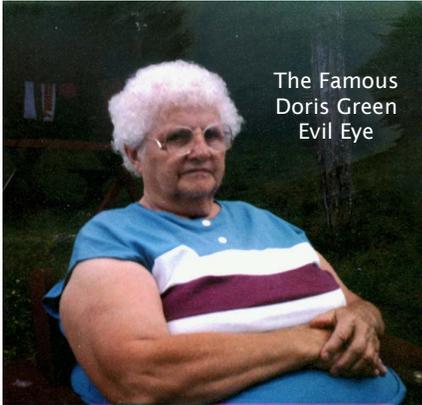
By the way, it's an experience and a half travelling with Wayne! One minute you're looking at the sights, you turn around to say something to Wayne, and he's disappeared. He did that in Northeast Harbor, and we found him getting the scoop from the harbormaster! He gets lots of good information that way, you know!



Thank goodness Velma was with us, because without her help, I wouldn't have gotten the three blossoms to pose for this picture at the Deer Isle Causeway. See, that didn't hurt a bit, girls! Here we have Aunts Bette, Velma and Aunt Doris (DoDo!)



Swallowtail Lighthouse on Grand Manan



The Famous
Doris Green
Evil Eye

Grand Manan Caper

Wayne decided that we had to go to Grand Manan for a day. He goes there a lot to do some serious camping on the islands. Grand Manan is in New

Brunswick, Canada. To get there in time for the 9 AM ferry, you have to do something that I wasn't just about to. Unh - uh. NO WAY! You had to get up at 2 AM . EGADS! Noooo sir!

Let me tell you about the trip to Grand Manan! We started out at 2 AM. Bette lives in Bangor ; so, we had to go out to Clifton (The stronghold of the Bragg clan , you understand) to pick up DoDo and Wayne. You don't realize dark until you get up at 2 AM and travel out to God's country to pick up two other idiots that are going with you. They don't have street lights in Clifton, Maine, you know. Geesh! It gets dark! Anyway, Wayne was waiting , impatiently (The Bragg clan is not known for its patience and "hauling ass" is good description of how they move...nope don't let that grass grow under your feet...no, sir). He was given the job of driving. It's probably a good thing it was dark. We set out to travel Route 9 to Calais. It's called the Airline road. I think it's because the cars just FLY along it ! Route 9 travels through a lot of Maine woods. Apparently, the state was working on the road in places along the route , because the road disappeared and became dirt. I believe, we fell into some whopper pot holes. I couldn't swear to it, though, because of the speed at which we came back out of them! My theory was that Wayne had mastered the art of hydroplaning in the absence of water. But, never fear, we reached Blacks Harbor for the ferry with a half hour to spare.

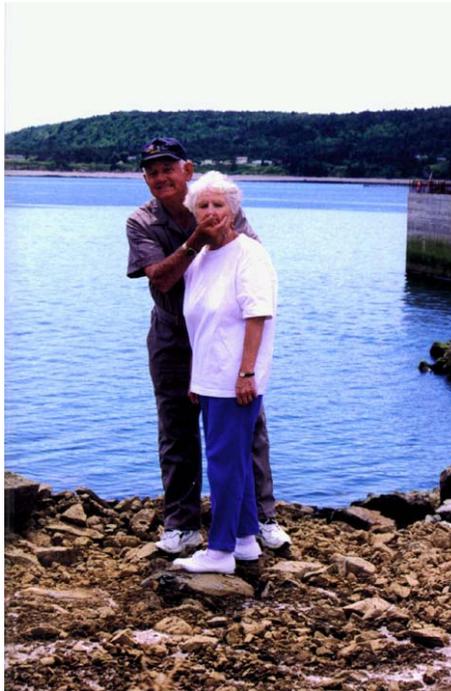
We managed to get DoDo loaded onto the ferry. Now DoDo has some problem moving around at her tender age (what's it now, Doey, 80 something?) . She also has arthritis, and it's a little bit painful to move around. As I watch the poor things, I see myself in a few years, and I ain't looking forward to it. The girls, however, will NEVER let a few aches and pains keep 'em from a good sight seeing expedition! Wayne left me and Bette to load Doey on board. Actually, the part he figured would be toughest was easiest. Doey went up that gangplank slicker than grease through tin horn! It was the entry way into the galley that was the killer. It had a lip on the door leading into the galley

which was about a foot or so high. When you can't bend your knees too well, that ain't an easy obstacle to get around. Wayne yelled down from the deck above asking whether we needed a crane to hoist that ballast into the galley. I don't think DoDo thought that was too funny. She gave him the famous Doris Green evil eye and skipped on through that doorway (okay, skipped might be a little exaggeration!).



Yes, believe it or not...we drove cars onto this ! This is the Whitehead Island Ferry!

An hour and a half later, we hit Grand Manan. We got off and drove the car across Grand Manan to catch the ferry to Whitehead Island. That took another half hour. We toured around Whitehead Island and came back to the ferry. Took the ferry to another ferry and then hit Black's Harbor again. It was a pretty day and the scenery was beautiful. We had a great time.



Bette does not like to have her picture taken. Luckily, Wayne was there to help!

Until we hit the Fried Clam shack. Doey wanted some gingerbread. Wayne said she didn't need it. Doey said that that didn't matter...she wanted it. Wayne said forget it. Everything proceeded downhill from that point on. The ride home was pretty damn funny! Those two sat in the front seat and fought all the way home. Now , the Braggs don't fight like normal people. They got a good sense of humor and when they fight, it's funny!

I think one of the funniest things of the day



My Sister-in-law, Sharon is trying to round up the bunch for a group photo. No Mean task! That's brother Dusty and brother Darrell, Aunt Doris and Aunt Bette. Sharon has the camera!

There's nothing that Lois would love better than to get a rise out of Doris, who was sitting in front. The first mistake she made was to forbid me and Doey from stopping to get ice cream. She said we didn't need it. Weeellll! Since I was in control, Doey and I voted on stopping to get ice cream. For all their quacking in the back seat, they also got an ice cream. You know, monkey see, monkey do. Well, we start back onto the road. The two of them are complaining like crazy in the back. I guess, the long an short of it was, they really didn't want the ice cream. Now comes the problem of what to do with the two cones. This seemed to be a big problem from all the noise they were making. They ended up sticking the two of the cones together; so, they could throw them out the window. "Slow down, so I can throw these out", says Lois. Well, slowing down is all relative, isn't it? I slowed down...a little. Well, you know those child proof windows in the back don't go down all the way. That was a problem, you see to the trajectory of the cone on top of a cone. Lois hauled back and let it flip out the window, but being restricted, you understand, the wind ricocheted it back into the van. Not into the back seat, you see, but into the front seat ...right in the middle of Doey's lap. Doey was NOT happy. She gave Lois one of those famous Doris green evil eyes and cursed her something fierce. "Slow down", she says, "so I can throw this out". Well, that's all relative, isn't it? I slowed down and turned off into an unoccupied area. "No, you God damned idiot, this is someone's front yard! Get going ...get going!". Well, I didn't know, it looked like a parking lot, Geesh! Anyway, I was laughing so hard, I couldn't drive. The harder they cursed at me, the harder I laughed. In the end, I think the ice cream cones went into the front yard shrubbery. Not too cool, but we were handicapped, you understand. And...they were biodegradable, as Lois pointed out.

was Wayne driving Bette's car. She's got one of those new fangled cars that have the automatic locks when you start moving. And then they won't let you out. We must have heard "God Damn Son of a Bitch" at least 30 times that day! I don't think Wayne was impressed by the automatic locking feature!

And then there was the stop signs. Wayne tended to disregard a few of those. Bette would point out that he just went through a stop sign and he would say "Oh, you don't need to stop at that one...I never do!"

I got to say, though, thank God he drove, because my little eyeballs were threatening to close a lot of the time during that day! It's hard to figure why, because they are an entertaining bunch, but there you go. Anyway, we survived the Grand Manan adventure. I went to bed early that night, believe me!

Moosehead Lake Caper

And then there was the Moosehead Lake adventure. Aunt Lois goes camping a lot at Moosehead lake. She offered to be our guide on a tourist expedition to the lake. So Bette and me and Aunt DoDo loaded into Lois's van and traveled north to Moosehead Lake for a day.

We were hoping to spy a moose, but, alas, none were spotted. We went to lunch at a nice restaurant right on the water. I'm fairly certain that restaurant will not invite us back again. Did I mention that the Bragg clan is colorful?? Well, it is.

Lois let me drive on the way back. Now that was an experience. She and Bette sat in back cooking up trouble.

Well, Lois decided we should stop and pick raspberries. There was a farm along the way that let you pick your own for a reduced price (not reduced too much, but reduced). We got directions from the front office, and I drove the van down to the back forty where the raspberry fields were located. The pickers were parked in the middle of the field; so, naturally, Lois said to drive up there idiot, did I expect them to walk all that way? Well, I'm afraid that started me laughing again. Probably a mistake to do, since I was driving and all. Anyway, apparently, this field was once plowed into some pretty good furrows, because as I started driving across it, I was driving perpendicular to the furrows. I got to admit they were pretty good sized furrows, because the van was jumping up and down in a fine fashion. Now, that didn't bother me too much...it was kind'a fun...like being on the ocean. But I never heard such a caterwauling that went up from the three blossoms with me. "Geesh!!", Lois said, "Slow down, you idget (I believe, although no one has ever really told me so, but I believe

that an idget is a combination between an idiot and a midget..not a pretty picture) , my jugs are bouncing so hard they are hitting my chin!" . Okay, now, I don't think that I will go into that any further, but suffice it to say, my aunts are well endowed. "Geesh!" says I, " I'm going 1 mile an hour, if I go any slower, we'll stop!". You know, can I help it if they got furrows the size of Mt Washington in their parking lot? I got to tell you, I almost wet my pants laughing at their antics before we finally came to a stop. "Thank God!" says Lois. Right, was God driving --- I don't think so.

Anyway, I got the blossoms unloaded, and we took our berry boxes and started picking. I'm afraid that I have been subjected to some terrible heckling in the past about my speed at berry picking. The aunts all operate in hyperdrive and all us normal humans are , obviously, defective, and they are not shy about letting you know that. They hit the field like a buffalo stampede and let the berries fall where they may ! As I finished my one box, Bette, Doris and Lois had picked three boxes a piece. I really think I got something wrong with my transmission. I just have never been able to shift into overdrive like the girls do! I was ordered about continuously. Come take this box back to the van and hurry up because she didn't want to wait all day to get a new box. Is that all I picked? Doris picked more than that. "hey", says I, " if I want to be abused, I can go back to Texas and find a good red-neck to do it!".

Somehow, we picked about 10 quarts and I loaded the ladies back into the van. That's no mean feat, mind you, because they all got arthritis to varying degrees.

We finally made it back to Bette's safe and sound. I have to admit, that I've never laughed so hard as that day! The girls know how to have a good time !

My brother Darrell and wife Sharon had flown to the east coast from their home in San Diego to go to a wedding on Sharon's side of the family. They drove up from Rhode Island to visit us. On the way to Bangor, they picked up my younger brother , Dusty and his wife, Linda. Darrell and Sharon were going to stay at cousin Tekla and her husband Paul's hotel the Phenix Inn. It is right in the middle of downtown Bangor. It's really a cool hotel. It's one of the historic buildings in Bangor.

Once they got checked in, Dusty and Linda , Bette and I went to meet them so we could paint the town red. Unfortunately, we searched the whole town and missed them everywhere, no mean feat...after all , we aren't talking a major metropolitan area, you know.. We did have a fine time searching , though. Do you know, that there really isn't a lot of excitement in Bangor , Maine after 9 PM? Gee!

We got to see Tekla that evening. I rounded them up for a group picture. Now, let's see...where the heck is Sharon?

I said that we should get together the next evening and

go out to dinner somewhere. Tekla promptly invited the whole lot of us down to her camp on a lake (I forget which one...there are a lot of lakes in Maine, you know) for a meal. "Oh, my, gosh!" says I "Are you nuts?!!!" " --- "No", says she, "Come on down". That is quite a nice thing to do,

you know! She invited the whole mangy bunch down to her place with one day's notice. Criminy! But the again, I always thought Tekla was a little tetchd! She had great tastes in clothes, though! I always liked getting Tekla's "hand-me-downs"!

The next day we all piled into two cars and took off for Searsport. The boys restricted us girls to 1 hour of knick-knack shopping. You know, men really don't know how to have fun. They, however, were unrestricted for antique shopping and garage sales hopping. I figured that was pretty unfair, but what can you do ? Now, Searsport , Maine is the antique capital of the United States . Well, I think it is, anyway...they had a shop every foot along the way). The boys were just in seventh heaven.



Bangor nightlife! From left, baby brother Dusty and his wife Linda, Cousin Tekla and her husband Paul, Aunt Bette and Older Brother Darrell!



This is Tekla cooking up a storm! That's Paul in the back. It looks like he's crying, but, luckily, I got him in the middle of a sweat wiping session!

That night we all went down to Paul and Tekla's camp. Now, with one day notice, if it were me, I would probably be serving corn flakes. That crazy Tekla had spaghetti and meatballs, barbecued chicken, potatoes, and corn on the cob , hot dogs and all the fixings to boot! It was purely amazing! What a meal! We all put our snouts in the trough and had a great time!

Darrell and Sharon had to go back to Rhode Island the next day; so, the visit with my



I asked Tekla to look exhausted for my picture. Unfortunately, I don't think the poor, thing had to act very hard!

brothers was short and sweet. Linda and Dusty went back to Eliot. Bette, DoDo and myself invited ourselves down to a picnic at Velma's (actually, I think she invited us, but sometimes we get pretty brazen when it comes to getting

some of Velma's home cooking!). We spent the day with Velma and Tom and Kevin and Sandy and the two kids, Ben and Mark. Tommy's wife Terry came and brought their kids. It was a real family outing! Plus, we had one of Velma's great Peanut Butter cakes!

The last day, Bette and DoDo and I went back to Bar Harbor (the Loud Side) to see the more renown sights! I NEVER get tired of seeing Bar Harbor. We managed to catch Thunder Hole when it was really thundering, for a change. I got the obligatory souvenir T-shirts from the genuine "Cool As A Moose" knick knock shop in downtown Bar Harbor, Maine!

All in all, I had a great time back at HOME!

Charlie's Visit

My nephew, Charlie, took part in an Olympic study for

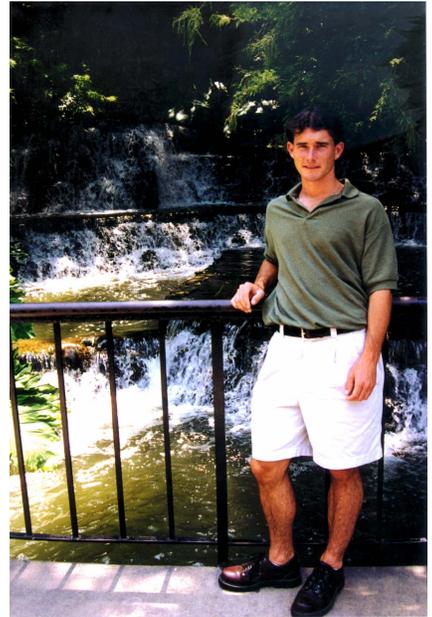


Charlie at the Alamo! He would not let me buy him a coon skin cap. Geesh! No sense of style!

Florida State University this summer. As I understand

it, it was to test the effects of high altitude on runners. They started out in Dallas for a month. The month of June, no less. Those of you that know Texas can see the irony in all this. A high altitude study on runners in Texas in June. Oh, boy...Charlie said that he must have sweat out an ocean! After the month in Dallas, they took off to Colorado. Okay, now that I can understand!!

I gather Charlie had a good time, but was NOT going to volunteer for any more studies! My understanding was that they had a vampire on staff that loved to spill blood! Charlie had a bad experience with a botched blood test that got all over the place (EEEEK!).



Charlie along the Riverwalk.

Anyway, he managed to get down for a weekend in Houston. I picked him up at the airport on Thursday night. Not one to let the grass grow under my feet, I hoisted him out of bed bright and early Friday morning and we traveled to San Antonio to play true tourists by taking in the Alamo.

We hit the Riverwalk and had lunch at the Hard Rock Café. It was necessary to buy a T Shirt to commemorate that event. Okay, he didn't go for the coon skin cap, but he let me buy him a Hard Rock café T Shirt. Well, cool's cool, right?

Saturday we hit the Johnson Space Center. WOW! There was a CROWD! We did a couple of the tours and looked around as much as we could without tripping over the ankle biters. It was okay...just too crowded. Saturday night we went to see a movie called American Pie. A little risqué, but funny.

Sunday we took off to Galveston and hit Moody Gardens. We toured the rainforest. We were going to the T Rex IMAX film but it had sold out...BUMMER!

Anyway, by the time I shipped Charlie back to Dallas, I was pooped! But, we had a good time!

The Governor

Let's talk about The Governor. Now, The Governor is my uncle, Wayne Bragg. You may ask, "Why is he called The Governor?" . Well, I asked that same question. The best answer I could get (you really never get a straight answer in our family!) was that cousin Dale (Aunt Doris's son) had come up with that nickname. That, in itself, is not unusual. Dale nicknames

everyone, whether they want to be nicknamed or not. For instance, my nickname is "Nannygoat". Okay, it could be worse, right? My brother Dusty's nickname is "Fat Flounder"; so, I figure, I'm ahead in that game. But, in Wayne's case, I think the nickname of The Governor is pretty apt.

If you talk to Wayne, he's ready to expound on ANY subject. He always sounds authoritative...you know...makes

you think he KNOWS what he's talking about. He has an adamant stand on any controversial subject . The trick to listening to Wayne, as with any politician, is sorting out the wheat from the chaff. I'd say, about 75% of everything he says is true...the rest is pure fabrication. The thing that keeps you on your toes is trying to figure out which is which...and, believe me, **IT AIN'T EASY!**

He likes to keep things hopping. If things are too dull, he'll find something to get the Aunts stirred up and squawking.

He can fabricate the biggest WHOPPERS and get the whole state of Maine convinced it's true. For instance, he called me earlier this year

(that, in itself is an event, because I can count on two fingers the number of phone calls I've received from Wayne in my whole life!). He said that he called to make sure that I corroborated a story that he was circulating around the family. He had everyone up there convinced that the new Nancy Lee Fine Arts Museum that just opened in Ft. Worth was named in my honor. Good Grief!

Well, I think you can see why they call my Uncle Wayne, the Governor! A true politician! Also, he seems to have the politician's wave down pretty good! All the pictures on this page show the "Politician's Salute" that he has perfected.

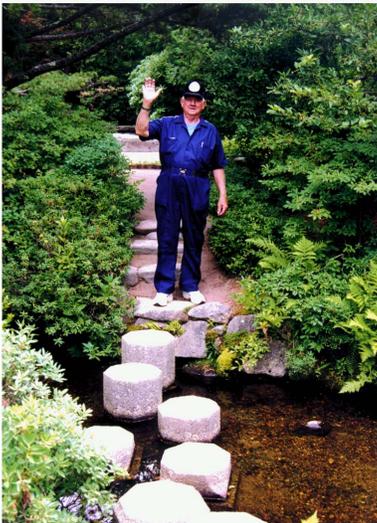
One of the prime rules of engagement with The Governor — don't start on Rush Limbaugh! That would keep him lecturing to you for a good half hour...or more!

It would also be advisable not to talk to Wayne before you board an airplane. He is a retired Air Force officer and is pretty knowledgeable about airplanes. If he knows the type of plane you're flying on, he'll promptly inform you of all the pros and cons of flying in it, and God help you if it is a "Piece of junk" , as he terms it! Your hair will turn gray before you even get near to the plane!

Wayne is definitely colorful (well, lets face



The Governor



The Governor at Asticou Gardens



The Governor and Aunt Bette at Asticou Gardens



Sharon, The Governor and Aunt Bette at Tekla and Paul's camp.



Aunt Bette and the Governor (from one of his better angles!) on Whitehead Island.

it, all of our family are colorful in one way or another). If you think that this is something that developed

Wayne, not being one to ignore a problem, came up with a solution!

Every time someone in the family drove down to visit in Florida or Wayne drove north to visit the homestead, they went through the Carolinas. These states had a wealth of fireworks stores along Route 95. Colorful places like Loony Luke's or Crazy Charlie's. They used to sell big firecrackers called M80s. Wayne always stocked up on these, in case of emergencies, you understand. Well, Wayne figured that the rooster was an emergency worth breaking into the ammo dump.

So, one morning, the rooster jumps up onto the fence and looks around as proud as punch and started one of his better crowing sessions. Wayne was laying in wait for him in the living room. The living room window gave Wayne a better line of sight firing solution, you see. His plan was to light the M80, hold it just long enough, and then lob it

late in life, banish the thought! Wayne is well known for his antics dating from the time he and my Uncle Vance painted Grandfather's cows blue. I believe, the logic was to "See if it turned the milk blue". (This was actually pretty mild compared to Aunt Doris painting the chickens blue and hanging them by their feet from the clothesline to dry. She said that she wanted them to "have the blues"). Have I mentioned that Clifton, Maine is a little dull and the Bragg clan had to find anything and everything to occupy their time? I imagine it kept my grandparents quite busy keeping a tight reign on them. I understand, that Grandfather had bought quite a bit of blue paint, and it was an irresistible attraction to inventive children!

The Governor and the Rooster

And then there was the story about the rooster... Wayne, somehow, convinced Aunt Doris and Uncle Harlan and Aunt Bette and Uncle Larry to move down to Ft. Lauderdale where he lived with Aunt Louise and the kids (this is another good example of why he is called the Governor. He managed to get those born and raised Mainiacs to move to



The Governor on Whitehead Island

Florida!). They all had houses in the same subdivision. Wayne's house was next door to a fellow that raised chickens. He also had a rooster. The rooster was prone to jumping up on the fence that separated Wayne's property from the neighbor's property. He did this every morning at 5 AM at which time he promptly started crowing.

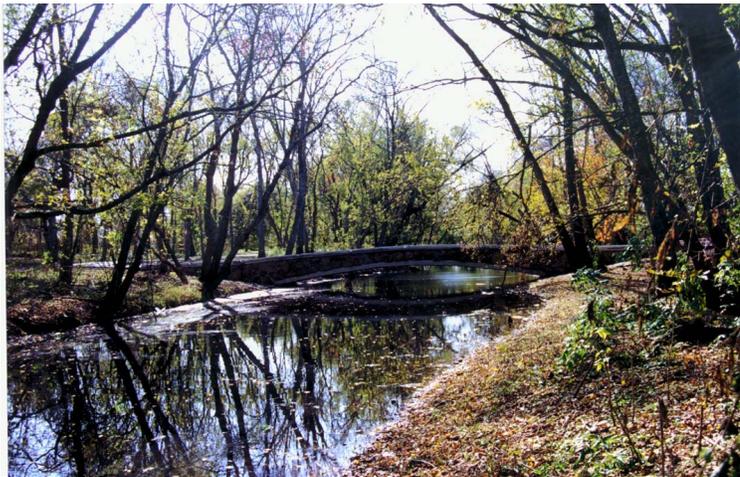
This crowing was a severe irritation to Wayne, and

out the window and blow the rooster to smithereens.

Let me tell you about my Aunt Louise's African Violets. She loved those flowers and had them setting on a glass table in the living room under special lights.

Well, Wayne put his plan into action. He lit the M80 and lobs it out the window. Now, let me explain that the windows in Florida are made for hurricanes, you know, they have louvers. Unfortunately, the M80 hit one of the louvers and ricocheted back into the living room and landed right in the middle of Aunt Louise's African Violets. Needless to say,





Lost Creek Park - They constructed a lot of bridges out of the native sandstone of Texas. It makes a pretty display!

when the M80 went off, it shattered the glass table and blew most of the African Violets up onto the ceiling of the living room. There's a lesson to be learned in there somewhere, but suffice it to say that Wayne was in the dog house, big time, for quite a while.

The Governor and the Pole Vault

And then there was the time that Wayne wanted to get to the other side of the canal that ran in back of his house. There was no bridge, and he wasn't about to get down in that mud, amidst the snakes and alligators; so, he found himself a long, sturdy pole. He knew how to pole vault (or, at least he SAID he did, but Wayne says a lot of things...a lot of which aren't true!). He took a good running start, aimed the pole for the middle of the canal, and planted it firmly right where he aimed for it to hit! Unfortunately, the canal had quite a deep layer of gunk and mud on the bottom. The pole promptly sank several feet into the mud. This seemed to have a bad effect on the trajectory of the pole vault. For a short time, Wayne was holding on for dear life to that pole which was standing straight up in the middle of the canal. Eventually, Wayne found out if there were any snakes or gators out back of his house in an "up close and personal" manner! I'm sure there's a lesson in there somewhere too.

What I'm trying to let you see is that without my Uncle Wayne around while I was growing up, life would have been pretty, damn dull. And, the best part of being a member of the Bragg clan is...it ain't just Wayne that's nuts! My grandmother Bragg had NINE children, and they all have that same sense of humor. Next year, if you're good, I'll tell you about some of Aunt DoDo's, Aunt Velma's and Aunt Lois's crazy antics.



← Lost Creek Park



You remember that Texas creek I always talk about in my Christmas letters? You know, the one that I

almost flushed Maxine down. Well, they have made a nice, little park along the creek. They replaced my earthen bridge with an arched bridge that is made from native stone. And then they made about 3 other bridges like it along the stretch of the creek in back of my house and across the electrical easement. They also made a jogging trail back there and a picnic area and soccer fields and a meetings building and a playground. It is really cool. Maxine and I have been going down there to take our little jogs. I am going to include pictures of it ;so, that you can see how pretty it is!

Well, I guess that's it. I don't want to bore you TOO much! Hope you all have a happy year 2000!



Merry Christmas
&
A Sappy
New Millenium

Bye for now!