

JWR 4.12



Evidence of a Good Time

Alternate Titles:

An Advanced Twelve

Where?... El Cortez?

Little Asian Women Who Took My Money (And Not in That Good Way)

Teddy Bear Cannibal Massacre

Las Vegas... Again.

Danny Gans: Entertainer of the Year

Tug Job Queen

It was about midnight, shortly thereafter or shortly to come, I don't recall. I was going to have a deep fried Twinkie. I've heard of deep fried Twinkies from time to time over the years, but it wasn't until just a few months earlier when I saw Anthony Bourdain take down two as well as two deep fried Oreos rescued piping hot from the very same fryalator I was now standing no more than eight feet from that I added this particular item to my mental to-do list. I walked up to the counter and felt like I was about to accomplish something significant. I asked for three, one for me and one each for the two guys who were with me. My blood pressure dropped like someone kicked me in the groin when the tough-looking, hard-working cook told me they turned off the deep fryers at eleven. I was dejected, but thanked him and told him I'd be back the next day. I was also leaving for home the next day. Fucking Vegas. Can't get a goddamn Twinkie after midnight, but you can get three Asian hookers to your hotel within an hour for \$125.

My friend Ryan loves Vegas and, to be more specific, he loves Old Vegas - downtown, Freemont Street, intimate Casinos where most of your vacationers don't go. I understand. I'm more pessimistic about Vegas than Ryan. I had been there before, only once, about three years earlier. During that trip I had not ventured downtown. I didn't even gamble. But I did get hit by a car and two attractive whores showed professional interest in me. I called that particular day a wash.

Honestly, I blame Jeff, Ryan's cousin. I'm relatively sure he was the first to suggest having Ryan's bachelor party in Vegas, a far cry from other bachelor parties I've attended: hitting Club Paradise before an ill-advised hour-long drive to Babydolls

where I was so out of it that I bummed Marlboro Reds off Stummer, or the second floor of that bar in Mount Prospect where the strippers did what strippers do. Long nights. But they weren't entire weekends, you dig?

I had reservations and seriously contemplated not going. When I was twenty-six Ryan was twenty-one and it became crystal clear that I could not keep up with him and his friends. We'd play Sink the Biz and I would need to do well otherwise I'd be on the floor like Finkie after he did a Strike Out. "Hey, Jerry. While I have you here, you forgot my Sunday supplement last week."

My thoughts about not going did not last long and I told Erik, the best man, that I was in. A dozen other guys were, too. Shit. A dozen guys: we joked about taking bets on who would get arrested first. I had met most of the guys going at one point or another in the few years I have known Ryan. Beer was the common denominator.

Jeff and I were the only ones living in the mediocre state of Wisconsin going, so we booked our flight together. As you may know, I don't fly much and my first trip to Vegas, and then on to Phoenix, was the last time I had flown. As such, I have found that I tend to walk through airports like a stoned zombie. The only things that keep me from looking like a complete moron are that airports are so big you have plenty of time to decide where you are going before you get there and I'm so fucking smart.

Even so, at Milwaukee's security, I had a minor incident. While in queue waiting to go through the metal detector I noticed a guard near me standing behind the luggage conveyor who was saying something in a monotone, bored voice. Frankly I could only make out a few words and noticed it sounded as if he were repeating something, but since I didn't understand, I continued through the line and put my shoes, belt, and keys in a bin and my bag behind it on the conveyor. I was through the metal detector and I noticed they were looking at the x-ray image of my bag. I was pretty sure I took my blasting caps out before I packed, but still, I became nervous. One guard asked me if I had any shampoos or lotions or whatever in my bag. I told him yes, because I did. He then told me I am supposed to remove those items from my bag and place them in a bin. I said, "Oh," then asked him if I should take it out now. He told me no and then let me through. Question: what the fuck?

Our flight was delayed about an hour, but Jeff and I made it to Vegas in one piece despite the fifteen pounds of explosives I had in my Pert Plus travel-sized shampoo bottle that security overlooked.

Honestly, much of the Vegas trip is slightly fuzzy for me, mashed together. I seem to recall something about Danny Gans, but it escapes me. Like I said, Ryan digs Old Vegas and we stayed on Freemont at the Golden Nugget, one of the two very nice and classy casinos we frequented most heavily while we were there, Binion's was the other.

Funny, when I told people where I was going to be staying, many of them warned me about downtown, despite them never having been there. It wasn't like I was staying at El Cortez. Too much CSI, I guess. In all honesty, I felt safer and more comfortable downtown than I did on the Strip. First of all, I didn't get hit by any cars and, for me, that's a big plus. Also there are no illegals handing out hooker cards, which, after about fifteen minutes on the Strip, gets annoying.

Oh, The Freemont Street Experience, that LED canopy that covers five blocks where they have the light show every night: as lame as fireworks.

For me, our first night there was black jack and Jack and Cokes all night long. They kept rotating in this cute but mean Thai dealer named Annie. We learned quickly and left the table when she popped in, and came back when the pregnant Chinese dealer, Rui, returned. I played all night on the same fifty dollars, tipped like mad, and ended up walking away up about fifteen.

The second day, after breakfast, it was right back to the tables. I lost fifty dollars on my first six hands, all losing hands. I took a walk. I came back, lost another fifty almost as quick. I went to Vegas with the plan to lose no more than one hundred dollars a day. It was still fucking morning, Binion's was not being kind to me, and I had already lost my hundred. I figured since I didn't lose any money the night before, I would roll that over and play with yesterday's hundred, as well. Well, I lost that, too, (plus another fifty) and while it lasted a good long while, I stopped playing well before everyone else in the group.

Lesson learned: Chinese dealers are awesome and sweet and don't mind it when you say, "Everybody win!" in a mildly-racist Chinese accent; Thai dealers are to be avoided like the plague. And yes, I can tell without asking.

I had the first Cobb salad I ever had on this trip. I was not really hungry for dinner that first night and wanted something light, so I ordered a Cobb. Two pounds of bleu cheese, bacon, egg, turkey, avocado, and lettuce arrived. It was great and I knew what I did not eat was going to that pig farm I saw on *Dirty Jobs*.

Our second night's dinner was highlighted by a bottle of vodka Erik was carrying around. He passed it around, but I declined taking a swig from the bottle. New Year's in Delafield seven years ago at three in the morning was the last time I took a belt from a vodka bottle. I spent the next half hour one full inhalation from vomiting. So, I ordered a large cranberry juice, drank a few mouthfuls and topped it off with vodka. That was inspiration from experience. Don't worry Erik, you'll get there.

After dinner that second night we got a limo and took it to the Strip. A limo is comfortable unless there are a dozen guys in it. We saw Howie Mandell's stand-up and recorded an *Ocean's Eleven* Bellagio fountain scene which has yet to see the light of day. That fucking thing had been delayed almost as long as Alex Rose's "Chinese Democracy."

We walked up and down the Strip. I was a few steps behind a man who held his young daughter's hand as she stepped over and on discarded hooker cards. She looked down on them as she did so. How did he explain it to her? Fucking Vegas. I was getting depressed. I needed a Twinkie to cheer me up. We took the Deuce back to Old Vegas, away from the mega-casinos and all that bullshit glitz that annoys me. The Deuce took forever, and it reminded me of *Children of Men*. Fortunately Julianne Moore did not get shot in the throat.

We all know what happened next. I went to bed depressed, sick of Vegas.

Breakfast the next morning was quiet, guys filtered out of their rooms over a couple hours. I always loved the last day of school, but, at the same time, it was also a little sad because it seemed to me that I watched my friends walk away one at a time, like that Bellagio fountain scene from *Ocean's Eleven*. Jeff and I had a flight later than almost everyone else, so we had to say goodbye to the guys throughout the day, but before too long I asked around and went back to Mermaid's Casino with Tadey, Pete Seat and Rexing... I believe. See, that whole memory thing. I know for a fact Tadey came along. I'm eighty percent sure Pete was there and sixty percent sure Rexing was the fourth.

Mermaid's: where a deep fried Twinkie will only set you back a buck. I knew the deep fryers would be going at noon. I walked up to that same counter I had been at only twelve hours earlier and ordered four of those seemingly-mythical deep fried Twinkies. I proceeded down the line, paid the man whose nametag identified him as Smiley and put a couple bucks in the nearly empty tip jar. Smiley still didn't smile,

but he thanked me with genuine gratitude and told me, "Bless you," which made me feel Vegas wasn't so bad after all.

The four of us stood around a small pedestal table inside Mermaid's, each with a deep fried Twinkie on a stick sitting inside a stiff paper bowl the likes of which I had not seen since I ordered nachos in high school.

Let me explain that they remove the Twinkies from a refrigerator, insert a round wooden stick in one end and dip it in a deep fryer. The Twinkie comes out at least twice its original size in diameter having soaked up so much oil. Then they coat the top in powdered sugar and chocolate sprinkles.

I picked up my Twinkie, which I was now slightly afraid of, by its stick. The stick broke, okay? The goddamn wooden stick snapped in half under the weight of oil-saturated sponge cake, "cream" filling, and confectioner's toppings. This scared me more, but I picked up the Twinkie and bit into it with the rest of the guys. I moaned, "Oh, man." I hadn't even gotten to the filling yet, but with that first bite I could tell that the powdered sugar and chocolate sprinkles were unnecessary and perhaps even a little insulting.

With my second bite I got to the filling and figured I had "Oh, manned" a little too soon. Manna from heaven. (Josh should know about manna, being a Hebrew word.) I got to the middle and the filling there was still cool from the refrigerator. Surprises all around. We all continued eating and I think, or hope, the rest of the guys though as I did as I approached the two-thirds point: "I can't finish this."

Suddenly, I wasn't feeling particularly well. I began feeling conflicted, like staring at an attractive teenager. All that goodness/badness caught up with me; I was full and I had a good five bites left. I knew I had to finish despite my stomach and brain telling me to put this abomination back in its paper dish and cover it with those shitty ultra-thin napkins so you don't have to look at it like they do with dead bodies. I looked at the guys. Did we say anything? I don't remember, but we all finished our Twinkie. Anthony Bourdain ate two and two deep fried Oreos. I totally want to hang out with him and buy him some beers.

So, that Twinkie sat in my gut low and lazy like State Fair cheese curds for the next six hours. Cross that off the list. I'd have another now, months after the event. One by one the guys left for the airport. Jeff, McCracken and I saw them off. McCracken was staying another night, at El Cortez, so he saw Jeff and me off. McCracken and I didn't talk very much, but I do like hanging out with him. That's

probably just because he's so fucking weird. He's a quiet guy, extremely laid back. If I didn't know better, my guess would have been that he was high the whole weekend. I imagine he doesn't have a job. Plus he had earned a place in my memory for the text message he sent out the day he arrived in Vegas, a day before the rest of us:

"Ha, Two Blazers, 2 Slacks, Club Shirts And
Dress Shoes. Dont Leave Me Hanging, Fellas.
greetings From The El Cortez, Where Vegas
Goes To Die"

So, Jeff and I went to the airport to wait for our flight. The Homeland Security lady who checked our ID was really attractive and I fell in love. I dropped a deuce of my own in the last of Vegas' massive rest rooms I would visit, and began feeling more normal.

On the flight back we were both tired, I read from a short story collection called Teddy Bear Cannibal Massacre and made Jeff read "Doof Doof Doof" which was about the Big Bad Wolf who was sexually attracted to Little Red Riding Hood. It turns out the doof-doo-doo sounds he heard from his apartment were from Little Red Riding Hood getting double teamed by two of the Three Little Pigs in her upstairs apartment. The Big Bad Wolf goes up there to kill them. He dispatches one of the pigs before finding he can't kill the other two or Little Red Riding Hood, so he goes back to his apartment to kill himself in a cauldron. It was not a feel-good tale. Sadly there were no stories about a teddy bear cannibal massacre.

A couple months later we were called back together outside of Chicago for Ryan and Becky's wedding.

A wedding's a wedding, right? Well, yes and no. I'm not really a wedding guy. I have only two weddings to attend in the foreseeable future. The second one, next summer, will be a doosey - more on that to come.

Now, Becky is not unattractive (she's Ryan's wife, what am I supposed to say - that she's like butter?), but she was absolutely lovely on her wedding day. Yeah, Ryan was hot, too, but everybody tells him that, so I think he's getting a big head. Giggity.

Only one person who went to Vegas did not attend the wedding. All in all, it was a great turnout, friends and family... and me.

After the ceremony we went to Becky's parents' house for a couple drinks and some pre-appetizer snacks. The wedding party stopped there to take some pictures, many of which were in front of a blossoming tree, and if I were even a little smarter, I

would be able to tell you definitively that it was a crabapple tree. Anyway, that was just one of many memories I took from that day.

Let's see, what were some of the others? Uh, I think some r-tard arranged the tables at the reception. I was at table ten, or something, and I was looking around for it. I saw Jeff's family at table nine, so, what would you think? You would think what I thought. Table ten



was nowhere near table nine. Table ten was way the fuck on the other side of the room, in the corner, I think next to table fifty-two - it was the table for the miscreants, the drunks, the dregs. And I didn't even get that drunk.

Actually, it was cool; I was sat with Tadey and Chong, and Valerie who reminded me of someone famous I still can't think of and had the most amazing cleavage. There was this very attractive half-Mexican chick with her fiancé or boyfriend or something to whom I asked a few too many personal questions about their relationship, but they did answer, so, like, who's the one getting too personal? I say them. See, they were a couple, then they broke up and then they got back together to see how it would go the second time around. I thought they were a very complimentary couple in every way, but since people lie, who can really say? I don't remember their names. I suck with names. I mean, I remember Valerie's, but you didn't see her cleavage. You'd remember, too.

Erik, the best man's speech was awesome. He had everyone laughing, rolling their eyes, or laughing and rolling their eyes.

I brought cigars with me and went outside with Tadey and a couple other guys to enjoy some time away from the dance floor, outside in the cool night, watching as some guy stumbled out the door and off to his left, close to the building when he leaned far over and emptied his stomach through his mouth. I believe humans call this act vomiting.

Being outside for the length of time it takes to smoke a cigar means you will miss something. We missed the garter and bouquet toss, and while I can think of any number of things less enjoyable than watching someone (in this case, Ryan, but who knows about the next time?) remove a piece of lacey elastic from Becky's thigh, I'm okay with having missed that.

I did see a lot of dancing, the father-daughter dance, for example. Ryan dancing with his mother. Ryan's parents, Becky's parents. And Ryan and Becky dancing.

I don't remember the song, but Ryan's parents were standing directly in front of me, blocking my view of the entire dance floor. Before I could move, Ryan's parents, standing close to each other, shoulder to shoulder, gave me perfect line of sight to a moment that could not be duplicated. They stood close enough and the lighting was just so that I couldn't make out their features clearly and everything in front of me was darker. Their shoulders and necks made as near a heart-shape as you can envision without it being hokey when, for only a second, Ryan and Becky's movements on the dance floor brought them right into the middle of that frame. The newlyweds with expressions of pure joy danced in and out of that frame, Ryan's parents - the frame - looked on.

I never told that to anyone. I wanted this to be the first time I mentioned that experience. At that moment all these thoughts from the day flashed in my head: the ceremony, the blossoming tree, the adorable little girl at the next table who stayed so well behaved, Valerie's cleavage. Then I thought of the first time I met Ryan and the effortless manner in which Becky and I became friends. Suddenly everything was perfect for a moment and there were no worries. Although I had been having a really good time, suddenly I was beyond happy to be there. Their dancing never brought them back to that specific spot, and soon the song ended and Ryan's parents moved.

That wasn't the end of the night. Other stuff happened. But for me, that was pretty much when I turned off. I had a few conversations after that, a few more drinks, hugged some people, shook some hands, smiled and laughed. I stayed until the end and (carefully) drove Ryan's parents, brother and sister-in-law to the hotel, something about Ryan absconding to the Drake Hotel with his pop's keys. I went up to my room, went to bed and slept fairly well. I woke up the next morning and said goodbye to a few guys in the lobby while waiting for Ryan's and Jeff's families to

collect so we could go get some fucking French toast. Breakfast was great, and then I drove home.

There you go.

No, that was not the end. Life has no beginnings and ends other than birth and death. Even those aren't truly beginnings and ends since your parents existed before you and you will have touched people who will go on living after you.

This is the end of my story, but it serves as only the beginning of Becky and Ryan's. And it's nice to leave things like that; after all, this is my tale of what happened. Yes, I forgot some things and left others out, some significant, most insignificant. This is the least I could do to show my appreciation for an incredible experience, planned and spontaneous.

This is my tribute to the Magees.

- John

What follows:

- Ryan's four-page press release.
- Since I didn't bring a camera, I recreated one of my most memorable moments from Vegas in charcoal on a grocery bag - my favorite medium. I call it "The Bad Beat."



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:
March 10th, 2008

**12 GUYS GO TO VEGAS...
NO ONE BELIEVES ARREST
COUNT TO BE "0"**

Arriving in Vegas on separate schedules, the Magee 12 were able to meet up and have a blast.

Friday started off with a landing at McCarran International that was sub-par/scary, and was the result of a crosswind blowing over 55 mph. Soon-to-be Groom Ryan Magee was not fooled. "Drunk fu**in' pilot...plain and simple", an animated Magee commented.

Many other planes had "curious" landings throughout the afternoon and evening, but alas everyone made it in safe.

After checking into the rooms at the Golden Nugget downtown, Josh Miller, Erik Peterson, Jason Gucwa, Tony Tadey, Ryan McCracken, and Magee ventured off the "well traveled road" down to the Neon Boneyard. However, getting there was a little bit of a problem. Jason Gucwa filled everyone in on what happened. "We met this guy, a doorman outside the Golden Nugget. His name was Dennis, and you definitely do not want to f**k with this guy." Gucwa continued, "None of the cabbies knew where this place was, so we decided to go back and talk to the guy that knew about old Vegas, you know Dennis, the only guy with stories about Old Man Binion shooting people's heads off with no questions being asked."

After the group told Dennis the cabbies had no idea where a historic place was in "his" town, an onslaught of curses came from his mouth. Josh Miller reflected. "Dennis had a vivid vocabulary. Co**sucker, MotherFu**er, pieces

of fu**in' shit, it was like we were getting a free show out here. And I love free stuff...I'm Jewish!"

After the expressive doorman scared one of the cabbies off, the gentlemen finally packed into two separate cabs with a final farewell from Dennis telling the cabbie Steve, "You better take care of these guys...they're mobsters....I'll break your fu**in' kneecaps you son-of-a-bi*ch!"

The trip to the Neon Boneyard was a success. Being lead around all the nostalgic lights by a gay tour guide named Lawrence, the fellas took lots of pictures of Binion's Marquis, the Silver Slipper and random fast-food signs including Burger King, Arby's, & the KFC bucket. Survivor of the El Cortez (where Vegas goes to Die) Ryan McCracken (AKA Adrian Grenier) was especially surprised when Bizarre Magazine showed up with a hot, blonde model for a photo shoot. "Those fu**in' Danes...always shooting something". McCracken got some hip-shots in on his camera of the Danish model, and reportedly ran off.

The afternoon continued with some gambling at the Golden Nugget where the stragglers started coming in. Nick Langlieb, Jeff Langlieb, John Lemut, Marc Magill, and Rob Rexing were in town, and the drinks started flowing. Later towards the evening, it was time to pay a visit to Henry, the famous pitboss inside Binion's Casino in beautiful Downtown Las Vegas.

Henry booked a reservation to the Coffee Shop, just an oak staircase down to what was a pretty good meal at an outstanding price. Jeff Langlieb ordered the salad. "I'm watching my weight", implied Langlieb. His brother Nick rolled his eyes from across

the table and said, "Salad... what a fag". Nick proceeded to order the prime-rib.

The pitboss took shots at many of the fellas, but his favorite was Cleveland, played by Marc Magill. Rob Rexing took pleasure in the opportunity to be present. "I literally thought Magill was going to cry at one point." Rexing added, "I could have sworn Magill was mid-bite into his 2nd piece of cod when a tear came down his right cheek."

Magill retaliated only to find more scorning from the rest of the table. John Lemut stated, "It was like he was a wounded zebra, and we were a pride of lions just tearing him apart." Erik Peterson added, "Cleveland Sucks!!!" Josh Miller tried to make fun of Cleveland by telling a joke, but failed miserably. Magill was much appreciative.

"If it wasn't for Moose, I would have left the table weeping. I'd like to thank him for taking one for the team, and I'd like to thank the man upstairs for Josh's inability to tell jokes."

After dinner, the Magee 12 headed upstairs for some serious gambling. The gamblers found a comfort level with a Blackjack dealer named Rui. "She was just giving money away, and Josh loves it because he's Jewish", said Peterson, who was doubling, tripling, quadrupling his money in no time.

However, the relief dealer Annie was a big problem. The Lawfirm of Langlieb, Langlieb & Lemut were not amused with her antics. "F**k this" was their salute to Annie when she took over the shoe.

Mr. White House himself, Pete Seat, joined in on the festivities halfway through the gambling tirade at pit 14. Rui came back as well, and the gang came back for more, doubling

down, splitting Kings (not wise), drinking crown and cokes like they were going out of style, and winning more hands. When all was said and done that night in pit 14, everyone came out a winner. Perhaps winning money was not the highlight of the night.

When you walk down Fremont Street at 1:00 in the morning, you are going to run into some crazy people. Adrian...I mean...Ryan McCracken found this out the hard way. Popping out of nowhere, a plump, african-american female nicknamed Cocoa Puff by the locals, molested McCracken in the middle of the street. Ms. Puff was quoted as saying, "G** DAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMNNNNNNN" in reaction to seeing McCracken. When told what his name was, she continued with her poor impression of Flava Flav by saying, "I doan gif a f**k wha-his name is...G** DAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMNNNNNN!" When asked later what happened, Tony Tadey told reporters, "If McCracken did not get a disease from staying at El Cortez last night...he's got one now!" But this intrigued Rob Rexing and his entrepreneurial thinking. "If this whore was all over McCracken, imagine how much money we are going to bank if we start telling all the ladies that he is Adrian Grenier!"

Saturday morning started off with a surprise purchase for tickets to Howie Mandel at the MGM Grand. The odds of getting tickets the day of show...and to have them in the center of the auditorium...unheard of. Unless of course you are talking with the hot girl named Jamie at the Bell Desk of the Golden Nugget. Magee told her of the situation. "12 guys... Howie Mandel tonight... MGM Grand.... what do you think?"

Jamie proved how corrupt the tiny town of Las Vegas

really was when she replied, "Let me make a phone call". Literally one minute later, Magee was on the phone confirming seats and prices. What a doll.... Jamie.... not Magee.

However, the luck must have stopped there, because downtown turned pretty cold on the gambling side. Jeff Langlieb could not believe the turn of events. "I mean, I felt like Rodney King I was getting beat so bad!" His brother Nick found a little bit of luck inside 4 Queens at the roulette table. "I had never played roulette before, and it was pretty fun. I mean anything that deals with balls...count me in!"

After that awkward comment, the rest of the group kept their distance from the Oklahoman.

The next fella to help the gang out was Daniel, another doorman for the Golden Nugget...but definitely not as intense as Dennis. As a matter of fact, Pete Seat heard from Daniel the real story of the legend Dennis. "Danny boy told me that Dennis was the great grandson of Mad-Dog Tannon. I knew this was a load of sh**, because everyone in this group has seen Back to the Future Part III like 9 times!" His voice got quieter. "I just went along with it because I figured if I argued, Dennis was going to make me eat my testicles for breakfast."

Back on the main story, Daniel was able to hook the group up with an outstanding limo ride in a stretch Hummer. Trying to rip off the fun Mexican game of "El relleño la camioneta", "Stuffing the Van" for all of you keeping score at home, 12 guys were able to fit into this massive 6.5 miles to the gallon vehicle. "It was tighter than a man's anus",

commented Magill, doing a less than par Borat impression.

Lemut agreed. "Everyone kept trying to get up on my junk. Plus, Nick was next to me, and after the balls comment I was ready to kick his a** if he tried anything!"

Nonetheless, the group made it to the strip pretty fast which gave them time to shoot a short film in front of the Bellagio fountains.

The experience was not unusual to Ryan McCracken. "I go to see fountains all the time. But not for filming purposes...usually I just sleep in them." Everyone pitched in production-wise, Jeff as camera operator/director, and Tadey broke people's arms if they walked in front of the camera while recording. His reasoning behind the hostility was WWDD...What Would Dennis Do. When asked, Tadey replied, "He'd F**K THEM UP!" The film is currently in post-production and will be out April of 2008.

Inside the MGM Grand is the Hollywood Theater. Inside the Hollywood Theater was the Howie Mandel experience. John Melendez opened, known as "Stuttering John" to some. A rather funny opening act, including the one about the rooms being far away from the elevator and the prostitute paying him to go...well, you know the rest.

The Howie Chat went well, which is apparently what the sign said when the crowds went in... "Q&A with Howie". Weird crowd, which led to some weird comments, which led to some pretty great comedy.... Ha... Ha.... Halifax! All in all, a great show, except the M&Ms cost \$6 a bag. Josh Miller complained. "I can't believe the cost of this stuff.... have I mentioned I'm Jewish?"

Outside Binion's Casino later that night, McCracken was

taking pictures of the local prostitutes when he was caught by Bambi, one of the regulars on North Las Vegas Boulevard. She knew the ole' hipshot, unlike the Danes from before, she was a smart cookie. When asked to see the picture, McCracken replied to the slut, "It wasn't a great picture...could you pose for

* * * * *



this one?" Local cops looked to the problem and were going to take the Grenier Look-a-like in for questioning, until [White House Assistant Press Secretary of the United States located in Washington, District of Columbia where there are 3 electoral votes to be given out to a Republican or Democratic candidate this year for the Presidency of the United States of America] Pete Seat flashed his White House badge and said no. Seat was a man of few words after the incident, but Rexing filled in reporters with stunning words of, "That guy's awesome!"

Then Sunday rolled in like 7 in Craps, far too soon. The goodbyes, the farewells, the last time the groom-to-be will have any fun in his life. Everyone had safe flights back...except I have not heard anything from McCracken who stayed one more night at El Cortez. Jason Guwva said it best. "May our prayers be with his family in this time of pain and discomfort... most from chlamydia & scabies."

All joking aside fellas, I want to thank each and every one of you for making the trip across the country this February. It was an absolute blast. It was great to hang with friends and family. To enjoy meals with the people I see often, and the people I see not often enough. I am sorry this letter is a couple weeks behind schedule, but I wanted it to be a good one, so I took the time. I hope I was able to make you laugh just a few more times while I'm still "unhitched". Everyone take good care, and I look forward to seeing each of you on the 26th of April, 2008.

I leave you my friends with a toast, as I raise my crown and coke...

"A toast to all our coffins..."

May they all be made from a 100 year old oak...

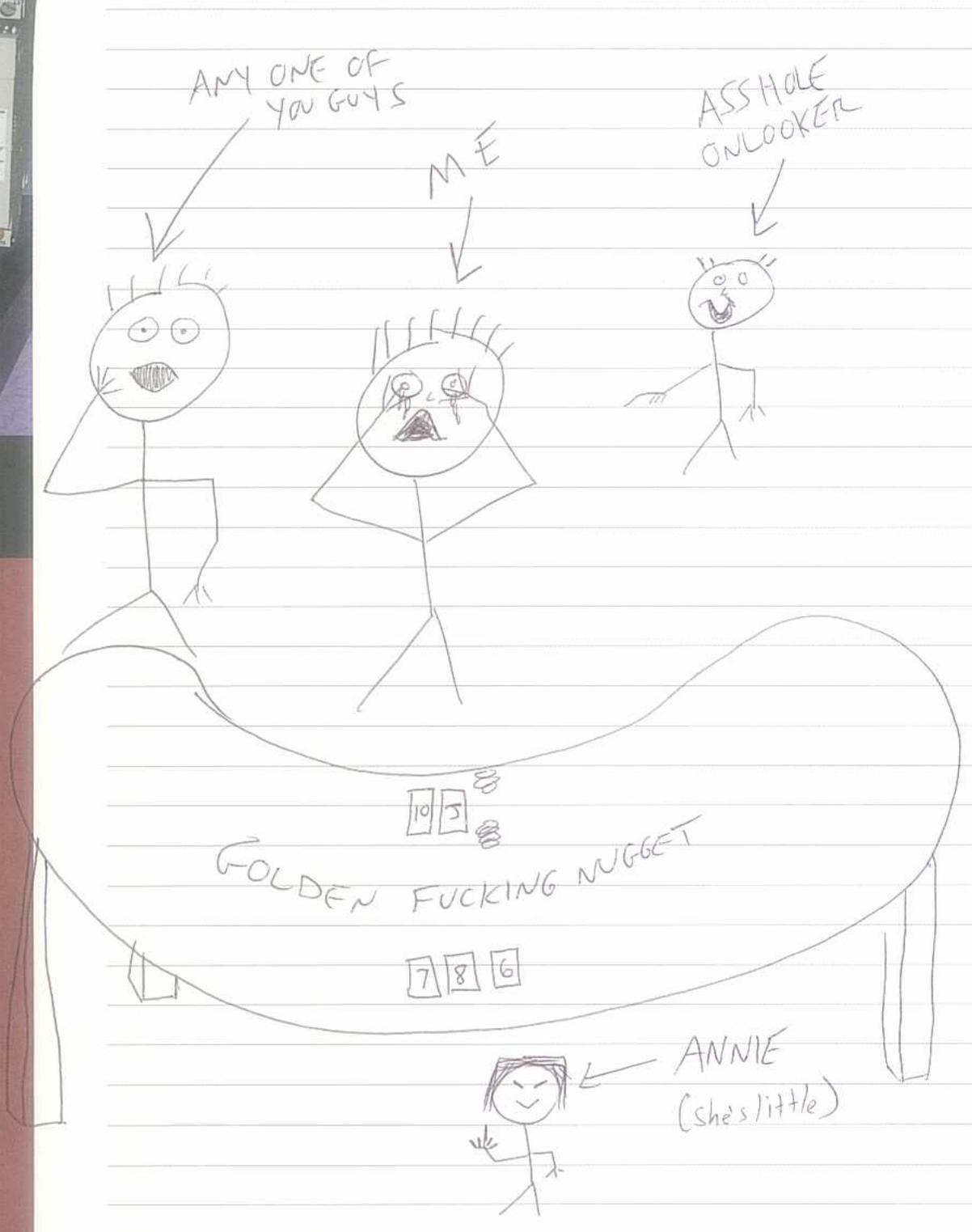
And may we all plant the tree tomorrow..."

-RRM



SMC-3 AND
SMC-DELTA

A NEW DIMENSION
IN MOTOR CONTROL



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