

I like your idea of bringing out a quarterly. I think you SHOULD NOT, REPEAT NOT, bring out a hit and miss edition in which there is no stated date of publication. Bad this. Too much correspondence involved as to why they didn't get this or that issue and when can they expect it. Drain on capital too.

I think you should keep on the MS-RR or whatever. I also think you should start to publish more historical bits that will spike the guns of the coach to the stars since 19 whenever. Such as a bit on Alan Calvert's Double Progressive System, in which one works up from five reps to ten then adds weights, a system that the trainer of the chumps since 1705 recently said he had invented and to support the claim got someone ELSE to so write, indite, print, carve and pen

You must now look on yourself as a torch of truth bearer and have at it. You are the only one left.

Bollocks is a loser. Tepid Tipper is a nonesch and worse. Charles Fraser is a prick who knows from nothing and isn't afraid to let all and sundry know this. As for Balik committing three gaffes in one issue, --- HORRORS. Can you imagine Dan Rather or Peter Jennings mispronouncing THREE words in one telecast?

But one thing more annoys me. This is Balik's refusal to answer any letters. It is just downright bad manners and boorishness.

As for Rader and his LIFTING NEWS. One must remember one thing. Rader never was, nor could he ever be, an EDITOR. He stumbled along. Like the British who seem to have a penchant, nay! a TALENT for muddling themselves into difficult situations and muddling themselves out of them and coming up smelling roses, so Rader muddled his way along and was successful.

Re Meg and growing up. I have BEEN THERE. I KNOW. Two of them! What a hell I endured, and all on my own too. No wife to help me and there was where things went off the rails. But, I muddled through.

I was some sort of a green eyed seven toed sap sucking stump and misbegotten sod because I wouldn't let Vera wear make up until she was 16, or date before that time. Now I sit back and chuckle when I hear her tell Johannah, 14 this October. "TAKE SOME OF THAT LIP STICK OFF MISSIE, YOU AINT GING OUT WITH BRAIN AND LOOKING LIKE A PAINTED WOMAN. " --- " NO. NO. NO. YOU CANT GO OUT WITH BRAIN TO THE MOVIES. " Ha ha ha. I told you so. I just look at her and grin.

Boys are like tomcats. They can come and go and do no harm. But a girl is something special and one can't help worrying about her --- knowing what we men do know Joe.

Things are different today. Kids are so worldly wise. I didn't know what a woman looked like naked until well into my twenties, for having sex with them I was too scared at what my old man would do if he caught me having at 'nit. Ah tempores, Ah mores.

my heart goes out to you and your lady. Best,

Chas.