



[Ken and Barbara Jo Davis papers](#)

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Lana G. Mael

Hi Barbara!

The sauce is Phenomenal!!
We love it. During the holidays
we had company and we quickly made
all-gone! Please send me an
order blank. My friends went wild!
I made a fraud + Bean Casserole
and added $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of Original Sauce to
3 cans beans + franko. Wow
My nephew in Washington
wants some also so I'll include
his order with mine.

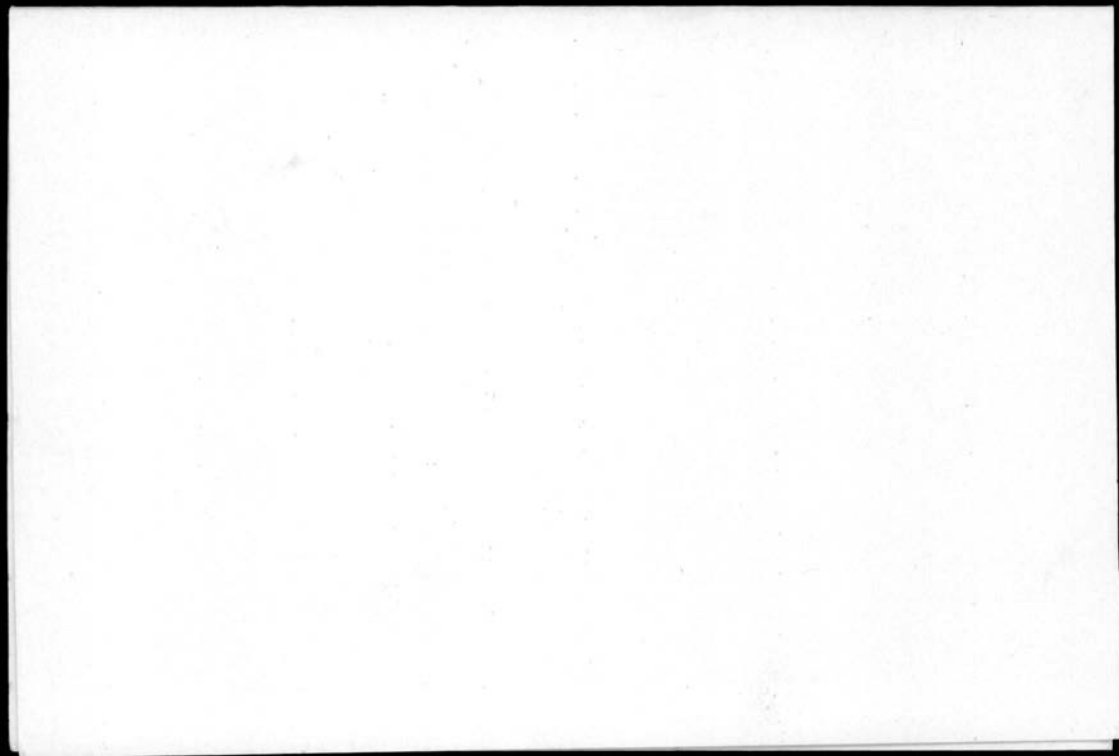
We are here in Florida
for the winter. The weather is
gorgeous. My husband loves it here
and it is great weather-wise for him.
Drew is moving into his first
real house. He is very excited but
finding being a homeowner frustrating.

Hope you had a real good
Holiday Season.

My best

Rona

Mel & Rona Mael
5404 Laurel Oak St
Delray Beach
Florida 33484



Thank
You

Dear Ken -

Thank you so much for the BBQ sauce gift box. That was very thoughtful and very much appreciated.

Your offices are beautiful and we enjoyed the personal tour. You have a lot of nice people working for you -

Thank you again.

Katie OBrien + Fern Warren
Park Nicollet Med. Ctr.

AMERICAN  GREETINGS

+ ASTY 3-8A +

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Barbara and staff,

Tues.

Thank you for a most enjoyable experience.

My father-in-law was delighted with my relentless search for your great "Slow Cook Pot Roast" recipe.

We had a nice conversation about the article in the News letter your company puts out. I'm looking forward to receiving my copy.

My persistence paid off.

I enjoyed speaking with both you and the other nice voice that answered the telephone call.

You and your company made my father-in-law and myself committed repeat customers of Ken Davis products.

Again
Thank you
Barbara Williamson

"Southern Magnolia" from an original oil painting by Carolyn Blakeslee, a resident of Salisbury, MD. Carolyn works realistically in oils and says about her work, "My passion is to celebrate the beauty and power of life in my paintings of flowers and other beautiful subjects. I go for drama, force and interest - I want each silent subject to tell a huge, dynamic, nearly abstract story."

"Southern Magnolia"

Southern Magnolia - or just "Magnolia" - is the name given to this very handsome tree, now used extensively as an ornamental. This large Magnolia, with thick branches and twigs, prefers the rich, moist soil of swamps and river banks, though it is adaptable under cultivation. Its Latin name, *Magnolia grandiflora*, testifies to the fact that it bears large flowers, 6 to 8 inches across. These white, waxlike flowers with a strong, heady fragrance, are all the more attractive by being set off by large, dark green, leathery leaves, 6 to 9 inches long, rusty brown below. This beautiful tree grows up to 30 to 60 feet tall.



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www.heritageart.com

BL-3101



Thank You

Barbara Jo,

Thank you again for your assistance in completing my entrepreneurship research project. You were so nice to share your knowledge. I truly appreciate your willingness to share your story and I admire your hard work that has made your business one of the best!

Thank you so much,
Jason Snydam

www.americangreetings.com
America Online Keyword: AG

AMERICAN GREETINGS
CLEVELAND, OH 44144

CARLTON CARDS
TORONTO, ONTARIO M8Z 1S7

Designers' Collection™
AN AMERICAN  GREETINGS COMPANY

DCHT Y-2B

© AGC, Inc.
MADE IN U.S.A.

Thank
You

Dear Mrs. Davis,

Thank you so much for taking time from your busy schedule to discuss your marketing with me! I am excited about County Q106 and look forward to our joint barbecue venture!

Sincerely,
Karend Thompson

P.S. We had your sauce on BBQ chicken that very night! ☺



The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio 45463 U.S.A.
Made in USA



Dear Barbara,

Thank you so much
for lecturing to my
nutrition class. The
students really enjoyed
your presentation!

I hope that you had
a wonderful time in
Asia. This card is
hand made and is from
Nepal. The front shows
a Sherpa woman cooking
in her kitchen.

Thanks again and I
hope that you would
consider doing this again
next January or February.
Best Wishes,
Cheryl





Barbara -

Thank you so much for taking time out of your busy schedule to talk to me about Ken Davis products. I learned a lot more than I would've from any text book or magazine article. I just hope my paper does your company justice - it truly is a remarkable philosophy and organization! Best of luck to you in the future!

Sincerely,

Kim George

CARLTON
CARDS

CARLTON CARDS
CLEVELAND, OH 44114

CARLTON CARDS
TORONTO, ON M9B 1S7

2445192
TNSQ PP12A

© AGC, INC.
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TRIM THE TREE

Please help decorate my Christmas tree.

It will be standing bare as can be

In the living room at 9120

Do I have ornaments? Plenty!

Saturday, December 14; come at 2.

It will be dark before we're through.

Note: This party is on SATURDAY; that's a change. There will be no ballgames while I slave over a hot range!

I will COOK while you trim,
Hanging baubles and beads on every limb.

Deck them halls, y'all.

If you cannot attend, call.

Barbara Jo Davis, 9120 Flyway Circle, Eden Prairie, 952/942-6647

SSSHHHHHH!

Larry Rosenberg is turning 65 in November, and
we're having a **SURPRISE PARTY**.

Saturday, October 23

6:30 p.m.

(Larry's coming at 7, so please be prompt.)

Barbara Davis' home:

9120 Flyway Circle

Eden Prairie

Gag Gifts richly deserved

RSVP by October 18

952-942-6647

DIRECTIONS

From **494**: Take **169 South**. Go about **1 3/4 miles** to **Anderson Lakes Parkway**. Turn right.

Go approximately **1/2 mile** to **Neill Lake Road**. Turn left.

Go about **2 blocks** to **Flyway Circle**; turn left. It's the third house on the right.

Champagne, Hors d'oeuvre and All That Jazz

It's Leo's Birthday!

Please join us August 12, 1997 from 6 until 10 pm

*At the Dakota Bar and Grill, Bandana Square
Energy Park Drive, St. Paul*

Your Hosts: Barbara Davis and Rick Leepart

Music by Carrie Smith and her Trio

Party Clothes are a Must; Gifts are Not

Reply by August 5 922-5556

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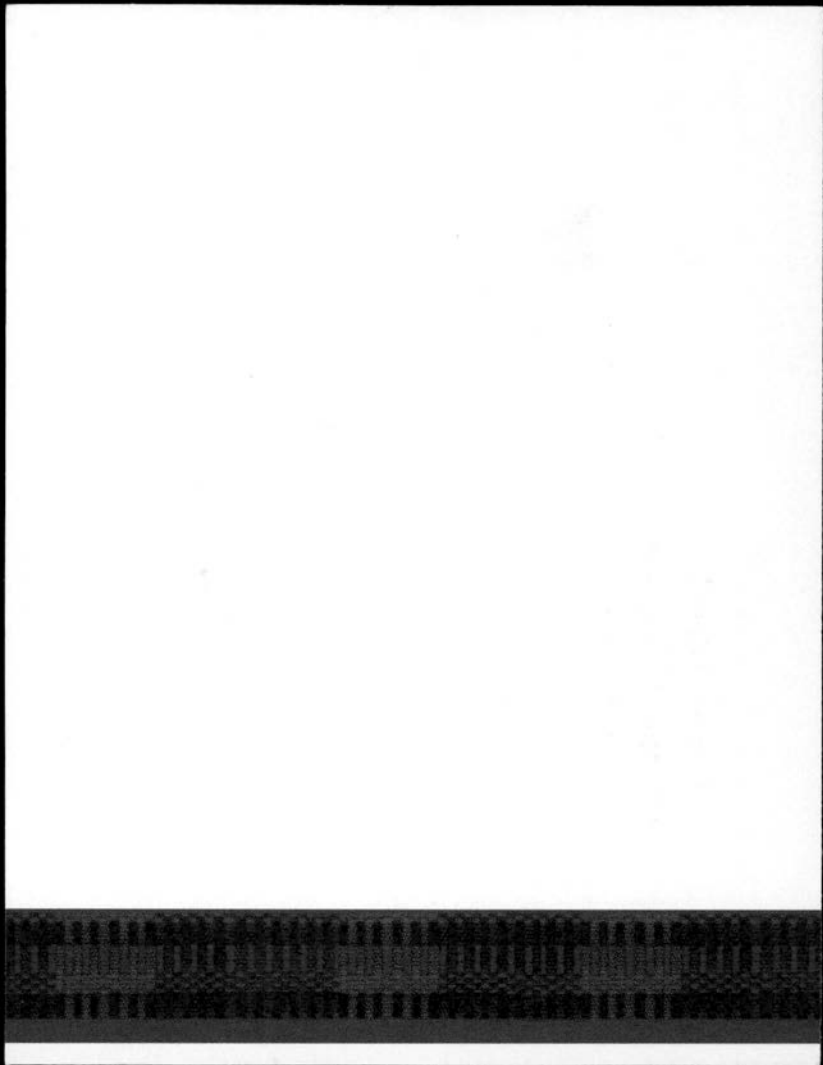
Fourth Annual **BOUTIQUE**
by Kathy Williams and Barbara Jo Davis
featuring fine wearables by

"Mama and Me"

Don't miss our fabulous Back Room Sale!

Sunday, November 2, 1997, **10 to 6**
at Ken Davis Products
4210 Park Glen Road, St. Louis Park
Call 922-5556 if you need directions

BRING YOUR FRIENDS!



December, 1997

Season's Greetings

Is it possible that 15 years have passed since Ken and I built our new home? Can it be 6 years since he died? Can I already be 55 years old? Did I really stand in the middle of Flyway Circle at midnight watching the Hale-Bopp Comet blaze across the sky? Yes! to all of the above. What a year 1997 was!

I don't know whether or not it was the fault of the comet, but lots of unfortunate things happened to me this year--nothing tragic, thank Goodness. My house started its 15-year "I need to be fixed or replaced" routine: everything from the furnace to the garage door opener. Not to mention the squirrels that took up residence in my attic and chewed up everything in sight, including wiring for my telephone, alarm system and underground sprinkler.

In April, I was involved in a four-car auto crash, which resulted in my having to buy a new car. Four cars, all towed, no injuries. Was that a miracle, or what! Not related to the car crash, I had to have surgery on my left shoulder for a torn rotator cuff. Then I spent 3 months sleeping in a chair!

On the good side, though, business has been very good. I've enjoyed writing the newsletter and doing the radio commercials. We missed having an intern this year, so I had to do it all myself.

Travel? But of course. In February a group of 10 of us women, including my cousin from Houston, went to Paris, France for a week. In June I went to Aspen, Colorado to be a chef's assistant at the Food and Wine Classic. Last month I went to Hawaii with another group of women to celebrate a 50th and a 70th birthday. I spent Thanksgiving in Colorado Springs.

For my 55th on August 12, I combined resources with a friend and threw a big party at one of the local clubs. My friend and sister Carrie Smith brought her trio to town for the event.

Now, I'm looking forward to Christmas, which I love, even though I'm much too busy to do anything about it! And I've already got tickets to the Kwanzaa Ball on December 27. I hope you and yours will have a joyful, peaceful and fun-filled Holiday Season.

Barbara Jo

Davis for Governor

622 Lowry Avenue North
Minneapolis, Minnesota, USA 55411-1441
612/522-9433
FAX 612/521-5506

July 27, 1998

FAX 922-6087 - 4 pages total no cover

Ms. Barbara Davis
4210 Park Glen Road
St. Louis Park, MN 55416

Dear Barbara,


Thank you for taking my call today.

Early rejection is not unfamiliar to me as a person who has spent his entire work life in sales, marketing and merchandising. However, I do not recall an earlier rejection than yours when I asked you to run for Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota. Wow!

When Steve Kimmel suggested I consider you as a possible running mate I checked you out a bit in the files at the Minneapolis Library and thought instantly that we would make a great team capable of addressing the critically important issues of the day such as the environment, jobs, education and affordable housing.

Would you please have lunch with me this Friday at 1 PM?

Sincerely,



Leslie Davis

Enclosed: Four articles

Davis for Governor

622 Lowry Avenue North
Minneapolis, Minnesota, USA 55411-1441
612/522-9433
FAX 612/521-5506

Protect the Earth Party

Star Tribune

February 12, 1998

Environmentalist Leslie Davis announces run for governor

Leslie Davis, a 61-year-old Minneapolis environmentalist, announced Wednesday that he would run as a gubernatorial candidate for his own Protect the Earth Party.

Davis, known for his role in trying to stop the logging at the Little Alfie site in northern Minnesota's Superior National Forest, said he wants to protect the environment, the economy, health and education.

"It's all tied together," said Davis, who described his profession as "an Earth protector."

Among his goals, Davis listed: stamping out lead poisoning of children; reducing electricity consumption; reducing crime through training, education and employ-



Leslie Davis

ment; encouraging less smoking; working to end dioxin poisoning; ending homelessness, and fighting for fair prices for public water.

Davis is an Army veteran who said he moved to Minnesota from New York City in 1962 to help raise a family. He worked in sales, marketing and trend analysis for manufacturers of women's apparel.

Davis ran for governor in 1994 and received 4,611 votes.

— *Associated Press*

STAR TRIBUNE

MONDAY, JULY 27 • 1998



Leslie Davis: Count him in the governor's race.

Write-in candidate

Leslie Davis, an environmental activist, will run for governor as a write-in candidate. He's the founder and president of the Minneapolis-based Earth Protector environmental group.

Davis said he hasn't found an appropriate running mate, so he couldn't file with the secretary of state's Tuesday deadline to have his name on the ballot. But Davis said he's the best person to be governor. He said he has a "terrific record" of business experience and public service.

— Associated Press

Duluth News Tribune

July 24, 1998

Davis runs for governor

Leslie Davis, founder and president of the Earth Protector environmental group, launched a write-in campaign for governor of Minnesota in Duluth on Thursday, two days after the filing period closed for candidates entering races for Minnesota's fall elections.

Davis, a Minneapolis resident, was unable to file by Tuesday's deadline because he did not have a lieutenant governor running mate chosen. Therefore, his name will not appear on the ballot for November elections. He said he is confident people will know his name by Election Day and write him in.

Environment needs a governor who's independent

Ron Meador's June 8 Commentary article, "Environmental concerns are plentifully urgent," calls for a governor who "can challenge the popular notion that Minnesotans have already mastered their environmental challenge." As founder and president of the environmental group Earth Protector since 1982, I can say that environmental concerns are precisely why I am running for governor.

I am not a political hack, a paid-off developer's stooge or a lawyer. As much as I appreciate and employ lawyers, is it not enough that we have lawyers running the Legislature and the courts. We would be foolish to have a lawyer, with all their obligations to various special interest groups, holding the governor's office.

To accomplish the things

Meador writes about, a governor must be independent. Our next governor must be knowledgeable about business, committed to a protected environment and jobs, committed to stopping the lead poisoning of Minnesota children and other health epidemics. But knowing about the problems is one thing; doing something about them is another.

Before a governor can make the changes that need to be made, he or she must not be in anyone's pocket... not developers, unions, industry, environmental groups, teachers associations or any political party.

I am that "independent" person. I represent the people, the animals, business and the environment. I have 15 years of full-time public service as the president of Earth Protector Inc. and 25 years of business, sales and

marketing experience before that. I have seen the effects of the cruel and vicious leg-hold trap, forest pillaging, payoffs to politicians to build garbage burners, lies, withheld information and false sworn affidavits by Minnesota Pollution Control Agency staff. I have seen it all and know exactly what needs to be done.

I will work with the Legislature to see that 3M, Koch Refinery, Ashland Oil and other industries that take 100 billion gallons of public water for 1/200th of a penny a gallon pay two pennies a gallon and I propose to use part of that \$2 billion revenue to establish Minnesota's industrial hemp industry. This will provide farmers with options to growing food for caged, suffering, tortured animals.

In the Davis administration

Minnesota farmers can produce hemp for fuel, fiber, food, oil, building materials, textiles and more. This huge opportunity will be one of the cornerstones of my development package. Along with the development of a hemp industry I want Minnesota to become a leader in energy technologies such as fuel cells, which are the replacement for the internal combustion engine. I will work with our Legislature to establish a research, development and production energy industry with fuel cell manufacturing as its anchor. I want to see Minnesota into fuel cells big, now.

I stood up to BFI at the Eden Prairie dump, Ford Motors in St. Paul over odors, Watkins about a medical waste burner, led the group that stopped Northern States Power from burning PCB liquids in St. Paul, stopped gar-

bage burners in New Brighton and Winsted, protected the Wild and Scenic Rivers District in Otsego, stood against nukes since 1980 and am now fighting in the Court of Appeals the deadly Minneapolis garbage burner and its related ash dumps.

And who does not remember Earth Protector and Leslie Davis stepping up with Earth First! to try and save Little Alfie?

My business and environmental record is strong and so am I. With Leslie Davis as governor of Minnesota, people like Meador can rest easy. I will work full time for the people, the animals, the environment, business, labor and education. I am the best person for the job and, if I win the race for governor, we all win.

— Leslie Davis, Minneapolis.

Davis for Governor

622 Lowry Avenue North
Minneapolis, Minnesota, USA 55411-1441
612/522-9433
FAX 612/521-5506

Stop Lead Poisoning of Children

**Thousands of children in Minneapolis, St. Paul,
Duluth and St. Cloud are lead poisoned.**

**They get lead poisoned from ingesting lead dust that is on soil,
carpeting, furniture, and in window wells where they live.**

**The lead dust is from lead paint, automobile
exhaust, coal and garbage burners.**



Lead poisoned children suffer:

**Learning disabilities
Behavior problems
Reduced attention span
Increased nervousness
Frustration and violence**

The solutions to lead poisoning are:

**Cover bare soil around houses
Cover or replace lead painted doors and windows
Replace lead infested carpeting and furniture
Wash hands frequently
Modify diet**

**As governor stopping lead poisoning
will be one of my top priorities.**



Ken Davis Products, Inc.
4210 Park Glen Road
Minneapolis, MN 55416
612 922-5556 Fax 612 922-6087

FAX COVER SHEET

Date: 7/29/98
To: Leslie Davis
Fax Number: 521-5506
From: Barbara Jo Davis
Subject:
Pages: 1, including this cover sheet

Leslie:

Thank you for the materials you faxed me, and for your kind offer for lunch. I'm sorry I can't join you on Friday, but I'm tied up all day. You can call me next week.

I'm flattered that you would consider having me for a running mate. As I said, nothing could convince me to run for office.

Barbara



KEN DAVIS PRODUCTS, INC.

4210 Park Glen Road • Minneapolis, MN 55416-4758 • Phone 612-922-5556 • Fax 612-922-6087

December 10, 1998

Marcia Copeland
Betty Crocker Kitchens—IBT
General Mills, Inc.
P.O. Box 1113
Minneapolis, MN 55440

Dear Marcia

Congratulations on your forthcoming retirement! You know you're MUCH too young to retire, even though you're MUCH older than I.

Knowing you, I'm sure the decision was not made without careful consideration and planning. Your new life is bound to be as fulfilling as the one with Betty Crocker. I'm equally certain that you will be missed. Your expert leadership leaves the BCK well-prepared for the new millennium, but it just won't be the same with someone else in the corner office.

Perhaps now you'll have some time to get together and reminisce about old times—and old people. Let's set a date early in February, after all the excitement has died down. How about lunch on February 5? It's been too long since we've spent time together. Since I'm not yet into the Information Age (no E-Mail), you can write to the above address, telephone 922-5556 or fax me at 922-6087.

Again, congratulations, and good luck for the future.

Love

Barbara

Specializing in the Best Cooking Sauces

Barbara Jo,
Greetings! I'm announcing
this on Wednesday, 12/2; thought
you'd like to know. Marcia

BETTY CROCKER KITCHENS

General Mills, Inc.
P.O. Box 1113
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440
612 540-2311

MARCIA K. COPELAND, Director

October 9, 1998

To: Rick Shaeffer

Copies: Chris Shea
Barb Bindgen

From: Marcia Copeland

It is my intention to retire from General Mills effective January 14, 1999; an event that I have anticipated for the past eighteen months. My thirty plus years with the Betty Crocker Kitchens have provided me with more opportunities, experiences and accomplishments than I ever imagined possible. It has been a career of great fulfillment, challenge and satisfaction.

The Betty Crocker Kitchens are positioned well within Betty Crocker Products; the future of the Betty Crocker equity has never looked brighter or held more promise. I leave with great excitement about the department, staff and the leadership that you bring to our work. I also leave with much anticipation and enthusiasm for the next phase of my life.

I ask that we delay a public announcement until November fifth when I tell the staff of the Betty Crocker Kitchens.

Christmas 1998

Hi!

It's great to be alive! Even though I have nary a spare moment and feel as though I need to sleep for the entire winter. Hmm...those bears have the right idea.

The highlight of 1998 was my trip to China--5 cities in 14 days. Too many hotels, trains, planes and buses, but a fascinating experience. I was thrilled to see the spectacle of the Qin Terra Cotta Warriors. During our nighttime visit to Tian'anmen Square, we heard gunshots. Boy, were we scared! It was a salute to some visiting dignitary. China's 5000-year history gave us lots to see and photograph. By New Year's I hope to have the 500 pictures I took in a scrapbook--maybe!

In August I was diagnosed with Polymyalgia Rheumatica (PMR), a disease that causes severe stiffness and pain in the muscles of the neck, shoulders, hands, hips and thighs. Fortunately, the disease lasts only about 2 years, and treatment with anti-inflammatory drugs relieves the symptoms. It didn't stop me from climbing the Great Wall or the 397 steps to Sun Yat-Sen's Mausoleum.

Business-wise, at the beginning of the year we changed manufacturers. Our famous sauce is now made in Iowa. Two new products made it to market--Bold 'n Spicy Bar-B-Q-Sauce and a barbecue dip. With the appointment of a new broker, we are escalating our expansion into Wisconsin, Iowa and possibly Nebraska. Being on the radio (I do the commercials for Ken Davis Bar-B-Q-Sauce) has made me somewhat of a celebrity. Hardly a day passes that someone doesn't recognize my voice, even when I was boarding a plane in Portland, Oregon! That guy was from Minneapolis.

I hope your life has been as fulfilling as mine, and that you and yours have a marvelous Holiday Season and an even better 1999.

Love, *Barbara*

P.S. In case you're wondering, no man in my life--no time for one!



KEN DAVIS PRODUCTS, INC.

4210 Park Glen Road • Minneapolis, MN 55416-4758 • Phone 612-922-5556 • Fax 612-922-6087

January 12, 1999

Dear Brad,

I hope you are doing well and adjusting to your new lifestyle. We talk about you often; your ears should be burning.

It wasn't easy, but it was fun--I made it through the Holidays! The cleaning ladies came on December 23 and on January 4. During that time I had 3 parties. Imagine the cleaning they had to do!

The first party was on Christmas Eve, when I took in 15 strays Charlie came home from Seattle; Lance brought his girlfriend. Kevin brought Jahi, who threw up on my white chair. (I knew there was some reason I don't like kids!) My friend Ivy--did you ever meet her?--whom I worked with at General Mills, just got divorced, so she came. Then, John and Janice Gairy brought 4 of their relatives. Because this is the first Christmas that Fidel allowed Cuba to celebrate openly, I served Cuban food: ropas viejas (shredded beef), black beans and rice, Tropical fruit salad and gingerbread with a fig sauce. If I do say so myself, it was delicious!

Party Number 2 was a family dinner on the Sunday after Christmas. Just Sam, Kathy, Stevey, Kevin, Jahi and Kevin's

Specializing in the Best Cooking Sauces

good friend Dennis. This time I made pasta with shrimp, sauteed spinach and garlic bread. Sam brought his tools and fixed my leaky shower head for me.

You already know about the third party-my New Year's sleepover. I made a pot of chili, much to Anna's delight. She told me that she has recently fallen in love with chili. We Leos think alike! Another woman brought a 3-foot submarine sandwich; we ate almost one foot of it. I liked Doreen's caramel corn so much that I almost single-handedly wiped that out. As a spoiled only child, I was reluctant to share. Besides, it was good! Even though we didn't have you available to jump out of a cake, we all had a good time; I think the last one went down about 5 a.m.

For some strange reason I had a free day Sunday, January 10. That gave me an opportunity to take down all the Christmas decorations and put them away. (The tree came down a week earlier.) And, guess what? I finally finished my China scrapbook! I hope Anna gets to go before it gets too Westernized. It is changing rapidly.

Here at the office we officially made the transition to the new broker, KFM. I think they'll be fun to work with. Phyllis's sister-in-law died last week, so Phyllis and her 2 brothers and sister are going to Maryland for the funeral. She will leave tomorrow and return on Friday. I'm leaving on Friday for Houston to help celebrate my cousin Agnes's 50th birthday. As for Larry, he's crabby because it's too cold to play golf.

Well, at least you don't have to deal with all this snow and cold. It took me an hour to get to work both yesterday and today.

Between the scared drivers who go 23 miles an hour and the crazy ones that go 70, it's scary out there! Then, to top it off, my alarm system went berserk. It went off on Friday evening when I was on my way home from work, then again Saturday morning while I was at my aqua aerobics class. Naturally, when they couldn't reach me, they called you. Doreen was beside herself thinking that I'd been burglarized. The cops investigated, but no sign of any break-in. Yesterday I had the repairman come; he spent an hour trying to set it off without any results. Maybe it was Ken just messing with me...

Phyllis and I saw two movies recently. One was "Stepmom", which I had expected to like. It was okay, not great. Then we saw "Down in the Delta", directed by Maya Angelou. Although the critics didn't think much of it, we all thought it was excellent. I've noticed that the critics seldom give good ratings to African-American movies. Maybe because the stories are outside their realm of experience.

I don't know why I'm so talkative this afternoon, but I have to close now to go to the gym. Rodney (our personal trainer) is waiting to try to kill us. I'll write again soon.

Love

Barbara

Hi Brad
Love ya!
Phyllis

March 11, 1999

Dear Brad

One of these days I'm going to take control of my life and have lots of leisure time. However, today is not the day. It's 7:30 a.m.—for me, the middle of the night—and I'm at the office cooking chicken and baked beans. Rick came up with this brilliant (?) idea to take food once a month to the radio stations on which we advertise. Today is the first time. I hope it's worth it! Rick thinks we might get some extra air time as a result.

For the second Saturday in a row, Phyllis and I got ourselves up early to get to the gym for our Aqua Aerobics class only to find the pool closed! Whenever that happens, it costs us money, 'cause we go shopping instead. Phyllis thinks they see us coming, then put up the "Closed" sign, just to keep us out. Humph! Later on, though, we got together with Jim and Martha (The Movie Club) and went to the Mixed Blood Theater for a new musical called "Vices". In song and dance they celebrated all our vices from chocolate to booze, from fitness to TV.

Sunday was the KBEM Jazz Festival. How I wished that Zach could have been there! Among the performers was a young saxophonist dressed like one of the Blues Brothers. Alternating between the alto and the baritone, he SMOKED! I can't remember his name, but he accompanied vocalist Charmin Michelle; I believe he's part of her regular band.

Of course there was our first major snowstorm in years Monday and Tuesday. I spent 1 1/2 hours getting home from work, only to get stuck halfway up my driveway, where about 10 inches had already accumulated. The next morning I swallowed my pride and called some neighbors who have two teenage sons. Could they please come and help me get out? They did. Then I parked in their driveway until I was ready to go to work. (Bob still hadn't plowed my driveway.) Meanwhile, the city plow came by and blocked the driveway I was parked in. Thank Goodness for those teenagers! They shoveled me out once more.

Lance came to lunch that day. Halfway here his truck died—on the ramp from 394 to 100. Some nice man picked him up and brought him to us. All he wanted in return was some Ken Davis Bar-B-Q-Sauce. Meanwhile, we had Youngstedt's send a tow truck...

Last night we heard more great music at the Dakota. Roy Hargrove, the young trumpet giant was there with his quintet, including another fabulous saxophonist. What musicians! What energy! One woman said they were so hot that she was about to call the Fire Department.

Phyllis and I called Martha to tell her that she is hosting the Academy Awards party for the Movie Club. After all, she's the one with the new TV. "Well", she said. "Okay." We've seen all 5 of the movies that are nominated for Best Picture. To me, it makes no difference which one wins; they are all excellent. Because it has so many nominations, "Saving Private Ryan" will probably win. I really liked "Shakespeare in Love"; it was so well done that you could almost smell the smells on the streets in Elizabethan England. When we saw "Thin Red Line", the fear was so palpable that I found my hands trembling. "Life is Beautiful" was so human—nothing is all good or all bad. Of the 5, "Elizabeth" was my least favorite, but I loved it! Go figure!

Do you get to see any of the first-run movies? Have you been taking the Oscar quizzes in the *USA TODAY* on Fridays? I never know the answers, but I figure you do.

So that's the chronicle of my life for this week. I hope you are well. If I had a maid, a secretary, a cook, a laundress and a chauffeur, I'd be MUCH more relaxed. I probably wouldn't be having any fun, but I'd be relaxed.

In case you're wondering, there are 296 days remaining in this Millennium.

Love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Barbara".

March 16, 1999

Dear KDPI Gang(STERS),

Let me see; first run movies? Bean? No. Dead Man on Campus? No. Wrongfully Accused? No! Generally speaking, I would have to say, "NO". We get the films from 1997-98, on video, and edited for content. That means most of our movies look like the old Godzilla movies. You know, lips moving with different words coming out. But, it is better than getting hit in the eye with a sharp stick.

Actually, movies twice a week seems most like the real world. I pop a bag of microwave popcorn, find a cozy seat and get lost for about 2 hours. It gets a little crazy in the theatre if the movie has a lot of killing, cop bashing or suggestive scenes with woman about ready to disrobe. We don't get to see the nudity because of the recently passed Zimmer amendment. I am left to use the rapidly fading memory in the recesses of my mind. As one of my inmate friends suggests, "Women everywhere beware. As soon as I get out I will be ready to give her the best 15 seconds of her life."

Speaking of payola. Tell me about the meals on wheels deal. No one asked me for my opinion, but it doesn't taste good to me. That's it for the editorial comments. I would rather KDPI have an open house once a year for the distributors, radio stations and other VIPs.

Hey, I think its great you two are exercising. What is with this pool thing? Who is messing with the schedule? Keep up the good work and I might let you guys touch my newly and naturally developed pecs. Hunka, hunka burnin love, baby!

Life at Camp Snoopy continues. Month number 6 is about half over. I am happy time seems to be moving along. I have begun working with an inmate on my 2255 Writ of Habeas Corpus. It is both good and bad. Part of me needs to put this behind me, but I do not think I can do it without first trying to win this last appeal. It would have been so much easier if I had truly been guilty.

We have a new warden and people are on edge. A lot of rumors are flying around about what he wants to change. People are concerned about having recreational activities reduced. We shall wait and see.

My family seems to be doing alright. I have no idea what is going on. Zach goes in and out of liking school, Anna is going to Europe in a week for music, Doreen took an insurance test and the weather is warming up. Zach thinks he has a job lined up in Cape Cod for the summer working for a landscape company. Doreen doesn't know where she is going to live or where she might work. Anna wants to do a semester in China and my research project in Duluth won't be completed for at least another 14 months. Do I sound crazy to you? I could quite possibly be institutionalized. Not already, oh no!

I received a nice note from the Williams. It was so thoughtful of them and it means a great deal to me. Whenever you talk to them, please give them a hello. I think about all of you so much. I knew I was a gifted person for having such wonderful friends. Now I know how gifted.

Love,

Bradley

March 23, 1999

Dear KDPI gang,

I have become a KDPI care package junkie. You have created a hooked user of crosswords. On the outside I could control my habit. I was only into social use. You know, only once in awhile and during visits to the office. But now, I have lost weight; there are dark circles under my eyes. My nose runs and my fingernails show signs of heavy erasure marks. I have had to go from pen to number 2 pencils; a sure sign of dependency.

Every morning, first thing, I light up. Oh, not the overhead light, but the desk light. It is the one that only puts out enough light so that I can see my magically symmetric boxes of pure smacking pleasure. Those blanks of wonderment and awe. Only the occasional need to relieve myself forces me to stop my morning need for the pointed syringe of the Star & Tribune crossword.

Day time is pure hell here at the camp. Rules and regulations force me away from my new lover. How can something so mundane as work keep me away from my need. The power is becoming unbearable. I can no longer turn my back on this teasing aphrodisiac. I have become incapable of saying no. I am never very far away from my next pencil sharpener. Can you possibly imagine what it is like to not have an eraser remaining on an otherwise new pencil? Oh, how can you! The indignity of dependence. I am but a mere shell of my former self. There are no twelve step programs for this type of abuse, just a twelve across and twelve down.

Can you imagine my ultimate fear of a mail strike. The possibility of lost mail drives me insane. Can the next mail staff person be trusted to sort the mail in a timely manner. What do I do if I do two crosswords in one day, not leaving myself something for later. And contraband is illegal on the compound.

I admit it, I am in love with the 3, the big C, the acrosses and downs, the perfect box, anagrams and starts of quotes, HOMES, part of QED, and all sorts of obscure clues that drives me to my next hit. Before long I will be known as that crossword for a person that works crosswords. Oh the shame of pulling out my little black bag. Unfolded I find my crossword, pencil, dictionary, hand held sharpener and eraser. The kit of a junkie.

I admit it.

Love,

Bad

March 30, 1999

Dear Phyllis,

Thank you for the constant and much appreciated supply of crosswords. I have been blessed with many great friends, but none so caring, considerate and concerned.

I know how much Doreen appreciates you remembering her. She always tells me about your excursions. They certainly sound exciting to me.

Anna arrived safely from Europe and it sounds as if she had a great time. I am so happy the experience was a positive one for her. She sounded really upbeat about it.

I spoke with her Monday evening, after she just had four wisdom teeth pulled. She was in a bit of pain; even after the pain killers. However, she was excited to tell me about her trip.

It sounds as if the bands did very well performing. I am not sure how many performances they gave, but it was several and in many different settings; sometimes they performed outside. She mentioned they always had very large and appreciative audiences. I think it is so neat.

By the time you receive this note, I am sure Larry will have returned from Hawaii. Please tell him how envious I am of his trip. Please wish Barbara well and pass along my thanks to her, as well, for all she has done for Doreen.

If I had it in my power I would grant you all of the happiness and prosperity you so richly deserve. Thank you again for everything.

Love,
Bird

April 1, 1999

Hey, Dude! How's it going?

As you can tell from the enclosed, we are the same as usual--totally insane. It's the Food Show Season. Yesterday I was in St. Cloud for the Appert's Spring Show, which happened to be right across the hall from the Nash Finch Show. Meanwhile, Larry is in North Dakota for the GFG shows (three of them). I don't feel sorry for him, since he just returned from a week in Hawaii, golfing and hanging out on the Big Island.

Phyllis and I Kidnapped Doreen Friday night and took her to the arts and crafts fair at Canterbury Downs. We were there for 4 hours! Almost everyone we passed was carrying these ugly wrought-iron weather vanes. After a while, Doreen started wondering if we kept meeting the same people, or if the weather vanes were really a hot item. Guess what? When we finally located the booth, there were people standing in line to get theirs. I know Doreen secretly covets one, but she wouldn't admit it to us.

The one and only Eartha Kitt is coming to the Twin Cities for a brief gig at Yvette. (That's the restaurant-club in the Interchange Building--used to be some steak house.) Although the tickets are expensive, we decided to go. She won't be around that much longer. We've been losing all of the Giants lately. I have been mourning the loss of Joe Williams this week and our local star Roberta Davis, last week.

You, of course, remember Frenchie? Her husband John retired from his job at Honeywell recently. She threw a party for him that was really a blast! People came from all over: his childhood friends, his brother and sister-in-law, his mother-in-law, and his daughter who recently moved to Omaha to work in a homeless shelter. Even his illegitimate daughter and her children came. She was given up for adoption at birth and just found him in 1991, when she decided to locate her birth parents. Several young men whom he has mentored over the years stood up and honored him. It was the first time I cried at a retirement party! But, I wasn't alone; there wasn't a dry eye in the place. I'll be spending Easter at Frenchie's.

For the next two weeks I'll be busy working on the Summer newsletter, which I hope to get in the mail the first week of May. Of course, right in the middle of this chaos, Rick decided that we need to tape some new commercials. Ah, the price of fame!

Sooo...I'd better get to writing recipes instead of letters.

Love

Barbara

April 6, 1999

Hey Gang!

What the heck is happening with this weather up here? Last night we got 6 inches snow. Our temperatures have been in the high 20's or low 30's, with little hope for change in the very near future. During this same period of time I noticed much nicer weather in Minneapolis and my home state of Iowa; upper sixties and seventies. Why do I always find myself in the wrong place at the wrong time?

Well, I hit the mother lode yesterday. During mail call I received this rather large package, containing not only Star-Tribune crosswords, but a book of crosswords. Laundry will never again be boring. The drying cycle can take as much time as needed from now on.

I must also tell you how awed I am at your generosity and concern for my well-being. You people are too much. It sounds silly, but all I can do is say thank you.

I can imagine Doreen wanting a weather vane, but not having a place to prominently display it, she choose to hide her true feelings. Discretion being the better part of valor has its place; even in home and garden.

If my memory hasn't failed me, I believe Eartha Kitt was the CATWOMAN on Batman. Of course, I know she is multi-talented and has appeared in a number of different entertainment vehicles. Yvette should be an interesting event and evening. I hope you have a great evening.

I thought of you when I read about Joe Williams death. I know he was very, very talented. I also remember Ken once said he was an SOB, but that was possibly an endearing remark since it came from Ken. I did not know Roberta Davis.

It sounds as if you have been keeping very busy, as usual. The food shows are always exciting, right? And I know you hate it when they are over, right?

You have been doing the radio commercials for a long time now. How has the reception been? I know all of my friends have heard the ads. I think you are becoming a bit a cult figure. I think the commercials should begin to create a need for listeners to want to here the next commercial. Some message that takes importance over the sauce. Of course, everyone knows its Barbara Davis, from Ken Davis, but people talk about the commercials at work the next day because... After several messages over a period of months, I think it would be important for Rick to arrange an article, magazine or newspaper about "Who is Barbara Davis, the woman that is the voice, President and owner of KDPI. We have all heard her voice and commericals, what is she really like?"

I can see it exploding to the point of stores wanting you so people could get your autograph or a picture with you. Of course, the sauce and the company would be the biggest winner; at least until you wrote the book. I really want you to know that I do not think this is unusual or that difficult to imagine.

I love your cards, but the little faces are my favorite. At first I thought you colored in Larry's face after his trip to Hawaii, but he is the one without a lot of hair and you two have a personal trainer. Oh, it is just a good thing you labeled the faces.

I love you guys,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "David".

P.S. The fellow I work with has a crossword dictionary. I use his.
Thanks for asking.

April 14, 1999

Dear Barbara,

Old Geezer, huh! That's easy coming from the head of all Bitches.

There should be a law, at least, allowing inmates to forego birthdays as long as they are incarcerated. It only seems fair. It would also do wonders for our tax base, as a country. Former inmates would be required to work the additional years, adding collected taxes to our coffers.

Why must I be the only person coming up with these great ideas. Do you understand the great pressure I am under? Talk about a coffee table book. The 1001 ideas by inmate Haddy, 17478-050.

By the way, did you like the ad idea? I can't take all of the credit. Just look at the television ads of today. The ads never talk about the product. My favorite is the guy doing the twist in front of the Miller bottle. Have you seen it?

I do not mean to throw a wet towel on the subject, but time has stopped. It seemed like a year ago I wrote about 6 months. Well, it is now 6½ months.

Classes are resuming for the Spring quarter. Once again, I find myself very busy. I am taking my regular exercise class, as well as, advanced spanish, real estate, credit advice and basic arabic. We have a new inmate from Kuwait. I am also teaching my investment class again.

Nothing new or exciting to report from Camp Snoopy. I continue to read a lot. I am currently reading "The Hot House-Life Inside Leavenworth Prison" by Pete Earley. It is excellent, although 12 years old.

I will be in touch soon. Love to all.

Love,
Brad.

P.S. Thanks for the Oscar Party pictures. When I am out we will rent the white limo to take us to dinner during the Oscars. By the way, was that a tribute to me or an Oscar Statuette on the dining room table?

5/2/99

Dear KDP1

I am losing my mind. I ask your forgiveness and excuse me if I already sent you a letter similar to this one.

Thank you both for making the trip to FPC Duluth. Seeing both of you made it seem like I have been here only a short time. It seemed so normal.

Having you here was very special to me and I cannot thank you enough.

I was a little concerned you did not receive my letter of thanks regarding the Sunday paper. As I said to you, during our visit, I am quite popular. Everyone wants to read it. Getting the paper on Sunday also reminds me of home. All of these things help.

I saw a great "Chick flick for bitches" on Friday. It is "Practical Magic" with Nicole Kidman, Dinna Wiest, Sandra Bullock. You need to make a couple of pitchers of margaritas, turn out the lights except for a few candles and have all of the bitches over to watch it about midnight. It was a good movie.

Not much more to tell. The weather was really great this weekend. I played softball and reinjured my rib on a play at home plate.

Take care and thanks again.

Love,
Brad.

May 14, 1999

It may not seem so to you, but 1999 is flying by, and I have little to show for it. I'm so behind everywhere that I only feel confused. At home, drawers and closets are overflowing and totally disorganized. I haven't had the air conditioning or the sprinkler system serviced. The windows are filthy. Worst of all, my sewing machine is gathering cobwebs. (You know what that does to my attitude) I've come to the conclusion that people who work out regularly have no other life. That extra 8 hours a week is taking its toll on mine, that's for sure. Some day soon I'm going to have to take vacation so that I can take care of home. It's times like these that make me miss Diane. I could always schedule maintenance when she was at the house.

Meanwhile at work my desk is piled high with who knows what. I seem to spend all my time either a) cooking and running around to the radio stations, b) working food shows, or c) working on the newsletter, the latest of which is enclosed for your reading pleasure. To top it off, since we renewed our lease (Can you believe we've been here for 11 years?), the landlord is planning to re-carpet, repaint and repair, supposedly yet this month. Which, of course, means we'll have to pack everything up so that they can move furniture. Even though the changes will be subtle, I'm looking forward to having everything fresh.

Then there's Rodney, our personal trainer, whom I love like a son. However, the young man is definitely trying to kill us. Every muscle in my body hurt so bad last night that I'd wake up every time I turned over. He says he's seeing progress. I say I'm seeing stars.

Okay, now that I've gotten the bitching out of my system...life is good. Well, if I had been born rich, instead of beautiful. As you might suspect, I do manage to fit in some time for fun. Last Saturday night, for example, the Movie Club went to a musical play downtown at the Illusion Theater. Martha had cooked one of her marvelous dinners. The play, "Spirit House" was just okay, but the singing was phenomenal. Friday night Lois, Phyllis and I went to Bar Abilene (it's on Lagoon near the theater). We sat outside and had margaritas and nachos. Then we went to the movie, "Cookie's Fortune" starring Patricia Neal as Cookie, Charles S. Dutton and Glenn Close. A marvelous movie! After that, since it was still beautiful out, we went to Campiello and had dessert outside.

Mama seemed to enjoy the Mother's Day Brunch that Phyllis and I prepared for her: Champagne cocktails, Galia melon with raspberries, lobster/crab cakes with orange sauce, asparagus, pop overs, and frosted brownies. We bought her a book of short stories, (Chocolate for a Woman's Soul), the video tape of "Soul Food" and 2 hand-painted champagne glasses. What a haul! Then because it was such a beautiful day, we took her out shopping. The last time I saw her that relaxed was when we went to the spa.

Now, this Sunday is Sam's birthday. I haven't the vaguest idea what we're going to do for him. He did say, though, that he

wants us to bring him food, too. Guess I'll be cooking again.

I don't know if I ever told you about the book club I belong to, The Sunday Sisters. We're a group of 7 black women that meet on Sunday every other month. The hostess selects the book. Last month our book was "Somebody Else's Mama", which I really liked. I'll be hosting the June meeting. The book I've chosen is "If This World Were Mine" by E. Lynn Harris. If you've never read any of his books, I recommend them highly; he's an excellent writer. His books are fast-paced studies of human nature, life and love.

I just saw the mailman drive by, so I'll have to close for now. Take care and know that you're always in my thoughts.

Love

Barbara

May 19, 1999

Dear KDPI,

As a temporarily tabled consumer of Ken Davis Products, I must inform you of my frustration with the KDPI newsletter. Being unable to use or eat Ken Davis Barbecue Sauce, I find the published recipes to be cruel and unusual punishment of a federal inmate. I am, with utmost certainty, sure an inmate has certain rights.

J. M. a. User

Dear Friends,

No, you cannot use that letter for the next newsletter. At least not with my name attached.

How the hell are you guys. Man, did I get the word from Anna. She told me I was in the dog house for not writing. However, as I told her, I write every week and cannot understand why you are not getting all of my correspondence. I think something fishy is going on here.

Thank you for the current crop of crosswords and cartoons. I get a chuckle from most of the "Far Side" toons and some of them I just do not understand. I guess I will never be the brightest bulb on the tree.

Take care of yourself and keep in touch. Please know how much I think of all of you most everyday.

Staddy

June 25, 1999

Dear Brad

Well, it's finally happened: I've slipped into the Twilight Zone. Last night I saw Santa Claus. Really! Ask Phyllis if you don't believe me; she saw him too. We were splitting a burger at Applebee's on Lake Street when we noticed this red van with Christmas scenes painted on it. In the driver's seat was a portly gentleman with long, curly white hair and a beard to match. He was wearing a white golf shirt and wide red suspenders. Now, tell me that wasn't Santa Claus. I believe!

If that's not enough to convince you that I'm in the Twilight Zone, try this. Last Saturday night Phyllis and I went to Byerly's in Edina and bought, between us, about \$100 worth of groceries. When we got ready to leave, the clerk reminded us to take the number (claim ticket). At the same time, Phyllis said, "Where is the number?" The bagger, of course, had gone on break and was nowhere to be seen. The clerk volunteered to meet us at the drive-through to help identify our groceries. We drove up. The clerk was there waiting, but our groceries were nowhere to be seen. No groceries and no number. The boy who was loading cars actually crawled on the conveyor belt back into the store to see if they were stuck somewhere along the way. No such luck. No groceries! Fortunately we had our cashregister receipt and the clerk to verify that we had actually bought groceries. Eventually the manager, who was totally nonplussed by this whole thing, told us that she would take the list, re-shop for us and deliver the groceries to my home!!! Since we hadn't eaten yet, we decided to go eat, then return to pickup the groceries. By the time we got back, someone else had come back with our

stuff, which somehow got into their car by mistake, even though there was no number for them...Definitely Twilight Zone material.

Yesterday I taught African cooking to a group of kids, 9 to 13 years old. We had a great time making peanut-butter soup, fufu balls (they're kind of like dumplings or matzo balls), sweet-pepper salad and baked bananas. We even made our own peanut butter. I showed them how to cut up a pineapple, how to prepare mango and how to crack a coconut. They liked learning how to use a chef's knife. We had only 2 problems. One, it was hotter than Hades in the Kitchen. Two, the church custodian didn't know we were supposed to be there, so he chewed us out royally. See? Politics are everywhere. If you're going to use the kitchen, don't assume that the church office will notify the custodian.

Tomorrow we're taking Doreen to the Minnesota Craft Council's annual show at the College of St. Catherine. Maybe we can find her a weather vane.

In the last couple of weeks we've seen a couple of really good movies. "The Castle" is an Australian film about a family whose home is right on the runway of an international airport. When the government decides to expand the airport and take their home, Dad decides to fight them, because "a man's home is his castle". It's told through the eyes of the teenage son. Very well done! The other movie was "The General's Daughter", John Travolta's latest. I liked that one too, although not as much as "The Castle".

Signing off with love,

Barbara

June 30, 1999

Dear Barbara,

I submit for your approval, one Barbara Jo Davis. One foot in the twilight zone; the other somewhere over the rainbow.

Ms. Davis, occasionally known for bouts of forgetfulness and late morning sleeping, found herself seeing red. Literally seeing red from the old fella joyously known as Santa Claus; jolly old Saint Nicholas.

Thinking she might have slept not one evening, but several months was actually a different kind of sleep. One of sight and sound in another dimension. Not the North Pole, but the Twilight Zone.

What a wonderfully honest act by one of our fellow citizens; actually returning the bags of groceries that did not belong to them. I would say that ranks up there as "shocking". Maybe they paid with a check and were afraid they would be discovered as the last customer leaving before you.

Doreen said she had a good time. Thank you again for being so kind. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate you not forgetting her. None of my other friends have invited her to anything, so I know she appreciates it also. Doreen has a poor habit of closing herself off, just sort of holing up and not contacting people; as if she were bothering them.

I sent a belated birthday wish to Sam. They wrote to me about the Father's Day/Birthday celebration you had for them at your home. I also heard about the "snake" incident. I wrote back telling Kathy she should insist you de-snake your home and yard.

Knowing I am bald already takes away from some of the fun, but I am literally pulling my hair out over this new warden. It is rumored we are going to be forced to purchase our own toilet paper. They are taking away the paper hand towels and the plastic garbage bags. I am ready to be released.

Thank you again for all of the wonderful things you do. I think about all of you everyday. It all seems so far away, but nine months are down and several more to go.

Love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Bradley". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Love,".

June 30, 1999

Dear Gang o Mine,

I just realized how careful I must be if I am to use greeting like the one above. Anything these days can be used to create conspiracy violations. I promise not to do it again. Who knows who is reading these letters?

Thank you for your recent compliment of puzzles and cartoons. As you know, I really enjoy getting them. It affords me many hours of pleasure.

I think the adventure at Byerly's was quite exciting. However, it worked out to everyone's benefit, including the store. How opportune that you had to get something to eat. Think for a moment. What if you went home and they delivered groceries to you. Would you have believed them if they told you they were really yours and not someone re-shopping?

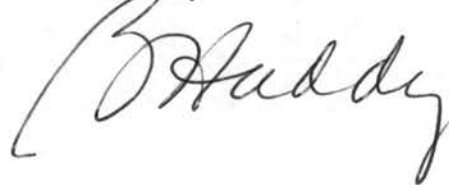
Barbara claims to have seen Santa Claus and she uses you as justification. How silly of her, doesn't she know that I don't believe you either. Remind me not to have her on the witness stand on my behalf. Oops, I already did that once. Just kidding.

Nothing happening here other than a crazy warden who is either in a real twilight zone of his own or he is on the biggest power trip I have seen since Timothy Leary died. The rules of the game are changing and not to the advantage of the Inmate. However, all we really want is normal. He is taking away the paper hand towels, plastic garbage bags and possibly forcing us to buy our own toilet paper. Can you imagine carrying TP to work with you. I can see a whole new crop of TP thieves.

This is sad that you, the taxpayer, must fund this type of crap. It is unnecessary for non-violent, first time offenders to be incarcerated. After seeing and interacting with these people, I can safely say that this is not necessary.

I hope all of you are healthy and happy. I know I am not, but do not fret. I could be worse.

Love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "B. Huddy". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Love,".

July 8, 1999

Dear KDPIer's,

Cold Duck. "The weather will be fine all day. It will be raining". It has now rained some part of each day for the last two weeks. In fairness, at times it appears almost tropical. It might rain for 15 minutes followed immediately by sunshine. In another few hours it might repeat the same pattern. All of this is very strange. I do not remember this type of weather for Minnesota. I do, however, remember how concerned they (meteorologists) about the spring dryness. Let me say I do not think they are worried about the lack of rain now.

I want to thank you for my recent collection of puzzles. It may seem trivial to some, but my Monday's are very important to me. Getting my little care package with a message, cartoons and puzzles is an event unsurpassed by anything else to date. I don't want to make this sound corny, but it is that important to me and I cannot tell you all how much that and you mean to me.

Okay, that is enough of the serious shit. Besides being here too long, this place is getting to me. The warden seems hell bent on making this a tougher federal facility. You can take the warden out of the penitentiary, but you can't take the penitentiary out of the warden. Can you believe this guy believes we, the inmates, do not need parkas for the winter. He felt, since last winter was relatively mild, that all we need is army field jacket. Well, in my situation, I walk about a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, one way, to work. This does not include the additional walking I do for other activities and food service.

What is with all of this marinade stuff on television and in the print media? It looks as if someone stole your idea. What does that suggest? I have my own thoughts on all of this, but space and time (ha) does not permit me to elaborate. I will save that for another time.

I hope your holiday cheer was safe and enjoyable. It never ceases to amaze me how many people have such tragic conclusions to their lives. I suppose I am lucky in my life. I worry a great deal about my children and how they choose to celebrate holiday seasons. The boating accident was awful.

And what is this murder/suicide thing. Why can we not see where we are headed as a nation? Someone has to stand up and say, "WAIT A MINUTE". It is getting worse by the minute. These last few incidents are merely the tip of the iceberg. I know one thing; I would not want to be a school teacher next year. I can predict many more violent incidents next year unless something is done immediately.

Guess what? I suffered micro-tears in my left calf muscle during my last softball game. I am on the disabled list for two to three weeks. Alas, poor Brad! Is he getting too old to play games meant for kids? NOT!

Hell, I have, in the last 9 months, given up cigars, drinking and sex. My lungs and liver are clean and I am almost a virgin again. I doubt seriously if I have to declare a birthday while incarcerated. Now, if I could just figure out how to naturally restore my hair to that once luxurious and flowing mane?

What's Up? I have learned another language. No, not Eubonics (SP), although it is spoken here, I have always been able to understand it. No, not Spanish. I am learning Spanish and it is difficult to understand because of the new language called, Spanglish. It is driving me mad, so I just put in my ear speakers from my walkman and tune them out.

This is enough for now. Next week I will enclose a test for you to have fun with. I also have a great copy of several lawyers questions to witnesses that should make you pee your pants. That will follow in the weeks to come. Until later, thanks again and love to you all.

From the Matterhorn, how atop the Swiss Alps, in a little village known as Camp Snoopy, I bid you adios, muchachos.

Como se dice, POE, warden?

Love,
Brad.

P.S. You know what they
say about people who write
with large strokes!

July 20, 1999

Dear KDPI GANGsters,

Thank you so much for the visit this weekend. It was very thoughtful of you to offer to bring Doreen and Anna. I know they really appreciated the offer. I hope you were able to get some rest from the trying drive. Please do not think I wanted you to leave. I know how busy it gets the closer it gets to 3:00 p.m. I also know how the traffic from the would increase back toward Minneapolis from the weekend lake crowd. I hope it wasn't too bad?

Naturally it was good seeing all of you doing well. Just seeing you helps to make me feel better about being here; more relaxed. Knowing everyone is healthy and happy allows me to not worry.

It sounds as if you continue to be very busy. It would have been interesting if you kept a journal of all of the events and places you have been to over the years. You do so much, it has to be exciting.

Well, I saw "A Simple Plan" and loved it. At times I felt a bit frustrated, but that was part of what they were trying to accomplish. It also allowed for the viewer to wonder what "they" would do if confronted with the same opportunity.

It sounds as if we, the Forestry Service #4 crew, are going back out for another week of clean-up. If it is only for a week, I will be happy to do it. I will not know for sure until Wednesday. Of course, no one wants anyone to know too much, too soon.

From the Sunday paper, thanks to you, I have enclosed a page from the computing magazine that appears from time to time. As you can see, it is dedicated entirely to Barbecue. I think it is time for the KDPI Web site. You should be able to get an intern, for pennies, to do the whole thing for you. They would love the experience.

Well, kids, thanks again for all that you have done for me. As I told you when you were here, it is all overwhelming. I am eternally grateful. I hope the remainder of your summer goes well and that business is all that you want it to be; more cases, less cost, someone buying out SuperValu.

Oh, I almost forgot. Someone asked me who the women were in my orgy. I had to laugh. Getting that many hugs and kisses tends to throw a few of these guys over the top. One of the inmates remembered seeing you two here before. See, you are indeed noticed!

More hugs and kisses,

Love,
Beard

July 28, 1999

Dear Brad

I'll bet that kid is still confused about why Phyllis and I were wearing similar dresses! And some of your fellow inmates are probably spreading rumors about your harem...or is it stable?...or, in our case, coven of b----es. We had fun that day, with a few adventures along the way.

Did Doreen tell you about our buffalo burgers? Mr. Personality, the bartender at Bennett's on the Lake, took our order—three hamburgers and one chicken sandwich. Because it was freezing in there, Doreen ordered coffee. Mr. Personality came back several minutes later to say that they had dumped out the coffee. In a snit, Doreen asked, "How much does it cost to make a pot of coffee?" I don't know whether she was offering to pay for a pot or simply making a point. At any rate, Mr. Personality eventually returned with a very hot cup of very old, strong coffee. Still later, he came back again, this time to tell us that they were out of hamburgers, but they did have some buffalo in the kitchen. (On the hoof, perhaps?) We agreed to the buffalo burgers. We waited. And waited. And waited. I guess they had to slaughter the bison, butcher them and grind up the meat. Well, eventually Mr. Personality delivered our food.

"Is there anything else I can get you ladies?"

Now, you understand that we had no silverware or napkins. The hostess brought us some silverware. After all that, we really enjoyed our food.

Meanwhile, some weird dude made the bar into his office. First he changed the channel on the TV without even asking whether we were watching. (We weren't, but he didn't know that.) He kept talking on the phone (loudly) about the remodeling he was doing. We were thrilled to know that he got a new mattress.

After spending FOREVER getting fed, we were ready to spend four hours trying to get home. Whew!

My busy lifestyle finally caught up with me, and I came down with a terrible cold, one that took me to bed for two days. I haven't been sick like this in years. (Somehow it's got to be Rodney's fault.) I'm still coughing and snotting.

Thursday, July 29 I was supposed to teach a kids' cooking class. However, it was cancelled because of the heat. I guess it's supposed to be almost 100°. Naturally, they didn't cancel it until after I bought the groceries. Larry and I will be eating African food the rest of the week, while Phyllis is out.

You're absolutely right about my needing to keep a journal. As a matter of fact, I do. Maybe when I'm in the Home, I can read it and remember all these wild times.

Well, Kevin just walked in the door, and Lance is on the phone, so I've gotta go.

Love ya,

Barbara



4/1/99

Dear Barbara:

a long overdue thank you
for the food and barbeque sauce
you brought in a few weeks
ago. If I can ever be of any
assistance please feel free to
contact me. Thanks for your business
John Pence

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4-30-99

Dear Barbara Davis,

Thank you so much for bringing
us ribs & pasta salad on Thursday!
It was so delicious -- the whole
staff really appreciated your kindness.

Also, I am so happy that I got a
chance to meet you! I look forward to
seeing you again soon!

Thank You!

Terry Gruel

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a major factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major employer of women. In 1980, women made up 40% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 50%. This increase in the number of women in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of women in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people with disabilities. In 1980, people with disabilities made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people with disabilities in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people with disabilities in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from ethnic minorities. In 1980, people from ethnic minorities made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from ethnic minorities in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from ethnic minorities in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower social classes. In 1980, people from the lower social classes made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower social classes in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower social classes in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower income groups. In 1980, people from the lower income groups made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower income groups in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower income groups in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower education levels. In 1980, people from the lower education levels made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower education levels in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower education levels in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower health status. In 1980, people from the lower health status made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower health status in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower health status in the workforce.

The public sector has also become a major employer of people from the lower life expectancy. In 1980, people from the lower life expectancy made up 1% of the public sector workforce, and by 1995, this figure had risen to 3%. This increase in the number of people from the lower life expectancy in the public sector has been a major factor in the overall increase in the number of people from the lower life expectancy in the workforce.

June 19, 1999

Dear Megan

Happy 14th Birthday! It really is a special occasion, and a special time in your life. You feel like an adult; your body says you're an adult. You have many responsibilities for yourself and others. In many ways, though, you still feel like and want to be a little girl with no responsibilities. Even grandma's feel that way sometimes.

I know that life has not been easy for you. The past few years have been especially difficult. You have been torn away from your mother. You have been moved around from place to place. You even had to change schools. You have been made to feel lonely and unwanted. You've had to take over caring for your mother, ~~2~~ instead of her taking care of you. I'll bet you felt a little angry and resentful about that! Finally, you met a boy whom you like enough to have sex with; he makes you feel loved. Yes, even we old ladies know and understand what you're feeling.

I'm not going to lecture you about your sex life, except to say, please, please be careful. Unprotected sex is the stupidest thing a woman can do these days. It's not just about getting pregnant. Yes, an unplanned baby can change your life and destroy your hopes of becoming a doctor. But AIDS can take your life. I had a friend who died of Aids. You have never seen

anyone suffer as much as he did. Imagine the worse pain you have ever felt, then make it ten times worse! In case someone told you some lie about it, the truth is that most of the new cases of aids are in young black women. They don't believe they can get it. "My boyfriend wouldn't give me anything." Do you know who else he's been with?

When you become a woman, a black woman, you take on many responsibilities. Sometimes it seems that the weight of the world rests on your shoulders. Black women are expected to be strong, both in mind and body, even when we don't feel that way. Black women have always been charged with holding their families together as best they could, even in slavery times. Today, black women tend to be better educated than many of our men. We live longer. We are less likely to end up in jail or murdered. Therefore we still end up with responsibility for the whole race. We have to take care of each other, because nobody else is taking care of us.

Also, each black woman represents her entire race. If one black woman is an unwed mother on welfare, society believes that we all are. If one black woman is a whore, society believes that we all are. People will say, "See? I told you they were like that". Or, "They're all the same; you see one, you see them all". That's why each one of us has to be an example to the ones younger than us and to the rest of the world. That, I believe, is our most important responsibility--to live our lives so that they can pass inspection. That means respecting yourself, first, and then respecting others.

The book that I'm sending you, "I Dream a World", tells of many African-American women who realized their responsibility to the race. These women didn't start out their lives wealthy. Some of them never became rich or famous. They had vision. They wanted each of us to be better because of them. They are my inspiration. I hope they will be yours too.

Megan, no matter what, I love you. Please feel free to call when you just need someone to talk to. I won't always agree with the choices you make, but I will try to understand them.

Love,

Grandma Barbara

Celebrate!

*Ken Davis Products Holiday Party
Friday, December 11, 1998
6 O'clock p.m.*

*At the Rosenbergs'
11406 Louisiana Avenue South
Bloomington, MN*

*Please respond by December 4
(612) 922-5556*

July 15, 1999

M. Sandy Blott
P. O. Box 2202
Minot, ND 58702-2202

Dear Sandy

What a delightful surprise to hear from you! Thank you for your kind comments about our newsletter, *Ken Davis News*. It's nice to know that people enjoy reading it.

Judging from your descriptions, you must have known Ken back in the "old days"! His so-called "body guard" was actually a partner in a company called Ken Davis Worldwide, that we licensed to sell our sauces outside our market area. Fortunately for us, that deal fell through. Can you imagine doing business with someone who looks like he stepped right out of "The Godfather"?

Ken had two sons; I'm not sure which one you met, since each of them worked in the business at various times. Ken, Jr. is a great big guy, bigger even than Ken, Sr. He now lives in California. The other son, Kevin, although also a big man, is shorter than either his father or his brother. Once upon a time Kevin, like you, tried opening a barbecue joint with REAL ribs. Because it was underfinanced and poorly managed, it soon went out of business—but that's another story. Anyway, I'm afraid I can't send you someone who will open a real barbecue restaurant.

To answer your question, we have not published a cookbook, but it is an interesting concept. Until we do (if we do), I guess you'll just have to keep collecting issues of *Ken Davis News*. The next one should be coming your way in October.

I look forward to seeing you at a food show next season.

Sincerely

Barbara Jo Davis



M. Sandy Blott
P.O. Box 2202
Minot, ND 58702-2202

Hear Barbara

Iie wanted to write and thank you for
"Ken Davis News" I truly enjoy it.

I wish that I could recall the year I
had the pleasure of meeting Ken Davis at
the Upper Hospitality Show in MN.

I also met your son for the life of me
I can't come up with his name. Bobby is the
only thing that comes to mind.

Ken also introduced me to his "body guard"
This young man reminded me of the olden days.
Dark hair slicked down. 40's sunglasses and a
full length leather coat. He looked as if he
were part a mob.

I have a picture of Ken somewhere
and I will send it to you. 1 Bonus

Ken seemed to have the quiet sense of
humor my husband had.

My question is do you have a recipe
book of BBQ sauce uses.

We love your sauce. We had a BBQ
restaurant until I start having numerous

heart attacks.

In 1980 I had the only "rib joint" in
Minnat N.H. We did well until my husband
and I divorced.

I was brought up on BBQ ribs I was born
in St Louis Mo. I LOVE Ribs.

I'm not able but I wish someone would
open a rib place here.

I want the smoked not boiled. I want
real BBQ.

I've come to the conclusion true bar B que
is a lost art.

Please continue your News. I really,
really enjoy it.

Sincere Thanks

M. "Sandy" Blatt

P.O. Box 2202

Minnat N.H. 58702-2202

P.S. Please send us someone who will
open a Real BBQ restaurant.

Please excuse all mistakes I'm not a good
letter writer. Sorry

northlight studio

6541 navaho trail
(612) 942-0309

edina, mn 55439

Ms. Barbara Davis
4210 Park Glen Rd.
Mpls. MN 55416

June 12, 1999

Dear Ms. Davis,

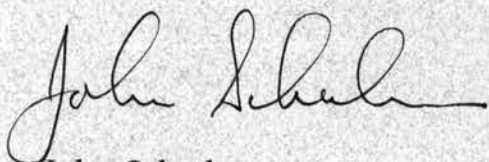
I am currently assembling a portfolio of oil portraits to show prospective clients , and I recently noticed your picture in the *Ken Davis News* . My wife reminded me that you often wear interesting and dramatic hats. I am a great fan of hats because of the character they can add to a portrait.

In my portfolio I am seeking to represent people of both genders, all ages, and diverse racial backgrounds. I do not at this time have an African American woman among my portraits. The purpose of my letter is to ask whether you might be willing to pose for me. I work from photographs and usually a single camera session of about 45 minutes is enough.

If you should wish to buy the portrait, it would of course, be available. There is however, no obligation whatever, since the main purpose of this is to develop a full range of personalities for my portfolio.

I will call in about ten days to follow up on this letter. If you should wish to speak with me sooner about this, my card is enclosed.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Scherber".

John Scherber

Northlight Studio

10/9/99

Hi, Brad

Congratulations on completing one year at Camp Snoopy! Maybe by this time next year, we won't have to write--we'll be seeing you in person.

Thought you would want to know that Ken's daughter Anita died sometime last week. The manager of her apartment building found her on Sunday; she had been dead for several days. Apparently she died of a blood clot that formed in her leg and travelled to her heart. Since she wasn't speaking to anyone in the family except Kevin, no one else was interested in even claiming the body. As a result, Kevin had to drive out there. He stopped in Omaha and left Jahi with Donna. When I spoke with him, he said he was having Anita's body cremated and scattering the ashes in the nearby mountains. It was his first trip out West and the first time he saw mountains. Now he understands why I love it so much!

On a happier note: Phyllis and I have been going crazy (as if that's something new) planning the Halloween party. I'll bet we've been to every store in town that could possibly have anything remotely related to Halloween. Our collection of witches is unsurpassed! Our favorite purchase was a big, talking pumpkin named "Fat Jack". Believe it or not, we've even gotten into crafts: we made a felt wall hanging of a witch (naturally) and then another witch wall hanging out of a bleach bottle. We painted spider web on a champagne glass and moons on a tumbler. I made a cheesecloth witch (even dyed the fabric!) and a cheesecloth

ghost. Now we're so arrogant that we're making three lifesize witches for the front yard. You ought to see the "shrunk heads" we made out of apples!

The downstairs bathroom will be named "BAT ROOM", and the linen closet at the end of the hallway will bear the sign "DEAD End". I have to figure out how to make some tombstones. If the party is nearly as much fun as we've had getting ready for it, it will be a blast! Wish you could be there... We miss you. Instead of a party on December 31, this is the B/W's New Year Celebration.

As for costumes, Phyllis is going as Luna, the Goddess of the Moon. I'm going as Spider Woman. Anna and Doreen are coming, too, but I don't know what they're wearing. Since we bought a bunch of those disposable cameras; we'll send you pictures later.

As you may recall, it's the Food Show season again. Larry's been on the road a lot--Grand Forks, someplace in Nebraska, Sioux Falls, Des Moines, Fargo. I've been covering the local ones, including Henry's at Alexandria and Sysco at Blaine. We'll both be at Appert's in St. Cloud next week.

Our retail broker, KFM, is a smallish company that prides itself on handling no more than 5 principals at once. Unfortunately, they just lost their biggest account, thus they're going through some major downsizing. We're in the process of evaluating how that's going to affect us. There's always something!

There is a new dinner theater in town--Gianni Fragali Italia

Cucina. It's downtown in the Lumber Exchange Building. The Movie Club went there Friday night. The play, which involves audience participation, was *GIANNI SENT ME*, described as a "dangerously savvy musical comedy from the era of the 1920's, set in a New York City speakeasy". We had fun. Jim even got frisked at the door. Surprisingly, the food was excellent.

You mentioned the influx of Cuban culture in the U.S. We saw a great movie recently: *The Buena Vista Social Club*, a documentary about a group of Cuban musicians. The music is fabulous! Jim liked it so much that he bought the CD--one for us and one for himself.

Here comes the mailman. We'll keep in touch.

Love you,

Barbara

October 1, 1999

Dear Girls and Boy,

One year, Wow! A year is a long time. I don't want to complain because five feet from me is my co-worker, an inmate from Iowa, that has served 7 years of an 11 year sentence. I cannot imagine. I have to remember it could always be worse, I could be George W. Bush.

Thank you again for the wonderfully funny Far Side comics. Some of them knock me off my chair. I also like getting the crosswords. It really helps me to forget the moment.

I do not know about the Twin Cities, but the weather here has changed dramatically. We are expecting some snow flurries this weekend. The wind has picked up a lot and temperatures have dropped. I do think, however, this is temporary. I would take last winters weather right now and be happy. It was very mild, especially for Duluth.

What the heck is happening. I saw an advertisement for a series of Cuban performers at various Twin City venues. Have you seen or thought about taking in any of that entertainment? Cuba seems to be doing more and more regarding things in the U.S. With such a large debt load, Cuba and CAstro needs to find a way to pay their bills. Now that the Soviet Union is no more and Cuba is no longer receiving \$4 billion a year in aid, other sources of money is necessary.

Hope everyone is doing well and planning their end of the year, century and millennium parties or plans. This, naturally, is a once in a lifetime event. Have fun and be careful. This public service announcement has been brought to you by Inmate Services, a non-profit organization interested in the long term safety and development of non-convicts.

I am interested in knowing what types of barbeque sauce are sold in Europe. How do the tastes differ from country to country? Is there a demand for this type of sauce or do they use sauces like the French use sauce for main dishes?

I am not interested in this for any reason other then curiosity.

Oh hell, I am going to miss another Mardi Gras. What else is new!

Love you all very much!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Bruce", written in dark ink.



11-22-99

Dear Barbara,

You are so good to me!
Thank you so much for
The gift of Ken Davis BBQ
Sauces. They are the best!

I do hope that over
the years I have "made"
many customers for your
company. He (Turkey Growers)
Certainly enjoy using Ken Davis
BBQ Sauce at our Restaurant.
Happy Thanksgiving
Philip W. McQuinn



Appletree Press is dedicated to the promotion of optimal health and sound nutrition for children and adults. We support the 1990 Dietary Guidelines for Americans and the education efforts by health professionals such as Registered Dietitians to translate the principles of good nutrition into healthy food choices.

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**Patrick T. Stead
849 Mendakota Court
Mendota Heights , MN 55120**

Monday, December 20, 1999

C/O Mrs. Barbara Davis
Ken Davis Food Products
4210 Park Glen Road
Minneapolis, MN 55416

Dear Barbara, Phyllis and Larry:

Each year, Kathleen and I try to find the "Best" of the Holiday Season. We look for the happening or event that truly was most like Christmas ought to be. At some events, it has been hard to even find a little warmth and good cheer. At some others, it was all too commercial and not from the heart. There were even events that made us wonder if the meaning of Christmas has changed and we do not know it.

Well, not this time! We have closed the balloting early. Your party was the "Best". We felt as though we were with old friends enjoying another great Christmas together. We met so many nice people. And their warmth and sincere regard for you was so apparent. It was a gift to be there with them.

Which brings me to the other beautiful gift you gave us. What a treasure! The book is magnificent. We and our sons are sharing the great moments of the century through all the wonderful photographs. Your generosity is only out done by your kindness.

Thank you so much for everything and may 2000 and beyond be the "Best" and more for you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Pat & Kathleen", written in dark ink.

Pat and Kathleen Stead
12/20/99

February 15, 2000

Dear Brad,

Kung hei fat choy! Happy Chinese New Year! In other words, Baby, I am back! It was a wonderful trip. I've enclosed the itinerary for your perusal.

Hong Kong was an unexpected surprise, after having been in mainland China. It was very much like New York with mountains: much more like New York than Beijing. Almost daily I would ask myself, "What city am I in?" Many of the signs were familiar—KFC, McDonald's, Hyatt Regency, Marriott, Pizza Hut, Ruth's Chris Steak House. There was even a Fauchon, the premier food market from Paris. We ate dim sum, the steamed dumplings that Hong Kong is famous for; we ate seafood in a fishing village; we ate Portuguese food in Macau; we ate traditional spicy Hunan cuisine. Probably the strangest thing we ate was duck tongues in hot mustard sauce. Strange, but tasty.

Because Hong Kong crowds its nearly 7 million people into very little land—most of the islands are mountainous—there is excellent public transportation. During our stay we rode every kind of conveyance except a rickshaw. Not that there weren't a few rickshaws around, I just felt guilty asking a 110-pound man to pull all of me around in a cart. Anyway, we stayed in a very nice hotel in Kowloon, across the river from Hong Kong. (Imagine the postcard views of the Hong Kong skyline!) In order to get into the city we had to take a ferry (6 minutes), a double-decker bus, a taxi or the subway, depending on where we were going. One night we took a cable car up to Victoria Peak, where we witnessed another spectacular view of the city.

Probably the highlight of the trip, for me, was the absolutely spectacular New Year's Parade, the Parade of Dragons. (The fireworks were a close second.) It was the best parade I've ever seen, anywhere. One dragon was a block long and beautifully choreographed to writhe its way along the parade route. Everyone in the grandstands received a souvenir dragon and a tambourine so that we could urge the performers on. They even gave us a bottle of water. It was in the 70s that day.

By going to Hong Kong I missed the first food show of the season—the UPS. Larry said it was smaller than usual, with fewer attendees. Maybe it's starting to run its course. This week he's at the Lomar show in Des Moines; we decided that they didn't need both of us. That gave me a chance to try to get caught up and to start work on the summer newsletter.

I'm looking forward to your furlough, although probably not as much as you are; it will be fun to see you "on the outside" again. Do you know the exact dates yet? Sam wants to cook you a meal. So do I, but I'll wait my turn.

Since the Academy Award Nominees have been announced, Phyllis and I have been trying to figure out how we can see all the movies before March 26. We saw "The Cider House Rules" last night; we agreed that it was excellent. The only one of the "Best Picture" nominees I haven't seen is "The Sixth Sense". Phyllis loved that one so much that she wants to see it again. I found "The Green Mile" too disturbing; it was difficult for me to watch. There was one scene that made me want to get up and walk out. During another scene, I covered my eyes and begged them to stop; I had to clamp my hands over my mouth to keep from screaming. I guess that's a sign of a really good movie when the audience can get emotionally involved. However, I would not *ever* like to see that one again. I hated "American Beauty", but I loved "The Insider". Not that anyone on the Academy asked me my opinion.

No, I had not heard about Zach's misfortunes. Seems as though his coming-of-age has been fraught with problems. I haven't spoken with Doreen since New Year's. Her work schedule must be opposite mine.

Other than being a little "Stir-crazy", I hope your health is good. Take care.

Love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Barbara".

May 12, 2000

Dear Brad,

Well! It's suddenly summer in Minnesota. The leaves are green, the grass is riz. When I returned from Switzerland, the weeds in my yard were taller than my shrubs...

Did somebody say Switzerland? Phyllis and I went to the Bern International Festival of Jazz. Our friend Keith Brickhouse came through with a free room at a modern new hotel, the Allegro. We had a week of daytime sightseeing and evening jazz. Performers included Oscar Peterson, Clark Terry, Nicholas Payton, Dianne Reeves, and a host of renowned old-timers and "young lions". I think Zach and Anna would have loved it.

As you can imagine, Switzerland is a beautiful country with terrain encompassing everything from the Alps to farmland and vineyards to lakeside resorts. Did you ever see the old Clint Eastwood movie, "The Eiger Sanction"? We actually saw The Eiger, that daunting rocky peak that only experienced climbers will challenge. We visited a chocolate factory and an old family winery. We ate Raclette, the national dish of Switzerland. It's melted cheese with boiled potatoes and onions. We ate fondue and rosti, which is similar to hash browns. Seems the Swiss are high on cheese and potatoes.

Because the dollar was strong against the Swiss Franc, the shopping was excellent. Swiss watches, costume jewelry, Swiss Army Knives, chocolates and music boxes were among our buys.

Why, we even bought clothes, hats and shoes. (Well, I always like to buy shoes in Europe. They seem to have so much more style than the ones I find around here.) Each of us bought a fabulous ring from an artist in Zurich.

Meanwhile, back at home, I'm spending money as though I have some. Not only am I getting a new roof with a skylight in the master bath, but I'm also getting new carpeting throughout the house, and upholstering the living room chairs and sofa. When all that is done, I'll have to paint. Everything wears out at once.

Did I tell you that Kevin stayed with me for a few days when he had surgery on his arm? During that time, he managed to break one of my chairs. I've ordered a replacement. Perhaps by the time you see it, my house will look new again.

Larry has been out to the Reinhart show in Rapid City. This time he didn't get snowed in. Finally, the show season is coming to a close. I believe the next one is the School Food Service Show in August.

I'm fixing dinner for Kathy for Mother's Day. So far, I haven't a clue what it's going to be. Kraft Macaroni and Cheese and some hot dogs, perhaps?

Signing off with LOVE,

August 17, 1999

Dear Jennifer

You don't need to apologize for not writing; it's a two-way street, after all. Like you, I've had good intentions...but you know what they say about good intentions.

I'm sorry to have missed the reunion in Seattle. Like you, I've never been there. Besides, I have a couple of really good friends who live there. Instead, I spent the summer sulking because I had to spend my money on dental work and home repairs instead of travel. The only place I've been outside of Minnesota since our China trip was to Houston in January for my cousin's 50th birthday. When I left Minnesota, the temperature was 9 degrees; when I arrived in Houston, it was 70. I looked around in amazement at the green grass and flowers in bloom. Don't they know it's winter in January?

Since I can't travel to exotic places to do my shopping, I've been hitting the art fairs, sometimes two in one weekend. Most of my Christmas shopping is done; now I can concentrate on what Barbara wants. (As if I haven't been buying stuff for me all along. The other day I decided that I need a man at my house so I bought me one. His name is Cheyenne and he's a cowboy. Unfortunately, he's a little short (about 3 feet), but he doesn't talk back and doesn't require food, water or sex. He is, however always hard--he's a metal sculpture.

Last Thursday (August 12) was my birthday--57--and I've been celebrating ever since. Being a true Leo, I believe in birthday seasons. The older I get, the more I enjoy my birthdays; I'm just glad I'm still around to have them. I always come to the office on my birthday, but I don't schedule any meetings that day. I just sit around waiting for people to bring me presents. My parents took me out for dinner. I had my favorite birth-

day treat--liver and onions. Friday night I had a party at my house, about 20 people. Saturday night my neighbors took me to the theater, the world premiere of a new musical version of "Romeo and Juliet". It was fabulous! Monday night I had a dinner party for a home economist friend who was visiting from New York. Wednesday night I'm going out with one of my friends who also had a birthday this month. This Saturday night another group of friends is going to a 7-course garlic harvest dinner. The following weekend the woman I lived with when I first moved here 30 years ago is taking me out to a jazz club. Then, my cousin from Memphis is coming for Labor Day. She said we have to celebrate my birthday when she gets here. Whew!

So you have a new hobby--stamping? What, exactly, do you make with your rubber stamps, or do you just collect them? Since my artistic ability is limited to cooking and sewing, I don't have a clue.

Recently I mentioned to a friend that I have never been fishing. She promptly arranged a fishing expedition. Finding a lake in Minnesota is never a problem; there's one in every neighborhood. We fished for about 3 hours. Believe it or not, I actually caught

one. It was a carp, but I was very proud of myself. I even put my own worms on the hooks. We took the carp back to my friend's house, cleaned it, and fried it up. Cole slaw and corn bread completed our meal. Delicious!

You asked about my personal trainer, Rodney? No! He has not made me into an exercise junkie. I'm faithful, though, twice a week, whether I need it or not, and aqua aerobics on Saturday. I can't begin to tell you how much I hate it. My idea of fun exercise is patting my foot to the music in a jazz club.

Thank you for the nice compliments on the newsletter and, of course, our Ken Davis Bar-B-Q-Sauce. You're right; kids do love it. I hear from parents all the time that their kids ask for it by name: "Do we have any of the Ken Davis?" or "Where's the Kenny?" The next newsletter should arrive at your place just before Thanksgiving; I'm working on it now.

Jennifer, it was so nice to hear from you. When I get myself into the 21st century and have E-Mail, I'll let you know. Meanwhile, I guess we'll have to correspond the old-fashioned way.

Barbara

Thanks



Dear Barbara Jo Davis,

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for sponsoring me for the 1998 MAFCS Conference! As you may already know, this Conference was held April 17th and 18th. It was a lovely Conference. We had wonderful speakers who spoke on several topics relevant to Family and Consumer Sciences. I was particularly impressed with Jane Norstrom. She spoke on the "Activity Pyramid" that she

developed. It works with the Food Guide Pyramid that we normally teach.

I apologize for sending this note so late. It does not mean that I do not appreciate the opportunity you provided me. I am finishing my Master's in Education at the University of Minnesota this June. I have also been hired as a full time teacher in Forest Lake. My schedule has been extremely busy. However, I often hear you on the radio and think about how grateful I am to you. I wanted to make sure you knew!

Thank-you
again.

Sincerely,
Jennifer J. Kray
over

P.S. I tried the Ken Davis B-B-Q
sauce on my leftover Easter
turkey. You were right, it was
good! ☺

CARLTON
CARDS

TNSQ 5G

November 16, 2000

Dear Megan

Although it was nice to get a letter from you, I was disturbed by how unhappy you sound. Life doesn't always give us what we want or deserve. I'm very sorry that yours thus far has been so stressful. Keep in mind that most girls your age have many of the same frustrations. Teenage years can be particularly lonely. Many times you feel like no one understands you. Well, it's not true; all of us have been there. Sometimes, as you well know, being popular and having boyfriends costs too high a price.

Your grandfather always used to say, "Everything happens for the best." Boys and Girls Town may not be the best place in the world, but try to see the good in it. If you start each day by counting your blessings, instead of your disappointments, life looks pretty good. Let's make a list:

- You are healthy; you are not handicapped or deformed.
- You're not in jail; you have no criminal record.
- You're not living on the streets; you have a warm place to stay.
- You're not pregnant and alone; you're not trying to raise a baby.
- You're not a junkie or a prostitute.
- You don't have to worry about where your next meal is coming from.
- No one is beating or sexually abusing you.
- You have a mother who loves you, even though you don't get to see her often.
- You have other people who really love you, such as your uncle Kevin and I.
- You are receiving a quality education, and your grades are good enough that you will be able to get into college.
- You're an attractive young woman with a nice personality.
- You said yourself that having people around you who are going through the same thing, helps—you're not in it by yourself.

Let me tell you about my teenage years. From the outside, life may have looked perfect, but to me, it was hell. Like you, I was an only child. I lived in a quiet, working-class neighborhood with nice lawns and good schools, and with both of my parents. My dad worked nights; he was a chef. My mother worked full-time as a maid. I was an A student, valedictorian of my class, president of FHA, member of the Honor Society, president of the Spanish Club, etc. etc.

When I was a little girl, Mother and I were best friends. We spent a lot of time together; she taught me everything I know—cooking, sewing, money management, cleaning, dressing—you name it. As I became a teenager and started to become independent, we started to fight. She resented my pulling away from her, and I resented her trying to hold on to me. Nothing I did was good enough; nothing pleased her. She was on my case every minute. (That's typical of mothers who want the best for their daughters, I guess.) I was very unhappy.

At the same time, she and my dad started fighting. They would scream and holler and throw things. Every time I would try to interfere, they'd yell and scream at me, too. After a while, Mother started blaming me for their problems: "If it hadn't been for you, I would have left him long time ago!" Since she suspected Dad of fooling around with other women, she used to make me go with her to see if we could catch him, or at least find his car parked somewhere. We never did. I cried in my room every night.

Meanwhile, the only other black person in my high school class had to drop out because she got pregnant by her uncle that she lived with. My best friend called up to tell me that she didn't want to be my friend any more because I was a "nerd". I never dated until my senior year. Then, my date for the prom, who was in the Air Force, called me the day of the prom to tell me he couldn't go because he had to be on duty that day.

Yes, I understand how unhappy and lonely you can feel during your so-called "care free" teenage years. It's hard, but remember that **LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE**. I decided that I was going to be very, very successful. I studied hard; I learned as much as I could about everything. If I had a project to do, I did another one for extra credit. I studied the fashion magazines so I would learn how to dress. I learned how to chair a meeting; I learned how to do public speaking.

I was unhappy; but I was successful. The one thing it taught me for sure was how to be independent, how to make my own happiness. If I was alone on a Saturday night when everyone was dating, I was sewing a new outfit, reading a book, writing poetry. Some of my loneliness went into my poetry.

After a while, I started to ignore all that mess around me. I started to value my own company.

So now that I've bored you with my story, back to you. I can't tell you how proud I am of you. You're keeping your grades up, and you're turning into a very very special woman. Hang in there!

Although I know you really want to be home with your mom, I believe she is right in wanting you to stay at Boys and Girls Town until you finish high school. It's a much better environment than you might think, especially in terms of education.

Also, I know that you would like to move to Minnesota. There is nothing I can do about that right now. First of all, with the investment the county made in your mom's house, I'm sure they will want her to stay in it for at least 5 years. When we renovated our office, we had to sign a 5-year lease so that the landlord could get his money's worth.

Secondly, I'm working with Kevin trying to help him get divorced. Once he knows whether he is going to have custody of Jahi, we have to find him a decent place to live, out of the 'hood. After that, we can talk about letting you come to visit.

You'll be 16 in no time; then you can get a real job and have your own money. That will help.

So...hang in there! Know that you're loved. Try to ignore the B.S. around you. It sounds like you have a great relationship with your Psychiatrist; keep talking. If you get too frustrated, keep a diary; it helps to write things down.

I love you and miss you.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Grandma". The signature is written in dark ink and has a fluid, personal style.



Dear Grandma, Sunday October 29, 2000,

I have been trying to write you for along time. I really miss you and I want to see you. I haven't called because they told me I don't have a call day. Mom has to call me if she want to talk, I can't call her, and they said if uncle Kevin wants to talk to me he has to call himself. I am really getting sick of being at BoysTown. It has not been good at all mom told me that she has talk to you about me wanting to leave. Well I do I can't stand it here. I want to leave this place really bad. My life has become a living hell. And I can't take it anymore I really miss mom. And has much cleaning as I do here I could of had our hole house fixed up by know. School is the only thing that keeps me going while I'm here. I love but I always have. But just being around people I know and who is going through the same thing that I am makes

this place a heck of a lot better. If I didn't have school it would be really, really hard for me. I really miss you. I wish me and mom could just move up there and still be able to keep our house down here because I'm so afraid that someone would destroy it. People do that to things that aren't theirs I have learned that a lot people are really mean sometime to. Going home is the only thing I wish I could do the most. I really miss all of my friends and going to a regular school were you don't have to have a point card, or a ratio every time you talk to a boy it really stupid I think. I'm letting out all my feelings to you on paper sense I can't call and your all ways gone anyway I'm just letting it all out. You know what I'm 15 know and I can't get a job. And what is weird most teenager don't want a job but I do and I can't get one and it really bugs me. If I was at home I would have a job and mange my money help mom with the bills we would exercise together. I think it would be great to go home because know that I have

got a taste of the real world it's not that great people are rude and don't care about you. They lie to you and treat you wrong and to all they do is use you. Not just being in BoysTown has shown me that but being at Sonya's house staying with my moms friends, and in fostercare it all has been rough not just for me but for mom to. we both have been through some rough times. I haven't been home in 2 year and I am really thinking back on all the things that I have did and what has put me and mom through and how the out come has been. It's been really rough boy I wish I could take these years back. I probably wouldn't have been here know. I tell mom I really regret writing the letter to come here. Because it has not been that fun at all. Know I can see her point of view education wise but, not having a good child hood, because we don't do hardly any thing. If I wanted I could do that at home. And what bugs me the most is when you get in trouble for other people's actions, like when I am Shawnteesa's roommate and it hot in our room.

So I asked Erica if I could borrow her fan until the Cobb's got me one. Because it is cold in her room because I use to be in that room and icesicles use to form around the frame . But she said no and so Teesa went in there and asked her to give me the fan and she also let out some of her feelings and, the next morning Erica told on her and said that she said that she was going to beat her up and she didn't say that but sense I and the others didn't say anything we got in trouble and had to earn 20,000 negatives and I losted my home visit. So after a while it gets very old. They have some very stupid rules here and I can't stand them any more. I have been so upset these past couple of weeks and everybody has been telling me all of this stuff about me going home and me not going home I'm believing my therapist because he is the one who is trying to get me home BoysTown is not doing anything but making me miserable. I really miss you and I hope your doing good and I want you to take good care of your self and to call me and

write me back or even come and visit. I love you
so much Grandma and I want to wish you the best,

*With love Meagan your Granddaughter *

P.S The address is 13955 Flanagan Blvd.

BoysTown, NE 68010

(402) 498-3156

Love you Hugs Kisses

December, 2000

Season's Greetings!

Here's a summary of my life this year:

Business: We're in the process of setting up a web page.

Family: My stepson Kevin is still trying to get divorced and win custody of his 4-year-old son. This has got to be the longest divorce in history! I got to spend time with my cousins this summer, when we went to the Black Arts Festival in Atlanta.

Travel: I think you know that I went to Hong Kong for Chinese New Year. Since then I've been to Jamaica with my Book Club. No, I didn't get my groove back; I'm no Stella. I also went to the International Jazz Festival in Bern, Switzerland. What a good time that was! Some of the world's most famous jazz artists performed there. The shopping!!! was superb; and of course, the scenery was unsurpassed.

Health: Aside from the usual aches and pains, my health is excellent. I work out two hours a week with Rodney, my personal trainer, hating every minute. On Monday evenings I take a Caribbean dance class, which is a lot of fun. I tried Yoga, but it was just too painful for me. Although all this exercise contributes to my sense of well being, I haven't lost a pound. Not that I'm trying--I love to cook (and eat) too much for that.

Other Y2K Favorites: I loved the movie, "Gladiator", the book, "The Long Road Home" by Connie Briscoe, the TV series, "Law and Order", and my cooking class with Stephen Raichlen.

Answers to your questions: No, there's no man in my life; I don't even know any single men over the age of 30. Yes, I still sew as often as I can. I'm entertaining for Christmas Eve, not Christmas day. I have no idea, yet what I'm doing for New Year's; maybe I'll have my women friends for a sleepover. Last year's was a blast!

I'd love to hear the latest about your life. Please keep in touch. For the computer literate, my e-mail address is barbarajodavis@aol.com.

Barbara Jo Davis

Please come for

CHEESE 'N CHOCOLATE

to celebrate the birthdays of
Phyllis Olin and Kevin Davis
(She'll be 60; he's 39 and holding)

Friday evening, February 23, 2001
6 o'clock p.m.

at Barbara Davis's
9120 Flyway Circle
Eden Prairie

It's pot luck, so bring something made from cheese
or something made from chocolate

Call if you cannot come: 952/ 922-5556

No gifts, please



530 Birchmont Beach RD. N.E.,
Bemidji, Minnesota 56601
218-751-1630

January 2001

Winter Greetings, resort guests and friends:

The resort is once again carpeted in a blanket of white fluffy snow, which is nice to see after the last two mild, nearly snow-less winters. After a beautiful Fall but record cold November, Lake Bemidji froze over December 3, a week or so late, but well within the normal range. Once again, we flooded the basketball court and part of the lawn behind the pool building and built the nicest skating rink we have had in many years. I took my first skate of the season December 8th, a little late; I usually have it under my belt by Thanksgiving. The "Resort Loop" ski trail, was groomed and in use by Christmas.

By the first week in January we had enough snow for one of our favorite winter activities, snowshoeing. On snowshoes you float above the forest floor. The brush, which hinders your progress and blocks your view in summer, has disappeared below the snow. The lack of leaves opens up the forest even more. The woods are now a silent wonderland, where unseen animals record their activities, and adventures for your inspection in the snow. Rabbits, squirrels, fox, mice, and deer, all leave a record of their daily activities. The places where they walked, ran, stopped, and rested are all recorded in the snow for you to contemplate. In the woods northeast of the resort, Taylor and I followed countless trails, and counted 42 depressions in the snow where deer had bedded down over the previous days.

Our winters may be pretty relaxed at Birchmont, but we are slowly gearing up for the busy summer season. We do not have any major building or remodeling plans for this summer. Once again we are concentrating on small upgrades, carpet, furniture, etc., to make your accommodations more comfortable. Those of you who made reservations for this summer will find your confirmation and deposit request enclosed. If you have not yet made your summer reservations, now would be a good time to firm up your plans. We anticipate another busy summer season, and do not want anyone left out. We are still offering our "Preferred Guest" discount to all guests who have stayed with us in the previous 18 months. Please ask for it when you make your reservation.

We hope to hear from you soon.

Cordially,

Randy
Randy Ruttger

RESERVATION INFORMATION

DEPOSIT REQUIREMENTS: We require a deposit equal to one night's lodging for up to a two-night stay; one half total rate for three or more nights.

EARLY DEPARTURE AND LATE ARRIVALS: You will be charged for all dates reserved.

CANCELLATIONS: Receipt of your deposit guarantees space is reserved. If cancellation is received 30 days before arrival, we will refund your deposit less a \$20 handling fee per unit.

GRATUITIES: Please remember your server. A 15% gratuity is customary and you may add it to your bill.

DISCOUNTS: Seniors over age 60: 10% off. Rate is prorated when seniors share a unit with younger guests. We honor only one discount per reservation.

PETS: Small pets only, leashed at all times. \$10.00 per day. Sorry, no pets in Cedar Lodge or Main Lodge.

ADDITIONAL GUESTS: adults \$20 per night or \$100 weekly, children ages 4-18, \$10 per night or \$50 weekly, infants free

Check-in: 5:00 PM Check-out: 11:30 AM
Ruttger's units have direct dial phones
with modem data ports and color cable TV.



BIRCHMONT LODGE

530 Birchmont Beach Road
Bemidji, MN 56601
(218) 444-3463

For more extensive information, photos, and maps,
visit our website www.ruttger.com
email: ruttgers@paulbunyan.net

For reservations call us Toll Free
1 - 888 - RUTTGER

RUTTGER'S BIRCHMONT LODGE ACCOMMODATIONS

Season Code: Low	Season Code: Medium	Season Code: High	Season Code: Peak	Season Code: High	Season Code: Medium	Season Code: Low
May 11-24 and May 28-June 14	June 15-June 28 and Memorial Weekend May 25, 26, 27	June 29-July 19	July 20-Aug 11	Aug 12-18	Aug 19-Aug 25 and Labor Day Weekend Aug 31, Sept 1, 2	Aug 26-30 and September 3-19

J One Bedroom Lakeview Cottage (1-2 persons)
one bedroom with king bed, living room with
double hide-a-bed and fireplace, screened porch,
dressing room and refrigerator.

M Two Bedroom Lakeview Cottage (2-4 persons)
two bedrooms, living room with fireplace,
refrigerator, and screened porch.

P Three Bedroom Lakeview Cottage (3-6
persons) three bedrooms, two bathrooms, living
room with fireplace, refrigerator and screened
porch.

J *Cedar Lodge Kitchenette Room (1-2 persons)
one queen bed, hide-a-bed couch, fireplace,
kitchenette, air conditioning, and deck.

K *Cedar Lodge Whirlpool Suite (1-2 persons)
king bed, fireplace, kitchenette, air conditioning,
and hot tub.

M *Cedar Lodge Loft Kitchenette (2-4 persons)
one queen bed, hide-a-bed couch, and two twin beds
and extra half-bath in the loft. Fireplace,
kitchenette, air conditioning, and balcony.

G One Room Lakeview Cottage (1-2 persons) one
queen size bed or two double beds, refrigerator.

K One Bedroom Lakeview Kitchenette Cottage
(2-4 persons) bedroom with two double beds, living
room with hide-a-bed couch, deck.

G Cedar Lodge Room (1-2 persons) two queen beds,
air conditioning, refrigerator and deck.

C Main Lodge Lakefront Room (1 person) air
conditioning.

D Main Lodge Lakefront Room (2 persons) queen
bed or two twin beds, air conditioning

G Main Lodge Lakefront Suite (2-4 persons) two
rooms with choice of various bed arrangements,
refrigerator, air conditioning.

A Main Lodge Park Side Room (1 person)

C Main Lodge Park Side Room (2 persons)

D Main Lodge Park Side Suite (2-4 person) two
rooms with choice of various bed arrangements.

*These units may be connected to a Cedar Lodge Room to form a town
home suite. Ask for a special price.

Rate	Five or More Nights				Midweek Sunday-Thursday				Two Night Weekend and Holiday			
	Low	Med	High	Peak	Low	Med	High	Peak	Low	Med	High	Peak
A	28.00	33.00	42.00	48.00	29.00	34.00	44.00	48.00	32.00	44.00	59.00	62.00
C	33.00	42.00	46.00	59.00	34.00	44.00	48.00	58.00	39.00	56.00	75.00	79.00
D	38.00	46.00	56.00	68.00	39.00	48.00	58.00	69.00	54.00	73.00	94.00	99.00
G	62.00	94.00	125.00	135.00	69.00	106.00	138.00	149.00	87.00	129.00	174.00	184.00
J	77.00	115.00	154.00	166.00	95.00	143.00	189.00	205.00	107.00	159.00	213.00	233.00
K	82.00	124.00	165.00	178.00	99.00	149.00	199.00	218.00	117.00	175.00	233.00	246.00
M	104.00	156.00	209.00	225.00	129.00	193.00	254.00	282.00	139.00	209.00	278.00	298.00
P	129.00	194.00	258.00	277.00	154.00	230.00	299.00	328.00	169.00	255.00	340.00	358.00

Rates are quoted per unit, per day.

Prices Subject to change without notice



BIRCHMONT LODGE

2001 Summer Rate Schedule



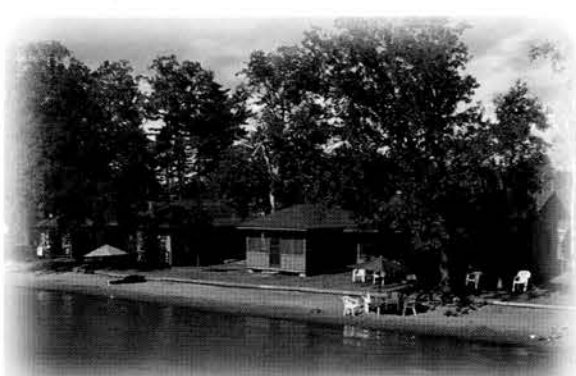
Welcome!

*From Minnesota's oldest resort
family, to yours. Our tradition
of hospitality goes back four
generations, over 100 years.
Join us at Ruttger's and start
your own family tradition.*

~Randy Ruttger

Welcome to the world of Ruttger's...

...We haven't forgotten what brought 21 year old Don Ruttger to the northwoods those 60 plus years ago... Crystal water sparkling in the sun-



light... whispering forests scented with pine... a lone eagle soaring across the clear, blue sky... rippling waves lapping at the sandy shore... the distant call of a loon... Nestled among the birches and pines on the scenic north shore of Lake Bemidji, Ruttger's combines the natural splendor of northern Minnesota with traditional hospitality and modern comfort.

Outstanding Accommodations and Amenities... indoor and outdoor pools, sauna, Jacuzzi, tennis courts, and our half-mile of sandy lakeshore.



Children's Program... designed especially for a wide range of ages and activities, running June 16th through August 26th. Your kids will love the different activities, from nature hikes to candle-making, tie-dyeing T-shirts to family bonfires on the



beach, and you'll love knowing that they're under the attentive eyes of our experienced staff.



A variety of activities and watercraft are yours to enjoy free of charge, including: row boats, canoes, kayaks, and Sunfish sailboats. Our boathouse staff would love to teach you to water-ski or sail! Our marina also has a large selection of rental equipment, including: fishing boats, mountain bikes, Jet-Skis, and pontoon boats. Ruttger's provides easy access to five golf courses, the beautiful Birchmont Course is only a mile down the road.



Ruttger's Garden Court Grill offers a fine selection of entrees, beautifully prepared, graciously presented. Our chefs specialize in steaks, seafood, and local cuisine. With dinner sample a wine from our extensive wine list, acclaimed as one of the best in the world by "Wine Spectator Magazine." As an extra delight, we serve lunches, snacks, dinners and cocktails poolside.



Ruttger's has it all... Whether you're looking for a family vacation or romantic getaway, Join us for a vacation you will long remember.



Villas

	Peak Season July 1-Aug 12	June 17-July 1 & Aug 12-26	May 27-June 17 & Aug 26-Sep 2	May 13-27 & Sep 2-23
Cabins No. 29 & 30 (Economy) 2 bedrooms with two double beds per bedroom, 2 baths, and hide-a-bed couch. 5 person maximum.	\$1645	\$1175	\$700	\$475
Cabin No. 24 (Deluxe) 2 bedrooms with 1 queen bed and 2 twin beds, 2 baths, hide-a-bed couch, and fireplace. 5 person maximum.	\$1745	\$1295	\$795	\$550
Cabin No. 39 (Deluxe) 2 bedrooms with 1 king bed and 1 double bed, 1 bath, hide-a-bed couch, and fireplace. 4 person maximum.	\$1745	\$1295	\$795	\$550
Cabin No. 26 (Deluxe) 3 bedrooms with 1 king, 1 double, and 2 twins, 2 baths and dining room. 6 person maximum.	\$2095	\$1490	\$890	\$655
Cabin No. 27 (Deluxe) 4 bedrooms, 7 beds, living room with hide-a-bed couch, dining room, and 2 baths. No fireplace. 8 person maximum.	\$2250	\$1645	\$1020	\$685
Cabin No. 28 (Economy) 4 bedrooms, 7 beds, living with hide-a-bed couch, dining room, and 2 baths. No fireplace. 8 person maximum.	\$2085	\$1480	\$880	\$645

Weekly Rates from Sunday to Sunday

These Lakefront cabins have complete kitchens, microwaves, and are equipped for cooking. Linen and daily maid service are included.

Add \$50 for each person over the listed maximum for each unit and \$30 for each extra child.

Weekend and Midweek packages are available for some dates.

Garden Court Grill

Serving breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

Open weekends, May 25-June 10,
and everyday
June 15-Labor Day.

A *complimentary continental breakfast* is served in the lobby, on the days during the early and late season, that the restaurant is closed.

December
2001

Hi! Best wishes for a wonderful Holiday Season!

Can you believe what a year we've had? Like everyone else, I'm trying to live my life normally (!) after watching (on TV) the World Trade Center collapse. Even now, when I think of the thousands of families affected by the violence, I cry.

On a more cheerful note, I am at last free of the disease, Polymyalgia Rheumatica, which caused severe aching and stiffness of the muscles. Other than a little bursitis and the normal aches and pains, I'm healthy, for an old broad.

Although most of my life this year has been good, I have been touched by personal tragedy. In August my 45-year-old step daughter died suddenly, leaving a 16-year-old daughter. A very close friend has been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. Two other friends are battling breast cancer. So we take the bad along with the good.

The highlight of the year was my long-awaited Greek-Islands vacation. For years I dreamed about going to see the white-washed buildings, stark against the azure sea (the bluest water I've ever seen). Our group of 46 visited the islands of Delos, Myconos, Rhodes, and Santorini. Because I'm somewhat of a history buff, I was fascinated by Athens. But the gem of the entire trip was Istanbul. What a wonderful city! Anyone who was afraid of going into Turkey after 9/11, soon relaxed amidst the friendly Turks.

I'm busy, busy, busy. Life is good. I've even learned to do silk painting.

Love, *Barbara*

A SHOWER FOR TWO!



*For: DeGalynn Wade and Lance Sanders
(Registered at Target and Marshall Field's)*

By: Barbara Jo Davis and Phyllis Olin

When: Sunday, June 23, 2002, 2p.m.

*Where: 9120 Flyway Circle
Eden Prairie, MN*

RSVP by June 19 952 922 5556

Editions Limited™
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designed by CRM!



PROUD TO BE 60!

You're invited

To:

A birthday party

For:

Barbara Jo Davis

EXPECTATIONS: Friends and family, food and fun,
and of course, music.

WHEN: Sunday, August 11, 2002
4 o'clock until 8 o'clock p.m.

WHERE: Plymouth Creek Center
4800 34th Avenue North
Plymouth, MN

(Map enclosed)

What to Wear: "Cocktail Party Clothes" (think 1940's elegance)

RSVP by August 7th 2002

952 922 5556

barbara@kendavis-bbq.com



"Couleur Vive" is a reproduction from an original mixed media painting by Maud Pierre-Charles, ©1998.
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A portion of the profit from this sale will be donated to a scholarship fund or non-profit organization.

The African American Collection



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Happy Birthday

Meagan is 18

Come Celebrate!

Sunday, June 22, 2003

5 o'clock pm

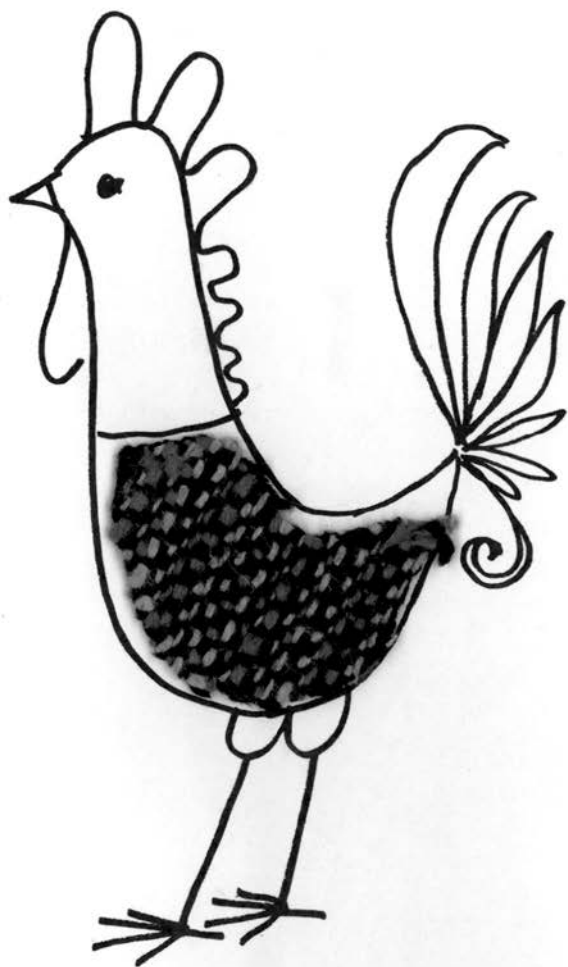
9120 Flyway Circle

Eden Prairie

Bring a Friend

Please let me know by Saturday if you can come, and
how many are in your party

Barbara Jo Davis: 952-922-5556



October 21, 2003

Dear Barbara -


What a delightful evening we spent in your beautiful home! Thank you so much for donating the dinner on behalf of the Penumbra Theater. We've enjoyed getting to know different ethnic foods over the years, but this was our first authentic African meal. We enjoyed every course - no way possible to pick a favorite.

We appreciated your thoughtfulness in providing the recipes. Now we can savor the meal again and again, although it won't be the same without your glorious presence. Kudos to you and your friends for making this happen.

Warm regards
Lois & J.E. Duffey

AYOTTES' DESIGNERY
CENTER SANDWICH, N.H. 03227





Holiday Greetings from the Frozen North! I hope that you and yours are healthy, happy and full of the spirit of the Season.

Has it been as peculiar a year for you as for me? I spent 9 weeks this summer on crutches after having reconstructive surgery on my right foot. It started a couple of years ago, when I noticed quite severe tingling in the foot. That was followed by knee pain, hip pain, back pain. The pain in my foot and hip were so severe that I was in tears daily. Many doctors later, I discovered that I had ruptured a tendon in the arch, due to years of standing a lot on my very flat feet. Although he could have simply repaired the tendon, the doctor chose to build me an arch. Anyway, I'm back on my feet and, although the foot is a little stiff, the pain is gone.

In spite of the foot problem, I managed to get in a little travel. In February I went to Las Vegas for the first time since 1969. Wow! What an extravaganza of hedonism! I'm not a gambler, but the shopping was great. Gladys Knight, sans the Pips, put on a fantastic show one evening. Frankly, since I go only for the shows and shopping, I'd rather go to New York.

Then, in April I attended the International Association of Culinary Professionals in Montreal. The last time I was there was during the World's Fair almost 40 years ago. I loved riding the Metro, and went all over town when I was supposed to be attending meetings (oops!).

My granddaughter, Meagan, graduated from high school in May, and moved from Omaha to Minneapolis to go to college. She is living with me; it's strange having someone else in the house after living alone for 12 years! It's even stranger having to deal with all the trials and tribulations of a teenager.

Possibly the best Thanksgiving in my life was this year in Colorado Springs with my friends Peggy and Clarence Shivers. It was more than a feast; it was a whole weekend of events, including a quest

appearance by Charles Sampson, an African American retired bull-riding champion, a dance, an art show, a visit to the ProRodeo Hall of Fame, a cowboy-style dinner at a ranch, gambling at Cripple Creek, a concert and black-tie reception, and a brunch. Peggy and Clarence renewed their vows at the church service on Sunday. Naturally, I found time for shopping. Best of all, I didn't have to cook a thing!

Our company Holiday party was different than usual this year—it featured East Indian cuisine catered by my friend Raghavan Iyer, author of Betty Crocker's Indian Cookbook and The Turmeric Trail. Just for fun, I dressed in a sari, and I even managed not to trip over it! Our guest performer, one of the local actor/singers, wrote a song about me, on the spot, from random words supplied by the guests.

I'm looking forward to spending time with family and friends during the Holidays. Those who didn't come to help trim the tree will come for Christmas Eve. Since we're expecting 6 inches of snow on December 15, we're almost guaranteed a White Christmas.

Hoping to hear from you.

Love and Best Wishes for a Peaceful New Year,

Barbara J. Davis

Celebrate!

Ken Davis Products Holiday Party

Friday, December 5, 2003
6 O'clock p.m.

At the Rosenbergs'
11406 Louisiana Avenue South
Bloomington, MN

East Indian Cuisine
by **Raghavan Iyer**
author of "The Turmeric Trail"

Special Guest Appearance
by **T. Mychal Rambo**
Twin Cities' Premier Actor/Singer

Music by the **Bill Hobbs Trio**

Please respond by December 1
(952) 922-5556

COOKIN' WITH BARBARA JO

It's the Holiday Season! Celebrate!

We at Ken Davis Products started off the season with a GRRRREAT party. As usual, we held it at the home of our Vice President, Operations. As usual, background music (mostly jazz) came from the Bill Hobbs Trio. I've known Bill a long time. Remember the Blue Ox, a nightclub in downtown Minneapolis? When we were dating back in the early 1970s, Ken and I used to go there almost every weekend to hear Bill Hobbs. He was also part of the trio that played for our wedding reception, and years later, for my 60th birthday.

Anyway, this year the trio was joined by T. Mychael Rambo, who not only sang traditional Christmas music but also a tune or two from his new recording, "The Gift", a collection of Holiday songs that he wrote. He regaled us with stories from his life. In his inimitable fashion, he composed a song on the spot using random words supplied by the guests. What a treat!

The food—oh the food! Food is important to this group. Usually we serve a buffet of "heavy" appetizers, and people just stand around the table sampling. This time was no different, except that the food was catered by The Essence of Thyme. Chef Raghavan Iyer prepared what he refers to as "Bombay Street Food". Most of us were sort of familiar with Indian cuisine (hot and spicy curry and the like), but most of us had never experienced the intricate layered flavors of the street food.

There were *papads* in a variety of flavors. Made from lentils, they resembled tortillas. Breaded potato shells griddle-cooked and served with a bean stew were called *Ragada Patties*. Raghavan and his assistant passed trays of *Paani Pooris*, hollow rounds filled with chili-spiked water, and *Sev Batata Pooris*, crispy flat bread topped with mango, red onion and two chutneys. One of my favorites was the *Paav Bhaji*, grilled bread smothered with a spiced vegetable pate and marinated red onions. However, the dish that disappeared most quickly was *Keralite Shrimp*, which was poached and tossed with fresh coconut, roasted lentils, and chilies, and served with caramelized red onion-tomato sauce. To satisfy our sweet cravings, there were cashew bars, fresh fruit with a cardamom cream sauce, and *Jalebis*, the Indian cousin of Funnel Cakes, but made with garbanzo bean flour.

Chef Raghavan read passages from his book, *The Turmeric Trail, Recipes and Memories from an Indian Childhood* (St. Martin's Press, New York, 2002). It's a wonderful book, even if you never prepare any of the recipes. The opening passage reads, "As you turn these pages, hold my hand along my turmeric-brick road, yellowed with ageless stories, perfumed with spicy aromas, and peppered with succulent dishes. Savor it all..."

Mychael stayed around to meet the guests and sign copies of his CD, and Raghavan signed his book. We all left full, happy and feeling the spirit of Christmas.



POTLUCK DINNER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 2004

7 O'CLOCK PM

9120 FLYWAY CIRCLE
EDEN PRAIRIE

HOSTED BY
BARBARA JO DAVIS AND PHYLLIS OLIN

BRING FOOD
FROM YOUR ETHNIC HERITAGE

LET US KNOW IF YOU WON'T BE THERE
952 922-5556

Volunteers

The Heart of
Hopkins Schools

Hopkins School District 270
Hopkins, Minnesota



Thank You!

Dear Barbara,

Oct 19, 2004

Thank you so much for the fabulous presentation on product development you gave to the Snack Shop students! You were so interesting and had great key points. Your time and expertise are so appreciated by my students and myself.

Sincerely,

Michelle Saylor

North Jr. High FACS

P.S. Thanks for the delicious bag sauce too!!

Happy Holidays! I hope you and yours are healthy and having fun!

I'm doing well for an old broad--healthy except for the arthritis in my knees (Not that it stops me from doing what I want). I do Caribbean dancing once or twice a week and water aerobics twice a week. Naturally, I'm able to shop often, but not for as long as I used to. My cousin from Memphis brought her 16-year-old daughter here to shop at the Mall of America for her birthday. We had a ball!

Lots of travel this year (pleasure, not business): New York in January, Black Hills Memorial weekend, Montreal Jazz Festival in July. In September I went on a whirlwind tour of the Northern European capitals: Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Helsinki. Wedding in California in October

In spite of what the President says, the business climate is not all that great, but we're managing to hold our own. We have 2 new barbecue sauces the 2g carb Original, and Sweet & Smoky. Because our company is featured in a Marketing textbook, I get lots of requests to speak. I really enjoy it! And I do a radio spot 3 times a week called "The 90-Second Chef".

Besides working full time (no, I have no plans to retire), I serve on several boards, including The Hot Summer Jazz Festival. We put on a fabulous free festival every June. You should come! I'm also the vice president of the new Minnesota Black Chamber of Commerce.

As usual, I'll gather family and friends around me for Christmas; I hope you will be able to do the same. My grandson Jahi is 8, and a young version of his grandfather Ken (in other words, a handful!).

May your 2005 be all you want it to be.

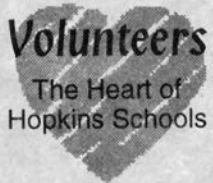
Barbara Jo



Thank You!

Dear Barbara, January 10, 2009

Thanks a million for being
such a wonderful guest
speaker for the Snack Shop
students. The information you
share on new product
development fits in so
perfectly with the course
and is very helpful. I also
appreciate your time and
warm demeanor! Sincerely,
Michelle Saylor



Hopkins School District 270
Hopkins, Minnesota