

With the establishment of the national “do not call” system, the telemarketers calling at dinnertime has dropped quite a bit. That got us thinking what it would be like if there were a “do not send Christmas card” list. We’d have to package our annual letter in another format to annoy you and the rest of our friends with our antics of the year. In that spirit, this year we’ve decided to package our 100th annual message as an advertisement. We hope it works for you and look forward to hearing from you soon. Act now, because operators are standing by!

<p><b>Factory Blowout (your ears)</b></p>  <p>David &amp; Barry take guitar lessons. Alex plays the trombone. As if this house wasn't loud enough already!</p>	<p><b>But wait, there's more!!!</b></p>  <p>New wonderful neighbors have replaced our old wonderful neighbors at the cabin – with cute girls the boys' age. Uh oh...</p>	<p><b>Bargains galore</b></p>  <p>Margie and her sister Patty find a spice set in an Ohio shop that matches the cabin kitchen. What we buy at antique stores they sell at yard sales. Such a deal.</p>
<p><b>St. Patrick's Day deal</b></p>  <p>How about 3,300 gallons of green water? Got to work on that chlorine balance</p>	<p><b>Run in for savings</b></p>  <p>Alex &amp; David played football this year for the first time. Can you say <b>crunch</b>?</p>	<p><b>Step into our sales office</b></p>  <p>Actually, this is Alex &amp; David's after school office at Grandma and Grandpa's house. The boys do LOTS of homework.</p>
<p><b>A steal at \$532,000,000!</b></p>	<p><b>Fire sale</b></p>	<p><b>Dozens of locations to serve you</b></p>



For Barry's birthday, we went to Hearst's Castle. Felt just like home.



Our cabin survived the huge fires by a whopping 1/3 mile. Yikes!



Barry the map maker deciphers DC. Next stop, the White House.

**How about this charmer?**



There it is. No one was home.

**Buy one, get one**



**free!**

That's how we got Ron and James. The dog is NOT happy about this!