

## The Scheiskopf Family Christmas Newsletter, 1984

Dear

Well, another eventful year has passed, and, as we do every year, we thought that we'd take this time out to bring you all up to date on just what has been going on in the ever-growing Scheiskopf family.

Things got off to a bang this year, so to speak, when little Theodore, my sister Eunice's nephew-in-law, came to stay with Abner and me for two weeks last January. Theo is mildly autistic, and becomes quite upset when one of us tires of playing with him. The dear boy took out his frustration on Snoodles, the toy poodle I was given on Mother's Day three years ago. While Abner and I were watching one of the last episodes of "That's Incredible," Theo placed little Snoodles into our Amana Radarange and set the machine on High. We heard little Theo giggling hysterically, and then Snoodles whimpered rather pitifully, then BLAMO! Needless to say, we had quite a mess! Theo was covered head to toe with bits of fur, and we did lose Snoodles, but I did get Abner to buy me a new microwave as a late Christmas present.

Bernice, our eldest daughter, got divorced for the eighth time at the end of January, and got married again on Valentine's Day. Her new husband, Delwyn, has been married six times himself and, between the two, they have 15 children. We wish them the best, and I am sure that you do, too. By the way, Abner and I are once again sponsoring a pool to pick the day and year that Bernice will be getting divorced for the ninth time. Send your entry — only one per person, please — along with \$5.00. As usual, the closest entry wins one half of the total amount contributed, and the other half goes to help pay for Bernice's court costs.

Albert and his wife, Sharice, celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary in a unique way. They renewed their wedding vows at a party held at *The Open Sore*, a New Wave bar and dance studio. Albert (who prefers being called Vince Vomit now) looked quite dashing, with his hair dyed to match his bright blue tuxedo. And Sharice (who, like Albert, is using a new name now — Siouxi Slut) was quite the blushing bride. She looked so sweet with her lime green Mohawk and dirty-white bridal gown. And instead of placing a ring on each other's finger, they each placed a safety pin into the other's cheek. It was so moving. There wasn't a dry eye in the place. And yes, Sharice did have her baby this past March. They named him Steven Abner (and was Abner ever proud to be honored by his son this way!), but everyone calls him the Little Puker.

We were all saddened this past May when Abner's mother, Heidi, passed away. As you all may remember, Grandma Heidi had a stroke several years ago, and ever since, she thought that she was Groucho Marx. We kept her here for a while, and she did become quite popular at several of the comedy clubs here in town, but we finally had to place her in a nursing home. She was very happy there, and everyone there enjoyed her company. Still, all good things must come to an end, and so did Grandma Heidi. It seems that she was thumbing through an old issue of *Time* and happened to read the real Groucho's obituary. Seeing what she thought was her own obituary printed in a national magazine proved to be too much of a shock for Grandma Heidi. She held up the magazine, loudly stated, "Hey, everyone, I'm dead!" and then keeled over. As was her wish, we had her cremated. And, as you have probably noticed, we have enclosed a little bit of Grandma Heidi with this letter — she so

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loved to travel. Please be careful not to spill her. And yes, she did remember us well in her will — she left us everything that she had earned doing her comedy routines, which, having been in the bank, gaining interest for several years, amounted to several hundred thousand dollars.

Donna, our middle child, is in the fifth month of her eighteen-month prison term, although she may be getting out in a couple of months due to good behavior. It seems that, to help make ends meet, Donna had taken up the practice of falling into moving cars in order to get some insurance money. She got rather good at it, although she did suffer quite a few broken bones. Still, everything was going fairly well for her until she made the mistake of falling into the Mayor's car. Unfortunately, the Mayor had some very good lawyers, and they saw through Donna's little plan. As you might suspect, the trial was very short, and the outcome was never in question. She is at the state prison, and her prison number is #5893162. Why not send her a card or letter in this Christmas season and let her know you're thinking about her?

Our daughter Margot got married this year to a charming young man named Frank Wexelblat. Frank is a student at the DeVry Technical Institute, and is learning to program computers! We are all very confident that, when he graduates, he will have no problem getting a high-paying job in the fast, exciting world of computers. Even Margot is becoming something of a computer person. She has been working part-time at the Radio Shack Computer Center for three months, and she has been told that she can be a manager of her own Radio Shack Computer Center in just six more months. These computers sure are changing our lives. Margot has been trying to get Abner and me to buy a computer from her, as she is anxious to make her first sale.

We had a new addition to our family, so to speak, this past July. Our youngest child, Reginald, graduated from high school this year, just one month after his eighteenth birthday. Reggie had done very well in high school this year, and had received several scholarship offers from the local colleges. However, he wasn't sure about what he wanted to do, so he decided to take an extended vacation. One day, about six weeks after Reggie left, a very attractive young lady came to the door. Abner answered the door, and was greeted with "Hi, Dad." It seems that Reggie had gone to Mexico and had a sex change. As you might suspect, it was quite a shock at first, but we quickly got used to having another daughter instead of a son. Reggie has changed her name to Regina, and is currently attending the state university. She has joined a sorority and is also on the cheerleading squad. And she has been going steady for the past two months with one of the young men on the football team.

I simply must pass on to you one of the most exciting-sounding recipes that I have found in several years. And it's just in time for the holidays! My good friend Hester Hochstettler (with whom I am constantly trading recipes) gave me a recipe for a new way to cook turkey. It's called...

### **The Two-Day Turkey Taste Treat**

Set your roaster to 250 degrees. While the roaster is heating, take your thawed turkey and smear it, inside and out, with a paste made from the following ingredients:

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1 lb. lard, NOT vegetable shortening  
1/2 cup salt  
the leaves from 10 tea bags  
2 Tbsp. tabasco sauce  
3 packages of Italian salad dressing mix  
1 4 oz. package Black Cherry jello

Once the bird is covered (don't use all of the paste yet!), pop it into the roaster for two hours. At the end of the two hours, take the turkey out and immerse it completely in ice-cold water for 15 minutes. Note: you may need to use your bathtub for this, depending upon the size of your turkey. Remove the turkey. Pour the drippings that are in the roaster into the turkey's cavity, and cover the outside of the bird with more of the paste. Put the turkey back in the roaster for 45 minutes. Repeat the above process — put turkey in the water for 15 minutes, roast the turkey for 45 minutes — 43 times (that is, for 43 more hours). Once you've finished the 43rd 45 minute roasting, rinse the turkey completely (in cold water, as usual). Put dressing into the cavity if desired, then pop the bird back into the roaster for 2 hours. Once the 2 hours are up, remove the bird, carve, and enjoy!

I can't wait to try this recipe out. If you use it, let me know what you thought and how everyone liked it. Hester swears by this recipe, and stresses that the 45/15 cycle is VERY IMPORTANT. She told me that, several years ago, she missed one of the cycles and the bird was so dry that it was uncarveable. In fact, they used it in place of a car jack later that afternoon when one of their guests needed to change a flat tire.

Abner has been doing very well in his new job in the Research and Development Department at McDonald's. Of course, Abner has been with McDonald's for 23 years, but his new position is the result of his latest promotion. He is one of a group of people involved in determining what new items McDonald's will be coming up with in the next few months and years. Abner has risen quickly in the department ever since his idea about serving Pumpkin Pie was accepted and proved to be a good moneymaker for the company. His latest ideas are being test marketed in Dallas, Chicago, and San Francisco. If they catch on as well as his Pumpkin Pies did, we'll all be able to feast on McLiver 'n' Onions, McBroccoli, and McQuiche.

And as for myself, things have been going very well. I have been working part-time at the Troubled Youth Center. It's just the greatest feeling to help out these young delinquents. Most of the kids come from troubled homes, and they don't have any kind of authority figure. That's where we volunteers step in. Armed with our high-voltage cattle prods, we are helping to make model citizens out of these misdirected children. Of course, I don't enjoy shocking the kids when they're bad, but sometimes there's simply no other choice. For example, one of my charges, a young Cuban named Ramone, took advantage of my five-minute coffee break to "play doctor" with a young Black girl who shall remain nameless. I happened to come back early and caught Ramone in the act, so to speak. He jumped up and started to get dressed, but I was too fast for him. I discharged the cattle prod onto his exposed

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genitals. Once we got him off of the ceiling, he promised to never again assault a girl sexually. And I believe that that is one promise that Ramone intends to keep.

Well, I hope that this little newsletter has helped you get up-to-date on what is going on in our family. Abner and I are anxiously awaiting similar newsletters from the rest of you so that we can find out what's been going on in your lives. We would be glad to include your family-related news in our next newsletter. There are so many of you that we lose touch with during the rest of the year — it seems that the only time we hear about each other's families is through these newsletters. So, won't you keep us in mind when some newsworthy event happens in your family and let us know about it?

In closing, let me urge all of you to take a little time this Christmas season to be thankful for what you have. To help you out, Abner has once again composed a Christmas prayer, which is printed below. If you can't think of anything else to say, feel free to use Abner's prayer.

"I am thankful for all that I have, for where I live, and for who I am. I am thankful that I don't live in the underprivileged areas of the world, but that I am able to contribute a few dollars to help them out. I am thankful for a beautiful family, except for my cousin Altheda, who has been known to scare small children simply by entering a room. I am thankful that I was able to go to the bathroom this morning, and I pray that this will be a continuing trend. Lastly, I am thankful that my wife didn't read this prayer before I had this newsletter printed."

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! And don't forget to send us your news and gossip.

Clarice and Abner Scheiskopf