



TO THE BAG

THE PROXY MISSION

To the *Bag*:

In the latter part of 2022, a most unexpected prospect interrupted my daily receipt of bills and sundry junk literature in the mail: a post-card *nearly* promised that a bobblehead of Harlan Fiske Stone awaited me inside the *Green Bag* offices. Truly, only divine intervention could explain my good fortune. I reacted to the golden post-card with feelings of unabashed glee and smugness. But, alas, living hours away from the Holy Grail, I lacked the wherewithal to personally appear in the appointed law offices to consummate the transaction, a non-negotiable condition of bobblehead acceptance. Oh, the wailing and grinding of teeth.

And then the phone rang. A daughter living in D.C. verified her distance to your offices as being “within blocks.” Knowing that a surrogate could appear in my stead, I deposited my proxy into the nation’s mail service the next day, accompanied with explicit instructions for the precious figure’s retrieval. Most splendidly, this daughter boasted a captain’s rank in the military. I likened the entire operation as a Special Forces mission, appealing to her sense of honor and duty. Oddly, I needed to counter my daughter’s questions regarding the legitimacy of the requested detail. Having a bobblehead enterprise as part of one’s legal services struck her as highly suspect. Actually she described the apparent bogus nature of the proxy card in more scathing terms, but I got the gist. To rid her of such disbelief, I directed her to the *Green Bag*’s impressive website, as well as

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the various other hits for the journal on Google. My plea: a simple search and rescue was all.

In deference to her aging mother, the familial soldier agreed to the assignment. She planned to execute the mission in the near future, depending on the schedule of a trusted comrade whose assistance she had enlisted. I applauded her courage and requested only that she share her location with me at all times so that, by tracking Harlan's whereabouts, I could be reassured of his safety. I later scolded my daughter for the unflattering emoji she forwarded to me following this particular exchange.

I am very pleased to report of the mission's success. The actual existence of your offices, the genuineness of the validation process, and the exquisite-ness of the bobblehead sculpture together provided my daughter with a momentous experience, as well as buttressing my claims of cognitive lucidity. Harlan Fiske Stone shall forever grace my library shelves. I write to extend my sincere gratitude for this serendipitous gift that will certainly motivate me to pay my journal dues next year.

A devoted subscriber,
Pam DeMartino

NEXT-GEN PUZZLE EXPERTISE

To the *Bag*:

Long-time subscribers Neshama Lielle (12), Keren Gavriella (10), and Yona Rena (6) finished the puzzle and await the companion item and next puzzle. (See next page.)

The kids had a good system, especially for the wood sections: one searched the grain from above while the others simultaneously searched the text below under a lucite table.

David D. Lisitza