



Dear Trail Blazer,

OK, so there's a few burrs under the saddle and your horse is cranky. You tumbled over a Badlands tumbleweed or two. Maybe your boots are dusty. Heck, nobody said it was a'gonna be easy running down that ornery polecat Black Bart.

But, pardner, you did it!

You scored more than 40,000 points in Happy Trails, the toughest varmint of a game this side of Dodge City. You gathered up them stolen money bags. You blazed a trail across the meanest cactus country north of the Rio Grande. You snatched up your badge and dragged in Black Bart, the most rascally rapsallion the Wild West has ever seen.

(O sure, he's a mite short...looks like a hat with feet. But you didn't let that fool you.)

So it's re-ward time, deputy. Here you go: one mighty sharp-lookin' patch, and membership in the most exclusive gang since the Dalton boys ruled Kansas.

You're in the Trail Blazers now, cowboy.

With all due respect,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Jan".

Jan Marsella
Game Chairman