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*North Hero News and World Review ….*

*……. Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Friday, February 27, 2009 :/wklylt9.9wc08

(2009 NHN&WRletter/story/poem/card #04)

**Long Johns, et al.**

Well, … guess one might say we are getting used to winter and ‘tee totaling’. . Leastwise, it is starting to get light at a decent hour. Don’t have to feel around to see where Bailey is on the floor before getting out of bed, can now see her. Of course the normal A.M. M.O. (Not ammunition, morning modus operendus.) is to not move a finger until ready to arise. The slightest movement brings: tail thumps, followed quickly by a facial tongue massage guaranteed to get anyone up. As for booze, hardly think of it at all, … at all, … at all, … at all. (3 weeks to go. 21 days. 504 hours. 30,240 minutes.) Our Vermont F150 is showing its age (14 years), but should be able to stagger through the balance of the ’09 plowing season. Lots of snow over the plow these last two years. Our exercise routines are coasting on maintenance. This entails an hour’s effort by senior members of the staff. Bailey watches. Can’t speak for the P.L., … and since she’s an H.R.Block office manager, we won’t hear from her till May.

However, … items still of concern this winter are Ken’s 2-piece long johns, of which he only has one set. Worn daily, they are washed, dried and put back on the same day. The top is a lovely dark green L.L .Bean creation. This was received from daughter Sue, oh say, … eight years ago. After good service these many seasons, it is obvious it was ordered from a “Pre-Chinese” catalogue. The place at the back of the neck, where they are grabbed for removal has developed a hole. Good Grief. The bottoms, duofolds of even older vintage, are in worse shape. The right knee is completely gone and the left is not far behind. They are difficult to put on. Balance on one foot, put other foot into johns. Oooops, foot comes out through knee hole. Getting dressed goes downhill from here. Let’s make that two, Good Griefs.

Now, normal procedure is to reach for, yes, … you guessed, the duct tape. This essential household item has kept Mr. Parka’s pockets patched for years Pockets? Yes, pockets. Walking dogs is hazardous to parka pockets. (Parka in question was purchased in Lansing, Michigan, circa 1995. Hey Gene, we each bought matching parkas, remember?) How so the hazard? Well, you are walking the dog, it is freezing. Thumb sticks out of worn out mitts, mitted hand is put in nice big warm pocket to warm thumb. Same mitted hand also is holding the leash. A squirrel darts across the road. 80 lb lunge on the leash. And the pocket, … Rrrrrrrrip! Duct tape to the rescue . But underwear? (Actually, earned some brownie points in this area this winter, … bought brand new mittens!) The dogs involved here have not been particular. Jason got the right pocket and Bailey took care of the left.

Ingrained admonitions from his mother are what’s really keeping Ken from attempting the duct tape underwear route. Just suppose Ken is run down by a drunken driver while walking the dog. The greeting in the great beyond would be,

*“How many times had we talked about this? And now you were taken to the hospital in duct taped underwear that hadn’t been washed in a week!”*

No way Jose. There would be some comfort from father though. He was always wont to say,

*“Holes in knees are ok, it’s those holes in the seat that give workers away.”*

We tried Zellers. They didn’t have any long johns. Well, we didn’t ask anyone of course, that’s not allowed, but we didn’t see any. Googled ‘em. Sixty dollars! Sixty dollars? A good bottle of brandy is one thing, but $60 for underwear?

Current M.O.? Muddle through till next year, … ductless. Wonder if we’ve an extra set in North Hero?

From Ottawa,

Lucile, Bailey & Ken.