

Christmas 1980

In case you are wondering, the way to tell the difference between Bonnie and Buttercup is that Buttercup has hair *all over* her face.

Merry Christmas to all: Joy and Peace now, and throughout the new year.

For those that may not be aware of the newest member of the family, Buttercup...one day around last April, Karen answered the phone. "Yeah, uh huh, yep, nope", Karen was upholding her end of the conversation in typical pre-teen fashion. Suddenly, with more emotion than displayed in years, she exclaimed, "I what?!!!" When I took the phone I found that Guy Donaldson - a good friend from Purdue and Fort Belvoir days, had kept a promise he had made to Karen back when she was two years old. By a long distance phone call he had bought her a pony! Guy graciously let me know that he also had even paid for the first week's board. So along with *his* Christmas card this year are bills for the vet, farrier, stable, tack shop and riding lessons. Thanks again, Guy. (Bonnie has pointed out that the pony has had three manicures in six months, yet she's never had even one in her whole life.)



SEASON'S  
GREETINGS

We bought a nice tree for Christmas, which is easy if you don't object to making the dealer wealthy beyond dreams. Decorating the tree was somewhat different this year, however. Thanks to Anne all the lights balls and wooden ornaments begin at a point three feet off the ground.



...*On the road again*... My job remains the same - an inspector for Training and Doctrine Command. As you might imagine, inspectors are not received with overwhelming joy when they arrive to find out just how well (or not) a Post Commander is doing his job. For our friends outside the Army, you might get a chuckle from what are supposed to be the two biggest lies told in the military. It's when the Inspector General shakes hands with the Installation Commander and the following is said:

Commander: *Glad to see you.*  
IG: *Thanks, I'm here to help you.*

