

## Digits, Drama, and Discourse

By Lynda Calderwood

**“I’M SICK AND TIRED OF YOU DEMOCRATS BASHING THE REPUBLICANS FOR HIGH GAS PRICES!!!”** Not exactly the kind of thing you hear at a nail salon, but I was sure I heard her correctly, because she screamed it loudly and forcefully across the room...at me. What would you do when a perfect stranger calls you out in public and challenges you verbally? I’ve been around for quite a few years, I love trading opinions with people, and I’ve never had this happen to me.

I was chatting amiably with my pedicurist and the woman sitting next to me (who had just had American flags painted on her big toes in honor of the Fourth of July) about the current most popular topic—the high cost of gas. And then we had a spirited discussion of whether or not all the gas-guzzling trucks and Hummers and SUV’s we see on Dallas streets are due to necessity or ego. I proffered that half the drivers of those monsters just bought them to keep up with their “Texas image,” and I hate to hear them whining now about paying so much to fill up. Janet, my pedicurist, disagreed. “It’s not fair that people who bought a truck 2 years ago when gas prices were low should be suffering now.” American Flag Toes offered that people who work in construction need trucks, and I agreed, but added, “What about the rest of them? What about realizing that gas prices weren’t going to stay that low forever? What about individual responsibility?” And then I laughed at myself—“Listen to me, Janet. I’m preaching individual responsibility! I must be changing from a Democrat to a Republican!” Janet and I have a long relationship, and while we sometimes disagree—and we do that vociferously—I’m her only client who matches her decidedly liberal point of view. So she laughed right along with me, until that voice came from across the room.

The woman waiting for her turn had been listening, or NOT listening, and decided she had had enough. She followed her opening salvo with more angry objections to our conversation—all at high decibel level and all at me—from her seat 10 feet away as everyone else became silent.

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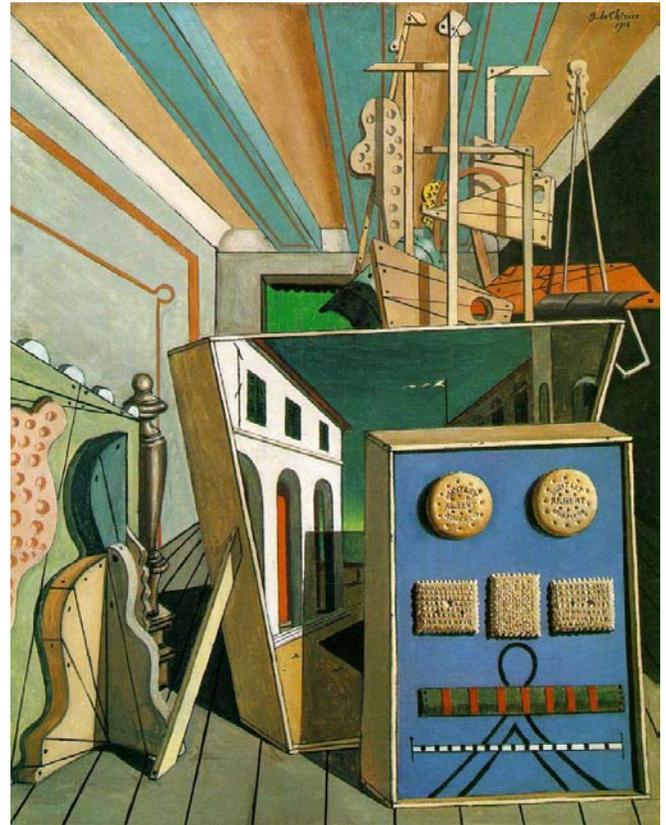
## Please, Come on my Face(Book Page)

By Dorothy Zbornak

**The** online community had, thus far, eluded me. Call me a fossil (my mother does it all the time, ironic—huh?) but I have been slow to come to the internet. As a substitute teacher, I see the possibilities to use the internet as a learning resource, a research tool, and a networking forum. As a single woman, I also see the possibilities to (ahem) release some tension, but that’s a different article. Still, as a creature of comfort I liked the familiarity of microfiche and card catalogs, as well as the smell (admit it, you like the smell of library and gasoline). That was until I discovered Facebook.

My dear friend, Blanche, sent me a request to become her “friend” in cyberspace. I admit, I was curious to see what social outlets did not require a “click here if not 21 years old” button. So, I decided to peruse this Facebook site. Boy, was it worth it.

...continued on page 5...



Metaphysical Interior with Biscuits by Giorgio de Chirico

## Rock Bandit

By Angie Chien

See page 3

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

### Featured Articles

- 35,000 Feet: Rules to Live by in the Air Travel World by **Garrett Calderwood**, 6
- Digits, Drama, and Discourse by **Lynda Calderwood**, 1
- Famous People from the ‘Flyover’ States by **Dan Fritz**, 5
- For Love of Monk by **Obsessive Compulsive Fan #1**, 8
- Please, Come on my Face(Book Page) by **Dorothy Zbornak**, 1
- Rock Bandit by **Angie Chien**, 3
- Women on Currency by **Dan Fritz**, 7

### Assorted Contributions

- 3 in 30: 30-Second Haikus by **Susan Fritz**, 3
- Balboa Rap Poem by **Browning Nichols**, 2
- Department of Shameless Plugs by **Matt Ellinwood**, 4
- Dictator of the Month Revisited by **Dan Fritz**, 2
- Horribly Bad Joke of the Month Club by **Garrett Calderwood**, 6
- Letter from the Editor by **Dan Fritz**, 2
- An Ode to Poker: A Haiku by **Kent Petry**, 2
- Recipe of the Month by **Elizabeth Carlson**, 3
- T.O.B.’s Before and After Comer by **Susan Fritz**, 2

### Images

- Big Yellow Taxi by **Garrett Calderwood**, 7
- Cover Picture: *Metaphysical Interior with Biscuits* by **Giorgio de Chirico**
- Danny “Pyro” Storm by **Cody Bryner**, 3
- Grantlock by **Matt Ellinwood**, 4

### Newsletter Info

- Article Ideas, 2
- Contributor Education Profiles, 4
- Stats, 9



## Dictator of the Month Revisited: Robert Mugabe

By Dan Fritz

**You** love to love him. Mugabe—covered by Babble-Online way back in Volume 1, Issue 8—is showing he’s an even more successful dictator with each passing year. He recently scared away a rival (Morgan Tsvangirai) who defeated him in an actual election, but Mugabe went back to his old standby—namely brutal, widespread violence—to retain power. Way to go, Bob! You make a mother proud. ☒



## Letter from the Editor

**Welcome** back to Babble-Online for another dazzling edition. You will be impressed with our wide selection of articles and observations. If you haven’t submitted an article in the past, I hope this inspires you to jump right out of your chair, grab a cold drink, come back to your chair, and write something for me. Some ideas are listed below.

Dan, [editor@babbleonline.com](mailto:editor@babbleonline.com) ☒

*Tower of Babble-ON's*

## ‘Before-and-After’ Corner

By Susan Fritz

“**Metal** Plate-let” ☒

## An Ode to Poker: A Haiku

By Kent Petry, esquire

**First** hand of poker  
A monkey could play this game  
I've already lost ☒

## Balboa Rap Poem

By Browning Nichols

**‘Twas** 1475, a great time to be alive,  
When Balboa was born, no surprise  
When Balboa was a dude in 1492  
He heard tales of Columbus on the ocean blue  
Now that was cool even if it wasn’t true,  
So he got this big boat, him and his friend  
And they sailed and sailed until the very end

Chorus

Balboa had a notion that he would find the Pacific Ocean  
With his dog Leoncico  
That was so fancifico  
He was the ultimate Explorer  
With the help of his crew  
He could do anything that he wanted to do

Now he was in trouble with the law, so he became a stowaway with his dog  
The goal of his trip was to convert the natives to God  
Now he was popular with the crew so he was a captain on queue  
And by 1510 he was a governor too

Chorus

Around 1513 Pizarro got mean  
He was jealous of what Balboa discovered  
He discovered the south sea oh yesiree  
Balboa was the head captain for Spain  
So for an outlaw like Pizarro it just added strain

Chorus

Now it was too bad with all the power Pizarro had  
So in 1517, he got Balboa behind bars  
So our hero Balboa couldn’t even see the stars  
Now what a waste and Pizarro’s a disgrace  
‘Cause in 1519 Balboa was beheaded  
This just made Pizarro even more dreaded

☒

## Article Ideas

**I’m** looking for writers for the following topics:

1. How society’s acceptance of certain music changes over time
2. Rock Band: Shouldn’t I be learning to play a real instrument?
3. The Food Network
4. Government “prize money” for inventing stuff like next generation electric cars
5. Your favorite stuffed animal, from now or the past
6. Tales from your hometown

Send your article ideas in today!  
[editor@babbleonline.com](mailto:editor@babbleonline.com) ☒

## Recipe of the Month:

### Cherry Coconut Cake

By Elizabeth Carlson

½ cup butter  
1-cup sugar  
Blend until smooth

Sift together:  
2-½ cup flour  
¼ tsp salt  
3 tsp baking powder

Mix ½ cup cake flour with ½ cup coconut, add ½ cup chopped walnuts and 15 maraschino cherries (cut fine).

Pour the juice from a bottle of cherries into a cup. Add enough cold water to make 1 cup liquid.

To the creamed butter and sugar, add alternately the liquid and the dry ingredients. Next add the cherry and nut mixture. Combine the stiffly beaten egg whites of 4 eggs with ½ cup sugar and fold into batter.

Add 1 tsp lemon extract.

Bake in 9" x 13" pan  
Bake at 350° 1 hour ☒

## Danny "Pyro" Storm

By Cody Bryner



## 3 in 30: 30-Second Haikus

By Susan Fritz

### Couch

Red leather sofa  
So nice to sit on and think  
Or just watch TV

### Wine

Merlot, cabernet  
Tannins and oak and flavor  
Complicated wine

### Falafel

White and hot and sauce  
Halal and Kosher or not  
I love my cheap eats ☒

## Rock Bandit

By Angie Chien

**When** my roommate came home one weekend raving about the joys of Rock Band, I looked at her skeptically, gave her a short laugh to humor her, and promptly went back to watching a rerun of *Law and Order: SVU* (which is, of course, the best *Law and Order*...for reasons perhaps to be discussed in the future). After all, I never played video games as a child, except for the occasional game of Mario Brothers at a friend's house, and couldn't understand why people so enjoyed staring at a TV screen for hours upon end, playing the same sequences over and over again. "You'll see," she said, as she noticed my lack of enthusiasm, "This game will change your life."

Approximately three months after she first told me about Rock Band, she received the game as a gift from her brothers for her birthday. She set it up that night and then the journey began. We each chose our instrument for the band, between the guitar, the drums, and the microphone. Then we selected a name for the band (The Jets...don't remember why), and each participant got to select features for their avatar. Once everyone was ready and properly named, we played our first song in New York City, at a bar called Heebie Jeebie's.

When you first start out, there are about 3 songs that you can select from to play, the most recognizable one of which is Bon Jovi's "Dead or Alive." For the next several hours, we must have played that song at least 20 times, and at the end of the session we all agreed that if we never heard that song again, it would be too soon. When the clock struck 1am, we reluctantly put down the instruments and went to bed, as we all had work the next morning.

The next day, through the magic and blessed miracle of Gchat, we all talked excitedly amongst ourselves about the next step for our band. What venues would we unlock next? What equipment could we add to our band? What songs could we add to our repertoire? The possibilities seemed endless. As the minutes ticked by in an excruciatingly painful way, I did all the work I could to distract myself from watching the clock. At 5pm on the dot, I rushed out of the office and practically ran home. When my other roommates joined me, we played until 1am again, collecting a tour bus and many fans from our stellar, fake-instrument-playing skills. This trend continued for the next couple of weeks – turning a bunch of mature, college grads into gaming-obsessed children who sat glued to the TV, neglecting food and the fact that spring was in full bloom around the city.

Finally, after hours upon hours of fake instrument playing, I had to admit that she was right. There is something so very addicting about Rock Band; the thrill of pretending to play all these classic songs on pretend instruments and wanting to get the next accessory for your band, whether it be roadies, a jet, or a security detail. All in all, it turned out to be a bonding experience for all of us, a chance to spend time together that we normally would spend with other friends outside of the house. I am not going to pretend that this game solved all our issues in the house, but at least we didn't find anything new to fight about while we were playing. I have spent countless hours turning everyone who visits the apartment into Rock Band converts...seem to be pretty successful too (see accompanying photographs)... ☒



## Department of Shameless Plugs

RepairPal.Com Takes WWW by Storm

By Matt Ellinwood

**Earlier** in June, a small California company called RepairPal launched a suite of web products aimed at helping consumers with auto repair. I helped found RepairPal last fall.

On RepairPal.com, you can get estimates on dozens and dozens of repairs customized for your specific vehicle. We combine industry labor data, millions of parts prices, and a geographic pricing model to give you a fair range of prices to expect, depending on whether you go to a dealership or an independent shop for service. We've also been working with experienced technicians to gather detailed information on the most common problems, so that you can see what you're in for or determine whether or not you really want to buy that used Camaro you're looking at.

We are in Beta and need feedback, so please take a look at let us know what you think by using the feedback links we have scattered through the site. ☒

<http://www.repairpal.com/>

*...Digits, Drama, and Discourse, from page 1...*

I was stunned. I hadn't even been discussing politics and/or smearing Republicans, nor had I been on a soapbox about my point of view, not to mention that everyone else in the conversation had been involved with me in a lively give and take. As she continued to scream at me how Republicans were not to blame, I turned to her and very softly stated, "Well, people are very frustrated, because the Republicans HAVE been in power for 8 years...." "NO, THE DEMOCRATS HAVE HAD CONTROL FOR A YEAR, AND WHAT HAVE THEY DONE???" she replied. I could see that this was going nowhere, so I quietly gathered my things to leave. But she continued to shout at me. I just couldn't believe it. I said, "I go back to 1979 and Jimmy Carter—," but before I could finish my sentence about experiencing gas shortages and long gas lines first hand, she jumped in with "YES, HE'S THE ONE WHO STARTED IT ALL WHEN HE LIFTED PRICE CONTROLS!" And then she continued to throw facts and figures in my face, still at the top of her lungs. Clearly, she was having a bad day.

I retreated to the restroom, just to calm my adrenaline surge before I let myself drive. I was actually shaking from the verbal attack and my efforts to keep calm in the face of this assault. I was not so much mortified as astounded. Her attack was so unexpected, and, I felt, unwarranted. She had overheard casual conversation, and a self-deprecating remark—and had misread it all. Evidently I had become the focus of her attention because I had said that nasty word, *Democrat*. And the irony was that I had never before actually labeled myself that way in public—years of being a teacher have taught me to keep my political leanings private, but also, I'm an Independent anyway!

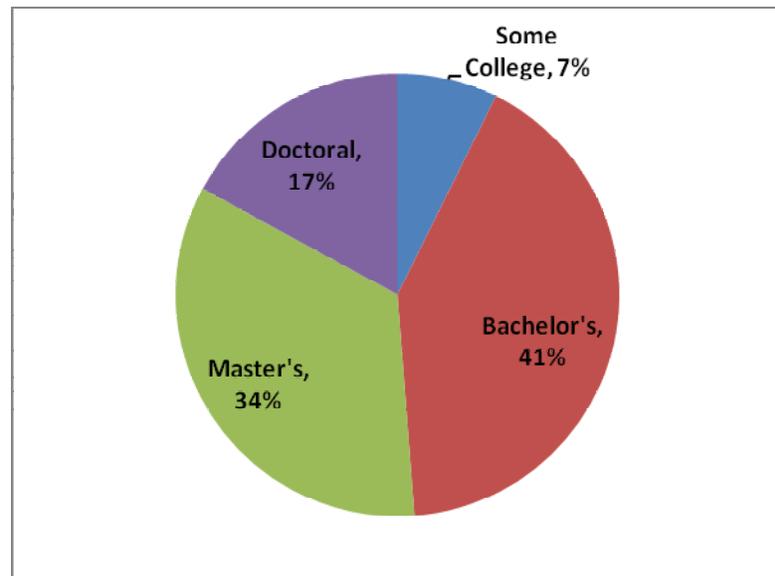
What would you have done? Marshaled your facts and gone back out on the offensive? (How offensive!) Quietly disappeared? (How spineless!) Well, what happened next surprised even me. My normal response in a confrontation is to shut down. So one could

*...continued next page...*

## Contributor Education Profiles

Note to fact checkers: All figures are rounded up!

**Babble-Online** contributors are quite highly educated compared to the national average. Of the contributors over 18 years of age, 93% have at least one undergraduate degree or higher while only 29% of Americans over 18 have undergraduate degrees or higher (according to the U.S. Census Bureau in 2007). 34% of *Babble-ON* contributors have a Master's degree, and 17% have a Doctorate (academic or professional) or are in the process of attaining a Doctorate. The pie chart below shows the current, maximum educational level of all contributors. ☒



## Grantlock

By Matt Ellinwood



...Digits, Drama, and Discourse, from previous page...

expect that I would have just said my goodbyes to Janet and Old Glory Toes and sailed right out of there, pretending to “take the high road,” when really I couldn’t muster the courage to speak out so publicly. But I didn’t. I approached the woman, now seated with her feet in suds, leaned over, and said, barely above a whisper, “The biggest problem is not that Democrats are bashing Republicans or Republicans aren’t to blame. It’s that people can no longer have *civil discourse* and respect difference of opinion.” The miracle was that I was actually quite calm, and that’s because it’s what I sincerely believe.

I won’t go on with her answer—even though she lowered her decibel level, she didn’t reduce her ire, continuing to throw “facts” in my face while revealing that the source of her expertise was a husband in the oil industry. I just continued to answer her very calmly and quietly, “That’s just my point. If you had told me those things in a civilized tone, we might have had a very interesting conversation, and we both might have learned something. What’s more, you didn’t listen to what I said—I was defending individual responsibility. That puts you and me on the same side.” We went back and forth for several more minutes—she throwing out as many last-ditch defenses as she could muster (including a screed against Nancy Pelosi when all else failed) and I continuing to remain calm and polite. I couldn’t believe I was able to maintain such composure, but she finally sputtered to a stop and just glared at me. There was nothing more I could do. I took my leave, entreating everyone to enjoy the rest of the day. But it actually is a very sorry day when people become enraged by pedicure conversations. She never really calmed down. She never apologized. Was she just a wacko at the salon? I’m not so sure. Maybe this is what an intelligent person looks like when they’ve overdosed on pundits. But at least my toes were sparkly. ☒

...Facebook, from page 1...

On Facebook, I was able to set up a profile, complete with all of my information, my picture, and any extras I wanted. These extras include games, groups/forums, and collections of interests. Most of all, of course, it lets you reconnect with friends. You can search “friends” in a number of ways, mostly through email, name, or school searches. I use the ever amusing quotations because, let’s face it, most of the people we add are not friends. They are people we haven’t talked to in years. Sometimes it’s amusing to see what someone is up to or say hi, but for most of us (SMF) it’s to boost our numbers and look popular. I mean, what do I have to say to Ira Finklestein, the 60 year old importer/exporter that I went to grade school with, and only talks about his grandkids and his phlebitis? Sure, it was great to say hi, and it was great to see that he added the “barely legal” group to his home page, but mostly it was great to boost my numbers.

Still, I do enjoy playing a spirited game of Scramble (a thinly veiled copy of Boggle) with Blanche’s hump-buddy Mel Bushman.

Now, some of you have become enamored with MySpace, the Uncle of Facebook. They serve a similar social networking purpose, but Facebook is superior in a number of ways to MySpace. First off, on Facebook you get updates about all of your friends, which applications they have added, status updates, friend updates etc. On MySpace, you have to go searching each person’s page for such info. And, I need to know—stat—when Rose changes her status from “Rose is happy about herring” to “Rose is happy about Strudel.” With Facebook, I get that information simply and expeditiously.

Second, Facebook has a sleeker, more streamlined layout. While your overall page can get out of hand (people, unclick the ‘put a box in my profile’ box every now and again), the design is quite palatable and organized.

Third, the applications on Facebook are much more fun. You can adopt a Smurf, create a country, play a game, buy and sell each other, join a fan club, start a wave, plant a seed (but please don’t send me those patches, for the love of Green Peace), and on and on. Most of all, you can see which of your friends has the biggest brain (I am coming for you, Chad Fritz).

The thing about MySpace I hate the most is that you have to rank your top eight friends. What? What if you are a loser? Do you want that broadcast? Nobody likes me best! Not that this is the case for me. I have so many friends that I would have trouble picking just eight. Yeah, that’s it. Seriously, though, grow up MySpace! I don’t care who Sophia’s favorite eight people are. And I am not at all hurt that I am not one of them, even though I am her daughter. Shady Pines, Ma.

What both of them have, and I love, is the ability to post on each other’s “wall,” a place on the person’s page to leave public messages. I only have two, but they will grow after this article. You’ll see. Just leave me a message!!! And don’t make me have to delete it (Susan, the one about me, my nose, and a meat grinder was really uncalled for; and Dan, I didn’t get the one about the carpet and the curtains...)

In summation: Love me. Or at least, come onto my Facebook page. I misspelled my own name (I did it for some level of anonymity—my students are stinkers) so search for Dorothy Zbornack. Or, look on Susan or Dan’s page and link from there.

See you there! ☒

## Famous People from the ‘Flyover’ States

This month: Minnesota

By Dan Fritz



**This** new series features famous people from the states between the coasts. You may be thinking to yourself, “There’s only corn there,” but you would be only half right. Wheat can also be found in abundance, in addition to countless famous and influential Americans. I’ll start this series with my birthplace: Minnesota (see map above).

...continued next page...



## Women on Currency

By Dan Fritz

In 2000, the U.S. Mint released a gold-colored dollar coin depicting the Shoshone Indian guide named Sacagawea. This coin remains in circulation today, along with the Susan B. Anthony dollar coin. Both are atypical, in that they depict American women (not the usual male politicians), and both of these women were largely influential in United States history. Sacagawea acted as a crucial guide for Lewis and Clark on their famous expedition out west in 1804; Susan B. Anthony was a key suffragette and women's rights activist from the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. With the recent, near-presidential-candidate nomination of Senator Hillary Clinton, it got me thinking about American women on currency. If the likes of Sacagawea could land on a coin, surely the first female president would be a shoe-in for a spot on some U.S. currency.

But who else might be eligible for such an honor? One of the Treasury's criteria in choosing the Sacagawea coin was that the "obverse [aka front] must depict one or more women, but could not depict a living person." I also added my own criteria, or rather non-criteria. I figured that, like other countries, it would be desirable to have candidates from all walks of life, like the arts, science, and business, or any part of society other than just politically-oriented history. The spouses of the American presidents are currently being minted on ten-dollar, actual gold coins alongside a series of coins with the presidents themselves (all one-dollar coins in general circulation). This is a good example of people who are probably of no interest to the general public and may not have had as much of an impact on American history/society compared to others—including the presidents.

The following are my top picks for American females on U.S. currency, in no particular order:

**Edith Wharton:** A well-renowned, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Age of Innocence*, she was a prominent member of the upper class and prolific writer of the 19<sup>th</sup>/20<sup>th</sup> centuries.

**Amelia Earhart:** She performed many firsts for women in aviation, and her mysterious disappearance over the Pacific in 1937 still holds the interest of the public.

**Eleanor Roosevelt:** Unlike the other women on this list, Eleanor Roosevelt is already slated to appear on the presidential wives ten-dollar coin. She was an enormously influential person in American and world politics long after her husband served, becoming a champion of civil, women's, and human rights and serving as a UN delegate.

**Georgia O'Keeffe:** Enjoying a long career and living to the age of 98, she is a famous and well-liked artist (known for her flower paintings) of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

**Emily Dickinson:** A hugely prolific, however private, 19<sup>th</sup> century poet, Emily Dickinson's work can be found in any English curriculum around the country.

**Clara Barton:** Clara Barton was an active nurse (and more) during the Civil War, and she later founded the American Red Cross in 1881.

**Harriet Beecher Stowe:** This important author and abolitionist wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the best-selling novel of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

...continued next page...

...35,000 Feet, from previous page...

Once she asked him to sit down, stop talking, and let her do her work, he slumped in his chair dejected. His fortune did turn around as he quickly had a thought! I could see the light bulb above his head. He had a pick-me-up with him. He reached into his bag and took out a portable DVD player and plugged in his set of noise dampening headphones. Or at least he thought that he had plugged them in. Once he safely procured another drink (6), he began the DVD. I would have been fine had this been a movie or anything but a video of what sounded like a Christian rock concert. When the music started playing, he was momentarily confused, because it wasn't very loud. He made sure that his noise dampening headphones were turned on and that the volume was all the way up so he could hear it. It was a little quiet for him, but he gave up on fiddling with the DVD, stood up, and started dancing and singing along. Little did he know in his drunken stupor that he had not plugged in his headset and that what he had done was just simply turned the speaker on the DVD player all the way up, so everyone else in first class had to listen to the Christian rock blaring out of his little sound machine.

I quickly lost count of the drinks and came to find out when my new neighbor started belting "kissed by a rose on the grave" that he was indeed singing along to a Seal concert. This torture lasted the rest of the flight and was topped off by the present to me at the conclusion of our time together of a thank you hug. The whole time I was thinking, "I hate this now, but some day it will be the ultimate travel story."

So in retrospect the 35,000 foot tip for July is not "don't drink on planes." The tip for this month is: "go big or go home." If you are going to get drunk, don't just get tipsy—make someone's day by giving him a story to tell at cocktail parties for the rest of his life. ☒

## Big Yellow Taxi

By Garrett Calderwood



...*Women on Currency*, from previous page...

**Ella Fitzgerald:** Her incredible career as a singer greatly influenced the pantheon of 20<sup>th</sup> century American music, particularly jazz.

**Sojourner Truth:** Born into slavery, Sojourner Truth escaped to freedom and became a famous speaker for the abolition of slavery and for women's rights.

Three more living candidates came to mind who have made an impact worthy of warranting their faces on currency some day:

**Oprah Winfrey:** A hugely influential business woman and television personality, Oprah has earned billions making people feel better about themselves.

**Sandra Day O'Connor:** She was the first woman to serve on the U.S. Supreme Court and remained one of the most powerful women in America for her over 24-year tenure.

**Shirley Temple:** Not only a famous child actor, Shirley Temple was also a prominent US ambassador (i.e. to Ghana and Czechoslovakia), UN delegate, and corporate board member (i.e. for Walt Disney, etc). ☒

**Your Article Here!**

Send all submissions to  
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## For Love of Monk

By *Obsessive Compulsive Fan #1*

**Have** you ever loved something someone else hates? Have you ever spent the entire day on the couch with your eyes glued to the television screen watching something you've already seen (maybe even that day)? Have you ever felt a pure, loyal type of love for a fictional character twice your age? If you answered "yes" to all of these questions, you can only be the SECOND most devoted fan of a little show called *Monk*, the USA Network sensation that tugs at the hearts of 20-somethings and grandmothers alike.

*Monk*—the show whose star is Emmy Award-winner Tony Shaloub—is a show that comes on sporadically on the USA "Characters Welcome" Network, especially during its off-season. So, even when it's on hiatus from its usual 9 PM eastern/pacific time (a time, by the way, when *only* the aforementioned grandmother should be parked in front of the boob tube), you can turn to USA at various and sundry times during the day and find the show. For example, I sometimes catch it when I'm at the gym at 9 in the morning. The main problem with this is that even *moi* of elliptical fame can't make it through an entire hour-long episode of Randy Disher's antics without getting jello-legged. "Who's Randy Disher?" you ask...read on, Macduff. I also might flip between *Monk* and Wolf Blitzer's "The Situation Room" at 4 in the afternoon, a time when others are working at their "normal" jobs (oh yeah...oh, really...you think you're so special for selling out to the man? I'll show you...with my tiny pay check, yeah!). What I mean to say is *Monk* is great, because a viewer needn't see the entire show to get some enjoyment from it...heck, if you don't see the beginning, the end, or vital plot points in between, you can wait until tomorrow and you'll be likely as pie to see it again!

With show titles ranging from "Mr. Monk and the Man Who Shot Santa" to "Mr. Monk and the Buried Treasure," who can't help but feel hip to the squareness of Obsessive Compulsiveness? Who doesn't want to trade in their day job and become an Obsessive Compulsive Detective? (You in back, keep your hand down.) After all, don't these titles take you back to a more innocent time in TV Land—a time when Perry Mason always got his man and Jessica Fletcher always solved the case (even though you were nervous that maybe, just maybe the killer would get away this time)? And although the suspense is enough to cut with a Ginsu knife, it's not as scary as that old fella Robert Stack's show, *Unsolved Mysteries*. I remember how my sister used to turn it on when we were home alone (yes, my mom was out "dealing"), and even though his voice alone terrified me, we'd sit there and watch in the dark until mom would reappear hours later. But I digress. *Monk* is a show which is finally mine, all mine! It's a love for the ages and a brand-new addiction to add to the DVD collection.

As a final example to drive my point to home-run status, I will relate the following story. To one *Babble-ON* reader, this author's love of *Monk* was so well known as to prompt an act of kindness even Dr. Kroger wouldn't muster. This lady (we'll call her "Amanda"), bought this writer tickets to a Broadway production starring the Emmy Award-winning actor Tony Shaloub—Adrienne Monk himself! And although I was a bit shell-shocked to find that his character was different from that of Mr. Monk, I did enjoy myself and entered a new level of stalkerdom when I went backstage to profess my devotion through the art of Obsessive Interpretive Dance.

Oh, and since I promised to revisit just "who is Randy Disher?", I'll tell you he's the guy on the show who looks like an alien. But why mention this at all? You know you want to watch the show! And I'm just kidding about the Interpretive Dance...or am I? See ya!

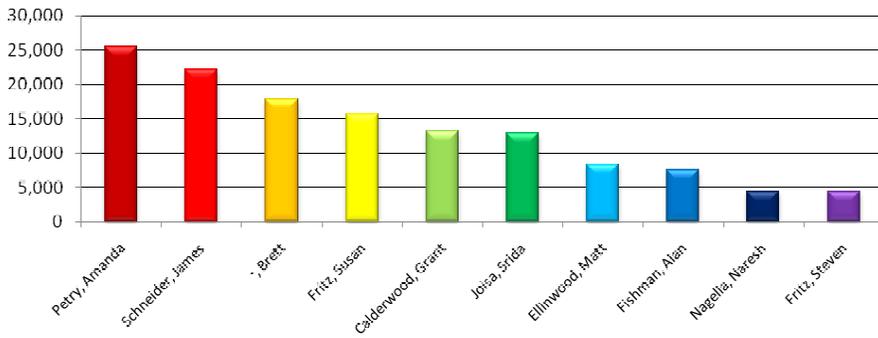
For more information of the hit show *Monk*, with new episodes beginning July 18<sup>th</sup>, dial up [www.usanetwork.com/series/monk](http://www.usanetwork.com/series/monk). ☒

NEWSLETTER STATS

Note: Margin of Error is +/- 3%. Does not include the current issue.

**Top 10 Contributors by Word Count**

(not including the Editor)



**Compiled by:**

Dan Fritz, Editor  
in New York, NY  
for the July 9, 2008,  
Volume 6, Issue 2 edition of Babble-ON™

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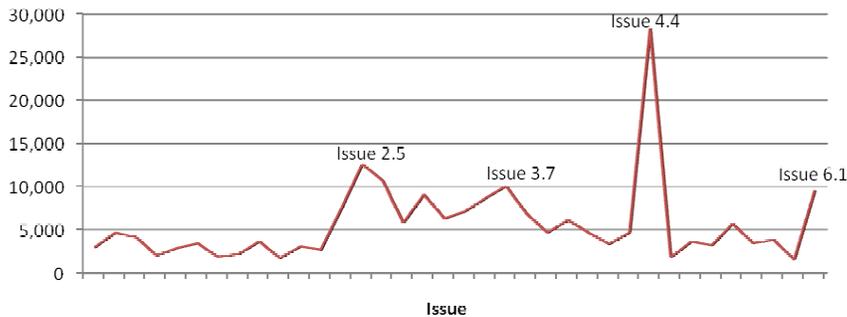
**Contributors:**

- Cody Bryner
- Garrett Calderwood
- Lynda Calderwood
- Elizabeth Carlson
- Angie Chien
- Matt Ellinwood
- Dan Fritz
- Susan Fritz
- Browning Nichols
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- Kent Petry



**Words per Issue**

(including Editor)



**Life-to-Date Stats**

Includes the editor  
Does not include the current issue

Total Words: **203,323**

Total Pages: **307**

Unique Contributors: **39**

Total Submissions: **507**

Average Words/Page: **662** (↓)

Average Words/Contributor: **5,213** (↑)

Median Words/Contributor: **1,282** (↑)

Average Words/Submission: **402** (↓)



**Global Watch Map**

*Babble-ON* has attracted contributors and readers from around the globe. In addition to the U.S. writers from 16 different states (noted on the map), there have been international submissions from: Germany, Belgium, Italy, Iraq, and Australia.

Key: Yellow circles mark the residence of each contributor. ☒



**Awards**

These awards could be yours!

**For Total Words Contributed:**

1,000: **Little Scribbler**

5,000: **Babble-Onian**

10,000: **Grimmelshausen Award**

Each additional 10,000:

**Proust BabbleStar**

**For Consistently Contributing:**

Contributing to 10 issues or more: **Methuselah Award**

**For Exceptional Content:**

**Alfred, Lord Tennyson Platinum Seal of Excellence**

Good luck, and keep the submissions coming! ☒