
VIEWS LETTER

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I HAVE A PLAN TO DESTROY AMERICA

By **RICHARD D. LAMM** *previous Governor of Colorado.*
This is a speech he made in 2005 that he later modified June 16,
2005. Below is the modified version.

I have a secret plan to destroy America. If you believe, as many do, that America is too smug, too white bread, too self-satisfied, too rich, lets destroy America. It is not that hard to do. History shows that nations are more fragile than their citizens think. No nation in history has survived the ravages of time. Arnold Toynbee observed that all great civilizations rise and they all fall, and that "an autopsy of history would show that all great nations commit suicide." Here is my plan:

I. We must first make America a bilingual-bicultural country. History shows, in my opinion, that no nation can survive the tension, conflict, and antagonism of two competing languages and cultures. It is a blessing for an individual to be bilingual; it is a curse for a society to be bilingual. One scholar, Seymour Martin Lipset, put it this way:

The histories of bilingual and bicultural societies that do not assimilate are histories of turmoil, tension, and tragedy. Canada, Belgium, Malaysia, Lebanon—all face crises of National existence in which minorities press for autonomy, if not independence. Pakistan and Cyprus have divided. Nigeria suppressed an ethnic rebellion. France faces difficulties with its Bisques,

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YO

The spring breezes were light, dry and the sweet aroma of wild flowers made it a perfect afternoon for a bike ride. Linda reluctantly agreed as she climbed aboard the Gold Wing and we rode away from the house leaving behind the dog, the kids and the day to day problems of raising a family. The soft open air was in our faces and the aroma of someone frying chicken made our mouths water.

After a short stop at KFC for a drumstick each which was our failed attempt at satisfying the sudden desire for fried chicken, we traveled on. The openness of riding a motorbike has many advantages that all of our senses can appreciate, but not without risk of bodily harm or even death. Someone once said that riding motorcycles is similar to a man chasing married women; meaning that about the time you get good at one or the other, you get killed. However, when the conditions are right and all the senses are engaged; time itself becomes richer, the colors of life more vibrant, and all the dangers involved seem to be worth the risk. The thrills just last for such a short period of time. Then they are gone, and motorcycle riding becomes old hat and a little boring. Still, like flying which I haven't done in

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Capitalism and socialism are two distinct patterns of social organization. Private control of the means of production and public control are contradictory notions and not merely contrary notions. There is no such thing as a mixed economy, a system that would stand midway between capitalism and socialism.

Ludwig von Mises

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Bretons and Corsicans.

II. I would then invent "multiculturalisms" and encourage immigrants to maintain their own culture. I would make it an article of belief that all cultures are equal: That there are no cultural differences that are important. I would declare it an article of faith that the black and Hispanic dropout rate is only due to prejudice and discrimination by the majority. Every other explanation is out-of-bounds.

III. We can make the United States a "Hispanic Quebec" without much effort. The key is to celebrate diversity rather than unity. As Benjamin Schwarz said in the Atlantic Monthly recently:

. . . . The apparent success of our own multiethnic and multicultural experiment might have been achieved not by tolerance but by hegemony. Without the dominance that once dictated ethnocentrically, and what it meant to be an American, we are left with only tolerance and pluralism to hold us together. I would encourage all immigrants to keep their own language and culture. I would replace the melting pot metaphor with a salad bowl metaphor. It is important to insure that we have various cultural subgroups living in America reinforcing their differences rather than Americans, emphasizing their similarities.

IV. Having done all this, I would make our fastest growing demographic group the least educated—I would add a second underclass, unassimilated, undereducated, and antagonistic to our population. I would have this second underclass have a 50% drop out rate from school.

V. I would then get the big foundations and big business to give these efforts lots of money. I would invest in ethnic identity, and I would establish the cult victimology. I would get all minorities to think their lack of success was all the fault of the majority—I would start a grievance industry blaming all minority failure on the majority population.

VI. I would establish dual citizenship and promote divided loyalties. I would "celebrate diversity." "Diversity" is a wonderfully seductive word. It stresses differences rather than commonalities. Diverse people worldwide are mostly engaged in hating each other—that is when they are not killing each other. A diverse, "peaceful, or stable society is against most historical precedent. People undervalue the unity it takes to keep a nation together, and we can take advantage of the myopia. Look at the ancient Greeks. Dorf's World History tells us:

The Greeks believed that they belonged to the same race; they possessed a common language and literature; and they worshiped the same gods, all Greece took part in the Olympic Games in honor of Zeus and all Greeks venerated the shrine of Apollo at Delphi. A common enemy Persia threatened their liberty. Yet, all of these bonds together were not strong enough to overcome two factors. . . (local patriotism and geographical conditions that nurtured political divisions ...) If we can put the emphasis on the "Pluribus," instead of the "Unum," we can Balkanize America as surely as Kosovo.

VII. Then I would place all these subjects off limits — make it taboo to talk about. I would find a word similar to "heretic" in the 16th century — that stopped discussion and paralyzed thinking. Words like "racist," "xenophobe" that halts argument and conversation.

Having made America a bilingual—bicultural country, having established multiculturalism, having the large foundations fund the doctrine of "victimology," I would next make it impossible to enforce our immigration laws. I would develop a mantra — "that because immigration has been good for America, It must always be good." I would make every individual immigrant sympatric and ignore the cumulative impact.

VIII. Lastly, I would censor Victor Davis Hanson's book MEXIFORNIA—This book is dangerous — it exposes my plan to destroy America. So please, please – if you feel that America deserves to be destroyed – please, please – don't buy this book! This guy is on to my plan. "The smart way to keep people passive and obedient is to strictly limit the spectrum of acceptable opinion, but allow very lively debate within that spectrum." — Noam Chomsky, American linguist and US media and foreign policy critic.

Being the devil's advocate is useful in this case to describe what is taking place here in America before our very eyes. It would take a complete Igmo that is totally isolated from society to not notice a major change. I love my country America. It makes me shudder to watch the destruction of this once great nation. But, just as sure as you are alive and breathing the air that Almighty God has provided, America is accelerating down a pathway to total destruction. Hide and watch. This is not a party issue, and it's not a race issue. It is a moral issue. It has to do with honesty, honor, and hard work. If we don't see some extreme change during the next two national elections we can kiss the Republic, The United States of America good bye. ~Commit by awd.

Capitalism means free enterprise, sovereignty of the consumers in economic matters, and sovereignty of the voters in political matters. Socialism means full government control of every sphere of the individuals life and the unrestricted supremacy of the government in its capacity as central board of production management. Ludwig von Mises

SEEDS

Chapter two:

Having driven several hundred miles toward Modesto, the young couple along with Big'n, their Chihuahua, stopped at a road side park for a lunch that Art had just bought along with a full tank of gas at the Love's store east of Amarillo, Texas.

"Julie, I think it is about time to do a little more fishing before it gets too late. We can fish the evening shopping crowd. There is a couple of Wal-Marts there in Amarillo. What do you think?" Art said as he sucked on a cold Budweiser and munched on a corn chip.

"That's okay with me," she replied as she sat staring off in the distance, barely hearing Art as she was chewing a bite of a ham and cheese. She had an open beer sitting on the concrete table but had hardly touched it. The wind was strong enough that flies and other insects weren't present. Julie enjoyed the moment.

Art located the paper bag that was their cardboard sign that read; "HELP! OUT OF GAS MONEY——TRYING TO GET HOME!" written with a sharpie in dark black ink. Wal-Mart parking lots all across the country had become their favorite places for panhandling. They were probably not the only panhandlers that do this sort of thing but they had perfected it to a science. They would find a comfortable parking place and hook the sign on their windshield under a wiper blade and wait for the next victim to see it and respond. Some good and kind person would see the sign, the couple with the little barking dog and feel compassion for them. So far, Bill had been one of their most profitable victims since they had left the southeast coast of Florida. This technique had proven to be a gold mine that could last them forever. Neither had any notion to stop. Although, the young 23 year old girl had been touched by what Bill had said about Jesus, she couldn't imagine a better way to make a living. It didn't seem very wrong to them to sort of ask people who had money

to give them some of it. After all, they probably had more than enough. She was becoming as hardened as her boyfriend, Art.

They found such a parking spot and had settled down to wait and see how the fishing would go.

Art handed Julie the sign and she placed it under the wiper blade on the passenger side of the old rusty Cadillac Eldorado.

They had just settled in for the wait when Art said sharply, "Cop off your right!"

"I see him!" Julie said as she jerked the sign off the windshield and placed it out of sight. As soon as the cop was gone she replaced the sign. They waited for over an hour and no bites, finally an elderly lady gave them a twenty dollar bill, a God bless you, then went toward the store to shop. It wasn't too long three more twenties came in and they were on their way west bound.

They pulled onto I-40. Three miles later a pickup truck driven by a drunken teenager came across the center median and crashed almost head-on into them. Art swerved away to the right from the on-coming truck, it was almost a perfect match from the front left headlamp of the pickup to the front left headlamp of the Cadillac. Julie was wearing her seatbelt that had a shoulder strap, Art wasn't and was thrown from the car about a hundred fifty feet away and in the middle of the road. The driver of the pickup wasn't wearing his seatbelt and was also thrown a hundred feet plus. Both the pickup and the Cadillac ended their movement inverted in the middle of the westbound side of the interstate. Julie was hanging unconscious and upside down inside the Cadillac which was leaking fuel on the ground. The driver of the Pickup was moaning and barely conscious, and Art lay lifeless bleeding from the mouth and nose. He had lacerations on his face and forehead, but still breathing — barely.

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"We have an aging white America. They are not making babies. They are dying. The explosion is in our population . . . I love it. They are s----- in their pants with fear. I love it."

~Jose Angel Gutierrez, Professor University of Texas

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Julie awoke hanging there in time to hear the last few revolutions of one of the spinning rear tires. When the tire quit spinning all was quiet. There was this eerie silence that was almost defining, but not for long. Suddenly she could hear someone running and distant voices yelling. It seemed like only minutes passed when she heard a siren in the distance, and a man lay down on the ground beside her broken window and ask "How are you doing miss?"

"I don't know she replied, my foot hurts and my head hurts. Can you help me down?" She asked.

"No, not yet. The Paramedics are almost here, and they will know what to do, just stay put and we will get you out of here! Okay?" the man stated.

"I smell gas, and I'm afraid of burning, please don't let me burn, please help me down, Pleeze!" She begged.

"I won't let you burn darlin, we have someone with an fire extinguisher standing by, besides the wind is blowing the fumes away from the engine and the slope of the road is draining the fuel away from us. I can see the ambulance they are almost here."

Two fireman paramedics knew how to undo the seatbelt in a way so that Julie didn't do a head plant into the hard part of the car laying on the highway. They both worked together with much skill and strength to remove her from the wrinkled Cadillac. Once she was freed and out of the car, she was given a blanket and examined by the medic. She was lucky. She had only a small cut above her left eye inside her hairline and a bruised foot. They took her to the back of the ambulance where she lay down on a gurney and listened to

the chaos all around her. A stranger came to the ambulance and stood at the back were she could talk to Julie. She asked, "How are you doing?"

"Fine," Julie replied. Julie felt a sudden calmness come over her and her trembling began to wane as she began to warm.

"Is there anything that I can do for you to make you more comfortable?" The strange lady asked.

"Can you look for my little dog? He must be around here somewhere." Julie answered. "his name is Big'n, and he is a tan Chihuahua, he weighs about three pounds."

"Sure, I'll look for him right now! You just relax and get some rest." The stranger replied, and she was gone.

Shortly the Paramedics returned with Art on another gurney, he was covered with blood and was struggling to breath. Seconds later, a helicopter arrived and they took Art to the helicopter. The sound of the helicopter faded as they flew away.

All the paramedic's attention could now be focused on Julie. They placed an IV into her arm and made her as comfortable as they could. They closed the doors and screamed away toward Amarillo and the hospital.

Before the Highway Patrolman could start his interview, Julie began talking rapidly, "I don't remember much of the ride to the hospital—they must have given me something in the IV to make me relax because I must have fallen asleep. We were in a car crash, and my boyfriend Art was driving. He was hurt real bad, and my dog, Big'n, is missing, and no we don't have insurance of any kind—for the hospital, for doctors, for the car or anything. We are broke. We may as well be orphans, neither of us have a family that cares about us. The only thing we have is each other and our little dog, Big'n, and now I don't know where he is." The highway patrolman left her sitting there in the waiting room of the ER—waiting

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As an American I am not so shocked that Obama was given the Nobel Peace Prize without any accomplishments to his name, but that America gave him the White House based on the same credentials.

~Newt Gingrich

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on news about Art.

The news about Art finally arrived shortly after seven the next morning. It wasn't good. Art was in a deep coma and had serious internal injuries along with a severe brain concussion. According to the Surgeon, he had weak brain activity, but he was still alive, and that was good news considering all that he had been through. Art's prognosis was uncertain. Julie felt utterly alone.

She walked out of the ER waiting room with no place to go, very little money and the only person in the world that she could claim as a friend was in a coma and his prognosis was uncertain, whatever that means. She sat on the curb of the parking lot with her face in her hands and started to cry. She couldn't stop, she just cried and cried and cried. She felt as if she had slipped to the end of her very slippery rope and was dangling above a vast canyon—she felt that if she let go it would mean certain death, and her grip was beginning to weaken.

Unexpectedly, an attractive, well-dressed woman who looked to be in her mid to late forties placed her hand on Julie's shoulder and asked, "What's wrong Honey?"

This genuine act of love caused Julie to wail loudly in her weeping as if she were mourning a great loss. The older woman sat down beside Julie, put her arm around her and started crying with her. Tears ran down her elegant face that required little to no makeup. The older woman cried with her for a few minutes then asked her if she minded that she was crying with her.

Julie made eye contact with the older woman and shook her head no she didn't mind as she laid her head on this loving woman's shoulder. The two women continued to weep together, neither woman saying a word—they wept softly together for several minutes.

"Can you talk a little now? My name is Ethel Dooly. Can you tell me yours?" She sobbed as she wiped her eyes with a tissue and offered one to Julie.

"Yes ma'am, I'm Julie Wiles," the younger

woman replied.

"I'm pleased to meet you Julie, you can just call me Ethel, okay?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Julie, are you feeling a little better now?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Can you tell me what you're so sad about?"

Ethel asked.

"Art, my boyfriend and I were in a real bad accident on the highway, and he was hurt real bad, and he still could die. A helicopter took Art to the Hospital. An ambulance brought me here, and when I asked the nurse about Art, she said that he was in surgery and they didn't know anymore than that. I asked about Big'n, and no one knew anything about him. They brought me my purse and my overnight bag, and all of Art's personal stuff, wallet, change and keys. The doctor told me that I was okay, nothing but a bruised foot and a tiny scratch on my head. I'm all alone and I don't know what to do. Then just a few minutes ago the doctor told me how bad off Art was, and I guess I just lost it and then you came."

"Who is Big'n?"

"Big'n is my little dog."

"Could you use a little something to eat? I'm hungry, and there is a Denny's just up the road, let's go and get some breakfast! I'm buying okay?"

"Sure, I mean yes ma'am."

They walked across the parking lot to Ethel's new Lexus, climbed in and drove away as if they were old friends.

Bill strolled around Merrill Field just kinda looking around. Nothing really on his mind except finding a job flying airplanes. He saw one sign in the window of a flight school that read: **FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR NEEDED. MUST BE ABLE TO FLY. TIME OFF IS LOUSY AND PAY IS NOT THAT GREAT BUT I NEED AN INSTRUCTOR THAT KNOWS HOW TO FLY.**

Bill walked into the door and asked about the

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**Whether you think that you can, or that you can't,
you are usually right.**

- Henry Ford (1863-1947)

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job as a flight instructor. The lady behind the desk asked Bill, "So, did you read the whole sign?"

"Yes ma'am I did, and I can fly. I don't claim to be Orville, Wilber or Charles Lindbergh, okay, but I know the difference between a rudder and prop wash. I can handle a pretty stiff cross-wind, but I have much to learn about flying in this part of the country, and that is why I'm here. Can we help each other?"

"Well, that depends! My first impression is that you are upfront about everything. Lets get in that Cessna 185 that is tied down just outside the door, and we shall see what you've got. I'm Lisa Smooth. I own this flight school. I didn't catch your name."

"Bill O'Grady, and it's nice to meet you Ms. Smooth." as he accepted her handshake.

"Just call me Lisa. Okay?"

"Yes ma'am."

By Adverse Yaw

This story will continue in later issues of the Viewsletter.

YO, continued from page 1

more than five years, I get the occasional urge once in a while to climb aboard a slick machine and make holes in the wind. I suppose that age and maturity may have something to do with the fading away of that once burning desire, but, both flying and motorcycle riding are things of my past, and I seldom really miss them.

On that Spring day, we ended up at a Toyota Dealership in Norman, Oklahoma's 'Mile of Cars' where a friend worked. He was eager to show us around the dealership, although, we weren't particularly interested in buying anything, we just wanted to take a nice bike ride and coincidentally see our old friend. We guessed that he was probably working at the time, and this was our excuse for the stop.

It wasn't long before we were the owner of a new, shiny, red, 1990, 4 cylinder, Toyota Pickup truck that had that brand new smell inside. Linda drove it home, and I followed behind with a tinge of jealousy in my heart that I couldn't be driving my new truck. That was over twenty years ago, and the little red YO truck has devoted her heart and soul to our family.

I can barely remember my birth or my coming together as they say in that noisy assembly line, but I do remember that dark, silent, rock and roll ride on

the ship from Japan to Oakland where we were disembarked. There were times on that ship that I thought I would puke 10W30 all over the place, but I made it, and life was much better when I came out of the bowels of that ship and caught my first breath of fresh American air. After that rough experience on the boat everything has been awesome in comparison. I loved the open-air train ride to who knows where and then the truck-ride through my beautiful new home, America, to a dealership in Norman, Oklahoma.

There were about ten of us little trucks that made the trip all the way to Norman. We were all cleaned up and placed on the side of the building. I was one of the first to be adopted by my new family. My four little cylinders were happy to show them my stuff, and I was grateful to finally be at home.

On that sunny day, they came to the dealership riding on a Gold Wing motorcycle; Linda on the back and the Boss driving. They were an odd looking couple and I have often wondered how they came together in the first place. As the years have changed us all and as we gather knowledge along the way, I have come to realize that they both are a couple of the most stubborn people in the entire world. They both seemed determined to make the marriage work or at least stay married come hell or high water, and there has been a good deal of both of those.

The Boss had been flying for an east coast company called "Presidential Airways" when he made arrangements for adopting me. I was born to travel and although in the past twenty years I've only logged 260,000 miles, I'm still fit as ever and can attain and sustain speeds of up to 100 MPH continually. I've never missed a change of fresh oil which keeps me feeling clean and strong. I have had a couple nosebleeds in the past year or two. My original water pump gave up the ghost around 245 thousand miles and I had my first timing chain change at 250 thousand miles. When they did that job they put in a cheap rebuilt water pump and it started leaking in the past 500 miles. Other than those nosebleeds I've required a couple of alternators, a few batteries, new tires every 60 to 80 thousand miles, and that is it. I'm fit as a fiddle and can make another 100 thousand miles with ease.

Everyone calls me a YO truck ever since the Boss peeled the first T, the first O the second T and

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the A off of my tailgate which left the word YO. There has been many a man ask my Boss where it was manufactured, and how could they get one. They would say that they had never seen a YO truck before. The boss would play along and tell them that the truck was manufactured in Japan, and they could find one at any dealership across the country. This answer usually would satisfy the inquirer and they would walk away contented.

There have been numerous times that I've been a little abused such as the time when the Boss forgot that I was in third gear and we spent the next 15 minutes over-revved doing 70 MPH. I sometimes wonder what that man is thinking! But, we survived all that because he is very particular about getting my 10W30 changed every 2500 miles. Then there was the two times that he taught his children to drive. Andy wasn't too bad, he got the hang of using my clutch after killing my engine a couple of times, but Ashley was a little different. After ten attempts to get going the Boss started raising his voice a little and this upset his daughter to tears. They both hung in there, and Ashley finally got the hang of using the clutch. The Boss then made her drive to the steepest hill in the neighborhood where she learned even better how to use the clutch. This ordeal got my clutch-plate and pressure-plate a little hot, but she did just fine after the Boss showed her how to use my park brake to keep from rolling backward. Both of those kids passed their driving test in my chassis, and they both passed the first attempt. Ashley was crying after her test, but she passed. She told the Boss that the examiner yelled at her, but he passed her and told her that she had a lot to learn. The Boss told her that some people just have to be the way they are—that it was all in their chromosomes and not to worry about it. The Boss is proud of both of them now and claims that they are both top-notch drivers, however, he claims that Ashley has a lead foot on occasion. The Boss is the guilty one here because back when the kids were learning to drive he talked the talk, but failed to walk the walk. Now that he is walking the walk, Ashley just hates to have him as her passenger because he is constantly asking her to slow down. All I can say is that that is just dessert for the Boss because he should have set a better example, and he didn't.

The kids are both grown now and have their own cars, but on occasion when they need to haul something, I get loaned out. It is always good to see them now that they are mature. I still have a broken

rearview mirror that is barely useable thanks to the roughhousing of Andy and a couple of his friends back when he was a pup. Something about teenage boys that require them to physically abuse each other. Little trucks like myself can't handle much of it. But, back then Andy insisted on doing it, and it cost me and him both.

I am still saving the Boss money, because of my frugal use of low lead, the Boss chooses me over my younger big-brother, the Black Tundra. I can pull a good size load but getting stopped with it is another story.

The Boss has driven me all over the country, especially the western half, I've been to the Grand Canyon, Dallas, San Antonio, Tucson, El Paso, Phoenix, Las Vegas, Tulsa, Memphis, Nashville and all over Colorado to mention only a few of the places that I have been. The very worst part of my job has been sitting in airport parking lots for days and sometimes weeks. They are the noisiest places in the world, and very hot in Phoenix and Las Vegas especially during the summer months. I have seen the mercury rise to 126 degrees on more than one occasion. Oklahoma City is hot in the summer and cold in the winter with wind that is unbelievable. I for one am so happy to go between Mustang and the Boss' farm in northeast Texas. Once we get to the farm, I am parked under a great shade tree where the wind seldom gets stronger than a breeze. The only sound is of cattle and horses, and from late winter until earlier winter the sound of songbirds fill the day with melody starting long before first light and lasting until late into the night.

There are times that we go all over the farm which can be trying for me and him both, the pasture is rougher than a cob, and tromping around in the back woods is quite worrisome due to deep holes left by heavy rain followed by a tractor which leaves tracks sometimes over a foot deep. This does more than just exercise my suspension—I bottom out on occasion and this makes the Boss extremely uncomfortable. It hurts me when I do this, but the Boss is the one driving.

All in all, the closer we get to the farm the lazier both the Boss and I become. It is just the way a couple of almost-retired-beings get when they get farther along in years. I am past the life expectancy of an ordinary pickup truck, and I feel great.

~As True as a story can be, by AWD

Around the House

By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Many say of me that I am only a dog controlled by instincts, but trust me here, I can think, feel, and understand. I am not just some wild animal that is motivated and moved by instinct alone. I spend much of everyday thinking about things, hoping for a better life for all. The fact that I am a dog has its limits and boundaries, but these do not constrain my ability to think.

For the past year or so, I have been studying the Boat-tailed Grackle (BTG), not so much a study of ornithology, history or ethnic origin, but a study in how to make this beautiful black bird into a delightful snack. Hunting is instinctual for me, however, I've had a lot of these instincts bred out of me over the past several hundred years, therefore, I must use my mind to hone my skills as a predator. I must constantly visualize the ambush, the attack, and finally the kill—always thinking of more efficient ways to accomplish my goal.

Each day for several weeks, I have been lying in ambush for a bird, I'd take any bird, although for some reason the BTG is the one I prefer.

My first kill was a chick out of the nest trying to learn how to fly. It was so easy that I'm almost ashamed to mention it, but it was my first kill. Looking back the event was not anymore exciting than eating the dog food that Linda serves me each day, and to be honest, I didn't eat any of it, I just left it for the ants. The adult BTG is much more elusive, and requires much skill, cunning and patience. A good hunter takes advantage of all circumstances including the weather, the angle of the sun, the shadows and the food that the BTG is feeding on. Occasionally, some outside amusement will open a small window of opportunity and will distract the BTG long enough for me to attack. The knowledge required to be an accomplished hunter is vast, but I am dedicated to my objective.

My first real attempt at an adult BTG was one hot summer afternoon. I had setup my ambush in the cool shadow of the gas grill. I was lying motionless and was trying to resemble an old black rug. At first it felt good on the cool concrete only inches from the freshly mown yard. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and after a while the sun had moved westward robbing me of my shade which caused my black coat to soak up the heat. I was becoming miserably hot. But, I remained still, not a hair twitched on my body—not a hair. There was a juvenile BTG that landed only three

or four feet from me, and he seemed occupied with something in the grass. As he was pecking away, with every other peck he hopped in my direction. The closer the bird came to me the more adrenalin began to flow through my veins. I was so excited, I was about to make a real kill. I went snake-eyed, my eyes barely open. I was about to pounce when several other BTGs arrived, one of them recognized me, and they all flew away. What a disappointment. This scenario had been repeated dozens of times before this one, but I had never been this close to a kill.

I must have been lying there for the better part of an hour. I had become very hot, however, I couldn't open my mouth to pant, for fear of scaring away my prey. Now it didn't matter. I was so down, almost to the point of depression, however, everyone knows that dogs don't get depressed, they just wag their tail or whatever is left of it, and go on with life. I know that it is only a matter of time, and I'll get that elusive first real kill. I lapped boorishly at the bowl of water on the porch for a good long drink, then went into the air-conditioned house with Linda, found a cool place on the arm of the recliner beside her and fell asleep.

There hasn't been too much going on around here. The Boss had a couple of Army buddies visit him at the farm and he seemed to have had a great time, although, I think he must have eaten too much because I think he put on ten or so pounds.

At the same time of the Boss' party, Linda made her annual pilgrimage to Central Texas to shop with her marathon-shopping buddies from high school. Although I'm female, I can't understand the fascination with shopping for a bunch of stuff that, if bought, just ends up in a pile in the corner. Oh well, I'm just a canine and don't have enough understanding in this area of the human existence but neither does the boss.

Well, I best be closing this little essay, I understand that in an earlier time there were three other Schnauzers and they took turns in filling this space. Now, they are all gone, and I'm left to do it all.

Keep your nose to the wind and enjoy the sunshine, someday soon the snow is going to fly and it will be cold again.

Barkley

Thanks for the cards, letters and donations
your support is much appreciated.
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