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Long Before Hudson Miracle, There Was Capt. Richard Ogg

By ISALAH GUZMAN

Marilyn Ogg watched news coverage last month of pilot Chesley "Sully" Sullenberger's successful ditching of a commercial airliner in the Hudson River. A passenger praised Sullenberger for being the first to ever pull off such a maneuver.

"I thought, that's not correct," Ogg said. "I almost e-mailed."

She would know. More than 50 years ago, her father saved all 31 passengers aboard Pan Am Flight 943 when he ditched a Boeing 377 Stratocruiser in the Pacific Ocean.

Capt. Richard Ogg was midway through a flight from Honolulu to San Francisco on Oct. 16, 1956, when, in the wee hours of the morning, the No. 1 engine began to sputter. Shortly after, the No. 4 engine failed, leaving the plane with just two.

The Stratocruiser was losing altitude. It wouldn't make it to San Francisco or back to Honolulu. Ogg had to ditch.

About 3:30 a.m. Pacific Time on Oct. 16, as the plane passed over the empty heart of the Pacific Ocean, Capt. Ogg, 42, a pilot for 15 years at Pan Am, turned on the plane's PA system.

"Sorry to wake you up," he told his passengers.

"We have developed engine trouble and may have to ditch."

Like Sullenberger, who saved all 155 people aboard his US Airways jetliner, Ogg and his crew stayed calm. Fortune would have it that a Coast Guard cutter, the Pontchartrain, was nearby. Ogg circled the ship for four hours as he burned heavy fuel and waited for daylight.

"We will try to stay aloft until daylight," he said over the radio.

Capt. Ogg's passengers waited patiently. Some slept, and some smoked cigarettes until it was time to brace for impact.

"Your ship is sure a beautiful sight," Ogg told the Coast Guard, which replied, "Thank you, we think so. Glad it's a comfort to you. We got your bacon and eggs on the fire."

Maureen Gordon, 54, a passenger on the October, 1956 flight, watched the US Airways plane footage. She told the San Francisco Chronicle, "I was saying, Wow, this is so similar to what we went through," she said. "Except ours was more fantastic in a way."

Gordon, and a handful of other people on Ogg's plane -- including several who live in the San Francisco Bay Area -- have been experiencing a unique case of *deja vu*.

"Our captain was a pillar of strength," said Jane Gordon, 86, Maureen's mother, speaking by phone from her home in Maryland. "He was just wonderful. I'm sure he was scared to death, but you'd never know it."

Flight 943 took off for San Francisco from Hawaii on Oct. 15, 1956, at 8:30 p.m. The Boeing 377 Stratocruiser, dubbed the Clipper Sovereign of the Skies, was a pinnacle of 1950's luxury designed to appeal to movie stars and the well-heeled.

Aboard the Clipper were 25 passengers, and the cargo hold was packed with luggage and 44 cases of live canaries.

Trouble over the Pacific

Jane Gordon was already awake in the berths in the plane's tail, trying to quiet her 18-month-old twins, Maureen and Elizabeth. Gordon had been suffering a premonition of death since leaving the Philippines, where her husband, Richard, had a State Department posting.

"I was praying when ... we heard this terrible rumble of one engine, and then right after that the other one," she said.

Two engines had lost power. The two remaining engines kept the plane aloft, but their straining consumed more fuel -- and provided less speed.

Ogg had a choice of two bad options: keep going or turn back.

"If we had to ditch near the Farallones, that's bad news, because it's always choppy and rough out there," recalled Pat Pimsner of San Carlos, the plane's purser. "And we had headwinds going back if we turned around."

Ogg came up with a third option: a risky water landing in the middle of the Pacific.

Help from the Coast Guard

The plane had recently been in contact with the Pontchartrain in the Pacific below, where it served as a communications relay for airplanes crossing the sea.

"We were the midpoint. We were the point of no return," said Doak Walker of Juneau, Alaska, a radioman on the Pontchartrain that day. "They knew they couldn't make it all the way.... They'd rather go down next to us."

For hours, Flight 943 circled over the cutter, burning off fuel. Pimsner and the flight crew cleared the cabin of loose objects and reminded the passengers how to inflate their life jackets.

Pimsner recalled that a Boeing 377 that had crashed in the ocean the previous year had shattered its tail on impact, so she cleared the rear berth area and parked the Gordons in their seats.

"At that time they didn't have infant seat belts," Pimsner said. "So, I put each child in one of the parents' laps, and then I threw pillows all over the floor in front of them."

Several times before dawn, the Coast Guardsmen on the ship below told Ogg that they were ready for his attempted landing. The pilot made a dry run as the sun rose, then pulled up and continued to circle.

"The ocean was flat, but they wanted more daylight. By the time we got daylight and they could see, the ocean was picking up again," recalled Dick Olson, the Pontchartrain's boatswain's mate of the watch that day.

Looking good and then . . .

Shortly before 8 a.m., Pimsner and the rest of the cabin crew told passengers to assume crash positions, strap themselves in and extinguish cigarettes. Jane and Richard Gordon clung to the twins, and the plane headed for the sea at 90 nautical mph.

Olson, now a 73-year-old Danville resident, recalled watching from the Pontchartrain as the plane approached the sea. "Ogg's landing seemed to be going well," he said.

But "before he settled down, the wings caught a swell," Olson said.

The plane whipped around, its nose shattering and the tail -- as Pimsner had feared -- snapping away. The crew of the Pontchartrain watched in horror.

"When we saw that hit and explode, we just knew nobody could survive that," said Walker, the radioman. "It crashed a mile away, but we could feel it. We just knew nobody could survive that."

But moments later, as the spray cleared, the Pontchartrain's crew could see tiny figures walking on the wings of the floating, shattered plane.

"We steamed full steam to get there," Olson said.

As his passengers were rescued, Ogg -- as Sullenberger would do years later -- went twice through the plane searching for anybody left behind. Pimsner accompanied him until they stepped out of the sinking plane.

"He let me go first," she said. "Always a gentleman."

Then Ogg stepped off the plane's wing. About 21 minutes after he had landed it, the Clipper Sovereign of the Skies disappeared underwater.

All passengers were safe. The sole injury was Maureen Gordon, one of the twins, who was torn from her mother's arms, bumped her head and was knocked out. She quickly recovered.

All part of the job

It took days for the Pontchartrain to steam to San Francisco, its officers' quarters packed with plane passengers.

The press swarmed the survivors.

"We had a certain job to do," Ogg told reporters. "We had to do it right or else."

His widow, Peggy, recalled those words as she watched coverage of Sullenberger in New York.

"I think they are very similar people—very calm. Always doing their very best—learning everything they can," she said. "They were preparing for this, and it didn't catch them off-guard."

Ogg continued to fly until his death in 1991, but the ditching stayed in his mind. His widow recalled asking him, as she sat by his deathbed, about a faraway look on his face.

"I was thinking of those poor canaries that drowned in the hold when I had to ditch the plane," he said.

Marilyn Ogg remembers her father getting teary-eyed years later about those canaries, too, and two dogs that were lost in the cargo hold.

"They were cut from the same mold," she said of her father and Sullenberger. "They were both humble men who were cool, calm and collected, and they did exactly what they needed to do."

Ogg, who lived in Aptos for more than 30 years and died in 1991 at the age of 77, later became the subject of a book, a movie and television features. His experience was used in training films for several airlines.

Retired Pan Am pilot, Joe D'Esposito, of Prunedale said Capt. Ogg was a legend.

"He was respected," D'Esposito said. "I was in Miami at the time, but everybody knew about it."

The experience of ditching an airplane is one that all professional aviators hope to avoid during their career. There could be nothing more terrifying than the thought of being forced down in the middle of an ocean, sea or any other large body of water. It is a nightmare to think about it. But, every time a crew goes what we used to call "feet wet," this scary thought crosses their minds.

Life is simple! When something goes wrong, you continue to play the hand that you are dealt, and if that hand is total power failure you just keep flying the airplane the very best that you can, and pray to Almighty God that He will somehow pull you out of the mess that you are in. If he does, the chances are that you and your crew may be called heroes. The fact remains that Almighty God deserves all the glory. The only thing that the crew can do is their job which they were trained to do. The pilot's job is to keep flying the airplane no matter what.

If you would like to read more about this particular incident and about the Coast Guard Cutter that rescued the passengers and crew check it out on my web site. There are several photographs of the ditching shown there.

<http://web.me.com/dblsbvl/viewsletter> look on the "Other Important Information" page.

A comment by AWD

Plato is dear to me, but dearer still is the truth.

~Aristotle

The Internal Revenue Service is not about collecting revenue for the nation—there are much better ways to do that. It is rather, about manipulating society, regulating the masses, forcing the people to perform and to conform to the wishes of the World Bankers who own the Federal Reserve Bank, and whose thirst for power is unquenchable.

A.V. Yaw

Do We Need a New New Deal?

By Burton W. Folsom, Jr.

Charles F. Kline Chair in History and Management, Hillsdale College Author, *New Deal or Raw Deal? How FDR's Economic Legacy Has Damaged America*.

The following is adapted from a speech delivered on January 9, 2009, in Washington, D.C., at a seminar sponsored by Hillsdale's Allan P. Kirby, Jr. Center for Constitutional Studies and Citizenship.

The New Deal has probably been the greatest political force in America during the last 100 years, and Franklin D. Roosevelt has probably been the most influential president during this time. In our current economic crisis—which some have compared with the Great Depression—many critics are calling for more federal programs and a New New Deal.” There are three reasons we do not need a New New Deal from President Obama in 2009.

First, the federal programs in FDR's New Deal did not lower unemployment. Sure, the Works Progress Administration built roads, the Tennessee Valley Authority built dams, and the Civilian Conservation Corps planted trees. But every dollar that went to creating a federal job had to come from taxpayers, who, by sending their cash to Washington, lost the chance to buy hamburgers, movie tickets or clothes and create new jobs for restaurants, theaters, and tailors.

What's worse, some New Deal programs had terrible unintended consequences. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration, for example, overhauled agriculture by paying farmers not to produce on part of their land. After farmers took the federal dollars, the U.S. developed shortages of the very crops taxpayers were paying farmers not to produce. By 1935, for example, the U.S. was importing almost 35 million bushels of corn, 13 million bushels of wheat, and 36 million pounds of cotton. Simultaneously, we had an army of bureaucrats in the Department of Agriculture to inspect farms (and even to do aerial photography) to ensure farmers were not growing the crops we were importing into the country.

Second, the taxes to pay for the New Deal became astronomical. In 1935, Roosevelt decided to raise the marginal tax rate on top incomes to 79 percent. Later he raised it to 90 percent. These confiscatory rates discouraged entrepreneurs from investing which pro-longed the Great Depression.

Henry Morgenthau, FDR's loyal Secretary of the Treasury, was frustrated at the persistence of double-digit unemployment throughout the 1930s. In May 1939, with unemployment at 20 percent, he exploded at the failed New Deal programs. “We have tried spending money,” Morgenthau noted. “We are spending more than we have ever spent before, and it does not work. . . . We have never made good on our promises. . . . I say after eight years of this Administration, we have just as much unemployment as when we started. . . . And an enormous debt to boot!”

Third, the New Deal divided and politicized the country in tragic ways. Those who lobbied most effectively won subsidies and bailouts even if their cause was weak. Others, who had greater needs, received nothing. Walter Waters, who led a march of veterans on Washington, lobbied successfully for a special bonus for veterans whether they had been in battle or not. When asked why veterans—instead of longshoremen or teachers—should receive a special bonus of taxpayer dollars, he said, “I noticed, too, that the highly organized lobbies in

Washington for special industries were producing results: loans were being granted to their special interests. . . . Personal lobbying paid, regardless of the justice or injustice of their demand.”

Thus, as money became available, those with effective political lobbies won the subsidies and others, who sometimes had more just causes and greater need, received little or nothing. In the case of the veterans, in 1936 they won a \$2 billion federal bonus—a sum exceeding six percent of the entire national debt at the time. Teachers, by contrast, were less effective lobbyists and won almost no federal subsidies. Silver miners, led by Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, won a silver subsidy that paid almost \$300,000 a day each day for 14 years, but coal miners were left out.

In another example, under Presidents Hoover and Roosevelt, Illinois lobbied effectively and won \$55,443,721 under the first federal welfare grant while Massachusetts received zero federal dollars. Without federal money for welfare needs, Massachusetts valiantly raised its own funds to secure what Illinois extracted from Washington. The Boston Civic Symphony repeatedly gave concerts to benefit the jobless. City officials and teachers raised money and took pay cuts. Massachusetts Governor Joseph Ely believed that no state should receive federal aid and that private charity was the best charity; that federal relief ruined both taxpayers and those in need. “Whatever the justification for relief,” Ely said, “the fact remains that the way in which it has been used makes it the greatest political asset on the practical side of party politics ever held by an administration.” Ely added that “millions of men and women . . . have come to believe almost that there is no hope for them except upon a government payroll.”

Federal dollars always become political dollars, and the Democrats moved to use federal money to gain votes at election time. In Pennsylvania, Joseph Guffey, the successful Democratic candidate for U.S. Senate in 1934, ran a campaign ad that said, Compare this \$297,942,173 contributed by Pennsylvania to the U.S. U.S. Treasury with the cash and credit of \$678,074,195 contributed to Pennsylvania by the Roosevelt Democratic administration.” Vote Demo-crat, Guffey and others proclaimed, and the federal faucet will keep running. James Doherty, a New Hampshire Democrat, said, “It is my personal belief that to the victor belong the spoils, and that Democrats should be holding most of these [WPA] positions so that we might strengthen our fences for the 1940 election.” One WPA director in New Jersey—a corrupt but candid man—answered his office phone, “Democratic Headquarters.”

If history is a guide, we have every reason to believe that if President Obama institutes a New New Deal, then universal health care, federal bailouts, and jobs stimulus programs will be costly, will be politicized, and will fail. ■

THE DISCIPLINE OF DISMAY

"And as they followed, they were afraid." Mark 10:32

At the beginning we were sure we knew all about Jesus Christ, it was a delight to sell all and to fling ourselves out in a hardihood of love; but now we are not quite so sure. Jesus is on in front, and He looks strange: "Jesus went before them and they were amazed."

There is an aspect of Jesus that chills the heart of a disciple to the core and makes the whole spiritual life gasp for breath. This strange Being with His face "set like a flint" and His striding determination, strikes terror into me. He is no longer Counsellor and Comrade, He is taken up with a point of view I know nothing about, and I am amazed at Him. At first I was confident that I understood Him, but now I am not so sure. I begin to realize there is a distance between Jesus Christ and me; I can no longer be familiar with Him. He is ahead of me, and He never turns round; I have no idea where He is going, and the goal has become strangely far off.

Jesus Christ had to fathom every sin and every sorrow man could experience, and that is what makes Him seem strange. When we see Him in this aspect we do not know Him, we do not recognize one feature of His life, and we do not know how to begin to follow Him. He is on in front, a Leader Who is very strange, and we have no comradeship with Him.

The discipline of dismay is essential in the life of discipleship. The danger is to get back to a little fire of our own and kindle enthusiasm at it (cf. Isaiah 1:10-11). When the darkness of dismay comes, endure until it is over, because out of it will come that following of Jesus which is an unspeakable joy.

Oswald Chambers

"Political correctness is tyranny with manners."

– *Charlton Heston (1924–2008)*

Separate State and Science

BY *SHELDON RICHMAN*

I don't read much fiction these days, but one novel I intend to read is *State of Fear*, Michael Crichton's story of how environmentalists use allegedly manmade catastrophic global warming to control the population. Anyone who has the power to cause such hysteria among the Kyoto Protocol set must be doing something right. (Bjørn Lomborg is another.) I have Crichton's book in hand, but my schedule doesn't permit me to dive in quite yet. However, I was informed that at the back of the book there is an appendix with this grabber of a title: "Why Politicized Science Is Dangerous." This is a topic dear to my heart, so I read it.

Science, let us stipulate at the outset, has been of inestimable value to the human race. Because of science we live longer and healthier lives (to the dismay of the Social Security bureaucrats); we have devices that make life easier, more pleasant, and more fun: think of our reliable automobiles, small computers, PDAs, cell phones, portable DVD players, and iPods (the latest thing I can't live without); we have inexpensive ways to keep in touch with distant loved ones. All of us quickly take for granted revolutionary inventions that would have astounded our grandparents and in some cases even our parents.

But science, like anything else, can be twisted into something inimical to human welfare. I see two threats. One comes from scientism. This is the use of the procedures of the physical sciences in the study of human action especially economics. When human beings are looked on as objects rather than persons, trouble brews. Properly conceived, science gives us life-serving control over our physical environment. Improperly conceived, it emboldens social engineers to control *us*. Beware those who view the economy as a machine. Statistical aggregates and simultaneous equations conceal flesh-and-blood individuals with preferences, values, and aspirations. Social engineering would meet with more skepticism if this were kept in mind.

The other threat is the subject of Crichton's appendix: the politicization of science or the union of scientific research and state. By now, of course, government has tainted much of science, especially medicine and climatology. There is no neutral government funding of research. Every benefit is a tether. Each grant creates a desire for future grants, which means the findings had better not offend the grant-making agency, which always has an agenda.

Crichton, who has anthropology and medical degrees from Harvard, begins his brief essay by looking back at two notorious cases of politicized science: eugenics and Lysenkoism. In both cases, a preconceived "public policy" objective drove and, therefore, corrupted the "science." What occurred had the appearance of science (unless one looked carefully), but in fact bore no relation to actual scientific activity. Essential terms weren't even defined, so most of what was said was meaningless except for its power to further the objective.

As Crichton points out, in the early twentieth century eugenics was presented as a scientific answer to a purported crisis—the enfeebling of the human race: "The best human beings were not breeding as rapidly as the inferior ones—the foreigners, immigrants, Jews, degenerates, the unfit, and the 'feeble minded.'" What was the answer? In the United States, it was compulsory sterilization; in Germany, it included extermination by gas. Yet eugenics was the vogue among "progressives." Prestigious foundations—Carnegie, Rockefeller—poured money into it. Prominent figures were eager to associate themselves with the movement, including Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Winston Churchill, Alexander Graham Bell, Luther Burbank, Leland Stanford, H. G. Wells, George Bernard Shaw, and Margaret Sanger (founder of what became known as Planned Parenthood). The first president of the American Eugenics Society was the well-known Yale University economist, Irving Fisher. As Crichton notes, after the Nazis gave eugenics a bad name, biographers neglected to mention their subjects' former enthusiasm for the cause.

Regarding the scientific status of eugenics, Crichton writes, “But in retrospect, three points stand out. First . . . there was no scientific basis for eugenics. In fact, nobody at the time knew what a gene really was. The movement was able to proceed because it employed vague terms never rigorously defined. . . . Second, the eugenics movement was really a social program masquerading as a scientific one. What drove it was concern about immigration and racism and undesirable people moving into one’s neighborhood or country. . . . Third, and most distressing, the scientific establishment in both the United States and Germany did not mount any sustained protest—Quite the contrary. In Germany scientists quickly fell into line with the program.”

In the second case, the Russian peasant T. D. Lysenko’s claim that he had discovered how to make crops grow better by treating seeds, and thereby, altering offspring seeds had no scientific foundation whatsoever, but it fit with the anti-genetic prejudices of Josef Stalin. “Lysenko was portrayed as a genius, and he milked his celebrity for all it was worth,” Crichton writes. “He eventually joined the Supreme Soviet.” By then, Lysenko and his theories dominated Russian biology. The result was famines that killed millions, and purges that sent hundreds of dissenting Soviet scientists to the gulags or the firing squads.”

Politicized science ruins and destroys lives.

The Banning of DDT

In a speech to the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco in 2003, Crichton provided another lesson in the lethality of politicized science: the ban of the insecticide DDT. In the early 1960s, Rachel Carson’s book *Silent Spring* set off a movement to rid the world of the insecticide. As a result, the long and promising effort to defeat the scourge of mosquito-carried malaria in the developing world was reversed, and the deadly disease made a tragic comeback.

In his brief discussion of this episode, Crichton pulled no punches:

I can tell you that DDT is not a carcinogen and did not cause birds to die and should never have been banned. I can tell you that the people who banned it knew that it wasn’t carcinogenic and banned it anyway. I can tell you that the DDT ban has caused the deaths of tens of millions of poor people, mostly children, whose deaths are directly attributable to a callous, technologically advanced western society that promoted the new cause of environmentalism by pushing a fantasy about a pesticide, and thus, irrevocably harmed the third world. Banning DDT is one of the most disgraceful episodes in the twentieth century history of America. We knew better, and we did it anyway. We let people around the world die and didn’t give a damn.

Crichton’s speech covers much more than this, and I commend it highly.

In the *State of Fear* appendix, Crichton emphasizes that he is not claiming that the global-warming scare is exactly like the fear-mongering about the supposed threat to the human gene pool. “But the similarities are not superficial,” he writes. “And I do claim that open and frank discussion of the data, and of the issues is being suppressed. Leading scientific journals have taken strong editorial positions on the side of global warming, which, I argue, they have no business doing. Under the circumstances, any scientist who has doubts understands clearly that they will be wise to mute their expression.”

That kind of atmosphere is the death knell of genuine science and the benefits it is capable of producing. The lives and liberty of everyone are in jeopardy. “[T]he intermixing of science and politics is a bad combination, with a bad history,” Crichton concludes. “We must remember the history, and be certain that what we present to the world as knowledge is disinterested and honest.”



The Internal Revenue Service is the epitome of anti-liberty, anti-freedom and is a subtle form of slavery, using deceit, fear and intimidation to induce it's victims into submission. Where is the IRS oath of office required by all other forms of public office and trust? If they have an oath do they honor it?

A. V. Yaw

Here on the Farm

By Twister Doudney Horse

There is hot humidity coming, I can feel it just as sure as I am standing here. The weather has been too good to go on as it is now. It has been cool with plenty of rain and lots of sweet grass to eat. I just can't see it continuing, I'm telling you, there is a hot humid drought in the future, and I'm dreading it.

I have managed to become the Boss Horse around here. It was a struggle, but finally I have control. Now, the problem is to maintain control. The Boss gets irritated when I bite the other horses on the butt in order to maintain some semblance of authority. That is just the way it is with us horses, we have a definite pecking order, and it is a pleasure to be the top of the order. I just want to keep it this way.

The Boss has been working like a trooper the past few months, and the improvements continue. They finished the outside of the Boss's Cabin in the early Fall, and then, everyone except the Boss left. The Boss now works alone, and is forever complaining about constantly trying to reinvent the wheel. What ever that means.

There have been lots of calves born, and to my amazement, they have all survived. The Coyotes howl every night and sometimes early in the morning, but they don't bother any of us. Nip, the only Jackass on the place, seems to think he is the primary reason that they leave us alone. He is one of those animals that contains so much self-importance that you feel like kicking him for no good reason, and I have done just that on more than one occasion. The Boss has tamed the other horses to where he can catch them any time. All of them can follow a lead rope with the exception of Connie. She has to be the most stubborn animal on the place. She is learning, but everything seems to be a hard learn for her.

I'm out of room for writing and need to get back to grazing in the North pasture. Keep your ears perked and pay attention. ~*Twister*

"Any man who is under 30, and is not a liberal, has not heart; and any man who is over 30, and is not a conservative, has no brains."

- Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965)

Around the House

By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Time has a way of sneaking up on you. I'm still a pup but the Boss is treating me like a Dog. He says it's the only way that I will ever grow up, and to not come to him whining about living conditions. He tells me to just do my job and stay out of his way! I guess I better accept his edicts or find me another way of getting by because there is no doubt in my mind that he would toss me out if he wanted to. He reminds me weekly that this ain't no democracy around here, and that he is the Boss in charge.

I think he is a little irritated because on Saturday nights, the very day he comes home from working on the farm, I get to sleep with Linda and Cayeden. I don't know how long this sleeping arrangement will continue, but I'm the kind of pup that takes what I can get. After all, I am what I am. and there is no changing that.

I watch a lot of TV around here, and I have noticed that there is fear on the television, so much fear that I don't know why anyone in his or her right mind watches the fool thing. It is like a bottomless whole and everyone is just walking into it from all directions. I think that television was invented to occupy people's minds while their minds go stale from lack of use. It reminds me of the book called The Dream Giver by Bruce Wilkinson. In the book, the television was referred to as the Box, and it was a major player in robbing people of their dreams. The Box was so accomplished at this that most of the characters in the book didn't even know that they could dream. Some of them were educated but their education was so poor that they couldn't think very well. All they could do was watch the Box until they fell asleep.

That is enough of my ranting on about the problems of television, and the humans that watch it. I enjoy being a pup, and soon to be a dog. I am thankful that I am what I am.

Keep your nose into the breeze and stay out of hail storms.

~ Barkley

Finally, brothers, whatever is true, whatever is honorable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence, if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things.

How about three of my gals? Check out the photo next page!



Ashley (Nanna), Addison & Emerson

That's All Folks!