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Anyway, the author made it to 80

He had lived long enough to witness the wickedness in Downton Abbey. When the script writer added more detergent to an already sudsy production, the machine erupted into a froth of wickedness, as defined in the First Afflatus. The First Afflatus declares quite plainly that sexual freedom equates with atheism, agnosticism, and evolutionism; clearly wicked.

Hence, in the Abbey, when the script writer offed Lavinia Catherine Quires, it was too pruriently obvious to be paving the way for the already tainted Mary to get it on with a dubiously spineless Matthew (that's almost Babelical). The writer, really being on a bender, dumped the whole container of detergent into the froth in an attempt to cleanse a mountain of dirty linen when it suggested that the dying/dead father of the dead Lavinia Catherine, would be leaving his fortune to one of three possible heirs, the newly awakened (recovering between the legs) Matthew, being one of the designees. Hah!, but now we are witness to even more troubling scruples haunting Matthew, which any experienced soapy script writer can easily overcome. Matthew is relieved from the necessity to off the other two designees; the writer is all too accommodating. Matthew must go through his Hamlet scene (To Be Or Not); to accept the inheritance, although undeserved, or to allow his slutty Mary to persuade him of the true course of things.

The suds, the suds, the suds of it all. Suisuds. Sewersuds. Ex Eunt. The reader (or viewer) slips and falls on his sword.

The Golden Glib Awryed for the frothiest and foamiest, and the Silver Shtick Award for the almost perfect comic wooden performances, especially that played by Mary, her mother, and her father (although dad showed some promise of lively humour (saved by a little bit of Bleach [Opening Door Interruptus {the finger-wagging type;}). Another Love slapped (Schlepped).

This author anticipated the Schleppling of Lavinia Catherine, deducing the lovely, pristine, saintly, have no place in the real world of atheists, agnostics and evolutionists. Made transparently so by the script writer. Anyway, she may have been a tiger in the darkened chambers. Instead she dies of a busted pump.

Anna gives a good impersonation of Holly Hunter, while Bates fails in his imitation of Russell Crowe.

Reflecting upon Fits and Starts and Please Pass The Truth. The negative rises up with a ferocious vindictiveness. Railing Against the Fatefully Inevitable. The author doesn't know what to do about

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some of the things that happen in life. Some things that happen prove so contrary to his expectations that he feels obliged to say something, anything, however true or untrue. These expectations materialize from his early inculcations. He now knows those inculcations were distortions of the truth. They were presented under the guise of a need-to-know education. First, one was thrust into the Institutional setup for education, where a certain message (not so hidden the agenda – even though the author was too dumb not to see it as such) was part of the criteria for the passing on of the torch.

It was assumed that everybody got the same message.

So, two things happened; one, the message was misleading, or ignored part of the truth. Two, even though everybody got the same message, there were those who ignored, or dispensed with, the message.

In essence, that put one in the position of being the only person who was willing to believe in lies, and to base his expectations upon lies.

If the inculcations were meant to deceive; now realizing that, why get upset about something that never was. Why continue to give the lies any credence?

From the earlier inculcations one developed a set of ideals. The hoopla that came with the message led one to do so. All those he knew seemed to agree that the story was credible, even if not true. No one suspected that there were any lies involved. Yes Lies! is a strong statement. Perhaps the inculcator, dependent upon the TEXT, did not know the nature of the distortions of the truth (simply because he or she believed in the lies told unto them, ad backwards through time), which might be characterized as half-truths, where some vital information is lacking.

The information was out there in the world, in the libraries, but the inculcator was working from a text of selected distortions and suppositions, as well as intentionally misleading information (clouded by patriotism, for one thing).

One supposed there is nothing disastrously wrong with condensing the package with plausibility, rather than with controversial information, if the writer of the text, and/or the inculcator, even knew of such information.

In the classroom, one does not inquire how people shit in the old days, unless he is a wiseass; what did they use for asswipes etc. This kind of information may not be considered appropriate, like sex education. One does need to keep the classroom under control. While the concern for shit and sex may be real (a la Sigmund), and even relevant, to the student, time is of essence to the inculcator for spreading the message.

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Not discussing shit and sex proved not to be the main fault with the Institution. Even settling for plausibility instead of the real truth may have been necessary to resolve all the contradictions associated with life, in order to increase the efficiency of the classroom.

When the student is fed pie-in-the-sky as the story of the founding fathers, and their struggles against the anomalies and vicissitudes, it is a condensation, however the student perceives it. Things get too complicated if one allows reality to become part of the story.

The fact that our government nearly failed to pass muster, that there were those who did not want any part of government for the people by the people, gets too much into the nitty-gritty of the real life that one is obliged to face, once he leaves the Institution. One of those nitty-gritties is to be found in the raw history of the daily headlines where one hears of the evils of his representatives in government. In the old days it was the aristocrat who represented the folks; nowadays, any of the noisy riff-raff can represent the folks.

One of the important things left out of the inculcations is the ever present need for vigilance. Even though it seems inconsistent with the message which is 'all is in good hands' once you have created the perfect government, you must be told that man is not to be trusted. In our everyday school life we learn this without the help of the teacher; unfortunately we must apply this untaught lesson to our government, which is made up of men (and women), not incidentally, our look-a-likes.

If we had been vigilant, could we have prevented the red-baiting of the Nixons, Parnells and McCarthys? Could we have prevented Korea, Vietnam (and all the assholes associated with those fiascos, beginning with Harry Truman and ending with Henry Kissinger), Iwreck, Afghanistan; Watergate, Iran Gate, the mess in Florida, and the wreckage created by W.? Vigilance: keeping one's eye on his pile.

Our nation was literally ripped apart by these events, and the men involved in them. The worst part of it all, we were not told the truth. We heard God Bless America! That's the same as dumping the 'honey bucket' on your head. Its also the same as saying 'they knew better than we the people in whose name they conducted their affairs of state (not our affairs, their affairs'. They are still doing it, no matter how they phrase it. It is out of the peoples' hands; how's that grab yuh?

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Vigilance! Can you envision Paul running through the streets exclaiming, “Our Representatives are coming!”. “Our Representatives are coming”. Our representatives gave us the Patriot Act, **without our consent**. Beware!!

They can't knock all of the people off, because there wouldn't be enough myrmidons (another name for the people) to shovel the shit! Can you imagine the cops and militia shoveling the shit?

Break. Restart.

The author has become most tedious in his attempt to square accounts. Unfortunately those accounts remain deficient. Hence this knowing.

The Declaration Of Independence is not a legal document.

THE Constitution Of The United States Of America is a legal document (subject to interpretation – the interpretations are subject to political influence – through the appointment of SC Judges, and through the lobbying of representatives and senators before and during the legislative process [otherwise recognized as Corrupting Influences].)

Whereas the Declaration mentioned the 'pursuit of happiness, the Constitution did not include happiness as an objective.

The original Constitution immediately required Amendments in the form of the so-called Bill Of Rights. It has added more Amendments throughout the years (a rather amusing pair found in XVIII and the XXI, the prohibition and subsequent repeal of LIQUOR (spirits). A notable Amendment, which proposed giving women equal rights to men, passed by Congress, was not ratified (the rats were opposed) by the States.



*Many ERA supporters blamed their defeat on special interest forces who they claimed were sinister and undemocratic, especially the insurance industry and conservative organizations, suggesting they funded an opposition that subverted the democratic process and the will of the pro-ERA majority.<sup>[26]</sup> They argued that while the public face of the anti-ERA movement was Phyllis Schlafly and her STOP ERA organization, there were other important groups in the opposition as well, such as the powerful National Council of Catholic Women and (until 1973) the AFL-CIO. Critchlow and Stachecki say the anti-ERA movement was based on strong support among Southern whites, Evangelical Christians, Mormons, Orthodox Jews, and Roman Catholics, including both men and women.©*

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As must seem obvious to the reader, democracy is a sometime thing.

Undoubtedly women, that is, the other half, believe it so.

To Continue.

The Constitution has recently been subverted by HR 3162.

If one regards the injury (killing and maiming), and devastation (destruction of infrastructure, crops, business, residences and national treasures), caused to many nations, beyond the borders of the US, brought about by the US, in the form of military action, and through covert operations, he or she cannot avoid concluding that the US does not practice what it preaches. Also, the US violates its own Christian ethos, as well as introduces incredulity into its avowals of human rights.

How does that affect the author? How does that affect you?

The author declares his independence from the US government.

He does not support his government (as it is construed). Could one have supported our original government after it legislated the Alien and Sedition Act? Can one now support the government now that it has legislated the Patriot Act?

The author does not consider his declaration (or The Declaration Of Independence) seditious. It is irrelevant to him whether or not his government allows or disallows free speech. It is self-evident that he possesses that inalienable right regardless, and that because he speaks (withholding consent) does not infer that he is engaged in seditious libel of his government. Even if there were some form of prior restraint, it would be an imposition upon what is already self-evident. You can't have it both ways. If you insist on silence, you are defining tyranny. Tyranny is not specific provision of the (US) Constitution. After W., one does wonder? W. proposed limiting freedom.

What appalls the author most is the US' nearly indiscriminately ruinous use of force to exert its will, which truly hurts others. God Bless America.

This feeling recurs often.

The author is isolated, situated at some viewpoint where he hopes to be able to see everything that is happening. He feels, if he can detach himself, he might be able to see things as they really are, and not as they seem when filtered through the noise emanating from the fourth estate, and, not insignificantly, from contact with his look-a-likes (most everyone he encounters believes in some kind of conspiracy).

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As one immerses himself in the estate, he discovers that each day, the rags are waiting for something to happen. If it does not happen, they do not keep silent, but repeat and harangue with what had happened when something was really happening, like the day before, or the week before, or dredge up something even older to occupy the space.

The author can do as well situated upon his viewpoint, where very little happens because most of what happens happens in a vast space where the chief antagonist of the daily drama is greatly diminished; radically reduced in scale, ant like. or even microscopic.

Having lost his obtrusive oppressive presence, one is better able to assess his proportionate reality, his proportionate significance.

Up close, man smells.

There he goes, throwing the baby out with the bathwater.

What is so scared about the baby that is to become just another?

If the one percent who own 50 percent, and disproportionately control things, were removed, would that cheer up the author?

There are few angels amongst the remaining 99 percent.

Are we speaking of angels instead of humans?

We are speaking of a dominate life force.

Its all pretty hilarious.

There he was, the president of the NRA giving JC a cup of water. To me, he looked like a gentile. "Its not guns that kill people, its people who kill people".

"Forgive them, they know not what they do"

Then the heavens clouded up.

Later, the sun set, as it must.

I think of the old bastard running away from the camera. Some people felt sorry for the aged feeble icon. After all, he didn't shoot anybody, in real life.

"Gotta remember the second amendment". The right to bare ones arms.

When they caught up with him, he pretty much admitted he was a gentile amongst all the other ethnicities; anyway, not one of them.

What right did they have of wrecking a guy's legacy just because of what he thought? After all, the guy is entitled to his thoughts, isn't he? Aren't you?

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Here's what he thought. After the big high school shootout, he was called upon to speak up for the guns. He showed up almost immediately, before the concerned crowd, to raise a mighty rifle over his head (like some tyrant of old, raising his spear), declaring: "FROM MY COLD DEAD HANDS!"

The author is not at sure why he said that, or what it means (gotta say something catchy). Then he said a bunch of other things, like "We have work to do, hearts to heal, evil to defeat, and a country to unite." "We have differences, Yes, and we will again suffer tragedy almost beyond description." "But when the sun sets on Denver tonight, and forever more, let it always set on 'we the people'. secure in our land of the free and the home of the brave." "I, for one, plan to do my part."

Did you ever hear such gobbledegook? Toastmaster's Club stuff?

That's the gentile icon who gave JC a drink from a drinking gourd.

In the author's opinion, he's got it coming.

If you think the author's inflammatory rhetoric is not serving him, neither does a carefully reasoned argument. It's a crap shoot in the shadow of the Tower.

Meditation: Pursuant to those who must leave. Pursuant to those who seem to possess the secret. Pursuant to happenings involving one or the other, in the bay of love. Pursuant to the author's dubious humanity.

The water level in the bay is subject to the tides, or the influence of moon, if you will. Others believe it is the sloshing effect of a precessing (there goes Bill with his underlining, offering no reasonable alternative) globe. The cause is irrelevant. The bay occasionally runs dry with the falling tide. Hence, less love is available.

Someone is obliged to leave because cancer has raised havoc with his carcass. The bay futilely floats him, while others sink from the lack of this critical buoyancy.

The father and his pretty daughter child held hands as they moved through the forest; there was much buoyancy that one might envy, regretting the loss of one's opportunity to float freely in the bay. Daddy's little girl sank.

The dubious fellow is the one scribbling these words, aware of the paucity of water in the bay, and the paucity of humanity within himself, as he desires, selfishly, that which is rendered to others.

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He is thinking they ought to get it over with, so he can have a chance to swim free of these encumbrances.

Not to be denied anyway, he gets what others might not. It doesn't happen often, but when it does, if 'she' utters it, then it is like a shot of morphine. He ought not be surprised when it happens, because it has happened before, in almost the same manner. However, it usually occurs upon the first occasion, that is, the first encounter (love at first sight [buoyancy at first sight]), during a group activity. She said "I really like all your carvings", touching the author upon the shoulder as she said these words, which she had found upon the beach. I had noticed her before, exclaiming to myself, 'what a lovely woman'. So when she said what she said, it had a special meaning. And when she took her departure with the others, I touched her with a tug around the waist, as we moved magnetically toward each other in passing (ships passing in the night in a shallow bay). So now, in the author's silent reverie, he imagines a buoyancy where it might not exist. However, it was not a casual utterance, hers. It did not require courage; just a matter of crossing the threshold, a genuine find in the surf. Coupled with the author's imagination, well!

Even if the ships are obliged to tarry; it takes a longer time to get to know the other.

Riddliculously cryptical.

If the author confessed all of this to the confessor, the confessor would realize there is no hope.

When the author looks at things squarely, he knows he did not do these things to impress some lovely woman. Baggage. He did however struggle with each piece to say something in addition to filling up the empty space. She noticed the space was not empty.

The lovely woman part is a seductive mystery.

He had had enough.

He visited a dentist in Mexico; for the tune of 128,000 pesos (as they say, \$11,000 CDN). The dentist removed all his troublesome teeth, replacing the entire set with dentures. Some smile - iridescent.

The author wishes some things were so easy; for a price one can rid himself of all the evils. The author too has had enough. Getting a new set of dentures will not alleviate the problem.

The author wrote (in Fits and Starts):

It is rare that one gets to look at a spider web over the dining table because the house keeper is always after the webs. But she missed this one. I happened to see it myself, mostly because the light over the table shown through what there was of it. Also, in



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studying the web, the author noticed a lump on the radio antenna that formed part of the superstructure built by the arachnid creature (whom I did not see.). The lump turned out to be a fruit fly, probably stuck by the sticky stuff in the web filament clinging to the rod-like piece, extending from the weather radio. As I was observing this edifice, another fruit fly was flying around the light above; I tried to coax it with a flashlight, but its errant path, while seemingly attracted by the flashlight, also seemed to prefer the overhead light. The author decided to interfere with mother nature's machinations, by using his fork to gather the fly, placing it on the same antenna.

Probably for all the usual reasons the author began to metaphor the web. He recalled the terrible years of W. and his crew, how these people appropriated the ambience of democracy, converting it into a shambles, through a web of deceit, projected terror, and utter squandering and wasting of the nation's assets.'

To continue then. W. was just one amongst many high government officials who raised havoc with our institutions, and with what might be considered the good of all,

The author was born in the reign of FDR, a seemingly good king, that is, a seeming humanitarian. He did his best to get the country back together again after it had been pillaged by all the blood suckers; the get-rich-quick schemers. When the bad guy came along to try to destroy his friend, he did his best to help him. It was said he deliberately provoked the Japanese to attack his nation, so he could lure it into war with the Axis. He did his best to get us into a war, they say. The author doesn't happen to believe this last. But the author was disappointed to learn that in order to get some support from old Joe for the United Nations, he had to agree to give Joe a free hand in eastern Europe after WWII. From one tyrant to the next. Then he died; his successor wasn't any more able to deal with little Joe. So it started all over again, even before it had ended.

As I have mentioned before, the seeds of conflict in Southeast Asia were sown by FDR's successor when he assisted the French in regaining their colony (which the Japanese had taken from them). It is unknown whether Harry knew of Ho Chi Minh, the eventual leader of his people in the eventual confrontation with the colonial power. Others knew of him (C.P. Snow, for example) as the idealist who wanted independence and a form of government that served his people (you know. like we are used to). It is said that Ho was greatly impressed with our Declaration of Independence, etc. Well, Ho Ho, Harry fucked up when he sided with France. The ball was rolling. Well, Ho led his people against the colonialists, routing

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them. International pressures were put upon France, and the Geneva Accord emerged with the solution. France would leave, and Vietnam (French Indochina) would hold elections to choose a leader, and form a government.

Ho's tune had changed; because he felt betrayed by the West, he accepted help from the Soviets who also influenced his form of government. Ho was nobody's puppet. His game was Independence.

Because Ike and his cronies envisioned the West's loss of control in SE Asia, they did what they could to subvert the process of democracy. They delayed the elections. And they divided Vietnam into North and South as they had already done in Korea. One for you and one for me. That is, they created the illusion that the South wanted a different form of government from the North. Concurrently John Foster Dulles masterminded the Dominos, and stuff, like the yellow peril; and SEATO. But the South was unable, on its own, to hold out against the North, so good old help-your-neighbor, US of A, sent military 'advisors' 'over there, over there'. The US of A did more than that; they also sought a proper puppet, who would do what they wanted instead of what he wanted. Hence the installation and removal of Diem (usually the CIA takes care of this covert, odious, undemocratic stuff.

So it began. FDR died too soon, Harry played the game, Ike was duped into stuff. Then we got that idiot Jack and his cronies to up the ante. With even higher stakes played by LBJ and his cronies, Enter the even more diabolical, Nixon/Kissinger. What chance did anyone have?

After all was said and done, some 55,000 US deaths, some 4.000.000 Vietnamese deaths, the Vietnamese countryside full of bomb craters, its air and water laced with dioxin; the destruction of the Cambodian society involving their dead from the US bombing, estimated at 500,000, and the death in the killing fields estimated at 3,000,000, only to mention the maiming, crippling, disfigurements, etc. of everybody involved or exposed, Vietnam was unified under one form of government. Ho was no longer around, Jack was gone, LBJ was gone, and the US of A was a divided nation, exemplified, and punctuated, by the Kent State episode.

Peace with Honor and Machiavelli with the Nobel Prize for a piece.

Between spider webs and getting ones teeth pulled, this has been an awful agony to endure, and has destroyed any hope this author has had regarding the good offices of his government.

Inside Job! An attempt to explain the Crash!  
Greed seems to be the culprit.

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There was something about the W. Administration that encouraged this travesty.

It has been said: "Making something out of nothing." A 'Mission Accomplished' mentality.

Not true. Somebody did have to pay. And somebody did collect.

The collector's were within their rights, because all the regulations had been removed (at the request of those who stood to benefit). Benefit they did, hugely. And righteously.

Even though there were no regulations, everybody was on the honor system not to screw his fellow man. These were smart people; they had to suspect the consequences. They seemed indifferent to those consequences. They offered no apologies; not even 'Geezz, that's too bad'. They became righteous and defensive. It just didn't work, that's all.

And they got the US gov. (we the people) to pay off the debt (bail-out), just as in the Savings and Loan catastrophe. Same old, same old.

There was no revolution; the people took it lying down. What else could they do with the cops and all. Oh! Some tried with the 'Occupy the Banks' protests, but the cops were there, hovering! The 'movement' ran out of steam, just like the anti-gun movement.' When you have been screwed, you have been screwed. Yes! It hurts. And it takes some of the stuffing out of you; resigned to hatred of one's fellow man..

You see, shit happens. Shit is going to happen. When it happens, the guys on top get out of town, as they did in the Decameron. They go from Park Avenue to Chappaqua, or Westport, Hyannis Port or Kennebunkport. Some go South, even to the riviera.

We met a couple of 'woofers' who were doing some travelling and sight-seeing, while engaging in some kind constructive employment. They were from Estonia. They had invested and converted their Estonia currency in an Icelandic bank. They went broke overnight. No more travelling; needing someone to pay for their ticket home. Lucky to find someone to do that.

The Icelander's, who lost just about everything, didn't have anywhere to go. Empty pockets, standing next to the geysers. Their country ripped apart by the big corporations (not Icelandic corporations). The Poetic Edda come home to roost.

Talk about Rape!

Credit Default Swap; try paying your bills with that.

Equity derivatives, foreign-exchange derivatives, interest rate derivatives, commodity derivative, credit derivative.

Equity swap, what you do to avoid paying taxes on capital gains.

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This is not Las Vegas. Las Vegas has better odds.

They don't get into Collateralized Debt Obligations; strictly cash.

Take a note of the pudgy-faced condescending piety in the face of the smug professor, Milton Friedman. I told you so.

So it goes.

BGS Blind Greed Syndrome

GGG Greed Gain Syndrome

VIS Vested Interest Syndrome

PMS Profit Motive Syndrome

PS Ponzi Syndrome

FAS Fuck America Syndrome

LTOWS Look The Other Way Syndrome

DES Deaf Ear Syndrome

SS Stupidity Syndrome

CS Conspiracy Syndrome

ICFRS Implicit/Complicit Federal Reserve Syndrome

ICS Implicit Congress Syndrome

CCS Complicit Congress Syndrome

BS Backlash Syndrome

BOS Bail Out Syndrome

DS Derivative Syndrome

CDSS Credit Default Swap Syndrome

AAABGS Triple A Best Guess Syndrome

GSBFS Goldman Sachs Bet-Failure Syndrome

You will find reference to each of these Syndromes in the Harvard Business School's Get-Rich-Quick Manual.

To continue with the analysis of the Rape of The United States Of America by the wealthy conniving citizens of that unfortunate country.

The corrupt practices of the financial institutions, plus the complicit and accessory behavior of Congress in 'bailing out' the failed institutions.

There were those who warned of the coming collapse of the financial system, but the DES Syndrome prevented the watch-dogs, the Federal Reserve, the SEC, and Congress, from doing their duty. Congress abetted and accelerated the failure of the system by removing all regulations.

The warning was sounded much like the warning was sounded by certain individuals before 9/11 that we had become a target.

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Additional warnings of a precedent nature were also available with the Savings and Loan debacle, as well as the bombing of the Twin Towers in 1993.

Instead it was learned that the Federal Reserve could see nothing wrong, in fact some of its directors were accepting gratuities for the promotion of the scheme, i.e. sub-prime loans > loans sold to 3<sup>rd</sup> parties > collateralized debt obligations > sold again as derivatives, credit default swaps, to investors; even insured by another 4<sup>th</sup> party.

Also promoting the scheme were people like Milton Friedman, The Harvard Econ. Prof, and Glen Hubbard, Dean of Columbia Business School, who was Chairman of Economic Advisors to the Prez. These guys advised that all regulations be removed. These guys do not lose their jobs when the whole thing unravels.

Can you imagine the BOS where the bail out money is used to pay bonuses to executives of the failed institutions?

Can you imagine investing in a failing security, i.e., a lame horse, because AIG will pay out in case of their failure; betting against your own horse, winning a bundle when he loses (GSBFS) (FAS)?

### High Finance

A little bit about Little Bit of Nugget.

That's what the runty tricolored Sheltie from Claymore kennel was called.

We called her Little Bit or Bitsy.

We obtained her from the same kennel, owned by two older ladies, Georgia and Louise, from whom we had obtained Laddie, a used animal, the usual Sheltie color, approx. three years old. Little Bit was 9 months old, a smaller version of the chief bitch Nugget. Bitsy was intended as a companion to Laddie. Little Bit needed to be spayed so we would not attempt to breed her.

Laddie was an obnoxious male, as often males are of any species.

Little Bit was a shy, fun loving animal, playing often with Laddie, occasionally prodding him into an interaction with her, which usually involved her jumping on his back with her front paws.

Little Bit was not a watch dog; she would wait for Laddie to sound the alarm before she would contribute her voice to an occasion.

The two Shelties accompanied us in all of our boating trips aboard Atavist, and in our trips to the Island. They had another

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companion in Pumpkin, a yellow tabby (Main Coon) cat, who did not travel, but stayed home in Eugene. Pumpkin was also a used animal, estimated at nine months when we obtained him. We were given a bag of cat food into the bargain, as added incentive to take him off Guille and Carol's hands. Guille and Carol were black lace friends, who were part of Charline's support group during her divorce from her first husband.

In our walks ashore to water the dogs, Little Bit would often find a pile of dung, deposited by some wild animal, in which to roll and rub all over herself. She required a lot of supervision if we intended to reduce the aftereffects of such activity. Bitsy would also sample various kinds of dung to satisfy her palette's penchant for new flavors. Laddie was not a do-it-in-the-dung dog.

Both Bitsy and Laddie had the boat to dinghy to shore routine figured out, as well as the shore to dinghy to boat routine. It was sometimes a matter of who leaped into the dinghy first. One time Laddie made it first, from some rocks, moving the dinghy in his lunge; Little Bit followed too late only to find the dinghy too far away to reach in her jump; she landed instead in the water, a very wet and cool experience, requiring a lot of toweling. To and from the dinghy, in moving to and from the boat, required lifting the animals down and up, in and out. A wet dog was an experience not to be repeated.

Bitsy was an easy animal to love; all she wanted was love.

In the dark of night, in Eugene, the dogs would be let out for their last watering before the family, which included Ulysses and Cassandra (not Greeks) retired. Often Pumpkin, who lived a lot outside, eventually spending all his time outside (since he had taken to marking stuff in the house with his pee) would startle the dogs when they were in the middle of their affairs, by jumping out from behind a tree. Meow Meow Meow!!!

Pumpkin was the first to go at 16, Euthanized with an irreversible kidney condition.

Then Laddie euthanized, also at 16, a miserable animal with all kinds of ailments and senilities.

To his credit, Laddie did once put on a ferocious display at the front door when a gent tried forcefully to gain entry when Cassandra answered a knock at the door. The gent quickly disappeared.

And Little Bit, blind, ailing with pancreatitis (an outgrowth of her shit-eating ways), walked over a cliff on the island, breaking her body, to an agonized death in Charline's arms.

She was followed by Tika, another Sheltie from a different kennel. Charline had a love affair with Tika that ended very sadly

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when Tika took ill with an unknown ailment that saw her going in circles. She was euthanized at age 8 with a suspected brain tumor.

Before these animals came into our lives there was Billy Budd, a Pomeranian. Billy Budd was not a sailor dog, although he did join us on the boat before he too ended sadly. Pomeranians were difficult animals. Very small, their intestines also very small, they become difficult to worm. The dog worms were normal size. In order to kill and pass the dead worms it became necessary to use a toluene derivative which would kill the worm, nearly kill the dog, and produce a gas which would distend the bowel, allowing the passage of the dead worms. Billy Budd was an enthusiastic animal. But he could not jump on the couch; there were times when he would be trying desperately to get upon the couch, lose his balance, fall over backwards, landing on his head, knocking himself coo-coo.

Billy's anal gland plugged up, requiring a surgical procedure to correct the problem. Charline warned the vet, as if it was not already apparent, that Billy Budd weighed only four pounds, to be careful with anesthesia dosage. Well!, the vet OD'd the animal, killing it. If that had been a humink beink, a very costly lawsuit would have put the professional out of business, but since it was a dog, Well!

As you might imagine, living and caring for animals can be both a rewarding and a trying experience.

### **A**

- John Adams
- Samuel Adams

### **B**

### **H cont.**

- William Hooper
- Stephen Hopkins (politician)

### **R**

- George Read (U.S. statesman)
- Caesar Rodney

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• Josiah  
Bartlett  
• Carter  
Braxton  
**C**

• Charles  
Carroll of  
Carrollton  
• Samuel  
Chase  
• Abrahama  
Clark  
• George  
Clymer  
**E**

• William  
Ellery  
**F**

• William  
Floyd  
• Benjamin  
Franklin  
**G**

• Elbridge  
Gerry  
• Button  
Gwinnett  
**H**

• Lyman  
Hall

• Francis  
Hopkinson  
• Samuel  
Huntington  
(statesman)  
**J**

• Thomas  
Jefferson  
**L**

• Francis  
Lightfoot Lee  
• Richard  
Henry Lee  
• Francis  
Lewis

• Philip  
Livingston  
• Thomas  
Lynch, Jr.  
**M**

• Thomas  
McKean  
• Arthur  
Middleton  
• Lewis

Morris  
• Robert  
Morris  
(financier)  
• John  
Morton  
(politician)

• George  
Ross (delegate)  
• Benjamin  
Rush  
• Edward  
Rutledge  
**S**

• Roger  
Sherman  
• James  
Smith  
(delegate)  
• Richard  
Stockton  
(Continental  
Congressman)  
• Thomas  
Stone  
**T**

• George  
Taylor  
(delegate)  
• Matthew  
Thornton  
**W**

• George  
Walton  
• William  
Whipple  
• William  
Williams  
(Continental



**Notes 35** 🎵🎵🎵

- John Hancock
- Benjamin Harrison V
- John Hart (New Jersey politician)
- Joseph Hewes
- Thomas Heyward, Jr.

**N**

- Thomas Nelson, Jr.

**P**

- William Paca
- Robert Treat Paine
- John Penn (Continental Congress)

Congress)

- James Wilson
- John Witherspoon
- Oliver Wolcott
- George Wythe

Categories:

- Patriots in the American Revolution

