Sunday, January 09, 2005                                                c:/wklyltr5.5wc01

                                 (2005 NHN&WR Letter/Story/Poem/Card/Picture/ # 1)

**Dogs Got Color Blindness!**

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Please check appended Editor’s note.

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          For close to eleven years, early mornings have included a ‘Chewie Discipline’ between an ‘Old Man‘ and a ‘Dog’.  (Hard to believe, but ‘Dog’ has almost caught ‘Old Man”.  ‘Dog’ will be 77 the turn of this month (11x7).  ‘Old Man’ is currently 78.)  Chewies are pale yellow rawhide strips, about 4 inches long and do not have a marked scent to them.  When ‘Old Man‘ finally emerges from the bathroom in the morning, he goes to the Chewie closet and puts one in his shirt pocket.  Then it is into the living room where ‘Dog’s’ collar is on the coffee table.  (Like the 300 pound gorilla, … ‘Dog’ sleeps anywhere  he wants.)  Collar has a bell.  Collar is shaken.  ‘Dog’ appears. A quick sniff validates the presence of the chewie, … first things first..

Collar is put on*, “There we are!”.*

‘Dog’ stares.

*“Oh, … yes, … and heeeee …ere’s  chewie!”*

‘Dog’ grabs chewie, heads for the door and is let out.

          Now chewie is not eaten immediately.  It is placed on the ground, … say 20 feet from the door and ‘Dog’ goes about his morning toilette.  ‘Old Man‘ makes himself a cup of coffee, dresses as the weather dictates and heads out after him.  ‘Dog’ is lying on the ground and looks up.  ‘Dog’, ‘Old Man‘ and chewie form an equilateral triangle,  ‘Old Man‘ sets down his coffee mug.  ‘Dog’ stares, motionless.  ‘Old Man‘ takes a side glance at the chewie.  ‘Old Man‘ looks up at the sky, hums a little tune and starts to saunter toward the chewie.  No way Jose.  ‘Dog’ flashes into action, dashes for the chewie and just beats the suddenly accelerating ‘Old Man‘.  Ha Ha Ha!  ‘Dog’ cavorts around the yard like a new born lamb.  .

‘Old Man’ retrieves coffee, holds it up and says, *“Oh yeah?  Well I’ve got my coffee!”*

End of discipline, … chewing & sipping commence.

          The first significant snowfall at NHN&WR’s winter headquarters produced an interesting change to this oft repeated discipline.  The yard was pristine white with 3 inches (7 ½ cm) of fluffy new snow.   The only non-white anything in view was a bit of pale yellow chewie protruding out of the snow.   ‘Old Man‘ goes into his act.  ‘Dog’ the same.  ‘Dog’ gets in the general area of the chewie first, … by a long shot, but ‘Dog’ can’t find the chewie!  Panicsville.  Paws, ears, snout and snow are flying all over the place. The closer ‘Old Man‘ got the more frantic the searching became.

‘Old Man‘  is puzzled, he points, *“What’s the matter with you?  It’s right there!”*

Following the point, ‘Dog’ feels around in the snow with his snout and finally comes up with the chewie.  Chagrinned, ‘Dog’ disappears behind the garage.  No cavorting.

          Weird.  ‘Old Man‘ sits down, drinks his coffee and ponders.  Why couldn’t ‘Dog’ find the chewie this morning?  Now that he thinks about it, it seems similar to occurrences on walks.  In winter, rocks and bushes anointed by dogs in bright yellow, are readily visible to the naked eye..  (Not so with Ottawa fire hydrants.  They are painted yellow, hmmmn … could this be premeditated?)   Oh well, to continue, … ‘Old Man‘s’ naked eye anyway.  ‘Dog’ passes them in ignorance.  Fifteen feet later it’s, Ooops !  Leash and leash-holder are yanked into a fast 180 as sense of smell kicks in.  Motionless rabbits in the brush are not seen either, unless they move.  As Shakespeare was wont to say, *“Things in motion sooner catch the eye.”*

          One resolution to all these situations:  ‘Dog’ could be color blind.  Yes, simple as all that.  Built-in benefit for the dog walker, … there need be no worry re his walking ensemble.  ‘Old Man‘ can wear his yellow jacket, orange gloves, red cap, blue jeans and brown boots without worrying what ‘Dog’ thinks about his gauche genre.

          A few unrelated comments.

          NHN&WR is entering its ninth year of publication.

          Anti-Holics are in their ninth day and counting.

          Ken Jefferson has been denied the special Algonquin College $20 tuition for those over 65.  He was classified as an ‘International Student’ and was to be charged more than the regular $400 fee.  We will not print his reaction to this, other than to say he didn’t want to learn French anyway.

          Last contact with Subscriber Clara Jefferson was pre-Christmas.  She was driving from San Antonio to Chicago for the Holidays.  That was three storms ago, …  and she hasn’t been heard from since.   NHN&WR will check.

          The Anyango/Bennett lower east side apartment finally has a few accoutrements.  Carol is scavenging bargains and bringing them home in a taxi, … even a sofa!  How to go Carol.

          That’s it for 2005 letter #1.  Happy New Year all.

          Lucile & Ken.

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Editors note:

(Before I get to the note, a comment of my own.  I just don’t get no respect\*.  Finally, … a letter in which I’m prominent, … and my name is never mentioned!  One slight physical deficiency and ‘*they’* make a documentary out of it!  Geez!  To say nothing of how I feel when we meet a nice looking girl dog on walks.  Her companion will be stylishly dressed in coordinated shades while mine looks like a rainbow with a hangover.  How would I know?  Lucile told me.)

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          The note:  It’s January again.  Your once in the year opportunity to divest yourselves of this tabloid.  Non-response will result in your silent removal from the distribution list.  Very simple.  No questions asked.  If you have already re-upped, ignore this notice.

          Respectfully, your Editor, … and the name is JASON!

\* Don’t believe a word of this.  Jason received more cards, special treats, goodies and home made garlic cookies than the rest of the staff put together.