

Minton Animal Hospital
Wendal G. Kish, DVM & Staff

Woof!

Little Bits XII March 1984 - October 1998

I'd like to thank you for the flowers sent to my author and his wife on behalf of Little Bits XII. Oh - I am Ralph E. Sheepdog and as you most likely know - a vision impaired English Sheepdog - forehead hair. I worked for Little Bits as his London representative. Let me tell you a little bit about Little Bits. As you well know - he was one independent little son of a bitch. Went his own way and we all followed in his pawsteps. He was born at a Puppy Mill in western Maryland - captured and held hostage at a notorious Cattus Legree Pet Store at Tyson's Mall in Northern Virginia. He was rescued by Bobbie Jean - who couldn't resist him - with those great big soulful eyes and the woebegone look on his muzzle.

Little Bits lived like a little prince in McLean and Oakton, Virginia - Phoenix, Arizona - Palm Bay and Canova Beach, Florida. It was in Indialantic - as a wise well read canine - that Little Bits became a Literate Agent - rising up through the pack to become Agent in Chief at *Four Paws Up*.

He used the nom de plume - *L.B. Collie* - knowing publishers respect a Border Collie's selectivity more than that of a short neutered Pekinese - although we all know being fixed was the usual state for servant eunuchs at the Emperor's Court. He was our friend and will be missed. Our staff at *Four Paws Up* thanks you and your staff for your flowers and thoughtfulness. Arf

Ralph E. Sheepdog - Literatus Repraesntare

Dear

Fiction

No Time For Pilots is here!

No Time For Pilots is here!

A humorous military novel

I have just sent approval of my publisher's marketing plan to W. Claude Dunkenfield - impresario extrardinaire. W. C. sent a review copy to you. If I fail to get a good review - all things considered I'd rather be in Philadelphia.

A funny thing happened to *No Time For Pilots* on its way to the warehouse of lost books. The editor - Ima Miss Punctuation did - so be understanding. Unable to understand my use of dashes - she didn't. And my printer - Johannes Gutenberg took extra time to chisel wood type with a font so small most pilots will believe the pages are blank. And Sniff Gluey - my bookbinder lost his factory last summer to North Carolina floods. And you know how difficult it is to find cloth for covers with our textile mills in China. And twenty inches of snow fell on Raleigh-Durham North Carolina - where snow is as welcome as damn-Yankees. And my publisher's employees took a two week holiday to watch pickup trucks spin on snow. And to top it all off my dog and literature agent - The Great Gizmo ate my homework in a fit when Joe Heller passed away.

No Time For Pilots - published by Pentland Press 5122 Bur Oak Circle - Raleigh NC 27612 - \$26.95. Order direct 800-948-2768 and add \$4 for mishandling - or through your local book store - through www.amazon.com or Barnes & Noble on line. Allow three to four weeks for the mules to get up out of their North Carolina canyon.

No Time For Pilots *Fiction* *A novel by James McMillen Owen*

Johnny - a bemused Registered Order of Terrified Civilians graduate of Ohio State University walks-about the Air Force lands of good hunting and fishing - matriculating to the ultimate source of ambiguity - The Pentagon. Johnny wasn't picked to be a pilot. His vision was too near - not far. Besides - most pilots are so worried about their distant vision they won't read anything deeper than *Black Beauty*. Navigators? They're myopic - can't see more'n a-hundred yards on a clear day. *Houston* - Johnny's Nav School cubicle mate Tucker is unable to find his way out of a wet paper sack. He mistakes Mexico for Texas and is sent away to Supply School. *Biloxi* - Oliver T blows up the lab and marries a stripper - Bonnie The Body Beautiful. *Roswell* - Bidwell an alien card shark runs amok. He and Johnny are sent to *Alaska*. God leaves their tight little Aleutian Island after C Little makes the sky fall. Failing in his attempt to surrender to a Japanese fishing boat - Johnny is transferred to *Omaha* where he soon discovers messengers are shot. His big wooden desk - office and workers vanish. Silver Tongue wins the day. *Pentagon* - Johnny's flock of sheep butt a parsimonious general ass over teakettle out the door of the refreshment gazebo into the center courtyard - ground zero.

No Time For Pilots is about the 50s & 60's Air Force, but pokes fun at today's military as well. Jim Owen flew as a white knuckled Electronic Warfare Officer on big barn doors piloted by coordinated - farsighted bastards. Military publications are reluctant to review a book that satirizes procurement and the Pentagon - a funny farm populated by incompetent military & civilian leaders who don't ask & won't tell.

Pentland Press ISBN-1-57197-186-6 \$26.95 B&N or amazon.com

Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo

Literati Repraesentare

No Time For Pilots

"I begin my military odyssey after graduating from AFROTC at The Ohio State University. Now - ROTC doesn't mean the Registered Order of Terrified Civilians or Rotten Old Tin Cans. Anyway - I drove south to Houston Texas - a gold bar lieutenant on my way to Navigator Training. My quixotic trip dances a Texas two-step - flows in Mississippi moonshine - sidesteps New Mexico madness - dodges Alaskan abnormality - negotiates Nebraska nonsense and ends in Pentagon palaver."

"Lucky me! I draw Tucker Tubbs - a lost waif from Syracuse as my Nav school cubicle mate. He fumbles his way through beginning navigation - copying the sample log out of our text book. Tucker mistakes Mexico for Texas and is banished to Supply School. Tucker's first law - You Play Ball With Me And I'll Shove The Bat Up Your Ass has comes to pass."

"Main Line replaces Tucker and sets off on a quest to drink two beers in each Houston roadhouse. His quest ends in a roadhouse brawl when he opines - 'Sam Houston's Texicans won the battle of San Jacinto because Santa Anna's Mexicans had them up against the San Jacinto River. And any Texan worth his spurs would rather fight than take a bath.'"

"Roger the Lodger and Main Line - overcome by overabundance of testosterone - become captives of Texas true love. Our instructor - Stonehands demolishes our electronic equipment."

"After finishing Nav school - I'm sent away to Biloxi to train in Electronic Warfare. I meet Bobbie Jean - a rich young lass with moonshine in her basement and basement in her short shorts. Oliver T uses our electronic lab gear to build an FM radio instead of the prescribed experiment. After the laboratory is cleared of smoke - our Commandant washes us

back to the next class. Oliver T pulls a pistol on the Sheriff's son and runs away with a heavenly stripper - Bonnie The Body Beautiful. Bobbie Jean and I make our relationship legal in spite of her mother's objections. We marry in Reno and spend fall in California - where I learn to fly a big barn door."

"We saucer to Roswell New Mexico where I meet a certified alien - Sergeant Bidup Bidwell. With magic dice and cards he wins a used car lot - country club pro shop and enough real estate to challenge Donald Trump. When an irate loser misses Bidwell and shoots the local law in the ass - the Sheriff closes Bidwell's Roswell casino. Undaunted - Bidwell moves his gambling equipment into the Officer's Club."

"After his cards continue to win at superhuman magnitude - Bidwell becomes persona non grata in our alien homeland and is banished to a remote Aleutian island. As a result of his unwanted influence - I follow. Bidwell bankrupts Shemya's gamblers before I arrive and is sent away - his suitcases stuffed with island money."

"Isolation and Boozer - an Alaskan Husky with a fondness for Scotch and milk become my companions. After a midnight binge on warm Scotch and milk - Boozer bites our island commander on the ass. With Boozer in the lockup - a beached dead whale and a USO trio [overweight tap dancer - baggy pants comedian and out of tune accordion player] become our entertainment. Boozer pisses on one - bites another and humps the dancer."

"After our beached dead whale washes out to sea and a B-47 taxies off the cliff - C Little attempts to surrender to a Japanese fishing trawler. Faced with an IG inspection - C Little runs around in ever decreasing circles and the sky falls. A tipsy Boozer bites for a two bagger and God leaves our island. I escape to Omaha and reunite with Bobbie Jean."

"Omaha - I learn to fly a Big Wooden Desk. Unfortunately - my BWD crashes. While Bobbie Jean and I vacation in Biloxi - my BWD - office and staff disappear. Tucker's second law - 'Screw Up And Move Up' applies - I'm sent to the Pentagon."

"I run into Tucker - who by fortuitous serendipity is now military editor at the Post. I'm trained in Pentagon mind games by an unstable denizen - Paddy Black. Bidwell pops up as director of the Pentagon Officer's Athletic Center and the money rolls in. Paddy Black is sent on a secret trip to Saigon and Tucker follows - sent there by the Post. Bidwell - ambitious as ever sets up golf outings and poker games for the Pentagon elite. He cleans all the brass and brings new meaning to the golden rule!"

"Tucker and Paddy Black are captured by the Vietcong. Tucker - among temporary friends - arranges their release and both fly out by the skin of their teeth. Bidwell borrows my sheep to get even with a nosy - parsimonious three star. When this myopic General leads a gambling raid into the courtyard gazebo - my sheep bowl him over and munch on the Pentagon lawn. Tucker's third law applies - 'When The Powers That Be Are Wrong They're Still Right'. I'm banished to the Paddock in Middleburg and McNamara's band plays on."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice Remarked.

"Oh you can't help that," said the Cheshire-Cat, "we're all mad here.

I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

James McMillen Owen

Dear

No Time For Pilots is available! *No Time For Pilots* is here!

ISBN # 1-57197-186-6

It was released from the publisher on or about 4 March 2000. Momentous as the Advent of a mature humorous military novel - a singular tale written about a lost generation of Cold War warriors - of greater portent is the arrival of *Alfred E. Gizmo* at *Four Paws Up*.

Not often does a writer hire a reliable agent for a single up-front fee. Imagine - a housebroken agent with a pedigree. An agent who has all of his shots. An agent who doesn't bark or bite - unless he needs too. A loyal agent who waits at the door for his writer's arrival. A dedicated agent who curls up at his writer's feet - providing warmth and comfort. An agent who is willing to accept a percentage of the evening meal - a pat on the head and dog biscuits for his commission. Doesn't take a romance novel hack to understand why I honor our new arrival with the title of *The Great Gizmo*! However - I have decided not to upgrade *Gizmo The Great* to senior agent status. I upgraded his predecessor and to my embarrassment all that dog would do was sit around on his ass and bark all day. Celebrities do author - canines do represent - so cover your bonnet - pigs do fly!

No Time For Pilots is here! *No Time For Pilots* is here!

Publisher 1 - 800 948 2786 (for facts - delivery - etc).

James McMillen Owen

ISBN #1-57197-186-6

No Time For Pilots - Questionnaire

1. Question - What prompted you to write the book?

Answer - A series of quirky incidents that occurred while I was in the military. Initially I attempted to write each tale in isolation - like Michener's *Tales of The South Pacific*. However - as oft times happens - a novel popped up. And humor became a tale. And the tale became a message encrusted inside the pages of a novel.

2. Question - What do you feel is the first point we should emphasize when telling others about your book?

Answer - It is a mature humorous military novel. A singular tale written about a lost generation of Cold War warriors.

Question - What characteristics make it especially promotable?

Answer - The obvious - it is a damn fine novel. A fun read about funny people wearing funny wings trapped at the bottom of a military hierarchical food chain. The eternal struggle of *everyman* against the establishment.

3. Question - Your characters have very unusual names. What prompted such creative names and what do they signify?

Answer - An *everyman* novel cries out for characters whose actions create titles. So it's Silver Tongue whose creative oratory turns lead into gold. C Little who runs around in circles subtly implying the sky will fall. Bidup Bidwell who is a consummate master at cards and games of chance. Mart the smart who has all the answers. Bonnie The Body Beautiful

is. Oliver Tugwattle - Tucker Tubbs and others? I liked the way their names rolled around on my tongue. Nick Nack Paddy Black is an example. My Alaskan Husky - Boozer is a real drinking dog though most of his escapades are not. The real Boozer was honored with burial at the base of a flag pole on a lonely Aleutian Island. And finally some of the names were changed to protect the guilty - me.

4. Question - It is interesting that you use quotes from Alice in Wonderland at the end of your chapters. How were you able to find a connection between Alice and *No Time For Pilots*?

Answer - *"Alice ... peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book, " thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"* Let Lewis Carroll speak for me. His tale was written as a political satire about the England of his time. Carroll's quotes fold neatly into a humorous military novel as spice blends into mince meat pie. I use his words as a technique to signify the end of chapters and to announce a new beginning. Alice's words add a parable of spice to an allegorical message buried deep within.

5. Question - How much of your own life played a part in developing the characters for *No Time For Pilots*.

Answer - Any writer worth his salt writes what he knows. And a writer only knows what he's seen - read - heard or done. There's a bit of me in each one of my characters. Not one was made up out of whole cloth. All of my settings are where I have lived - studied or worked. However - what I find quirky or curiously funny in a character may be to the ones it was created from - tragedy.

James McMillen Owen

Barking Dogs

2835 North Highway A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

May 9 2000

Sensing - as Cool Hand Luke so aptly emoted, "What we have here is a failure to communicate." *Alfred E. Gizmo - of Four Paws Up - A Literati Agency* has hired me - *Harry T. Hound - of Barking Dogs* as the Publicity Hound for his biped's - James McMillen Owen - book - *No Time For Pilots*.

Due to circumstances beyond his control - Owen had the damn thing published and now that fool is looking for readers. So - despite his Lowland Scottish ancestry - he sent you a free - first edition (and it may be his last). It is written on four levels - humor - 60's history - satire of today's military and believe it or not an inadvertent love story. Each chapter ends with a quote from 'Alice'.

How is my client's book doing? Considering that reviews have been slim to none and booksellers have placed his book under the counter with copies of a nudist magazine - Sunshine & Health - quite well. He expects his limited first edition to sell out before the end of August.

Sensing a need for payola - I am enclosing a poem he wrote several years back about Editors - Writers and Agents. Knowing I'm in trouble if you're a cat person - still - My Warmest Regards

Harry T. Hound - Publicity Hound 1st Class

Editors - Writers and Agents

Editors? assemble I'm told
Spindle - mutilate and fold
And sometimes delete - too
Refine - alter and shoo -

Writers? a finicky bunch
Passing manure as art dejure
Meaningless drivel and junk
Then walkin out in a funk -

Agents? review - criticize - assess
Represent - collect and dispute
And their selling is in the telling
Afflicted by agenisis caput -

Illiterate books are on the incline
Editors - Writers and Agents in decline
Inverse proportional ratio control
Pro - bono and a-publico -

Editors won't edit
Writers don't make sense
Agents won't represent
Verbum sat sapientiest do -

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A Suite 903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

May 17 2000

My client watches your show - so he understands that you do not wish to receive unsolicited books from authors. I read several books plugged on your show by media types and celebrities - I wouldn't either. But I'm a dog - so look at this one as a gift.

The dedication line inside the cover is left blank - for the one who reads to fill in. The font was intentionally left small so that most pilots will believe the pages are blank.

I am waiting for the columnist - commentary books you have mentioned on your show to arrive at the Dollar Store. Where I purchased books by Will - Anonymous - MacNamara - Mailer - Gingrich - etc. for the aforementioned price.

My client - James McMillen Owen wrote *No Time For Pilots* on four levels - a love story - military humor - 50s & 60s historical happenings and a gentle poke at military life today (like Lewis Carroll's 'Alice'). The dedication is worth the price of the book.

My client is on the road looking for buyers who would like a signed first (and most likely last) edition. He will return late 26 May. Yours in canine kindness - knowing you won't kick a dog and can use a little humor -

Harry T Hound

Enclosed *No Time For Pilots*

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A # 903 Indialantic FL

Publicity Hounds

Telephone 321-777-1901

Dear

May 30 2000

My client - James Mcmillen Owen has just returned from a semi disastrous book signing tour. The first stop was Atlanta.

Unable to find his novel - *No Time For Pilots* in the local stores - I tied a sign around his neck - *Starving Writer - Looking For Readers* and had him stand on the corner of Peachtree Street. Unfortunately fast moving Atlanta traffic misread the sign. They thought it read - 'Steak Shapiro - Looking For Votes' and attempted to run him down. We left town ahead of a rowdy mob chasing after us with pitchforks and torches.

The second stop was Delaware Ohio - where the Ohio Wesleyan University Book Store not only had his novel - they had punch and cookies. We were fortunate that Ohio Wesleyan is a Methodist College. Methodists are Baptists who can read.

The third stop was Washington DC on the very day Congress was in town. Unfortunately - fast moving DC traffic misread his sign as 'Stinking Senator - Looking For Votes' and attempted to run him down. Tar and feathers waited - so we left.

What were our lessons learned? 1. Burger King has the best coffee. 2. If you want a friend in Washington - don't look for this dog - I won't be there. 3. Stay away from street corners if you're wearing a sign. 4. A boy and his dog don't stand a chance - competing with celebrities selling books.
With tail between my legs -

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 North Highway A1A Indalantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

June 9 2000

Another update on the trials and tribulations of my unknown writer - James McMillen Owen. The fool is still out there seeking recognition for his book - *No Time For Pilots*.

Talk about your Maytag repairman! Sent my boy - every dog should have at least one - to our two local Barnes & Noble stores. He sat their waiting - and waiting - and waiting. I won't go into how many books he signed. Suffice to say - at the rate he's going we'll reach a million copies sold in year 3240. So I scheduled him to speak to a men's group luncheon at our local yacht club.

Tell you what - things were beginning to look up until the men's group met in the bar for social hour - then ate lunch. We were lucky to have anyone awake. My boy was given thirty minutes to speak on military humor. Suffice to say he was ill prepared. Fifteen minutes into a dull humorless talk - I noticed - no one was listening. I barked three times - my signal to wrap it up. My boy's well trained - he did.

What were our lessons learned? 1. You can lead a human to a book store, but you can't make it buy. 2. There is nothing more humorless than a speech about humor. 3. A dog and his boy don't stand a chance in the celebrity driven business of selling books. 4. And as we say in the canine business, "You can't give things a lick and a promise." Arf! Arf! Arf! This dog is gone -

Harry T. Hound - Publicity Agent (For Four Paws Up A Literati Agency)

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A Suite 903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

June 23 2000

Don now knows where horses fit in the real world. Might be interesting to see him cinched up with a horse on his backside. Bet he'd buck more than once - or twice - too. Being a dog - I stand up for the horse. However - if truth be known - among us canines horses aren't very smart. Not like me anyway - a Chinese Border collie. And if God wanted Don to sit on a horse - he wouldn't have allowed limos to be invented. I finally get Don to stay in one place and now he's too doped up to read my clients book.

My boy - James McMillen Owen - is still out there trying to sell his book - *No Time For Pilots*. He spent last weekend at the Ritz Carlton in Naples Florida. Wanted to see how Don lives when he's on the road. How did it go? Not well. I sent him downstairs to mingle with the afternoon tea crowd - you know - get a little face time with humans who can read. A nose in the air lady told him he needed reservations to sit in their lobby after three. Now that's an exclusive hotel. She sent him to the pool bar. Not being dressed for pooling - they sent him to the beach bar where he was joined by flies (who seem to enjoy Florida's summer heat and humidity) and was reluctantly served a libation. He left early Sunday morning in anonymity. Only the desk clerk knew his name. An expensive visit to sell only two books. Arf & Licks -

Harry T. Hound

enclosed - review

Barking Dogs

2835 N Hwy A1A Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

June 28 2000

Another update on my author - James McMillen Owen. Fool wrote *No Time For Pilots* and he's still on a quest - looking for readers. Good news - the local libraries have procured copies for our cash deprived Mosquito County citizens.

Now - a brief word about our geographic entity. Mosquito County was selected by rocket scientists as a launch pad in the early fifties. With Mosquito County being mostly empty swamp (land to Real estate brokers and northern folks) - this comes under the heading, "It doesn't take a rocket scientist when politicians are around." You're probably more familiar with our launch pad's more common name - 'Cape Confusion'. Our congressional district is known around here as the 'Flat Earth 666' - where a majority of voters believe - "Float out toward the Gulf Stream and you'll fall off." And of course - this swamp land can only be located in a state named after Spanish flowers - The Great State of Euphoria.

Now that we have a launch site and runway for NASA's Hanger Queen (known to non aeronauts as a Space Shuttle) - our government - in its infinite wisdom - placed Shuttle pilots halfway across the country in the one star state. Makes sense - if a Shuttle doesn't - then pilots don't. With apologies to Charles - most pilots are so worried about their distant vision they haven't read anything deeper than Dr. Seuss. Might explain why they're in Texas without a runway and the Shuttle is in California without a hanger. Arf -

Harry The Hound

Publicity Hound for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

July 6 2000

Another update about my little known author - James McMillen Owen. His novel - *No Time For Pilots*. His literary agent - Alfred E. Gizmo (The Great Gizmo) - gave me the enclosed article Owen wrote about Magnetic Levitation. I like Giz, but to tell you the truth - I'm not certain about his client. But - it's not my job to judge - I'm here to promote.

However - let me digress to a tail more interesting than words about bipeds. The Great Gizmo is no hangdog. He's what I'd call a dog's dog. Not many of us Chinese Border collies around. Now - I know some call us Pekingese. And unlike most bipeds - we do have papers. But - we're both at about twenty pounds and that's four pounds more than allowed for Beijing dogs. And - modesty makes me say - we do have a gentle disposition - not like our yippy ancestors (a yippy isn't your full grown yuppy). And my friend Giz is a whole lot better than most book agents. Not only does he do lunch - he does dinner and breakfast too. However - Giz - like biped agents won't return phone calls - sleeps on the job and ignores his clients - unless he wants something from them. But - unlike biped agents - he works for food - a warm place to sleep and a pat on the head every now and then.

Enough about us dogs. If you've got the right stuff - you don't go around barking about it. This dog is gone! Arf!

Harry The Hound

Publicity Hound for the biped impaired

Butter Side Down - Or
A Modest MAGLEV Proposal

When a cat is dropped it always lands on its feet. When a slice of toast is dropped it always lands butter side down. Therefore if a slice of toast is strapped to a cat's back - butter side up - when the cat is dropped the two opposing forces will cause the cat to hover two inches above the ground. Since we have an infinite supply of cats - toast and butter - we now have the necessary ingredients to replace magnetic levitation as the source of energy for the proposed MAGLEV rail system.

However - as the toast may become separated from the cat's back - another approach may be warranted. There are other substances that have a stronger affinity for carpet. The probability of carpet impact is determined by a simple formula. To wit - $p = s \times t(t)/t_c$. S = the stain value. Water has a very low stain value whereas red wine has a very high stain value. t_c and $t(t)$ indicate the color and texture of the carpet - white being the highest value and dark colors - lower. If you substitute red wine and a white shag carpet the probability of carpet impact is maximized. P will = one. The same value as a cat landing on its feet. Therefore a cat with red wine on its back is certain to hover. The proposed monorail for the Great State of Euphoria is most likely to succeed if it is powered by cats smeared with red wine floating above a rail made from scraps of white shag carpet.

James McMillen Owen

Author - *No Time For Pilots*

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A 903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

July 13 2000

An update on my little known author - James McMillen Owen. You remember - the fool I've been writing to you about who's the author of *No Time for Pilots*. I've decided to conduct a word-of-mouth campaign. Heard it worked for some book about a wizard named Henry Potter. Wondered where he went after M*A*S*H. And all this time I thought he was an Army Doctor. My client had a few of those service mechanics cut away on him when he served. Something in their religion about drawing blood at least once each day - or was that what they say about vampires?

Anyway - I had him compose (or plagiarize) another bit of Americana humoresque (lyrics only) for you. Like Don - the fool ran for congress as a write-in candidate (with the same results). The anti-abortionists sent out prenubile maidens to chant in front of him and his volunteers as they attempted to get signatures for ballot access. He learned two things. Thing One - don't run for office without a lot of cash. Thing Two - don't run for office if you have a lot of cash. If you fail to heed Thing Two - Thing One applies.

How are our book sales going? Well - don't look for us in the New York Times. Can't get him out on the book signing tour. He's busy in an attempt to resurrect the local chapter of the Association of Old Crows. They're the ones Churchill talked about during WWII. Bent more than a few radio beams. You can enlist if you want too. Old and Crow comes to mind. This dog is gone! Arf!

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Publico Emptor

As the political silly season approaches it's time for a little political lesson. I don't know who originated this, but whoever did should profess Politics & Economics.

Feudalism - You own two cows. You give the Lord some of the milk.

Pure Socialism - You own two cows. The government takes both and mixes them with your neighbors cows. You have to take care of all of the cows. You receive an allotment of milk.

Bureaucratic Socialism - You own two cows. The government takes both and mixes them with your neighbors cows. They are cared for by ex-chicken farmers. You now have to take care of chickens. You receive a few eggs and a bucket of milk.

Fascism - You own two cows. The government takes both - hires you to take care of them and sells you the milk.

Dictatorship - You own two cows. The government takes both and shoots you.

Militarism - You own two cows. The government takes both and drafts you.

Pure Communism - You own two cows. Your neighbors help you care for them and you share the milk.

Russian Communism - You own two cows. You care for them and the government takes all of the milk.

Totalitarianism - You own two cows. The government takes both and denies they ever existed. Milk is banned.

Pure Democracy - You own two cows. You do the work and your neighbors decide who gets the milk.

Representative Democracy - You own two cows. Your neighbors elect someone to tell you who gets the milk.

American Democracy - The politicians promise to give you two cows if you vote for them. After the election the president is impeached for selling cow futures. This affair is dubbed cowgate by the press.

British Democracy - You own two cows. You feed them sheep brains and they go mad. The government does nothing.

Singapore Democracy - You own two cows. The government puts you in jail for keeping two unlicensed farm animals.

Bureaucracy - You own two cows. The government regulates their care and milking. Then it pays you not to milk them. Then it takes both - shoots one - milks the other and pours the milk down the drain. You are required to fill out forms accounting for missing cows.

Anarchy - You own two cows. If you don't sell the milk at a fair price your neighbors will steal both cows.

Capitalism - You own two cows. You sell one and buy a bull.

Feminism - You own two cows. They get married and adopt a calf.

Surrealism - You own two giraffes. The government requires you to take harmonica lessons.

James McMillen Owen

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

July 20 2000

An update on my little known author - *James McMillen Owen*.

You remember - the fool who authored *No Time For Pilots*.

Despite a low turnout - he was able to resurrect our local Mosquito County Chapter of The Association of Old Crows. Not an easy task considering most Old Crows flock north to escape Euphoria's hot humid summer.

In spite of an overwhelmingly mediocre response by reviewers - who failed to review Owen's published novel - his literati agent - Alfred E. Gizmo (The Great Gizmo) sent out score and six queries about a new novel - *No Time For Spies* - to editors and like bipeds who inhabit New York's publishing kennels. Most of whom exhibit an inward looking philosophy - viewing life through a rectangular opening of a pop top can - or contemplate same by staring at their inverted belly buttons.

So - of course I asked Giz - "What's it all about - Alfie?"

And he said - "Spies - assassins - whores and a chase."

"Any murders?"

"Too many to count."

"How about sex?"

"I'm not that kind of dog."

"I didn't mean that - in Owen's novel"

"Where the plot drives it."

"They do it people style?"

"Arf!"

"This dog is gone!"

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Four Paws Up

2835 North Highway A1A Suite 903 Indialantic FL 32903

321-777 1901

Dear

No Time For Spies

August 11 2000

Fiction by James McMillen Owen. Treatment - Hemingway for dialogue - Hitchcock for suspense. A post Cold War spy - chase novel set somewhere- (time) - in the recent past.

Story Line

Assassin 1 hunts down Spy 2 and Spy 3 and eliminates both. Assassin 1 is recalled. Assassin 2 misses attempt on Spy 1. Spy 1 flees to Europe. Agent 2 follows to save Spy 1. Spy 1's daughter eliminates Assassin 2 - captures Agent 2. Agent 1 stops the assassination of Spy 1 and daughter. Spy 1 and daughter eliminate six Serbs and one IRA. Spy 1 returns to America - followed by Assassins 1 and 3. Assassin 1 eliminates an undercover American agent. Assassin 3 fails to eliminate Assassin 1 - thinks she did. Assassin 1 defects to CIA. CIA CI Chief eliminates Assassin 1 at CIA safe house. Agent 2 prevents elimination of Spy 1 by Assassin 3. Spy 1 goes into hiding and eliminates a tagalong. Spy 1 flees to Hawaii followed by Assassin 3 and Agent 2. Spy 1 eliminates another tagalong at Waikiki hotel. Spy 1 eliminates JCS Chairman and flees to South Pacific.

No Time For Spies is written in Chicago style - third person omnipotent - 150,000 words by recently published author (military humor genre). It is suitable for adults (several plot driven sexual encounters). Manuscript sent on request.

Alfred E. Gizmo (*The Great Gizmo*)

No Time For Spies

Spy One flees from Georgia to Germany to Hungary to Austria to Ireland to Washington DC to Hawaii - one step ahead of three assassins. Programmed as a double agent at the height of the Cold War his programming has come undone. Assassin One is sent to the United States to eliminate this problem.

Assassin One dispatches Spy Two and Spy Three. He is recalled to Saint Petersburg before he can eliminate Spy One. A replacement - Assassin Two bungles his attempt. Spy One flees to Europe. Agent One sends Agent Two with orders to bring Spy One back alive. But - Agent Two is captured by Spy One's daughter in Germany and taken to her villa outside of Budapest. She assassinates Assassin Two.

Agent Two wakes up in Villa-Penny - a Charles Adams style mansion used as a nunnery for entrapment. Spy One's daughter seduces Agent One and the game is on. Assassin One uses Spy One's daughter as his Judas goat - trailing her to Innsbruck. Agent One intervenes when Assassin One has Spy One in his rifle sight. Afterwards - Agent One and Assassin One renew an old friendship at an Austrian Gast Hause. Spy One and his daughter fly north - escaping to Trondheim Fjord Norway.

Spy One sails his exotic new Norwegian trawler to Ireland with his wife and daughter on board. Assassin One attempts to sink this trawler, but an off-board deception device saves the day. Spy One eliminates a friend turned by Assassin One and sails into Cork Harbor to take delivery of weapons for his Croat allies. At morning light - six Serbs and an Irish friend attempt to hijack his weapons. Spy One and his daughter eliminate all six. Spy One buries the bodies at sea before turning both trawler and weapons over to his Croat allies on Malta.

Spy One flies from Malta to Norway where he dispatches a second friend turned by Assassin One and returns to Georgia. He and his wife sail north from his cottage on the Ogeechee River to the Potomac River chased by friend and foe alike. Assassins One and Three fly to Washington DC from Moscow. Three's mission is to assist One in eliminating Spy One and then she is tasked to eliminate Assassin One.

Assassin One drives south from DC to New Bern North Carolina on a search and destroy mission against Spy One. Assisted by a lady working Marines at Camp Lejune and Cherry Point - Assassin One uses her boat in an attempt to intercept Agent One off Cape Hatteras. Arriving late - he eliminates his agent companion instead. He returns to DC and continues to search for Spy One along the Potomac River.

After docking at the Columbia Marina - across a tidal pool from the Pentagon - Spy One's sleeper program activates. His target - the JCS Chairman. Assassin One discovers Spy One's anchorage, but before he can act - Assassin Three initiates an assassination attempt against him. Saved by an embassy row guard - Assassin One is sent to Georgetown Hospital. Assassin Three then uses a poison syringe - one Assassin One had neutralized. He feigns death - escapes and defects. Now secure in a Maryland safe house - he relaxes his guard and is eliminated by CIA's Counter Intelligence Chief.

Spy One mounts a shooting platform high up in an Elm above the Columbia Marina - across the water from the Pentagon Parade Ground and waits for the JCS Chairman. Discovered - he aborts his assassination attempt and sails to Roosevelt Island. Assassin Three discovers Spy One's island anchorage. As she raises her machine pistol to fire - Agent Two hits her from behind with a running block - knocking her ass over teakettle into the Potomac River.

Spy One sends his wife and daughter downstream as decoys and holes up in Old Town Alexandria. He eliminates a tagalong - before flying across the Pacific to Hawaii - trailing after the vacationing JCS Chairman.

In Hawaii - Spy One eliminates another tagalong outside his Waikiki hotel. He purchases a catamaran and sails around Koko Head to Waimanalo Bay. He anchors offshore of Bellows Field where he establishes a shooting platform high a-top the Pregnant Woman - an island inside the reef. Late at night - Spy One aligns his telescopic sight on the vacation cottage lanai of the JCS Chairman and squeezes the trigger - vaporizing a four star general.

His program complete - Spy One executes his escape plan. He sails south into a winter sunset to the island of Palmyra - assisted by CIA Ops along the way.

"Who are you talking to?" said the King, coming up to Alice and looking at the Cat's head with great curiosity.

"It's a friend of mine - a Cheshire-Cat," said Alice: "allow me to introduce it."

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King: "however it may kiss my hand if it likes."

"I'd rather not," the Cat remarked.

"Don't be impertinent," said the King, "and don't look at me like that!" He got behind Alice as he spoke."

"A cat may look at a king," said Alice. "I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where."

"Well it must be removed," said the King very decidedly.

James McMillen Owen

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

July 27 2000

I know you wait with panting breath for another update on my unknown author - *James McMillen Owen - wrote No Time For Pilots.*

How are our sales going? Damned if we know. He wrote his publisher's marketing director a letter six weeks back and still hasn't received a response.

Now it takes three days for mules to descend a North Carolina canyon. Figuring three days in a Postal Service dead letter file - two days to deliver to a mail post - four more in a mailroom In basket - two days tasking a worker - seven days for research - three days to write a response - four days for management review - one day to rewrite - six days for more management review - two days to rewrite - seven days in a marketing director's In basket - one day to sign - four days in a mailroom In basket - two days waiting for pick up at the mail post - four days on a Postal Service floor - six days for mules to climb upward - out of the canyon - a response should arrive in a little under a score.

So I asked The Great Gizmo, "What's it all about Alfie?"

And he said, "Damn humans can't function without a dog."

"What about cat people?"

"Let's not get ethnocentric."

"Where did you pick up that?"

"Listening to Kinky's record."

"Oh - the one about humans fighting over religion."

"Arf - that's why we're lucky we're dogs."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

August 2 2000

James McMillen Owen - the one who wrote *No Time For Pilots* - has heard the echo of one hand clapping. amazondotcom is now stocking his book instead of referring purchase orders to the publisher - so turnaround meets the advertised two days. And a number of unsolicited reviews are popping up on said internet site with ratings of four to five stars.

So I asked Alfred E. Gizmo, "What's it all about - Alfie?"
And he replied, "Harry Potter."

"The M*A*S*H colonel? The one who looks like a Beagle?"
"No - the English kid who's wizard. Word of mouth got his first book out. How do you think Clancy published his?"
"Through a New York agent - or a publishing kennel?"

"No way - those folks wouldn't touch it with a lifted rear leg. He had to convince the Naval Institute in Annapolis."

"So what do New York agents - agent and publisher's publish?"
"From what I saw - looking through a Barns & Noble window - cook books - reprints - celebrity books and weird fiction."

"You and me are dogs. Explain weird fiction?"

"Stuff bipeds don't understand or buy, but reviewers like to write about. Sort of like modern poetry."

"Oh - that nonobjective abstract catcrap. Who prints it?"
"If it doesn't rhyme - make sense - or has two of the same sex in bed on Sunday - you'll find it in the New Yorker."

"I wouldn't read that male bovine manure to a cat."

"Harry - you dog you. Watch your ethnocentric muzzle."

"Sorry about that. This dog is gone! Arf."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Halfway

"Tis a shame" the bard did say
"I absorb modern poetry - halfway" -

"And sometimes hold my nose
Wondering? -
Is it male bovine manure?
Or bad prose" -

"Stilted stanzas
Making no sense
From life experience
Of turgid nonsense" -

"Lacking focus
Composition
Reflecting pointless
Predilection" -

"To compose poetry
Nonobjective and abstract
Is a composition
Of Dostyevski format" -

"Or better yet
Paint on canvas with brush -
Is more understandable
Than poeticisum - thus" -

"Poetize should construct
Not deconstruct" -

"Nonobjective? -
An art form
For visual demonstration" -

"Poetics is for
Auditory communication" -

"Poetical should thunder
Make one wonder" -

"Poetic should teach
Make one reach" -

"Poetry should ring
Make one sing" -

"Poetic should sigh
Make one cry" -

"Poetry? Its moved
Into the street
Exploding in our ears
With an African beat -
Poets of the 'hood
Will have their say
When academia do go astray" -
Did we read - halfway?

Dear

August 9 2000

Most of those whom have read my book see autobiography in it. I use the Hemingway technique - write about what you know and where you've been. 75% is fiction & 25% is fact. The first cut followed Michener's *Tales of the South Pacific* - separate tales based on my experiences in the military. Unfortunately - none of today's editors remember this style - so I changed it to novel form. The enclosed letter to Heller's editor (Catch 22) explains the series of rewrites. At first I was puzzled. Almost everyone thought my novel was about me and my family. However - if this means my tales appear to be real - even if they are not - that is reward enough.

On the fifth rewrite I added a feminine touch. For example - the lady - Bobbie Jean is my sixty-five year old landlady from Biloxi (age when we knew her in 1957). Her husband did own the Broadwater Beach Hotel & she was a widow. My main protagonist is a combination of a sheepherder I knew from Montana and another from West Virginia. Sally After is a play on Sally Forth (this character really upset my youngest daughter). Bidwell - Tucker and C Little were modeled on real people & Boozer was a real Aleutian dog - though most of their escapades are pure fiction. My deepest regret is the small typeset by my publisher. Normal type would make it more readable, but would add over 100 pages. And as you probably noticed - it has more than a few typos. This was my second novel. I've written three more and am stuck halfway through my sixth one. All use the same protagonist - Johnny Ropp. Warmest Regards -

Jim

Dear Rob

July 6 2000

For you - a signed copy of my novel *No Time For Pilots*. The Pentateuch and Heller's (your) novel were inspiration - though I doubt the crusty old curmudgeon would look down (or up) and give a damn. The only thing we had in common is - we're Aeronauts who discovered early on that Navigators are neurotic and pilots - serious.

As an editor of the old school - please overlook the font. And it was edited - believe it or not. The glaring mistakes are the printer's and quality control of my publisher. I own all rights - so the buck stops here.

Unable to get a nongenre book on the market through a major publisher - I chose another route. The first (and maybe last) edition is limited to 1000 copies.

You used a scalpel to dissect the military. As an old Ohio Farmer - I use a corn knife. It was initially written as separate third person fictional tales (Michener's Tales of the South Pacific) - then combined in novel form and at the suggestion of an agent - changed from third person omnipotent to first person. And on the seventh rewrite - to Chicago style. I hope you enjoy reading it. The last few chapters stay away from the psychedelic visions of '22'. Instead - I take life on with a velvet sledgehammer.

Warmest Regards

James McMillen Owen

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A Indialantic FL 32903 #903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

August 10 2000

Another unsolicited update about my little known author - the one who wrote *No Time For Pilots* - *James McMillen Owen*. Talk about good news! His publisher finally wrote! Her marketing director took the mule train up out of their North Carolina canyon and returned to Ohio to get married. My author did the same - returned to Ohio a few years back. Worked - his marriage has held together for over forty-four years.

So I asked The Great Gizmo, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

And he said, "What's love got to do with it?"

"Isn't love the glue that holds a marriage together?"

"Highly overrated. Only lasts for a brief spell."

"Like dogs - when we're in season?"

"Now you've got it. The glue of marriage is made from the same stuff that holds our pack together."

"A dominate male and female?"

"Yes - and trust and companionship and survival."

"You and me against the world?"

"Right. Never underestimate the power of the pack."

"How's our *Johnny Ropp - Old Ned and His Red Devil* book campaign coming along?"

"Tough sell. Doesn't fit a genre."

"What's our respose from New York's publishing kennels?"

"I'm getting personal rejection letters from senior editors and publishers. Can you give Owen's novel a nose uphill?"

"I'll send a summary along with my letter to Oprah. Arf!"

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Four Paws Up

A Literati Agency

2835 North Highway A1A Suite 903 Indialantic, FL 32903 407 777 1901

Johnny Ropp - Old Ned and his Red Devil

Fiction by James McMillen Owen. Adventure similar to 'Tom and Huck' with satire of 'Alice'. Set in 1938-1939 Ohio on three levels: 1. Historical record. 2. Boy's adventure story. 3. Gothic horror of yesterday. Owen's protagonist - a star crossed town boy on a bucolic odyssey is the obsessive quarry of Old Ned Smith and his Red Devil. Ned's Red Devil devours roustabouts - moonshiners - farm animals and licks his chops at the likes of Johnny Ropp. Like the circus - a tale for both young and older. Each chapter ends with an appropriate quote from *Alice in Wonderland*.

Story Line

Boy is captured by Ned Smith and his Red Devil. Boy escapes. Old Ned comes after the boy. Boy knocks him silly. Ned and his Red Devil chase boy to a quarry. Boy escapes. Old Ned's sister steals from boy. Boy gets even. Ned's gang member grabs boy and his buddy. They escape. Boy turns in Old Ned's gang and they are sent to prison. Old Ned imprisons boy in basement with his hungry Red Devil. With Ned's Red Devil in pursuit - boy escapes through tunnel. Old Ned joins Arkansas Circus. Red Devil devours his share. Arkansas Circus stiffens town - boys and steals away at night. Old Ned ties boy to raft. Boy escapes as raft sails over dam. Red Devil goes up in smoke - Old Ned is thwarted.

Johnny Ropp - Old Ned and his Red Devil 140,000 words - first person Chicago style - published author. Like Tom and Huck - suitable for children and adults. Manuscript on request.

Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo

Four Paws Up

Johnny Ropp - Old Ned and his Red Devil

"Just call me Johnny and Will - you know he'd be a preacher's boy. Weren't looking for trouble when we borrowed a rowboat. But trouble - Old Ned Smith and his Red Devil found us. All started when me and Will fell asleep drift fishing on the Scioto River. Woke up quick enough - floating o'er the top of O'shaughnessy dam. Wet as dogs caught out in the rain - we hitched a ride back up river on Ned's flatbed. Damn fool kidnapped us and locked us up in his shed - out back near his moonshine still. And being down wind of his Red Devil was more than anyone could stand. We waited until Ned - One Eyed Jack and German Jerry drank themselves silly and escaped out back. Will disabled Old Ned's flatbed at Whiskey roadhouse. Wish that was the end of our troubles, but it wasn't."

"A few days later - when I was helping with the wheat harvest - there he was big as life - Old Ned working the threshing machine boiler. Next day - I had to stay home with a bad case of blisters and Old Ned came after me. I hid in the back haymow. Ned came a-crawling up there looking for me - carrying a pitchfork. When he turned his back to me - I pushed him out our second story hay door. Ned landed on a gate - rolled over into our cow pen and looked up into the eyes of one curious bull. His backside covered with cow pies - Ned levitated right over that gate like Harry Houdini."

"Mark Twain would-a thought Osborn was Hannibal Missouri - quiet - sleepy - friendly. Me and my best buddy - Slick Willy were hiking along Mad River. We fell asleep on the bank and a black snake crawled up Slick's pant leg. He fell in up to his chin and guess what? We discovered a swimming hole. Later - Old Ned and his Red Devil were smoking pipes in the houseboat up on wheels in our lumber yard. They spied Slick and me and chased us all the way to a limestone quarry. We drop dynamite caps on them and they dance a Saint Vitus."

"Back in Bellpoint - Uncle Bus drives right past Old Ned and his Red Devil - sitting on the front porch of Dublin general store - with legs and hoofs hanging over. We were skipping rocks on the Scioto River under a harvest moon and Ned and his gang float up on a rowboat to rob Doc's medicine cabinet. I turn 'em in and Ned comes a-looking. Uncle Bus empties a shotgun load of rock salt into German and One Eye's hind ends. You know what? They get caught - Old Ned gets away."

"In Osborn - Slick Willy and me go on a fall hike alongside Mad River. We stumble onto Old Ned's new still. He chases after us, but we get away by the skin of our teeth - riding like the wind on our bikes. I turn him in again. No luck."

"In Bellpoint I explore at Old Mill and discover Old Ned's gold hidden under floor boards. Turned two hundred and forty gold coins over to the Sheriff. Old Ned goes plumb crazy - way beyond furious when he discovers his gold's gone."

"In Osborn - Jonsey talks Slick Willy and me into selling Sunday papers at Patterson Air Field's main gate. Our boss - Old Nel cheats us, but we hang in there. Then she makes us stay too long in the snow - won't pay us and we discover she is Old Ned's sister - so Slick and me quit. Scared of Old Nel - her witch's curse and Ned's Red Devil - we burn our newspaper bags under the football field's fifty yard line."

"Ned helps One Eyed Jack and German Jerry escape from London Prison Farm. German winds up at Old Nel's house and comes after me and Slick Willy. We kick him in the shins and run like the devil. I turn them in again, but you know Ned. He gets away Scot free and his gang goes back to prison."

"Slick Willy and me are sent to the Principle's office for talking when we shouldn't. Slick - in danger of a spanking - discovers how to avoid it. We keep right on going past the

office to the gym and no one knows the better. Worked two times - until a hall monitor caught us. Scared us silly."

"We ride out to Mad River to have a look-see at what's left of Old Ned's still. I discover a hidden basement. All that remains of a way station on the Underground Railroad. While me and Slick are looking around - Ned sneaks up and locks us in. We discover two tunnels - one leading to the woods and the other to Hell. Ned's Red Devil comes after us. Slick and me escape through the tunnel leading to the woods."

"When the Arkansas Circus comes to Osborn - me and Slick Willy hire on to raise the tents, but wind up pearl diving in dishwater. Cook - the dirtiest ugliest gnome I'd ever seen works us right through lunch. Mother takes one look at me - covered from head to foot with grease and grounds me. Slick stays on for Mr. Promise's offer a free show, but the circus stiffs him and all the boy helpers. Then Old Ned robs the circus strong box while his Red Devil - the sideshow hit - devours a few roustabouts and a dozen farm animals."

"Grandfather takes me to Barnum's Circus. Barnum puts on quite a show. But - I could see through the tent folds - that even his circus has its share of Arkansas flim-flam."

"I return to the farm that summer. Gives me a chance to work on my raft. When I'm launching it - Old Ned sneaks up and knocks me o'er the head. I wake up to Ned and his Red Devil dancing a-jig. Ned's helper can't stand water or I'd been lunch. So - Ned ties me on my raft and sends me downstream. Got free of the ropes and grabbed the wire barrier just before the spillway over O'shaughnessy dam. Ned's Red Devil - caught out in the rain - goes up in smoke and all that's left on the road over the dam is a pile of yellow sulfur!"

James McMillen Owen

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

August 17 2000

An update on my little known author - *James McMillen Owen*. Remember? He's my client - Alfred E. Gizmo's client. The one who wrote *No Time For Pilots*. Can you believe it? He's busy rewriting a book that's published for edition two.

So I asked Alfred E. Gizmo, "What's it all about - Alfie?" "Editing of the first edition wasn't up to his standards." "Give me a few examples."

"He prefers to use dashes not comas - there were more than a few typos - punctuation mistakes and transposed words."

"I hope the second edition uses larger font."

"And space between paragraphs. Have you done a survey on why we're not getting reviews from military magazines and media?"

"Military magazines have been reluctant and the national media dances to the tune of New York agents and publishers."

"Our client was military. Their magazines should support."

"Obviously they don't like his portrayal of the Pentagon as a funny farm and civilian and military leaders as incompetent."

"It's more than that. Owen takes on the industrial complex and government procurement. That spells ad revenue. Remember - Coolidge asked, 'Why don't we buy one airplane and let the pilots take turns flying it.' And we are!"

"So that's why his novel is suppressed. He gored their ox."

"Can we get national media reviewers like Times & USA Today?"

"No way. Their reviewers would actually have to read."

"It looks like we're barking up the wrong tree."

"Arf! But lift your hind leg - it's the only tree around."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Reap the Wind

It's easy to march - sail or fly in harms way when the fate of our country is at stake. Not so easy when troops are sent overseas to resolve disputes - protect pipelines and stand guard when others shirk their duty. When did we decide to begin conventional wars without Congress voting? Why do we send missiles in the still of night for surprise attacks on empty bunkers and pharmaceutical factories? When did we forget the lesson of Pearl Harbor?

Why do we fail to learn the force structure lessons of Vietnam? - where we lost our corporate memory on how to win because of temporary duty and one year rotations. Why don't we listen to our active duty folks today - onboard ships - in trenches and on the flight line? - stretched way beyond thin. Why aren't our forces manned for today's State Department whims and spur of the moment Foreign Policy?

Why did we restructure our military force - reduce manning - fire middle managers (eliminate company grade officers)? Why do we diddle with the retirement system and make our enlisted troops pay for family health care? Why do we send our troops overseas on temporary duty - on a permanent basis?

What can we do? 1. DOD flails away with bonuses and pay as the solution. They are not! Restore the old military retirement system and full health care to active duty personnel - their families and those who have served. 2. Learn the lesson of Rome - keep the legions close to home. 3. Learn the lessons of the Cold War - use our forces for deterrence not as policemen. 4. Restore faith in the system - twenty years for those who serve well - eliminate up (promotion) - or out. 5. Don't move military commanders around every two years to fill promotion squares. The learning curve takes two years. 6. Curtail use of temporary

duty as a way to solve force structure problems. If we don't have the troops to do it - own up to it - man for it or don't do it. 7. Elect congressmen - senators and a president who are concerned about our country and our national defense. 8. Appoint Flag Officers who are concerned about their men and equipment first. Today? Political nest featherers!

And today? We have elected officials who are more concerned about abortion - polls and reelection. We have Flag Officers who receive free medical care for life - quarters fit for Nero and spines made of jelly.

"They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." (Daniel)

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

August 22 2000

This is not about my author - *James McMillen Owen* - who wrote *No Time For Pilots*. I watched a biped called Bush and another named Gore on biped TV. Not knowing what's up - I telephoned Owen's literati agent (his dog) *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo*.

So I asked Giz, "What's it all about Alfie?"
"Bush & Gore are running for leader of their pack."
"Bipeds get to vote for pack leader? We do a dog fight."
"Peel away their faux civis and it's still a dog fight."
"What's wrong with the current leader of their pack?"
"He's a time limited liar who cheats on his dominate mate."
"That's not a good trait. But didn't he govern well?"
"He didn't. He was never around to mark his territory."
"Then how did this leader's pack fare so well?"
"Says a lot about having a vacancy at the top."
"Which one of the bipeds does our author favor?"
"He says the biped Gore has told as many lies as his boss."
"Then why is biped Gore running for leader of their pack?"
"He's the son of a female dog who hasn't been caught - yet."
"And what about this biped named Bush?"
"An honest man and just bright enough to surround himself with a pack of smart - capable administrators."
"And this biped named Gore?"
"Like his boss all bark and no bite and would any sane mutt want that pack of underdog administrators to stick around?"
"And just when Reno - his Legal Beagle learned a few tricks - like - how to sit up - roll over and heel."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo has informed me that his author

- James McMillen Owen has a new novel - **No Time For Politics**.

It's ready to be published and he's looking for a publishing
kennel with a set of balls. Alfie - a Literati Repraesentare
to the biped impaired has included four pages.

So I asked him, "What's it all about Alfie?"

And he said, "A funny fiction satire set in the 66th - Flat
Earth Congressional District of The Great State of Euphoria."

"And the political parties are?"

"Barefoot & Pregnant - Tax & Spend and United Were Twits."

"Who's Owen's political protagonist?"

"Johnny Ropp gets a wild political hair up his ass."

"Who set him off on this quest?"

"President Jefro W. Clampet - his Vice President Saffron V.
Poverty and the local Tax & Spend Congressman - A. B. Nose."

"Jefro Clampet? Isn't he the one who was elected Governor of
The Great State of Ignorance by promising a brick outhouse in
the backyard of every Ignorant voter?"

"And a promise that was kept."

"What's the style and how many words are there in this tome?"

"Chicago and somewhere near eighty-five thousand."

"And Owen's plot?"

"Boy meets politics - decides to run for office - religious
nuts try to burn him at the stake - boy doesn't qualify for
primaries - boy runs as an independent - religious nuts light
the fire - boy loses big time - boy casts politics aside."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

1

May 1

Johnny Ropp's mind was made up, "That does it. State law says we can't recall the bastard. Looks like I'll have to run for congress." He didn't want Tucker's opinion, but he telephoned and asked for it. Johnny was seeking Tucker's approval. Instead - he was greeted by a shock of disbelief, "Johnny - did I hear you right? You're telling me you're going to run for congress?"

"Yes - what do you think?"

"You're crazier than a loon. Without moleycoddlers - minions and money you don't stand a chance."

"I have one of the senior editors of the Washington Post in my hip pocket."

"In a pigs eye you do."

"You mean you won't support me?"

"Me - yes. The Post - no. You've been away from DC too long. Have you forgotten? The power structure of the Post leans a little to the left of Lenin. Don't you remember the last Presidential election? We supported a liberal serial misogynist instead of a moderate secular conservative."

"I thought the secular conservative was supported by the religious right."

"When the votes were counted the religious nuts cast just enough votes for a pedophile to win. Then the third party squirrel split the secular vote and we're stuck with a megalomaniac for four more years."

"That's the nut of it. That's why I decided to run."

"What good can I do in DC? Most of your native Euphorian voters can't read let alone subscribe to the Post."

"I'm looking for your support not Pravda on the Potomac's."

"I'll give you mine even though I think you're crazy. What made you decide to be certified?"

"The slick ones economic package raised my ire."

"Not Jefro Wilson Clampet - our lay of the day President?"

"Big Bubba finally got under my skin with his economic double speak. He went over the top when he began to take credit for economic decisions made by the Federal Reserve."

"Better not die - or he'll show up at your funeral and claim to be your closest relative. So - you take exception to our fat boy president from the Great State of Ignorance telling the country he's reducing the deficit when the Fed is doing it through lower interest rates."

"Right, but the deficit is still climbing.

"Are you a single issue candidate?"

"No - my second issue is the decline of our military. Jefro reduced Defense spending - cut back on people - decided to be an internationalist and increased our commitments overseas. When he leaves office our military won't be able to defend Lake Eire from the Canadians."

"He needed the Defense money to spend on his economic program of Bread and Circuses."

"Bread and Circuses? The old Roman political scam is our new opium of the American proletariat?"

"Thanks to Jefro Wilson Clampet it is. He's wants to be our new Caesar."

"More like our new Caligula - wallowing in overindulgence and sin while he carries his bible to church."

"He's not the only sinner who failed to understand history - so we're condemned to relive it. When the Roman Empire was prosperous it was the *populus* who put the Caesars in power and sowed the seeds of the Empires destruction. Didn't you get enough government nonsense when you lived in McLean?"

"I forgot about endless committee meetings that compromise good ideas into oblivion. When I was up there - if push came to shove country came before politics."

"Not with J. W. Clampet. Truman said, 'The buck stops here.' Jefro's motto is, 'The buck comes here.'"

"And he is first among comers."

"You can't get rid of him by running for Congress."

"I can stop his raid on the public purse. Our Congressman is sucking up to Clampet - not paying attention to his voters and handing Jefro the key to the Treasury."

"Who is he?"

"A. Brown Nose."

"Congressman Nose? The one who walks in Jefro's shadow?"

"If Jefro ever stops short - Nose will disappear up Clampet's ass hole."

"Which primary will you run in - Barefoot and Pregnant or Tax and Spend?"

"I'm forced to run with the Barefoot and Pregnant ones."

"You won't be able to keep your secular conservative stance. Those folks are militant in Euphoria. You'll have to join their crusade. Why not try Tax and Spend?"

"A. B. Nose is their candidate and as much as I'm opposed to the government controlling a woman's body - I'm more opposed to a government controlling our pocketbooks."

"The first question you'll be asked is, 'Are you for life or against it.'"

"Sort of like when did you stop beating your wife. It's not one of my issues."

"It's the only B&P issue. It's their litmus test."

"I'm against abortion, but I'm opposed to a government making that decision."

"You don't stand a chance. What district does congressman Nose represent?"

"I live in Euphoria's Flat Earth district - the Sixty-Sixth."

"Flat Earth?"

"Most of my constituents are ultra-conservative Christians who hold the Book of Revelations to be absolute."

"And the Pentateuch?"

"Filler until you reach their part of the bible. You wrote

a series about religious sects in Appalachia. When they built the interstate the ones who could read road signs migrated to Euphoria."

"The kind of religious folks who believe they'll fall off if you sail out past the Gulf Stream? Any snake handlers?"

"Not that I know of, but we do have more than our fair share of expatriates from Mountain Momma. The ones who could afford to pay tolls on the roads south."

"I'm on deadline. Tell you what. It might be time for me to write an everyman against the establishment series. Will your local paper pick it up?"

"Owned by Gannett and they have lady editors running amok."

"Strike two. How do you plan on financing your campaign?"

"Remember the travel books on how to see Europe on five dollars a day?"

"Strike three - you're out. More like two hundred now. If you try to run a populus campaign - bend down - place your head between your legs and kiss your ass good-by. Money is truly the mother's milk of politics. Without it no one will believe you're serious."

"You sure have come a long way for a guy who used up all nine lives in Nav school."

"I might have used up my nine lives, but you've got three strikes against you and you haven't even come up to bat. Lets see - you're going to run for office in the Barefoot and Pregnant party and advocate freedom of choice. You live in a one newspaper district that only supports woman candidates and liberals. And you won't accept big dollar financial support. Talk about spitting into the wind. Unless you join the crusade against women - or get all the money you can steal - or change your sex your candidacy is doomed."

"I'm in tune with the electorate. If I can get out among them and get my message out I'll have a fair shot."

"There ain't no free lunch out there - Johnny. You'll be lucky if your local paper spells your name right in the obits. Haven't you noticed? There are no town centers."

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321 - 777 - 1901

Dear

August 31 2000

Another unsolicited update about my *No Time For Pilots* author - **James McMillen Owen**. Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo - who ate Owen's manuscript when he heard Joe Heller had passed away - has finally found Owen's publisher's marketing biped.

So I asked Giz, "Tell me? What's it all about - Alfie?"

"W. Claude Dunkenfield is our new impresario extrardinaire."

"Can he get a review out of Times or USA Toady book editors?"

"Toady? Are you referring to their suck-up characteristics?"

"Won't even answer my barks. On their knees in cohabitation with New York agents and publishers. Who's our new printer?"

"Johannes Gutenberg. A master at carving wood type."

"The one who chiseled font - so small we can't read the print on the pages of Owen's novel?"

"That's the devil. W. Claude said it was done in miniature type so most pilots will believe Owen's pages are blank."

"I'm not sure about W. Claude Dunkenfield. Wasn't he jailed for fondling the front knobs off a female life vest?"

"Judge let him off. Said he was invited up. W. C. pleaded - all things considered he'd rather be in Philadelphia."

"Got the chutzpah of a barker. Who's Owen's new editor?"

"Ima Miss Punctuation."

"Owen's in trouble. She can't see six inches in front of her nose and won't wear glasses."

"At least we're keeping our old bookbinder - Sniff Gluey."

"Why didn't they hire us Barking Dogs instead of W. Claude?"

"Bipeds let us guard - guide - or herd, but draw the line at cushy jobs like agents - or carnival barkers like Don Imus."

Harry the Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 N Highway A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

August 30 2000

Another unsolicited update on my author - *James McMillen Owen* who wrote *No Time For Pilots*. He has almost completed a minor rewrite of said book. So - he's ready for a second edition. I called his agent - *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo*.

I asked Giz, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

"Don't ask and don't tell. My biped wants to be prepared."

"Is he a Boy Scout?"

"Was for a short while. Couldn't tie a knot. Remember the all unionized, but culturally diversified bipeds who booed a Boy Scout Color Guard at their pack meeting in LA?"

"Roger that! The same political pack supported by editors - publishers - reviewers - columnists and most of the media."

"Their political pack might not be around for long."

"They're culturally diversified union members! Why not?"

"Where would we canines be if we diddled our own sex?"

"We'd be dog-gone in a generation or two. What should I do?"

"Don't even mention we're prepared. If we even whisper we prefer the Boy Scout oath to politically correct speech the biped press pack will turn on us like a pack of jackals."

"What about those CBS - ABC and NBC nautical heavyweights."

"They're like the Italian media in 1933. Rather see trains run on time and socialists win than do the right thing."

"You mean it's more important to be prosperous than honest?"

"For the biped media it must be true. Why else would they throw their support to an untruthful incumbent philanderer and then support a compulsive liar as his heir apparent?"

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

September 8 2000

Another unsolicited update on my client - Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo's author (No Time For Pilots) - James McMillen Owen.

So I asked Giz, "What's it all about Alfie?"

"Seems the Great State of Euphoria has a new license plate."

"We'll have to wear a license plate around our necks?"

"No - just our canine collars and licenses."

"Who has to wear this new license and what does it say?"

"Bipeds put them on cars. The new one says - Choose Life!"

"What does your author think about it."

"He wants a Christian license plate that says Choose Death!

Honor Christ - Resurrection - Life After Death."

"Is he upset about the Choose Life license plate?"

"Not at all. He is pleased that this new religious sect has identified themselves. Now when he encounters one of their vehicles he can slow down and take evasive maneuvers to ensure the safety of his vehicle and passengers."

"Is that necessary?"

"Never can tell when one of those Choose Life cars will be on the way to a clinic with a load of explosives."

"Where does the biped politician Gore stand on this."

"As usual - he's been on both sides."

"Did you read his new economic plan?"

"Yes! I found it in the Book of Revelations."

"Where all the miracles are listed?"

"It'll be a miracle if he can spend the poor rich - heal the sick - make the old young and not bankrupt our country."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Choose Whatever

I don't know what all the fuss is about - over selling Choose Life license plates. I for one am pleased that our state has seen the light. Fringe members of this group have been known to wear clothing giving off the odor of C3H5N3O9. By allowing them to wear an identifying license plate - our Great State of Euphoria has provided us with a margin of safety. Now when we encounter one of these vehicles - it will allow us to back off - slow down and take all necessary evasive maneuvers to ensure the safety of our vehicles and passengers.

However - as a Christian I would like equal time in the license plate game. I have tried mightily to understand the worship of man in the form of the unborn - choosing life over death. The lesson of death - resurrection and life after death always wins out. So - I would like to recommend a Christian license plate - Honor Death And The Resurrection, but on second thought I won't. Those who choose the Choose Life license plates may choose to run us down and send us on our way.

James McMillen Owen

Barking Dogs

2835 N Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

September 14 2000

Another unsolicited update on my client's (*Alfred E. Gizmo*) client *James McMillen Owen* who wrote *No Time For Pilots*. We were watching a political ad on biped TV and Giz noticed the word *RAT* fly by on the screen.

So I asked him, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

And he said, "Exposure."

"Biped politicians are hiring naked rats?"

"Think like a canine - not a biped. They slip the word rat into their ad and political reporters - commentators and nautical heavyweights cover it like a tent and all for free."

"An ad that played in a dozen states gets national coverage?"

"And the biped candidate Bush gets national issue exposure."

"What are these biped candidates trying to accomplish?"

"The biped Bush has co-opted biped Gore's political issues."

"And the biped Gore?"

"His media pack is attacking Bush with books and magazine articles in an attempt to co-opt his character issue."

"Arf! The authors called him a mentally limited dyslectic."

"That's what Gore's pack would like us to believe. But I don't think it's true. He was never a Senator. He flew the F-102 (a lead sled). He is a Governor and a Yale graduate."

"And the biped Gore?"

"No one's ever been injured falling off a typewriter. He's a hard one to pin down. Chameleon - all things to all people."

"So a mentally limited dyslectic has outfoxed the Gore pack?"

"Appears so. Says something about brains and judgement."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indianntic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

September 21 2000

An unsolicited update - *Alfred E. Gizmo's (Four Paws Up - Literati Agency fame)* author *James McMillen Owen. No Time For Pilots* is his book. Sales are as slow as molasses in January. Thought it might be because of the political silly season.

So I asked Giz, "Tell me? What's it all about - Alfie?"

And he said, "Biped political economics!"

"Political economics? Isn't that an oxymoron?"

"Remember the culturally correct - unionized - Tax and Spend political party's attack on the Barefoot & Pregnant ones?"

"Arf! Accused them of giving tax cuts to the wealthy."

"Depends on what your definition of wealthy is."

"Isn't the definition of wealthy a biped millionaire?"

"Used to be, but not anymore. The Tax & Spend definition is bipeds who are married - or making over \$40,000 a year."

"They wouldn't tax the Social Security income of retired folks - would they? That income has already been taxed."

"The Tax & Spenders have been there and done that."

"That's unbelievable! Why - bipeds who would do that would tax money away from widows - orphans and the dead."

"They've been there and done that too."

"So this is what they mean by - 'We're Fighting For You'?"

"Depends on what your meaning of you is. Fight means tax."

"Fight means tax? So that's why sales are slow!"

"Roger that! After the Tax & Spenders get theirs - there's not enough left for books - or milk - or a second dress."

"Pogo was right, 'We have seen the enemy and he is us!'."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

'Till The Tax Cows Come Home

Tax relief will occur when our Boomers and post Vietnam generations of 401K and IRA investors begin to withdraw their funds from stock accounts. They will soon discover a tax bill from twenty to forty percent on what they thought was a secure retirement account. Then and only then will a clamor for tax relief arise. Reform of Medicare and Social Security will be considered serious only when contributions come from pretax income. Social Security is now taxed twice - when paid and when withdrawn. And ask any self employed person about the cost to their families of after tax contributions. They are double what an employed person pays. Government funding of medical care and prescriptions will be considered serious when congress revises the law to make these expenses fully deductible and not a percentage of income. And when we die - will our children and widows be comforted by our lifetime of hard earned investments and work? Ask a land poor farmer what will be left after the tax and spenders get their share. There is no free lunch. Government programs must be paid for with taxes or borrowed money. Our taxpayers will be milked until the tax cows come home.

James McMillen Owen

Connect The Dots

... Pawn Shops purchase stolen goods and Euphoria Law requires that victims must purchase their stolen goods from Pawn Shops. Euphoria legislators wrote this law.

... Political candidates run for office on a platform to save Social Security and Medicare. A budget surplus accidentally happens and the surplus is spent on bread and circuses.

... Political candidates run for office on a platform supporting term limits (six years). Six years later they're still running for office.

... Political candidates solicit funds from special interest groups. In office they write laws favoring special interest groups. Too many to include here, but rest assured - John Q. Public isn't one of them.

... Our State Department supports military intervention as a diplomatic initiative and reunification of Yugoslavia as a goal. Balkan ethnic groups support Serbia for Serbs, Croatia for Croatians etc. and we support Kosovo for Albanians. And Madeline Albright says, "What is the use of having a strong military if your not going to use it." The Cold War is over and forgotten. Our State Department can't remember a Foreign Policy of 'Deterrence.'

... Our County Council is on the least watched cable & UHF TV channels. They eagerly tape their august performances for later viewing and Cable rates rise - service costs increase and the long awaited competition - bringing rates down disappears into a monopoly. The official 'answer' - "Nothing can be done because it is from Washington."

... So - Senators and Congressmen preen and grin for an appearance on CSPAN1 and CSPAN2. They eagerly tape august performances for later viewing and Cable rates rise - service costs increase and the long awaited competition - bringing rates down disappears into a monopoly. The official 'answer' - "Nothing can be done - no no not here in Washington. Don't you understand - cable is private and competitive enterprise. We must protect it from satellite dish competitors. Don't dare let them provide local TV access."

... Television sets are produced with cable access built in. Cable companies won't provide service unless you rent a 'box' and pay for installation. Metonymically - "And nothing could be done because it was the mayors - councilmen - legislators congressmen and senators 'son.'"

... "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said - in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean - neither more or less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make a word mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master - that's all."

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

September 28 2000

Another unsolicited update on *Alfred E. Gizmo's* author - the one who wrote *No Time For Pilots - James McMillen Owen*. He wrote an editorial on advertising R and X rated records and movies to children. I called his literati agent - *Alfred E. Gizmo*.

So I asked Giz, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

"The Tax & Spend biped candidate's media friends were caught advertising sexually explicit wares and mayhem to children."

"Isn't that against the law?"

"No it isn't, but it isn't right."

"What do biped candidates Gore and Lieberman plan on doing?"

"They have publicly condemned this advertising practice."

"But they're taking political funds from these same cretins!"

"Gives new meaning to watch my hands - not my mouth."

"Wasn't Lieberman outspoken on this issue?"

"So was Gore's mate. However both chose money over morals."

"So the political Tax & Spend pack leaders are spinning."

"In circles - chasing tales' to divert us from what we see."

"But didn't biped Gore say he'd pass a law to prevent this?"

"Watch his hands not his mouth. It's unconstitutional."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Tell the bipeds to read my author's editorial."

"No one will publish it. It's not politically correct."

"Then we can push the solution the Barefoot & Pregnant VP candidate Cheney's mate recommends. We should all S&S.

"S&S? Now I remember. Shame and shun the smut purveyors."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Guest Editorial

The question isn't - How can we prevent young adults from watching and listening to X and R rated media products? The question is - How can we raise children to become thinking - responsible young adults? The logical approach is to analyze the obstacles and apply a correction. There is no solution. And there is no media center (Hollywood has gone global).

The first obstacle is rebellion against authority. Been there since Cain and Able. Correction - Laws for young adults and rules for children. If there are no rules - rebellion knows no bounds. Strict - enforced rules give children something positive to rebel against. One cannot break a rule if there are none. Who's responsible for this correction? Community. Who's responsible for compliance? Students - teachers - administrators - parents - all backed up and encouraged by responsible parents.

The second obstacle is peer pressure. Correction - Turn this from a negative to a positive. Mandatory dress codes and curfews for students. Student uniforms are not intended to improve grades. Uniforms eliminate external differences. Curfews are not intended to create good behavior. They prevent an opportunity for bad behavior. As an added bonus - curfews and uniforms give students something positive to rebel against. And uniforms identify who is a student - who isn't and our school against theirs.

The third obstacle is societal and media driven. If we talk about sex and mayhem - advertise it - print news about it - make movies and recordings about it - we'll have a society where mayhem - illicit and underage sex and abuse happens. Correction - We must have responsible free speech and press.

But one should not have the right to provide a primer on how to create mayhem - murder - or abuse children. One should not have the right to create video games - TV programs and movies that encourage child abuse - underage sex and murder.

The fourth obstacle is our society's glorification of counter culture heroes and its vilification of those who attempt to enforce rules and laws. Marilyn Manson and Fonzi aren't Mickey Rooney's Andy Hardy. Think about it. We vilify Lynda Tripp and lionize Monica Lewinsky. Then we wonder why no one warns the authorities that their fellow students carry guns and plot mayhem. Correction - There isn't an easy fix, but if our artists can create positive images in poetry - song - lyrics - literature and visuals and stop praising the dark side it would be a beginning.

The fifth obstacle is the curtailment of religious morality in schools. Correction - Wouldn't it be nice if we had a copy of God's Ten Commandments in bold letters right above the blackboard in our public schools. And wouldn't it be nice if we started each school day with a nondenominational prayer.

The sixth obstacle is lack of societal respect by militant minorities. Correction - The definition of a democratic republic is rule by the majority with respect to the minority. Through law and court decisions our democratic republic is leaning toward rule by the minority without respect to the majority. With this in mind - Wouldn't it be nice if we left the Boy Scouts alone to do their good deeds and encourage our Boy Scouts to continue in their efforts to protect our nation's youth from militant homosexual recruitment and pedophilia.

Barking Dogs

2835 N Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

September 30 2000

Another unsolicited update on my client's author - who wrote *No Time For Pilots - James McMillen Owen*. I've had to walk more than ride lately. My paws and claws are wearing down - so I called my client and fellow canine - Alfred E. Gizmo.

I asked him, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

"Our biped master is curtailing the use of his automobile."

"I noticed that. My paws are sore from hoofing it."

"Energy costs have gone up. Not enough gas and oil."

"What caused this problem."

"I'm not sure. There's so much finger pointing by the Tax & Spenders - it's hard to tell what the problem is."

"Isn't Gore the Tax & Spend biped point man on energy?"

"He was until there was a problem. Even wrote a book on it."

"What's he doing about it now?"

"Pointing fingers at oil companies. Says they're gouging."

"I thought he wanted to tap the strategic reserve?"

"He recommends that we do, but it won't work. Haven't built a new refinery in twenty years and ours are at capacity."

"How about natural gas - coal and alternative energy?"

"Gore's environmental folks have regulated new refineries out of consideration - curtailed oil and gas drilling - turned a clean burning coal deposit into a National Monument and are tearing down hydroelectric dams to save fish and snails."

"Is this biped candidate Gore's real energy policy?"

"His environmental protection policy. Invest in buggy whips and cloth. Gore's real energy policy is horses and sail."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 N Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 5 2000

Another unsolicited update on my writer and biped bon vivant

- *James McMillen Owen* - author of *No Time For Pilots*. I was confused. Had race - religion - sex and ethnicity become issues in the biped political campaign? I called my pal Giz. Owen's canine literati agent - *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo*.

I asked Giz, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

"The biped candidate Gore has picked a Jewish running mate."

"So - what's being Jewish got to do with it?"

"Anyone who attacks Lieberman will be called anti-Semitic."

"I see. How about the Afro-American vote."

"Anyone pointing out that 90% support Gore is a racist."

"And the homosexual and feminist vote?"

"Same thing - they'd be called homophobic and anti-woman."

"So the biped Gore has locked up the Jewish - Afro-American - homosexual and feminist vote. What about biped Bush?"

"He could target Protestants & Catholics, but he won't."

"He'd be called anti-Semitic?"

"Yes. And if he attempts to organize whites he's racist."

"And if he attempts to organize married biped bisexuals?"

"He'd be called homophobic and anti-woman."

"Can't he organize ethnic groups?"

"Locked up. Tax & Spenders have been there and done that in New York - Massachusetts - California and Hawaii."

"If you and I point out that Tax & Spenders are organizing voting blocks by race - religion - sex and ethnicity?"

"The media pack would jump on us and devour us like a pack of jackals. Over 90% of the media pack are Tax & Spend."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 5 2000

Another unsolicited update on *Alfred E. Gizmo's* bon vivant author - *James Mcmillen Owen* who wrote *No Time For Pilots*. Giz and me have spent the last week in a kennel.

So I asked Giz, "What's it all about - Alfie?"
"Our biped author flew to a convention in Las Vegas."
"A likely story. He probably went there for the chow."
"Something about a gathering of a flock of Old Crows."
"We're being replaced by scavenger birds?"
"No - these Crows are bipeds. Defense electronic whizzes."
"That's a relief. Who are you supporting? Gore or Bush?"
"Bush. I still have a crush on Millie Kerr Bush."
"She's gone four paws up."
"So has the biped Marylin Monroe. But she still has fans."
"What's wrong with the biped Gore's canine."
"Gore says his dog and his Mother are on drugs."
"Can't his dog just arf no?"
"Should. According to Gore his dog's drugs cost a lot."
"Where did he find this information?"
"In the congressional record."
"He doesn't communicate with his Mother or his dog?"
"That's why I'm for Bush."
"A Bush in the paw is better than a Mother and dog ignored?"
"Roger that. And Bush might have one of Millie's grandpups."
"When do we get out of this kennel?"
"This afternoon. Wag your tail at the lovely biped ladies."
"Good canine thinking. We might get an extra portion."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 7 2000

Another unsolicited update on my client's writer. Our bon vivant author of *No Time For Pilots - James McMillen Owen*. I heard through the media that biped candidate Bush has a mole. I called my canine client *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo*.

So I asked my fellow canine, "What's it all about - Alfie?"
"Tax & Spend candidate Gore has a mole in Bush's campaign."
"Is that on the muzzle or on top of his paw."
"Think like a canine. A campaign is like political war."
"Can't Bush get the vet to cut the mole off?"
"Not that kind of mole."
"The hardware store sells traps."
"Not that kind of mole either. This one is a Gore spy who digs up dirt working for G. W. Bush - or his ad agency."
"A biped who sidewinds in the dirt? It's Paul Begala!"
"No. Begala is in charge of Tax & Spend misinformation."
"Doesn't he work for Potomac Pravda and Behind the Times?"
"Appears to be true. Their reporters tend toward laziness. They've been known to regurgitate Tax & Spend spin."
"If the mole isn't the snake Paul Begala - who is it?"
"The Tax & Spend Justice hounds are on the case."
"The same ones who can't catch an atomic spy?"
"Doesn't look promising - does it?"
"Didn't the Tax & Spend lawmakers impeach a Barefoot & Pregnant President for stealing their campaign data?"
"That and then lying about it."
"I see! It depends on who's ox is being Gore-d'"

Harry the Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 13 2000

Another unsolicited update about my client's author who wrote a *Catch 22* style novel - *No Time For Piots*. *James McMillen Owen* has just returned from Las Vegas. I was asleep in a kennel, but *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo* saw the candidates debate.

So I asked my canine client, "What's it all about - Alfie?"
"Hard to tell. The biped Gore kept repeating one percent."
"Didn't he give biped candidate Bush a chance to answer."
"Only when forced to. Remember how we chase our tails?"
"Roger that! It's a game. We go around in circles."
"Exactly how Tax & Spend Gore answered when questioned."
"If he answered in a circle - where did he hide the truth?"
"In the middle."
"And he touched all sides without going there?"
"Roger that. Tax em' Gore is a master at misinformation."
"So the biped Bush didn't know which lie to challenge?"
"Couldn't. Gore's lies are thicker than fleas on a cat."
"What about their deputy dogs - Cheney and Lieberman?"
"Wasn't a dog fight. No one barked and outside of Lieberman repeating Gore's Tax & Spend pack of lies - quite civilized."
"I heard the one about an overcrowded Sarasota school room."
"Too many computers. Filled an entire room. A local news reporter took a photo op for his Tax & Spend masters. Had this photo of a poor little rich girl standing one whole day without a desk in one of Euphoria's best shools."
"I could use a computer. I'll stand for a day to get one."
"Save your paws. It'll be our transport if Gore's elected!"

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A # 903 Indialantic FL 32903

Dear

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

October 16 2000

Another unsolicited update about my client - *Alfred E. Gizmo's* author - *James McMillen Owen* who wrote *No Time For Pilots*.

First half of his novel is reminiscent of 'No Time For Sergeants' and the second half - 'Catch 22'. Though most ladies who have read it like the love story aspect - so it's all things to all bipeds. Giz's author read Alter's Newsweek propaganda about the first Gore - Bush debate.

So I asked my fellow canine, "What's it all about - Alfie?"
"Newsweek is published by Pravda on the Potomac - the Post."
"And they support the Tax & Spend biped candidate Gore?"
"Big time. Alter is their disinformation dispenser."
"I thought it was that sidewinder Paul Begala."
"Begala? An independent contractor. Dispenses it out of Tax & Spend loyalty. Alter is a professional truth twister who dispenses misinformation on direction of his Post masters."
"Which is worse?"
"Newsweek's Alter. Hides under the disguise of a reporter."
"What about Time magazine's Margaret Carlson?"
"A naive columnist. Doesn't know she's a biased fabricator."
"What does that say about Newsweek & Time?"
"Down on their knees to Clinton & Gore's Tax & Spenders."
"But - where can we find the truth that will set us free?"
"Not in a New York newspaper - or in the biped magazines."
"How about the nautical heavyweight's network news?"
"Last place a canine like you or me would point too."
"The Clinton News Network? Or MiSinformation NBC?"
"On our cousin Fox - with a grain of salt & divide by two!"

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 17 2000

Another unsolicited update about my client - Giz's bon vivant author of *No Time For Pilots - James McMillen Owen*. He received several flattering reviews in University publications. It's obvious - they used the Journalism department's spell check. "The novel is more than just fun and games. It's foundation is built solidly upon the search for happiness and stability amidst a dangerous career - complimented by moments of comic relief. It may remind soldiers why they joined the military in the first place." Enough of that. If you've got the right stuff - blow your horn judiciously. The second debate is over - so I called *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo*.

I asked my fellow canine, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

"The biped Gore looked like a deer caught in the headlights. Bush ran over him - big time."

"Did the Barefoot & Pregnant candidate Bush shoot him?"

"More like bushwhacked. Bush has been lying low. Pretending he is slow of wit and average of intellect. Turns out he's a hundred-fifty watt bulb in a hundred-fifty watt socket."

"But Paul Begala claimed he was a twenty-five watt bulb in a hundred watt socket."

"After Begala's debate advice - his rattles were cut off. He was last seen crawling away - side winding between a rock and the hard place."

"What about their answers to foreign policy questions? Bush agreed with some of Clinton's."

"Both missed the cause of revolts in Palestine and Serbia."

"Didn't Bush say it was a search for freedom in the Balkans and Gore say it was because of Clinton's foreign policy."

"Gore and Bush were half right. Revolutions come from rising expectations. Clinton is in search of a legacy. In an attempt to achieve a mid east peace settlement he provided impetus for an uprising. He pushed a Palestinian homeland solution. The Palestinian populace's expectations rose. He couldn't deliver. Expectations blew the cap off the genies bottle. Serbia's revolution is internal. Began in election fraud and ended in a rising expectations revolution."

"Did they discuss the energy problem?"

"Bush wants to drill for oil - build refineries - mine low sulfur coal - pump more natural gas and keep hydroelectric dams while we look for new energy sources. Gore wants to develop new energy sources and tap the petroleum reserve."

"Have they refined any of it yet. Winter's coming on."

"No. They put it up for bids to oil buyers."

"Refineries - storage tanks and buyers like that?"

"Maybe - maybe not. They sold three million gallons to an apartment in Harlem."

"I may be a dog, but an apartment in New York city? It can't be a refinery. We haven't built a new one in twenty-five years. And we're tearing down storage tanks. And we can't build pipelines because of environmental restrictions."

"You've got a point. Apartments may be Clinton's solution to our storage tank shortfall."

"What are we going to do with the oil stored there? It's not near a pipeline - or a refinery."

"It's going to help Hillary win her senate seat."

"Will she use it to grease her path from Illinois to Arkansas to Washington DC to New York city to Washington DC?"

"No. She needs all of it to slick back Al Sharpton's hair."

A Balkan Primer

(Or how I learned to love an ethnocentric conflict)

Four elemental causes have generated warfare and conflict in the Balkans: Tribal - National - Economic and Religious. The genesis of today's conflict began when Constantine moved his Roman Capitol to what is now Turkey in 300 A.D. In 395 A.D. Rome was split into two parts - Eastern and Western with the Church finally splitting into Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic in 1054. Now it gets complicated. In 622 - the beginning of the Muslim calendar - Mohammed flees from Mecca to Medina and Arabs eventually conquer everything from China to Europe. Islam is firmly entrenched until 1492 when Moors were finally conquered in Spain. In 1055 Asian Seljuk Turks moved west and captured Baghdad - 1064 Armenia and in 1075 Palestine. In 1453 the Turks capture Constantinople - and in 1517 they conquer Egypt and control Arabia.

Imagine - it wasn't until 1572 at the peace of Constantinople that Turkish expansion into Europe and the Balkans was even temporarily halted. Then it took six years - 1683 to 1689 - for European powers to fight and defeat the Turks at Vienna - the high water mark of Turkish advancement into Europe. In 1822 Greece declares its independence from Turkey. Turkey invades Greece and Russia declares war on Turkey. This war ends when the Turks recognize Greek independence in 1829. The Crimean war begins in 1853 - Turkey declares war on Russia. In 1854 Britain and France join Turkey as allies. In 1911 - the Turkish-Italian War - Italy defeats Turkey and annexes Tripoli and Libya. 1912 - 1913 the Balkan Wars. Bulgaria - Greece - Serbia and Montenegro defeat Turkey. European Turkey is split between the victors. The Balkan war continues in 1913 when Bulgaria attacks Serbia and Greece and is defeated after Romanian intervention. This ends Turkish control of the Balkans. However - ethnic Turks and Islam remain.

1914 - World War I is ignited when a Serbian nationalist assassinates Archduke Ferdinand. Turkey is allied with Austria-Hungary Bulgaria and Germany. Scholars consider this war to never have ended - still simmering today. World War II is an eruption. So here we are - mired in an undeclared war - attempting to settle a millennium of unresolved Balkan territorial and religious disputes.

What we have in the Balkans today is an ethnocentric conflict between tribal groups - Croats - Serbs - Kosovars - Albanians - etc. (The later two might be leftover Turks). A national conflict between Greece - Albania - Turkey and Yugoslavia. An economic conflict between emerging capitalism and the dictatorship of the proletariat. A religious conflict among Eastern Orthodox - Roman Catholic and Islamic religions. The fourth conflict is a tinder box - to quote Mark Twain, "The Bible has noble Poetry in it; and some clever fables; and some blood-drenched history -"

Add it all up and what do we get out of it? Our troops on the ground and in the air in Saudi Arabia - inflaming hatred of us by emerging Arab nationalists. Our troops bombed Eastern Orthodox Serbs - inflaming hatred of us in Russia - the Slavic countries and Greece. As a result we are learning what the Crusaders discovered when Saladin retook Jerusalem in 1187, "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions." (English Proverb) Our State Department? "What experience and history teach is this - that people and governments never have learned anything from history." (Hegel)

James McMillen Owen

Vomit Comet

I won't argue about Mr. Nelson's qualifications to be a US Senator. From what I've seen and read - the standards aren't that high. I do take exception to his claim that Hurricane Andrew raised home owner and business insurance rates in the Great State of Euphoria. I believe these rates were raised by humans appointed to some type of rate control board or group. When it appeared that rates were going up - big time - Mr. Nelson took this group to court. His ignorance of the law is self evident. Their rate decisions were by law not subject to his interference.

Now - somebody appointed these rate hikers to their position. And since an insurance commissioner can't influence their deliberations - he must have exerted some influence in the appointment of said individuals. The velocity of Nelson's rhetoric does not match Andrew's, but the heated atmosphere of his political speech has great potential.

And I take exception to Mr. Nelson's claim to be a mission specialist. After he used his political influence to get a free ride (the senator from Utah blazed this trail) - NASA said no más! John Glen followed Nelson's political influence path. What's wrong with their actions. Mission Specialists - who train for years - were denied opportunities to perform their craft. Getting onboard one of five flights a year is tough enough for those trained to the task. Mr. Nelson's physical actions during his passenger ride earned the shuttle he rode on the dubious honor of being called the Vomit Comet.

James McMillen Owen
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October 14 2000
tele. 321-777-1901

Launch Em' All

If senator John Glenn isn't too old to go up up and away in NASA's wonderful space shuttle - then why not Jesse Helms - Strom Thurmond - Ernest Hollings - Robert Byrd. Think of it - we have at our finger tips a brand new way to implement term limitations. If it works for the old folks - then why not launch Newt Gingrich - Richard Armey - David Bonior - Richard Gephardt - every single one a muddle aged legislator. And while we're at it - the entire editorial staff of Florida Today - who have never found a female candidate they didn't like - regardless of party.

If those Russians can come up with a larger lift vehicle - since we've spent all of our hard earned cash on the space station - why not launch all those folks in Hollywood and New York. The ones who decided that rebellion and Fonzi should replace Father Knows Best and Going My Way. And follow them with all of the print editors - publishers and song sellers. The ones who decided that four letter words should replace home - hearth - true love - marriage and morality. And if there's enough room - all those folks of the religious right and left. The ones who preach it's my way or the highway. OOPS! Did I forget to say - it should be a one way trip?

Jim Owen

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Barking Dogs

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Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 18 2000

Another unsolicited update on my client's author and bon vivant - *James McMillen Owen*. The third and last debate is history. I telephoned my canine friend - Owen's Literati Agent - Chinese Border collie *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo*.

In need of clarity I asked, "What's it all about - Alfie." "Damned if I know. I was trying to listen when the hair rose up on the back of my neck. Even let out a snarl or two." "Which one of the two biped candidates got your dander up?" "That son of a female canine Gore. When he bulled his neck and entered Bush's territory - I wanted to bite his ankle." "It upset me - too. Reminded me of a barnyard rooster." "If you mean all crow and no craw - I agree." "What did Bush do when Gore attempted to mark his territory?" "Stared him down and let him hang himself on his own words. Gore's dialogue has great volume, but little staying power. It's diluted by too many promises. His words will soon be scattered on the western wind, but his surly countenance will be remembered by voters come November 7." "Where did he go wrong?" "Tried to cover up a lack of conviction by motion." "Then - who is the real Al Gore?" "Gore is 'Georgie-Porgie - puddin' and pie. Kissed the girls and made them cry.' Tipper's lips are still sore after he crushed her like an obeisant male seeking submission. We may not understand his words, but we do understand his actions."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 23 2000

Another unsolicited update on my client's author - bon vivant **James McMillen Owen**. Owen - author of an American Literature classic - *No Time For Pilots - or How To Herd Sheep At The Pentagon* is compiling a new tome tentatively titled *The Alfie Letters*. So - I called his litreati agent *Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo*.

I asked my canine friend, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

"Remember when we had those two New York agents?"

"Roger that. Performed like government workers - wouldn't work - only did lunch and we couldn't fire them."

"Roger that. But - New York publishers won't accept inputs from unrepresented authors. That's why we have to work."

"Been tough playing catch up. Can't write without an opposing thumb and my paw fur gets stuck between the keys."

"Tell me about it. You know what's really embarrassing?"

"That we actually had one of his novels published?"

"Close - but no cigar. Try again."

"I know! New York publishers don't know we're canines!"

"That's true. They write to us every day. Makes you wonder if they can read. It's the other unpublished authors. We're receiving letters asking us to represent their novels."

"What about this new book? Owen's plagiarizing our letters."

"And all we get from him are table scraps and kibble!"

"Do you think we'll get a response from New York publishers?"

"Odds are we'll receive fifty or so rejection slips."

"It'll make good fire starter. What do you recommend?"

"Change our author's name to Jessie Abraham McMillen Owen."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 N Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

October 26 2000

Another unsolicited update on my client's author and bon vivant - *James McMillen Owen. Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo* and literati agent has been watching as the fur flies in the final weeks of the biped presidential campaign.

So I asked my canine pal, "What's it all about - Alfie?"
"Liberal press is again spreading the Tax & Spend rumor that the Barefoot & Pregnant candidate is mentally deficient."
"Roger that - big time. How does Bush compare with Gore?"
"Bush's college point average is higher than Gore's. Bush is a Harvard Business School graduate. Gore either flunked or dropped out of two graduate schools. He claims the later."
"Then - if Bush is mentally deficient - Gore is?"
"According to the liberal press - a political genius."
"Does Gore have the intellectual capacity to be one?"
"Gore is a genius at remembering facts in a straight line, but lacks the mental ability to relate disparate facts."
"Is this a talent that is important in a biped president?"
"Very. Relates to judgment. Bush has this ability."
"Doesn't Gore through his new spending proposals demonstrate the ability to push a camel through an eye of a needle?"
"Has too if he wants to turn the sick well - old solvent - young smart and not hire one new government worker!"
"He is a busy Georgie Porgie. Is he still inventing?"
"If elected - Gore will invent a new law of Physics."
"Is it about gravity? Or - a body in motion?"
"It's a new one. Gore will prove that motion is work."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent to the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

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Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear Editor

November 7 2000

Another unsolicited update about my client's author - that bon vivant author of *No Time For Pilots* *James McMillen Owen*. I watched as he read an advertisement for Euphoria Toady. So I nudged *The Great Gizmo - Alfred E. Gizmo* with my muzzle.

And I asked my canine buddy Giz, "What's it all about Alfie?" "Don't know for sure. The ad says Euphoria Toady is in touch with Mosquito County."

"Is it a Toady touchy-feely sort of emotional thing?"

"Must be. I'm still looking for the Euphoria Toady touch."

"Did you look in Toady's restaurant reviews."

"Toady doesn't do them anymore. They quit a good thing."

"I remember. Toady wrote anonymous reviews until a grease pit threatened to pull its advertising after a bad one."

"Roger that. It was one the best articles in Friday's paper. And it isn't Mosquito's failed restaurant inspections. They now hide them inside the weekend editions."

"Is Toady's Friday supplement - TGIF in touch?"

"Only if you mean in touch with Mouseville to the east."

"I know! Toady is in touch with Mosquito County politics!"

"Mosquito County is Barefoot & Pregnant - heterosexual - Christian territory. Toady is a Tax & Spend - militant feminist - non sectarian newspaper."

"Then whom or what is Euphoria Toady in touch with?"

"Like all single newspaper communities - our pocketbooks."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

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Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

Nov 8 2000

Another unsolicited update about my client's author and bon vivant - *James McMillen Owen. Alfred E. Gizmo - The Great Gizmo* - his literati agent and Chinese Border collie - a smallish herder of Asian origin watched as the bipeds voted for the leader of their pack yesterday.

So I asked my canine pal Giz, "What's it all about - Alfie?"
"Elections over. Bipeds decided that Bush is their leader."
"What's he going to do now? Mark his territory?"
"Can't. Gore has brought out his two secret weapons."
"I thought elections were supposed to be above board."
"They are. He isn't. You didn't ask what the weapons were.
It's his phalanx of trial lawyers and Jessie Jackson."
"How can they stop an election?"
"Jackson takes to the streets with his minions and the trial lawyers take to the courts."
"Elections in court? What's a judge to do with it?"
"Don't you remember? Euphoria encouraged electronic voting to get rid of human error. Gore wants a hand count."
"Will the courts direct one?"
"Might. If Gore can introduce biped error he might win."
"And if he doesn't?"
"His lawyers will claim the ballot is confusing."
"If that doesn't work?"
"He'll keep the count going until he gets the right vote."
"Don't you mean the vote right?"
"Not in his dictionary. The right vote means he wins."

Harry The Hound

Publicity Agent for the biped impaired

Barking Dogs

2835 Hwy A1A #903 Indialantic FL 32903

Publicity Hounds

321-777-1901

Dear

Nov 15 2000

My publicity hound has authorized me to go direct. Agree with you on the election. Most of the stuff the talking heads say about Euphoria is half truths. Unfortunately - all of your beltway bandit guests don't understand election laws or Euphoria. A little primer and we're off to Buffalo.

Each county in Euphoria purchases their own voting machines and they're not cheap. Of the four in question - only Volusia has a new system (plain English - computer read paper ballot). As these are almost foolproof - it calls into question why they asked for a recount when less than ninety votes were changed out of 180,000. Unless you want to change the count.

The three computer card counties - Dade - Broward and Palm Beach have Democratic county governments who are too cheap to buy new systems. I don't mean to imply Semitic values. But you know who pays taxes there. My county - Mosquito got rid of theirs and bought the Volusia system. Not one vote was changed on recount (see above).

Our election laws are very strict. When we set a time limit - we mean it. If a county fails to comply - or requests a time extension - it is a non starter. By law - if they are going to conduct a recount - they must gather the resources necessary to do so to complete the recount seven days after the election. There are no excuses. These laws were written when the state was Democratic. If this law is bent - the integrity of the system would be called into question and all deadlines open to political interpretation.

Now about counting computer punch cards by hand. It took Palm Beach 15 hours to count 1%. Any fool knows it will take 99 - 10 to 15 hour days to count the other 99% - unless you hire an additional five thousand counters. I love poetic justice. Those who were too cheap to buy modern machines are forced to pay for a recount (you ask for it - you pay for it). Having handled computer punch cards - I cannot imagine doing a one by one manual recount. It is mind boggling. Broward didn't for two reasons. They didn't want to become a replacement for Polish jokes (as Palm Beach has become). And they saw the futility of counting punch cards one by one. Dade has decided not too and I doubt they will. Their mayor and other local Democrat politicians were sent to jail for election fraud. A recount opens Miami's Pandora box as most of the disqualified ballots were by Cuban Americans who hate Clinton/Gore. And lastly the Democratic talking dogs (90% of the media) imply - if you have a four vote increase for Gore in three precincts - you will have the same in all precincts. Of course - if you do this - you must discount reality. These three precincts are Democratic and at least 40% of the remaining Republican. So when you hear four hundred possible votes - think a little over two hundred.

It is written down in the good book of Alice, "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, "It means just what I choose it to mean - neither more nor less." "The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things." "The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master - that is all."

The Democratic talking dogs shouldn't have picked on our Secretary of State. She gets mad and then even! Hell hath no fury like a woman attacked!

James McMillen Owen

Dear Izvestiya on the Indian River

November 22 2000

Congratulations! Your propaganda efforts and those of your candidate's fellow travelers has paid off. By a stacked Supreme Court decision - a ruling has disenfranchised the majority of our Banana Republic's voters. However - your candidate's followers may have to burn down our Reichstag and Reichsrat to ensure his ultimate political victory.

Jessie's brown shirt supporters have marched in the streets of one of our southern socialist county neighbors. Trial lawyers have descended on the Great State of Euphoria (with their carpet bags) from the north. Our rule of law has been replaced by the rule of lawyers in one-party courts. Votes are being counted - recounted - contested and affirmed by one party canvassing boards. All to implement - believe it or not - the will of the people in four out of our sixty-seven counties. The absurdity of this and these procedures is self evident to all but the political insane. Our Supreme Court's ruling has divided - not united our populace.

Lewis Carroll's *Alice* has said it all! "But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knockdown argument,'" Alice objected. "When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean - neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master - that is all."

James McMillen Owen

Dear Views

Ides of March

An unsolicited update about another non issue of today - reparations to any relative of a former slave. I asked my Literary Agent and canine friend - The Great Gizmo - Alfred E. Gizmo, "What's it all about - Alfie?"

"Seems there's a movement afoot to give each daughter and son of a son and a daughter and on and on of an ex-slave a federal largess for being sent to the land of freedom in chains. Some are calling their treatment 200 years ago, "A holocaust.""

"But weren't slaves treated as property and weren't they the single most important form of wealth in the Confederacy."

"Roger that - one doesn't throw money into a furnace."

"Now about being sent here in chains. How about the millions of us who's ancestors were sent here as indentured servants? Talk about inhumane treatment. Mine weren't valuable enough to be treated as wealth."

"I've studied your family's history. You're right about not being of value. Several of your Scotch-Irish ancestors drowned off Nova Scotia."

"I didn't know that?"

"Captain was to cheap to pay dockage fees. Threw the whole lot overboard and told them to swim to land in freezing waters. Two of yours drowned before reaching shore."

"Didn't I have an ancestor defending Concord Bridge before the revolution."

"Downtrodden lad - Irish and an indentured servant."

"I remember the story. Stood there with his musket - not sure if he should shoot the Red Coats or his master."

"History doesn't say which one, but he was soon out of debt."

"Alfie! I've got it! Why don't we all just get down on our knees and join in the victimization of America?"

"Makes sense to this canine. If African Americans are victims of an unwanted fate - then every living mother's son and daughter in America is a victim too."

"Except for the Bloody Poms!"

"Now you're cooking! We have the oppressors identified. Why don't you bipeds ask for reparations from the Church of England and their American counterpart?"

"Makes sense. If the Pom's preachers had any moral fortitude when America was being settled - this slavery and indentured servant nonsense would never have happened."

"Great thinking. You're now a legitimate victim!"

"I'm feeling better already - as a victim looking for my just rewards and an apology - too."

"Aren't you a United Brethren - Methodist?"

"Yes - why do you ask?"

"Aren't they the ones who sucked up to Castro when that boy was sent back to oppression in Cuba?"

"Whoops!"

Jim (just another one of America's oppressed) Owen

Dear Fellow Flat Earthers

Ides of April

Another unsolicited update. About a great loss to mankind - The President of the Flat Earth Society. Desiring to know more - I asked my friend - canine and Literary Agent - The Great Gizmo - Alfred E. Gizmo, "What's it all about - Alfie?" "More than just a great loss to you bipeds. The honorable Charles Johnson passed away in California several weeks ago." "How appropriate that he drew his last breath in the land of fruits and nuts. How did he die?"

"Some say he fell off - but you must be a true believer."

"And a true believer believes?"

"Flat Earthers believe our earth is like a large platter with the North Pole located in center where the gravy gathers."

"If Charles fell off - where did he land?"

"Flat Earthers know he landed on top of that great blue shag carpet in the sky. Those Flat ones who believe in life after death say he will return - bouncing back up from that great celestial trampoline in the Netherworld below."

"How does one become a member?"

"You must be able to stare directly into a mirrored store front window and not see yourself."

"Isn't that avoidism?"

"Was - but California now has that energy market cornered."

"Now I see. A land where energy is in the air - not wires."

"Roger that - Charles rolled off the edge during a blackout."

"What should we send?"

"Definitely not flowers. I recommend natural gas - oil refineries - any form of electrical power."

"Don't Californians like their energy natural?"

"Then send manure. They can produce their own methane."

Jim (hogwash) Owen