

Whippoorwill E-Comment

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CHUCK DONALDSON

Does the name Donaldson sound older brother of Linda Donaldson, transplanted Buckeye who lives in in the extensive Daniel Boone Hardwick's Creek in Powell and rolling hills half forested, half raises about 40 head of cattle and calculating horses which he Rusty and Toby, and a number of Although he is not a regular regularly with family and friends delightful observations about his interesting and happy life, lived in the comfortable isolation of a rural mountainous setting. He reminds his readers, "Stories to be told in detail will require that a campfire be present."



familiar? Chuck Donaldson is an of AAPA notoriety. Chuck is a the mountains of eastern Kentucky National Forest. His place is on Lee county, over 500 acres of flatland. A true outdoorsman, he has an unusual menagerie of two affectionately calls "the boyz," assorted farm dogs and cats. journal keeper, he corresponds via e-mail, frequently making

IT'S done. The trough has left the barn. It was too far to just carry it. It isn't far enough to justify moving a truck through all the gates...so I rolled it over, got in and stood up and carried it up to the well. That way the boys (his horses) can see it and get used to going back up to the well. I don't rightly know what Rusty thought when his trough sprouted legs and got up and walked away, but I did hear a lot of thundering hoofs passing close by as I worked my way up the hill. I half expected to get my bell rung. When I went back down to the barn to get the heater element, he went too and looked rather puzzled at where the trough had been.

You should have seen Rusty a little while ago. He likes to "copy the runner" and take off running if I run. He went swooping down to buzz Toby. I hope he didn't really hurt his ankle hitting the brakes as he appeared to be getting to wheel around and do some other smarty butt trick move known only to him. He did manage a couple more crow style bunny hops after that, but I decided we had all better calm down some. He made a few full bore hard runs at us and some good hard high/kick and vents gas as well as part of this display.



I believe we've learned a new little trick to add to our repertoire of "things we do to amuse ourselves". Awhile ago, I was on my way back in from feeding the cattle, noticed the barn lights were on. They weren't on 45 minutes ago when I fed "the Boyz." When I went to investigate, the fact that the switch is within reach and "the Boyz" were standing looking at the blazing lights with a "...Damn! Did you see that?..." look on their faces, leads me to believe that they now have a new amusement. In other business, Gail said that one of the other local beef producers said that he had a cow this spring that had quadruplets. None of them, including the cow, survived. And now for MY learning curve. NEVER throw a shovel full of dried up dog turds into the wind, especially if you've just slathered on a fresh layer of chap stick. You just CAN'T spit enough.

On My Reasons for Writing Memoirs

by J. Hill Hamon

I have been interested in, and a proponent of the writing of memoirs ever since I passed middle-age and realized that none of my forbears left any kind of record. There is no evidence that they ever existed. I started writing in hopes of leaving an outline account of my life and times for my children and grandchildren nearly two decades ago. Although they probably do not

fully appreciate my efforts now, I believe they will in the future. I have completed nine chapters so far, on my interest in music, my naval aviation adventures, and the many years spent in school -- in elementary and high school, undergraduate and graduate colleges, preparing for a career in academia. Accumulating nearly 900 pages already, I expect the account to exceed fifteen hundred pages when and if I am able to complete it. It is not, in a strict sense, a formal autobiography, but is rather an episodic series of remembrances of the events in my life that I found interesting, and in retrospect, important, which are described as honestly as I could, warts and all. Although much of my life was lived in an uncritical and perhaps an unconscious fashion, the writing of memoirs has enabled me to evaluate my experiences in a sobering way. I am currently describing the events surrounding my professional years of college teaching, and I am learning much about myself hitherto unrealized. I highly recommend such writing to others.

E-Whippoorwill Comment is the electronic journal of J. Hill Hamon, who lives in the central Bluegrass region of Kentucky. He is located a hundred miles west of the ranch of Chuck Donaldson, near Frankfort, the state's capital city. With the abundance of personal computers today, which surely are more ubiquitous than cell phones, everyone has the potential of being a journalist. KyHamon@AOL.COM.