

Touch me, Jesus, touch me! My ship is about to come in. The green new deal is going to make me whole. I will start bootlegging beef. My bootleggers will stand on corners in the cities wearing trench coats and cowboy hats. They will stop people and say, "Hey, buddy," open their coats and show T-bone steaks, sirloins, and tenderloins. I will be the El Chapo of the illegal beef trade. The price of beef will Quinn-triple! Most greenies don't know where food comes from beyond Brussels sprouts, rutabagas, and turnips, so hiding my cows near the feral horses will be a snap. I will move to Mexico. Land will be cheap there, as all those folks will have moved to America to live out the next 12 years before the apocalypse.

In my short life I have been through a lot of predictions of the apocalypse. Nuclear winter was my favorite in junior high. The class was shown films of houses, cars and dummies being blown to smithereens. We got under our desks. That was when I first questioned that maneuver. If the roof falls in, your desk would crush you. That might have been a diabolical plot by my teacher wanting me smacked down.

As I squatted under my desk during the drill, my first thought was rather than wait out the last five minutes of my life with my head down and my hands behind my head, with my voice changing and the little girls who used to beat me up now looking different, why not a crash course in comparative anatomy?

It seemed odd to me that Burns, Ore., would be the Russian target. This really bothered me as dying at the hands of the worst missile battery in the whole Soviet Army was humiliating. Couldn't they hit Portland, Seattle, or San Francisco, instead of little old Burns, which couldn't be the original target. In those days living was not an option. I have five sisters. Five years in a bomb shelter with that crew was not an alternative. All I could think was walk towards the light, walk towards the light!

The Armageddons have just kept piling up. Granddad sold the ranch. I was going to have to find a career. My parents were not going to pay big bucks or pay bribes to get me into junior college. I got into bonehead Eng-



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has been a total failure unless you are a lawyer living off the system to grind good stewardship into the ground with ridiculous rules and regulations.

The whole movement has been abysmal. As Ronald Reagan said, "The closest thing to eternity on earth is a government program." The good news is the sheep guys never even got honorable mention in the methane gas myth. Usually all the evils of the world are attached to sheep. There is a probative argument that the Taylor Grazing Act was invented to eliminate the sheep guys. We have gone from 60 million head to a little over three million head of ewes. It is hard to argue with success. Now the cowboys are on the hot seat. If you have ever kicked a band of sheep off a bed ground from the downwind side after they spent the previous day gorging on wild garlic, you will realize, as they get up, that the hair in your nose has melted.

The green people need to realize that if Brussels sprouts and other tasty morsels are going to be saved, we need livestock. Only 10 percent of the earth is conducive to farming. The rest must raise things that the great unwashed can consume while the vegetable terrorists ravish their prey. Converting grass and brush into protein used to be in vogue. I know I was mostly asleep in grade school, but not totally comatose. Man and mammals and nearly all forms of life except plants exhale carbon dioxide. Plants take water molecules and with photosynthesis separate the hydrogen from the oxygen and with the carbon make cell walls and then—pay real close attention—emit *oxygen*! So it only stands to reason with billions of people on earth, if the left will hold their collective breath and not exhale, all that nasty *carbon dioxide* would go down! If the earth does warm up, so what? Deal with it. More water in the oceans means more evaporation, which means more moisture falling over land, which means more plant growth and green feed for animals and vegetable terrorists.

That's my story and I am sticking to it.

Hang and Rattle! ■

Hank Vogler runs sheep in eastern Nevada. When he's out at sheep camp cooking a buckaroo stew almost anything can go in the pot. Pretty much like his writing.

BUCKAROO STEW

Pass the Veggies

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By Hank Vogler

lish at the University of Nevada, Reno on my own, thank you very much. I returned to Burns just in time to be flooded out by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service. Its agents purposely mainlined all the water into Malheur Lake rather than use the water in "P" Valley. This drowned out 30 ranches. The refuge was not to take any land beyond the meander line of the lake. With the bottom filled up, two high-water years in a row and they were off and running.

I taught them a lesson. I packed up and went to the driest state in the nation, to one of the driest counties in Nevada, and, just for fun, we are embroiled in a fight to the death over a pipeline that starts in my backyard to take the water to Las Vegas! Throw in burying a son, pancreatic cancer, peritonitis, a fistula on my spleen, SARS, and a giant infection on my pancreas this last summer, and life has been a bowl of cherries, not counting the pits.

So the lesson is that the apocalypse is always just around the corner for anyone. In 12 years I will be in my 80s. I am not relishing the fact that advanced years mean nursing homes. The latest prognostication will be just right for me. Now I get up and remember the sage advice from Clint Eastwood, who is 88: "Don't let the old man in." Great advice, along with my favorite saying, "Never holler *whoa* in a horse race."

The green new deal is just another flavor of Spotted Owl Gore's "The Inconsistent Truth." The entire environmental movement