

Ode to E Pluribus Unum for Sunday November 27 2022

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Forties Forever



Bill Warner shot this at the LA Auto Show a decade ago...when he and I worked together at Forester Media. It was my job to complicate his life...his to make it appear that I had some idea what I was doing. Photography is one of his many talents.

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Cows Fed Hemp Act Stoned and Produce Milk Containing THC



*Scientists conducted research to see if hemp could be a safe feed option for dairy cows.
(Image credit: Peter Cade via Getty Images)*

https://www.livescience.com/cows-act-stoned-on-hemp?utm_campaign=368B3745-DDE0-4A69-A2E8-62503D85375D

The dairy cows wobbled unsteadily on their hooves, their tongues lolled about and the membranes of their eyes reddened. What triggered these odd symptoms? A diet of industrial hemp, researchers say.

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No Moaning

A Newfoundland farmer named Angus had a car accident. He was hit by a truck owned by the Eversweet Company.

In court, the Eversweet Company's hot-shot solicitor was questioning Angus.

'Didn't you say to the RCMP at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine I'm fine?' asked the solicitor.

Angus responded: 'Well, I'll tell you what happened. I'd just loaded my fav'rit cow, Bessie, into da... '

'I didn't ask for any details', the solicitor interrupted. 'Just answer the question. Did you not say, at the scene of the accident, 'I'm fine!'?'

Angus said, 'Well, I'd just got Bessie into da trailer and I was drivin' down da road.... '

The solicitor interrupted again and said, 'Your Honour, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the scene of the accident, this man told the police on the scene that he was fine. Now several weeks after the accident, he is trying to sue my client. I believe he is a fraud. Please tell him to simply answer the question. '

By this time, the Judge was fairly interested in Angus' answer and said to the solicitor: 'I'd like to hear what he has to say about his favourite cow, Bessie!'

Angus thanked the Judge and proceeded. 'Well as I was saying, I had just loaded Bessie, my fav'rit cow, into de trailer and was drivin' her down de road when this huge Eversweet truck and trailer came tundering tru a stop sign and hit me trailer right in da side. I was trown into one ditch and Bessie was trown into da udder. By Jaysus I was hurt, very bad like, and didn't want to move. However, I could hear old Bessie moanin' and groanin'. I knew she was in terrible pain just by her groans.

Shortly after da accident, a policeman on a motorbike turned up. He could hear Bessie moanin' and groanin' too, so he went over to her. After he looked at her, and saw her condition, he took out his gun and shot her between the eyes.

Den da policeman came across de road, gun still in hand, looked at me, and said, 'How are you feelin'?'

'Now wot da heck would you say?

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Natural Landscape Awards.



Brent Clark

https://naturallandscapeawards.com/competition-results-2022/?utm_source=join1440&utm_medium=email&utm_placement=newsletter

You might end up spending hours looking at these.

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Earth Now Weighs Six Ronnagrams



The Earth's mass can now be expressed as six ronnagrams after scientists voted to add new metric prefixes

Say hello to *ronnagrams* and *quettameters*: International scientists gathered in France voted on Friday for new metric prefixes to express the world's largest and smallest measurements, prompted by an ever-growing amount of data.

It marks the first time in more than three decades that new prefixes have been added to the International System of Units (SI), the agreed global standard for the metric system.

Joining the ranks of well-known prefixes like kilo and milli are ronna and quetta for the largest numbers—and *ronto* and *quecto* for the smallest.

The change was voted on by scientists and government representatives from across the world attending the 27th General Conference on Weights and Measures, which governs the SI and meets roughly every four years at Versailles Palace, west of Paris.

The UK's National Physical Laboratory, which led the push for the new prefixes, confirmed that the resolution had passed in a statement.

The prefixes make it easier to express large amounts—for example, always referring to a kilometer as 1,000 meters or a millimeter as one thousandth of a meter would quickly become cumbersome.

Since the SI was established in 1960, scientific need has led to a growing number of prefixes. The last time was in 1991, when chemists wanting to express vast molecular quantities spurred the addition of zetta and yotta.

A yottameter is a one followed by 24 zeroes.

But even the mighty yotta is not enough to handle the world's voracious appetite for data, according to Richard Brown, the head of metrology at the UK's National Physical Laboratory.

"In terms of expressing data in yottabytes, which is the highest prefix currently, we're very close to the limit," Brown told AFP.

"At the bottom end, it makes sense to have a symmetrical expansion, which is useful for quantum science, particle physics—when you're measuring really, really small things."

New weight of the world

The new prefixes can simplify how we talk about some pretty big objects.

"If we think about mass, instead of distance, the Earth weighs approximately six ronnagrams," which is a six followed by 27 zeroes, Brown said.

"Jupiter, that's about two quettagrams," he added—a two followed by 30 zeros.

Brown said he had the idea for the update when he saw media reports using unsanctioned prefixes for data storage such as *brontobytes* and *hellabytes*. Google in particular has been using *hella* for bytes since 2010.

"Those were terms that were unofficially in circulation, so it was clear that the SI had to do something," he said.

However metric prefixes need to be shortened to just their first letter—and B and H were already taken, ruling out *bronto* and *hella*.

"The only letters that were not used for other units or other symbols were R and Q," Brown said.

Convention dictates that the larger prefixes end in an A, and the smaller ones in an O.

And "the middle of the words are very, very loosely based on the Greek and Latin for nine and 10," Brown said.

The new prefixes should "future proof the system" and satisfy the world's need for higher numbers—at least for the next 20 to 25 years, he added.

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I JUST POSTED
A SELFIE AND
PEOPLE TOLD
ME TO GET
WELL SOON!

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Luigi Boccherini (1743-1805)



Boccherini at Cello
Pompeo Batoni



Master & Commander
Youtube.com

A virtuoso cellist, Boccherini often played violin repertoire on the cello, at pitch, a skill he developed by substituting for ailing violinists while touring.

He wrote a large amount of chamber music, including over one hundred string quintets for two violins, viola and two cellos (a type which he pioneered, in contrast with the then common scoring for two violins, two violas and one cello), a dozen guitar quintets, not all of which have survived, nearly a hundred string quartets, and a number of string trios and sonatas (including at least 19 for the cello). His orchestral music includes around 30 symphonies and 12 virtuoso cello concertos.

Boccherini's style is characterized by Rococo charm, lightness, and optimism, and exhibits much melodic and rhythmic invention, coupled with frequent influences from the guitar tradition of his adopted country, Spain.

Fandango https://youtu.be/tAAoHrTf_w8?t=1

Musica Nocturna <https://youtu.be/oMSTBiVxA3Q>

Master & Commander <https://youtu.be/7p94DFyBBwc?t=5> (String Quintet in C Major)



Gotcha

A woman decides to have a face lift for her 50th birthday. She spends \$15,000 and looks sensational.

On her way home, she stops at a news stand to buy a newspaper. Before leaving, she says to the clerk, "I hope you don't mind my asking, but how old do you think I am?"

"About 32," is the reply."

"Nope! I'm exactly 50," the woman says happily.

A little while later she goes into McDonald's and asks the counter girl the very same question.

The girl replies, "I'd guess about 29." The woman replies with a big smile, "Nope, I'm 50."

Now she's feeling really good about herself. She stops at a candy shop on her way down the street. She goes up to the counter to get some mints and asks the assistant the same burning question.

The clerk responds, "Oh, I'd say 30."

Again she proudly responds, "I'm 50, but thank you!"

While waiting for the bus to go home, she asks an old man waiting next to her the same question.

He replies, "Lady, I'm 78 and my eyesight is going. Although, when I was young there was a sure-fire way to tell how old a woman was. It sounds very forward, but it requires you to let me put my hands under your bra. Then and only then, I can tell you *exactly* how old you are."

They wait in silence on the empty street until her curiosity gets the better of her. She finally blurts out, "What the hell, go ahead."

He slips both of his hands under her blouse and begins to feel around very slowly and carefully. He bounces and weighs each breast and he gently pinches each nipple. He pushes her breasts together and rubs them against each other.

After a couple of minutes of this, she says, "Okay, okay... How old am I?"

He completes one last squeeze of her breasts, removes his hands, and says, "Madam, you are 50."

Stunned and amazed, the woman says, "That was incredible; how could you tell?"

"I was behind you at McDonald's."

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Looking for Something for that Special Somebody this Christmas?



https://bringatrailer.com/listing/1992-porsche-911-carrera-rs-2/?utm_source=dm&utm_medium=email&utm_campaign=2022-11-21

Only 30 years old.

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'Footloose' – Dancing In The Movies



<https://youtu.be/0rLhJZTHYo4>

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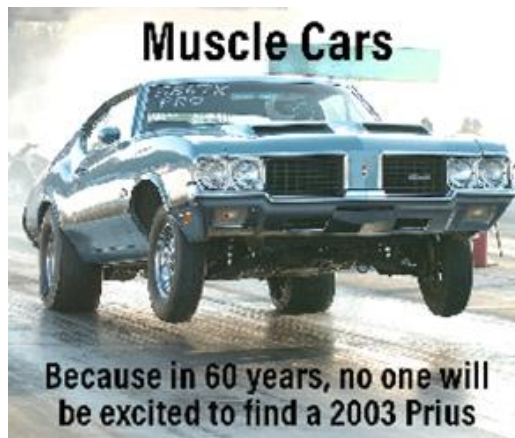
B-17/P-63 Preliminary NTSB Discussion



<https://youtu.be/rumZ1jc74f4>

This is a little outside the Odes' normal fare, but there's a lot of good information here. That said, you still may wish to pass this by.

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Why is this Happening in Antwerp Rather than Here?



https://youtu.be/s_hlvRNqGOQ?t=1

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Can Swarming Bees Potentially Change the Weather?



A frontal view of a bee swarm.

(Image credit: Andreas Häuslbetz /Alamy Stock Photo)

https://www.livescience.com/honeybees-electrify-air-more-than-thunderstorms?utm_campaign=368B3745-DDE0-4A69-A2E8-62503D85375D

Swarming bees produce so much electricity that they may affect local weather, new research suggests.

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10 of the Best Art Museums in the U.S.



Cleveland Museum of Art in Cleveland, Ohio

https://www.fiftygrande.com/10-of-the-best-art-museums-in-the-u-s/?utm_source=join1440&utm_medium=email&utm_placement=newsletter

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Graveside Service



As a bagpiper, I play many gigs. Recently I was asked by a funeral director to play at a graveside service for a homeless man. He had no family or friends, so the service was to be at a pauper's cemetery in the Kentucky back country

As I was not familiar with the backwoods, I got lost; and being a typical man I didn't stop for directions. I finally arrived an hour late and saw the funeral guy had evidently gone and the hearse was nowhere in sight.

There were only the diggers and crew left and they were eating lunch. I felt badly and apologized to the men for being late. I went to the side of the grave and looked down and the vault lid was already in place. I didn't know what else to do, so I started to play.

The workers put down their lunches and began to gather around. I played out my heart and soul for this man with no family and friends. I played like I've never played before for this homeless man.

And as I played 'Amazing Grace,' the workers began to weep. They wept, I wept, we all wept together. When I finished I packed up my bagpipes and started for my car. Though my head hung low my heart was full.

As I was opening the door to my car, I heard one of the workers say, "I never seen nothin' like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years."

Why can't men just ask for directions?

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Why Fabergé eggs are eggs



<https://youtu.be/-M2jyFLSoSE>

Great soufflé.

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The following appeared in church bulletins or were announced at church services.

The sermon this morning: 'Jesus Walks on the Water.' The sermon tonight: 'Searching for Jesus.'

Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.

Don't let worry kill you off – let the Church help.

Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I will not pass this way again', giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.

For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

The Rector will preach his farewell message, after which the choir will sing 'Break Forth Into Joy'.

Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.

Potluck supper Sunday at 5pm – prayer and medication to follow.

The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.

At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be 'What is Hell?' Come early and listen to our choir practice.

The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.

This evening at 7pm there will be hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.

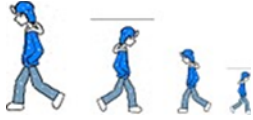
Low Self-Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7pm. Please use the back door.

The Associate Minister unveiled the church's new tithing campaign slogan last Sunday: 'I Upped My Pledge – Up Yours.'

This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs Lewis to come forward and lay an egg on the altar.

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My Walking Thoughts for

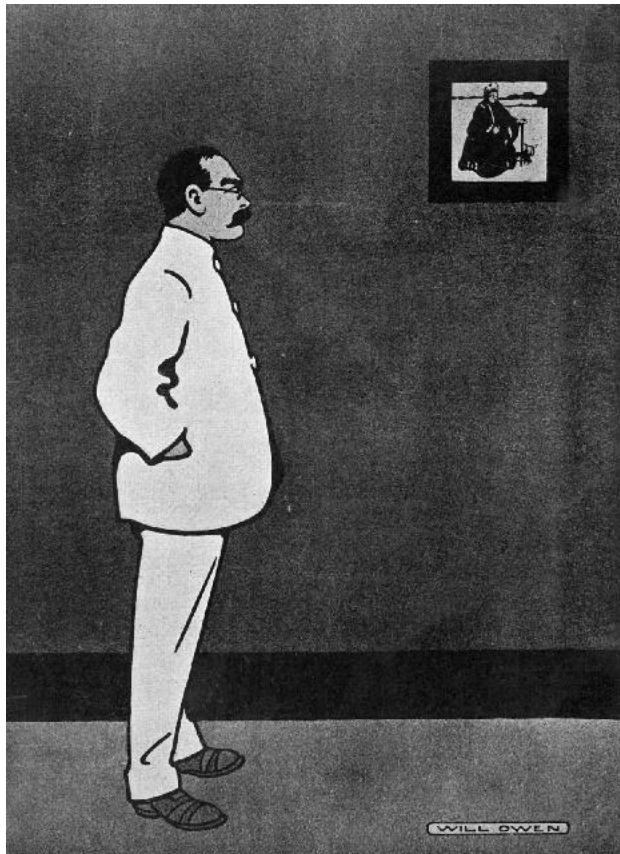


Sunday November 27 2022

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My purpose in presenting Kipling as part of My Walking Thoughts is the result of a reminder from Bart Halliday, a former squadron mate that there is nothing new about the rough treatment of veterans...a situation so poignantly brought to life in Kipling's poem Tommy.

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)



Kipling's poems and stories were extraordinarily popular in the late 19th and early 20th century, but after World War I his reputation as a serious writer suffered through his being widely viewed as a jingoistic imperialist. (His rehabilitation was attempted, however, by T.S. Eliot.)

His verse is indeed vigorous, and in dealing with the lives and colloquial speech of common soldiers and sailors it broke new ground. Balladry, music hall song, and popular hymnology provide its unassuming basis; even at its most serious—as in “Recessional” (1897) and similar pieces in which Kipling addressed himself to his fellow countrymen in times of crisis—the effect is rhetorical rather than imaginative.

Acclaimed as one of the most brilliant prose writers of his time, Kipling’s fame was redoubled upon the publication in 1892 of the verse collection Barrack-Room Ballads, which contained such popular poems as “Mandalay,” “Gunga Din,” and “Danny Deever.” Not since the English poet Lord Byron had such a reputation been achieved so rapidly.

Tommy

I went into a public-house to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like you;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind",
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool -- you bet that Tommy sees!

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"Tommy" is one of Kipling's most popular poems; it is included in *Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses*. It is similar to "Gentlemen-Rankers", "The Last of the Light Brigade," and "Danny Deever" in particular, with its emphases on the difficulties of a soldier's life, especially once back at home.

The poem continues to be brought up in the press even in the modern era when soldiers or military-related individuals suffer ill treatment when they return to the home front. A poem written by Peter Pindar in 2003 entitled "Tommy in the 21st Century" features these lines: "Yes, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' spend less on defense, / But who walks the streets of Basra when the air is getting tense? / When the air is getting tense, boys, from Kabul to Kosovo / Who'll say goodbye to wife and kids, and shoulder pack and go?"

Just something to think about as you say 'Thank you for your service.

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Outtakes from Ghost of War

Prolog II

The airplane was a Douglas DC-3, 17-passenger low-wing monoplane with retractable landing-gear and sheet-metal covering. It was operated by Valley Airways, a struggling company providing commuter service with its two airplanes among several Central Valley cities from Bakersfield to Sacramento and from there to San Francisco.

The operation was about as simple as one could imagine. The terminal doubled as maintenance hangar and crop spray storage depot, providing sanctuary to half-a-dozen

aircraft and a sizeable population of sparrows. The old-timer mechanics could tell without raising up from their work what was going on with the weather by the music the wind made as it assaulted the tattered planking and lapped and eddied among the rafters, each creaking and groaning in response to some mystic rhythm all its own.

When the weather was good, which it mostly was, passengers waited outside enjoying the parade of gaily colored aircraft making takeoffs and landings in a lively fashion particularly during spring and fall with all the spraying and seeding going on. Bad weather was a different matter as the hanger offered less shelter than one would have expected from so competent a structure it appeared to be. The oval roof was in generally good repair but even a minor leak took on serious overtones in the presence of wind. No matter how hard you tried you couldn't button the hanger up tight enough to keep the wind out, and even when it wasn't driving water in from the outside it collided with the inevitable drips with the result that the air would become super-saturated, developing a visible mist several degrees cooler than the outside air.

Sometimes during the winter, you could barely see your hand in front of your face for the ice-crystals that fluttered down from rafter level. It was quite a sight to find that after the rain the hanger walls were white with rime ice up to the twelve-foot level but clear above. It was nearly this condition in which Gordon and the other passengers found themselves as they huddled together next to a kerosene stove and stamped to keep their feet from going to sleep.

Though he was scarcely aware of any physical discomfort Gordon could hardly stand the torture of the wait. It seemed interminable, yet when the sound of the airplane came to them from the west it was a scant fifteen minutes behind schedule.

The three-engine contraption had followed Highway 99 down from Visalia, and as it passed the Camel Cigarettes billboard at the Cotati Ranch Road, the pilot banked sharply left, carving a seventy-degree arc to line up with a windrow of eucalyptus. After flying for three minutes on the new heading it was here that he came to his decision point, either finding the airport and landing or abandoning the effort and heading back to the highway to consider his options.

Despite the rain the visibility was good, and the pilot was able to touch down on his first pass, splashing gaily through the ruts and potholes toward the hangar. Valley pilots became very good at scud-running and tiptoeing through tule fog or they didn't last long with the airline.

Gordon and the others trooped outside and lined up quietly in the rain awaiting instructions from the pilot whose immediate concern was to help the southbound passengers de-plane. Then one at a time, Pastor Jacobs in the lead, the sodden band embarked and set about stowing their possessions and settling themselves in the naugahide chairs. The pilot, Captain James, apologized for being late but went on to

explain that the worst was past and that they would make up the time by Fresno. With that he disappeared into the cockpit, started the engines, and added power for takeoff.

It was the beginning of an adventure that would blossom at odd instants to the end of Gordon's days.

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Part 3 Next week.