CONSIDER

When it gets right down to life, it's the way one looks at it. There are all kinds of people that inhabit the earth. So maybe luck has something to do with it. Just what country you are a native of dictates things to come. Seems to me people lose sight of many things. What kind of person one turns out to be may depend on many things. Reckon the first to look at is your heritage. Were you born in a country that has been plagued by war? The great leaders seek their power by any means, Where savagery is the order of the day. I don't suppose you even give a second thought to your native land. Just why did so many people immigrate to new lands? This country was Indian lands before the settlers came. When you get right down to the heart of things, Your mother and your father are probably your greatest asset. How you are raised, the beliefs of your folks, got a lot to do with it. A wise man told me family fighting scattered people to new locations. Seems as though many families don't want their kids to go through what they did. Some resent having to put out honest to God work. Others think they are above the rest. Seems that every effort and sacrifice is made for so-called better life. And just who is the judge of such a thing? Yes, I can remember when twelve grades were enough schooling. Many did not have even the advantage of that much. But times does change and so do the desires of people. Seems wealth is now revered above all. (By most) Back in old days there was a tie to the land. (Just to survive) It takes all kinds of people to make the earth, we all know. Seems as though education has turned out to be the answer. This is the advancement of people over the years. First there must be the desire and the push to get it done. Then, of course, there has to be those of acquired knowledge pass it on. So we have laboratory of knowledge all about. One's ability to achieve depends on them, their circumstances and dough. Seems over the years there are professions more lucrative than others. Sure, there are people and then there are people. Many have done great things for mankind. (Thought nothing of it.) Seems as the standards have shifted - money is God, wealth is glory. I know great minds are a gift, training the mind takes time, Necessity is the mother of invention. Someone will figure out a way to do things. The great strides since the turn of the century boggles the mind. Seems one cannot come to terms with progress.
Progress, I guess, is moving forward in people's endeavors. Priorities are being pushed, what comes first.
(In the eyes of the beholder.)
Like it or not there are classes of people all over the earth. So if your home is in dear old USA you should be glad. But still there are different sides of the track. And higher education has a price, for more than the students. Just might be there should be some kind of divvy up. Those that have to those that don't give something back. All seem to desire the better things of life more than the down trodden.
So, for some, common things are a luxury they can ill afford. Ya gotta have boots before you can pull on boot straps. It is preached with liberty and justice for all. Preaching is about as close as it comes for millions on this earth. If you're looking for the truth, don't give up the search. Seems as though there will always be religious persecution.
(Always has been.)
So what is right and what is wrong only depends on the mind. Some can grasp the values of life far better than the rest. To be satisfied with the dealt cards of life, has to be a virtue. For one to strive for a better life for all comes as a dream. The poor will always be and the meek shall inherit the earth. There is nothing wrong for a desire in life, don't trod on those below.
Most in this world believe in a Supreme Being. Others think and act as though they ARE the Supreme Being. Just who will have the final say will surprise the Hell out of some.
THE PLAN

In the Beginning was the Plan
And then came the Assumptions
And the Assumptions were without Form
And the Plan was Completely without Substance
And Darkness was on the Face of the Workers
And they Spoke amongst Themselves, saying
"It is a Crock of Shit and it Stinketh"
And the Workers went to the Planners and Sayeth
"It is a Pile of Dung and None may Abide the Odor Thereof"
and the Planners went to the Supervisors and Sayeth unto Them
"It is a Container of Excretament and
It is Strong such that None may Abide by It"
And the Supervisors went to the managers and Sayeth unto Them
"It is a Vessel of Fertilizer and None may Abide its Strength"
And the Managers went to the Directors and Sayeth
"It contains that which aids Growth and It is Very Strong"
And the Directors went to the Executive Officer
and Sayeth Unto Her
"It Promoteth Growth and Is Very Powerful"
And the Executive Officer
went to the Council and Sayeth Unto Them
"This Powerful New Plan will Actively Promote the Growth and
Efficiency of the Department"
And the Council Looked Upon the Plan
and saw that It was Good

And the Plan Became Policy.
A farmer goes to the attorney and says that he wants one of them de-vorces.

ATTORNEY: Do you have any grounds?

FARMER: Yup, I got 30 acres.

ATTORNEY: No, that's not what I mean. Do you have a case?

FARMER: Nope, I got a John Deere. That's what I farm them 30 acres with.

ATTORNEY: No, no. You're not understanding me. Do you want to bring a suit? Have you got a grudge?

FARMER: Well, I've got a suit hanging home in the closet, and the grudge, that's where I keep my John Deere.

ATTORNEY: Oh, we're not communicating at all. Let's talk about your wife for a minute. Do you beat her up?

FARMER: Nope, she gets up about 4:30. 'Bout the same time I do.

ATTORNEY: No, no. Is she a nagger?

FARMER: No, but that last kid was. That's why I want the de-vorce!!
A River Runs Through It

The water keeps flowing;
And the river keeps growing.

A long trail it leaves winding behind;
For the rest of the world to someday find.

The tamarack make a fence;
With all the trees the forest is dense.

The deer leap all around;
From here to there barely touching the ground.

Little tufts of grass popping up;
Once in a while you’ll see a coyote pup.

Old, tall, crooked, trees;
Hollow ones filled with wild bees.

The turkeys out there wild and free;
All sleep in a big old cottonwood tree.

In the winter the trees stop growing;
And the river stops flowing.

The animals lay their heads down to rest;
In the distance I spy an empty nest.

The wolves are howling at the moon;
I spot something in a tree, it is a coon.

Spring is here everything is awake;
The river starts flowing and fills the lake.

The beavers stuff the cracks in their dam with moss;
It doesn’t take long, there wasn’t much loss.

The coyotes, the wolves, the deer, and the bees;
The tamarac, the water, the wildlife, and trees.

The river is full and nature abounds;
The riverbottom is full of wildlife sounds.

The river is sometimes one and sometimes apart;
But the Arkansas River will always have a place in my heart.
HERE IS GL0 D1NO.

This brute has a cunning grin. Place him on the seat beside you. And when the fuse grows small, press his tummy and his eyes light up. Would be better Dino's eyes light up.

At least they are not the blink lights of the man in the striped car, with his siren belting a loud so tip me a quarter for the service and keep what points you have signed.

GL0 D1NO; companion in crime
SEDIMENTATION

I came to Denver today because I do have some experience in the use of Arkansas River Basin waters for agriculture purposes.

I have a great respect for the three Great Blessings of Mother Earth:  
Air  
Water  
Land.

I happen to believe the Good Lord created the earth to be used by the masses of people that cover the earth.

Water seems to be today's topic. Having lived in the area of Rocky Ford, Colorado on an irrigated farm my entire life using irrigation water diverted from the Arkansas River as a livelihood, I do have a keen interest in today's discussion.

I have been interested in water or the lack of the reusable resource for some time. I started farming a little before the Dust Bowl Days of the 1930's.

I have served on the Catlin Canal Board of Directors continually since 1950, Chairman of Board thirty seven years.

I am the only charter member of the Southeastern Colorado Water Conservancy District left on the board. This district was created in 1958 to bring more supplemental water to the water short Arkansas Valley.

I have served on the Colorado Water Conservation from 1959-1966.

Most of all, I have farmed for a living using Arkansas River water for irrigation. I am a farmer with more than sixty years of experience.

I take my hat off to those strong hearted men that developed the great irrigation systems in the State of Colorado. The far sighted men did develop irrigation systems to grow food for this nation and other lands. The canal systems were dug with fresnoes pulled by horses driven by men. Mile after mile of canals were dug.

The canals did acquire their water supply by decree under the Constitution of the State of Colorado 'First in use first in time'. The canals built diversion works out of the Arkansas River from Leadville, Colorado, elevation 14,000 feet to the State of Kansas line east of Colorado, elevation 2,800. These old timers in the development of these canals dug sluice ditches back to the river below their diversion points.

The Arkansas River has, since time began, been loaded with silt (dirt sand) because of the drop in elevation. In order to
make the diversions of water work, sand or silt was and is sluiced back to the river from which it came in order to clear these canals so water could be diverted and used to irrigate crops.

When a river rises in the majestic Rocky Mountains at an elevation of 14,000 feet, flows 357 miles to the Kansas Line, something besides water moves, the earth. The Arkansas River is blessed with tributaries running into it for miles and miles. These creeks or small rivers also carry silt and dirt. I have sampled Apishapa River and Timpas Creek and many times the silt load can and does reach twenty percent. These are only two out of hundreds of tributaries that drain into the Arkansas Basin.

Conditions on the Arkansas River did change by the fact that two large reservoirs were built on the main stem of this drainage area. First built was John Martin Reservoir in the 1940’s, 600,000 AF capacity, 400,000 AF conservation pool, 200,000 AF flood control. The Fry Ark Project built a 364,000 AF reservoir above Pueblo, Colorado.

Each of these reservoirs did consider sedimentation that would in time stop their useful life. Silt would replace water storing capacity.

As a result of these on stream reservoirs, clear water is all that is released from temporary storage or long time settling of the water. Clear water seems to erode the furrows used in water application to the land, penetrates straight down more readily.

Irrigation has modernized with cement ditches, gated pipe, pipe lines to deliver water to the farms.

It is my opinion irrigation water is quite well husbanded.

I do not believe there is anyone more interested in land conservation than us farmers. We make our existence from these valuable agricultural lands to produce food for those that eat in some form.

Mother Nature does call the shots, floods or droughts. The only way to produce an average is looking backwards. Yesterday is gone, today is a new day, I reckon’ we all got to live.

Do not eliminate common sense and Mama Nature. We must consider both very carefully.

Idealisms can be dreams. Reality is what we all live with somehow. I am reading a book on The Great Flood on the Mississippi River of 1927. Silt and mud are created and moved by flowing water. Nature’s Law - not man made.
Farmer Joe decided his injuries from the accident were serious enough to take the trucking company (responsible for the accident) to court. In court the trucking company’s fancy lawyer was questioning Farmer Joe, “Didn’t you say, at the scene of the accident, “I’m fine,” said the lawyer. Farmer Joe responded “well,... I’ll tell you what happened. I had just loaded my favorite mule Bessie into ... “I didn’t ask for details, the lawyer interrupted, “just answer the question. Did you not say, at the accident, you were fine?” Farmer Joe said, “well I had just got Bessie into the trailer and I was driving down the road.....” The lawyer interrupted again and said “Judge, I am trying to establish the fact that, at the scene of the accident, this man told the Highway Patrolman that he was just 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 Farmer Joe’s answer and said to the lawyer, “I’d like to hear what he has to say about his favorite mule, Bessie.” Joe thanked the Judge and proceeded, “Well as I was saying, I had just loaded Bessie, my favorite mule into the trailer and was driving her down the highway when this huge semi-truck and trailer ran the stop sign and smashed my truck right in the side. I was thrown into one ditch and Bessie was thrown into the other. I was hurting real bad and didn’t want to move. However I could hear ole Bessie moaning and groaning. I knew she was in terrible shape just by her groans. Shortly after the accident a Highway patrol man came on the scene. He could hear old Bessie moaning and groaning so he went over to her. After he looked at her he took out his gun and shot her between the eyes. Then the Patrolman came across the road with his gun in his hand and looked at me. He said, “Your mule was in such bad shape I had to shoot her. How are you feeling?
PIRACY

The other day Butch put a box of elk and antelope bones in my pickup.
We got a big lug of a dog, Frank has a dalmatian, good sized.
Our dog always got a dirty nose from siloing the bones.
When Champ was loaded in the pickup ready to go
Puder the spotted dog took note and headed for Mt. Everest.
The mountain is a big bulldozed pile of snow.
The blizzard of October 25 had blown big drifts in the yard.
The doser had pushed the snow in the yard, big pile, Mt. Everest.
Puder went up snow mountain where Champ had bones on ice.
Down the mountain he came with a big bone.
The only thing that kept him from grinning was the bone in toe.
Dogs got ways just like people of doing business.
With Champ in the pickup safely Puder had the say.
Man's best friend sure got thinking power galore.
There is a time to maneuver if they play it right.
WENT TO TOWN!

Went off to town the other day. (Denver)
T'was to be a water quality meeting.
There was in the crowd of fifty two or three
I suppose all sorts of college degrees.
Most of all there, that same number of people
Seems each lives in His or Her world.
So, I reckon there was as many opinions as people.
Now, I know folks do need jobs (making a living).
Loyalty to jobs and common sense are no relation.
The great laboratories of knowledge prepare one to think.
Thinking causes opinions to burst forth.
Importance is something, so do not underestimate.
Sure, I know the importance of good water.
All life on earth is affected by water.
The lack of it, the oversupply comes with the globe.
I have to believe that there are more good uses of the stuff -
Fish - Fish - Fish and aquatic life.
Pebbles in the stream clean as a hound's tooth,
So the fish could lay the eggs and hatch little fishies.
No dirt, silt or mud should flow down the stream.
Little ripples in the flowing water do help.
This all leads me to believe just where the Hell
Were these thinking souls when the Lord put it all together?
Maybe it is a great thing it was a one man show.
Seems to me the Lord made the mountains to catch and hold snow.
Nature evaporates water and recycles it galore.
Now, water must flow, it travels on grade, you know.
Great peaks poke up in the sky.
Rivers and streams start right there.
When water, H2O, falls on the boundless earth.
Mud and silt just come along, Nature's Law,
Now a river or stream is a low spot in the earth,
Down which water does flow, gravity at work.
All waters are coming from or going to rivers.
Even the waters seeping in the earth return to the stream.
I happen to believe the Good Lord intended earth use.
Sure nobody but a fool would set out to destroy good water,
Or the great land and soils that feed an
ever growing people's world.
There are few that farm and help feed the world.
There are many that long for recreation in some form.
Water produces food and a playground for the world.
Fishing is a great sport and relaxing too.
All don't use the rod and reel,
But those that do sure like things coming their way.
Yes, people must strike a balance, I know.
Years of water experience has enriched my respect
For the Blessing of God's Great Earth.
Oh, how long have the lands given up their treasures for mankind?
The air that circumnavigates the globe since time began,
The water that covers 72% of the earth.
Mankind will not run out of water,
But the mastery of this boundless blessing will try men’s souls.  
All I am asking is the use of a common sense approach.  
Don’t hold big meetings at far away places  
With the farm food producers left out of the picture.  
Seems as though small clicks and politics want to run the show.  
Better crawl down off the high horse.  
The responsibility one takes should be accounted for.  
Just think for awhile before, this world is only for you.  
This earth and it’s blessings will still be here  
Long after you are dead and gone.  
For it has been here for countless ages since  
the beginning of time.  
Man in his quaint way with the help from above  
Will live with the blessings showered on the earth.  
To conserve and protect the earth’s bounty  
Should be shared by all it’s inhabitants.  
There ain’t nothing wrong with showing the way to others.  
All have a stake, but Mama Nature  
Seems to call the shots and sets the pattern.  
Been that way for a long time.  
Learning to live with nature will always be.