

NOVEMBER 8, 1984

President Reagan caused me to end up out on the West Coast close to San Diego. Two days ago, I was sitting over at one of my son's apartments watching TV, when the newscaster flashed the President on, all relaxed, on a Spanish tiled patio, underneath some palm trees that were rocking in the Southern California sea breezes.

I was ready for a vacation. I'd been going through a debate session with my bankers over the future of a bunch of old cows that would have made the presidential candidates think they'd been brought on stage without their makeup.

Jugkeepers are lot harder to electioneer with than other voters are. 'They are so short sighted that they are invariably looking at the frog instead of the pond he's swimming in. You'd have thought after the big rains they'd have had some sporting blood, but right up to the day I left I'd have been better off trying to teach a guy wearing mittens how to play a guitar than showing those hard heads anything.

So I am checked into a resort hotel at a place called La Jolla hoping I'll be looking like Mr. Reagan in a few days. I've just had a big day. A friend took me over to San Diego Zoo this morning. Zoos are ideal for entertaining herders as we can relate to the keepers problems, like their feed and veterinary bills.

Also, the rate of return is about the same in a zoo as on a ranch. or I suspect it is. The tour guide said that the gestation period on a giraffe was 15 months and that they ate a 100 pounds of hay a day after they were bred.

We stay in enough trouble waiting on our old cows to calve once a year it would be a wreck to get hooked with a slow breeder like that. By the time the dries were worked off a herd of giraffes, and that big hay bill was charged back to the wets, I am afraid those piebald freckles would lose their charm.

After the guided tour, we spent the rest of the morning watching the chimpanzees and the gorillas. I couldn't keep from staring at two of the mother chimps. I'm nearly sure I saw them getting off a city bus at the zoo entrance. These West Coast models can show a good weight gain on the food and climate out here. Perhaps I just saw a couple of old gals coming out to the park to spend the day.

At the gorilla compound a lady in a brown Park Ranger uniform was making notes on a yellow pad. She was standing at one end of the cage and, like the apes, she was facing the crowds. I'm unsure why she made me so uneasy. Mothers and daddies were dragging their sibilings back and forth by arm-stretching hand locks. Whenever a mean kid would start making faces or howling for a snow cone, she'd start making notations.

Not much Tex-American is spoken in these parts, so I didn't want to ask a question on a topic that was as controversial as evolution, and take a chance of being misunderstood. I tried strolling down to her end to get a peek at what she was writing, but I guess she'd had too much college experience to let that happen.

Now don't go blabbing it around that I said that California bus riders look like chimps, or that ,the friends of the gorillas are trying to break up their heritage. All I am trying to do is to rest up for winter and prepare once more to appeal to the bank.