MMXXiv [that means 2024] Annual Letter from ajo at

THE CAT DRAG'D INN

post office box 313, Tonopah AridZona 85354

Greetings Cohort,

Still here, still trying to be witty and wise and cultivate my morbid sense of humour whilst surrounded by artificially intelligent oblongs bent on correcting my grammar and spelling whilst suggesting libelous lines I could write about you Gentle Readers. MMXXIV has been a trying time: Trying to remember which doctor I'm supposed to visit this week. Trying to remember my sense of purpose whilst all about me prices keep rising, roads keep changing, my sandals fall apart, my calendar runs out of months.

According to entries in my logbook I'm reminded that I did drive to Mile 99, Quartzsite in January but I really don't remember other than the flashes that come back as I read those notes so there is not much to add here other than the link to my Spring Letter: http://thecatdragdinn.org/ajo24a.html

Another reminder is the squib "Companions to sleep with: Childhood Teddy Bears have become Oblong and TV Remote." Too many of the cheap junk toys that come across my workbench at the Food Bank are plush animal-tronics powered by AA cells. Some of these devices do everything but burp and fart in their quest to replace one's imagination until the batteries run down and corrode. Buy stock in Duracell!

This year's B'Day Theme is John Mayer's 83 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2Ep9hbz8oho and Lehra Do from the film "83".

Skin Cancers v.s Artificial Vitamin-D... My DermaDoc says I should be using sunscreen at the same time my PCP tells me I'm looking pale and prescribes a daily dose of Vitamin-D. WTF, Over? One sample of my right forearm looked suspicious and resulted in a 2-inch scar and the cancellation of plans to view the Great North American Eclipse in Texas. Instead I built a pinhole camera in a recycled Amazon box and watched the show there and on the Total Power Output graph of the solar array in the back yard. The rest of that storey is at http://thecatdragdinn.org/ajo24b.html. I've been chasing solar eclipses since 1963 as long as I could drive there on my own wheels; missing out on a front row seat for this one led me to remembering all the others.

http://thecatdragdinn.org/ajo24eChasingSolarEclipses.pdf

In part as a consequence of not travelling this Simmer I have been feeding critters, collecting trash, and telling voters where to stuff their ballots. Beyond the near west fence in the back yard we have a waterhole and a CritterCam that shoots the most amazing photos. One image from July looks to be a *Red Tailed Hawk*, rear view. Best I can guesstimate, from measuring the tree bole and the scraggly

bush in front of the bird, this bird's wing tips are 40 inches apart in the picture, for about a 50 inch wing span. Another photo, from November, captured four Mule Deer.

Other critters in residence include Hurricane Hazel-Rah (11 this year), of course, at least four Cellar Spiders and one Wolf Spider, and from time to time Hoover Linda, one of Paul's cats who seems to like Hazel's kibbles more than her own.



Along with the Shrinkflation that has caused the volume of a half-gallon to depreciate from 64 ounces to 52 ounces I have now learnt that General Mills in their Golden Grahams has replaced honey with Brown Sugar Syrup. And to make matters worse, Celestial Seasonings has discontinued their India Spice Chai.

Last year The Bus was in need of major repair, this year TinyTruck is in the garage for a growing list of repairs, my friend and benefactor's tractor needs to be rewired, I've been very busy with the impending doom of my present primary computer, and of course all these seasonal affairs demand attention. Aside from keeping my DermaDoc busy with his nitrogen spray my health is good. PSA down. Having fun! Still walking. I've taken up making earrings for fun and profit. These will expand your memory, help your remembering, and certainly be a conversation starter.

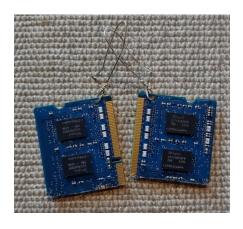
"In the old days, it was not called the Holiday Season; the Christians called it "Christmas" and went to church; the Jews called it "Hanukkah" and went to synagogue; the atheists went to parties and drank. People passing each other on the street would say "Merry Christmas!" or "Happy Hanukkah!" or (to the atheists) "Look out for the wall!" ~Dave Barry



Once upon a long ago at the singlewide of the friend of a friend there was barely room for all the Christmas Dinner guests and the presents for all the kids. These people had the best idea for what to do with their traditional tree. Six feet tall the fir was and they cut off all the branches on one side of the bole and hung the tree upside down between the windows of their living room. Somewhere buried under all this hype is a tiny branch of my childhood faith. Yule Branch is all I have room for these days. At the tree corral I trade one of my hand crafted Zipper Fobs for a sprig of spruce, something evergreen in any case, to hang in the corner by the Emergency Exit. The green lasts well into Summer and the needles stay put as long as they are not disturbed.

How are you doing? What are you doing?

Love, ajo



Memory Earrings – 20\$ post paid



Deer at the Waterhole in the Back Yard



http://thecatdragdinn.org/ajo24c0810KitchenSpiderAtWork.mp4



Red Tailed Hawk Selfie at Critter Camera
All The Gory Details and Lots More can be found at http://thecatdragdinn.org/migo.htm



Yule Branch



Petroglyphs at Junction of Two Washes