



The Wilt Letter

Not the worst of Chem-Trails

You'll be able to see them heave into view as slowly, slowly I turn around

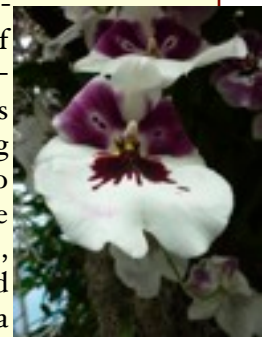


There are far better examples of ChemTrails than I've gotten here, but this was the very first time I'd noticed them overhead in Waltham. I was headed south for a mental or dental or sentimental appointment at my friendly VA on a bright sunny day, and I noticed

these wonderfully fluffy, grey-bottomed clouds, especially because we'd had about five dry weeks and bushels of pollen were pouring forth, causing hay-fever sufferers to do so. I wonder if we'll get rain. Heading north 1 hr later, clouds, gone, chem-streaks as *.

Amazing Orchids

I'd not had the opportunity before to actually go to what is no longer the Bronx Botanical Gardens, but rather the New York Botanical Garden, after a few waves of his magic twanger, Froggy. He just put a few thou into the operation, and thereupon got naming rights of some sort. They really do have an amazing range of flower-ness. I'm certainly glad I no longer have to buy roll film for these excursions into the land of snap-happy-sappiness. Of course, the problem then arises of finding enough time to edit all of these digital images, and you would love to have a really large screen to do it on.



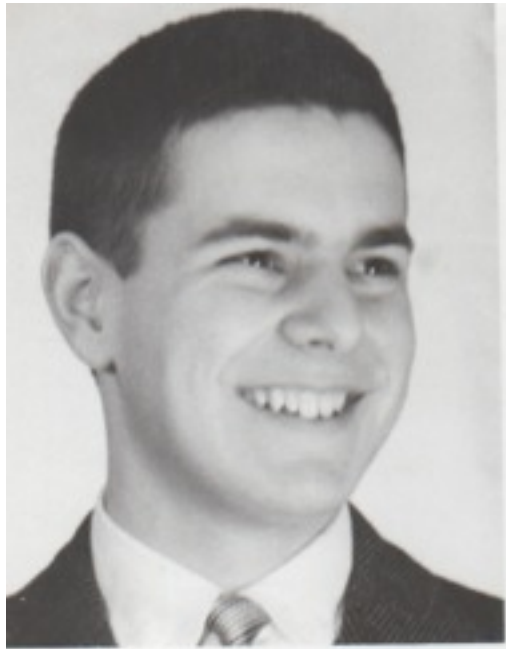
—Yours trilly.

OK, So Maybe I should Have Hung On

May not have mentioned that ma Pere was something of a sports car nut, even as they became antique sports cars. But after we stripped down a TD, he said I could have it if I put it back together again. I was into bicycling at 14, however. But eventually another dad and his son put it back together. In



taking it apart with dad, though I was taught, or browbeaten, into anticipating what tools, where light, how to hand off/retrieve, etc. After some 2 years of it, I could pretty much anticipatorially empathize/put myself into anyone else's shoes when I had to. Useful for system design.



Can't believe I actually had a copy of this 1959 thumb-print.

So this needs a lot of “form” work—it’s my first effort in about 13 years to do some page layout and “graphics”. All my old software was / is obsolete, though I’ve managed to keep the

hardware reasonably current. I don’t yet have a smart phone or tablet or phablet.

Tho maybe, given world enough and time, I can turn *Grampa Bill’s Bean-Bag Binary*© bag-toss and radix - teaching tool into some sort of limited production — and as well to resuscitate *What’s4Dinner?*©, now that I don’t have to get cook-book publishers to go digital, get grocery stores to set up Bulletin Board/Email systems of their own, provide for digital register tapes on a floppy, little things like that. Ahh, the Internet.

On the other hand, our country seems to be under attack by its own government and the behind-the-scenes actors we know (or rather, suspect, but have a glimmer about as we peruse guest lists at such things as The Bilderberg Group, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Trilateral Commission, the private “national” bankers — nice oxymoron, isn’t it.

An earnest young “Internet Journalist” asked former Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska something about 9/11/2001 [during a hearing break, Kerrey said](#) oh, it goes back at least 30 years, and the young one said, No, I’m talking about 9/11, and Kerrey answered, That’s what I’m talking about, too. And suggested that we need a permanent commission to take on these topics. (Cue the linked video up to 0:48 “it’s a longer conversation”). He may have been referring to “Operation Northwoods,” which see. Pretty spectacular what our Joint Chiefs were willing to do to Americans (kill them, at home) in order to have an excuse to invade Cuba. They were able to dust off the script and play it in Boston, NY (off Broadway), Arlington & some say a little playhouse in rural PA.

Another little tidbit: During “Gulf War” the oil field fires were supposedly set alight by Saddam’s forces. One wildcatter who was actually there said it was US troops who mowed down the Iraqis and then set the well-fires.

Part 0 (this is part 0)

Part 1 Mom's obit

Part 2

Part 3

Part 4