

# Kathy's Korner of the World

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**FEBRUARY 2012**

YAWN . . . Ooooh I think I fell asleep and forgot to wake up! Where did January go? I think I missed it.

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## Fun Facts About Groundhogs



The average groundhog is 20 inches long and normally weighs from 12 to 15 pounds. Punxsutawney Phil weighs about 20 pounds and is 22 inches long. Groundhogs are covered with coarse grayish hairs (fur) tipped with brown or sometimes dull red. They have short ears, a short tail, short legs, and are surprisingly quick. Their jaws are exceptionally strong. A groundhog's diet consists of lots of greens, fruits, and vegetables and very little water. Most of their liquids come from dewy leaves.

A groundhog can whistle when it is alarmed. Groundhogs also whistle in the spring when they begin courting. Insects do not bother groundhogs and germs pretty much leave them alone. They are resistant to the plagues that periodically wipe out large numbers of wild animals. One reason for this is their cleanliness.

Groundhogs are one of the few animals that really hibernate. Hibernation is not just a deep sleep. It is actually a deep coma, where the body temperature drops to a few degrees above freezing, the heart barely beats, the blood scarcely flows, and breathing nearly stops. Young Groundhogs are usually born in mid-April or May, and by July they are able to go out on their own. The size of the litter is 4 to 9. A baby groundhog is called a kit or a cub. A groundhog's life span is normally 6 to 8 years.

**FEBRUARY 2, 2012 - Lets hope he predicts an early Spring. I'm READY!**

Smile when picking up the phone The caller will hear it in your voice



**Please send your best wishes to Lois and Ron Stoffle. Ron has been very ill but is getting better.**



"Valentine's Day is thought to have evolved from a spring holiday celebrated in the days of ancient Rome. The feast of Lupercalia was actually celebrated on February 15 and honored the god Lupercus, who protected the people and their herds from wolves. On this day, dances were held for all the single young men and women. A man would draw his partner's name from a piece of papyrus placed in a bowl. The man not only danced with his partner but was also obligated to protect her throughout the new year, which began in March. In many cases, the partners became sweethearts and were soon married. When the tradition of these dances was later revived in the Middle Ages, a man would wear his sweetheart's name on his sleeve. Even today we refer to someone quick to show feeling as "wearing his heart on his sleeve.""



Be careful how far you stretch the truth - - - it might snap back at you!



## PEANUT BUTTER SQUARES

2 cups Peanut Butter, 2 cups powdered sugar, ½ cup powdered milk, 2 Tbls melted butter, 1 tsp. vanilla.

Mix all together and press into greased 8" square pan. IN MICROWAVE – Melt 1 cup milk chocolate chips and spread over peanut butter. Chill. Cut into squares.

**YOU CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO MISS SEEING THIS AWESOME PLAY AND ALL ITS STAR-STUDED CAST FROM  
MAYBELL AND LAY! WOOOOPEEEEEEE!**

**MAYBELL THEATER PLAYS  
PRESENTS**

## **SAGEBRUSH SIDEKICKS**

**A ONE-HOUR PLAY WRITTEN BY GEFF MOYER  
WITH PERMISSION FROM HEUR PUBLISHING**



**Legendary western hero Skipalong Rafferty needs a new sidekick!  
So he has his personal secretaries hold a contest which consists of various  
sidekick endeavors, such as:**

**Making horrible tasting coffee, Running out of bullets during a gunfight  
and throwing his pistol at the bad guy, Chasing after a villain and  
losing his britches in the process, Making absurd faces at the taste  
of Red Eye, Getting loose from a hogtie, and a few other challenges.**

**BUT . . . .**

**things keep happening causing Skipalong to lose his secretaries so he has to  
make the choice himself and he ends up in a predicament he never  
expected!**

**COME PREPARED TO LAUGH YOURSELF RIGHT OUT OF YOUR BRIGHT RED  
LONG JOHNS! Or WAIT . . . well just show up and you won't be  
disappointed!**

**COFFEE AND COOKIES DURING INTERMISSIONS  
MARCH 16TH AND 17TH ~ MAYBELL SCHOOL  
ADMISSION IS \$5 AT THE DOOR**

**7 p.m.**

# BLACKJACK

By Kathy Bassett

BlackJack? Are we talkin' poker here? Cards? NAW! I had me a racehorse once. Well . . . actually I had several of em, but BlackJack was the best of all race horses everywhere. No, I didn't jockey him . . . I wasn't built like a jockey but I trained my own racehorses. Learned a lot too.

BlackJack was so black that in the sunshine he had blue highlights. Everywhere we went people stopped to look at him. Turned out he was a Seven-Bars horse outta Steamboat and the vet told me one time that the greatest disservice anybody had ever done in the horse world, was to cut BlackJack.

Now I hadn't ever been on a racetrack before . . . and don't even know how I got started bein' on one, but one day I sez to BlackJack, as we lazily rode along . . . "Hey big feller . . . wanna go do some racing?" Wait . . . yea . . . I remember now. I got the idea cuz everyone else in the family was roping calves, barrel racing and racing cars and I just thought it'd be more fun to race horses. So me and BlackJack, we loaded up and headed for our first race over in Gunnison, Colorado. Yeppers . . . the "bush track" I got him all signed up in the quarter mile, and then we went about finding ourselves a jockey. Well, lesson number one hit us up side the noggin! The jockey took one look at BlackJack and started to laugh. HEY! Wait a minute . . . BlackJack wasn't anything to be laughed about - what was this guy's problem? He finally settled down enough to ask me the big question. . . . "HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO HANG ON TO THIS BIG FELLER? HE IS ROACHED!" Well, scuse me all to heck. Every good cowboy roaches his horse and pulls the tail! The jockey looked him all over and finally, scratching his head said he'd give it a try and just use his belt around the neck for something to hang on to. I told that jockey that BlackJack was gonna run really fast and the best advice I could give him was under no circumstances should he yell "WHOA" cuz BlackJack would do just that on a dime!

Next day found us lining up in the gates. I had butterflies in my tummy and I don't know what BlackJack had in his, but when they sprung those gates, BlackJack was the first one out and on a dead run in the lead, while those other poor critters were just getting around to getting out of the gates. But wait . . . remember? I told you that BlackJack had never been on a race track before and he didn't zactly know what tuh do, so when he got to the first turn out of the straght-a-way, instead of turning like he shoulda. . . he went straight! OK. There was a fence there with cars parked along the edge. BlackJack cleared that fence like a deer and headed between the cars and right on out into the parking lot. OMG! Luckily, nobody was hurt, no cars were dented and after the jockey got all settled down again, he said he would take BlackJack out that afternoon and show him how to run a track. It only took once after I showed the jockey that BlackJack was used to neck reining and nothing else and didn't need no jerking and pulling. The next race was much better. He came out of the gates first and down that track like a bullet and came in second by a hair. The jockey whose name was Alan Thayer, told me that he would ride Blackjack in every race I attended cuz he was the easiest riding horse he'd ever been up on and made me promise NOT to tell anyone else that the word WHOA would make BlackJack stop.

Sigh . . . BlackJack ALWAYS came out of the gates first and was around the first turn before the other horses got busy, but he just didn't think it was fun to run way out there by himself, so he would always slow down enough to let the others pass him, then pour on the coals and come in second every time. And THEN he got to where he wouldn't even come OUT of the gates unless I gave him a big kiss on his nose first! We went to lots of races in Gunnison, Norwood, Rifle and around. BlackJack got quite well known and some race horse owners would pull their horses from the race if they saw BlackJack's name on the schedule. He did manage to win 2 races. I could have sold him many times but there wasn't enough money in the world to buy BlackJack. He was a good all-around horse – set a record in Jefferson County for calf roping, the kids all rodeo'd on him, I raced him and he was an excellent babysitter. He and I had a bond and he knew everything I was thinking and there will never be another horse anywhere like BlackJack.

When it was time to go racing and BlackJack was way out in the pasture, all I had to do was open the door on the trailer, whistle once, and he'd come a running, jump into the trailer, turn around and look at me as if to say . . . "Well, if'n yer waiting on me . . . yer walkin' backwards!"

