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The Feather Ball Beckons Urgently

All, I am back in Black River Falls. The last leg of the trip was extremely interesting because I managed to get lost in northern Illinois. Nevertheless, thanks to the Waze system I was able to get back on track. Had I not had it, I might've wound up in wherever and whatever.

While I was driving I dictated a good bit of what I wanted to write about this evening. I capitalized on being lost. Now, however, I am exhausted and I think that I would be doing the APT Group a great disservice were I to try to write something at this time when I am looking forward to sleeping with a fervor that is almost overpowering.

I suspect that what I would produce would be so far below whatever standards I may have that I would probably be visited by the ghost of Albert Payson Terhune who would tell me, "You should've gone to bed" That would've been extraordinarily good advice. I'm taking it.

So, I hope that all the members of the APT Group will forgive me for taking, essentially, the night off. If not mistaken this is the first one since the column began except for one time when I was in the hospital for a couple of days. Thanks to our den mother, Cookie Barbell, you knew why I was away from the keyboard.

That's about it for now.

First yawn...

Until tomorrow...

Ken

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