

Apology

Note:

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This happens because the **PDF makers** have been too preoccupied with trying to keep **Dick Cheney** from hacking into their websites and stealing all their money and they haven't had time to figure out this link mess.

I sometimes forget/slip and use **crud language** to express some of my abrasive ideas and attitudes. This often offends the delicate sensibilities of people who have never served in the military or experienced any kind of physical violence or extreme trauma.

Skipping a lot of detail about unpleasant experiences in my life, I'll briefly describe one case in point: A long time ago, I was literally killed. I **flat-lined**.....no heart, no breath and **no brain**. I was **clinically dead** for two minuets and fifty nine seconds. But I was young and strong, I had excellent medical people attending me, and they brought me back. It wasn't my time. I will not describe anything about what I did, or did not, experience in detail but they showed me the chart and it really did happen.



This picture was taken in the hospital at [Moron Air Base](#), about two months after I died.....and came back. It was taken by my roommate at the [872nd AC&W](#) Air Base

at [Constantina](#), [Pat Smith](#), who was a witness to my idiocy.

The point here is that this death, was the consequence of extreme violence and traumatic, multiple, internal/external, painful, gory injuries. Not a common experience.

Death was the worst, but I've had many extreme and (mostly due to my own stupidity) traumatic experiences in my life. Things like this tend to make one regard things like rough language (by comparison) as trivial. As a kid, I had an aversion to cursing. My father experienced horrible atrocities during, and survived, WWII. He and his friends (fellow soldiers) cussed a lot but I didn't. When I stepped off the bus at [Lackland Air Force Base \(Basic Training\)](#), I was immediately confronted by an amazing, colorful; imaginative bombardment of profanity that made my father's/and friend's language seem like Sunday school. This continued to a lesser degree for the entire time I was in the military. I resisted for about 6-8 months but, eventually, only those with the greatest will power and chaplains don't succumb. Soldiers cuss and, once a soldier, always a soldier.

I also have some brutal, and crude, attitudes toward life and my species. I once read a biography of [Leonardo da Vinci](#). I can't find the book, or the quote, now, but he regarded the primary purpose and business of most of humanity to be little more than consumption/excretion. I love my friends, but generally despise [my species](#), and share Leonardo's attitude. We record, study and learn nothing from history. If you want to predict the future, study the past. If we learned,

WAR would have become obsolete thousands of years ago. History always repeats itself and we do the same stupid crap over and over. Need confirmation? Watch the evening news.

I refer to myself as an old poot and make a lot of excretion/flatulation jokes about everything. My old military buddies (those still living) and I, understand that our language and attitudes are different than those of people who have not shared our military experience. We try to remember to be cautious about the way we say things. But sometimes, especially in moments of anger, shit just slips out.

It's going to occasionally happen, and so, for all my past screw-ups, and those that will occur in future, I apologize.