

## New Notes and Blue Notes for November 2023

November 2023 is turning out to be truly unpredictable. Many Novembers in their early weather set the tone for the climate of the coming winter, but not 2023's. It began cold, snowy, and wintry. The neighbors had their snow mobiles out, ready to zoom; some of my snow bird friends, like Mary Meyer, fled to Arizona, the parks and rec folks pulled all the fishing piers out to get ahead of the freeze up then zap! "Don't know why so much sunshine's in the sky;/ balmy weather." The weather turned bright and kind with three weeks of gorgeous Indian Summer – truly an answered prayer.

Never one to look a gift horse under its tail, I've seized this reprieve to grab for as much gusto as possible. The early cold snap woke up the river fish and I've had some truly heaven sent small mouth bass fishing catching and releasing a number of 3 to 5 lb fish and lots of little males around 1 to 2 lbs which are the ones I sometimes keep to eat. The big mama fish are next year's brood stock and should be released to keep the gene pool strong.

My best pattern for catching them has been home tied buck tail jigs tipped with a fathead minnow and drifted under a float to avoid snags. I'm only good for about an hour of stand-up fishing but it has been fine medicine to restore my health and outlook on an otherwise troubling world situation.

On a sadder note, I lost an old hunting pal, Bob Jokumsen, who once went deer hunting with architectural drafter, Jim Larson and me up around Carrington and Bottineau. Bob was always a delight to hang out with. He had a sun-shiny disposition, an infectious, slightly mischievous nature combined with a *can do* attitude that was truly a delight to all in our party. My heart goes out to Sharon, his lovely wife. Bob was truly one of a kind and typical of many super-talented

tech instructors like Dick Haskell and Rodger Jensen who taught at Science back in the late 60's and 70's.

I saw something ominous in our back yard yesterday. A cooper's hawk was out in the lawn feasting on a fresh kill. I scared it away, and he took his kill with him, but I saw by the feathers left behind that he had killed the young, mourning dove I had been feeding. I hope that wasn't a sign that the hawks of war might some day destroy the doves of peace; but Nature is not as sentimental as I am. That hawk was just eating to stay alive.

I've also noticed the many lurid sunsets, with the sun looking like a red ball in a funnel. Those Canadian wild fires are another omen setting this November apart. I know they've taken a toll on the white-crowned and other migrating sparrows that used to appear in flocks. This year only a few drab juveniles have visited my feeders; but again, nature does what it does without sentiment. And fires are just another tool God has installed in the scheme of things to prevent over-population.

The fires also remove over-crowded trees that might have been selectively harvested to keep the forests healthy and mankind housed. The logging roads open the denser stands to visits by hikers, nature lovers, and fire fighters. Logging roads opened up Peterson Butte to me when I was in high school in Lebanon Oregon. That mountain blessed my life.

Finally, how about the Vikings' great young coach Kevin O'Connell, who has kept the team winning even with the loss of Cousins and Jefferson? Something about his eyes reminds me of Bud Grant. There is a calmness there and an unflappable gaze that is truly impressive. Nor have I missed his brilliant play calling and the way he has mentored that amazing young quarterback, Josh Dobbs. I had in recent years begun to drift away from the rabid fan I once was, but the

team has piqued my interest once again. Meanwhile while, out there on Gitchi Goomi, Gordon Lightfoot's "winds of November" have eased their blowing.

Perhaps that's part of the welcome mat the Lord has set out for the visit of my son Brett and his Beautiful wife, Laurie who just flew in from Sacramento into weather much like their own. Pray that our nation like Wahpeton, North Dakota will be richly blessed this Thanksgiving, and "pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

Gene Pinkney 23-11-19- for The Daily News