

# Mr. Potato Head...

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been posed are candidates Wes Christensen, Wayne Hanson, Dale Rollie, Roger Maier, Rev. Glenn Rodgers from St. James Church and Vern Riddle. Riddle would eventually be declared the official Mr. Potato Head for 2001, proving once again that it was strictly a racist, biased beauty contest with a crowd preference that favored men with green complexions.

The competition eventually "matured" into a Mrs. and Mr. Potato Head for a few years and has not been held the past few years.

Mr. Potato Head has disappeared from the Potato Days itinerary just like mashed potato wrestling, a demolition derby, a chocolate festival, potato pool and potato golf. But many of the favorite activities dating back to 1938 and the 1950s still remain and more are added each year.

Reverend Rodgers moved back to his home state of Maryland and has passed away. All of the other contestants from 2001 still live in Barnesville or in the surrounding area.



MR. POTATO HEAD 2001 JERRY RIDDLE



Bailey Thompson, Main Street Director



It's here! The week everyone has been waiting for. Growing up just 30 minutes away from Barnesville, I have always been familiar with Potato Days. I'm proud to say I've been one of the 20,000+ people that have come to Barnesville to take part in all of the fun. It will be an exciting time as I'm sure many residents have family and friends coming to visit while the festivities are happening in town.

Just like many of our Main Street events, the many helping hands willing to pitch in are an essential part to what makes Potato Days a success year after year. The residents of Barnesville contribute countless number of volunteer hours, whether it's on the Potato Days Board, volunteering at an event or working for a local organization's food stand. Many of these groups depend on the funds raised in these two days to carry out their services and programs in the community. And that service continues to grow and multiply throughout the year.

We need to do what we can to support Potato Days and these organizations. It's not too late to get involved with the two-day festival. Check with someone you know who is a member of an organization or church. Offer to help out. Pick an event or club that you would like to help with then give them a call and ask. I'm sure you won't be turned away. You will benefit and so will the club and the community as a whole. The Potato Days tabloid in last week's Record-Review has a number of names which you could contact. If you still don't know who to ask, give me a call and I will track down some information for you. You'll be glad you did.

I also want to congratulate Potato Days on their 30th year! Numerous people have worked hard to keep this event running for this many years. Like many of you, I'm excited for another great festival this year. See you there!

# Been There!... ...Done That! Now I'm Looking Back...

Hunting Colorado

By: Gene Prim

## I Disappear Once In A While...

As I have said in previous columns, the two nursing homes that I was incarcerated in back in 2019 are now closed. Neither was my fault, really they weren't. Elim burned while I was in Texas. Not my fault. Hillcrest of Wayzata was simply closed by owners on the East Coast. Again, not my fault. I had nothing to do with either.

The one rehab center that suffered no ill effects after I left was Sanford on Broadway in Fargo. I spent from June through the end of 2019 there attending torture sessions conducted by physical terrorist Kirsten. Although she was a different face, her disposition was similar to Leilani and Sarah that I had left in the Twin Cities. She was better only in that I saw her less often.

Where I had been getting two-a-day sessions with occupational and physical therapist in Wayzata, that schedule was perpetually being cut as I worked out in Fargo. We started with a three-session-a-week schedule in Fargo. That was a schedule I don't know if we ever kept due to conflicts in schedules, either theirs or mine. But we did do two a week, and then one a week and then every other week, then monthly and finally a fond farewell before I left for Texas for a couple of months in January of 2020.

Sandwiched in between my therapy sessions with various terrorists, I still had medical appointments I had to keep. I had semi-regular stops at the Barnesville Area Clinic for routine follow-ups. And I had several follow-up meetings with Dr. Ann Parr, my neurosurgeon at the UofM Hospitals that fixed my back in the first place.

For the most part I felt pretty good. I would get a little light headed from time to time but I didn't think there was anything radically wrong. But I was wrong. The UofM Hospitals sprawl out quite a bit from one end to another. I was slated for x-rays on my back and then a sit-down with Dr. Parr. Involved was a lot of hurried scurrying from one appointment to the next and finally a rush to the waiting area where my appointment was to be conducted.

Since Karen and my daughter Loretta, my two bodyguards on that trip, were not allowed to sit in on any of the procedures, even before COVID, we were separated in the big hospital. They went their way to have lunch and I went my way to get poked, prodded and x-rayed. When done I called them on my cell phone and said I was headed for the waiting area lobby and they could meet me there.

Their assignments were also done so they said they would join me in a few minutes. I remember sitting down in the waiting room and even a short conversation I had with another of the patients. Then I disappeared. They found me seated in the lobby area, out like a light and unresponsive. About the time they were ready to put in a general alarm, I decided to rejoin them. I remember awakening to two very concerned female faces belonging to spouse and daughter. They were probably concerned about my general condition but there may also have been some consideration given to whether my life insurance was paid up or not.

I felt fine after the episode. Perhaps I needed a nap. But it did cause some consternation during my interview with Dr. Parr. She was very concerned about the fact that I had fainted, passed out, lost consciousness or had suddenly if temporarily become comatose. I can't say I was overjoyed with it either but I couldn't rightly give her a diagnosis or recommended treatment for my condition.

There was talk of it maybe being advisable to spend a night with them. But all my vital signs were good. The incision site for the surgery looked great and I was pain free. This wasn't her area of expertise anyway. She agreed, somewhat reluctantly I thought, that I could leave. But I was to follow up with my primary physician post haste when I returned home.

Yeah. Sure. Right. I'll get right on that one. Actually I did follow up with my case at the Barnesville Area Clinic shortly after my meeting with Dr. Parr. Given the details, Carrie at the Clinic put me through a lot of routine and some exotic tests. They tapped off several gallons of blood for study. I was hooked up to a multitude of exotic, electronic machinery, the exact purpose of which I do not know nor care. And I peed a great deal into small bottles.

The end result was that they could find little or nothing wrong with me other than the obvious. I was old, fat and dumb. Other than that, everything was checking out just fine. So why the disappearing act? Well, I was of the opinion that it might have something to do with all of the medications that I had been placed on. There was no room left for breakfast after I swallowed a handful of pills every morning. Each of the little missiles was aimed at correcting a different discrepancy in my metabolism.

Everything looked good. All tests and vitals were fine. In fact, some were too good. My blood pressure was a little low. That was a change since my blood pressure had always run slightly high but steady before the injury and subsequent incarceration.

Somewhere along the line as I was being treated, someone had determined that I was pre-diabetic. That was what I considered a misconception even after they gave me the pre-diabetic diagnosis while I was being held prisoner in the hospital. That diagnosis resulted in most nurses and CNAs that walked past me in the hospital or rehab centers gave me a shot in the belly, insulin I guess. They also put me on an oral pre-diabetic pill.

If the medical community was ever right, which in this case I do



It's been a long, hard road but I no longer need that infernal leg brace, a hospital bed, a wheelchair, a walker, or a cane. I've used them all and will settle for my old, slow independent method of walking with no false crutches.

not give them a great deal of credit for, I was taking the pre-diabetic capsule in addition to an oral drug to keep my blood pressure down. My medical degree seems to have lapsed but I was pretty thoroughly convinced that I was over-medicated. They were dealing with a different me than they had been half a year ago. There was roughly a hundred pounds less of me. Even if they had been right in prescribing medications before, I was quite convinced that I felt a lot better before I began taking them. We definitely had to come to some meeting of the minds.

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# How Could You Be So Stupid?...

Events of the past couple of weeks have left most of us slack-jawed in amazement and disbelief. Our friends and allies worldwide are questioning decisions made regarding our withdrawal from Afghanistan. Many nations are having second thoughts about American promises that have been made but now appear to have little or no hope of actually being honored, especially if there's a chance of a conflict.

Our worldwide reputation is in tatters. After 20 years of protection from the USA and allies, the women and children of Afghanistan are in extreme danger, left to the mercy of a merciless Taliban bunch of thugs.

The male population of that country is in hog heaven if they have sided with the right group of terrorists. They can shoot, beat or rape to their heart's content. If there are Afghan citizens known to have collaborated or helped US troops in any way during our tenure there, their lives are in extreme danger.

It is an unbelievable mess over there. That mess was created by the bungling, mismanaged withdrawal of United States military troops ordered by the inept Biden administration.

Democrats and Republicans alike are totally shocked by the lack of any apparent planning being displayed by our actions in that country over the past couple weeks. Politicians from both parties are trying to make sense out of "reassuring" remarks made only last month by Crazy Uncle Joe.

The incredible ineptitude now extends to flying out the refugees, ours and theirs. Planes are leaving the Kabul Airport with less than full loads because our own State Department bureaucrats can't be furnished with enough paperwork from the fleeing, frightened, now homeless refugees who are being turned back.

Meanwhile, you can cross our southern border, directly into the United States, with no documentation whatsoever. Many in Afghanistan can not even make it to the airport, their paths being blocked by Taliban.

British and French forces are venturing out on the streets to rescue and evacuate their citizens. Our troops are confined to the Kabul Airport under orders not to venture out and help anyone escape. Getting to the airport, through enemy lines, without military backup, is something many will not be able to accomplish.

The only person who is even remotely happy with the outcomes over there is Jimmy Carter. After this fiasco, Carter will no longer be considered the worst president ever. That spot in history is now owned, likely forever, by Joe Biden. It took Carter four years to totally mess things up. Biden has done it in only eight months.

You can argue the merits of whether we should have been in Afghanistan at all. You can even say 20 years is long enough. You might be right. You can also successfully state that during that 20-year span that we were there, we were never again attacked by terrorists as we were on September 11, 2001.

You could argue that the small contingency force of 2,500 or so soldiers that we had imbedded in Afghanistan had kept the peace with no battlefield casualties in the past years. It is similar to peace keeping forces that we maintain in Japan, Germany and South Korea 75 years after World War II and the Korean Conflict ended.

Whether we stay or go is debatable. What is not a point of contention is that the shambles of a withdrawal could not have been handled any worse. This is too big a boondoggle to have been committed by only one man. Even incompetent Joe Biden couldn't have done this much damage all on his own. It had to be a committee decision.

Luckily we have been able to acquire transcripts of the meetings that took place leading up to the final decision.

Military advisors were consulted. Admiral Tweedeledde, Colonel Tweedledum and General Tweedledummer all sat down with Crazy Uncle Joe. While they agreed that they could pull all of the military

## Editorially Speaking...



By: Gene Prim, Publisher



forces out of Afghanistan, they insisted that it wasn't a very good idea.

At the very least, they would like to take out all of their expensive toys before they left town. Gather up all of the tanks, the trucks, the Blackhawk helicopters, the computer guided whizz bangs and the high tech big boomer-blasters. Maybe blow up our own stuff on the way out so the Taliban doesn't get it. Perhaps protect the military airfield that we paid dearly for so we don't have to depend upon a downtown commercial airstrip with only one runway.

Dumb military folks! Frustrated with the response from his military experts, Joe took his argument to a higher level. He met with a third grade class of covid masked students from Delaware. They didn't know much about staying or leaving but they did question one element of Pres Joe's plan. Was taking the military presence and protection

out before all of the US citizens and friendly native population had been evacuated a good idea? Shouldn't we get them out first?

The ungrateful little twerps! Questioning the wisdom of such a distinguished world leader and great mind!

The process continued up the chain of command to a summit meeting with the cabinet. Assembled around the fancy oak desk were the best minds of the "Yes Man Corps", Larry, Curly and Moe.

"Great plan chief. That's bound to do something. If it goes wrong we can always blame Trump, or Bush, or other Bush, or Roosevelt or Lincoln."

And so the decree went out to bring all the troops home, a disastrous result that will likely see many people tortured and killed. Young girls and women will have no chance at a career or any kind of a life. They will be denied an education and "married" off to "freedom fighters" while they are still children. Meanwhile, mostly silence from the White House where Joe is not even talking to other world leaders these days.

Way to go, Joe! This heartbreaking comedy of errors brings to mind something that will be familiar only to those with more than a few gray hairs. During the 1940s through the 1960s there was an entertainer by the name of Edgar Bergan. He was a comedian, a sharp wit and a very good ventriloquist.

Among his talented stooges he had a couple of renowned characters now housed in the Smithsonian Institute. They were Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd.

After a lengthy, laugh-filled session with Mortimer, Bergan would usually finish up with the question, "Mortimer, how can you be so stupid?!"

And Mortimer would pause, think, pause again and then answer, "Duh... I practice a lot!"

The same question, "Joe, how can you be so stupid?," posed to the occasionally lucid Joe Biden would likely produce a similar answer, "Duh... I've had over 50 years of practice."

The difference between these two scenarios is that we always knew it was Edgar Bergan pulling the strings and making the comments through his talking dummy. At Crazy Uncle Joe's level, we're not sure which WOKE, liberal, progressive, socialist is actually pulling the strings or saying things for that dummy.

At the very least, there should be some massive high level firings of political military brass and "advisors" at the very top level in the White House. President Trump was impeached twice on some pretty flimsy evidence. Perhaps its time to look at that remedy for obvious incompetence.

Or maybe it's time for Joe to turn himself out to pasture. Admit he is playing in a league way above his ability level. Do the honorable thing and resign. Let Vice President Harris take contr... Good God, what have we done?!