

# Where your mind goes after 50

by David Lutchka, Lutchkas Angus, Grass Lake, Mich.

The other day when I was at the local grain elevator — probably getting feed, I can't remember — we were discussing the problems of the world, as many of us do in those situations. Someone made the comment that we had done well at the state and county fairs. Someone else said that the 4-H members who had purchased livestock from us had done well also. Another asked how I got into the cattle business.

Without thinking I said, "Oh, that's easy." But then I couldn't remember why.

Since I'm over 50, not being able to remember is acceptable. For those of you who don't know why, let me explain.

When one turns 50, this card comes in the mail. This card says you can now talk to yourself and nobody can say a thing to you. You can forget anything, everything, anytime you want to or do not want to and, again, nobody can say a thing to you.

Most important, however, after you receive this card you

can run with scissors. Now you can begin to make up all that time you lost having to walk

When a man turns 50 his chest falls to his belt area. Just look around if you don't believe me. With some, that drop occurs much earlier. After 50 your memory drops from your head to the back side of your stomach just below the belt.

This must have been proven many times in the past with a government research grant.

When you get up to go get something and you get there, you can't remember why you are there, so you go back and sit down. The second you sit down, you remember!

That is because when you sat down you jogged your memory. Jogging your memory in this manner has been pointed out many times by many people over the years.

Following are a couple of examples. Your wife sends you to the basement to get something and you have to holler up stairs, "Honey, why am I down in the basement?"

Or she sends you to town to the store and you have to call home to find out why you are there or even if you're at the right store. This doesn't

happen to many wives, however. When we send them to the implement dealer for parts, they usually write them down on a piece of paper. Just hope they don't lose the paper.

One thing that often happens when you're repairing something and have to walk to the shop to get a tool you need, when you get there, you can't remember what you're looking for. This isn't embarrassing until you're being helped by a neighbor. It's really bad when you go to the shed to get a hammer and come back with a punch or, even worse, a couple cans of pop.

If you find yourself in one of these situations, I find this sometimes works: Just put both hands in your back pockets and jog your memory.

Well, when I was at the grain elevator I didn't remember to use this tactic, so I left everyone standing there waiting for an answer.

By the time I'd gotten home I had even forgotten the question. I went out to run the field cultivator on the field I had chisel plowed. I started to go diagonal to the chiseling and it was very rough. Within two minutes I had not only remembered the question, but also the answer. The faster I drove, the more I could remember. Before long I could remember everything, even things I didn't want to remember.

More importantly, I started to remember all the National Junior Angus Shows we had attended and I got a little nostalgic . . .



**The first show** my family attended was in Indiana and we ended up seeing that two girls from South Dakota got where they were suppose to be. They were Ora Erdmann's granddaughters and they were kind of lost. The second time the National Show was in Indiana our car keys kept getting locked in the car.

The first time we attended a National Show in Wichita, Kan., it was very hot; the second time we kept looking for Noah and his ark. When the kids and I made that first Kansas trip, my wife, Joan, stayed at home to look after things. The day before we left a severe wind storm knocked down trees and our electricity. We had electric fences and no water.

The first time we attended the National Junior Angus Show in Columbus, Ohio, we had

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record cold, the second Ohio trip brought record one-day rainfall. Nashville, Tenn., was very humid but the Opry was grand. Milwaukee, Wis., was pleasant both times, except for the second return trip through a monsoon in Chicago.

I missed the sweat box in Des Moines, Iowa, the first time. Our pickup was in the middle of a demolition derby in the parking lot the second time around. Also on the second trip

one of the trucks driven by a fellow Michigan Angus breeder caught fire about 100 miles from Des Moines. So after unloading our trailer, I made an additional trip out to hook up and bring in the disabled trailer.

By the way, can anyone tell me why *De Moine* is spelled Des Moines but Des Plains is not pronounced *De Plain*?

Springfield, Mo., was fun — we had our first class winner there. We also saw the world's

largest bass. Tulsa, Okla., had a great water park. The show ring was air-conditioned, which got all the heifers frisky. In Illinois many of the junior members got a lesson in putting up fans as in one barn the fans were not all going in the same direction. Mark Lee was the highlight of the 1989 National Show in Louisville, Ky.

No matter where a National Show is held, you can find great food, great friends and great kids. I encourage you to attend one — you'll get caught up in the competition and how good it feels to help our youth.

**One last thing**, in case you thought I forgot. The answer to my neighbor's question back at the grain elevator is simply, "It's just a junior Angus and 4-H project that got out of control!"

