

**Jon  
By  
David Haskell**

He is a man with morals and integrity,  
He has never drank a "lite" beer in his life!  
And he packs a quick sense of humor,  
That is keener than a Spyderco® knife.

Jon is our wildlife biologist.  
He gives the quail and sunfish a voice.  
He puts a face on the toxic feeding studies,  
And reminds us registering pesticides is still a choice.

Now the grateful crawdads waved their claws,  
When he kicked fipronil out of the rice paddy.  
And the yellow-legged frogs croaked a sigh of relief,  
They didn't have to testify against CATS big daddy.

Jon keeps us amused with his latest hunting story,  
And the big one that always gets away.  
But he doesn't take it all too seriously,  
This man still remembers how to play.

He can spot a wild boar from fifty yards,  
And a wedding ring from seventy-five.  
He has respect for game that's wary.  
Because he knows he could be captured alive.

He is a bachelor with peculiar habits,  
Resisting all forms of masculine decay.  
He is always searching for that perfect miss,  
That won't make him give up his bachelor ways.

Jon has a knack for fixing machines,  
He knows how to awaken horsepower.  
He's not afraid to get grease on his hands,  
And he only charges two Fosters an hour.

He keeps his red Porsche spit-polished,  
And his T-bird under the covers at night.  
And all of his guns are well oiled.  
He likes his toys to look show-room tight.

But the man does have an Achilles heel,  
That causes even his best friends to scoff.  
He tries to befriend one-armed bandits,  
Thinking their friendship will eventually pay off.

So Jon's a man who really likes his beer.  
The question is, How does he stay so thin?  
Maybe it's those long and fibrous Iowa roots,  
That let him suck it up and transpire it through his skin.

## **PIGGY SMITH**

**By**  
*David Haskell*

The tractor cabs piled along his driveway,  
Mark the entrance with boneyard charm.  
Inside is a group of faded red buildings,  
The last remnants of the family pig farm.

But the fields around the site are empty.  
The dismantled chassis have been hauled away.  
And the salvaged tracks, rollers and pony motors,  
Are being cured like hams for the holidays.

The dusty gravel is now covered with concrete.  
The cracked plastic is gone from the counter top.  
And the white linoleum floor in the show room,  
Makes the office look more like a butcher shop.

The honey voice of his niece welcomes you,  
She reads the specials and takes your parts order.  
Piggy Smiths is rated four stars for ambience.  
And he was written up in the Junkyard Reporter.

But don't let the blond and the palm tree fool you,  
This man makes his living selling pre-owned rust.  
Offering choice cuts of used farm machinery.  
From origins you hope you can trust.

It's Piggy Smith's business philosophy.  
"Make'm squeal the first time they come in.  
You have to train these farmers just like weaners.  
To eat whatever feed is left in the bin".

The counter man seems to be in a big hurry.  
He drops my part on the scale with a clank!  
He quickly slides the weights on the scale arm.  
And adds one more item for the deposit to the bank.

Paying twenty dollars a pound for rusty pig iron.  
It's enough to make a grown man scream.  
Selling USDA cuts marked prime.  
This pig farmer's son has finally seen the green.  
His dismantlers pick the carcasses clean,  
And his parts men sort out the best.  
They tag the parts that are genuine,  
And then they primer and paint the rest.

But he personally settles every equipment buy.  
It's the wheeling and dealing he likes the most.  
Where one person only sees a tired old sow,  
Piggy Smith sees hidden cuts of lean pork roast.

So don't sell the family Cat to this butcher.  
Because he's got his thumb on the scale somewhere.  
He'll make you think he's doin you a favor.  
But that favor is just a well hidden snare.

"Used Cat parts aren't selling like they used to.  
The collectors have come and skinned off the cream.  
Left me with piles of yellow scrape metal.  
And now making any money is just a daydream."

"But I would like to help you with the broken D2.  
Even though I have several just rusting away.  
Haul it over here and let me take a look.  
Maybe it will be worth something someday".

So how did Piggy Smith make a small fortune?  
Selling parts from broken down machines.  
He knew which parts are worth more than the whole.  
And then he sold them like fine cuisine.