

Journal #5258

Tis the Season

Deputy dressed as Grinch gives onions to speeding drivers

FEMA Seeking Public Comment

We're Still Here · National Parks Conservation Association

In 1955, a little girl mistakenly called Air Defense to speak to Santa

The Little White Envelope

Crime to Observe Christmas

Santa's Not Real?

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Most Popular Green Living Tips

The Mystery of Nevada's Ancient Reptilian Boneyard

Various Photography Archives

"Slow Man" (Orlando)





Associated Press

Several motorists who were speeding through an elementary school zone on the Florida Keys Overseas Highway received an odorous onion as a reminder to slow down from a county sheriff's deputy dressed as the Grinch. Col. Lou Caputo, a 37-year veteran of the Monroe County Sheriff's Office who conjured up the concept more than 20 years ago, was back on the streets Tuesday. Drivers who travel about 5 mph or less above the school zone's speed limit can choose between traffic citations and an onion presented by the Grinch. Several motorists who were speeding through an elementary school zone on the Florida Keys Overseas Highway received an odorous onion as a reminder to slow down from a county sheriff's deputy dressed as the Grinch. Col. Lou Caputo, a 37-year veteran of the Monroe County Sheriff's Office who conjured up the concept more than 20 years ago, was back on the streets Tuesday. Drivers who travel about 5 mph or less above the school zone's speed limit can choose between traffic citations and an onion presented by the Grinch.

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Dec 16 - Jan 03

**[FEMA is Seeking Public Comment on Proposed 6-Month Adjustment Period Waiver of the Build America, Buy America Act \(BABAA\) Requirements for Tribal Recipients and Subrecipients](#)**

FEMA is accepting comments from all stakeholders, including state, local, Tribal, and territorial governments (SLTT), nonprofit organizations, private organizations, industry, and individuals regarding the proposed 6-month adjustment period waiver of the Build America, Buy America Act (BABAA) for Tribal recipients and subrecipients.

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We're Still Here · National Parks Conservation Association

<https://www.npca.org/articles/3328-we-re-still-here>

Bureau of Reclamation Betrays Secretary Haaland's Environmental Justice and Tribal rights Agenda; Year-Long Settlement Negotiations Fail—Tribe Returns to Court

<https://www.hoopan-sn.gov/wp-content/uploads/2022/11/2022-10-31-hvt-v-reclamation-complaint.pdf>

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**In 1955, a little girl mistakenly called Air Defense to speak to Santa.** That call would have an incredible outcome. Can you guess? 🧑🏻‍🎅



[necn.com](https://www.necn.com)

Tracking Santa is a serious business.

On [Christmas Eve 1955](#), staff at the Continental Air Defense Command (CONAD) Operations Center in Colorado Springs received an unusual telephone call.

On the other end of the line was a little girl, and she was asking for Santa Claus. Air Force Commander Harry Shoup was the man on duty that night, and thankfully he was able to realize that a mistake must have been made.

The mistake related to a 'dial Santa' ad that a local Sears store had ran. Unfortunately, a typo had meant the number listed was in fact that of the Command center.



[cnn.com](https://www.cnn.com) Colonel Harry Shoup.

Having seen the promotion in a local newspaper, the little girl had called the number listed, believing she was going to get to chat with the man himself.

After assuring her that CONAD would ensure Santa's journey across the North Pole was a safe one, a quick-thinking Colonel Shoup said farewell. After that the calls just kept coming. As they



answered call after call, the team unleashed their imaginations and told children about Santa's location as he flew through the night to deliver presents.

After Christmas, the evening kept playing on Shoup's mind. What if they had the perfect tools to inject a little more magic into Christmas?



[cnn.com](http://cnn.com)

Staff weren't expecting to spend Christmas Eve chatting about Santa's journey with excited children.

Three years later, NORAD was formed, with the intention of tracking Santa's location via phone, on Christmas Eve.

Still going strong decades later, the service – now also a website – receives [15 million](#) visitors, young and old, from more than 200 countries around the world.

If you're curious as to how the tracking works, NORAD have the answer:

Our constellation of defense satellites uses infrared tracking to keep pinpoint accuracy on the heat signature from Rudolph's nose.

Ground based radar tracking sites relay global positioning updates to our elite fighter pilots, who often escort Santa's sleigh through rough weather.



[product-reviews.net](http://product-reviews.net)

If you want to join in the fun, head to [NORAD Tracks Santa](#) on December 24!





[Maui 24/7](#)    [REPOSTING BY POPULAR REQUESTS:](#)

THE LITTLE WHITE ENVELOPE: "It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past ten years.

It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas. Oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it – overspending and the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma – the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else.

Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way.

Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was on the wrestling team at the school he attended.

Shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes.

As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford.

Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them." Mike loved kids – all kids. He so enjoyed coaching little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came.

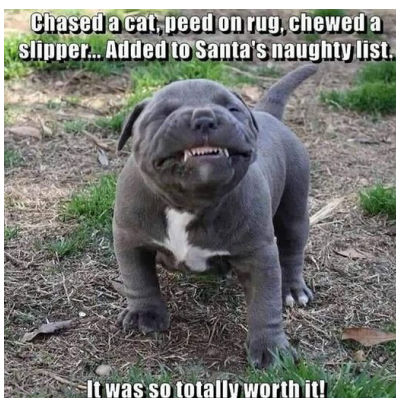
That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes, and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed a small, white envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done, and that this was his gift from me.

Mike's smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year. And that same bright smile lit up succeeding years. For each Christmas, I followed the tradition – one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on.

The white envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning, and our children – ignoring their new toys – would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents. As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the small, white envelope never lost its allure.

The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree. And the next morning, I found it was magically joined by three more. Unbeknownst to the others, each of our three children had for the first time placed a white envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing to take down that special envelope.

Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit will always be with us."  
For the Man Who Hated Christmas  
(A true Christmas Story by Nancy W. Gavin, December 2015)



Wrap 24 books and put them under the tree for the kids to choose one each night before Christmas. Every evening they get to take one of the books and open them and you spend some time reading to them.



### **Dec. 25, 1659 Dec. 25, 1659**

A court in Boston, Mass., makes it a crime to observe Christmas on penalty of a five-shilling fine. Drawing on inspiration from Oliver Cromwell, who passed a similar ban in England the previous decade, many Puritans argued the holiday distracted colonists from daily devotions and encouraged "playing at Cards...excess of Wine, [and] mad Mirth." Following the fall of

Cromwell, King Charles II would lift the prohibition in England and eventually pressure Boston to do the same, which it finally did 22 years later. <https://www.didyounowdaily.com>

In Iceland,  
books are exchanged  
on Christmas Eve,  
then the tradition  
is to spend the rest  
of the night reading  
and eating  
chocolate.  
That sounds  
absolutely perfect.

*fb/ barefoot five*  
*brooke hampton*



### **“Santa’s Not Real?”**

I’ll never forget the day our youngest sat next to me on the couch watching television. While what we were watching was relatively kid-friendly, I failed to remember there was a reference to Santa being the parents.

I sat still wondering if my son had noticed the conversation. All of the sudden, he pipes up with,

"Wait. You're Santa? Santa's not real?"

My husband and older son sat silent, and I chimed in immediately, "Oh my goodness!" With excitement in my voice, I looked at my husband and said, "Do you think he's ready?"

My youngest asked quickly as he straightened himself up, "Ready for what? I'm ready!"

"I think he's ready. " my husband said with a smile.

"Ready for what?! What is happening?!"

"To become a Santa with us, buddy."

"I could be a Santa?!"

"That's who Santa really is, sweetheart. When you are old enough, you learn that giving is better than receiving. You learn to give without asking for anything in return. You become a Santa."

"Oh my gosh! So I'm a Santa now?!"

"You are, my love. Congratulations on being a big kid."

"Who do I give to then?! I'm ready!"

And the conversation continued. And there was no sadness...only excitement. And he purchased items for others with mommy in order to surprise them and see the joy in their eyes.

When our kids grew old enough, they didn't learn Santa wasn't real; they learned Santa is in all of us. And they proudly accepted the new role of being givers.

Follow Us [OliViral](#)

[Credit: Anchoring Hope for Mental Health: Jeremy & Bailey Koch](#)



## [The Wilderness Society](#)

The Inflation Reduction Act is a solid and welcome start, but it did nothing to protect the Arctic Refuge or the Western Arctic from destructive and irresponsible development.



[wilderness.org](http://wilderness.org)

## [Arctic Warming has Consequences](#)

[Parts of the Arctic have warmed four times faster than the global average, putting communities at risk and foretelling disaster worldwide. Meanwhile, the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge and Western Arctic face drilling threats that would lead to massive climate pollution and make the problem even wo...](#)



[greenamerica.org](http://greenamerica.org)

## [Most Popular Green Living Tips](#)

[What are other Green Americans doing to green their lives? Read our most popular green living tips here!](#)

## [The Mystery of Nevada's Ancient Reptilian Boneyard](#)

[Whale-sized shonisaur dominated the ocean 230 million years ago. A fossil cluster offers a fascinating glimpse at how they lived—based on where they died.](#)

## Various Photography Archives



Colorized portrait of Bone Necklace, an Oglala Sioux Chief, circa 1899.

Source: **Heyn Photo, Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division.**



“Portrait of Conquering Bear, an Oglala Sioux, 1899”

sources: Portrait taken by Rinehart, F. A. / **Denver Public Library Special Collections**



Portrait of Chief Little Wound of the Oglala Sioux, 1899.

Sources: photograph taken by Frank A. Rinehart / **Boston Public Library Photographs of the American West Collection**, <https://ark.digitalcommonwealth.org/ark:/50959/70796k59f> / Wikimedia Commons

Portrait of Hattie Tom, an Apache Native American.”



sources: photograph taken by **Rinehart, F. A. (Frank A.)** Web. 8 June 2021.

<<https://ark.digitalcommonwealth.org/ark:/50959/70796k410>>.





Portrait of Ute Chief Severo and his family, circa 1885.

Sources: Charles A. Nast, Detroit Photographic Company / Gift of Mary and Dan Solomon / **National Gallery of Art**



—“Portrait of a family, Alaska, circa early 1900s.”

source: Carpenter, Frank G., Collector. [Between and 1927] Photograph. Retrieved from the **Library of Congress**, <[www.loc.gov/item/99615023/](http://www.loc.gov/item/99615023/)>.



Scorched Lightning, a member of the Sioux Nation, dressed in traditional costume including a bear claw necklace. Circa late 1800's/early 1900s.



**Source:** <https://www.wisconsinhistory.org/Records/Image/IM28015>

“Portrait of a Blackfeet Nation Native American woman, circa 1900.” sources: Blazer, Charlotte Pinkerton and McClintock, Walter, 1870-1949, **Yale Collection of Western Americana**, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library (<https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/>



[2010569](#) “Portrait of Kaw-u-tz, a Caddo Nation Native American” sources: Portrait taken by George Bancroft Cornish / DeGolyer Library, Southern Methodist University / **Wikimedia Commons**

[Antoinette Cavanaugh](#) is with [Norm Cavanaugh](#)

As brothers and sisters, we gathered together to say our final earthly goodbyes to our beloved middle brother, **Slow Man (Orlando)**. We were joined also by his only remaining paternal aunt and her daughter and grand daughter as well. Tashina, one of his nieces, joined us as well. It is unbelievable to realize he has taken his leave from this earth. In his memory, his funeral will be held on Thursday afternoon at 1:00 PM, in Owyhee at the HDC. There will not be a casket as he will be cremated. If you have pictures. Please feel free to share. We would love to see them.

