

Fear of feathers



I've made a career of making fun of chickens and the people who raise them. I take some small degree of pride and pleasure in the fact that my second best-selling book was "I Hate Chicken Cookbook."

And I really do. Hate chicken, that is. As a writer, I've made no secret of the fact that I think all fowl are foul.

Normally if a writer picked (or is it pecked?) on a group of people like I have, he'd expect to get all sorts of nasty letters, but I'm disappointed to report that I've never received a single one from a poultry plucker. Not one! But I'll keep trying.

The only reason I can get away with picking on chicks is that although they used to be raised on 95 percent of the farms in this country, I think they are now all raised by four brothers in Arkansas. They must not read my column, or perhaps they can't read. (Cheap shot!)

To read the full article, subscribe to our e-Edition. Call 970-854-2811.

Holyoke Enterprise April 24, 2014