

## 'Farm boy' will scoop up your pets', well, yard patties

**K**eeep "Cheers" enigmatic Woody Boyd in mind, only smarter, lots smarter. Or at least the self-proclaimed "Colorado farm boy" was smart enough to get three television crews and me out to a house in El Segundo on a gloomy Wednesday morning to watch him sweep up pig droppings and dog poop.

So maybe you're asking, "Who are the dumb butts here, he who cleans up the poop or he who interviews him?"

Good question. And I might have left had Kurt St. Jean's public relations man (yes, the farm boy hired a PR firm) not handed me a poster featuring a huge German shepherd cleverly seated on a toilet, wearing glasses and reading *Investor's Business Daily*.

"That's funny," I said to the PR guy who was wearing a neat-looking suit and not smiling, not at all, as the television men told Boyd . . . I mean, St. Jean, to do his stuff.

"My name is Kurt St. Jean, owner of Kurt's Land Mine Removal Service. I started out four months ago in the business of removing dog waste from back yards when I heard a buddy complaining about cleaning up after his dog," he



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claimed, unabashed by the wide lenses or the microphone from KFVB news radio.

Still, nobody laughed and nobody would laugh until the guy from Channel 4 began chasing a potbellied pig named Doober through churned-up grass with his very expensive video camera. Doober, by the way, barks like a dog after long association with yard mate Mugs, a cocker spaniel with a poor disposition.

So here's the deal. Dog poop doesn't bother St. Jean (a good name, don't you think?) because of the aforementioned farm labor, even though he sometimes hits on fresh/fragrant (ahem) "land mines" laid by your domestic canines.

By the way, it's smaller dogs that make his newly created occupation difficult as their (ahem,

ahem) "mines" are smaller and more difficult to spot. Whereas those big guys, well, you just can't miss with the old pooper scooper and shovel.

So the 21-year-old Hermosa Beach man — while studying at El Camino College and working at a supermarket — comes up with this idea and automatically thinks *advertising*. We're talking real advertising, not stuff run off on mimeograph. He hires a real firm, and they produce the certainly (and perhaps destined to someday be as popular as the poker-playing-dogs painting) eye-catching poster of the pooch on a throne titled "Until Then."

Then he starts getting clients. Including Doober and Mugs, he has 12 so far, paying \$40 per month for three weekly visits during which he picks up, hoses down, fills water bowls and gets the heck out.

Pete Stolnack, who owns Doober, Mugs and the house where the "press conference" took place, works odd hours and is happy to have St. Jean coming in to pick up.

Meanwhile, the newly minted poop king's friends think he's crazy, or worse, a farm boy with no sense. But St. Jean, who seems anything but crazy or hurt by his farm experience or new

venture, hopes the whole gig will take off and free him from college and the supermarket chain.

The guy wants to make it big in the business, maybe take on help. Who knows where this could go considering the number of pets in the world and, as his professionally written press release states, the number of "frustrated pooch parents who would also like to enjoy some worry-free time in their yards."

His motto: "A dog is usually man's best friend, but sometimes he isn't." (Is that truth, or what?) "That's when you call me — actually, call him at 519-5328 — to take all the c - - p."

So it's not eloquent. But he does cart away the animal byproducts, which he hopes soon to begin leaving with a plant nursery that might convert the doggie yard patties into fertilizer for . . . well, for the yard.

"I don't want to say on television that I enjoy this," said the tall, good-looking St. Jean as he sweeps and the pig runs about woofing like a spaniel before the camera. "But I don't mind. OK, I'm finished! You guys can all roll around in this now."

Yeah, right. Do we look stupid or something?