

## JUST SAYING

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News Shorts, Questions, &  
Quotes

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## Jet Dog Jack - The Book

As of 8/4/22 the story of Jack's life, which became the book, "Jet Dog" Jack, is available on Kindle and Amazon. And now there is an audio version available for sale on Amazon and with your subscription on Audible.

**Channeling my Buddy, Jack** (He may be gone, but his ideas live on.)

**Jack on Climate Change:**



"Dad, we hear in Dog Heaven that Bill Gates has stated publicly that a cow emits more pollution than a car." In my sleep I laughed and said, "Jack, maybe I should spend the night in a closed garage overnight with a cow, and put Bill Gates in his garage overnight with a gas-powered car running. In the morning we could meet up and compare results." "I would have a pile of cow manure to clean up, and the world would be short one more climate change idiot."

"Dad, up here in Dog Heaven we see things much more clearly. You need to tell your human readers that they only need to know two things about Climate Change." "One, you are free to observe Nature in all its wonder." "And two, dress appropriately." I smiled in my sleep and replied, "Jack, just remember, common Sense is a flower that does not grow in all Human gardens."

**Jack on This & That:**

"Dad, even in Dog Heaven we know that Heaven has very strict immigration laws." In my sleep I laughed and said, "Yes, but I hear Hell has open borders!"

"Dad, up here in Dog Heaven some 'old dogs' say that years ago anyone could buy guns and ammo right out of the Sears and Roebuck Catalog without proof of eligibility or a verifying signature." In my dream I replied, "That is true Jack, but now about the only thing accomplished 'through the mail' without proof of eligibility or verification of signature is MAIL IN VOTING!"

## News Shorts, Questions, & Quotes

**Where Is the Outcry?** We at *Crapper* are curious. With all the outcry about letting males compete in women's sports, why not talk a little bit about the sports that both genders can compete in together? How about the cheerleading squad, where incidentally males are welcomed because their strength is NEEDED. I suppose since academics are so seldom talked about in today's education news, we shouldn't even bring up the math club, science club, student council, band, choir, school newspaper, or National Honor Society. But wait there's more! What about The Debate Team? Hopefully, high schools and colleges have not abandoned this, one of the most excellent of teams. Better yet, why not have the

## JUST SAYING!

It seems that, in our retirement, Linda and I are simply not seeing old friends enough. Not only are we are busy every single day, but we are in Arizona quite a bit of the year. And now that I'm out of the business world it seems we just don't see everyone like we used to.

That is one reason I have been writing *Crapper Chronicles* for these past few years. It is a way for us to stay in touch with old friends and gives me an excuse to keep writing. I hope you enjoy it, but since some of the times I get toooooo opinionated, be sure and let me know if you want off the "Crapper" list.

By the same token, if you want to add someone to the list, just shoot me an email and I'll get it done. Richard Farnham of Farnham Associates on the Big Island of Hawaii does my layout work and makes sure my email list is kept secure.

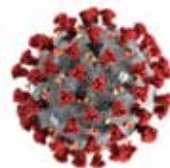
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<http://www.surfhawaii.net/TompkinsPublishing>

Debate Team actually debate the sanity of having a 6'3" male swimmer competing with women on the women's swim team? I would buy a ticket to that show! I for one would love to see education get back to actual academics. I would love to see that the students who are excelling scholastically be recognized more. I would far rather donate to any cause promoting good grades than one more 'needed addition' to the athletic department.

**You Know You Are a Redneck:** When you drive your riding mower out to the mailbox to get your mail. (Author has 1st hand evidence of someone doing this but declines to mention any names)

**Translator Needed:** A translator was needed in the Minot, North Dakota Social Security Office this morning. Someone came in speaking English.

**Covid Wuhan Flu:** Just remember the big Covid crisis was never bad enough to shut down the boarder, or close the huge retailers, but it WAS bad enough to shut down and literally destroy small business, which is the backbone of American productivity.



**What in Hell Happened to Country Music?** Linda and I used to love to listen to Country Music. However, the "New Country," consisting of sing song, endless repetition of a theme with constant expressions of "oh, oh," or some other inane remarks, have us simply turning off the noise.

**Quote by Dr. Makaray, Johns Hopkins Medicine:** "The biggest perpetrator of misinformation in the world concerning the Wuhan Flu was the United States FDA."

**Taxes:** At what point do we quit deciding "who can pay more," and start looking at where in hell the money is going.

**Barbasol Shaving Products:** Loyal *Crapper* readers will remember when, a few years ago, I discontinued using shaving products from "woke" companies, and in my search located good old Barbasol. Now after several years of using their shaver, shaving cream, and other excellent products I can unequivocally recommend this "non-woke" American company and their excellent products. Yes!!



**Great Product:** Over 30 years ago I bought a Homelight, "Made in America," gas powered leaf blower. Unbelievable as it may seem, after well over 30 years of use this leaf blower still works perfectly! Yes!!

**More Stupid Green:** All we hear is that the "electric grid is at maximum capacity." Citizens are being cautioned to "use less" air conditioning, etc, to prevent blackouts. Yet, these same politicians want you to get rid of gas ranges, and force you to buy electric cars. What does that do? Oh, yeah, it puts even more strain on an already maxed out electric grid. Folks, wake up, it has nothing to do with "Green," and everything to do with control of a populace.

**Wasted Energy:** Next time some person hassles you about "all the energy you waste," consider this: The amount of energy now being used to store a year's worth of digital content in *The Cloud* is estimated to be more energy than is consumed in an entire year by the entire county of Japan. In other words, a colossal amount of energy is being used to store what is; in the vast number of cases, a useless collection of nonsensical videos and worthless emails. Think about it.

**Voter Identification:** There are now 18 states that do not require identification to vote. Democrats say that requiring identification "suppresses" the vote. A sane person would have to agree with them. Voter registration does prevent non-qualified people from voting!!!! Isn't it funny that personal identification is needed for: a Driver's License, Buying Alcohol, buying a House, opening a Bank Account, getting a Job, Buying Cigarettes, and Purchasing a Gun, You have to remind me again: Why is it now racist to require voter ID?

**Money Contributed to Black Lives Mater:** Using figures from supposedly reliable news sources (which are damn hard to find) the amount of money publicly reported as being contributed by corporations to this now, unmasked as a solidly Marxist organization group, reportedly stands at over 80 billion dollars. In view of the fact there is virtually no verifiable "good work" being done to actually benefit *Black Lives* by this group, the fact that these corporate heads "gave away" stockholders equity in such staggering amounts, to such a fraudulent organization, would cause a sane person to think such a giveaway might constitute criminality on the part of these CEO's and Boards of Directors. Wow, with that many dollars being contributed; incredible things must have been accomplished. Whole neighborhoods must have been rebuilt, the damage to cities from rioting at the direction of BLM must have been paid for. But no; there is NOT NOW or has there EVER BEEN much, if any, verifiable "good work," or "repayment of damages," that can be found. It is verifiable however, that the leadership of BLM have purchased many multi-million-dollar mansions. God forbid, you ask, "WHERE IN HELL DID ALL THIS MONEY GO?" Crickets.



## What's in a Sandwich

Who knows if it is urban legend or not, but supposedly the common everyday *sandwich* which we all know and love, was invented by the Earl of Sandwich, hundreds of years ago. Also misplaced and forgotten, over the ages, is exactly what the esteemed Earl felt separated a good sandwich from a great sandwich. It is lost in the misty mists of time when

I enjoyed my first sandwich but, suffice to say, it has been part of my diet for most of my life. One thing I have always loved about this most versatile of foods is how easy it is to make. A person can grab two slices of bread slap virtually any cheese, meat, onion, lettuce, mayo, butter, peanut butter, or jelly filler between them and in minutes you have a delicious, nutritious, totally portable snack; available to eat either now or later. By and large my favorite sandwich is usually constructed of two slices of bread with a filler of virtually any type of salami, left-over sausage, or possibly a cold hamburger. If I have the time, one of very my favorites would be tuna, mayo, a few onions, a bit of horseradish, and a few sliced olives. But it's really a toss up if my favorite is the cold hamburger or the tuna. Whatever the bread or filler; the main goal and attraction of a sandwich, for me, has always been that it is a simple, quick to construct, pleasant tasting, way to fill my gut.



Over the years, I have, most likely, enjoyed thousands of sandwiches that I constructed. Some, of course, were better than others, and some breads work better for a given combination; such as a nice dark rye with caraway seeds is the best for a good corned beef sandwich. But thinking back I cannot really remember a sandwich I ever made that I would throw away, especially if I was hungry. Sadly, I recently discovered that not all people are as easy to please as simple old me.

Like most of you, by the time I reached the ripe old age of 72, I figured that I had seen it all. But one balmy, sunny, North Dakota day, while fishing with my buddies, I was to find out otherwise. The occasion was that several friends were up at the ranch visiting, and since the guys had never gone Walleye fishing before, I arranged for a couple of professional Walleye fishermen to take us out on North Dakota's Lake Sacagawea, which just happens to be one of the premier places in America to catch this most excellent eating fish. As such trips usually go, even though we got up early that morning for the 90-mile drive to where we would be fishing, things were hectic and hurried. I was thinking that as a favor to my buddies, since we would be miles from any restaurants, a few quick sandwiches would keep hunger at bay until we got back to the ranch for a fish fry later in the day. To this end I grabbed a couple loaves of my buddy, Dave Shomento's, most excellent Italian bread and whipped up enough sandwiches for the four of us. As was mentioned before, we were in a hurry, and the sandwiches produced were a quick, salami and/or cold hamburger, slapped between two slices of bread and stuffed into a zip-lock bag type. My fast down and dirty concoctions were not fancy, but in my mind, they would be eminently eatable, nutritious, and would keep stomach growling to a minimum for the afternoon. What I didn't know apparently, although I felt I knew by buddies quite well, was that they were all "Sandwich Gourmets."

To make a long story short, the fishing was simply perfect. North Dakota was showing my guests her very best with blue skies, soft breezes and mild temperatures. The great weather and knowledgeable tutelage from our expert guides, combined to produce a fun and exciting morning of fishing, and we soon boated our limit of Walleye. A few hours later, back at the fish camp, while our guides were busy filleting and bagging the fish; and since my gut was telling me it was time to eat, I proudly grabbed the cooler with my quickly assembled sandwiches and presented them to my compadres.

You know how it is, when you are in a hurry and hungry you don't pay much attention to what others are doing. Hell, I grabbed a sandwich and walked around the house to see how the guides were coming on processing the fish, giving little thought to what my buddies were doing. Fifteen minutes later, I had already finished my first sandwich and was hoping there would be at least one left over because I was still a bit hungry. It was only after arriving back at my pickup, to rejoin who I thought were my friends, and while digging in the cooler for that final sandwich, I noticed one of my precious creations was in the process of being consumed by the neighbor's dog! What!!!

In amazement I quizzed my buddies as to how in hell the dog got ahold of one of my most excellent sandwiches! Of course, good buddies, and especially good guy buddies, don't mince words, do they? In short order it was explained to me that when it came to concocting one of the Earl of Sandwich's wonderful inventions, I was sorely and pathetically inept. Here are just a very few of the complaints lodged against an amazed me. From Bobby: "Where is the mayo?" and "Why no lettuce?" From Dan: "You could have used some mustard and ketchup." Followed by: "These sandwiches are too damn dry!" The final ultimate put down came from my good buddy Scotty: "Who in hell taught you how to make a sandwich anyway?" Since before the tirade of complaints, I had helped myself to the only remaining sandwich that had not been fed to the now "stuffed" dog, it is too bad somebody didn't get a picture of my face. It would have captured, a flabbergasted, disgusted, pissed off fisherman, with a mouth full of what I had surmised up to that time, was a pretty damn good sandwich!



None the less, as a person ages, they learn lessons in life. Possibly Bobby, Scotty, and Dan should be applauded for being honest and pointing out to me there is more to a sandwich than two slices of bread with some filler. What can you do at a time like that but laugh and tell your buddies that from now on they could get up early and make their own damn lunch. Geez! You think you know someone, and then they turn on you like a pack of rabid dogs! I do have to say that since then, if I have time, my sandwiches have been a bit more elaborate. I don't ever expect to achieve the excellence of my esteemed "Gourmet Sandwich" buddies, but hell, since for now I only make sandwiches for MY enjoyment I don't have anything to worry about. However, when I am in a hurry, I not only slap something between two slices of bread just like in the "old days," I enjoy the hell out of the sandwich created! And, in spite of what my buddies say, there is no doubt in my mind that most of you sandwich aficionados out there would agree with me. Bon Appetite!



## The Schatz Place

We need a home with some acres,  
said Linda my wife.

A place like Danny and Diane  
Schatz have would really be nice.

So we searched and we searched, but  
there was simply no such ground.  
No place that had pastures, trees, and  
a view and yet out of the  
wind, could be found.

Till one day Linda heard Danny and  
Diane's place might be for sale.  
Danny said the price was non-nego-  
tiable; low offers would fail.

Friends are friends but business is  
business; I pulled a low offer from  
the shelf.

In minutes Danny's reply was swift;  
"Tell Chucky to go ---- himself!"

I laughed, for of course, their price  
was quite fair.

Our second offer was full list; we  
wanted to live there.

So in hours our search for a dream  
home was done.  
And now 22 years later, the lottery  
we've won.

To look over the pasture, surrounded  
by trees,  
A strong north wind here becomes  
only a breeze.

The deer in the yard, the squawking  
of crows,  
The yelping of coyotes, the scent of  
pine on your nose.

When I'm mowing the yard, or trim-  
ming the trees,  
Or one of the hundred chores, I  
think, "Schatz would be pleased."

Because even after all of these years,  
as I get lines on my face.  
Linda and I simply live on Danny and  
Dianne Schatz's place.

And so we will be here, until the very  
end.  
We'll keep the place spotless; "Fly safe  
my good friend."

*For Danny and Dianne Schatz, from  
Chuck and Linda Tompkins. 11/14/21*

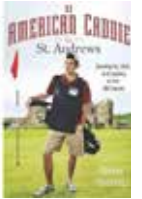


## Book Reports:

**Stollen Youth - Bethany Mandel and Karol Markowicz:** Folks, this is simply a riveting read. Even more so if you happen to have children in school or college. This book is a chilling report on why and how our children were damaged by being denied in-person education, when in actual fact the danger to them from the Wuhan Flu was miniscule. The book also explores the constant attack by leftist/socialist factions to undermine the basic morality that the overwhelming vast majority of our citizens wish to teach their children. Markowicz and Mandel unmask, in graphic detail, how our children are being fed a steady diet of socialistic/communistic propaganda. Not only by what they are being taught, but what books are being made available to them. Again, this is not a politically driven book. It is a book that rips the fake shroud of legitimacy from a systematic propaganda campaign being waged daily against our youth by our nation's education system. It is an absolute must read. Please do it.



**An American Caddy at St Andrews - Ollie Horwitz:** Simply an excellent read for you golfers. Especially if you happen to have golfed The Old Course at St Andrews in Scotland, or if you are going to do so in the future.



## Editorial:

Crime is literally out of control in states with cities such as Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, New Orleans, Atlanta, New York and many others. A rational person would look for commonality in these situations in an attempt to not only see what was causing this accelerating and terrible social destruction, but to determine how it could be stopped.

Possibly I'm simply naive, but I believe that the general public is not stupid. When they see their beautiful and beloved cities becoming filthy, crime infested, hell holes, political affiliation holds less and less power over them as rational human beings. Even the most clueless voter has to believe what that they are seeing, with their own eyes, vs what is being promised by yet another multi-million-dollar political campaign, from whatever political party. As it becomes ever more dangerous for them to safely walk, what used to be friendly streets of a town they grew up in, and when they fear to send their children to schools that have become indoctrination camps, any rational person would vote for a return to sanity. Yet again and again, we continue to see this slide of entire states and cities becoming over-taxed, crime infested, hell holes. I refuse to believe that the citizens of those places are that ignorant. To me, the only rational answer is that the votes of reasonable people are being corrupted by flawed voting practices. The reason I feel this way is because, if the votes of honest hard-working citizens, who may I say, are the very backbone of these cities, were accurately being counted, the lax DA's and compromised-politicized judges responsible for allowing this plague of crime to be loosed on the American public, would be held responsible and disbarred.



Rather than fretting about prison overcrowding, for heaven's sake why not build more prisons? Rather than demonizing the police, we need to support them and let them do their job! In the vast majority of cases, criminals are not nice rational hardworking people who somehow got turned to crime by an unfortunate lifestyle. By and large, they are lying, vicious, manipulative, societal rejects, who are not interested in getting a good steady job. The only remote chance any society has to reverse this current destructive criminal trend is to keep criminals behind bars where they belong. Slapping their pee pee's and letting them back on the streets so they can continue to sell drugs, destroy cities, while robbing and murdering honest people, is killing the states and cities that allow it. Maybe that is what the World Economic Forum wants. My question is, "Why in hell are we allowing it?"

## Prayer Corner:

There is not a day that goes by where we don't hear about a friend with a new illness or a problem we wish we had the answer to. Linda and I firmly believe in the power of prayer and believe it or not many of these prayers have been answered. While Bill, Konnie, and Scotty are at the top of our current list, if you could, please take a moment of your time to say a quick prayer for a friend in need. While you are at it, say one for our great country as well, would you?

*As usual, thanks for reading Crapper and remember, we have our family, our friends, our health, and time. The rest is simply smoke and mirrors. Chuck*