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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.)



"Dad, up here in Dog Heaven, we think it would be a good idea for politicians to wear uniforms; you know, like NASCAR drivers." In my dream I laughed and said, "Good idea Jack, that way we could tell who their 'corporate sponsors' were!"

"Dad, don't forget to forgive your enemy." Sleepily I replied, "Of course Jack, but it doesn't hurt to remember the slippery bastard's name either."

"Dad, don't let old age get you down." I replied, "I won't, Jack, it's too damn hard to get back up!" we both agree that getting older can certainly be frustrating, but then again, ageing seems to be the only available way to live a long life.

"Dad, the important thing to remember, is that you are probably going to forget." I replied, "Yeah, Jack they say by the time you are 80 you have learned all you need to know; the problem is remembering it."

"Dad, remember alcohol does not solve any problems." In my dream I agreed, and replied, "I know Jack, but neither does milk."



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.

Editorial - Population Control 101, 102, &103

- 101 Get population converted to the electric grid.
- 102 Control who, when, if and how much certain population groups can use the grid.
- 103 Shut off and disable the vehicles, and equipment of 'non-compliant' people, regardless if it is electric or 'fossil fuel' powered.

Control 101 Conversion: I like many others cannot believe the utter stupidity combined with arrogance of politicians trying; and unbelievable as it may seem; in some cities even succeeding, in eliminating gas ranges, gas water heaters, gas furnaces and literally all gas appliances. All under the guise of "saving the planet." If this insanity continues, it will completely overwhelm our already over taxed electric grid, and basically send most municipalities back into the pioneer days. In short, it is another "feel good," "virtue signaling" load of political crap. It is not just to see how much bullshit the American public will put up with, it's primary purpose is to assist in the control of an entire populace.

Control 102 Limited Usage: Not only is this insane attack against the dreaded ‘fossil fuels’ being directed at the appliance industry, it is also being brought to bear on the automotive industry. Don’t believe me? Ask the people in parts of England who are not even allowed to charge their electric cars due to “too much demand on the electric grid.” Folks, control of electricity usage is already happening there. Yet political pressure is directing equipment manufacturers, as well as auto and truck makers, right here in American, to produce electric cars they cannot sell, and in the case of auto dealers they are being forced to install electric chargers at their dealerships that will in most cases have no one using them.

Control 103 Total Control of Usage: In my mind, however, the new current movement, which is well afoot, is the most dangerous of all. This latest population control movement is to install shut off switches in cars, trucks, and equipment, not only in electric vehicles, but fossil fuel powered as well, that can be remotely triggered. Of course, to help sell this point to clueless politicians, SAFETY will be the big selling point. In the case of *ON STAR*, this ability to remotely shut off your automobile has been out there for years.



The plan, in plain language, is to let one of the growing myriad of governmental agencies; (directed, of course, by the current “Czar” in charge) remotely shut off, whenever it’s deemed necessary, your fossil fueled car, truck, farm tractor or any other piece of equipment. My question is, how can anyone in their right mind, think this is a good idea? Hasn’t anyone thought, or worried about, the idea that their cars, trucks, tractors, construction and farm equipment could be shut off REMOTELY by a non-elected government entity?

A reasonable “go along to get along” person might ask what reason would they have to do that? How about this? You are a farmer who has unknowingly failed to comply with one of the literally dozens of new laws directed at you in the name of “saving the planet” and so have inadvertently broken one of these laws. Worse yet, not only did you violate some obscure law you did not know existed but, stupid you, it seems you are allied with and have voted for, the wrong political party. Or maybe, God forbid, you are a contractor or manufacturer who has not practiced enough Diversity, Equity and Inclusion in your operation. Take a few minutes and think about it: This new ability to make it possible to remotely shut off your equipment is well underway. Remember, one of the literally hundreds of lawyers from the current “socialist in charge” recently made this statement, “Show me the man and I’ll show you the crime.”

Will it come to pass? Think this is just another “conspiracy theory”? Consider this: In the Ukraine conflict there were many pieces of American farm equipment that had been shipped overseas and were being used by Ukrainian farmers. As the conflict unfolded, this equipment was being confiscated and stolen by Russian forces. Guess what? American farm equipment manufacturer John Deere was able to remotely disable these pieces of equipment and make them inoperable. I am sure the Russians will be able to eventually develop a work-around to make the tractors and combines usable, but I doubt like hell if the average American farmer would be able to. People, quit listening to politically driven media appointees who tell you about climate change. Read books by ACTUAL climate experts like S. Fred Senger’s book *Hot Topic Cold Science* and educate yourself without the political spin. The Green Initiative is not green, and it does not create more safety. It is about control of a population. Read, reason, think and then vote.

Shorts: Serious Thoughts, and Attempted Humor

Drug Deaths: In the United States we are experiencing over 100,000 drug related deaths per year. These deaths are largely from drugs manufactured in China and brought into the US from Mexico. Yet, all we can talk about is gun control.

Overused Word: Am I the only one that thinks the word TEAM has become one of the most overused, misinterpreted, and nauseating terms of this generation? Work with me on this. Say I am looking for a good employee, you are looking for a good job. Since we have a mutual need, why don’t the two of us do an employment agreement. You go to work here, we see if you can cut it here. Then, and only then, do we start discussions about “making you a member of our TEAM!” People, it’s not a sports franchise, and we are not back in grade school. It is a JOB.



Steel Cut Oats: In this new world of renaming, relabeling, and recreating products, people, and literally everything else, how about the term *Steel Cut Oats*. This of course implies that oatmeal made by “steel cutting” is markedly better than good old oatmeal made in what; some other “inferior” way? I struggle to figure out how in hell you can possibly “cut” oats without some method involving steel. Folks, steel cut or otherwise the finished product is still the same old oats; but I digress.

Product Report: I am now into several years of using good old “Made In America” Barbasol shaving products. I have to tell you, the shaver blades last a long, long, time, the shaving cream is great, and the company is not WOKE. Did I leave anything out?



Constant Apologizing: One again, is it just me, is it my age, or am I becoming less tolerant of mistakes? Why in hell is it that providing crappy service, poor products, being chronically late for appointments, and achieving less than

acceptable levels of performance; is perfectly ok as long as you APPOLOGIZE! In today's brave new world of "BUSINESS MAKE BELIEVE," that somehow makes everything OK. You know what folks; we'll see how that works out long term. Me, I will spend my money at a business where they appreciate it, they work to earn it, and they do GOOD WORK!

Weird Ways to "Tell if it's 'Good Stuff'"

- I knew a guy who was a kleptomaniac. He told me when he felt the urge to steal, he "took" something for it.
- The other day I asked a "seasoned" vodka drinker, "How do you know if it's a good vodka?" He replied, "You can't taste it."
- Overheard in a seafood store: "How do you know if its fresh fish?" Answer: "It doesn't taste fishy."

Book and Magazine Report:

Book: *The Tattooist of Auschwitz:* Heather Morris - One of the most incredible, unbelievable, and true love stories of all time.



Magazine: In past *Crappers* I have mentioned many good books without political misinformation and spin. Now, how about a magazine that does the same. One that I read cover to cover and look forward to every issue is *Range Magazine*. *Range* is published four times per year and is simply a treasure trove of actual common-sense reporting on not only our climate, but the incredibly dangerous attack that is being waged against our farmers and ranchers in America. Do yourself a favor and call 1 800 726 4348. At roughly \$20/year, *Range* is the bargain of the century.



Cluck and Chuck

As most stories go, the story of Cluck and Chuck started off completely different from how it was going to end. To lay some back ground for the story: The common everyday pigeons we see flying around our cities are famous for, primarily, three things. First of all, they are very good parents and produce many offspring. Secondly, they flock together in large groups. This "Birds of a feather flock together" thing would not be so big a deal if it wasn't for the Third thing pigeons are known for, which is inborn to their species, and gets them in so much trouble. The third trait I'm talking about is that, invariably, pigeons tend to roost in nearly the exact same spot every day.

"Why is that a problem," you might think. Well, simply put, instead of the age-old adage of "A body at rest tends to stay at rest," when applied to pigeons the adage becomes, "A body at rest TENDS TO POOP." It is this pooping in the exact spot every day and the "flocking together" that makes pigeons such a nuisance. Hence the background for the story of Cluck and Chuck.

Our Ranch, like most farming operations, has many outbuildings. Several, but primarily the machine and hay storage buildings, are open on one side. This being open feature is handy for the constant everyday activity and movement of hay and equipment. However, it also provides an irresistible attraction for pigeons as a place to roost, raise their offspring, and of course, POOP. Therefore, ranchers and farmers are in constant conflict with this otherwise harmless, and may I say, very beautiful bird. Put simply most farmers and ranchers do one of two things. Either they put up with the unsightly and unsanitary pigeon poop around their farms or they prevent the pigeons from getting established on the farmstead.

How do they do this? They drag out their trusty shotgun and shoot any pigeon found flying around the farmstead. I have to tell you, this method works pretty damn well. Pigeons are not stupid birds, and once they find out the farmstead is "protected," they will tend to stay away. This is the method I had been using for years. My name is Chuck.

Maybe it was because I was getting old and lazy, but during the summer of 2022, it seems I had not been paying enough attention to whether or not any pigeons had been flying around the farm buildings. Then one day, while out in the yard I noticed a couple of pigeons flying around, the next day and days after they were still in the area. Bummer! Pigeons in the area mean pigeons nesting in the farm buildings, and pigeons pooping all over the farm equipment and supplies, in any open building. Later that day, I checked with superintendent Chris, and sure enough he confirmed the ranch buildings had contracted a "pigeon problem." I went and located the shotgun and some shells.

However, to be sure I didn't leave any young pigeons without parents I first checked the open sided buildings to see if there were any nests yet established. Finding none, I waited for the inevitable job of eradicating our new pigeon problem. I didn't have long to wait. Within a few hours, sure enough, a couple of birds came winging through the farmyard. Two loud booms later and the two "portable poop machines" were quickly eliminated. I was thinking the problem was solved.

It was the very next day, when walking across the yard, I noticed a very young baby pigeon walking slowly across the

corrals toward the big horse barn. What! Now I felt bad. Apparently there had been a nest established in the main horse barn after all! I had not even bothered to look there because the big barn door is closed at night and I just didn't think the pigeons would have ever nested there. Now what to do. If you think I would go get the shotgun and send the hapless little pigeon to be with his parents in "pigeon heaven," you would be wrong. The reason was, back in the Misty Mists of

Time, as a youngster, I had kept pigeons as pets. Instead of being a responsible farmer/rancher in those days I was just a farm kid growing up and the pigeons were fun pets. My first pet pigeon was Mr. Perkins. Who knows where the name came from, but he was a nice old bird and was a loyal pet until he died of old age several years later. He was followed by Ozzie and Harriet a couple of tumbler pigeons I had purchased from, of all things, the Sears and Roebuck catalogue. The reason pigeons were so important to me, for those few childhood years, was because of job relocation. My parents had moved to a town far away from my childhood buddies. For those few brief years of childhood, until I made new friends, the pigeons were not only companions, but they gave me a bit of celebrity with the local kids as a kind of "bird whisperer."

But to get back to my story, young pigeons, which are called squabs, are fed by their parents, a soupy mixture of regurgitated, partially digested food. Knowing my new little squab's stomach would not tolerate seeds and grain yet, and instead of reaching for the shotgun, I went in the house got a slice of bread, put it in my pocket and went out to see what we could do with the little orphan. This is where the story gets interesting.

The little squab was walking purposely across the corral towards the horse barn, and I was thinking to circle around behind him and, if he was unable to fly, catch him and feed the little guy some of the bread I had in my pocket. However, far from running away from me, the little pigeon stopped his determined march towards the barn, cocked his head to one side, and stared fixedly at me. Then, to my total amazement, even though he was about 30 feet away, he altered his direction and, in the purposeful back and forth pigeon walk that only pigeons have, strolled right up to me. He then, again, cocked his head to one side and looked up at me with an expression that clearly said: "Mister, some heartless bastard killed my parents and now I'm starving; have you got something to eat?" Wow! It kind of makes you wonder doesn't it? From the very moment I saw the little fella walking across the corral, I had been thinking to myself, "that little guy needs something to eat." Our most wonderful dog, Jack, had passed away the fall before, and to myself I was wondering, "Is Jack's spirit getting me to help out this little orphan?"

Anyway, as I sat down on the grass in the corral, the little pigeon, without any sign of fear, jumped up on my leg, began vigorously flapping his wings, and started excitedly clucking, Tuc! Tuc! Tuc! This pigeon jargon means, in human language, "I need to eat!" Pulling the slice of bread out of my pocket, I began chewing it to make him some "pigeon soup." In a few moments I had a nice wad of gooey chewed bread and began my imitation of pigeon parenting by stuffing the sticky wet mixture down the little squab's throat.



It's funny how, although it had been nearly 60 years since I had watched my pet pigeons feed their young, I still had a general idea what food the little bird needed and how to get it in his gut. My imitation of pigeon parenting, plus the fact the little guy was obviously starving, worked great. In a matter of a few minutes, the entire slice of good old Dave Shomento Italian Bread was gone. With a full gullet, the squab fluffed up his feathers, wiggled his tail feathers contentedly, squatted down comfortably on my shoe and, true to his breed, deposited a nice little dollop of pigeon poop. He was no longer starving; he had a new buddy and life was good. It appeared the two of us had bonded. I named him Cluck.

At first, when seeing me sitting on the ground out in the corrals, Linda was wondering if her husband was having a heart attack. Dropping what she was doing, she quickly came running out to see what in hell had happened to her crazy husband. When she saw me feeding the little pigeon she was, of course, happy that I wasn't having a heart attack. But, at the same time, was amazed that, apparently, I had adopted, of all things, a pigeon! Truth be told, I was wondering the same thing.

Now, what to do? It was obvious the little pigeon could not survive on his own and, of course, I was the primary cause of his predicament. Knowing I was on the hook to see to it the bird survived, after feeding him, I settled the little guy on my outstretched arm and headed for the house where I set him up in his very own cardboard residence, complete with water dish. For the next few days, I would stop by every few hours and feed the squab some more of my home-made pigeon formula and, to my surprise, the little guy seemed to be thriving on it. Of course, Linda was keeping an eye on how things were going and, before a day had passed, she was asking me how Cluck was doing. You guessed it, the story had now changed to the: Saga of Cluck and Chuck.

After a few days of feeding Cluck my chewed bread formula I decided it was time to give Cluck's menu a bit more variety. Since I usually have a breakfast of toast and good old Quaker Oats, it was only natural that Quaker Oats was the new menu item. After putting the cereal in the coffee grinder, I mixed the resulting finely ground oats with a little milk and about a teaspoon of the protein supplement Boost. I put it in the microwave for a few seconds, to warm it up, and minutes later was on the patio with Cluck on my knee doing his wing flapping, Tuc! Tuc! Tuc! food dance. Sure enough, the gooey mixture slid down the hungry squab's throat with little trouble, and soon he was squatting



contentedly on the side of the patio where he did his usual happy tail feather wiggle while dropping his morning poop.

Although he thrived on the mixture of finely ground Quaker oats, milk and Boost, there was a problem with the sticky gooey stuff. Inevitably some would miss Cluck's beak and get stuck to the side and top of his head. After a few days of

trying to get the stuff off him, it became apparent that the "Oat Helmet" was not really hurting anything, and leaving it in place was the easiest solution. From then on Cluck was most likely the only pigeon in existence sporting a gladiator style helmet.

The next thing was teaching Cluck to fly. Although I am a pilot myself, teaching a bird to fly was new to me. All I could think of was to take Cluck out into the back yard, get him headed into the wind, and throw him up in the air. The first few attempts resulted in hard and very abrupt descents to the ground, what we pilots would call "carrier landings." None the less, in the days ahead, after his morning breakfast, I would teach "flight school," and as expected, Cluck saw better and better results. By the next week, he was able to fly nearly the entire length of the back yard, up to the patio. Also, when Linda and I would go for our morning walks, Cluck would come along perched on my arm. I would occasionally toss him up into the wind, and force him to fly and land. Funny as it may sound, if he couldn't ride on my arm, he actually preferred to walk, and logged quite a few miles walking contentedly along behind the two of us.



Ranch life can be busy, but since Linda and I are basically retired, there was ample time to have a leisurely cup of coffee, with breakfast, on the patio each beautiful North Dakota morning. Of course, over the past many years our most excellent dog, Jack, had always been with us. Not surprisingly, after his passing, not having him there in the mornings left an emptiness. Now, with Cluck joining us for breakfast and going along on our morning walk, it seemed to help fill the void left by Jack's being gone. Before many days had passed, the three of us were settled into a nice morning routine. The only sad part was that Linda and I both knew that Cluck too would soon grow up and leave us, to join his feathered brethren in the sky.



However, in the meantime, in addition to flight training, I knew that Cluck would need to get some gravel in his gullet to help him grind up and make digestible the more solid food, consisting mainly of grain seeds, that made up his species' main food source. Therefore, after "flight school" and the morning walk, every day I would take him out to a place in the yard with fine sand and gravel. Sure enough, instinct took over and the little bird was soon busy pecking and picking up small grains of sand and gravel.

The next step was to introduce Cluck to solid food. After giving it some thought, and since Linda had a bag of it in the pantry anyway, I settled on good old white rice. The next morning after a smaller portion of Cluck's Quaker Oat "soup," I put some of the rice in my hand and offered it to him. At first, not seeming too impressed with this new addition to his cuisine, he was soon pecking and packing the rice away like his life depended on it. I suppose that, in fact, it eventually would. An additional advantage to the new solid-food rice diet was that without the sticky everyday oatmeal gruel and his feathers beginning to grow out, the "Oatmeal Helmet" gradually fell away and was discarded.

By now, Cluck had outgrown his cardboard box and I had moved him to his very own "suite" in the horse barn. We had an empty room in one corner of the barn, with windows for a view of the yard. Until he was better able to fly, the room had a door I could keep closed, so Cluck would be safe from predators. After installing a tree branch perch by the window, a nice large water tray, and a feed bowl for his rice, Cluck was set up in his own private "bachelor pad."

By now, Cluck's flying skills were to the point where, unless there was no other way, he had totally forsaken his steady back and forth pigeon walk, for flight. His dull adolescent pin feathers had given way to beautiful purple-black-gray coat that shone in the sun. In addition, to my surprise and delight, the beautiful and musical, 'whoop, whoop, whoop' sound pigeon's wings make as they come in to land, once more danced in my ears, bringing back many happy memories of pigeon pets, so many years past. As Cluck flew around the barn yard and came in to land lightly on my outstretched arm, that soft magical sound was music to my ears. Thanks to the simple act of giving a hungry squab a much-needed dinner, those few weeks ago, I was daily being effortlessly transported back in time. It was like therapy.



It is nature's way for birds to grow up in a hurry and, within a few weeks, Cluck was getting to the point that he could fly around the yard with ease. By now, I was leaving the door to his bachelor pad open so he could come and go as he pleased. Luckily, I had not put too much effort into the pad's renovation because hardly a week had gone by when he abandoned his "too small" apartment and moved into the main overhead rafters of the horse barn. Come to think of it, it had been his original home anyway.

Approaching adulthood, Cluck no longer insisted on eating his daily rice ration out of my hand, and although he would readily come to land on my arm for a visit, it was becoming sadly obvious that he would soon be leaving Linda and I to join his brethren in the skies around the ranch. Sure



Westy 1 to Westy 2

I was a young man with a company:
Western Agency by name.

Ideas and debt, were all I brought
to the game.

My company was small; tiny to
some.

My license plate was simple, it
read: Westy 1.

I was lonely and lost but dreams do
come true.

Somehow I found love; you be
came Westy 2.

How time flew by as we raced
though our life.

Every fight was winnable; we were
husband and wife.

We had cancer, and challenges, and
adventures beyond dreams,

All things seemed possible, if we
were together it seems.

We joked about life, said together
we'd age.

And now here we are, at life's
middle stage.

We've been joined in our love, for 41
years,

And I simply can't visualize, if you
were not here.

Yet someday the hourglass, will It's
debt call past due,

And for a time tear us apart, we
know that is true.

But love is eternal, and Heaven is
real.

We'll be together once again, with
love strong as steel.

Let's raise a glass, and thank God for
this life.

Grateful we were lucky enough, to
become husband and wife.

So from Westy 1 to Westy 2,
Happy anniversary dear Linda:
And know I love you!

For Linda - 12/23

enough, by early the next week, we were seeing less and less of Cluck. Finally, the inevitability of the "call of the breed" took over and Cluck left us to join his brethren in the sky and set out on his life's journey. Linda and I were sad to see him go but, of course, we had always known it would be so. We are so thankful for Cluck injecting some happy memories into our life and wish him safe journey in his life's travels. Needless to say, the "no pigeon" rule has been amended to be certain that if Cluck ever stops back to visit, he feels welcome.

I had not seen Cluck for a couple of weeks, until early one perfect fall morning, with the sun shooting it's bright shafts of light through the clouds, I was filling the old red ranch pickup with gas at the local truck stop. Looking around, I noticed a group of pigeons busily picking gravel about 25 yards away from me. As I always did when calling to Cluck, I did a little whistle and sure enough, one of the purple-black-grey colored birds immediately looked my way and just for a moment turned towards me. A happy thrill shot through me, and I immediately began raising my arm, hoping like in the old days, if the pigeon really was Cluck, he would come and land on my outstretched arm. Sadly, just then, a noisy cattle truck came rattling by, causing the small flock of pigeons to explode into flight. I will never know, if indeed, the bird looking over at me was Cluck because, in moments, the birds were wheeling in the air above me and flying off to wherever busy pigeons go.

So, for now at least, here ends the story of Cluck and Chuck. And Cluck, until we meet again, "Fly safe my friend."

Christmas Message:

Once again as we see the end of another year, we are thankful for all our blessings. We continue to believe in the power of prayer and several of our friends who were seriously ill are thankfully now on the steady road to recovery. Currently Mark, one of our dear friends who is scheduled for surgery in this next week is on the top of our prayer list. Please take a moment to send off a prayer for a friend in need of one, and while you are at it; please send a prayer for the continued survival of our great nation.

Linda and I wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year! Thanks for reading Crapper and as usual remember; we have our family, our friends, our health and time; the rest is smoke and mirrors! Chuck

