

JUST SAYING

Channeling My Buddy, Jack

Simple Electric Math

Flash - Volcanoes... Change

Shorts

The Blue Jacket

Prayer Corner

MUSINGS



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: "Dad, even though I am in Dog Heaven, when I think of the delicious taste and smell of a steak or hamburger, my mouth still waters." In my dream I laughed and replied, "Jack, I bet that is the same way Vegans and Vegetarians feel when they mow their lawn."

Jack: "Dad, up here in Dog Heaven we see that China is teaching their kids quantum physics and calculus." In my dream I replied, "Yes, sadly down here, it seems, many schools are teaching our children new

gender pronouns, where to find the nearest 'safe place,' and why drag queens should give 'twerking' lessons.

Jack: "Dad, do you think Biden will get re-elected?" Laughing I replied, "I hope not Jack, that would be like the Titanic backing up so it could hit that iceberg again."

Jack: "Dad, do you think all of these illegals coming to America are coming to take American jobs?" In my dream I laughed and said, "Jack I hope not; if they really want to take American jobs they should be going to India."

Jack: "Dad, I see you finally actually sold a few books, but it seems you still lost money on them." In my dream I sighed and replied, "Yeah, me basically paying people to take books off my hands is about the same profit curve as FORD has on their electric cars." However, unlike several of our dream conversations, this one continued with Jack mentioning that one of his Dog Heaven buddies 'Mabel,' the golden retriever, had told him her former owner was going to Detroit to try and convince FORD Motor Company that electric cars didn't make much sense. I laughed and said that that person should take along a good supply of an 'ear wax removal' product in the hope it would help the folks at FORD actually hear what their common-sense dealer network has been telling them all along.

Simple Electric Math

Many typical electric vehicle charging centers (EVCC) have 6 stations for charging autos. These stations supply up to 350 kilowatts per hour for charging the batteries of each vehicle connected. For comparison, the average home uses only 1.25 kilowatts per hour. In other words, if the EVCC was at full capacity with six vehicles connected and was using its full 350 kilowatts per vehicle per hour capacity, these SIX vehicles would be consuming the equivalent electrical use of 1680 homes. In a world of increasing blackouts from 'not enough power' available on the electrical grid, are you beginning to grasp the utter lunacy of this particular GREEN idea? Any sane person with powers of rational thought and common sense, who is blessed with a logical mind, will look at this entire charade from all the angles. They will consider not



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.

only the power needed to keep electric cars running, but the energy needed to build the cars and the batteries they need, and finally the energy needed to dispose of these same highly toxic batteries when they are worn out. If, occasionally, this sane person takes some time off from listening to controlled media and actually reads up on the subject, with a minimal amount of study they will know, without question, that the electric auto will never last long enough, or provide enough utility value to even come close to erasing the carbon imprint that was needed to build, power, and dispose of it. To summarize, when this rational person gets done thinking over this clown show of a GREEN NEW DEAL, they will conclude that trying to change the environment by forcing everyone to drive electric cars makes about as much sense as buying an airline to get the free peanuts.

Flash - Volcanoes Cause Climate Change

According to information provided by AN ACTUAL VERIFIED CLIMATOLOGIST: Professor emeritus, Dr Ian Plimer, who has written over 130 papers and is the author of 6 books on the subject; the CO2 and particulate matter launched into the atmosphere from recent volcanic activity in Iceland has, in a mere four days, more than eclipsed and negated the entire world-wide effort to reduce CO2 emissions in the past five years. But wait, there's more: Professor Plimer also reminds us that the gigantic eruption in 1991 of Mt Pinatubo in the Philippines put more CO2 and particulate matter in the atmosphere than the entire human race had ever emitted in their entire time on Earth. Another little tidbit of information: It is reported there are over 200 active volcanoes in the world today. Not to worry: Gee, maybe this is ok because; 'news flash' plants need CO2 to survive. Actually, CO2 is known as the 'gas of life' and in fact greenhouses artificially inject CO2 gas into their greenhouses at a rate of 1000ppm because it helps grow stronger, healthier plants. Since we humans need plants to survive it is indeed fortunate that we have an abundance of CO2 in our world. None the less; it is without doubt that volcanoes cause climate change and do emit CO2. The big question is what can be done about it? Of course, the vast majority of sane people know nothing can be done. But for fun let's put forth a few hypothetical non-solutions the Green Agenda would most likely put forth to solve the problem. Of course, without question the first step would be to simply ban volcanos, if that doesn't work, tax them, followed by launching propaganda campaigns to incite the public against volcanoes, and finally send ignorant uneducated talking heads flying around the world in private jets denouncing them. Result? We will still have, and we will always have; VOLCANOES. Since the beginning of time, volcanoes have caused, and will continue to cause, climate change. Maybe the Green Agenda folks will simply have to give up on controlling volcanoes. Possibly their time will be better spent trying to piss out some forest fires.



Shorts

Great Body Shop: Recently I needed some body work done on my pickup. After being in the insurance business for over 40 years, I knew the best way to find a good body shop was to get in contact with a good local insurance agent. With a little research I located Gene Garvey at Garvey and Hanson Insurance in Fountain Hills - 480 836 1468. I met a couple times with Gene because I also wanted some information on house insurance, and when I asked him about a good body shop, he recommended The Finishing Touch in Fountain Hills, located at 16940 Colony Drive- 480 837 3355. Long story short: I took my pickup to Matt Tilden at Finishing Touch and they did an absolutely excellent job of getting my pickup back in 'as new' condition. For any of you needing either of these services here are a couple great vendors for you to put in your contact list.

Undisputed Chilling Historical Quotes: Early socialist/communist Russian leader Joseph Stalin said, "Farmers are the enemies of the people." So his Socialist/Communist country took control of the farms and food production and, subsequently, over 7,000,000 of his country's people starved to death. Presently we have the WEF (World Economic Forum) openly declaring their 'war on farmers' around the world. And, here in America, we have our brain-dead political leaders and their current climate talking head, the so called 'climate CZAR,' Kerry, on record as saying things like, "We've got to cut down on farming, due to climate change, or people are going to starve."



Undisputed Historical Fact: We here in America have never starved. Our farmers have always supplied us with a cheap plentiful food supply. None the less, world history tells us that they who control the food supply, control the populace. So anyone saying, "Farmers are the problem," is unquestionably, undeniably, unequivocally trying to get control of our food supply in order to control the populace! These politicians are our enemy. For God's sake, think, read, and vote these ignorant, dangerous, insane idiots out of office! Before it's too late!

Politics Pays (Again): Proving once more that political aspirations can be profitable. According to readily available data on Google; in the few short years since 2020, presidential press Secretary Karine Jean-Pierre has apparently parlayed her \$180,000 per year government salary from a net personal net worth of \$900,000 in 2020 to a staggering personal net worth of 11,000,000 in 2023. In addition, her annual income from all sources is listed as \$3,800,000, she supposedly has a \$940,000 bank balance and records 'trading profits' in the same time frame of \$2,600,000. Wow! It looks like she joins the ever-popular AOC, the Obama's, the Clinton's, the Bidens, and scores of other extremely wise 'investors' at the political trough. A logical person would wonder what did these politicians actually do for society as a whole to be rewarded with such wealth in such a short time. What great invention did these people come up with? What huge companies did they create? What amazing problems of the world did they find a solution for? In other words, what did they actually accomplish to be so richly compensated? Sadly, once again, a logical person would have to conclude that all this group of people has accomplished is to make themselves richer while making our country weaker by increasing our national debt to literally suicidal proportions.

Linda and I were invited to go on a small journey to California with our friends, the Hills. The basic premise of the trip was that Joannie and Bobby Hill's kids were going on a vacation and needed someone to take care of their Labradoodle dog "Boggie," for a few days. Since the kids lived only a few miles from Carmel, California, in the beautiful Monterey foothill country, and they had a huge house, Linda and I were invited along to "dog sit" while taking in some wine tours, shopping and sightseeing. Of course, like most vacation stories, this one started out on a totally different note from where it ended up.

By and large the trip went as planned with a quick flight on American Airlines from Phoenix, Sky Harbor, to the Monterey airport. The Hills picked us up, and we drove to their daughter's home, where we sipped a nice glass of wine and enjoyed some "fromage," while taking in the incredible view from their porch overlooking the Monterey foothills. That evening was a fantastic meal at one of the many restaurants in the area and back to the house for a final-final glass of wine; then off to bed.

The next day began with a simply memorable tour of a huge fresh vegetable processing factory, arranged by the Hill's son in law, Mark. Wow, what a tour! The sheer volume of food processed in this one facility was amazing to see. Next on the agenda, was a scenic tour of the Monterey countryside, and then off to Carmel, for a visit and a mandatory walk on Carmel's famous beach. Noon found us in Carmel village for a combination lunch and wine tasting at Talbott Winery's tasting room in Carmel. After a few glasses of most excellent wine, the girls wanted to go "shopping" for a couple hours without the "assistance" of Bobby and I. Later we were to rejoin them and go to Pebble Beach resort for a nice late afternoon snack. Everything was going as planned. The only problem was that Bobby and I were left alone, unsupervised, in a town that basically is one huge, high-end shopping center.

After wandering around for a short time Bobby suggested we stop in at Khaki's; a men's store that he said was a favorite of his son in law, Mark. Into the store we went. May I add, much like sheep to the slaughter. Needless to say, we had barely gotten in the door and we were greeted by Dom, a very personable and knowledgeable clothing consultant. He immediately greeted Bobby with the comment, "I see you have on a Peter Millar vest!" Of course, Bobby is a far classier dresser than I, so Dom had failed to notice I too had on a Peter Millar vest. Laughingly, I pointed this out to Dom and of course he then acknowledged "plain old me," but still was concentrating his considerable sales talent and attention on Mr Hill. I basically was left alone to peruse the amazing array of very nice men's apparel displayed.

What Dom had failed to notice was that shortly after entering the store I had stopped momentarily at a display of leather jackets. I should mention a couple things here: First of all, I seldom shop for apparel. But when I do, without proper spousal supervision, it tends to get expensive. The second thing few people know about me is, occasionally, a garment will literally "talk to me." Sometimes it is a bare whisper, and sometimes it can be quite loud. In this case a beautiful blue leather jacket I had noticed shortly after entering the store, literally shouted at me, "Chuck, if you had been wearing me when you came in the store, Dom, who is busy over there with your buddy Bobby, wouldn't even have noticed Mr. Hill in the first place!" Of course, the jacket was right. From then on, even though I looked at several other jackets, there was not a shred of doubt in my mind; if the jacket fit, it didn't matter what in hell it cost, the blue jacket and I were going to leave the store together!

After a short time squiring Mr. Hill around the store, Dom finally noticed my interest in the selection of leather jackets and came over to see if I was an actual shopper or just another "non-revenue" tourist. Still feebly trying to resist the attraction of the blue jacket, with Dom's help, I tried on a black one, then a brown one, and finally, giving in to the irresistible pull, I said, "Do you have that blue jacket over there in my size?" By now, knowing not only my size, but the object I really wanted; with a flourish, Dom plucked a blue jacket off the rack. He didn't just hand it to me, he presented it, like the "Shroud of Turin" precious object that it was. Audible only to my ears was the Jacket's soft voice as it whispered, "Try me on, try me on." The next few moments were a blur, as the jacket's exceptionally soft leather, it's smooth silk lining, and delightful color, wrapped its loving arms around my shoulders and enveloped me in its excellence like a second skin.

It was over! The fit was perfect. Dom's suggestion that I look in the strategically placed mirror nearby only confirmed what the jacket and I already knew: I was changed. I was no longer a clumsy, shabby, fashion wannabe. Wrapped in the Blue Leather Jacket, I had arrived! Once again, the coat whispered to me, "Take me home, take me home." Price was no object. Only a fool would have let such a wonderful garment get away. Still wrapped in the marvelous garment, to a smiling Dom, "the new me" presented my card.

Next on the agenda was to meet the girls and head over to The Bench, at the Pebble Beach resort, for a quick late afternoon snack. Of course, on seeing me the girls were amazed, not only with my wonderful new jacket, but the fact it fit perfectly. In no time, after strutting through the busy restaurant, I ordered a nice big cheeseburger. Up to this point, the shopping, the meal, the camaraderie, and the scenery, at the famous resort, had been perfect. It was, no doubt, made even more memorable by my recent garment purchase. Alas, there are many expressions to describe the next series of events. "Pride goeth before a fall," "No good deed goes unpunished," "If something can go wrong it probably will," are just a few that come to mind.

I don't remember her saying it, but I was reminded a short time later that as we sat down to order lunch, Joannie had mentioned to me, "Chuck, maybe you should remove your marvelous new jacket before you eat." Possibly she did say this, however, I was still glowing from moments before when, as she was taking our order, the waitress had mentioned how much she admired my blue jacket. Maybe I failed to heed Joannie's wise words due to my "hearing disability," but more accurately; I was simply deaf to any suggestion that would even, momentarily, separate me from the blissful feeling of being wrapped in my new "persona." Suffice it to say, both the jacket and I ignored her. It was a big mistake. The clock to disaster was ticking.

Even though it was just burgers and fries, the meal, of course, was excellent. The service was efficient, and the view was perfect. With laughter and the joy of easy talk with old friends, life was good. The only problem, if there could have been one, was that the burger I had ordered was simply huge. You know what I'm talking about; the new fad of making a simple cheeseburger into an entire meal. Not only was the burger itself huge, but the attendant lettuce, tomato, cheese, onions, and sauce made it almost too big to eat without cutting it in half. Of course, that would have been too easy. The burger may have been a bit oversize, but that big juicy Bad-Boy certainly looked good, I was much too hungry, and too dumb to stop. I picked the monster up and took a huge bite.

Folks, I mentioned the that burger was huge, but I didn't mention how juicy it was. As I took that first delicious bite that juice literally shot out of the burger and landed on my wonderful, new blue jacket. I am not sure what first alerted me to what had happened. Possi-

v40 MUSINGS

Golfer's Poem (To the tune of Mr. Sandman)

Mr. Sandman; Give me a break.
I'm in the sand trap,
And I need a rake.

Thought I was landin' short, but I
went over.
Now I'm in the trap,
My game's a goner.

Mr. Sandman, lemme go please.
This sands too hard,
And puttin's a breeze.

I need out of here to keep on
playin',
That's why to you I'm now
Really prayin'.

Mr Sandman, thanks so much;
You let me escape.
But I'm in the rough,

I shoulda took my time, but I still
rushed it.
Now trees are in my way,
I've really muffed it.

Mr Sandman; I'm quitin' the game
Since I've tried playin' golf,
My lifes not the same.

So thank you, thank you on my
knees,
Mr Sandman,
For shittin' on me.

05/15/98 (apparently after a particularly trying round of golf)



bly it was a muffled scream from the jacket itself, but as I saw the greasy stain run down the front of my jacket I was mortified! Thinking Linda and our friends had not noticed, I quietly took my napkin and attempted to wipe the grease from the jacket. No luck! I should mention here that super soft leather is, in most cases, lambskin. Not only is this one of the softest of leathers, unfortunately, it is also quite absorbent. Even after wiping off the excess, the hot grease had instantly penetrated my beautiful new jacket, leaving an undeniable stain. I was horrified! And the event was amplified even more when I saw the accusing looks from Linda and Joannie. Bobby, good buddy that he is, did the manly thing and pretended not to notice. None the less, at least in the eyes of the girls, it seemed I was no longer regarded as the well-dressed "man about town." Like the monster in the movie, Young Frankenstein, I was back to being an ugly ordinary country bumpkin who not only ignored good advice, but was a sloppy eater, to boot!

Lucky for me, although disgusted, my wife and friends were there to help. We quickly remembered that the coat had been bought with our Am Ex card which has a good product warranty. Furthermore, Khakis was still opened for another hour. With no time to spare we headed back to the store. Dom was still there.

Classey clothing consultant that he was, Dom did not belittle or berate me for my sloppiness. Instead, he confidently assured us that Khaki's restoration people could remove the stain, the jacket would once again be as good as new, and could be shipped back to me in North Dakota. He cautioned me that it would take a couple months, but not to worry, all damage could be repaired. Sadly, but with a renewed sense of hope, I removed my wounded jacket and turned it over to Dom.

Not only could the jacket be "brought back to life," Dom suggested that I should look at some shirts that would complement it. Linda knows how I hate to shop, and now realizing that I was indeed in a rare "shopping mood," she and Dom quickly found me two shirts and a couple pairs of pants to add to my ensemble. The four of us soon bid goodbye to a smiling Dom, and as we walked out of Khaki's. Even though I was temporarily separated from my new jacket, Dom had renewed my confidence. I may have gotten sloppy and "fallen down" at the restaurant, but I had recovered, would do better in the future, and my new friend would be ok. Glowing in the warmth of redemption, life was once again in balance.

I suppose this is where the story should end, but I hate to leave you wondering if Dom actually made good on his promise of returning the Blue Jacket "good as new," in the next two months. Occasionally people would ask, "You know, it's been a long time, did you ever get your jacket back?" To tell you the truth, as the promised two-month return time approached, I was wondering the same thing. However, not to worry, within a couple days of the promised delivery date, the UPS store sent me an email announcing the arrival of a package. On arriving at the pickup point, I couldn't even wait to get home. Without wasting a minute, right in the store, I opened the box. I had been wracked with doubt that the terrible stain could ever be completely removed, but the perfect condition of my jacket restored my belief. There is a reason why a well-established men's store, like Khaki's, is able to compete with the huge retail giants and internet sales. In the box, carefully wrapped, was my "stain free," perfectly restored, beautiful blue leather jacket. We were united once more. As I put on the jacket, so the staff of the UPS store could admire it, I swear it whispered to me, "Honey, I'm home."

After calling Dom, to be sure he knew my jacket had arrived, I realized this story was not just about buying a quality garment from an exceptional clothing consultant. To make the product purchase cycle complete, and weld your clients to you, a business also needs to provide good customer service after the sale. In making the promise that his staff could not only repair the grease stain, but get my jacket back to me on time, Dom delivered 100%.

Khakis of Carmel, 104 Carmel Plaza, Carmel, CA 93921 • Phone: 831 625 8106 or Email: Dom@KhakisCarmel.com.



Prayer Corner

These are strange times. I know everyone is busy but please take a few moments to say a prayer for someone in need, and if you would please, include a prayer for the survival of our great nation. Our country's founders laid the path for a fledgling nation to become the beacon of the world and in spite of all the problems besetting our great nation, at least for now, we remain exactly that. Yet currently, in spite of the scourge of socialism around the world, which has led to the deaths of literally millions of people, we actually have brainless politicians right here in the United States proposing we adopt that worthless, dangerous, and deadly dogma in the United States. Please pray they don't succeed.

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