

## JUST SAYING

**Channeling My Buddy, Jack**

**Crapper Shorts**

**Mexico: Not the Only Country with Cartels**

**Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company**

**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.

[https://www.amazon.com/s?k=jet+dog+jack&rh=n%3A6669702011&ref=bnav\\_search\\_go](https://www.amazon.com/s?k=jet+dog+jack&rh=n%3A6669702011&ref=bnav_search_go)

## Channeling My Buddy Jack



Jack: "Dad, up here in Dog Heaven we are developing our own Trivia game and we wondered if you could give us some ideas for questions." In my sleep I laughed and said, "How about 'who was the president during the Biden administration?'"



## Crapper Shorts:

**Bread News:** This year, when Crapper editor Chuck Tompkins left North Dakota to spend the winter in Scottsdale, AZ, he took 25 loaves of Sammy's Pizza's most excellent Italian bread with him. Not to say Tompkins is a purist when it comes to good bread, but this reporter has it on good authority, that on a recent trip to Florida, he actually took a loaf of Sammy's bread with him in his carry-on baggage. In recent days Tompkins avoided catastrophe when Dave Shomento, Sammy's Pizza owner and creator of the famous bread, was himself coming to the Phoenix area for a month. Shomento loaded a box of 20 loaves of Sammy's bread in his motorhome especially for his buddy Tompkins. Since Tompkins was down to his very last loaf and was sadly contemplating actually having to eat 'regular crappy bread' in the near future, he hailed Shomento as a hero!

**You Have to Watch This:** Type 'best bean commercial ever' into your browser and I defy you not to laugh! This commercial is years old but it is still one of the funniest commercials ever released. Link: [https://youtu.be/eZgD89VYkVc?si=o2WOOOrR9eJs24S\\_g](https://youtu.be/eZgD89VYkVc?si=o2WOOOrR9eJs24S_g)

**Crapper Family News:** I said I was going to put it in Crapper and here it is. I was painting the Scottsdale house and the stain I was trying didn't seem to be the correct color. It just appeared to me to have a kind of yellow tint. Linda said to wait and it would be perfect. I disagreed but said if she was right, I would acknowledge it in Crapper. I am a man of my word. LINDA WAS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT! As per her prediction, after it dried, the stain matched perfectly.

**Crapper Golf News:** Steve Blasing: great golf shot: Hole #11: Fire Rock Country Club: 12/29/24.

**Health News:** I don't care if you do or do not believe in vaccinations. I don't care if you do or do not wear a mask. If you have a cold, flu, or even feel you MAY have a cold or flu, keep it to yourself. Most of us are getting older and some have health issues far more serious than a cold. However, if they do catch a cold or flu, it can cause a life-threatening issue. When we were kids, we were told. "If you are sick, stay at home." That was good advice years ago and it is good advice now. You can catch up later, after you are over whatever it is you have.

## 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.

**Great Produce:** *Taylor Farms*, of Salinas, CA is one of the largest producers of vegetables in the United States. One thing that has propelled *Taylor* to its position of such market share is they have developed a packaging system that enhances and protects the freshness of their produce far longer and better than has previously been possible. A note here; this freshness is preserved not by chemicals on the food but by packaging that is more effective in allowing the fresh produce to stay fresh longer. You can look them up at [www.taylorfarms.com](http://www.taylorfarms.com). Give them a try!



**Excellent Scottsdale Restaurant:** *Pescada*. Located in the *DC Ranch Shopping Center* at the intersection of Pima Road and Thompson Peak Parkway. Food, beverage, appies, and price point are all great. Even better, this is at least one restaurant that has paid attention to ACCOUSTICS! Translation? You can actually enjoy conversation while you are eating! Gee, what a concept!



**Old Fake Environmental Bullshit:** For years we heard the cry, “Salmon are going to be extinct if we don’t stop harvesting so many!” Actual fact: Salmon is now as common on restaurant menus as hamburger. I suppose the next thing is they will tell us cows are going to become extinct. Actually, on this one they would be correct. If we quit consuming beef, cows could only be seen in a zoo.

**Short Political Observation:** To the vast group of Americans, the current Democratic party is acting like a “2-year-old kid banging on the side of their crib because they don’t want to take a nap”. If this socialist controlled group does not give up support of non-starter issues such as reparations, men competing in girls’ sports, men in women’s locker rooms, and their constant loud objection to the deportation of foreign murderers, child molesters, and drug runners; they very well could become a completely ineffective political party. The angry two-year-old kid will, at least, grow up. It remains to be seen if the Democratic Party will.

**Short Energy Observation:** Instead of bankrupting our country trying to convert it to unreliable wind and solar energy, and instead of making formerly cheap and plentiful coal and natural gas-powered power plants no longer cost effective by converting them to insane and unproven ‘carbon capture’ technology, why not use the proven, totally sustainable, nonpolluting, cheap, and reliable energy creation capabilities of ‘mini nukes.’ For decades our navy has had nuclear powered submarines, ships, and aircraft carriers. Since this energy has been proven safe and cost effective for most of our lifetime, a good question for our politicians pushing the bullshit carbon capture idea would be: Why in hell can’t we use mini-nuke power plants?

## Mexico: Not the Only Country with Cartels

When former presidential impersonator Biden, in his farewell speech, warned US citizens about dangerous oligarchs (very rich people) taking over our democracy, there was no doubt he was referring to president elect Donald Trump, his advisors, and many of his supporters. However, once again, the ever-confused Biden was apparently referring to his own circle of handlers. Proof of this would be his insane awarding of the Presidential Medal of Freedom (the highest civilian award) to none other than his friend, or should we say controller, George Soros. You probably already know Soros is a multi-billionaire, so using Biden’s warning, I guess that would make him an oligarch. What you may not know is, though he has made billions in the American system, Soros has always disparaged our country and has made it his mission to donate hundreds of millions of dollars to causes and organizations that work to destroy the America we know and transform it into a socialist/communist state. The Soros organization donates and provides the money to hire the literally thousands of PAID protestors we see on the news these days. I guarantee, the job ‘Paid Protestor’ is not the kind of job growth we need in America. People who are being paid to create riots, destroy property, disrupt and divide this country, without fear of incarceration, are not exercising ‘free speech.’ They are demonstrating anarchy.



After hearing Biden’s farewell song warning us about ‘dangerous oligarchs’ and the power they yield, you may find it interesting to read a couple of quotes from his good buddy Soros: “The United States is the main obstacle to a stable and just world.” Apparently, Soros feels North Korea, China, Iran, and Russia are not the problem with world unrest; he feels the United States is. Here is another Soros gem: “China has a much better functioning government than the United States of America.” Once again, anyone with a functioning brain, not to mention the ethnic people being ‘eliminated’ (killed) in China, might strongly disagree. Soros’ son, Alex, has now taken over his father’s businesses and he too constantly puts out quotes supporting anti-American, pro-socialist sentiments, and he too contributes millions to many anti-American pro socialist causes that hire paid protesters.

The fact that our former ‘Demented in Chief’ completely destroyed the validity of the Presidential Medal of Freedom by giving it to this anti-American socialist/communist oligarch, would have been merely another of the irritating actions of this pathetic chief executive’s actions, but now we see the ‘Soros Cartel,’ with its billions of dollars, is in the process of purchasing a controlling interest in the major media outlet, *Audacy*, a company that owns over 200 radio stations across the United States. Normally, approval by the FCC for a purchase of this magnitude, would take many months. However, propelled by a final puff of bad gas from the bloated corpse of a dying administration, the supposedly ethical FCC approval panel, made up of 3 democrats and 2 republicans, predictably voted 3/2 on party lines to fast track and approve the ‘Soros Cartel’ getting control of this, the second largest radio media outlet in the United States. Once again, a sane person, no matter if they are Democrat or Republican, would absolutely not be in favor of granting a socialist/communist organization that funds paid protestors to disrupt our country, direct control of a major media outlet enabling it to inject the poisonous propaganda of socialist/communist doctrine into the veins of United States citizens. Unbelievable as it may seem, this incredibly dangerous move by the FCC has been totally ignored and not reported by the lamestream media. Hopefully, our new president and his staff will take note and deal decisively to dismantle this additional and very powerful socialist threat to our country.



I have never been able to see the value of time spent watching football, baseball, basketball, hockey or whatever professional sports event that is capturing the minds of folks these days. About the only professional sport Linda and I occasionally watch is professional golfing and that only because we can at least somewhat relate to golf. And we have our TV set up so we can fast-forward past the endless advertisements. In the past 10 years since my retirement, Linda and I usually golf one or two times a week. Also, I have taken up cycling. Cycling is, of course, a most excellent physical exercise, and since I never grew tall enough to support my weight, it's a bonus that, over the past 10 years, cycling has trimmed 35 pounds off my short frame. Very welcome news! More than the weight loss however is that, while I am pedaling, I am having happy thoughts. It seems cycling puts my mind in a Zen-like freewheeling-creative state. Golf, on the other hand, is a constant battle to not get angry at bad golf shots. Although golf is enjoyable, I am sure most of you will agree that the only way to stay involved with the game and keep from swearing, throwing a club, or committing some other even worse lack of decorum, is remembering the endless golf mantras of: "It's a beautiful day, forget the bad shot, concentrate on the next shot, don't think too much, isn't it great to be out here with friends golfing, etc."



But I digress. To get back to my cycling and the peace of mind it brings me, on a recent ride, my mind slid back in time to my younger days. In the 1960's my family farmed and my father sold real estate part time. As a result of the real estate business being far more lucrative than farming in those years, in 1968 Dad went full time into real estate and we got out of farming. I was in high school at the time, so in the summers I went to work for a neighboring farm owned by the Martin family, as their hired man. My job consisted of field work, running tractors, cleaning barns, and painting. I painted not only all of the Martin farm buildings, but the buildings of another of the neighbors as well. Since the Martin family had quite a few buildings to paint, for the next two summers, I spent many days up on a ladder with a can of paint and a brush.

Several years later found me married and attempting to become a successful *Farm Bureau* insurance agent. You could say I was achieving moderate success, but I was barely making a living. Although not making enough money selling insurance, it still was a time in my life when a stop at the *Riviera* bar happened more than it should have. It was during one of these 'let's stop for a couple beers' events that I, and a friend of mine, ran into another mutual buddy who owned a fast-food restaurant in our town, *King Leo's*. The subject that day was that the buddy needed his house painted. I think his pitch to us went along the lines of, "All I need painted are the window frames, doors, and the patio." "Not only that, I'll give you each \$150, all the *Buckhorn* (a cheap beer) you can drink and all the *King Leo's* hamburgers you can eat." Whatever the pitch, after a few more than a 'couple beers', and since I was the 'experienced painting expert', my friend and I agreed to 'go look at the project' and determine if we wanted to become part time house painters. To a couple of half inebriated young guys, the job looked simple enough. As our buddy had said, the house was a Swiss style home and all he needed was the window frames, doors and raised patio railing painted. Hell, how tough could that be. We figured we could knock out the job in a couple afternoons. A few little challenges that we failed to note in our 'after a few beers' state was that the house was three stories tall, had 37 windows, and the railing on the large second story patio had many, I repeat MANY, 2 x 2 dowls, spaced close together, as part of its construction. But, at the time seeing nothing we couldn't handle, we took the job.

The first weekend painting the friend's house was filled with cheerful laughter, and we decided to come up with a name for our new enterprise. Since my painting buddy was new to the painting business, and didn't like to get up on ladders, his job quickly devolved into getting ladders, paint, and equipment for me. The only painting he ended up doing was the lower work and that too was a huge challenge for him. I laughingly began to refer to him as my Turkey or Turk for short. My job was to be up on the ladder, with my paint bucket and brush, painting windows as quickly as possible. As we were having another beer the first afternoon, Turk began to refer to me as Fastbrush. The name struck and we began calling each other Turk and Fastbrush. As it turned out, that first job became the humble beginning for what would become *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company*.

We started our job on a perfect sunny North Dakota Saturday morning and fully expected to be done by Sunday afternoon, because both Turk and I had to be back at our day jobs on Monday. Turk had a large farm and I of course was attempting to be a *Farm Bureau* insurance salesman. As we took one of our first beer and *King Leo's* hamburger breaks, we began to joke that since we were so inexperienced, if we wanted to continue in the house painting business, we may have a bit of trouble getting more jobs. Turk said that maybe we should advertise that we specialized in blind people's homes and hippy communes. A friend stopped by for a beer and inquired if this was our first job. Adding to our schtick, we joked that this was not our first job; actually was our second, because on our first job they fired us by the time we got our equipment unloaded. Ignorance was bliss, we were a couple of happy comedians that first day.

The second day, I began to realize that dangling on a ladder, with my bucket and brush, painting the 37 windows, some of which were nearly 25 feet in the air, was were going to take considerably more time than our casual 'couple of beers' estimate had anticipated. Furthermore, as the trickles of sweat began dripping off the end of my nose; the heat of the typical hot North Dakota summer days, and the ever-present mosquitoes, started taking away the promise of a quick easy job. Turk and I both started to realize why the free *Buckhorn* beer was on sale for 85 cents a six pack, and since a person could only eat so many *King Leo's* hamburgers; they too were beginning to lose their appeal. Sober reality was starting to set in.

Long story short: We did eventually get the job done, but rather than two days, it took all of our spare time for a couple weeks. In retrospect I think we did a fairly good job of painting the buddy's 37 windows, four or five doors, and what seemed like a few thousand 2 x 2 railing posts. We collected our money and neither of us ever drank another *Buckhorn* beer. Incorporation papers were never filed for *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company* and the buddy's house was our first and last project. I guess you could say *T&FPC* just faded off into the misty mists of time.

## The "Old Man"

The Old Man is gone but he loved this farm; don't you know.

I remember him working on these trees, all those long years ago.

He's not in a home, he just died one day.

But these old trees aren't lonely since he went away.

See, we spread his ashes right here, among the trees where he labored,

In the place that he loved, and the pine scent he savored.

The birds chirp and sing, as the wind softly sighs,

And somehow he's still part of it, like he never really died.

He's here with the birds and his trees all around,

In his favorite place, with his favorite sounds.

And the trees grow strong and beautiful, as they wave in the breeze:

The Old Man is happy; he's one with his trees.

He was tough but he loved us, and some rough times we had.

Yet, you know, I sure miss that tough old cus: He was my dad.

10/8/14



But wait there's more! Like I first said in this little story, I have happy thoughts and memories while I am peddling and on one of my pedals. I got to thinking about how our house in Scottsdale needed painting, but the cost was going to be North of \$24,000. Wow! It was about this time I heard on the news that it is felt that many of the next crop of new millionaires will be from the trades. In other words, electricians, plumbers, welders, painters, and so on. Key word: Painters. Mulling this information around in my mind, and thinking about that \$24,000 estimate, I remembered telling Linda the story about how we had painted the buddy's home all those years ago for a mere \$300. A couple days later, I floated the idea I should paint at least part of the Scottsdale house to her.

At first, she objected, but I reminded her that years ago when we were basically broke, she, the kids, and I had painted the run-down old house we somehow managed to purchase. We both laughed remembering the terrible lime-green paint on that small house, and how after we had painted it with a more livable color of *Olympic Overcoat* paint, many of the neighbors had come over and thanked us for improving the looks of the neighborhood. I guess you could say that job was the second job completed by *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company*. As usual the two of us discussed my painting 'some' of the Scottsdale house idea at length, and since I heartily agreed with Linda's caveat of, "No getting up on high ladders!" *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company* was cleared to paint 'at least part' of our Arizona home.

Although, by now, Turk had gone to that big farmstead in the sky and I was pushing 75 years young, after getting that partial dispensation from Linda, crazy as it may seem visions of reviving good old *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company* kept looming larger and more prominently in my thoughts. I realized that painting a house of this size and making sure it was done to Linda's specs, was a big project for me to tackle, but at least I could maybe just 'do the easy areas' and save some money. However, the next few days as I was peddling, the thought of doing the entire job myself became more and more believable when the old saying, "Anyone can eat an elephant. You just have to eat it one bite at a time," kept running through my mind.

It turned out there were 3 gallons of paint in the garage, left from the last time we had the house painted, so I decided to take the paint, and try my first bite of the elephant by painting a wall of the house which faced the canyon next to our home. The location of the wall was in a place where, if I screwed up, and my work was not up to Linda's approval, the 'damage' could be quickly erased. I already had the ladders, gloves, and drop cloths so the next stop was *ACE Hardware* for a roller, and some brushes. Three hours later part of the first wall was rolled and painted, it looked great, and I was exhausted. Furthermore, to my surprise, lo and behold, Linda approved of my work! For the first time the idea of me actually painting the entire house began to seem doable, and I laughingly began referring to myself as the CEO and owner of *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company*. Turk would have been proud.

The nice thing about being retired is I could 'eat my elephant' in small bites of 2 to 3 hours. To tell you the truth, that is about all I could take, as it quickly became apparent that rolling paint up and down a wall actually gets pretty tiring for an old insurance agent. None the less, as the gallons rolled on and I got into the routine, 'eating my elephant' became a fun pastime. I wasn't getting any *Buckhorn* beer or *King Leo's* hamburgers, but I was having a ball and told Linda every two hour stretch I put in painting was the same as me pedaling 20 miles and making \$1000 in the process!

The only big snag I ran into was there is one corner of our house that is around 25 feet in the air and has to be reached by ladder. Linda informed me, and I agreed, that me getting 25 feet up on a ladder was a fool's errand. She didn't want to be pushing a crippled old man around in a wheelchair and I had no interest in being 'that guy'. It was a time for 'throwing money at the problem' and for \$500 a couple of actual painters made the problem go away.

The final tally for the reincarnation of *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company's* third job was 25 gallons of paint, 56 hours of work, \$3000 worth of paint and materials, and a completely, excellently painted house. Hell, *Fastbrush* was so pleased with himself, he even bought a couple gallons of concrete sealer and sealed the patio and walkways of the place to boot! Along the way it was discovered that a ½ inch nap roller works better than ¾ inch roller on smooth stucco. *ACE Hardware* has a most excellent extendable roller pole which allows the painter to effortlessly and effectively reach all but the highest parts of the house, and if you wrap your brushes and rollers in a plastic bag when you are done painting, they stay nice and fresh and you don't have to totally clean them each time you use them. *Fastbrush*, also designed a 2' x 4' x ¼" slab of plywood with a 4" soft foam backing glued to it, that enabled him to stand on fragile roof tiles without breaking them. Who knows maybe *Turk and Fastbrush Painting Company* should develop a specialty line of painting products.

Be sure and give us a call for more helpful painting tips for older seniors. And remember: "Anyone can eat an elephant if you take it one bite at a time." Enjoy eating yours!  
*Fastbrush.*

**Prayer corner:** Linda and I believe in the power of prayer. In my case I believe someone must have prayed for me to get my life back on track because there were certainly many times the direction I was headed was most certainly 'off the rails'. Please take a moment to send a prayer for a friend that is fighting an illness, is in need of comfort, or who is searching for guidance. At the top of our list are Scotty, Tom, Konnie, Bill, Kermit, Dan and Dick.

*Thanks for reading Crapper and as always, we have our family, our friends, our health and time,....the rest is smoke and mirrors.*

Chuck