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JUST SAYING!

Since I have now sold the company and do not write their newsletter any longer, I have decided to do a personal newsletter, once in a while, just for the fun of writing and as means of getting out general information Linda and I and our friends have found helpful and maybe even humorous. After discussions with friends at a recent gathering, the name "The Crapper Chronicles" seemed to be a favorite. Wine was, however, involved; but for now that will be the name.

It's now winter so I was thinking I would start out this Chronicles with a story I wrote a few years ago when Linda and I had been down in St Paul for a few days.

This is the fifth newsletter of my retirement years. I am archiving all newsletters on my website at www.TompkinsPublishing.com.

St Paul Hotel



Its 5:15 pm in the entry way of the old St Paul hotel in St Paul, MN. Its early winter, cold, and snowing. The lights across the street in Rice Park twinkle with the frost and people are rushing in to get warm and have the early evening cocktail at the famous bar where F. Scott Fitzgerald mulled over his thoughts as he was writing *The Great Gatsby*. I just talked to the overworked, borderline frantic, new, valet parking operator, and he told me "It will take a few minutes to get your car, we're really busy." "Of course, no problem." Linda and Cheri are in the lobby staying warm and chatting and I go in and tell them it will be awhile.

I return to the cool entryway to be ready for the car and wait to see how long the 'few minutes' will be. The people stream in. different perfumes, styles, faces red from the cold, smiles: the sound of laughter burbles and voices rise and fall like the tumbling water in a brook. The big, brass, revolving door is constantly going Swiiissssh-hhhhhhh as the people stream in. 5: 25 pm, the valet sees me and says, "It shouldn't be too much longer; I'll come and get you." I say fine; smile; I am enjoying the people. It is fun to be almost invisible as the people ebb and flow around you. The smiles, the hugs, tearful goodbyes, "I'll see you next week", and "it was so good to see you two again." Heartfelt, sincere, happiness-compressed-in-time feelings. I move over towards the corner for a bit more heat and..... "you waitin for #368?".... "No".... I'm #371 but we're getting close. Its 5:40 pm, I turn and wave at Linda and Cheri. Linda smiles her beautiful radiant smile. I know she is sending me a message. "No worry, we've got lots of time." The guy beside me sees his car and runs out the door, "That's mine"....

Poor valet, he is now getting pretty frantic. Losing his appearance of being a 'no problem' guy. Here he is with #368 blocking the drive and no one is there to pick it up. I can see my breath in the cold entryway, but I am enjoying myself, and the lights are twinkling: I am becoming immersed in a show. A show of life. "Are you the one for #371?" "Yes I am." Too bad, I give him a 'too big tip' he smiles, relaxes, and goes to try and find the owner of #368. Me, I am sorry the show is over.

I turn and wave at Linda and Cheri. Early evening at the St Paul Hotel. One of the best plays in the Twin Cities. Hope when you're there they can't get your car for you right away.

Trans What?

I thought I had heard everything on the TRANS issue, but now I see a man in Florida has 'come out' as a Trans Filipino. It seems even though the guy has not one gene of Philippine blood in his body, since he loves the music, culture, and cuisine of the Philippines he now 'identifies' as a Philippine and even lists his nationality as such. I was telling Jack; too bad the guy doesn't actually 'move' to the Philippines. Even right here in Scottsdale at a drugstore we usually use, the other day there was a big (like about 320 pounds) male clerk dressed as a woman at the checkout counter. Not only was he dressed as a female, but he/she had bright red lipstick smeared (not applied) but smeared on his face. Folks: this type of confused, militant, nut

scares Linda and me. Nice to see the drugstore chain is so into 'diversity' that they hire these folks. Meanwhile we will never set foot in that store again. Come to find out gee, there are dozens of drugstores in the area that don't have gender confused male/female gorillas manning (?) the checkout counter.

Doctor "Sad Eyes"

I'm sure I have mentioned this before, but most of us Baby Boomers are waking up these days to wrinkles, crow's feet, bags, sags, and wattles, that simply were not there a couple of weeks ago. A while back I also noticed I had quite a few nose hairs and even went so far as to try to have them removed by the wax method. Needless to say it was extremely painful, but after a few months the nightmares finally subsided. It would seem after that experience I would have given up trying to look more youthful, but vanity once more reared its ugly head and I got to thinking that the wattles under my chin maybe should be tightened up, or gotten rid of in some way. Of course since we live in Scottsdale, Arizona the world epicenter of Plastic Surgery I scheduled a meeting with a practitioner named Dr Glibb or something like that.



On the appointed day Linda and I went over to the good Dr's office to be met and interviewed by his Nurse assistant who looked to be around age 50 going on 29. I was thinking maybe being she worked there she got a good deal on the various wonderful procedures the great doctor could perform. At any rate after making sure we were clients who could benefit (pay) for such wonderful procedures we went into see the Maestro. I tried to say all I was interested in at the time was getting rid of the offending wattles under my chin. However, Dr. Glibb quickly pointed out I had lots of crow's feet and unattractive wrinkles around my mouth, and so on. He proceeded to explain how he was going to help me out. First of all, he declared "we are going to cut you from here to here," indicating a line along my jaw roughly from below my left ear to under my right ear. Then, he explained, in excruciating detail, how he would pull the sagging skin down, liposuction out 'all that fat' and sew the various bundles of muscles together before sewing me up again. Then moving on to the offending crow's feet he explained how he would make an incision from below my ear to the back of my jaw on each side and pull those sagging muscles and skin back in place as well.

At this time I started to say something about how maybe we could just deal with the offending wattles, but he stopped me in midsentence. Shoving his hand palm up toward me; like a traffic cop signaling a car to stop, he declared. "Be quiet and let me finish!" Then he pronounced: "And you know, you have sad eyes!" After the demand I remain silent I didn't interrupt as he further explained how he would make an additional horizontal incision of about 2 inches above each of the offending 'sad' eyebrows. Then he further elaborated how he would put two titanium screws in my skull and cinch up the 'sad eyebrows'. After I expressed concern that I would look like Kenny Rogers or Bruce Jenner after their encounter with an overly aggressive plastic surgeon he assured me if the eyebrows got lifted too much he could 'go back in and loosen the tension' on the screws and 'let them down a bit'. Linda and I didn't know what more to say.

I managed to ask the great doctor how long the surgery would take and he exclaimed that he 'worked very quickly' and should have me 'done in four and a half hours'. Four and a half hours!!! Linda and I were simply speechless. Seeing we didn't have much to say the doctor got up and rushed out of the room after turning us back over to Nurse 50/29. She explained to us the cost of the upgrade on my face would only cost \$10,500 and the payment terms were basically a percentage down and a percentage when the job was complete.

However, little did she know the job already had been completed. Actually when Dr Sad Eyes shoved his Traffic Cop Hand in my face and told me to shut up, as far as I was concerned the interview was over. The fact the tune up would cost \$10,500 and take four and a half hours just cemented the deal. As I left the building I'm sure I felt like a stray dog at the City Pound who has been adopted at the very last moment. I simply couldn't exit the building soon enough. I asked Linda if I bought her flowers more regularly would it be ok if we simply could age naturally together? She said that would be fine with her.



Pipeline Leak

Approximately 11/17/17 we had an oil pipeline leak in North Dakota. The leak was stopped in a very short amount of time, and only approximately 5000 barrels of oil were spilled. Literally all of this oil is now cleaned up and recovered. This will be done with private money. It will not cost taxpayers anything, the damage will be repaired, and no ground water was polluted. Furthermore, there was no danger to life and limb of anyone. The reason to mention this is compared with moving bulk oil by rail, a pipeline is FAR safer. Compare this leak to the train derailment that occurred in Castleton, North Dakota a few years ago. That derailment caused a huge fire and would have been even more destructive had the derailment happened IN the town.

"So, I Was Talking to My Buddy Jack."

Jack the Terrier and I were out walking the other day and we got to talking about how of course it is common sense that when you and your dog are out walking in a public place, if your buddy Jack would happen to take an accidental poop, you should clean it up. It is simply the right thing to do and no matter how smelly it is, respect for others dictates you "must scoop the poop." In many places there are signs reminding us that not only is it the right thing to do "BUT IT IS THE LAW." Whatever! Maybe we do need to be reminded some times. However, Jack pointed out to me that some new signs have appeared recently, that not only remind us that legally we have to pick up poop but now the phrase DOG WASTE CONTAMINATES GROUND WATER has been added. Jack stated to me in no uncertain terms that this is simply fake news derived from poor research or no research, and has absolutely no scientific facts to back it up! He said, "what about coyotes, cats, bobcats,



rabbits, horses and countless other 'non-policed' critters' poop?" He challenged me to find any meaningful case where a pile of dog poop had "polluted" any GROUND WATER. In thinking about it, I totally agreed with him. The two of us would like to tell all of you that GREEN can sometimes be STUPIDLY GREEN!

Getting Rid of Stuff



In an effort to make more space in our home without adding rooms; Linda and I have recently started to get rid of years and years of accumulated STUFF. Of course some of it is "good stuff" hell, for that matter, most of it is "good stuff." It is just that it is un needed, unused, and unnecessary to us, stuff. After trying to pawn it off on the kids without much success, we have begun taking it to The Dakota Boys Ranch, Goodwill, and the Salvation Army. Of all three we like the Salvation Army the best. In asking what they needed the most they told us, pots, pans, silverware, small appliances (that work), vacuums, dishes, clocks, dressers, linens, small furniture, and believe it or not Western Novels are items that are most commonly sought after. After several months of hauling STUFF to town, we have much more room, and maybe some other folks have some things they need. Everybody wins.

General Information Shorts

When Buying Diamonds: They always say to remember the three 'C's. Color Cut and Clarity. I would like to add that from my own personal experience I have found there are two additional 'C's to be considered: Card limit availability, or Cash on hand.

Hurricane News: There have been 119 hurricanes hit the Gulf Coast since 1850. However, now I see the Global Warming genius' have declared the last one to be caused by 'Climate Change'. Whatever.

Beeep...Beeep.....Beeep....: I'm just curious: Have any of you ever met, or ever heard of, or even read about: One single person who can cite an instance where a car alarm has prevented an auto theft?

Sun Block News: Who would have thunk it: Yes, Virginia, there is an expiration date on sun block!!! The kids and grandkids were visiting this past Thanksgiving holiday and they pointed out one of the tubes of sun block Linda and I provided had an expiration date of 2005!!! I guess if you read the label sun block is not to be used after three years. To say the least we were shocked, to find we had been providing inferior sun block, but lucky for us we had a less "senior" tube that was acceptable. Jack and I are wondering if this expiration date too is "fake information" printed with the sole purpose of selling more products.

Routine Lumberjack Conversation: The other day while out cutting deadfalls for firewood, one of my fellow lumberjacks, in sizing up a nearby tree exclaimed "Nice Ash!" Lucky for us we were out in the middle of nowhere and we don't have to worry about being charged with anything! We did agree that in view of the current climate of "extreme sensitivity" that even when we are talking about trees, we have to be more careful about using "lumberjack language" anywhere other than "out in the woods."

Bar Soap vs Liquid Soap: Once more, who in hell came up with the idea of having "bath wash" liquid soap? I submit to you that a bar of soap is a FAR superior product and works FAR better than a handful of "body wash!" Furthermore, Meiling Soaps (meilingskincare.com) produce one of the very best bar soaps available.



Thar's Gold in Them Thar Freezers: Jack the terrier and I had a minor crisis going yesterday when I discovered we had run out of bread for our morning toast. Lucky for us, I went and checked the freezer and not only did I find a loaf of bread but it was one of Dave Shomento's 'super loaves'!! Dave and the good folks at Sammy's Pizza in Minot are turning out some of the best bread ever and I had purchased a few extra loaves to bring to Arizona this fall. Problem is, that is the last one I have. "Dave, are you coming down to visit this winter?"

Tompkins Muffs Contract: Earlier this spring I spotted a coyote in the back yard out at the farm house. Since coyotes would make a quick meal of my buddy Jack the terrier, I grabbed my .41 Magnum pistol, took quick aim, and sent a 220 grain jacketed hollow point round smoking towards the critter. Imagine my dismay when IMISSED??. Needless to say, I was embarrassed to have not sent the coyote to coyote heaven.....but it was 80 yards

Largest Bathroom in Phoenix Sold



Years ago when Linda and I were flying our own plane to Phoenix we had purchased a hanger for the plane at Phoenix Mesa Gateway airport. The hanger was 60'x60'. The problem was when we built the structure, although it was plumbed for a bathroom, at the time we did not install one. Years later, we realized not having installed the bathroom was a huge mistake. However, on checking about installing the facility after the fact we found it was going to cost north of \$15,000. Due to the delay we now had to submit new engineers drawings, have fire suppression installed (not a bad idea when one is eating jalapenos), and get a new building permit. However, I did ask that since the hanger was basically one big room, was easily locked, and was already plumbed for a toilet, could we not simply put a toilet in the corner? They agreed I could and so for a mere \$500 we had a stool installed and since a person could lock the hanger door complete privacy was assured. We used the facility for years and I bragged that Westy Air unquestionably had at 60'x60' by far the largest bathroom in the entire Phoenix metro area. However, all good things must end and now that we have sold the plane we have also sold the hanger/bathroom as well.

Napa Valley Fire Information

Recent headlines lead us to believe there is nothing left of Northern California but a smoking pile of burnt rubble. However, I am happy to report that I have received word from over 15 wineries where we know the folks, that far from what has been reported, the vast majority of the area is undamaged and doing fine. Far from the 'projected wine shortage' and 'higher prices' the people we know who actually grow the grapes and produce the wine, are telling us to please stop out and purchase some wine. Due to lower tourist counts sales are down and the wine country people need to move product. Many are even having sales and offering incentives to promote more wine sales.



The second thing that I would like to report is that the VAST majority of the damage done to buildings and property in recent Napa Valley area fires was INSURED. By far most of the millions upon millions of dollars in destroyed equipment and structures will be covered by private insurance. What makes this significant is these millions upon millions of dollars are available from PRIVATE not PUBLIC funds. With very few exceptions people in the area made sure to buy adequate insurance coverage for their valuable property. Of course there were situations where donations are desperately needed. Donations that are pouring into the area are of course necessary and will unquestionably be used. If you are interested in donating money the Napa Valley Community Foundation is a good place to contact. However, MOST of the damage will be covered by the affected individual's own private insurance programs. And really folks, isn't that how it is SUPPOSED to work? That we are responsible to take care of our own problems if at all possible?

Not All Businesses Over Promise and Under Deliver

Am I the only one that has noticed so very many businesses these days that seem to be over promising and under delivering? This has become so pervasive it is almost epidemic! From the TV advertizing to the brochures handed out it is promise after promise and yet when it is time for the service or product to be delivered and things are not 'as promised' the provider either quotes you some obscure disclaimer or 'apologizes'. There is no doubt that in the course of business mistakes will be made. And when that happens of course apologies are expected and needed. But it seems in recent years in so very many cases it is simply becoming the order of the day. I suppose this type of business should maybe be given a "participation trophy" for "trying so hard."

I do have good news along this line however. This past summer we needed rain gutters installed. I called Paul Pitner (701 500 3500) and his crew. They showed up on time, did the job for the price they had quoted, and did most excellent work. Yes!!

Another great place to shop that has one of the very best selections of culinary supplies ever is The Gourmet Chef (701 839 8938) in downtown Minot. Unbelievable as it may sound I wanted to buy a particular coffee maker and could not find the one I wanted in Phoenix/Scottsdale metro area. I called Gourmet Chef, in Minot, talked to Cory, and they shipped one to me. While talking about this come to think of it; there are far more providers out there WHO DO provide most excellent service and who most likely seldom if ever have to apologize for the good work they do. Our thanks to all of you!!

Thanks for reading Crapper and remember, we have our families, our friends, our health, and time.....the rest is smoke and mirrors!!!! Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you and yours from me, Linda, Jack the terrier!!!

THE CRAPPER MUSE

Always a Pilot

I look up to the sky and quietly say,
"Where is that plane up there thrumming away?"

With eyes scanning the blue,
my mind quickly fills:
The droning is fading, while
clear thoughts give me chills.

The far away hum, is now
faint on my ear,
Yet adventures flying swift
steeds of metal, will always be near.

The smell of the jet fuel, the
turbines whistle and whine,
The hard rush of the takeoff;
will always be mine.

Up, up to view clouds from
above,
Riding the river of sky; a
pilot's great love.

Returning to land, towering
canyons of billowing white,
The setting sun shooting,
last shafts of bright light.

Down, down, wrapped in
dark overcast's gray,
The worth of great training
was proven that day.

"1252D you are cleared for
the ILS 31 approach", still rings
in my ear,
With the thrill of close danger,
the excitement, the fear.

Then sight of the runway,
breaking free of thick cloud,
That I once had that skill,
even now makes me proud.

Thrumming props quiet:
memories wind down like the
day,
The rush of remembering
can no longer stay.

True, my wings are now
gone, yet you see I still fly.
Thank God for great memories,
made long ago in the sky.