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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.

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 see that now the amount of human crap in San Francisco parks, streets, sidewalks and homeless encampments far exceeds the amount of dog poop in the same areas." Jack and I both wonder how the 'ground water' is being affected.

Jack: "Dad, up here in Dog heaven several of us had a discussion on how to prevent mass shootings down on earth. One of our more liberal dogs

said they should make getting a gun as difficult as it is to vote. We both laughed when, in my sleep, I replied, "So basically, he thinks we should just mail a gun out to everyone?"

Jack: "Dad it seems that Democrats can't seem to define a woman, a criminal, a peaceful protest, dementia, or which bathroom to use." In my sleep I replied, "Yeah, but they certainly seem to be able to identify a speed boat going 50 miles per hour in the ocean as a 'fishing boat.'"

Questions & Opinions

1. With all their untold wealth why in hell don't the wealthy Islamic countries take in any refugees? Just asking for a friend.
2. Are my friends and I the only ones that find it interesting that this year at the World Economic Forum in Davos, absolutely no press time, and no discussion was wasted on the supposed former HUGE PROBLEM of Climate Change? So, what's the next tune; George Strait's song, *Ocean front property in Arizona?* or Judy Collins', *Send in the Clowns*. But wait, "Don't bother, they're already here."
3. A few years back, there was a huge issue, now proven to be fake, about 'foreign election interference'. Now many Democratic controlled districts want to allow illegal aliens to vote. My buddies and I wonder why this isn't considered foreign election interference.
4. A friend and I are wondering if we are the only people who have noticed that riots concerning "Black Lives Matter," "Climate Change," ICE, "Gender Identity," and "Free Palestine" are all being funded by globalist Socialist/Communist sponsors such as the George Soros organizations? We find it unusual that groups of supposedly 'spontaneous' protestors repeatedly seem to be able to mobilize with professionally produced signs at exactly the correct place and time for any given event. We find it odd that printed instructions are readily available on how to cause maximum disruption and damage to law enforcement equipment and personnel present. Actual research shows salaries of \$75,000 per year being paid to some of these professionals. We don't care if you identify as Democrat or Republican, sooner or later you have to realize that all of these supposed big problems are nothing more than attempts to divide and pit our citizens against each other, weaken our country, and turn it into another Socialist/Communist failure.

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.

5. Where are the scholarships for actual scholars? I will guarantee you one thing: In your lifetime you will need food, water, medicine, shelter, and many other of life's necessities. These will be provided by doctors, farmers, plumbers, carpenters, fireman, policeman, insurance agents, and a host of other professionals. However, you will NEVER NEED a professional baseball, football, golf, basketball, hockey or any other sports hero to make life better or more survivable for you and your family. It is time we started giving the scholarships to people who are going into careers that improve society. Universities should not just be farm teams for professional sports.

6. Argentine Beef and Australian Lamb, I am sure, are not bad products. The problem is, while we are pushing this foreign protein we are decimating and destroying our own beef and sheep producers in the name of the long debunked 'climate change' hoax. Even if this bullshit hoax was real, I guarantee you that the sheep and cattle in the United States are not causing one more gram of carbon output than their foreign cousins. Next time, when you are at the store, think about where the food products are coming from, and support your American farmer.

This & That

Friends are Friends, but Business is Business: One of my great friends and a mentor as well, is Laverne Mikkelson. We have been buddies for years and, of course, over this time we have done many different business deals. Since I happened to be in the farm insurance business and LaVerne was a farmer, many of the deals, of course, included his farm insurance. However, very early on in this part of our relationship Laverne admonished me, "Charles; friends are friends, but business is business!" Over the years we have remained fast friends and after countless deals, LaVerne's statement was advice well given and well taken. The other day, while down here in Scottsdale, Arizona I went to check on my supply of bread from Sammy's Pizza in Minot, North Dakota. The reason for my checking is, Dave Shomento, the owner of Sammy's Pizza, not only makes the best pizza available anywhere, he also bakes some of the best Italian bread a person can get their hands on. Since I need to make a trip up to North Dakota in the next week, I needed to see if a few more loaves of Sammy's bread needed to be in my luggage. I only bring this up because Dave, too, is a most excellent friend of mine. But true to LaVerne's advice of, "Charles, friends are friends but business is business." The reason for me mentioning it is, I don't bring 20 or 30 loaves of Dave's bread down here to Arizona because I need more luggage to pack. I bring it down because it is simply THE BEST! Thanks, buddies!



High Cost of Food & Who is Making the Money? When a few years ago *Smithfield Farms* or *Smithfield Meat Packing Company*, or whatever they are called, was supposedly bought by the Chinese, I quit buying *Smithfield* brand meats. The other day in the grocery store, I happened to see 'ham steak' in individual packaging and thought gee, a ham steak would taste great. I saw some of the ham steaks offered for sale were from *Smithfield*, but next to them was another nice big ham steak from another company. In my quest to 'buy American' I bought the other one. Anyway, I get home, unpack the 'supposedly' 1 ½ pound ham steak, to heat it up and brown it a bit in a skillet. I noticed quite a bit of water in the pan, and after reading the package noticed it said 'Ham steak and water product' on the label in fine print. After browning the ham, just for the fun of it, I took out my little kitchen digital scale and decided to see how much 'ham' was actually in the 1 ½ pound package. Turns out there was about 6 oz of 'water product' in the ham package. This got me thinking, food costs are up but not for the farmer producing the product. When the farmer sells his hogs, he is paid by the pound, but he cannot add 'some water product' so that he gets paid more. However, apparently, the processor, for some reason, is allowed to add whatever they want to increase the poundage of their finished product. But this little food experiment was not the real kicker. In looking further at the package the ham came in, way down the side, in even tinier print, was the information that the off branded ham was actually processed by none other than good old (owned by the Chinese?) *Smithfield Processing*. Whatahyagonnado? A few days later, I purchased another ham steak from Hormel. At least for now they are an American company. A good point to remember is this: There is not a city in the world that can feed itself. You get rid of the farmers, or worse yet, you get them totally under government control, the population will starve. This has happened over and over again in Socialist/Communist countries and hundreds of millions of people died. If you don't think it can happen here in 'river city' you my friend are delusional. Buy American.

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Good food. Responsibly.®

Stange Numbers: Thirty years ago, busy restaurants and bars were hazy with cigarette smoke, yet the average age of the US population was going steadily upward. We were living longer. But wait, now the numbers show in the past few years, average life span in the US has declined, primarily due to totally preventable deaths caused by fentanyl and drug use. The fact that we have been losing nearly 100,000 citizens to drug use every year does not seem to worry many politicians. Yet these same politicians are outraged when we kill 100 of the drug runners that are bringing this poison to our shores.



Editorial

When you have a political party that is against deporting illegal criminal aliens, but who supports males in girls and women's locker rooms and sports; a party that wants to take guns away from citizens, but supports commercial truck drivers, who are not able to read or understand the English language, driving huge semi tractor trailer trucks; when you have a political party that thinks you don't need to be an American citizen to vote; when you have a party that supports people being able to 'collect' ballots that an illiterate person supposedly knowledgeably filled out, and deliver it to a voting place; when you have a political party that constantly pushes for more and more government give away programs for people who do not pay taxes; when you have a party that wants open borders; when you have a party that turns a blind eye to billions in welfare fraud; when you have a party that attempts to call 'peaceful' the invasion of a church service by profanity shouting rioters; when you have a party that constantly raises taxes on the producers, creators, inventors, and virtually anyone who is even remotely successful and make these monies available to non-producers and fraudsters; sadly, you have a party that is heading our country to destruction.

Lenin, one of the main architects of Communism called people protesting without any real knowledge of the situation, 'Useful idiots.' History shows us that many of these people are well meaning folks whose main source of information is propaganda. By and large they have no real knowledge of history, and are oblivious to the abysmal record of the socialist society they seem to want. A person wonders why they don't realize the simple fact, NO ONE is trying to break into and become part of any SOCIALIST country. At the end of the day the 'NO Kings' rallies were just people whose only REAL solution to the problem was get rid of Trump and return to a socialist controlled, mentally incompetent puppet, such as our prior president. These protesters seem focused on solving problems they have no real knowledge of, with other people's money. Unfortunately, instead of confronting their own personal situations and electing politicians who will actually try and fix the issues facing our country, they are focused mainly on promoting more taxpayer funded give aways.

Not one counter protestor, whether Republican or not, has been portrayed by the main stream media as anything but a misinformed fool. But I've got news for you; the 'No Kings' and 'Anti ICE' rallies are simply a continuation of the effort of foreign actors to weaken and divide our country by causing social unrest. We 'Counter Thinkers' may be fools, but, by and large, we are the main ones paying the freight on this train we call the United States. People protesting are advised to do a little informed research before they attempt to derail it.



Story Time

The Racer

All of us were professional cross-country snowmobile racers. Young and in shape, we were at the top of our game and knew it. A group of us were up in a hilly area north of Minot called the Turtle Mountains, riding the trails up and through the hills and out onto the prairie to the town of Souris. As we were exiting the hills, we met a couple of snowmobiles headed up. One of the sleds was a Yamaha with a widening kit on it. Since Yamaha, at the time, was having trouble with their handling, they had this kit available that extended the stance of the sled sideways by several inches. It made the sled so wide-looking that it was called a Grasshopper Kit.



We made our way down the hill and over to Souris, and it was a fast, exhilarating ride. Maybe we were crazy to be riding in such close proximity at 80+ miles per hour, but we knew each other and our skills so well that it seemed normal at the time. At Souris we stopped for a hamburger and pop, and talk turned to the Yamaha with the Grasshopper Kit. Someone said, "Boy, that guy with the Grasshopper must be a racer." We all laughed.

Later we headed over to Bottineau and then up the hills toward the lake. My good friend and I were leading our group of sleds when we met the Grasshopper coming back down the trail. I pulled over to the side to talk to Percy while we waited for our group to catch up. I asked, "Do you think the Grasshopper will turn around to come and play with us?" We sat for a few minutes, and sure enough, from behind us around the corner came the Grasshopper, with throttle wide open and shooting a rooster tail of powdered snow out from behind his machine. Percy and I put on our goggles, and the race to the lake was on.

As I said, at the time, we were racing the professional cross-country circuit in the pro class, so we were used to going fast. I happened to be in the lead, and I kept up the fastest pace I could for about six miles. Then I chanced a look behind, and there was Percy with the Grasshopper right behind him. Wow, I couldn't believe it, this guy was fast! I turned up the pace still more, and we broke out of the trees to head out across a small lake.

I should have said the weather this day was cloudy. This creates a situation called flat snow. The problem with flat snow is that it takes the contrasts off the snow drifts. When the wind blows the snow into drifts, the drifts flow in the direction of the wind on that day. After the wind dies, the drifts look like waves of frozen snow, and the crests of these waves flow in the same direction the wind was blowing.

When you race, you learn to read the snow as a sailor reads the waves. The problem this particular day was due to the flat snow; we couldn't read the drifts very well. As we broke from the trees and headed out across the lake, we couldn't see two rogue drifts of snow about a quarter mile from shore. The wind the day before had blown from the north, so the crests of these two drifts were toward us, which is bad, and we were hitting about 85 miles an hour, which is even worse.

I hit the first drift and never even saw the second one. Luckily my snowmobile was aimed straight ahead, and I was centered on the machine. I suppose we were in the air about 90 feet; the distance of the jump is what saved us. I totally flew over the second drift, landed, and just kept going. When you're able to do a jump of this distance, it's absolutely exhilarating. I kept up the race speed for a couple more miles and then slowed to see where the others were. Sure enough, Percy was right beside me. We stopped, took off our helmets, and exchanged grins. There were no others, however.

"I'll bet the Grasshopper didn't make it," Percy said. We started our sleds and drove back to the little lake. Soon we could see the telltale signs of a major snowmobile crash: the gouges in the snow with the large clear spaces between where the sled had been airborne; pieces of fiberglass, Plexiglass, and Hyfax in a long line from the second drift. The Grasshopper was sitting at a crazy angle. At times like these you're worried about someone's being hurt, yet somehow thrilled that the drift monster didn't get you.

Crossing Bridges

Life has so very many bridges, each one of us must cross,

Bridges from one stage of life to another; sometimes the crossing is a gain,
sometimes it is a loss.

And these bridges a person passes over; they only go one way.

After crossing them, the die is set, we can't go back, they say.

Maybe the crossing is joyful; your first kiss, your first love, the birth of your first child.

Possibly a once in a lifetime special trip, or an adventure completely wild.

Your first home, first hole-in-one, first car; or another happy event.

All gifts my friend, happy memories, from Heaven, no doubt sent.

But later the bridges can be so very sad, a crossing you know is final.

You know in crossing these one-way bridges, the action becomes a last farewell.

I used to be a cross-country snowmobile racer; I honed my skills to excess.

For two years I wore the #1 bib in the Pro Class, in Canada and the US.

But eventually age its debt came due, and my racing days were lost.

I was 45 the last time I felt racing's rush; it was a bridge I had to cross.

That day was far from easy, but racing days were done.

The leather suit, the helmet and gloves, by the trophies sadly hung.

Then flying planes took over, as airplanes caught my eye

Buying birds with ever more power, helped me claim the sky.

First one engine, then two engines; to a plane that could pressurize,

And finally, a bird with two jet engines, my magic carpet prize.

But flying too was ended; age once again, ruled the day.

My clipped wings, one more sad bridge to cross, at age 65 the airplanes flew away.

You, my partner, rode fine horses, in parades and rodeos wild.

We met when you too raced snowmobiles, you brave and crazy child.

We married and started our company; you became the CFO,

And with you watching every dime, we made that company grow.

But now with the passing of so many years, those bridges to were crossed.

The rush of the racing, rodeos and business, in the mists of time are lost.

The cruel demands of the hour glass, have seen many dear friends, cross over Life's final bridge,

We both know they will never return, this life on earth to live.

These final days we talk, and smile and laugh of long past happy days.

We struggle to view this; Life's one last crossing, in cheerful pleasant ways.

It's true as age comes on us, and the crossings come and go,

It is easy to become down hearted; the journey's shortness you come to know.

Yet age as well still has its joys; not all the crossings are bad,

Having the love of your life yet by your side, is certainly no way sad.

We talked of getting old together; it seems that time is here.

Yet here we are still holding hands; God's love removes the fear.

We know that crossing Life's final bridge, we have to do alone,

But knowing the other waits on that distant shore, will make it seem like going home.



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The driver of the machine was shaken up but unhurt. He'd been wearing a full-face helmet; and it was broken in half, top from bottom, so the remaining top looked like a small beanie. We could see that the Yamaha Snowmobile had cleared the first drift but had plowed directly into the second one, causing it to cartwheel. Probably as the driver saw our sleds hit the drift, he'd tried to slow down, thus diving into the second drift, which he couldn't see. The result was a very badly damaged sled. We made sure the driver was OK and helped him get his derailed track back on. Then slowly he headed back down the mountain with his crippled sled.

In the exuberance of our youth, we went to a tavern and had many drinks while recounting the story. It was as if we had vanquished a great foe. Our blood was hot and flush with victory. Of course, we knew it could have been, and nearly was, our accident. But it hadn't been. We were immortal and the day was ours. Such is the arrogance of the young.

09/14/98



Prayer Corner: Linda and I truly believe in the power of prayer. We have many friends who are fighting illness of one sort or another and they are in our prayers every day. If you have a minute would you stop to say a prayer for someone who is dear to you? Thanks.

We hope you enjoyed reading this issue of Crap- per. It seems the national news media thinks our great country is all bad. Me and literally everyone I know would disagree with that. God bless America, and remember, we have our families, our friends, our health and time....the rest is smoke and mirrors!

Chuck, Linda and Jack