

**NOW WHAT?**

Oyster Stew Anyone?
Cell Phone Ringer Issues
Scottsdale Shopping Record Broken
More Bread News
More Pipeline Protest News
Dress Codes for Golf
Soap Story
The Real Heroes Among Us

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.

Hopefully, all the information will be accurate, helpful to some, and occasionally funny.

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

Oyster Stew Anyone?

I've been hungry for a good bowl of oyster stew for months. You know how it is. You get to thinking about something you have not had to eat in awhile and gradually as you think of it from time to time not only does the desire to have the dish become greater, but I think the memory of HOW GOOD it tastes gets bigger and bigger. Well, anyway, today I was in the grocery store and low and

behold, there they were: Fresh, unfrozen oysters in their own juices. Cool!!! Linda was not going to be home for several hours, I was hungry anyway, so I bought a pint of the delicious looking morsels, picked up a quart of milk, and headed for the house. I was thinking to myself, "Linda doesn't like oyster stew anyway and besides, there is nothing to making oyster stew, years ago I made it by the gallon!!" Going home, to whip up that batch of delicious stew I was one little happy camper.

Once in the kitchen, I hurriedly put a pan on the stove and poured in about half a quart of low fat milk. It had been many years since I had made the dish, so I was a bit worried I would get things right. None the less, when the milk started to get hot I dumped in the oysters and the juice that came with them. Being careful not to bring the milk to a boil, I only took it to a simmer for about 5 minutes. Funny thing is, the milk started to get little chunks on it like a small curd or something. Bummer! I tried stirring it, I tried adding some butter, no dice, the milk was separating. Not to be deterred, after the soup cooled a bit I sat down to have a great lunch.

I am happy to report that although the curdling and separating of the milk made for a less than appealing look the soup was fairly ok. It was not the amazing dish I had been dreaming of, and I think I overcooked the oysters to the point they were quite chewy, but hey: I had some oyster stew and it was not too bad. Later when Linda got home she told me I should have used whole milk and kept the milk below a simmer. Bon Appetite!!

Cell Phone Ringer Issues

Many times when your cell phone starts to malfunction, it is similar to catching a cold. At first you are in denial; but, like the saying goes: "De Nile is just a river in Egypt." It soon becomes obvious you really do HAVE A PROBLEM, so you work to see if you can solve it. My problem was after trying to get home to North Dakota this past week, and spending 8 hours sitting in the Minneapolis airport,



only to have to fly back to Phoenix because the Minot airport was closed, I began to have cell phone problems. The problem was people were not getting in touch with me. I kept getting too many phone messages and not enough actual calls. Since I had also contracted a bad cold on the trip I was kind of under the weather and didn't look into it for a few days. When I did sure enough, people were telling me they would call and the phone would either switch right away to voice mail or after a couple rings it would go to voice mail. In both cases the phone would not buzz to announce I had an incoming call. Being sick I couldn't just run down to my buddies at Batteries + Bulbs to see if they could help me so I started calling Verizon. You know the drill:

1. English or Spanish? This one is the most humorous of all the questions asked because in most cases, even if the person does speak English it is probably a variety someone like me cannot understand.
2. State your problem: You say something like 'technical problems' and they invariably reply: "I don't understand, could you please repeat it?"
3. What is your account PIN?
4. Then the inevitable: 'Please wait while I get someone to help you, wait times are long, this call may be recorded....blah, blah, blah.
5. Then (also the inevitable) they inform you: "many times by contacting us at www.blahblahblah.com you can get your problem fixed sooner."
6. Finally, the most helpful person would come on the phone to get the problem fixed. In most cases I had Linda sit in on the call to "interpret" whatever crazy English dialect the person used. After me telling them what was wrong, they would "fix" it. Several even called me back and yep, the phone buzzed to announce the call, just like it was supposed to.

But Wait!!! A few minutes later someone else would call and what would happen? The phone would go to voice mail again! Bummer! Of course I would call back and get a different "helpful" person and start the process all over. Finally, I got Greg on the helpline. I was shocked! He spoke perfect understandable English! He quickly told me to hit "Settings" on my phone, go to the "Do Not Disturb" section, and tell him if the phone was set on "Manual." It was. He said to switch it off, I did and ta da!!!! Problem solved. He said the reason this happened is many times when a person goes to put their phone in "Airplane Mode" they accidentally activate the "Do Not Disturb" function. That is exactly what I had done. I asked should he call me back to check to see if the phone was fixed? In a confident voice he said, "No need Chuck, the problem is fixed." It was. Thanks, Greg.

Scottsdale Shopping Record Broken

This reporter was shocked and amazed recently when Linda and I were in one of her favorite stores down in Scottsdale Quarter: Sur La Table. We spent around a half hour wandering around the store, but simply could not find what it was Linda was looking for. What makes this so amazing and the reason I report it is the only item located that was needed was a couple of small cookie cutters. The total price tag including tax, was a mere \$2.72. Wow! Can you believe it? We spent over a half hour in one of Linda's favorite stores in Scottsdale Quarter and it only cost \$2.72! Amazing but true. Of course we did visit other stores and the result was not the same. More later.

More Bread News



This reporter has already broken the story in a previous Crapper Chronicle issue, that Sammy's Pizza, in addition to making superb pizza has also been producing some most excellent bread. Since I was up in Minot to visit mom and check on the farm I was thinking I needed to bring some of this bread down to Phoenix. How did I do it? I packed three of the 'huge' loaves in a carry on duffel bag and carried them right on the plane with me. Worked like a charm, even the TSA folks thought it was probably the best way to do it.

More Pipeline Protest News

According to Morton County officials the pipeline protest has now cost over \$33,000,000 dollars and the cleanup is not yet done. A few statistics: A total of 705 people have been arrested, 92% were from out of state and 212 had prior criminal records. Of course the joke of the month is they came to our state in transportation fueled by fossil fuels, they heated their campsite shacks with fossil fuels, the estimated 250 dump trucks of garbage these phony “save the planet” protesters left behind, will be hauled away with equipment powered by fossil fuels, and the same “save the planet” folks will hopefully leave our state in transportation fueled by fossil fuels. I’m just asking: what were they protesting again? Oh, yes, pollution and of course: fossil fuels. This would be funnier if it were not true.

One thing that is not much discussed is this protest received a huge amount of money from various crowd finding sources. It has been reported that nearly \$14,000,000 was donated by well meaning but misinformed people through vehicles such as GoFundMe and FundRazr. Just a few of the entities who received funds are: Official Sacred Stone Camp \$3,125,550, Sacred Stone Camp Legal Defense Fund \$2,982,763, Veterans For Standing Rock \$1,155,770, Water Protector Legal Collective \$627,374, #BuildWithStandingRockCommunity \$537,555, and Last Real Indians #NoDAPL. Aid \$378,402 and the list goes on. Of the money donated it is reported in the neighborhood of \$6,000,000 went directly to the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe. Coincidentally a few days ago the Minot Daily News ran an article where the operators of the Prairie Knights Casino decried being short nearly \$6,000,000 in receipts due to disruption caused by the protesters. Gee, I was thinking the Casino was owned and operated by this same tribe? A person really has to ask where in the world did all this donated money go anyway?

One of the lone voices in government that IS looking into how to recoup some money is North Dakota State Tax Commissioner, Ryan Rauschenberger who warns his department will be looking for W2 and 1099 forms from the paid contractors hired by these entities. I wish him good luck on that one. Again, the question has to be asked: why are not the organizations bringing these people into our state responsible for this cost and damage? How can it be that they are apparently untouchable? Many of us are now or have been former employers. If the staffs we hired had rioted and caused such carnage under our direction, we would have been and should have been prosecuted. Why should these out of state clowns be any different?

Dress Codes for Golf



Over the past few years on more than one occasion it has been mentioned that I should pay more attention to what I wear to the golf course. In other words, I have been told that simply being comfortable is not as important as what one is wearing. Therefore, in my constant effort to “be presentable” and “wear the right thing” I have been upgrading my wardrobe. This effort has even led to a few people commenting that I am possibly becoming somewhat of a “clothes horse.” At any rate, I have kicked it up a notch in the wardrobe department; not only in my golf wardrobe but in clothes needed for social gatherings as well. However, in spite of my best efforts the occasional misfire will occur. A good example would be at a recent social gathering where both myself and Dan Schwartz wore our best “skids” because we knew our buddy Bobby Hill would arrive at the event wearing his. Sure enough, when Bobby showed up he had his favorite skid. Being so proud of wearing the proper social attire, I simply could not help bringing up the fact that not only was I wearing a “Robert Graham” hat, but also had on my newest striped shirt. You can imagine my total dismay when Roger Tollefson pointed out my hat was plaid and my shirt was striped! Not only that but Tom Middleton was quick to mention that instead of the earth tone socks I could possibly look for some added color there as well. Michelle Tollefson mentioned possibly I should stop over to the Patrick James men’s store and see if they could help me out. Whatayagonna do???

Soap Story

Like most guys, I tend to find a product that works and never change. A good example of this would be something as simple as the bath soap I use. Probably because I’m Irish, I settled on Irish Spring a few decades ago. However, a few months back one of my shooting buddies was telling me his son had started a soap company and he gave me a sample bar. Of course I took it home and low and behold this is most excellent soap! I used up the free bar and got on the website and ordered more. I ordered some for Linda and she too gives rave reviews. Of course the soap is Paraben free, Sulfate free, is made from all organic ingredients, has free shipping, and a money back guarantee. But the point is: IT IS VERY GOOD SOAP !! The website is Meil-ingSoaps.com. I was going to have you say: “Tell them Chuck sent you.” But that would be too corny!!



The Real Heroes Among Us:



In getting my physical and the attendant blood work I was told that instead of having too little iron in my blood, I actually had too much. Apparently this is a genetic condition and is easily cured by donating blood every couple of months. I joked with my Mayo doctor: “So here I am in the Mayo Clinic, surrounded by the best medical minds in the country and you are telling me the cure for this condition is “blood letting?” He assured me that at least for this condition it was. Of course I trotted right over to the Blood Services folks, found out I have A- blood and they “helped me out” with the “too much iron” problem. The reason for telling the story is at United Blood Services they keep referring to me as “A HERO.” Huh? I simply gave blood to help myself out of a problem. Gee, I’m glad to do it. Calling me a hero downgrades the designation.

Here is the definition of a true HERO. I graduated from Bishop Ryan High School in Minot, North Dakota back in 1968. While there I knew a girl who was a couple of years older than I that was a friend of my older sister’s. After these many years have gone by it turns out this lady, now a widow, is raising three of her grandchildren. The reason is her child and spouse became hooked on drugs and are now in prison. Rather than let her grandchildren get sucked into the vortex of Child Social Services Foster Care, this wonderful grandmother has resumed the responsibilities of parenthood, with all the time and financial burdens it involves. This selfless lady has for the past several years been raising these children in her home all by herself. She is not a wealthy person and has to rely on little help and her social security. The good news is these children in her care are getting a solid Christian upbringing, are getting good grades in school and will end up being solid citizens. The oldest of the children has now graduated from high school, has an excellent job, and is making his way forward in life.

Linda and I heard about this lady a year or so ago from another classmate of mine, and to help this woman with the many and obvious financial burdens she faces every single day, we have made her our #1 choice in charitable giving. It seems so many times we send money to some big organization and so much of the donated money goes to the support of the organization in question with only a small fraction of the donation actually getting to the person in need. In this lady’s case, every dollar given is needed, used, and not one penny goes for overhead. Of course the money is not deductible; but is that really the issue? By sending three solid self supporting citizens out into the adult world instead of another generation of welfare recipients, this woman is saving all taxpayers thousands of dollars for every dollar donated to her. She and those like her DO NOT get enough help, they do IMMEASUREABLE good for society, and they deserve to be helped.

She, my friends, is a TRUE HERO. If you would like her name and address give me a call. She can most certainly use any assistance you can send her.

Thanks for reading “The Crapper Chronicles,” and remember: We have our families, our friends, our health, and time...the rest is smoke and mirrors!

THE CRAPPER MUSE

Horses Eatin’ Oats

We humans have pleasures, which we enjoy much:
Flaming sunsets, fine wine, a cigar, good food, a great book and such.

And at times like this, we just drift away.

Our thoughts will wander, and go their own way.

It’s a time of enjoyment, of quiet reprieve;

But I found out today, we’re not the only ones, I believe.

I whistled up the horses, and they came at a run.

Like a bunch of young colts, at the shot of a gun.

Cause they know when I whistle, I’m there with a bribe.

A bait of fresh oats, to bring horses to ride.

Here they come runnin’, Paddy, Trixie, DD and Burt,

Up to the feed pans, lyin’ there in the dirt.

It was then that I saw it; that same reverie;

As they got all nice and quiet, standin’ there around me.

Jaws slowly chewin’, with eyelids half shut;

Bodies solidly anchored, like cars in a rut.

No more trottin’, or snortin’ or just bein’ rude:

The only sound heard, was those oats bein’ chewed.

Their thoughts slowly driftin’ no steady mindset,

Probably thinkin’ of grass not yet et’.

Tails slowly swishin’ the blue flies away,

Just four horses standin’ there, enjoyin’ the day.