

Perspective

TUSCOLA REVIEW EDITORIAL BOARD:

— Email: publisher@tuscolareview.com

David Porter,
Jennie Porter,

Mike Carroll,
Bill Englehardt

The wit and wisdom of on-the-job training

Like any business, one hears a lot of advice over the years while working at a job.

Here are some interesting witticisms from those older (not too many) and wiser (a lot of these guys) who are members of the law enforcement community:

When a patrolman complained to a senior officer, "How is it that the assistant chief (who was related to the mayor) has been promoted from detective when he and I both started at the same time, and I have 10 times more arrests than him?" The old cop responded, "It's not hard to score a run when you're born on third base."

A seasoned FBI agent was asked by his trainee why he read the newspaper every day at his desk. The older agent replied, "When I took the test to get into the FBI, the interview panel asked me questions about current events. I figured

current events must be important and I want to be ready for a retest."

While a New York rookie policeman was on surveillance, he was stationed on top of the tiger cage at the Prospect Park Zoo in Brooklyn on a midnight-8 a.m. shift in January. A senior cop yelled at him, "A wet cop is a dumb cop!" as they both moved to a security guard's heated shed (which still offered a good view for surveillance.)

Another rookie New York cop was approached by an old-timer walking a beat. The old-timer said, "Kid, see this? (while holding up his nightstick)" There is more justice at the end of this stick than in all the courts in the city."

While responding to a bank robbery the field training agent tells the young new agent, "See that crack where the street and the curb meet? Get down there

if any shooting starts."

Another old sage told a new agent, "Don't start looking for fugitives on Friday afternoon... you might find them."

One veteran agent told his new partner, "FBI agents are the cheapest people in the world, always looking for a sale of some type. If they had a sale on amputations there would be a lot of one-armed FBI agents walking around the office."

One former Chicago cop recalled that when he was a rookie working midnights, his field training officer and some other cops from the district had breakfast at a restaurant in a not-so-good neighborhood. This restaurant, like other businesses, encouraged the police to stop by often and they enticed the officers to visit by offering free stuff. When they had finished breakfast, the rookie noticed they had not

So there I was

By Pete Buckley
pete.buckley@tuscolareview.com



been given a bill. The rookie stood up and pulled out his wallet and began walking toward the cashier before his FTO grabbed him by the sleeve, saying, "Remember kid, crime doesn't pay and neither do the police."

After being frustrated (once again) by failing to operate the FBI's computer system correctly, a coworker looked at me and said, "Pete, remember that computers are

like dogs. They sense fear."

The following advice was a warning not to engage in relationships with coworkers: "Don't get your meat where you get your bread."

Some agent was overheard telling his fellow agent, "Jim, the FBI is the greatest job in the world. It's like college without the books."

Regarding the FBI being a good job, one agent commented, "This is the greatest

job in the world. They give you a gun, a badge, a car and three hundred guys to play with."

Regarding some agents who made some major mistakes, one ancient agent said, "Well, Jesus himself didn't pick 12 good Apostles, you can't expect Mr. Hoover to pick 10,000 good agents."

Once upon a time, an agent was bragging about all his hard work to anyone who would listen. A wise old-timer looked up from his desk and said, "Don't tell me about all your labor pains, just show me the baby."

A training agent once told his protégé, "There are three kinds of agents. Pick which you want to be: 1) Those that make things happen; 2) Those that watch things happen; and 3) Those that don't know what happened."

There was some debate regarding which type of agent I was.

Why my kids learn to swim

I have traced my anxiety back through many traumas, but the one that always rears its ugly head in any situation that demands control happened during my 7th grade class trip.

My elementary school in Chicago had an amazing class trip program. That was the year I learned that I could sell the heck out of some candy bars for fundraising. I earned my way to paying for my trip and even helped a few classmates raise funds. At the end of the year, we hopped on a charter bus and headed to Springfield. All of my older brothers and sister went on this trip, and I had heard all about Shakey's Pizza, Knights Action Park, and rubbing Lincoln's shiny nose.

Part of the excitement of that trip was spending the night at the Holiday Inn with friends. I had never stayed in a hotel, and this was my first overnight with just friends.

The glass elevators faced the center of the building and overlooked a big swimming pool. After we settled into our rooms we changed into our swimsuits and joined the rest of the class for a night swim. My best friend and I were pretty competitive, so it wasn't long before we were racing the length of the pool. We did this a couple times before taking a break.

It's hard for me to believe that I was actually a decent swimmer once upon a time, to be honest.

After catching our breaths, we sized each other up again and counted it down, "ready, set, go!" Starting from the shallow end,

Margie's Mess

By Margie Carter
margie@tuscolareview.com



There's absolutely no doubt in my mind that he couldn't feel

we were neck to neck for most of the race. As we got to the deep end, we had to swim down to get under the buoy line. Maybe that's why I didn't notice two boys racing the width of the pool in the deep end.

I was about 10 yards from the edge when I felt my hair being pulled. I had insanely long hair at the time; it went all the way down my back. I did remember to tie it back in the ponytail before jumping into the water, but it would still have made for an easy target for someone panicking for something to grab.

I was still on the last breath I had taken after passing the buoys. The thing pulling my hair reeled me in and now there was a hand on the top of my head. I struggled to swim up but then there were knees on my shoulders. Someone was literally standing on me, holding me away from the surface, away from another breath of air.

My feet hit the pool floor. I'm flat footed in the deep end and I can see the glistening lights just past the surface of the water. I started crawling at the hand on my head, pushing on the knees.

that the thing he was using to save himself was another person.

Now I'm running out of air. My lungs were burning and without meaning to, I exhaled. I looked up as the bubbles floated to the lights while I silently screamed "help!"

Blackness. My vision disappeared but my brain had one last instinct. As the water rushed into my mouth, I took a gulp, and I can still remember thinking that I might actually

be attempting to drink my way out of that pool.

Then the hand released its grip and the knees floated away. I was still flat footed, so I pushed off hard. As soon as my head came out of the water, I heard a high piercing scream, and it took me a second to realize it was coming from me. I swam myself to the closest edge, pulled myself up and sobbed. I don't remember who came to check on me, who spoke to me, or where the boy went that almost killed me.

I realize that it wasn't my fault. I knew how to swim; I wasn't playing in the deep end without the credentials.

When I sign my kids up for the mommy and me swim classes, swim lessons, and swim team, it's not only about saving them. I did it because I don't want my kids to be the cause of someone else's trauma. I teach them water safety so that they won't be that boy who should never have passed those buoys.

Letters to the editor

QUEENS IN THE CORN

Our Lord Jesus Christ especially blessed little children during His earthly ministry (Mark 10:13-16) and issued a vivid warning to those who would endanger the innocence of children (Matthew 18:5-6). Each child deserves the protection and care not only of his or her parents, but also of the community at large. It is simply wrong to expose children to sexually explicit themes. This fact is recognized in the Illinois law against obscenity, which makes special mention of obscenity aimed at children (720 ILCS 5/11-20 (c)).

Inviting drag queens to perform for an event billed as "appropriate for all ages" is intended to introduce children to sexually explicit themes. In the words of the Illinois statute, it is "prurient." It is contrary to common sense, natural law, and all that is good and holy. Even a decade ago one would have

struggled to find even a small minority in our community who would disagree with those statements. Now local events are using community space to do exactly this. Our community deserves better from their public servants.

We strive to make our churches places of refuge from a world gone mad. We preach the love of God to all who will repent of their wrong-doing and come with open arms to receive the Lord's grace. There can be no repenting of wrong-doing without acknowledging that it exists. As ministers of Christ, it is our duty to say that this is wrong. We exhort all involved to repent of this wrong-doing. We encourage all Christians to beseech the Lord to give them repentance and faith.

Rev. Jason M. Braaten,
Immanuel Lutheran Church
Rev. Joseph Carter,
First Church of the Nazarene,
Rev. David Dundas, Jesus Is

The Way Prison Ministry,
Rev. Darin Elder,
Eagle Mountain
Assembly of God
Pastor Allan Harris II,
Faith Baptist Church

SUPPORT PAUL SCHIMPF FOR GOVERNOR

You have lots of choices in the Republican Primary and these are two positive reasons to support him. First, Paul Schimpf has a conservative legislative record. As Illinois Republicans, we have learned the hard way that talk is cheap. You don't know where people really stand until they hold office and have to make difficult decisions. Paul has a legislative record that can back up his campaign positions. Paul has a legislative record where: he voted for pro-life, he voted against every tax increase that crossed his desk, he never introduced legislation to give Illinois new taxing powers, he voted for

a strong Second Amendment, and he voted against mandates and in favor of local control of education.

Secondly, Paul is the only candidate running for Illinois Governor who has won a major contested election against a Democrat. In his 2016 Illinois Senate race, Paul defeated former Lieutenant Governor, Lisa Madigan, by 22 points despite being outspent by over 300K. Paul knows how to win big races.

To defeat JB Pritzker, a Republican candidate has to do three things. First, unify the Illinois Republican Party. Secondly, get crossover votes from Democrats. And lastly, be able to survive a 100 million dollar character assassination campaign that is coming from JB Pritzker. Paul can do these three things and nobody else can. That's why I'm urging you to support Paul Schimpf for Illinois Governor.

Signed, Martin Marx

Forty years of collecting shirts fits me to a T

We have a growing problem at our house, and I'm not just talking about my waistline.

The problem – well, one of the problems – is that I have too many shirts. In particular, I have too many printed tees. I have too collared shirts, too, but they're not the problem. In fact, they solved a problem when we had too many hangers.

My printed tees are out of control. There are too many to fit in the dresser, so the dresser drawers won't close right. If you pull one out from the bottom, you upset the whole shebang. It got to the point where I would just let the shirts stack up in the laundry room – on the table, on the deep freeze, on the dryer. In the bedroom, there were stacks of shirts on top of the dresser, on the desk,

on the desk chair, on the floor in the closet.

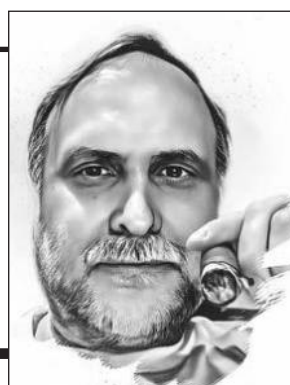
My wife, after five or six years of this, finally had enough and started sorting through the shirts with the intent of throwing away some of them and donating others to charity. I always knew that woman would someday take the shirt off my back.

I told her that I would take care of donating the shirts. I know a place across town where the women are so poor, they walk around all day with no shirts at all and men give them dollars so they can buy shirts. Jennie put the kibosh on that whole shebang.

She separated the shirts into piles on the bed. These are shirts you wear most often, she pointed out on the left. These are ratty. Those are too small

Ramblin' Man

By David Porter
porter@ramblinman.us



on you. You never wear these over here. You need to make some decisions about what you're going to keep and what can go.

I had already made a decision in that indecision is a type of decision in of itself. I started counting. She had 50 shirts stacked on the bed and that didn't include the ones still in the dirty laundry.

Aside from those poor girls across town, nobody needs 50 printed tees. I started wondering how I had acquired so many. Part of it is just time. My shirt size hasn't changed in 40 years and I have tees that old to prove it. Of course, there's a lot of stretch in that cotton.

A lot of the shirts were freebies. When you donate blood, sometimes you get a T-shirt.

When you run in a marathon, you get a T-shirt. I don't have any marathon T-shirts.

I do have some long-distance bike ride shirts, but you don't have to ride a bike to get one of those. If you stand on the side of the road and pass out water to the riders, you get a shirt – year after year after year.

Some of the shirts were gifts. Those are the ones that proclaim me to be a grouch, a klutz or stinky. Some guys get shirts that tell the world that they are the best dad, the best husband, the greatest golfer. I get shirts that warn those around me to stand back lest they be contaminated by toxic waste.

There were a few shirts that I had actually bought for myself to commemorate some

event in my life or to support some school function. I'm especially fond of sportswear from every college I ever got kicked out of. An education might have been a better choice but you get what you can.

Now that we're paring down the number of shirts in my dresser, maybe we can "pair down" the 560 shoes spread throughout the house. I don't know what to do with them, though; the poor girls across town already have shoes, or so I'm told.

©Copyright 2022 by David Porter who can be reached at david@ramblinman.us. All rights reserved. No, I didn't really get kicked out of college. It just sounds better than "flunked out."