

'The Definitely Not Funny Edition!'



I found my trucker on Craigslist!

Grandma's Car

After 11 years of driving her car, it was well time for my wife Cyndi to buy a new car. The old one has performed well over the years, but her demanding drive to the office every day makes reliability a primary focus and it was time.

After more than a decade the inside of her car is still pristine right down to perfect leather, all functioning gadgets, and even the faintest trace of "the new car smell" was somehow left. Even though in good condition on the inside, the outside looked like hell and the car had declined to the "good for a high school or college kid" realm. Lucky for us, we happen to have those and they are extremely happy to be getting Grandma's car. The oldest grandchild began washing Cyndi's car months ago knowing she was getting Grandma's car before I knew she was getting it. As typical, I was pretty much the last person to know anything. I like it that way.

There is no amount of money Cyndi won't spend on school tuition and school clothes for her grandchildren. However, when it comes down to buying seldom bought big ticket items, getting her committed to the purchase gives her a special kind of maniacal stress. She hates it. *(Continued Page Two)*

Publishers Note

It's Edition Forty-Two of TJO Cargo News! This is the special 'Definitely Not Funny Edition!' This edition is so named because my wife told me in no uncertain terms it definitely wasn't funny. Now that I am a serious not funny writer, this issue is sure to be an enormous collectible so we have a special offer!

For a limited time only, you can get your 'Definitely Not Funny Edition' read to you by none other than Tim Tebow! Since Tim isn't doing anything else right now, he'll have plenty of time to read our newsletter to you and your family night after night. Be sure to buy the special *Tim Tebow narrated 'Definitely Not Funny Edition' for your newsletter collection. Think how proud you will be when your friends and family see Tim Tebow living in your family room waiting to read this newsletter to you.

To get your Tim Tebow narrated 'Definitely Not Funny Edition' simply send one extremely talented NFL quarterback (Tim's not available now) to the Jacksonville Jaguars NFL football team and will ship Tim out to you right away.

TJO Cargo News is published on a strict schedule of whenever I stumble across some interesting information and have time to write about it. Who knows, this could be the last edition. Feel free to share a copy with a few hundred of your closest friends.

If you would like to contribute to the effort, contact us by e-mail. As long as your contribution is related to the transportation industry in some, even loose way, not offensive, and not obvious advertising (that's our territory) we can throw it in. Of course we reserve judgment on what goes in. As the publishers, we get to make or break rules as we go along, so anything and everything can change without notice. If for some deranged reason you wish not to receive this newsletter, let us know and we can remove you from the mailing list.

The NFL quarterback should look like this->

Enjoy,
Tom O'Malley
tom@tjocompany.com



* Tim Tebow narrated 'Definitely Not Funny Edition' may be substituted with a free pdf 'Tebow-less' copy of this newsletter at any time for any reason.

Grandma's Car

Cyndi is one of the smartest and most observant people I have ever met. She notices everything down to the smallest detail and remembers it. In fact, she commands total recall on every stupid thing I have done in the past twenty years. Her grandchildren, like their parents before them, truly believe my wife can read minds, see into the future, and bend time and space with her brain waves. However, things Cyndi cares not to pay attention to, she pays absolutely no attention to what so ever. If it's not on her radar 100%, it's not on her radar one bit. Thus the first trait my wife has to make buying a car so hard on her.

After she succumbs to actually think about a major purchase, the trouble begins. For 11 years Cyndi did not spend a precious moment thinking about automobiles, new models, new style trends, developing technology, car maker's reputations, reliability reports, or car prices. I am fairly sure she even missed GM going bankrupt.

Now that Cyndi is forced to think about a new car, she had to ask herself the most basic question of "What do I like?" It is then, and only then, she starts to pay attention to other cars on the road; which all look identical to her.

After quite some time of considering options, she settled on four door sedans or family SUVs with third row seating. "You really want a 'family car'?" I asked her. "There are soooo many hot sport sedans out there and you want the modern version of a station wagon? We don't have a pee-wee hockey team? We're middle aged!" I knew by her look I should shut up and stop talking right then. Just a few more words out of my mouth and this would be a very different article outlining my unexpected hospital stay. *(Continued on Page Three)*

Just because we can, doesn't mean we should.

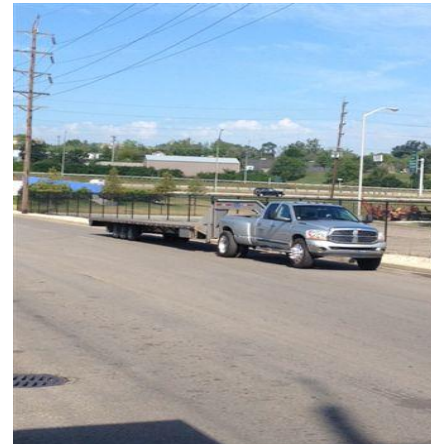
Because technology allows it many of us buy things off of the internet. It's now more efficient and safer than ever to purchase things on line. All the kids in my home think Santa Claus wears brown shorts, a brown shirt, and has a cool matching brown step van. As consumers most of us know to only deal with reputable and trusted websites, many having bricks and motor stores.

Also because of technology, there is a fair share of transportation being sourced from the internet. Internet sites are popping up with the intent of matching transportation buyers with transportation providers. There's even a reality TV show showing an almost maybe sorta kinda version of how things unfold for would-be haulers bidding loads. I saw the show, deemed it ridiculous, and haven't thought of it again, until just the other day.

One of our company contacts was running into truck availability issues and they were tasked with moving a customer's high value freight. No matter where they turned there were no trucks to move the freight. Even though it was just a normal air-ride flatbed load, the subject cargo was 21,000 pounds and valued north of one million dollars and had to catch a flight.

As things go in most aspects in life, when we are trying to achieve an elusive objective, we tend to get more creative to accomplish our goal. As our contact pressured the market to source a truck, the market began to look under new rocks for trucks. Indeed a truck was finally found to haul the 21,000 pound million dollar freight. The people shipping thought so much of the rig that showed up, they took a picture of it. Behold the power of the Internet.

Oh yes they did! In the process of getting creative and using 'out of the norm' resources to find a truck to haul the 21,000 pound one million dollar freight, they ended up with a Dodge pickup truck with trailer procured from some Internet load board.. The shipper being a savvy shipper declined to load the freight.



Thanks to well trained shipper's personnel and the quick action of my contact, the truck was not loaded. More suitable equipment was brought in the next business day to move the shipment. Of course this could have gone much differently. In the event there were no alert shipping personnel and my contact did not intervene, there could have been a 21,000 pound million dollar machine rolling down the interstate highway on an undersized trailer being pulled by a Dodge pickup truck. There are inherent risks buying from the internet. Just because we all seemingly have access to anything we want in the world with a click, doesn't mean we should. I'm just saying.

TJO CARGO

Per Shipment Cargo Insurance - Forwarders Policies - High Volume Shipper Cargo insurance – and a Freight protection products and freight risk mitigation service!

See our new website at www.tjocargo.com

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Did you know.....

Did you know most lipsticks contain fish scales? *(I can't wait to go home and tell my granddaughter.)*

Did you know Ralph Lauren's original name was Ralph Lifshitz? *(I can't see why he changed it?)*

Did you know the longest recorded flight of a chicken was 13 seconds? *(No wonder why we eat them, they're useless.)*

Did you know the average human brain contains around 78% water? *(Some folks less, some folks quite a bit more.)*

Did you know up to 10,000 shipping containers go overboard every year? *(Sounds like the makings of an awesome scavenger hunt to me.)*

Did you know Coca-Cola originally contained cocaine? *(You mean they stopped putting it in?)*

Did you know Porsche also builds tractors? *(Living in the south, I can only say..hell yeah!)*

Did you know elephants are the only mammal that can't jump? *(Would you want them to be able to?)*

Did you know 70% of all Irish barley grown goes towards the production of Guinness beer? *(No surprise here.)*

Did you know the Titanic was built in Belfast? *(That explains sooo much.)*

Did you know when baby polar bear cubs are born they cannot see or hear for their first month? *(Much like the human species in most their teenage years.)*

Did you know Iceland consumes more Coca Cola per capita than any other country? *(I guess no one told them yet.)*

Grandma's Car

Since Google makes me the smartest guy on the globe, I knew just what I had to do and went straight to work. It was time for me to just do my job; research family cars and four door sedans. Since I am a research nerd by nature, I'm okay with my place in the process. I collected all makes and models that fell into Cyndi's interests, threw out the very low cost 'economobiles', threw out the very high end luxury 'look-at-me - mobiles', and began to research the rest. Of the automobiles researched, things like reliability, safety records, gas mileage, and performance were noted. Cars on the bottom half of those results were thrown out. The remainder all had a fairly equal number good points and not so good points at varied price levels. There was only eight or so candidates total on the list to go look at. Did I mention Cyndi hates to go to dealerships to car shop?

The first half of the remaining list was easy to throw out. Simply showing Cyndi a picture of a model on my phone was enough for her to know she 'hated the ugly grill' or some other unforgivable travesty. The next stage of the hunt was the time honored tradition of ninja car shopping. Don't roll your eyes; you know you do it too. Early in the morning, before any of the car dealerships were open, we would visit car dealerships to get a firsthand look at the remaining candidates.

As new automobile purchases only happen every so often, 11 years in Cyndi's case, the prices are typically a good amount higher since the last purchase. As a result, there is the inevitable sticker shock. Cyndi's second trait which makes buying a new car hard on her is she is continually insulted by much of the retail prices around us. As an example, Cyndi has done her share of sewing and creating clothing. When dress shopping she can't help but do the math in her head of what the dress cost to make and gets offended by what the retailer is charging. Seeing the sticker prices of new cars for the first time in a decade was a real set back in our car buying process. Cyndi had now reverted to convincing herself her old care could very well last another ten years. It was a dark day in car shopping history. Although all was not lost, I knew the secret. (Continued Page Four)

I hope your future husband isn't scared off by all of the absurd wedding plans you have on Pinterest.



your e-cards
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I DON'T KNOW
MAN, I JUST...



WHO DID LET US
ALL OUT?

I DONT ALWAYS CARRY ALL
THE GROCERIES ON ONE ARM



BUT WHEN I DO, MY KEYS
ARE IN THE WRONG
POCKET

So grateful for Facebook...
otherwise I would have to phone
428 people every night to
let them know
I was ready for
bed.



your e-cards
someecards.com

Things to do today:

1. get up
2. survive
3. go back to bed

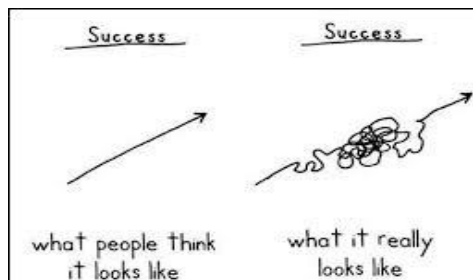


I can see no way in which this
carefully laid plan could ever fail.

Has anyone else noticed
that the symbol "&" looks
like a man dragging
his butt across
the floor?



I DID.



I don't like making
plans for the day,
because then the
word "premeditated"
gets thrown around in
the courtroom.



your e-cards
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ABSOLUTELYMADNESS.ne



Hey look Jimmy! You came out of
the elephants... never mind.

Grandma's car

The aforementioned secret is Cyndi cannot be sold. There is not a salesperson, including me, with a high enough skill level to sell something to my wife. With that said, the second half of the secret is Cyndi will eventually sell herself. Like photosynthesis it is a process that must take place for the world to be right. She ultimately did get used to the idea new quality automobiles commanded a certain price. At the end of the process after all stages are completed, she was ready to buy a car.

With almost all steps behind us, the final selection came. Cyndi selected a four door sedan that caught her fancy due to having all wheel drive, a well made interior, and she liked the way it looked. I thought it seriously lacked 'coolness'. It was time to go to a dealership that was actually open. When Cyndi is ready to buy, she is ready to buy. She's not going to look and she is not going to research. She is buying a car and will be leaving with it. Once the process is complete and decision is made, she hates to wait. The next trait of Cyndi's that would be a small stumbling block is Cyndi is practical. She is one of the most practical people I have known in my life with no doubt. She makes the Supreme Court justices look like a bar full of college kids on \$1 beer night. It became time to consider options.

It's not that Cyndi dislikes options, it's she does not need options. Being pragmatic her reasoning is why pay for something you don't need. Beyond the standard power windows, power door locks, and so forth, the only other things Cyndi requires out of a car is leather interior and a good sound system. Everything else is not needed.

Since most car companies have trim level model price structures, her only two added requirements bump the car to the next trim model and higher price point, thus an option war. The dealer wanted to sell from their inventory, Cyndi wants to buy a car, and it seems perfect. Perfect until the dealer is faced with a buyer who won't buy an upscale model to get the two upgrade options she wants. The dealership tried very hard to sell Cyndi the whole higher trim level and cited all of the other cool options that came included with the bump up. Being practical and knowing they wanted to sell a car more than she needed to buy one, Cyndi promptly put the quandary in the 'that's for you to figure out' basket for the dealership. (Continued on page Five)

Grandma's car

It didn't take long for the dealership to comprehend they had run into an immovable force in Cyndi. In the end the dealership agreed to have a car shipped in to match Cyndi's needs or rebuild an inventory car from scratch if needed. All this took place before the first test drive of any make or model in the great car hunt. Can you imagine? She was even leaning to opting out of the test drive because all of her needs were met. How it drove was a detail not important to Cyndi. She changed her mind after suggestions from the salesperson as well as me. It's just criminal to buy a car with no test drive. Heck, I even still look under the hood even though I have no clue as to what I'm looking at. Finally it was time for Cyndi to take a test drive.

Due to the cars all wheel drive and intentionally stout suspension, the car handled a bit stiff and the road noise was fairly loud. Cyndi was devastated. She really wanted to buy the car but couldn't stand the road noise. Even by my account it was pretty loud. It really let her down. So many stages completed to get her there and go home empty handed because of noise.

We finished up letting the sales person down gently and left the dealership. I suggested we stop and take a closer look at one of our previous ninja shopping locations on the way home. Since Cyndi just had a major disappointment she really wasn't in the mood but I pressed on and won her over. We stopped at the dealership of another manufacturer and approached the target model. I believed this model to be a long shot. It was much sportier looking than the last and it did not radiate practicality at all.

Since it was normal business hours we quickly had the assistance of a salesperson whose name was Chris. Chris went into the normal meet, greet, and warm up routine, but sensed correctly this was not the time to follow the manual. I asked if the car was open and Chris said yes. I opened the door and Cyndi got in the driver's seat. It was then she made an audible Fifty Shades of Grey-esque noise that I am not quite sure I can even begin to spell or get past the newsletter sensors. I hope someday to hear that noise again. She liked the car and she liked it a lot. Chris heard the noise too. I was screwed and I knew it.

The car did have a very soft refined interior, a sporty look, and was in my top three I liked from the beginning. I didn't push the model since there were no outstanding practicality elements. Cyndi and I typically have very different tastes when it came to designs. I liked the model with the ugly front grill. As Cyndi sat in the driver's seat purring as she caressed the leather wrapped steering wheel as if.. well um, never mind, I asked Chris what options the car had. Chris simply answered, "All of them." "All of them?" I questioned. "Yep, it's the Grand Touring Edition, every option the manufacturer offers is in the car." Chris confirmed. All of them I thought? This means trouble. Cyndi was way too practical for that. *(Continued on Page Six)*

What's in a toast?

Where did they come from? I read various accounts on the origination of toasts. The most likely explanation to me goes back to ancient Greece. As they had ancient Grecian beer parties wishing each other 'good health' they would raise their glasses upward as a gesture to the gods. Not so much so the gods would take a snort with them, but more of a nod to thank the gods for good health and the fact they were drinking booze.

True to tradition we are offering another toast today. This toast is in honor of true stupidity. Today we honor some of the fine folks among us that forget their Facebook life is not private! All stolen from the Huffington Post:

In May, two men robbed an Internet cafe, but one of them made the mistake of logging into Facebook and forgetting to log out. The flub led police right to him.

Jacob Cox-Brown, an 18-year-old from Oregon, learned that lesson on New Year's Day when police showed up at his door after they were alerted to a Facebook post he wrote about driving drunk, KGW.com reports.

Similarly, in 2011, a man who reportedly stole items from Washington Post journalist Marc Fisher posted a picture of himself on Facebook wearing one of the missing items and holding up cash.

In September, a woman posted an "LOL" status update in reference to her alleged involvement in a drunk driving accident, according to ABC. A judge, who was reportedly not too happy about the post, sentenced her to two days in jail.

So here's to you Facebook!

"[In the Universe it may be that] Primitive life is very common and intelligent life is fairly rare. Some would say it has yet to occur on Earth."

— [Stephen Hawking](#)

So there you go. Do you have a toast you would like to share with our slice of the world? Send it to my e-mail. As long as it is not offensive as the ones in my head, you can be our next guest toaster.

Grandma's Car

Yes indeed, Chris pointed out the impressive list of options including 19" platinum plated wheels, keyless everything, heated seats (heated seats in Florida, really?), blind spot warning sensors built into the mirrors, auto cruise control slow down function... "Wait, the what?" I asked Chris "The auto slow down cruise control." Chris explained "When the cruise control is engaged there are sensors in the front of the car that measure the distance to the car in front of you. If you get too close to the car ahead or a car changes to the lane in front of you, your car will automatically slow itself down to maintain safe distance from the car in front of it and as the driver you had to take no action." I said "Dude, we live in Jacksonville Florida. My wife will end up racing down Interstate 95 in reverse! It can be shut off, right?" Chris confirmed it could indeed be turned off, but added if Cyndi did choose to fly down I-95 backwards, there are rear cameras for that. This one was hopeless, besides being way too gadget laden for Cyndi, it was at a higher price point than she had made herself accustomed to during her internal sales process. This was never going to work and I regretted suggesting the stop.

A little while later as I drove down the road with Cyndi following in her loaded new Grand Touring Edition sedan, I marveled at how much I underestimated, or at least did not fully understand, the primordial noise I heard come out of her earlier in the day. I watched in my rearview mirror as she drove behind me. At every red light I gazed back to see my wife with a furrowed brow inspecting the gauge panel, little TV screen, and pushing buttons seeing what they did. I had learned a lesson that day. Things can change.

I was once again reminded of a quote from ex-boxer Mike Tyson. *"Everyone has a plan until you punch them in the face. Then they don't have a plan anymore."*

For as goofy as the guy was at the time, Iron Mike Tyson was spot on. Don't depend on plans too much or schedule giving no wiggle room. We must make plans, set our course to follow them, and even have alternate procedures for known soft spots, but there is more. Not admitting to yourself your plan may fail or break down in practical application, leaves you no room or budget to deviate from your plan. There is gravity, human error, friction, mechanical breakdown, labor issues, and bad weather, around every corner. If you don't have the latitude in your plan to switch sides of the street when needed, Mike Tyson is going to punch you in the face.

Soft spots are not always foreseeable and on-end Dominos all lined up don't always do what they are supposed to do. Setting your plan, schedule, and budget up with reasonable expectation of forced divergence will keep you from being stuck in the middle of a project with no budget, no options, no ability, and a broken jaw. I do have one small word of warning. In your plan never include the words "Plan to Improve". Those words together in a plan are like dividing any number by zero. The economy will collapse again. Just leave yourself room for maneuvers.

