



Yep, I rolled over this picture again because I still think it's funny.

Christmas Cheer

Thanksgiving is a hugely important holiday. For one thing it can be celebrated by most anyone. All diced up historical nitty-gritty put aside, who can't appreciate a day highlighted to 'give thanks'? What you are thankful for is your business. Even though we can all be thankful for stuff all year long, having a day designated to be thankful is the point. Another very cool reason Thanksgiving rocks because it is also the official portal for the transition to the Christmas season.

My wife Cyndi loves Christmas. I love that my wife loves Christmas. We, okay she... has Christmas trees, mini Christmas villages, and Santa Claus figurines all over the house. The 'third' Christmas tree for the house is scheduled to deliver the Wednesday following me writing this article.

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Publishers Note

It's Edition Fifty- of TJOCARGO News and here comes Christmas Edition! This edition contains an inflated eighteen pages of time-wasting entertainment. I wanted to get this issue written and distributed early for your gift giving needs. Now you possess the perfect gift for your family and friends, our Christmas Newsletter! I know my wife will be giddy over the fact she is getting an autographed edition of TJOCARGO News for Christmas, and your loved ones will too.

If you wish to have yours truly autograph your copy to make your gift giving extra special, simply send me a headlight 1976 VW Bus. But wait, there's more! *For the first thirty-six thousand requests we'll Include The U.S. House of Representatives, all 435 of them, who will scream and yell Christmas Carols at you all day every day until News Years Day.

TJOCARGO News is published on a strict schedule of whenever I stumble across some interesting information and feel like writing about it or an occasion e.g. Christmas like now. 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.

Headlight Should
Look Like This →

Enjoy,
Tom O'Malley
tom@tjocompany.com



* The 'House of Representatives' Christmas Edition' may be substituted with a free pdf 'House-less' copy of this newsletter at any time for any reason.

Rocking Christmas in October (New Story!)

Something happened this year, which has never happened to me before. Christmas started in October before Halloween. My Christmas started as I hung around in a giant discount retailer, well the biggest discount retailer, okay, Walmart. We all know where it was, so why dance around the subject. I was in Walmart. It was the end of October and close to Halloween, and I was seeing Christmas inventory stocked to shelves all around me.

The Introduction

What happened to the Christmas season beginning after Thanksgiving? Walmart starting the Christmas season in October didn't feel right. At what point did 'just in time inventory' transform into 'way ahead of time inventory?' The glimmer of Christmas decorations seemed cheap and dirty. It was wrong. Why not start the Christmas season after the Fourth of July? Heck, how about after St Patrick's Day in March? No! Christmas should start after Thanksgiving like it always has. Leave my freaking holiday alone! Oh, did I mention? I am a Halloween skeleton. The name is Leonard, Leonard McCoy. My friends call me Bones.



Look, I don't want to sound like a complainer, but Santa gets all the accolades. He lives in a cool place (pun intended) in the offseason, and people adore him on a global scale. No one counts down the days one by one in anticipation of my skinny ass being hung outside during Halloween,

but the fat man has people waiting for him all year long. I'm not bitter but it really isn't fair.

The Problem

In the eleven months of Santa's 'offseason', fatty does nothing, zero, zilch. He sits around while all the elves do everything around the North Pole and has Mrs. Claus whose job is to keep Santa fat and happy. In the meantime, us skeletons are working our fingers to the bo... never mind, you know, in the offseason. Now Santa thinks he can just waddle into October with his marketing department like no one else is in October? Bull-Garland to that.

(Continued Page Three)

Christmas Cheer

In our home Christmas music fills the air and cornball... I mean traditional... Christmas movies occupy the largest main television in the home. To ensure she doesn't miss too many yearly Christmas movies Cyndi will tape (DVR) Christmas movies that come on television and watch them when the time presents itself one at a time deleting each one after viewing. I end up filling the Christmas movie time writing articles like this and enjoying the miracle of hops, barley, yeast, and purified water. It almost sounds healthy when I say it that way, doesn't it?

To cement the degree my wife loves Christmas consider I bought myself the Amazon Echo with voice recognition because Amazon wouldn't send me it if I didn't. It is interactive and is sort of a cool tabletop 'Siri' Apple sort of thing named 'Alexa' with a better sound system. The very first question my wife asked this marvel of tabletop technology that could answer questions, turn off and on electrical things around the house, and tell me the Jaguars lost again... was "*Alexa, can you play Christmas music?*" Alexa said it could and indeed it did. Alexa played Christmas music that floated through the house. The music was paused when our grandson and his friends were certain they just saw the coolest thing on earth and spent the next hour in my kitchen screaming at Alexa what 11 year olds would consider off color questions.

You can imagine with Cyndi's passion for Christmas I couldn't realistically get away with the inside of the house looking like the Macy's Day Parade and not dress up the outside at least a little. I would be a huge Grinch if I did anything short of adding outdoor twinkle to our humble home. My wife already thinks I am twisted for wanting to spend the Thanksgiving holiday in the Florida Keys. My logic was all the kids are grown and doing their own thing for the Thanksgiving holiday and much of our Christmas shopping has been relegated to online purchases and writing checks. Considering our new middle-aged freedom, me being in a tiki bar in the Florida Keys using all my available brain capacity to decide if my rum drink was more colorful than my shirt, was a very rational place to be. My wife was just not digging my logic. It was time to put lights on the house.

(Continued Page Three)



Amazon rocks Wall Street

In a stunning announcement, surprising most of Wall Street, Amazon.com (AMZN) announced its intention to acquire Santa Claus Inc. (SCI) of the North Pole through a hostile takeover. In a hastily called news conference, Amazon CEO, Jeff Bezos, stated Amazon has been quietly acquiring SCI stock for the past several years in preparation of the move. The main objective of the takeover is to secure control of the SCI asset of 'Santa's Magic'. Bezos further stated, the acquisition of Santa Clause Inc. was the best next move for Amazon in its pursuit of the domination of every man, woman, and child on the earth.

For several years Amazon.com has been vexed by the problem of being unable to expand past retail dominance in the market place. Several large organizations such as Apple (AAPL) and Google (GOOG) have been pursuing world domination along with Amazon for most of the decade; each company being unsatisfied with the boundaries of being dominant in their industries. As one anonymous inside source stated "we don't just want to rule the economy. We want it all. We want the prize of the hearts, souls, servitude, and control, over every person on planet earth." (Continued Page Four)

Christmas Cheer

My first stop for project 'get lit' was to go to the ever expanding 'Christmas stuff storage area' to find our cache of outdoor lights and accessories. My first attempt misfired as I headed for the garage, where we typically store the outdoor decorations, and remembered the outside stuff had been banished to the outdoor shed with the spiders to make room for more inside stuff in the clean and safe garage. It was on to 'first stop the sequel' which was pulling everything I could find out of the shed, retrieving the needed ladders in storage, and getting set up to work.

As usual the three hour job for anyone else turned into a six hour job for me. Countless trips up and down the ladder taking down faulty lights and installing working replacements became a true workout. Yes, of course I tested them all. Some just chose to not work after the fact. I almost bought a solo flight to the Keys when I realized not all lights plugged into each other. What the heck is that? I was dealing with strings of lights collected over years and it seems they started making them so they are not universally compatible? Shouldn't somebody go to jail for that? Geez... Back up the ladder I go to uninstall perfectly good lights that were anti-social and back up I go with more agreeable lights. Did I mention I wanted to go to The Keys for the holiday?

(Continued Page Four)

Rocking Christmas in October

Maybe if Macy's put on a parade for all of Halloween's supporting cast I would feel different, but Macy's doesn't so I don't. Screw Santa and his weird little mob of bullies. While the Christmas crowd lives an enchanted twelve-month year, the rest of us are trying to eke out a living the eleven months there is no Halloween.

Don't misunderstand, when it is October there is enough work to keep me busy, and the money is good. I can't speak for the witches and werewolves, but I know at the end of the day for most of October, I am exhausted.

When I come home, it's all I can do to cook myself a meal and take a hot bath. I don't have a Mrs. Anybody cooking for me, and there is not one little weirdo that would come down here to run my bath.



Down here as in Hell? Heck no, down here as in the South. I am a Florida skeleton. (Continued Page Six)

Amazon rocks Wall Street

Analysts hailed Amazon's daring move as genius in the effort for global control. While their global domination competitors Google and Apple will be hampered by individual action plans that suited each region and culture throughout the world, Amazon armed with Santa's universal magic, would leap frog to success. For their part, Google and Apple have filed requests with The Federal Trade Commission citing the planned acquisition of Santa Claus Inc. will give Amazon an unfair advantage over them in the race to take over the world. The Federal Trade Commission has not responded to the complaints as of the time of this writing.

In a sharply worded response the Santa Claus Inc. press department released a statement emphatically denying it has ever entertained merging with Amazon.com and would not allow the company to be taken over hostilely. Santa Clause Inc. highlighted the fact their outstanding shares, as compared to company held stock and closely held stock, would make Amazon's attempt impossible. Later that same day, Santa Claus Inc. spokesperson, IB DeBadelf told reporters there is no truth to the ridiculous rumors that Santa was caught by Mrs. Claus in the wrong chimney or Mrs. Claus was getting ready to split with half of the closely held stock. When a reporter asked the spokesperson if there was any truth to the leaking of a video of Santa 'in the act' the answer was EEWWW.

Analysts speculate if indeed Santa Claus Inc. did lose control of Mrs. Claus owned shares, the company would be vulnerable to Amazon's hostile bid for the company. Santa Claus, Inc. is typically cash strapped in the fourth quarter due to high inventory and production costs. While attending the opening of the first Victoria's Secret Factory Outlet in the Noth Pole, Santa Claus himself stated he would never allow a takeover of his beloved company and would sell elves on E-Bay if he had to. Santa answered no further questions as he was whisked away by his handlers who appeared to be Victoria Secret Models.

Volume and shares of both Amazon.com and Santa Claus Inc. were up sharply today in heavy trading indicating the street approved of the possible joined resources of the two giants. Most analysts are grading Santa Claus, Inc. SCI as a strong buy. Other stock news of note today is a strong run by a little known research, development, and manufacturing company called 'Total Humanoid Controls' (THC). The company was first heard of on the popular website Alibaba. THC specializes in controlling the thought patterns of human beings and also own patents on equipment that can foresee the future. It is rumored Berkshire Hathaway's Warren Buffet has purchased the majority of the available shares stating "it's hard not to just love THC". THC's new company slogan has been updated to "We'll tell you what you're doing tomorrow today." ~ End

Christmas Cheer

Finally, finishing up the job to a point I thought my wife wouldn't be embarrassed to park her car in front of our home I put away all the ladders and unused supplies. I was tired and 'done'. Do not underestimate the power of 'done'. 'Done' is not merely a word; it is a real live state of being. An individual's state of being 'done' can be compared to the state between emotionally exhausted and complete despair with extreme fatigue as garnish. It's the point you know you are not capable of going any further with your productivity without getting cranky and turning into a complete jackass, thus you are 'done'. After I had finished I was 'done'. I only share my done-ness with my wife. It's best not to share your done-ness with too many people or anyone who does not love you. Doing so just pulls the Monopoly card that sends you straight to jackass. My wife loves me so of course I shared in my done-ness with her.

I was pretty sore the next day from my holiday acrobatics. It was apparent I thought I was younger and in better shape than I really am. Although even with my soreness the next morning I had more work to do that I was too 'done' to do the day before. While decorating our house I noticed that ants had made a large section of one of the eaves in my house their home. The new free loaders in my eaves had to be taken care of. With a nights rest (with only a little whimpering) I was just the man to evict the ants. I sprayed the outside area liberally with 'ant' insecticide to eradicate the offending insects. I decided I better also do something in the attic as well. It only made sense ants would find their way into that section of the attic on the inside. I decided bug 'bombs' would be the best course of action to ensure no ant foot holds. If you have never seen bug bombs they are really simple. Think of an aerosol spray can full of insecticide that locks on permanent fog spray when you push the button to thoroughly fog an area with insecticide. That is your average 'bug bomb'. (Continued Page Five)



Christmas Cheer

I got a ladder, yes again with the ladder, and brought it into the house. Did I happen to mention I wanted to go to the Keys? I put two 'bug bombs' in a plastic grocery bag and hooked it over my left wrist and hooked the strap for my flashlight over my right wrist. I then removed the door barrier that protected us from all things attic and climbed through the attic hole in the ceiling.. Unfortunately the ant invasion area was nowhere near the attic access area in the hallway. Our home is an old ranch style home with a very small attic area to operate in due to low head room. We don't even store things there because of the low head room. If I were an ant I would have invaded that far away too. No one in their right mind would climb that far in an inhospitable attic just to evict ants. Of course I couldn't let that stop me.

Pushing forward to the scene of the accident was of paramount importance. I pulled myself up into the attic and decided straight away I was already tired but continued. I 'duck walked' my way on the ceiling joists to the other end of the attic climbing over AC ducts, wiring, and water pipes all the way. Perspiring and dirty I got to the general area needing treatment. Selecting a good flat place for the bombs I set them in place and prepared to pull the trigger on each bomb. It was then I looked at my overall situation. I was deep in the bowels of an almost impassable attic with little ventilation getting ready to open two unstoppable spray cans full of poison. God was giving me an IQ test and I failed in a spectacular fashion. I was where I was, was doing what I was doing, and was stupid and I knew it. It was time to push the buttons of death.

I pushed each button and each can did its job perfectly spraying out a fog of poison. The fog didn't seem deadly and actually seemed quite harmless and peaceful. Of course I knew better because I read the can. It was time for me to get out of there and if I happened to have any pets with me they had to go to. I started my sprint back toward the hole of safety. As I was duck walking at double time pace through our obstacle course attic I hit my head on the ceiling. I regret to say on the other side of this ceiling is a shingled roof with all manner of roofing nails sticking through to the inside. You guessed it. I hit the business end of a nail with the crown of my head. I felt the blood streaming down my head and face and decided to duck walk even faster. If I was going to bleed out it wasn't going to be in a darn attic the paramedics would have to drag me out of hitting my head off every single ceiling joist along the way.

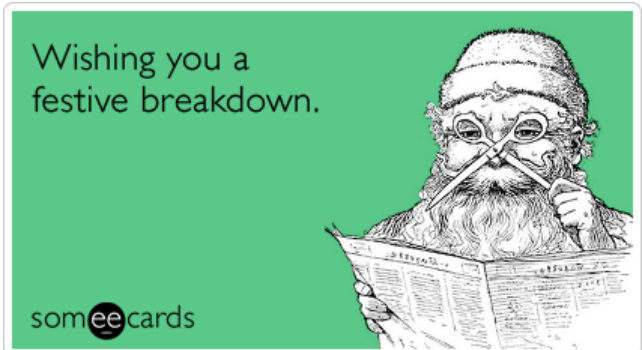
I got to the access hole and looked down through and saw the ladder. I also saw I was bleeding all over the floor below. I called to my wife to grab some paper towels and hoped I received brownie hubby points for even thinking about the floor and bleeding on it.

(Continued Page Seven)

The North Pole shifting elves to part time

It was reported by the North Pole in a news release Santa Claus, Inc. has been forced to shift all of the elves at the North Pole to part time as a result of the Affordable Care Act (ACA) after a stunning six to three loss in a US Supreme Court decision.

In the lengthy legal battle with the United States Justice Department (The Fed) Santa Claus and his legal team maintained the North Pole was not in the United States thus ACA did not apply to his North Pole operation. The Fed's case targeted Santa Claus is so well known in the United States most US citizens 'felt' like Santa Claus, Inc. was a US entity even though Santa testified on Wednesday the North Pole was not in the United States. Under cross examination by federal lawyers Santa was asked to disclose exactly where the North Pole was so federal authorities could verify it was not within US borders. In his testimony Santa stated he could not disclose the exact location of the North Pole as it must be kept a secret. *(Continued Page Six)*



Rocking Christmas in October

There are advantages to being a Florida skeleton. The skeletons up North have it worse than we do down here in Florida. Almost no one decorates outdoors up in the frosty north. It's too darn cold. That limits skeleton work even more up there. It's rough. Although I hear they have a union, but there isn't enough work to go around. On top of that, did I mention it is cold up there? Santa and the elves brag they have reindeer to help keep them warm. Yeah, that's what they call it... keeping warm. We call it something different down here.

Santa and his little perverts can keep the cold. Here in Florida, we are all still cutting grass and pulling weeds from our flower beds in October while the Ho Ho fellas look for a reindeer to keep warm. And these degenerates want to move into October? We must keep them out of October.



(Continued Page Eight)

The North Pole shifting elves to part time

Santa Clause, Inc. lawyers also argued the ACA could not apply to Santa's operation as none of the participants who make, warehouse, and deliver toys to the children actually get paid. With an income of \$0 there was no possible taxes due, or any relationship to the US Internal Revenue Service, so there would be no way for the elves to 'opt out' of the ACA and pay the fine (tax) for not participating. Santa's team went on to point out to the court the ACA program would also be an unfair economic burden on the North Pole organization as Santa himself was 1743 years old and the elves were not far behind him. Even though no one at the North Pole has ever been sick a single day, their advanced ages would make their ACA premiums much too high for anyone at the North Pole to pay. Court papers also stated Santa and the Elves complained they don't qualify for subsidies because they can't disclose where they live and can't prove citizenship just as they cannot prove they are not citizens.

In the landmark decision by the court it was determined the word 'affordable' was a generalization in the ACA title and was purely symbolic of intent not bound by actual results, so the North Pole residents were not exempt on grounds of affordability. It was also handed down until all residents of the North Pole could disclose their actual addresses confirmed by government inspection, they could not claim they were not US citizens, thus would be bound by the law.

In more Supreme Court actions, the court decided not to hear the case (Santa and the Elves vs the Social Security Administration). Santa and the Elves contended if the ACA deemed them citizens of the USA, the Social Security Administration could not refuse to cover them with Medicare due to Santa and the Elves lack of proof of US citizenship. The Social Security Administration brushed off the claim as a baseless and desperate measure of another corporation dodging public responsibility. The Supreme Court failing to hear the case upholds a lower federal court decision in California who agreed with the Social Security Administration's argument.

The court did agree to hear CAPNTP (Coalition Against Part-time Not Tall People vs Santa Clause Inc.). CAPNTP filed suit in federal court claiming victimization of not tall people by Santa Clause, Inc. by requiring part time hours for not tall people while Santa not being a not tall person would continue to work full time. The Supreme Court is schedule to hear the case in March of next year. *(Continued Page Seven)*

Christmas Cheer

One thing about head wounds is they bleed a lot and this one was no different. I was sort of certain it would stop bleeding in a short time but also knew I had not had a tetanus shot in almost a decade..so off to the doc in the box we went.

We walked into the Normandy branch of Saint Vincent's First Care in Jacksonville with me having bunches of paper towel in my hand pressed to my head like I was trying to prevent myself from floating away. The on duty nurse Tim, who was formally an ER nurse, jumped at the chance for what could be a serious injury and was looking at my head even before they knew what my name was. I almost felt deflated when it was confirmed the injury was nothing special. Saint Vincent's First Care did a great job providing more gauze and giving me my needed shot. Thirty minutes later I walked out not bleeding with a brand new tetanus shot. For the second time in two days, I was 'done'.

As a soon to be 53 year old man, I was unprepared for the discomfort that came as a combination result of the tetanus shot and joint and muscle soreness from duck walking like a sprinter through my attic. I felt like I was hit by a bus over the Thanksgiving holiday weekend. Unlike most holiday weekends, for this Thanksgiving weekend I was happy to see it end. I seldom get 'done' twice in the same weekend and almost never on a beloved holiday. It really makes a person wonder why they didn't spend a four day weekend in the Florida Keys contemplating the color palate of their rum drink. You can be sure I will give The Keys idea a try again next year. For that opportunity I will be thankful ~The End

Just a little office Christmas party etiquette from the heart. Your Welcome,
Tom



The North Pole shifting eves to part time

In a related North Pole press release Santa Claus, Inc. announced today even though the actual date of Christmas will remain December 25th, delivery of toys to all the good boys and girls would be delayed until at least April of the next year.

In more Washington News, the US Congress has called special hearings to investigate Santa Claus Inc. in regard to claims Santa Claus Inc. has flagrantly breached an ongoing contract with the children of the United States by not fulfilling the promise in the song "Santa Clause is Coming to Town". Santa himself will be testifying before Congress later this week. As one congressional representative put it,

"We deserve answers to why Santa Claus Inc. is putting the happiness of so many children at risk and has such complete disregard for fulfilling their schedule of promised actions on time with the quality and content pledged. The citizens of our great nation must be protected from this sort of radical behavior".

The White House had no comment on the recent court decisions and upcoming Congressional hearings citing separation of branches of government, but did mandate Santa being a fairly round fellow to stop eating so many cookies and all trans fats. ~ End



Santa Claus has the right idea. Visit people only once a year." – **Victor Borge**

Rocking Christmas in October

One thing a skeleton doesn't have to worry about up north is hurricanes during Halloween Season. While it may not be sub-zero here in Florida, there is always the chance of a hurricane hitting in October. That is the worst for us skeletons. Not only does it shoot a hole right in our wallet, hurricanes are also generally a drag.

Most of us skeletons handle October hurricanes the same way. We go out and buy our hurricane supplies about four days before the hurricane is due to hit. Then after two days pass, we have typically drunk all our hurricane supplies and must go buy more hurricane supplies, then we hunker. Yep, hunker is an honest to God word down here. The weather forecasters use the word hunker as soon as a storm comes off the coast of Africa, and local politicians shout it out like a verbal nervous tick. We all must hunker down for the storm! The bigger the storm, the harder we must hunker. Hunkering turns out to be a lot like 'keeping warm' but with no reindeer.

Normally, the storm comes with some being worse than others, some people having better luck than others, and the electricity stops working for just about everyone. Time passes slow, and there is only so much hunkering a skeleton can do. This is where the hurricane supplies come into play.

First comes the hurricane with all the wind, then comes the drinking because you can't physically hunker anymore. The bill comes due for the drinking, rum goes straight through us skinny guys, and before you know it, we are back on the road driving in a hurricane looking for more hurricane supplies.



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Happy Holidays



<http://TheFunnyPlace.net>

Rocking Christmas in October

It would serve Santa right if his shipments of Christmas inventory trucked in October couldn't make it due to one of our hurricanes. That would teach him. There is a reason his Christmas propaganda isn't shipped until later in November because October is for Halloween, and Halloween cast members know how to deal with hurricanes! Elves don't need to be in Florida in an October Florida hurricane. If the hurricane-force winds didn't fling them into the next county, the local good old boys, all fueled up with hurricane supplies, would think an elf throwing contest was the best idea they ever had.

Once hurricane season is over (in November I might add), things go back to normal in Florida. All Floridians get back to work and relax Florida style, enjoy our hobbies, and start thinking about Thanksgiving and Christmas. It's only Santa and his band of miniature mercenaries that try to rush things. The hard-working Halloween industry goes dormant for another year, working hard at home trying to make next year's Halloween even better.



It may sound like I am a Christmas hater, but I am not. I love Christmas. At least the Christmas that begins its season after Thanksgiving. As a matter of fact, I have written Santa so many cards and letters every single year offering to join the Christmas team I have lost count. I would be a perfect addition to Team Christmas! My work with the Halloween industry would dovetail right into the Christmas season, and given the right clothes, I don't think I would scare the children much at all. I think the idea is growing on Santa. He has not said no yet and has only filed two restraining orders. That gives me hope I may some day be a part of the Christmas team, the North Pole, and helping all the cute elves!

For crying out loud, look at my house Santa! My house is a freaking tribute to you!



Do you realize the amount of crap I take from the other skeletons because my house is a shrine to Santa Clause and the North Pole? They are unrelenting. They will all see when Santa swings by and picks me up one day to help deliver all the presents. Hey, everyone can have a dream. Being Santa's first skeleton helper is mine. Don't be a dream crusher. Sometimes you just have to believe when there is no reason to, give support when there is little chance, and say why not instead of why. In short, don't be a buzzkill.

Merry Christmas - Leonard 'Bones' McCoy

The End



Santa is hiring!

Good luck finding qualified drivers to move your freight. Santa Claus Inc. is hiring them all up. The move is a result of the U.S. Federal Motor Carrier Safety Administration (FMCSA) concluding while in the USA Santa Claus is regulated under the same guidelines as any professional over the road driver in the United States America. Furthermore, Santa's 'magic' will also be illegal while Santa is within USA borders as 'magic', while not specifically mentioned in regulations, but will be banned as a safety measure to protect the public as 'magic' has not been fully studied.

In a statement to the media Santa Claus Inc. said the mandatory shut down hours Santa would be required to sit idle in the USA delivering toys would extend delivery times to an unacceptable level. The Santa Clause Inc. analytics department stated "With 115,000,000 million households within the USA, with no magic and following the FMCSA guidelines, delivery time of all gifts in the USA would take 26,256 years."

After a breakdown in talks between Santa Clause Inc. and popular online shopping service Amazon, in an attempt to keep Santa's global delivery on schedule for the Christmas season, Santa Claus Inc. has decided to hire 8 million commercial drivers.

Transportations companies all over the nation filed a grievance with the FMCSA. The grievance stated "Since there are only a little over 3 million CDL drivers in the nation at this time, the move would not only deplete their driver ranks, but empty all CDL driving schools of anyone who could quickly obtain a CDL as well. After all, who wouldn't want to drive for Santa?" The FMCSA is considering the grievance and said they should have a decision handed down within 18 months.~ The End

Santa forced to go legit.

On a widely unpublicized note, Santa today declared bankruptcy citing mounting costs of delivering toys to the little boys and girls. In an event only broadcast by Fox News, (CNN, ABC, CBS, NBC, and MSNBC declared the story not news worthy; headlining instead with Lindsay Lohan's latest nightclub arrest), Santa held a press conference.

In his press conference Santa stated the bankruptcy had been building for almost a year and it was impossible for him to continue. Asked for specific reasons, Santa cleared his throat and started with the explanation.

Once upon a time not so very long ago, there was an aging fat man with red cheeks and funny spectacles who wore red fur suits trimmed in white with a matching fur cap who loved to make people happy. No silly, not Elton John, it was Santa Claus! Santa Claus loved to bring gifts to all the boys and girls all over the world every year at Christmas. He and his elves worked tirelessly all year long making toys, reviewing who was naughty or nice, and making plans for the big day! After centuries of building toys in his work shop and flying everywhere to gift them to all the good children, last Christmas Santa hit a snag, the federal government of the United States of America.

The federal government shutdown Santa's operation by court order citing that Santa obviously was not unaware of the laws and regulations in place to protect the public. "Ohhh" said Santa, "I wouldn't want to endanger anyone anywhere in the world. What should I do?" The federal government responded via Twitter to Santa's question and said they were a kind and benevolent federal government, and they were there to help.

With swift action, the President appointed a "Christmas Czar", later renamed to 'Holiday Czar' as the result of 4000 law suits, to oversee the deeds of Santa and make sure things were done in a legal and proper manner.

(Continued Page Eleven)



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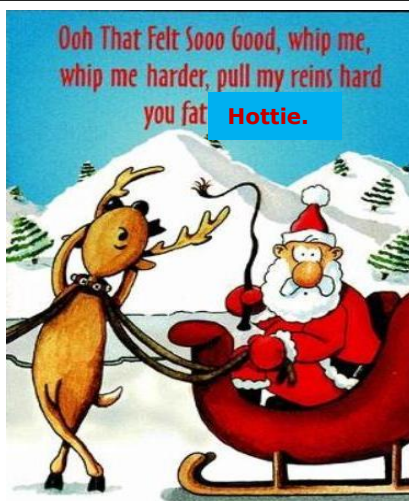
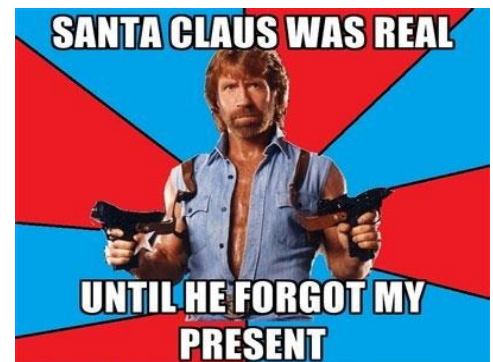
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“Terrific” said the Holiday Czar, “I can’t wait to get started”. *(Continued Page Nine)*

Why don't
you join me
on the
naughty list
sometime?



79¢
Elf
CUTLETS
In Wine
\$2.29 12 oz
Pkg



Santa forced to go legit.

Santa and the Holiday Czar worked hard, then worked some more. The Czar was an excellent student who absorbed information at an impressive pace. At the end of Santa's seminar Santa looked at the Czar and said,

"Okay, how many rules am I breaking?"

The Czar answered with no hesitation, "a lot."

"Right" said Santa, "which rules?"

"I don't know." said the Czar matter of factually.

"For crying out loud!" Santa cried, finally getting cheesed off, "What do you mean you don't know?"

The Czar calmly replied, "You see, after learning all about what you do, it became clear to me as far as the United States government is concerned most of your operation has to do with import, transportation and distribution of goods. I know nothing of transportation and distribution, I'm an accountant. I was the head of the Internal Revenue Service before this gig. One thing I can tell you Santa is that everything coming into the United States of America comes in at a port and goes through U.S. Customs."

"What do you suggest I do?" asked Santa.

The Holiday Czar then sat back and said "I'll tell you what Santa, I like you. You're a great guy, I like Elton John music, and you remind me of Elton John. What do you say we team up and do your deliveries together solving one problem at a time. Let us start with Customs."

Santa and the Holiday Czar decided to make the issue of Customs top of the list and thought the best place to enter the USA was at one of the many seaports to do just that. They surmised a seaport would not only have a U.S. Customs office, the port would also possess any equipment needed to transfer Santa's Sleigh and reindeer with ease. Having the reindeer running through the body scanners at an international airport would certainly annoy the TSA and just wouldn't do. Besides, Blitzen was rather shy about his junk. *(Continued Page Fourteen)*

Tough new clean truck regulations endanger Christmas.

It's hard to find anyone who doesn't want to be 'greener' for the good of our planet; that includes Santa. There are a number of steps being taken by the government to try and make us all greener. Washington is busy looking to the transportation industry, which includes Santa and his reindeer transporting all those toys, to do its' part by government mandated use of alternative fuels like biodiesel. There's a caveat to the Santa's wish to green up; he wants to be green but not bankrupt.

The Fed is singling out Santa Claus as a prime target for getting his act cleaned up. During testing it was confirmed that Santa's transportation system (sleigh and reindeer) gives off an unacceptable amount of methane gas which is known to aid global warming. Authorities also stated Santa himself added to the methane problem to a "significant degree" and would have to have a medical approval certificate to continue to drive his sleigh and deliver toys to the children. Government officials also criticized Santa for feeding his reindeer corn that could otherwise be used to make ethanol based fuel products.

In an interview on the popular TV show 'The View' with Whoopi, and the rest of the gang, Santa explained replacing his beloved reindeer with a biodiesel burning vehicle is not a current goal. Santa claimed, as he was being over spoken by his hosts, finding a clean burning vehicle capable of traveling the millions of miles and making the countless stops at children's homes around the world is not possible even if affordable. The situation further deteriorated on the set of The View when Santa stated ethanol based fuels were a bad idea, have never worked well, and just mess up his weed-whacker motor. By this time the set of The View had turned into a hysterical argument. Two of the hosts had already walked off the set screaming Santa's elves were 'little prisoners' and Santa was covered with fake animal blood over his best fur Santa suit. Barbara Walters, unable to control her fellow hosts, finally gave up and left the set when Santa let out a defensive methane burst.

Neither camp could be reached, nor returned any calls, from media inquiries as to whether Santa would return to the show. In a later interview with media, Santa, wearing a new red fur Santa suit, said it was unfortunate the 'View' interview had gone so poorly and he would be canceling his appearance on 'The Talk' daytime show due to scheduling conflicts. *(Continued Page Thirteen)*

Tough new clean truck regulations endanger Christmas.

In making our planet greener there will be winners and there will be losers. In looking at the unfolding regulations and initiatives it appears Santa and consumer's wallets will not fare well through the greening up process of our country

As it was announced shortly after Santa's appearance on The View, Santa, as a result of a plea bargain with the Fed, has signed a multi-year contract with Google. Sources tell us the contract calls for year round delivery of Santa's toys to children everywhere using 'Google camera cars' as the delivery vehicles. As a part of the deal Google maintains all rights to pictures of the excited children's little faces.

Santa will continue to keep his reindeer for ceremonial appearances only. Also announced by a government spokesperson, the little people once known as Santa's elves have been removed from the North Pole and are in the process of being transferred to foster care families throughout the nation. Opponents point out that the former elves are not U.S. citizens and must be returned to their home at the North Pole. Pending a Congressional investigation, most experts on the case forecast the collection of former elves will be assisted by various government agencies and given full Social Security benefits to enable the former elves to lead normal not tall people lives in the U.S.

~End

May your shameful behavior at the office holiday party not follow you throughout the remainder of your career.

someecards



Have a **Satisfactory**
Non-Denominational
Capitalist Wintertime
Gift-Giving Season



Did I mention he knows when you are sleeping?

Scientists calculated that Santa would have to visit 822 homes a second to deliver all the world's presents on Christmas Eve, traveling at 650 miles a second.

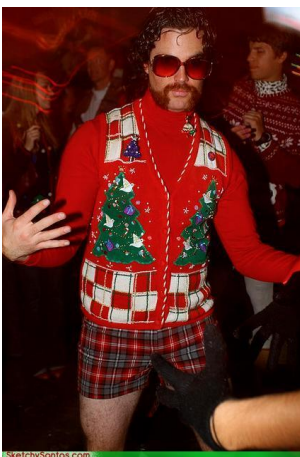
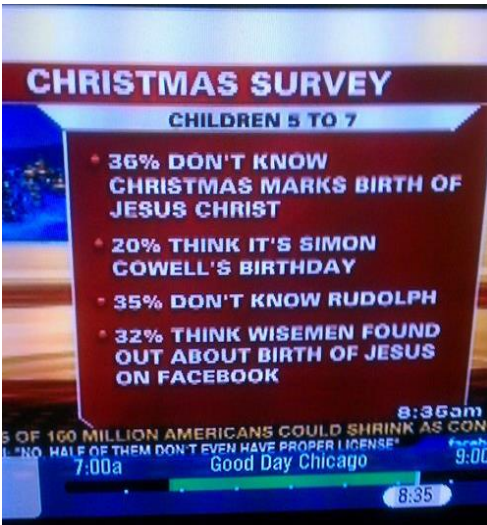
The world's Moms calculated that's just a tad slower than your average two year old.

On St. Patrick's Day people pretend to be Irish. At Christmas they pretend to be good.





I didn't sleep for a week after seeing this picture. The nightmares were horrible.



I could not even sleep if I was this cool.



Santa forced to go legit.

Santa and the Holiday Czar picked the Port of Charleston, SC out of a hat for their entry. The plan was simple. Book passage for a 40' flatrack on a vessel for Santa's sleigh and reindeer, enter the port of Charleston, clear Customs, take Santa's Sleigh and reindeer off the flatrack then exit the port and deliver the toys to all the good little boys and girls as usual. Since Santa and the Holiday Czar were not idiots, they knew the reindeer would be an issue. Being proactive they made arrangements to have the reindeer and sleigh brought into the country as a temporary import only marking the presents as destined to stay in the country. Santa and the Holiday Czar put their plan into action; the freight was booked, loaded to a vessel, and headed toward Charleston with a vessel eta of just before Christmas.

The vessel arrived at the Port of Charleston right on schedule. Santa and the Holiday Czar arrived at the port to pick up his sleigh and reindeer and were stopped at the gate.

"Where are you going?" asked the man at the gate.

"I'm here to pick up my sleigh and reindeer. Who are you?" said Santa.

"I'm Port Guy. Okay, let me see your TWIC for a minute please." said the man.

"You want to see my what? For how long?" stammered Santa.

Port Guy: "Your TWIC."

"Oh" a relieved Santa said, "I thought you had a lisp. What's a TWIC?"

Port Guy: "TWIC is a 'Transportation Worker Identification Card' everyone has to have to come onto port property. No TWIC no entry. The port doesn't know who you are unless you have a TWIC."

"I'm Santa Clause and this is the federal Holiday Czar appointed by the president." Santa said proudly.

"Oh said Port Guy, I thought you were Elton John and his partner."

"Uhh, no.", said Santa, "Not Elton John."

"Well" said Port Guy, "Since you are Santa, I'm sure the port will allow you to get an escort to come on to the property. I know a guy for the escort. I'm pretty sure they would allow it for Elton John and his partner too."

"Thanks" said Santa.

"Are you sure you're not Elton John?" asked Port Guy with a gleam in his eye. "It would be okay if you were."

"No, just Santa, sorry. Can I get that escort now?" said Santa.

"Sure" said Port Guy, "It shouldn't cost you more than \$125 bucks." (Continued on Page Fifteen)

Santa forced to go legit.

“One Hundred & Twenty-five Dollars?” asked Santa.

“Yep” said Port Guy, Elton John may have gotten it a little cheaper.”

“I’m not Elton John!” Santa said getting angry.

“Okay, okay, you’re not Elton John. Call this number and they will arrange for an escort to meet you over there for \$125 bucks. You’ll know the escort when you see him, he’s my twin brother.”

“Thanks” said Santa as he pulled the money from his pocket and they headed to the entry.

“Hey” said the escort as he approached, “aren’t you Elton..”

“Shut up before I beat you to death with a lump of coal” growled Santa as he handed over \$125, “Just escort me and my partner.. I mean the Holiday Czar into the port so I can get my sleigh.

Once in the port Santa and the Holiday Czar went to the freight holding area to claim their freight. All the charges had been paid to have the sleigh and reindeer removed from the flatrack and Santa and the Holiday Czar were anxious to get moving. As Santa approached he saw the sleigh and reindeer waiting. As he greeted his beloved reindeer he was stopped...

“Hold up right there” said the man. “You can’t take that freight.”

“Why not.” Said Santa, “and who are you?”

“I’m Port Guy and I see wooden crates in that bag-a-toys.” Said the man.

“Those wooden boxes contain building blocks for the children; they are a very popular toy you know.” Said Santa.

“Them there wooden crates contain freight and those crates have not been stamped as safe or fumigated to be deemed safe for entry in to the US of A.” said Port Guy.

Fumigated for what? Asked Santa.

“To kill what’s in the wood.” said Port Guy.

“What’s” in the wood?” asked Santa.

“You never know, that’s why you have to kill’em. Could be them apocalypse zombies” confided Port Guy.

“Huh” said Santa backing away from his sleigh. “I don’t know how to fumigate the crates without killing all the little boys and girls too.”

“It’s okay.” said Port guy, I got your back. I know a guy who does that. He will come on to port property and fumigate it for only \$300 bucks. Maybe even less since his favorite album is ‘Yellow Brick Road’ and you are who you are.”

“Yellow Bric..., wait, \$300 bucks? Santa said reaching into his pocket.

“Yep” said Port Guy, “I’ll give him a call right now. You’ll know him when he gets here, he will look just like me because we’re kin.”

“I’m stunned” said Santa pulling the \$300 out of his pocket.

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

3PL's fight over Christmas business

Third Party Logistics firms (3PL's) have long known the money is in taking care of the distribution needs of the holiday related retailers. Even though the work is based on tight schedules and hard penalties when the schedules are missed, most 3PL's value this lucrative market.

Now most all of the major players in the 3PL industry are setting their sights on winning the big holiday season client, Santa Claus Inc. based out of the North Pole. The 3PL's courting the business all agree this client is by far the most attractive customer in the industry due to their name recognition, worldwide distribution needs, and longevity in the gift distribution world.

Although many of the major 3PL's have received small contracts to assist Santa Claus, Inc. on outsource by need basis, the 3PL's are all in the hunt for the whole contract starting 2020. To date Santa Claus Inc. has handled all their warehousing and distribution needs by utilizing in house resources. Transportation responsibilities fell to company founder Chris Kringle with warehouse labor being provided by Santa Claus, Inc. long time union labor partner Employee Labor Federation, better known as (ELF).

There's more than money as the reason all the 3PL's are eager to work with Santa Claus, Inc. and ELF labor. There is a long standing positive relationship between Santa Claus, Inc. and ELF labor which makes the working relationship with any 3PL a very positive experience. As one industry source put it, "We had the chance to work with ELF labor on an outsourced project a couple of years ago and it was a very good working relationship." When asked how the 3PL's staff felt about working with ELF labor the industry source said, "Our guys here are just nuts over ELF labor and we expect that to always be the case."

When asked for a statement on the rumored move to outsourcing to 3PL providers was true, Santa Claus Inc. released a carefully worded written statement saying; *"Our organization considers many factors when planning for any season and will not rule out on outsourcing to maintain our market position. At the end of the 2019 season we will address which 3PL firms have been naughty and which have been nice to plan our 2020 season."*

In the mean time the 3PL's will continue to jockey for position to be selected for the coveted job of working with Santa Claus Inc., but none are committing major resources as of yet. As one 3PL put it; "We continue to keep our options open and have a secondary target of coal distribution in the event our relationship with Santa Claus Inc. does not meet expectations. ~End

I hope There's no Alcohol at this Party!

Said no-one ever!!

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May your holiday party behavior be forgiven by Valentine's Day.

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When someone asks "where is your Christmas spirit?", is it wrong to point to the liquor cabinet?!?

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user card



You may think you are cool. But you will never be 'wear the geekiest sweater on the globe in public with a snowman target on the front 'cool.



I want enough for Christmas.

I would like...

enough love for my family and friends, but never so much I forget to love myself

enough pride, but never so much to be arrogance

enough faith in my convictions, but not so much to be a critical ass

enough spare time to myself, but never so much to get bored

enough happiness, but never so much I take it for granted

enough money, but never so much it comes with burden

enough work for my hands, but never so much it surpasses what I do and becomes who I am

enough trust in others, but never so much to be taken advantage of

enough love and peace in the world, well there really can't be enough of that now can we? ~End

Santa forced to go legit.

By this time both Santa and the Holiday Czar were about ready for a stiff drink. On the upside though, the kin of Port Guy must have been hiding behind a stack of containers waiting for the call. He (Bug Guy) had already come in his finest Ghost Busters outfit and fumigated the sleigh and collected his \$300. Santa and the Holiday Czar were tired, frustrated, and cranky, but at least were moving forward. On to Customs it was.

The Customs inspector arrived with clip board in hand. It was determined by Customs there was to be an intensive examine of the freight due to the unusually large manifest. As the inspection began the Customs agent said "Hmmmmm"

Santa said "Hmmmmm what?"

"I hate to tell you this, but there are going to be much higher duties to be paid on this shipment due to the high value." said Customs.

"As we stated on the paperwork we filled out, the freight has no value because we are not selling it, Santa is giving it away to all the good little boys and girls." defended the Holiday Czar.

"Did you fill out a GAC443 form for international cross boarder charitable donations to exempt you from duties on this shipment?" asked Customs.

Both Santa and the Holiday Czar shook their heads and disbelief and said, "But we will!"

"You can print GAC443 from the Customs website and return the completed form to Customs. It will take about three weeks to be processed and approved then you are good to go." smiled the Customs agent.

"It's December 23!, I don't have three weeks!" cried Santa. "These toys have to be delivered tomorrow night!"

"You can always pay the duties due, then I can release the freight and you're on your way." said the agent.

Now defeated with no more fight left in him, Santa simply sighed, "How much?"

"Let's see" said the Customs agent as he got out his calculator. "100,000,000 million children figuring about three quarters of them are good leaving 75,000,000 getting gifts; one gift for every good little boy and girl in the county averaging \$15 value for each gift, brings the total import value to \$1,125,000,000 less the duty free gifts.. Ummmm just write Customs a cashier's check for \$72,000 dollars and you are good." "Hey, did Elton John just throw up?"

As the Holiday Czar helped Santa into the Customs office to write a check to cover the duties for the Christmas shipment, the Customs agent yelled behind them. "Hey Mr. John, are these crates fumigated? I have a cousin for that."

(Continued Page Eighteen)

Santa forced to go legit.

Santa, now broke, despondent, and unsure of who he was, left the Customs office and dragged his feet to the sleigh with his Customs release in hand. The Holiday Czar trying to do his best to make the best of a bad situation commented to Santa that at least they were done. Done and through the port and ready to deliver all the presents to the children, and just in the nick of time. Thinking of the children receiving their presents made Santa feel a little better about his ordeal and renewed his energy. He even started ho ho ho-ing as he climbed into his sleigh. He and the Holiday Czar were finally on their way!

Out of the freight holding area the reindeer proudly trotted. Santa skillfully guided the sleigh through the front gate of the port and began to gain speed for takeoff to deliver the presents to all of the children. Just before the sleigh got to the speed needed to become airborne, flashing lights of a South Carolina vehicle enforcement officer could be seen in Santa's rear view mirror. Santa was getting pulled over for a DOT check. As the Holiday Czar screamed at Santa "floor it you idiot!", which was tempting, Santa knew he didn't come this far to break a regulation now. He pulled off to the side of the road.

During the DOT check the officer was professional and polite, but there was little doubt she was there to do her job today. Santa was fined for not having a CDL license as well as not having a bill of lading for his freight. Santa was also required to have a local service provider come out and install a proper lighting system on his sleigh and reindeer. Blitzen ended up biting the light installation guy for hanging electrical wires too close to his junk.

The road service company settled on Santa paying the medicals bills to settle for their injured employee. The overweight fine for the weight of 75,000,000 gifts was considerable and all of Santa's Chia Pet seeds were confiscated by the department of agriculture. Santa was fined for not having a driver log book and was required to prove that 'magic' was as good as a traditional air brake system to stop the sleigh. The complete extra cost to Santa for delivering gifts to the children that year was \$264,000.

Since being Santa Claus is a job that does not pay actual money, Santa was forced to put the entire \$264,000 on his credit card at 12% interest. So boys and girls, with no hope of ever paying it back since the Santa job doesn't pay real money, is why the story of Santa Claus declaring bankruptcy can be told today. I know it's all true, because I watched it on Fox News and CNN. ~ The End

Merry Christmas

Tom O'Malley



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