Quality Products, Great Prices and a Couple Laughs

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Noteworthy August celestial event

from August 11th - 13th catch the *Perseid Meteor Shower* spawned by the Swift Tuttle comet. The *Perseid* are best viewed twixt Midnight and 4 a.m., on a clear evening Visible meteors can exceed 50 per hour. To avoid neck cramps lay back with your honey on a blanket on the ground and enjoy ... the meteors, keep your mind on the damn meteors!



A Manhattan middle school passed out diplomas for their graduating class this year with Diplomas from "The Department of Education". When the parents immediately caught the error school officials informed them "It would cost too much money to reprint them, and spelling isn't that important anyway" Hey!! Boards of Education; we've found why your system sucks!

Generally it's the Tabasco Sauce that's hot, not the ketchup.

Recently Heinz Ketchup consumers started contacting them with the news the QR Code on their labels, when scanned with an iPhone, was directing users to a pornographic website. Apparently as the word spread traffic to the Heinz and "Fundarado" sites both



increased, *a lot*, so if this was some sort of marketing ploy to drive up traffic, I hope you get an STD (**S**can **T**ransmitted **D**isease) Heinz! Your face should be as red as your bottles!

The year is 1975 when an unknown young film director desired giving Americans something hopeful and inspiring to fantasize

about, in the midst of the Viet Nam war and Watergate. But when he approached the folks that own the *Flash Gordon* for the right to remake the original movie, they turned him down flat. *Flash Gordon* was an immensely successful franchise back in its day, running from 1930-1954 in movies, comic books, and TV. They rejected the young guy, and eventually chose DeLaurentis as director someday. Meanwhile, our young rejected film director,

dusted himself off, and decided America still needed something hopeful and inspiring. Therefore he created his own space opera universe, pitched the movie idea, and sold it. That is how young George Lucas got to release Star Wars in May 1977. Before release George believed his target audience was boys ages 14-16, and you might say he was off a bit. Star Wars ended up being the *smash* of the decades, and century, for boys and girls, ages 8 to 88. The Star Wars films went



on to make over \$4.5 *trillion* dollars, not including toys or games. I'll bet there isn't *anyone* reading this who can't hear "*Taa Ta.... Taaa ta ta TAAAAA ta.... Ta ta ta TAAAAA ta.... Ta ta ta Tumm"*, and not hum the rest of the song. Meanwhile, *Flash Gordon*, reserved for the much more experienced director, re-released in 1980, pulling in \$27 million.

I imagine the people that made the decision to deny Lucas are still kicking their own in the behinds over it. And when your parents and grandparents tell you "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again", remember they aren't talking about Abe Lincoln and his Civil War generals. If you're 30, and living in mom and dad's cellar, college was too hard, and there are no good jobs out there, ask yourself this; are you a Luke? Or a Flash?

Below you are seeing Cathy Wells at one of the most painful moments any of us will ever face. Cathy is the mother of slain Cpl

Squire Wells, USMC. Cpl Wells one of 4 Marines and 1 Sailor fatally wounded during the terrorist gunman's attack in Chattanooga on July 16th. Cathy is at the memorial service for her slain son. Go tell HER this was just a random act... Tell HER our government didn't blow it "that bad with ISIS"... Tell HER why the President, Congress, and Supreme Court all need armed guards, even though not a one has ever had even a splinter in a terrorist attack; but her son



needs to be unarmed for the "safety of us all". Furthermore Wells appears to have sacrificed himself during the assault diverting the gunman from a larger group of potential victims, according to law enforcement. (That's a Marine for you; drop a grenade in a group

& the closest troop will fall on it. I think if you dropped a grenade among 6 politicians 4 would trample the other 2 to death running in panic) President Obama is also distinctly absent (by 650 miles) from any eulogy to those slain Marines. Apparently soldiers lives don't matter as much without the bright lights of TV cameras. Please go ahead & tell Cathy all the P-Correct excuses. Maybe, just maybe, she'll hear you over her sobs. Semper Fi, RIP Marines, we barely

deserve heroes like you anymore.

I recently read a post on an online board saying "I'd like to

shoot whoever invented the 40 hour work week in the face!" I replied, "Oh, really? I am a historian by hobby sir & I am calling you out at high noon on this one. Robert Owen suggested the 8 hour work day, 40 hour week, back in 1810. His slogan was "a worker's day should consist of 8 hours' labor, 8 hours recreation, 8 hours' rest" At the time most jobs were 12-14 hour days, 6 days a week. The effort went nowhere until 1867, when President US Grant signed it into Law for Federal Employees only. Grant's plan was immediately undercut when Congress amended it by cutting Federal employees wages 20%. Therefore they had to work 50 hours to make what one would have in 40. It wasn't until 1916, when an 8 hour work day, with overtime required if more hours were worked, was finally enacted as the law throughout the USA. We get 1 Monday off a year in September called "Labor Day" to celebrate the American Worker. Lastly, I've seen so many on their I-Phones texting on Facebook or Twitter, they're hardly working 30 hours, let alone 40!

Even more random thoughts from a fractured mind!

This isn't an office; it's Hell with fluorescent lighting... I started out with nothing & through strong fiscal discipline, still have most of it left... Me & my boss have a deal; I pretend to work, they pretend to pay me... If I throw a stick far enough, will you leave?.. I like cats, too; let's exchange recipes!... If I want to hear the pitter patter of little feet, I'll put shoes on my dog!.. Do they ever shut up on your planet?... I'm just working here till a good fast-food job opens up.... (Just for the ladies) "Are these your eyeballs? I found them in my cleavage!"...

You all have a great August, see you in September! Peace, Out!