

On December 30, 2024, a few days after we published our Holiday Letter for that year, we received the following message from the veterinary oncologist: "I think that it may be time to let her (Moxie) go given that what you describe is most consistent with progressive disease and we do not have any good options remaining for treatment." His prognosis, made on January 5, was that **Moxie** would last from four to eight more weeks. Moxie only made it to January 22; she was just eight and a half years old. We lost our 14-year-old calico cat Coco in June 2024. Feeling that we are too old to get another dog. We got a cat. See the story later in this letter. Now we are considering getting a miniature schnauzer puppy after our 2026 vacation. If it lives fifteen years and I'm still around, I would be 100, so it's a stretch.



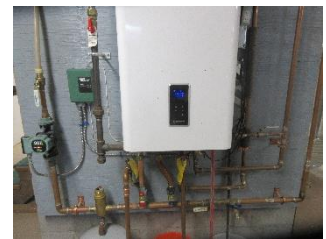
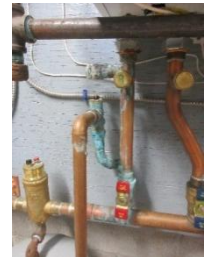
Moxie was just the most adorable, loving dog ever! We call Moxie and Coco napping together "Peace on Earth." We're all together in this February 2022 photo.



Someone dinged our car and either without knowing it or knew and fled. Got it fixed – only \$100 after insurance.



Oh, the **joys of ownership**! We are still improving our house's looks and energy efficiency, with a new front door & plumbing maintenance, lest we experience catastrophic failure & water damage. The new door looks much nicer from both sides. It brightens our foyer too. We put a smart keyless lock on it. I've completed the front door installation by adding a knocker. (The doorbell was never functional, and I have removed the button.)



The bottom right photo shows the replaced piping and the white gas-fired heat/hot water unit. It too required maintenance. The tankless hot water system delivers hot water much more quickly now!



On January 13 a friend & neighbor called to ask if I wanted some **oysters**. I love oysters. He had been oystering and quahaug gathering that morning. I went to his house and he gave me thirty-six. I cannot eat three dozen raw oysters. (On our wedding night I ate a dozen, but only eleven worked – that is a different story.) Also, I had never shucked oysters before. I borrowed a shucking knife from another friend and neighbor. I washed all the oyster shells and then shucked all three dozen. I ate four raw ones. I did not know that one could throw his back out shucking oysters. I figured I would make oyster stew because I could refrigerate and freeze it for use later. Did I mention that Ruth positively will not eat oysters? I had to go shopping for ingredients I found in an on-line oyster stew recipe. This is our kitchen range after I stood over it stirring for a very long time trying to bring it to "almost boiling". I had stepped into the next room, the dining area, only to turn the lights on. In that millisecond the oyster stew volcano erupted! Completely over the range surface, over the oven door, over the pots & pans drawer and to the floor, over and under the mat. That is Moxie (lower left) licking it up. What a cleanup job! But it tasted good. The range top is black. What you see in the photo is the white boiled-over stew.

On February 8, Ruth and friends Henry & Pat, Tom & Kathy, and David & Kathie helped me celebrate **my 84th birthday** at a dinner at Tumi Ceviche, a Peruvian fusion restaurant in Hyannis and then gathering at our home for drinks and coffee, tea, and a delicious Droste's cocoa chocolate cake. Ruth used numeral candles on the cake to avoid serious fire hazard. It is wonderful that we have made new good friends here on Cape Cod. Besides our tragically lost daughter Ruth has no living relatives. All of mine (other than my kid sister Naomi & her husband, and my best friend are distant or can't travel.

On February 19-21 Ruth traveled round trip from Cape Cod, Massachusetts to Seattle, Washington to get us **a new pet, a cat**. We had always had a cat in addition to our miniature schnauzers. We decided that our home was simply too empty with no pet at all, and although we are too advanced in years to adopt a puppy, we could manage a kitten. But why make that long round trip? Therein lies a story.

The story begins in 1965, a year in which I sometimes worked nights at my brother-in-law's luncheonette while I was in college. There was a young woman, Carla, who waitressed there on a different shift. We knew one another somewhat slightly. About ten to twelve years ago – I can't really recall – Carla contacted me via Facebook. She had been trying to reach my late sister, whose maiden name she recalled, which is how she located me. We ended up remaining Facebook friends.

Now, sixty years later, Carla posted on Facebook that she and her husband Ed who had two cats of their own, had taken in a stray cat which before long presented them with a litter of five kittens! Three of the five were calicos. Ruth and I love tricolor cats.

We started online message jesting about Carla and Ed shipping a kitten to us. Then reality kicked in. Local animal shelters had long wait lists for an cat or kitten we would want, charged high adoption fees, and/or would not let people our age adopt a pet. Shipping a cat would be very expensive, and the travel for the poor animal shipped would be long, agonizing, traumatizing, and expensive, starting at \$700.



This is “Patches,” whom Ruth named because her coat has patches and Ruth uses patches in her quilting. Coincidentally, Carla is also a quilter. Patches has black, white, orange, tan, and grey. Five colors, and tabby stripes!

We learned that there were non-stop flights between Boston and Seattle available for \$249. And that returning with a cat in the passenger cabin only cost an extra \$100. So, Ruth made the trip. Carla and Ed graciously met Ruth at the airport, which they live only 20 minutes from, and hosted her in their home for two

nights. Now Carla and Ed have *only* seven cats.

This probably only happens to us old farts. It also illustrates why I hate smartphones. There was a **worldwide Microsoft Exchange email crash** on Friday, February 28. I use GoDaddy to provide our web site and email. I could not get help from GoDaddy or Microsoft. The former offers useless circular “AI chats” or lets one hold on the phone for hours, never connecting to a human. The latter only offers on-line or phone links to incomprehensible, useless documents.

Microsoft required something new: Using its “Authenticator” app on my smartphone to log in to my GoDaddy email, which GoDaddy runs on Microsoft exchange. I use my PC, never my phone, for email. Authenticator, when prompted, receives test messages with 6-digit confirmation codes. Those messages come from a 6-digit number that pops up on the phone. Each message that pops up and quickly vanishes in the Authenticator app begin with a different 6-digit number that it came from and reads, “Here is your 6-digit confirmation code.” I thought those fleeting originator numbers were the confirmation numbers. It took me *5 fucking days* to realize that I had to separately open the message in my phone’s text app to get the 6-digit confirmation number. What’s immediately intuitive for one generation is days of trial-and-error for another generation. Such as mine. (My dyslexia made the experience worse.) UPDATE: Later in the year Microsoft stopped using Authenticator. Go figure.

On March 3, Ruth and I celebrated our **52nd wedding anniversary** at the Improvident Oyster, a truly nice seafood restaurant in Chatham, a town on southeastern Cape Cod.

At the very end of April, we finally had the “completing” work (if, indeed, the work on one’s home and its property is ever complete) started. That involved repairs to the walls of the living/dining area and the family/guest room in the ground floor part of the house that existed before our addition. The wall repairs were minor – simply removing and re-covering old, unused TV cable and phone plug outlets plus a couple of now “dead” power outlets, as well as holes where electric baseboard heaters had been. And, we had the wall painted to colors of our choosing. At the same time, we also had the hardwood floors in those rooms re-finished.

As to the property: We had our front walk removed and a new one built. The old one was buried when we moved in, its stones having sunk beneath the lawn. Ruth discovered a paving stone when she attempted to plant a flower bulb. I then dug up the rest. But that old walk was narrower than our snow shovel and so low that it tended to flood in rain. Around the left side of the house, adjoining our addition, the land slope that the town’s Building Inspector mandated was causing huge puddles

whenever it rained; and the soil there remained so damp that grass would not grow. So, we had a retaining wall built with a “French drain” culverted to the back of our property and a small planting area atop. The plants, perennials, will break the monotony of our neighbor’s stockade fence. We had a cobblestone guest parking area made next to our driveway, and cobblestoned the small space between our garage and family/guest room in front of the guest bathroom in what had been the breezeway between the house and garage. That area needed paving because it has an entry door to the garage and is difficult to mow. The area to the left (west side) of the driveway had been scoured of soil down to hard clay by the precious owner to make parking. That area will be re-graded with soil, seeded, and become lawn again. I removed the old wooden picket fence from the front that was on both sides of the house, plus the ramshackle wire fence on the right, which really improved the aesthetics of the view. Removing them made it possible to drive the riding mower around the house and made mowing much easier. We had all tree limbs that hung over our yard from other properties removed, lessening leaf, twig, and pine cones on our lawn. Around the rear, behind the Sun Room, a retaining wall preserves mandated ground slope while eliminating a steep slope to mow. Lastly, where the deck meets the east side of the Sun Room, it’s always shady and no grass will grow. To avoid mud, we put gravel into an area bounded by cobblestone, into which we placed some slate for a walkway from the deck into the back yard. I’ve appended slides about those improvements to the end of the sideshow of our home [addition](#) that I introduced last year.

What’s left to possibly be done? We may someday have a natural gas-powered generator added. The original house section has two rooms and a full bath upstairs; we use the larger room as Ruth’s quilting room and the smaller as a second guest room. Both rooms are neat and carpeted well- to-wall. They don’t have HVAC, but can be heated using electric space heaters and cooled with a window A/C and fans. The basement, also only under the original house section is neat, clean, and largely empty, save for HVAC, hot water, and drain plumbing. It has both interior stairs and a bulkhead entrance. However, we tend to use only the 1,750 total ground floor area. We may never do anything to those areas.

While the walls were painted and the floors refinished in the original house section, Ruth and I took a getaway to [Great Barrington MA](#). There we stayed at a nice B&B, had dinner with friends, and visited High Lawn Farm in Lee, MA, and Bartholomew’s Cobble in Sheffield MA.



With the work indoors and outdoors done by contractors, (which you can see in [addition](#)) I salvaged the old walk pavers to make a flowerbed border (left) and used some plastic garden edge fence around the red maple, replacing found stones in both cases. Recycled the walk, avoiding cartage



cost, energy waste and use of a landfill. From overhead the flower garden bed looks like a boat or (ugh!) a Cybertruck (a/k/a Wankpanzer).

On Memorial Day (May 26) we held a BBQ for Alexey Lebedev, our contractor, responsible for all the work we have had done since we bought our house in 2022: (kitchen remodel, windows & front door replacement, addition, landscaping). I forgot to take any pictures until just before he and his wife Alina (right) left. Alina's brother Alex is also in the photo with his son Tim (4). The BBQ was also attended by other workers including Alexey's father Vasily, who brought his wife Olga, and Leandro, the only non-Russian, non-Belarusian among the workers (he's from Brazil - don't let ICE know). The work, and the workers, were all just great.



We had other visitors late in May, 17-year cicadas. These were not so welcome. They were all over the damn place. Harmless but definitely creepy. Ruth hates their red eyes. I took this photo on one on our house's siding. They are about the size of grasshoppers and are definitely one of nature's oddities. According to Wikipedia: *Magicicada* species spend around 99.5% of their lives underground as immature nymphs, feeding on fluids from the roots of broadleaf forest trees. In the spring of their 13th or 17th year, mature cicada nymphs emerge between late April and early June, synchronously in tremendous numbers. The adults are active for only about four to six weeks. The males aggregate call to attract mates. Mated females lay eggs in the stems of woody plants. Within two months of emergence, the life cycle is complete and they die. In that same summer the eggs hatch and the new nymphs burrow underground to develop for the next 13 or 17 years.



On June 14 (Flag Day) and I took part in the "No Kings" demonstration in Hyannis MA. It was restorative. I had been so concerned lately about the rise of fascism in the USA, but the Hyannis rotary was packed and many of us in the overflow lined both sides of every road that fed into and out of the rotary. Plus, the drive-by support was overwhelming. I did not see ICE or cops anywhere.



On June 19, 2025 I performed three songs doing vocals and playing harmonica with Ralph Carlson on mandolin at the monthly open mic at the First Church (the "Elvis Church"), Sandwich MA. We did ["Folsom Prison Blues"](#) with a surprise extra verse and channeling Johnny Cash, ["Tennessee Waltz"](#) with two verses and a chorus by Leonard Cohen, and ["St. James Infirmary Blues"](#) in a 9-verse full story version, channeling my cousin Harry Connick Jr. channeling Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong.

Update: Received from Cousin Harry Connick Jr – "Sounding great, Dan! so proud of you!"

We don't have photos of this, but on June 16 Ruth and I drove up to Boston to meet former friend and North Carolina neighbor Charlotte. She was widowed about two years ago. She then attended her high school reunion and connected with Doug, who had been her prom date. They married very recently. The four of us had a nice dinner together in the North End – the ethnic Italian neighborhood.

Exactly which part of "that is Daddy's easy chair" does Patches not understand? In our years together



since 1972, we have had Cat Ballou (a tortoiseshell), Easy Rider (a grey tabby), Pookie (our only tomcat, a black longhair), and calicos Sneakers, Pansy (a



Maine Coon longhair), and Coco (a feral kitten from Dominica).

But none ever relaxed in the way that Patches does. In the photo on the right you can see all five of her colors: black, white, orange, tan, and grey, plus her tabby stripe markings as she reclines on our futon.



Musical Performance by Sultana! Thursday, August 14th at 1:00pm



Performing as the duo, Sultana, Jon and Li Waterman weave history and original songs to feature a rotating array of real and legendary characters and happenings throughout history. Subjects include the earliest known author, Arthurian legend, lost libraries, a famed radio broadcast and more. The show also features some Massachusetts history. **The performance at the Center for Active Living will also have a special guest appearance by local musician Dan Tanner who will take the lead vocal and play harmonica on a song.**

Musician and songwriter Jon Waterman has been performing his original songs along with blues, rock and country standards throughout his life. His music is influenced by intriguing characters and stories from history, the roots of the music he loves, and the diversity of the human experience. His song "Sultana" which tells the story of the Civil War steamboat disaster was selected to be featured at the Sultana museum in Marion, AR. Waterman has presented his programs "A Journey Through the Roots of American Popular Music" and "History and Legends Through Song" in venues around the country, both in person and virtually. He has an M.A. in Popular Music History from Prescott College. Li is a classically trained guitarist and singer who formerly fronted the Rhode Island band Alien Tesh. She is also an artist and graduate of The Museum School in Boston. We thank the Mass Cultural Council for providing grant funding. **Please call to register.**

Note the hi-lited sentence of the first paragraph in the scan of the August newsletter of the Sandwich Center for active living. I've played and sung with Sultana three times before, in a show that featured train songs, in a show that about the Black musical experience influence on later American music, and in a show about music in America during times of war. This performance ties gospel music to secular American folk and popular music. I performed the gospel piece "Go Down Moses" (a/k/a "Let My People Go") with Jon and Li. [Here is a clip from the show recorded by Sandwich Community Television.](#)

Early August personal news:



On August 11, Ruth took a cupcake decorating class at Sandwich Public Library. These were her first pieces, an hydrangea on the left and a rose on the right. We ate them two days later. They were great. (I liked the hydrangea best. It was larger, the cake itself was chocolate, and the icing was thicker.)

1. I'm pleased with myself because my billiards game, which I practice as often as possible, is improving. Ruth took this photo of me when I beat someone I initially could not, 3 games to two. And today I beat him 5-2.



2. Then, when I had to get a new a MotoG 2025 Android "smart" (I call them "smart-assed") phone from T-Mobile, I had to figure out how to not receive crap I did not want when the phone screen was locked. I was frustrated at first. Customer Service could not tell me how. I thought I'd find a way under "Notifications" in settings, but no. It's in Settings - -- Display --- Display Options --- Smart Lock Screen --- turn off Enable Smart Lock Screen. THAT is how one disables those annoying fucking "glance" items that appear on your new Moto Android phone. With every iteration they (WHO? MOTOROLA, Google Android, or T-Mobile)) changes how to do it. But once it's been done it is done! The reason is because every time one clicks on any of it, someone makes money sell the metadata on you that is generated. ***If something on the web is "free," you are the product.*** I posted the how-to info on Facebook. Your smart phone is an advertising delivery device, abetted by AI.

3. I also posted on Facebook about how and why I truly hate gardening, and was gratified to elicit numerous positive and supporting responses.

My sister Naomi and our brother-in-law Larry visited over August 26-29, and we took them to Martha's Vineyard. We have been there many, many times, but it was a first for them. Here is a 16-slide show of [our visit to MV](#). In the photo to the right, we're at the Field Gallery, Chilmark, doing what tourists generally do when there. Ruth was truly game, balancing on her right leg – she was slated to have total knee replacement surgery on in on September 15. The day afterwards, August 30, Ruth and I went to see our friend Bob Drouin's new band, Turas ("journey" in Gaelic) perform at King' Park, Newport RI, joined by friends Barb and Elaine & Al, and we went to dinner afterwards.



On September 15, Ruth had total knee replacement surgery on her right knee. This was after she had had the procedure done in July of 2024 on her left one. The first time, she had a rather negative reaction to the anesthetic used, resulting in her being hospitalized for an additional two nights and days in the hospital. Knowing this, her anesthesia was changed, and she was discharged as a day surgery patient. She did much better, we're glad. In 2024, Ruth's summer was ruined due to a slow and painful recovery. In 2025, Ruth "toughed it out" so that she could go to Martha's Vineyard. And, she will surely be well for our planned 2026 summer. As Ruth recovered, Patches hastened to stake a claim to her recovery futon. Also, as Ruth recovered, the "Pond People" (friends and neighbors with whom we gather at our neighborhood pond on summer Sunday evenings to have a pot luck picnic dinner) and other good friends constantly brought us meals.



Just before Thanksgiving we completed new yard fencing. This was both for esthetics and plan for next year. The old wooden picket fence in the front had been decaying and unpainted. The remaining side and back yard fencing was cheap, weak, ugly wire with stake posts. The new front fence is white vinyl picket, and the side and back are strong, camouflaged black vinyl clad chain link. All the posts are capped and concrete set. We plan to get a miniature schnauzer puppy next year when we return from vacation. The new fence beautifies our property and will provide safety for our puppy.



We had a wonderful Thanksgiving, for the second year, with Jon & Li and her sons (she was widowed with twins – they're now 21 years old). Here's Li communing with Patches. Jon and Li are the musical group "Sultana" with whom performed with in August.



Also, around Thanksgiving I learned that I'd hit the Facebook limit of 5,000 "friends". Realizing how chaotic that is, I slowly and painstakingly pared back to only 380 – all ow whom I personally know. That makes more sense for two reasons: (1) It gets me out of an insane "bubble" comprised of people that Meta thinks I hold common views with, and (2) it lets me easily distribute the link to this holiday letter exclusively to my 398 actual friends. Wow. Only 7.9% of my Facebook friends were people I really knew; 92.1% were strangers!

Our Christmas: Having no close relatives anywhere nearby, we, as usual, spent a quiet, but joyful Christmas Eve together, starting with dinner of ginger shrimp lo mein, and then giving each other gifts. Patches got the most gifts of all, scoring from us (mainly Ruth) as well as from Carla (owner of her cat mother and siblings, who mailed it to “Patches Tanner”), and from our neighbor Sandy, who also has a cat (to which Ruth gave a present). Besides many sundry balls, spring toys, and items stuffed with catnip, Patches received a rechargeable feather-under-a-mat toy (from Carla, and Patches loves it), a flashing, darting, noisemaking, crazy darting ball with trailing cord, a long, twisting cat tunnel with viewports, and a food-dispensing cat puzzle, which she quickly solved (all from Ruth). Best of all was a gift I gave to Patches (actually, to myself) of an automatic self-cleaning litter box. I chose one that Patches enters from the top, so that Patches cannot accidentally spread litter onto the floor when she does the “bury it” part of her duty. Now, instead of sweeping after each episode and bagging and disposing of her product about three times a day, I simply open the disposal door once a month, cover the box, and place it into the outside trash can. That is a 90X reduction of cat waste removal for me!

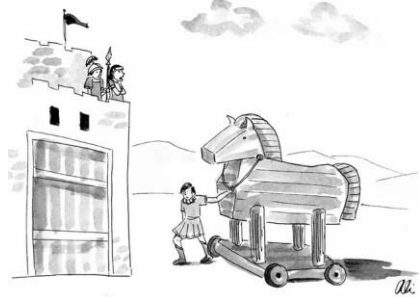
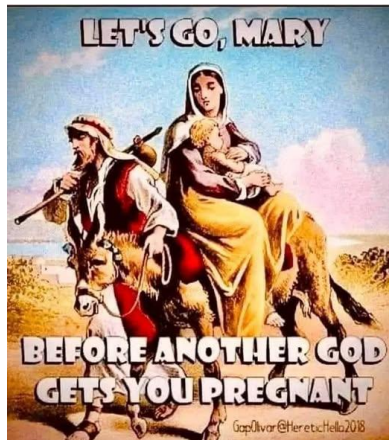
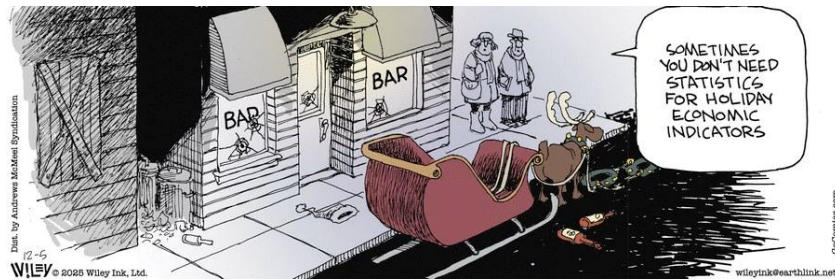
Ruth gave me a lovely 21-oz pool cue, which came in a case. It was exactly what I had wanted, ever since taking up pool-playing at the senior center game room as a hobby about six months ago. She also gave me a pair of ratchet buckle belts, one black, the other brown, which were also on my wish list. They are nice-looking and, unlike traditional buckle belts, adjust to exactly the size one desires at any time. Plus, a nice green cable-knot cotton pullover sweater with neck opening zipper, a pair of red plaid pajama bottoms, and a large bag of special decaf coffee grind and several special decaf tea blends in tins. (Decaf, because we’ve learned that it’s better for me, especially for my sleeping overnight.) And, a lovely sailboat sculpture, with which I have graced our mantelpiece.

I gave Ruth an espresso/mocha/latte/cappuccino machine, which is something that she wanted – she is fond of cappuccino. She has also wanted a “Cape Cod ball bracelet,” which I had planned to get her, but which became sold out when I tried to order. So instead, I got her a “Nantucket basket” and matching pendant. (She is, however, having me return them, and will wait to get the former.) One thing that I got her was not on her wish list, and she loves it: a custom needlepoint kit with an image of Patches. I also gave her something that I give her every year: a mini wall calendar of miniature schnauzer puppies.

On Christmas night, we went out for Chinese food. Two men entered when we did, chatted a bit, and left with take-out. When paid our bill, the cashier told us the men had left \$40 towards our dinner! We couldn’t even thank the strangers. And the cashier could have pocketed the money. Christmas!

Holiday Cartoons (some images that aren’t cartoons and some are both xmas & political)





Great, now I've got to get him something.



And Merry Christmas from Patches, who has her target in sight. (Photo by Ruth)



Quotes from former presidents

Abraham Lincoln: "Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power."

Lincoln again: "I don't like that man. I must get to know him better."

Mr. Lincoln: "Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be."

George Washington: "Ninety-nine percent of failures come from people who make excuses."

James Madison: "If tyranny and oppression come to this land it will be in the guise of fighting a foreign enemy."

Martin Van Buren: "It's easier to do a job right than to explain why you didn't."

Franklin D. Roosevelt: "Remember, remember always, that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists."

Harry S Truman: "It's amazing what you can accomplish if you do not care who gets the credit."

John F. Kennedy: "Forgive your enemies, but never forget their names."

Theodore Roosevelt: "If you could kick the person in the pants responsible for most of your trouble, you wouldn't sit for a month."

Dwight D. Eisenhower: "Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed."

Warren G. Harding: "There is something inherently wrong, something out of accord with the ideals of representative democracy, when one portion of our citizenship turns its activities to private gain amid defensive war while another is fighting, sacrificing, or dying for national preservation." (Jesus! Great quote, and Harding was notably corrupt. We learned about the Teapot Dome scandal in middle school. Only later did I learn that he fathered a child out of wedlock [photo]. See [Harding scandals](#). (Opens in your browser.)



John Adams: "Should the people of America once become capable of that deep simulation towards one another, and towards foreign nations, which assumes the language of justice and moderation, while it is practicing iniquity and extravagance, and displays in the most captivating manner the charming pictures of candor, frankness, and sincerity, while it is rioting in rapine and insolence, this country will be the most miserable habitation in the world."

Benjamin Harrison: "I pity the man who wants a coat so cheap that the man or woman who produces the cloth or shapes it into a garment will starve in the process."

Quotes from Trump (*anus tangerinus*, a/k/a Shitler, The Turd, etc.)

"The beauty of me is that I'm very rich."

"I just start kissing them. It's like a magnet. Just kiss. I don't even wait. And when you're a star, they let you do it. You can do anything. Grab them by the pussy. You can do anything."

"You know, it really doesn't matter what they [news media] write, as long as you've got a young and beautiful piece of ass."

"I did try and fuck her. ... I moved on her like a bitch, but I couldn't get there. And she was married."

"She does have a very nice figure. I've said if Ivanka weren't my daughter, perhaps I'd be dating her."

"Ariana Huffington is unattractive both inside and out. I fully understand why her former husband left her for a man. He made a good decision."

"My fingers are long and beautiful, as, it has been well documented, are various other parts of my body."



"Nobody knew health care could be so complicated."

"Look at that face! Would anyone vote for that? Can you imagine that, the face of our next president? I mean, she's a woman, and I'm not supposed to say bad things, but really, folks, come on. Are we serious?"

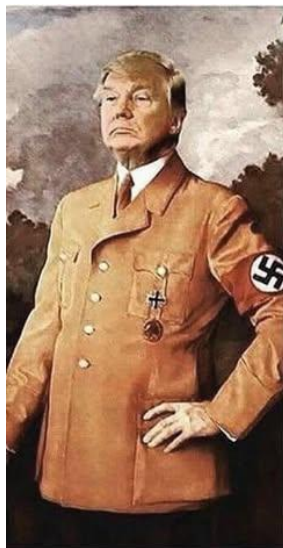
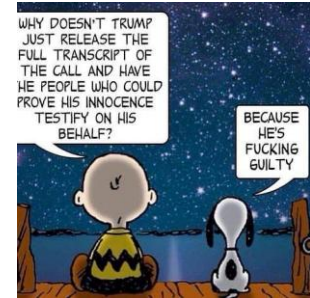
"I have a great relationship with the Blacks. I've always had a great relationship with the Blacks."

"I have Black guys counting my money. ... I hate it. The only guys I want counting my money are short guys that wear yarmulkes all day."

"I think that putting a wife to work is a very dangerous thing. ... I don't want to sound too much like a chauvinist, but when I come home and dinner's not ready, I'll go through the roof, OK?"

"26,000 unreported sexual assaults [sic] in the military — only 238 convictions. What did these geniuses expect when they put men & women together?"

"The concept of global warming was created by and for the Chinese in order to make U.S. manufacturing non-competitive."



Being a history teacher, every time I teach WWII and Hitler, students will inevitably ask me, "why would the German people EVER elect a man like Hitler?"

I try to explain it to them that when he ran for office, he promised to stand strong against immigration, communism, and the economy, which were the three biggest fears for the German people at the time. The German people loved it!! But my students have a hard time grasping the concept as to why Hitler rose to power.

The funny thing is that it's happening again, but this time it's happening here in America. And the issues that are being raised are almost identical to 1930's Germany. Trump is pandering to American fears the EXACT same way Hitler did in Germany 80 years ago. If y'all want to take the time and compare Trump's speeches and Hitler's, you will discover that they sound eerily similar...

Instead of communism its terrorism. Instead of putting blame on the Jews, it's the Muslims. Instead of Polish and Jewish immigrants, it's Mexicans.

So to my ex students who ever asked me that question, just turn on CNN to see how a maniac can easily get elected...

"Waterboarding is your minor form. Some people say it's not actually torture. Let's assume it is. But they asked me the question. What do you think of waterboarding? Absolutely fine. But we should go much stronger than waterboarding. That's the way I feel."

"A person who is very flat-chested is very hard to be a 10."

"The problem is we have the Geneva Conventions, all sorts of rules and regulations, so the soldiers are afraid to fight."

"I know words. I have the best words."

This year's letter ends with this link to my shared

Google Drive folder of [memes and cartoons about our malignant narcissistic sociopath President](#). I began to compile it after the inauguration. I was over 1,000 very quickly. I love how widely and deeply he is deservedly, with contempt, loathed and scorned. Sample to the right. Click the link to enjoy tons of sardonic laughter, double-click on the filename to see the photo or meme. (Opens in your browser. Please note that there are so many that I tired of re-naming files. You may enjoy what you see after clicking a random filename.) **Update:** By August 21



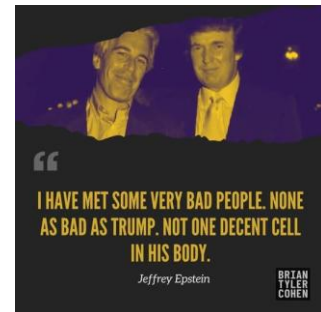
(Ruth's birthday) I became overwhelmed. I was finding a dozen new memes every time I logged on. I gave up. I relied on memory, so please excuse some duplicates.



This (left) is the overall best cartoon about this tinpot wannabe dictator that I could find. It's just about perfect when one considers the actual cartoon duck's well-known tendency to lose his temper and zip around spewing nonsense in a blathering, quacking frenzy. And the first former call-girl's expression captures her perfectly too.

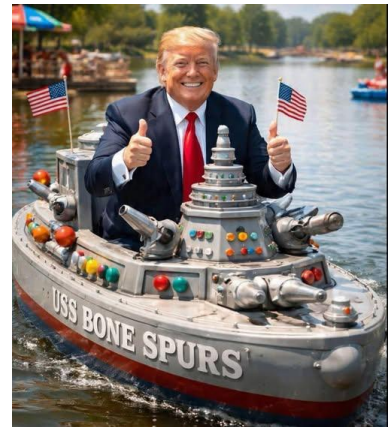
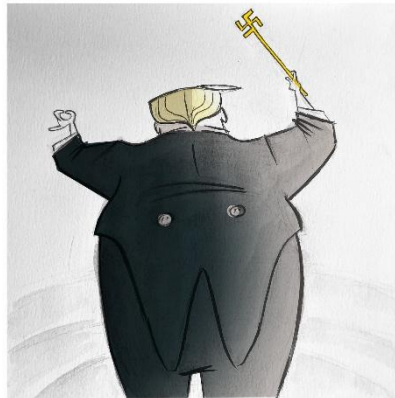
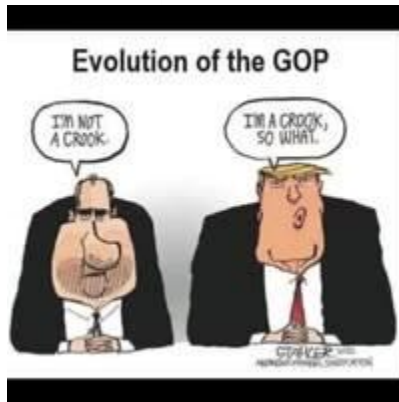


He derives self-satisfaction by being cruel to others, and by raping little girls. He must go and the Fascist Party of Greed must go too.



Forget about Barron, who probably isn't Trump's son. Pictured below at the right are the Menendez brothers, as surrogates for the two actual Trump boys, Donald Jr. and Eric.





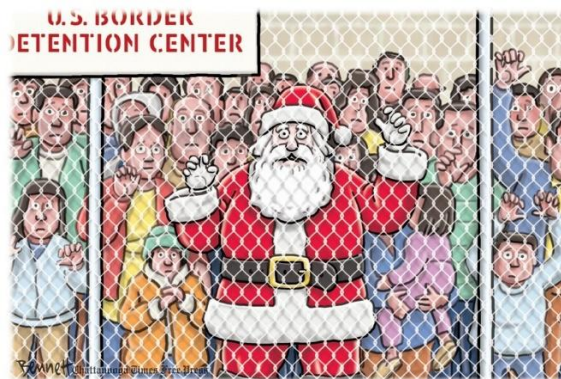
We know many of you look forward to opening your mailbox each January to receive the annual extensive Tanner family newsletter. It brings us no good tidings to let you know that we've made the difficult decision to paywall it starting next year. – Just kidding.



What's the difference between Trump and a Flying Pig?



An F



Ruth and I wish you the very best of health and happiness in 2026!