



I'm not supposed to keep saying theses Things

Angelica Salas, executive director of the Coalition for Humane Immigrant Rights of Los Angeles, wrote e-mails to Minneapolis-based Target and Wisconsin-based Buy Seasons, Inc. calling a new Halloween costume featuring the mask of an alien with a green card and an orange jumpsuit with "illegal alien" written across the front "distasteful, mean-spirited, and ignorant of social stigmas and current debate on immigration. The only social stigma i can see ruining America is the stigma relative to making me believe i should accept those who break the law and enter this country illegally. Ms. Salas appears to see this as totally acceptable, does not see it as having any detrimental effect on America, or doesn't care. People who do this should be subject to arrest for treason related charges considering what the results of their efforts do to our country. And if I were her next door neighbor and was harboring criminals she would demand the same. The faction that wants this to win out over the laws of our country, believe they have the winning hand at this point. The consistent barrage of politically correct arguments meant to replace patriotism with heartfelt sympathy will win if Americans let it. It depends on how much your country means to you. As for myself, I'll keep screaming these things until I have no breath left. Breathing wouldn't mean much in a socialistic America overtaken by those who respect it not. Posted on Oct 17, 2009

Imus mentioned that his son had been watching glen beck come to tears and asked his dad, "why is glen beck crying"? Imus said he couldn't come up with an answer while in the background, Bernard was saying, "our country is going down!" Imus muttered, "well, ok". and I'm saying glen beck makes more sense to me with his passion exuding from every pore while every obamamaniac has no clue how to feel passionate about their country. I know I'll be buried with retorts from many who disagree or think I'm being one sided, but it's true. Not one socialistic thinker I've debated has ever given me reason to think they have the ability to relate to America with the same heartfelt passion that I do or that glen beck does. If they did, I'd be more accepting of their opinion than I currently am. if I felt they knew it was the accomplishments of the capitalists that played an integral role in the growth and strength of our country, I'd pay more attention to their desire to see industry taken over by the country or be gifted to unions. If I thought they knew the drawbacks of law breaking, I'd listen to

their pro illegal immigration arguments and would be able to judge their opinion from some sort of common ground. But it's that involuntary outbreak of patriotic passion that I truly see missing from those eager to see so many attributes disappear from America's identity in favor of socialism. Maybe it's the tears some can muster over a hungry person or some who have no place to live that makes the obamamaniacs think they have those same feelings. Not! You see, those tears don't relate to my country. I too know those tears. That's why I have been a major business contributor to the food bank, and other charities, and that's why churches do as well. The fact that problems such as poverty exist within this country is no excuse to allow such problems to overtake the priority position of the providers that have built this country and assumed the responsibility of helping others for as long as I remember. Do your tears represent the 10 million or so without health insurance, or do your tears reflect the sadness of a government takeover right here in America? Giving those 10 million people health insurance balances out the loss of free enterprise and lessening the strength of a capitalistic America doesn't it? Just like the devaluing of the American dollar through initiating all the irresponsible indebtedness we are accomplishing will lead to a stronger America too. Posted on Oct 17, 2009

Something Stinks

Fabreze recently started a new campaign (sure you saw it) about a mom that walks into her son's bedroom and says "jimmy! (or whatever his name is), i thought you were having company over.

it stinks in here!

then she goes into the Fabreze "we need to wash this room" thing.

so now when the spot runs, there is no "it stinks in here"!

did the idiots go stupidly pc nuts on us and omit "it stinks in here!" to pacify the outcry from the anti-stink faction?

or was fabreze called out on it's inability to cure "it stinks in here"? what do you think?

im so sick of the chicken shit pc ness of this lame society.

do you pc zombies really believe there is no stink? ignore the stink and trust me it will come back to haunt you much worse than if you got rid of it when you first perceived it.....

never liked fabreze anyway. Posted on Sep 23, 2009

Vick's Still a Dick

all this hoopla surrounding a dog killer will hopefully be put in it's place after it integrates itself into professional football. it's there that we will realize role models and integrity don't play a role. i never understood how someone like michael vick could play out his debt to society by working with the humane society. would you go see a presentation by michael vick on animal cruelty? i wouldn't, and i can't see why every appearance by him wouldn't be flooded by activists who would rather he stay away. the topic came up the other day and abreu employee, becca nailed the solution on the head. vick shouldn't be allowed anywhere near a humane society function. michael vick should have been involuntarily recruited by the fbi and other peace office organizations to provide information on the dog fight activities still being run in the united states. what other person could shed light on possible locations, breeders, and low life players that still do what michael dick, i mean vick did before they caught him. maybe after giving up a few other "less than low lifes" or leading the police to their general locales where they can be hauled in and stopped from their putred actions, then i could see how someone might say, michael vick is paying his debt to society. what term did he use to describe his past actions? i think it was "pointless" activity. yeah it was pointless. it was also atrocious, blood letting, cruel, idiotic, barbaric, heartless, sinful and vicious. where were all those other descriptives when you spoke of your actions michael vick? philadelphia belittled the symbol of america when they chose him to represent them.

Posted on Aug 18, 2009 by

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The revolution needs to start now!

Lately the phrase "We the people" pops up in discussions regarding political decisions, and I'm amazed at how often it never is emphasized in the proper perspective.

Even the lifetime tenures of some representatives and senators are continually ignored even though they fly in the face of the original purpose of limited terms . You see, representatives were supposed to represent the people and at the end of their terms they were to return to the communities they came from to share their learned government experiences thus giving

that knowledge back to their neighbors and help to return benefits to those same communities.

How did we allow that concept to morph into lifelong careers at the expense of the citizenry? God knows that these days even nepotism gets a blind eye turned toward it.

When your President would throw the Police Department under a bus because his buddy got arrested, I guarantee you that he wasn't thinking of the American People. You should have immediately realized that your own President had a corrupted opinion of Peace Officers, and that should have sent a stench out of the White House to be smelled by everyone no matter what color.

But, getting back to "we the people", please refresh my memory as to when the government takeover and gifting of the auto industry to the United Auto Workers received its birth at the hands of the American People? Can you tell me when you first heard the People say, "We want our medical care doled out by the White House"? When the financial institutions got their handout, how many of you can recall the idea of infusing billions into bailouts came about because of the desire of the American People? And do you really expect me to believe that the People are saying, "Let those that enter this country illegally get medical care and social security at my expense!" It's awfully quiet out there. No answers? No examples?

Well that's why I'm scared shitless! I know I'm not the only one that realizes when these concepts begin at the top there's already been an anesthetizing of the American People. The voices you hear today of other scared people at town hall meetings better serve to bring you to your feet. You better get those letters written to your representatives and senators now. It's only a half dozen or so. It really will only take an hour or so to get a thought put to paper (yes, including two or three tries to get the body of it to read the way you'd like), and to get it to the post office. Why in that amount of time you could get a couple telephone calls off to the offices of those same folks.

You'd better get used to their names now, because it will seem the time has flown by when election day rolls around again, and my goal when that happens is to remember each and every one of them. They allowed this to happen! They allowed your power to be usurped by the idealists that know better than you. Please reach back to recall the lessons learned earlier on in school when we had teachers that truly understood the basics of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence and knew the value of teaching us how our Government is supposed to work. It's been taken away, and we both know it. Start cranking the volume my friends, because you're being suffocated by forces that don't get their strength from "We the People".

Posted on Aug 15, 2009 by



[Tom Head](#) |



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[someone else understands my resentment](#)

meet bill schoonover;

> Here is my final draft to Barbara Boxer.

Please give it your widest dissemination.

> I want the world to know at least one scoundrel who masquerades as a wise
solon

> and a congress in whose hand \$trillions are spent without even
> reading the bills.

>

> Babs:

>

> You were so right on when you

> scolded the general on TV for using the term, "ma'am,"

> instead of "Senator." After all, in the military, "ma'am" is a term

> of respect when addressing a female of superior rank or position.

>

The general was totally wrong. You

> are not a person of superior rank or position. You are a > member of one of
the world's most corrupt organizations, the U.S. > Senate, equaled only by the
U.S. House of Representatives. > > Congress is a cesspool of liars, > thieves,
inside traders, traitors, drunks (one who killed > a staffer, yet is still revered),
criminals, and other low level > swine who, as individuals (not all, but many),
will do anything to > enhance their lives, fortunes and power, all at the
expense of the > People of the United States and its Constitution, in order to
be > continually re-elected.

> Many democrats even want American troops killed by releasing > photographs. How many of you could honestly say, "We pledge our > lives, our fortunes and our sacred > honor"? None? One? Two? > > Your reaction to the general shows > several things. First is your abysmal ignorance of all > things militaire. Your treatment of the general shows you to be an > elitist of the worst kind. When the general entered the military (as > most of us who served) he wrote the government a blank check, > offering his life to protect your derriere now safely and comfortably > ensconced in a multi-thousand dollar leather chair, paid for by the > general's taxes. You repaid him for this by humiliating him in front > of millions. > > Second is you puerile character, > lack of sophistication, and arrogance which borders on the hubristic. > This display of brattish behavior shows you to be a virago, > termagant, harridan, nag, scold or shrew, unfit for your position, > regardless of the support of the unwashed, uneducated masses who have > made > California into the laughing stock > of the nation. > > What I am writing, Senator, are > the same thoughts countless millions of Americans have > toward Congress, but who lack the energy, ability or time to convey > them. Under the democrats, some don't even have the 44 cents to buy > the stamp. Regardless of their thoughts, most realize politicians are > pretty much the > same, and will vote for the one who will bring home the most bacon, > even if they do consider how corrupt that person is. > > Lord Acton (1834 – 1902) so > aptly charged, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power > corrupts absolutely." Unbeknownst to you and your colleagues, Mr. > Power has had his way with all of you, and we are all the worse for > it. > > Finally Senator, I, too, have a > title. It is "Right Wing Extremist Potential Terrorist > Threat." It is not of my choosing, but was given to me by your > Secretary of Homeland Security, Janet Napolitano. And you were > offended by "ma'am"? > > Cheers! > > Bill Schoonover > 3096 Angela Lane > Oak Harbor, WA 98277 > > 360-675-3609

Posted on Jul 8, 2009

Memorial day 2009

at a time when i doubt this countries population is truly made up of people that share the pride in a history that made us a strong nation, i say (for the sake of the few of us that do remember), god bless those that gave their lives to make us free.

50 years ago seems so short a time to watch a conversion from 'fighting for your country'

to worrying about what others think 'about' your country.

yes virginia, there was a time when people pledged allegiance to their country first.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C6f_FvZpm3g

Posted on May 21, 2009

Smoke 'em if ya got 'em

Assemblyman Ammiano of San Francisco wants to make 'Bud' available to all you 'Spicoli' types out there, and he says it's worth over a billion tax dollars a year to California.

For those that don't understand, Bud is short for Cannabis, and Sean Penn played character Spicoli, the pothead in the movie "Fast Times at Ridgemont High", gaining acclaim by falling out the side door of a van as marijuana smoke poured out behind him. He was, as they say, obliterated at the time.

The first thing that went through my head when I heard the cry to legalize from the sanctuary city by the bay, was a basic comparative. If I'm a dope dealer and i need money, i just sell some pot. If I'm a politician and my state needs money, I just legalize pot. It's going to be hard for me to tell the difference from now on.

It's not just the tax windfall folks. It's also the 200 million in savings we'd achieve by not having to continue the foolish front called marijuana law enforcement.

I just don't understand this part of the scenario; if the herb is taken off the illegal list, why wouldn't every toker just plant 2 or 3 plants in the backyard and take the whole buyer seller principal away? It has been explained one way. We are the American consumer, so to think planting our supply so there would be a baggie around at all times, omits their marketed choices brought about by sophisticated bud breeding. See, i'm a dinosaur, and when pot was around when i was a kid, you bought a baggie full of the stuff for no more than a hundred bucks a bag and sometimes it was a couple of ounces. We didn't care if it was Mauie Wowie or Panama Red, we didn't get the magnifying glass out and check to see if there were purple hairs on the buds. We just thought it was an opportunity for a buzz and we got by it after the initial excitement wore away.

Personally, i hope it gets done this time, because the current farce involving Pot Clubs, which was and still is a stupid name for the supposed legitimate distributors of medicinal marijuana, needs to be shut down and the people who truly believe this is a program that effectively helps the sick and infirmed need to be allowed to slither back into their holes. I'm sick of being forced to recognize the Docs that are prostituting themselves out for a hundred bucks to write scrips for recreational users and consider it a necessary evil for the sake of the chemo patient that needs a little pot to keep their appetite?

Ever walk into a pot club? Do you really think the Bob Marley posters for sale in there are for the rheumatoid arthritis patients seeking a little comfort? Sorry, i'm done with the current disguised distribution of pot. Get this legalization rolling folks.

The truly ill that need it will still be OK because legitmate doctors will see to it that they can find relief.

Force the worthless slimeballs that have been riding the coattails of alzheimers, glaucoma, and aids sufferers to make sure they get their buzz to separate themselves from this "Medicinal Marijuana"lowlife excuse for distribution.

Posted on Mar 13, 2009

Inflation by any other name.... .

It started a couple years ago when I first discovered a beef cut that was cheaper than the rest and lived up to the texture and tenderness needed in some of my recipes. The flavor was a bit different but with seasoning and proper braising, it resulted in great stroganoff dishes and its medallion potential proved exciting. They were called 'clod tenders', a torpedo shaped cut that came from the cross rib section, or the shoulder, depending on which butcher I questioned.

A few months went by, and in shopping for my weekly feed, (I cook for the shop every Friday), I noticed the name of my little find had changed. Little did I know that a name change to "Petite Tenders" could cause a raise in the price by some 75 cents a pound.

I'm a pretty well seasoned consumer. I understand that markets and producers have to raise prices when necessary, but what demographic are you going for when you believe it necessary to relabel a product in an effort to pull more profit out of it? You certainly aren't making a veteran buyer

feel better. It just irritates us. The beef council will be pleased to know I still buy them, (even though I grumble), but only because the rest of the beef cuts exploded into higher price brackets by at least the same amount.

Not so lucky were the marketers in other food groups.

The cereal box caper was next. You did notice those clever folks cut back on the weight content but retained the size of the box. Brilliant marketers that they are, the copy on the boxes continued to morph into more health conscious BS. Fiber rich, whole grain, new and improved, and less sugar are examples of some of the meaningless claims your cereal sales sharks resort to in this day and age of "perceived value", (one of my least favorite marketing terms) hypocrisy.

It still smacks of making you think you're getting more than you actually are.

Ellie, the register clerk at my neighborhood store, revealed the Dreyers Ice Cream move to make you believe you were getting the same amount of ice cream in their package, but the cylindrical container was actually about an inch shorter.

All of this shouldn't be much of a concern to most of you. You have created a huge quandary in my mind during these fragile days of business survival. I still can't figure out how we can be in this 'recession' when I drive past lines of folks at the Starbucks window dying to give up 5 bucks for a cup of coffee.

Pepsi is the one that sticks in my throat the worst. I have been a devout Pepsi fan for most of my life, because I grew up across the street from Mike Mikulas. He started with the Pepsi company after we left high school, and as a young man I was raised to believe that you should support the companies that supported you and your neighbors. That's over!

While picking up drinks for the Friday feed, I ended my faithful allegiance to the Pepsi company over their blatant repackaging of the 12 pack to contain only 8 cans. Those silly little 'half cans' they came out with earlier on were goofy enough. I looked over to see that A & W still had the original 12 can packs, and I went for it. I found that the folks at lunch that Friday even praised the new selection.

If you don't find these current methods of charging you more without displaying the increase in prices forthrightly, I guess you're part of the 'more accepting' newer generations. I'm still stuck in the past, when more honesty resulted in a greater following'. Forbes magazine recently compared the whole change in the concept of "raising your prices" vs

“charge more by giving less” akin to New Yorkers vs Californians. New Yorkers have the decency to stab you in the front.

Anyway, the cereal scam ended up with me moving my preferences to the store brands for the first time, and you already know how I dealt with the Pepsi farce.

If Sir Walter Scott will forgive me, just remember; “Oh what a tangled web we weave, when we package to deceive!” Posted on Feb 1, 2009

make sure your duty is without question before you question mine

Two people, very close to me, have been going through the circus called jury duty stand by. It's bad enough to have your work or school schedule take a beating over not knowing if you're going to be able to appear for a test or if your employer can count on you to show up for work, but one of my friends was also forced to accept an admonishment from the court after answering the judge truthfully.

After several days of telephone checking and appearing at the courthouse with dozens of others, only to return home at the end of the day without knowing what tomorrow will hold, a pool of prospective jurors were asked point blank, “can you be impartial regarding this defendant's guilt”? My friend made what seemed to be a mistake by responding with a “no”!

This response came after being made aware of this defendants alleged crimes, and she was merely being honest, without knowing it may be characterized as a fault. The judge was offended by her response. He looked at his formerly potential juror and said “I hope you never have to appear in this courtroom on a criminal charge”. Well now that's a comforting comment. Was it supposed to make her feel that she is heartless, judgmental, unreasonable, or what?

When the judge came out with his rather pointed comment, it's too bad that she showed respect instead of responding with something like “Oh it's doubtful Your

Honor. I'm a respectable citizen and criminal activity just isn't my forte!"

And furthermore, I also doubt that you would understand how a person like me would feel after seeing neighborhood vandalism, car thefts, and helicopters hovering above what used to be a desirable neighborhood. Does that sound like the neighborhood you live in? Do you awaken to fresh graffiti on the fence across from your house? Do you no longer casually answer the front door when the bell rings out of fear that it may be a possible home invasion? No I didn't think so.

Do you believe everyone thinks the courts are spot on when it comes to swift and just trying? When a Democracy votes on an issue and a judge believes he or she knows better than their constituency and overrules the vote of the people, do you think it raises the level of respect toward the bench?

So it's doubtful that making one feel guilty over not being a good juror prospect will change their truthful persona, but hey, as long as it made the judge feel better.

Posted on Jan 12, 2009 by Copyright © 2006, Abreu Gallery. All Rights Reserved. Website Designed & Ma

I'm far from a Television freak, but finding myself absolutely socked in by fog one day during the first week of the New Year, I sat and clicked through every channel and paused to view every possibility the average American viewer could be subjecting themselves to. You know, (didn't mean to quote Caroline Kennedy there) the crap everyone watches. It seriously took only a few clicks before I picked up my notebook so I could share this short term enlightenment with you.

It's radically random mind you, but for those who have never done this, here's your TV 2009 channel clicking overview. (In 300 words or less)

Losing Presidential candidate Huckabee has his own show on Fox, and his first show guest of 2009 was "The last man to see Elvis alive!" Huck's show sounds like it will also soon join the ranks of 'loser'.

I discovered that Heath Ledger can out act Christian Bale any day.

It shouldn't be fair for "Wild Bikes, Babes and Trucks" to only be available on pay per view.

I can still buy health insurance for five bucks.

Stocks Surged to start 2009! Yeah right!

All kinds of folks want to buy your old jewelry.

Don't you guess "Porn star Strip Poker" would end up being anti climactic?

Yes, you can still apply for a Capitol One credit card. You lucky dog! Like they haven't already done enough for you.

There's still a chance I can win a large cash award if I've had an MRI, worked around asbestos or taken certain anti depressants.

In the somethin' for nothin' category, you can still dump a major part of your well deserved tax debt by hiring a tax attorney that knows how to negotiate your obligation onto the backs of honest taxpayers.

Clinical psychologists must be approaching desperation when they appear on news shows to 'discuss' some scumbag who shot someone else point blank for being too loud in a movie theater. Do you really think it would be worthwhile to hang around for this conversation?

For some ungodly reason the average American wants to buy their glue, toilet cleaner and yes, even health insurance from someone who can't talk without yelling.

Has anyone ever seen Anthony Bourdain actually cook anything?

The Korean Parliament should hold training programs for American citizens, so we can have a shot at kicking our Representatives' asses like they do.

Turner Classic Movies is still the best source of quality entertainment on the tube.

Why do I get confused about who the loser is and who the victim is on shows like 'Cheaters'?

Thank your lucky stars daily that every drug company is represented on every channel as if it's a street corner? Leveling your attitude, lowering your blood pressure and 'raising' your libido. Drop something new today? The sixties live.

The obesity research institute continues to drive home the fact that I'm unattractive. Are there that many people who want to give up their annuities, trusts and lottery winning to shysters who'll pay a pittance for it? Rejoice my brothers and sisters, there's an entire channel devoted to selling you the most sought after Barack Obama Coin. No seriously! And tastefully colored to appear like a gambling table chip. And thank God there's still an "F" word, thanks to Gordon Ramsey! Please know I tried to put these notes in some semblance of importance. You can understand the impossibility.

Posted on Jan 12, 2009 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Word!

My latest rant got started the other day when Doug came to help us knock out the "Best of" awards for Sacramento Magazine's March of Dimes fundraising party. I lashed out at one of the my people about a grammatical error, and Doug brought up the phrase 'fatally wounded'. He thought it bothersome since, in many instances, the media could just say 'killed' but opts not to.

Well, that pretty much opened up the topic to some real aggravations. I still cringe at the reporters who consistently speak of people who 'went missing'. How the hell do you 'go missing'? Remember when people disappeared? Certainly didn't sound so crazy to me. Oh wait a minute, you're not supposed to say crazy anymore either, are you?

The more my feeble little mind files away these provoking thoughts, the more I recall memories of similar grammatical usages. I just remembered the use of 'going AWOL'. I guess that's not too different.

'These ones' drives me nuts. Just stop it! It's conjures up imaginary toothless characters from the movie Deliverance.

Ever had something explained to you recently by someone who believes an event happened 'on accident'? I don't

know why it grates on me so. A lifetime of English, used as skillfully as Mrs. Gallatin would have loved to hear it, only to have the rules changed in the middle of the game. (Mrs. Gallatin was my second grade teacher)

Of course the idea of the media jumping onto contemporary 'loose language' says a lot about their understanding of what's proper. I guess if you never knew the correct wordings, you can't expect to identify the wrong terms.

The bombings and kidnappings in India found the New York Times skirting the labeling of terrorists with the use of simple terms like 'gunmen'. It's obvious their political correctness mandate has finally reached the point when newspaper people like the Times will no longer be identifying murderers as religious zealots or Islamic terrorists. Heaven forbid that population of vermin might be insulted, not to mention the jeopardizing of the Times award from the ACLU.

Oh Hell, considering where we're headed, maybe 'on accident' ain't a big deal after all.

Merry Christmas everyone!

Posted on Dec 13, 2008 by [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

Go for the Gold

The first days of fog were the signs of change I could count on. I knew that the season was upon us. It started when I could see my breath as I walked to the door to let the dogs out. (I don't leave the heat on at night)

It took an extra few weeks for the ridge line around the property to start its transformation. The canopy of forest green has finally allowed the autumn hues to intermingle. Majestic mixtures of regal golds, yellows and rusty reds are flowing down to meet the roads, and I'm thankful for the performance. A little closer to home the show was shared by the others that live with me. The songbirds have managed to shake the leaves of the wisteria out of the arbors. The quail are close to competing with the deer as far as the trails they leave going in and out of their habitats. Hummingbirds are even getting a little more hostile with one another in their circling of the sugar water jars.

Traveling up and down the driveway to put down some road base I noticed a commotion created by the crows hiding in the big yellow and red leaves of a lonely Amber. It was entertaining enough when they started the calliope-

like jumping from the branches down to the ground and then back up into the low hangers, then down and then up.

But one of these characters seemed a bit stand offish from the others.

He took his time flitting around. He seemed to be trying harder to flap his wings when he rose into the bottom of the tree. His gliding to the ground

wasn't quite as graceful as the others. And since he wasn't as skittish when

I walked by, I realized he was probably one of the generation that wouldn't be returning next spring. I saw his steps as being more purposeful. His gaze toward my own eyes paused as if to attempt more of a connect. Nothing shy about this guy. The feathers that poked out awkwardly from his wings, and the cowlick atop his head added to the appearance of his old age which escaped me when I walked past the first time. I had stopped the old power wagon by now to see if he would take off, but he was content to continue his chores, and apparently liked my company.

I took a big breath to cash in on the fresh cold air, then started back to the shop. I probably looked back a half dozen times to see if he was still there.

He was. He was with his friends and I couldn't offer him a better environment if I tried.

Back up at the house I caught the last of the afternoon sun warming the distant ridgeline again. I think it's even more vivid with color than a few hours before. It's much easier now, for me, to allow thoughts of sorrow to take their rightful place. To transfer my thinking away from the thought of growing old, back to experiencing the splendor of the color gold.

Posted on Dec 13, 2008 by [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

The Duh generation

Last week I was gazing out the front window, appreciating the warmth of some autumnal sunshine, wondering whether there would be any business today and becoming more used to not having any, when a youngster walked into the gallery.

I say youngster meaning one of high school age in appearance. He was unusual though. He didn't have any piercings or tattoos, was wearing pants that fit, had hair that actually laid down, and he didn't bring a skateboard in with him. He must be part of that millennial generation I've been hearing about. I figured he's was probably on a class project to do a report on an artist, since that had been happening a lot lately. He asked if I had any older presidential portraits prints or historical events, and I thought, now that's new!

Do they still teach history in school? And besides, this kid really sounded like he was interested in the project. He mentioned Ronald Reagan, and my ears perked up. "You know about Ronald Reagan", I asked? "Sure", he said, "I knew about Reagan before I learned about him in class". Well now young man, let's find you what you need. We sat at the computer and I brought up a couple publishing sites and in a few minutes we chose several small prints for him to use in time for his project. His name turned out to be James, and I not only thanked the young man for his business, but thanked him for making me realize there were still young people that knew history.

I needed that. I need it because I've been inundated by 'Obama youth'. By that I mean young folks that have NO sense of history as I know it. I don't mean to say that I expect the X and Y generations to think the same way I do. It's just that it's impossible to relate to the voters of today that use qualifiers like "he's fresh"!

If one of these self centered little 'Duh generation' punks could make me trust their judgment by reciting a worthwhile quote or accomplishment by one of their generation idols, I'd be all ears, but there never is any ability to relate to the United States of America, and if you can't do that, you're of little relevance to me.

I've had enough of the self centered generation, the 'I want to be the boss' generation, and the entitled generations, thank you very much.

I also hope there will be true future heroes for the Millennial generation because I haven't been impressed by the thugs and leeches that have preceded it.

God bless you James, and I hope you aced your class project. I appreciated the respect you evoked, the hard work you put into your schoolwork, and the fact that you know something about the country you live in besides what's owed to you. You have a perceived future that will bring you success and I hope it's generous to you.

As for me, the future doesn't look so hot, but I'll be ok, even if I have to live with the new identity that's been bestowed upon me. "One of the Selfish".

Posted on Dec 13, 2008 by [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

Can i speak to the owner or manager?

Me? Out of compliance?

Just when I thought I noticed telemarketing calls, this new snake oil pusher enters my shop. It's a young dude along with either a trainee or a supervisor, wanting to talk to me about the absence of any labor law or minimum wage posters around the place. He just happened to be the one I'm 'supposed' to be buying these posters from. "By law" he says, I'm supposed to have these declarations posted. My right eye began to twitch a bit. Not enough for anyone to notice, but I could feel it, and I figured I better bring this to an end quickly before I involuntarily reverted to my 'outside voice'.

"No thanks, I don't need anything".

But no! This little twerp steps forward and asks, "You don't mind being out of compliance?"

Now I've been receiving marketing crap for these posters for years from companies disguising themselves as government entities so folks like me would be sucked into buying them under threat of legal action. They're no more legitimate nor honorable than the yellow page invoices phoned up to look like bills for ads you placed.

Now telemarketers have to be a singular lot to believe down deep inside that it's ok to subject small business folks to constant interruption and at times rude behavior that can only be deemed worthless.

Here you have a youngster that doesn't mind putting this act on to your face.

"No, I don't mind being out of compliance". I tell little Mr. Salesdick. I buy workers comp at an exorbitant rate (by law), only to pay for stitches out my own pocket in order to keep from being taken to the cleaners by rate hikes that only Californians have the pleasure of experiencing. No I don't mind being out of compliance.

Today's world has me cringing at the thought of every other kind of action that could be levied upon me at any

time, thanks to the progress of my country. Good God, if it's not environmental health, equal opportunity, the draining of my unemployment account by former employees that hide outside income, and a state that won't police it.

Let me say it again, "I don't mind being out of compliance!"

How about sexual harassment fears, or the payroll tax burden I live with, not to mention the forms I have to fill out just so I can be in on the bidding process from government offices.

No, I don't mind being out of compliance. Don't you mind being an arrogant little bastard? Get outta here!!!

Posted on Dec 13, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)
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Why is it that I seem to be the only one who still feels the stab wound left by the 700 or 800 or 1 trillion dollar bailout measure? It's like it was yesterday that I watched the failed measure return after a week, along with added billions in openly admitted pork. I saw the list of entities that were added in to appease representatives for their vote in the most overt show of disrespect to taxpayers I can recall. I'm sure there have been past examples, but in the midst of what was proclaimed as a critical time, both of our candidates voted to follow a plan that was unknown to them in detail, and forced your face into a pile of political crap to get it done.

As we eagerly await what may be the biggest growth in government we have ever seen, all I'm asking for is the adoption of a new goal. Not government-run health care or schools. No, I want concepts that end up getting able bodied Americans on the tax rolls.

And what's with having debates at colleges? How about a debate at a convention of independent business people?

Have you really succumbed to this fashion of non representation that's growing like never before, with a Feinstein explanation that we don't understand?

When Obama declares his goal of tax cuts for 95% of Americans, why aren't we all screaming that less than 50% of Americans pay ALL the taxes?

What's the plan to get all those other non tax paying voters onto the tax rolls?

There's a reason a new show called "The sons of anarchy" is getting rave reviews. We're dying to see our country do right by those that pay the bill. How about showing your income tax return in order to get a ballot? You can't have a say in the operation of the race track if you don't have a horse in the race. Let's see if Biden can get his "fair" argument working in that arena of wealth distribution.

And for those that just think I'm taking this opportunity to bash the Democrats, be corrected. That stab wound I mentioned earlier was caused by both parties. They believe down deep that a little bit of disrespect is acceptable as long as they can get some of the bounty for someone in their neighborhood.

Pretty sour stuff huh? It comes with age, and many years of paying into the system. It's sort of like seeing your retirement account statement last month.

There's a song title that sums up my current state of mind regarding the good old USA bureaucracy, present and future. Many may not recall it but it goes, "I don't see me in your eyes anymore".

Posted on Oct 16, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[bailout my ass!](#)

10/03/08

our representatives failed a recommended financial/wall street bailout a week ago and this morning they passed it. the same amount , 700,000,000,000, but this time even more pork has been added to include a FEW of the items like:

The wooden arrow manufacturers; Rum Producers in the Virgin Islands; Wool Research; Auto Racing Tracks, Manufacturing in American Samoa; Specific TV/Movie Production in Southern California; And On, and On. Presumably to BUY 12 votes. If there is a true crisis why is Congress laughing in our faces with all of this PORK.

if the 700 billion was needed for the financial mess, how did they manage to screw us out of the additional billions that the bottom feeders (above) got

out of it? was it that the 700 billion was more than the financial bailout needed? no? how much is needed for the bailout? don't know? either do they, and this is akin to having your representatives just flat ass piss on your leg while you're watching.

Posted on Oct 3, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

B.S. sticks to cars

It's amazing how many old bumper stickers are still out there. I notice them more now that the newest political garbage is hitting the streets. I wonder if the old "W" crowd thinks those aged stickers help more than a word or two about their newest choice. I wonder if the old "Gore/Edwards" hangers on think that others will respect their perseverance, or just appreciate the ozone saved by not manufacturing another sticker. The entertainment provided by some other types of bumper stickers, (let's just refer to them all as B.S. for the sake of the column) has literally made me snicker at times and at times made me question the sanity of the driver. For instance, I still love "Visualize Whirled Peas", "Rehab is for Quitters" and "Only Users Lose Drugs". I think I actually had the one that read "Never Squat With Your Spurs On" back in my hayburner days. At least it's one way to keep the Illegal Immigrant issue in the forefront, since the campaigns of neither candidate thinks it's a serious invasion that's threatening our nation. The " I Love Immigrants, As Long As They're Legal" is tame enough, but there are still a few "Uncle Sam Wants You...To Speak English" to balance them out. It's the B.S. that make you feel the driver is also saying they have the proper perspective and yours is in question that tend to make me want to catch a glimpse of that guy. The "Civil Disobedience! It's Not Just For Revolutionaries Anymore." should also add the line, "Yeah, Now We Moron Gangbanger Idiots On Welfare Can Take Part Too!" The "Who Would Jesus Bomb?" crowd should always be careful not to give the impression that the pedestal they're standing on may be a bit tall for their own safety.

I think "I'd Rather Be Right Than Be Politically Correct" says it all much better.

I appreciate "Coexist", but it's so hard, with shouts of "Kill All The Infidels" in the background. Along the same lines, "An Eye For An Eye Leaves the Whole World Blind" should also finish by adding, "Just Accept the Loss Of Your Eye".

Maybe the "NoBama" and "McBush" B.S. will get more obvious in the next few weeks. It's only a form of catharsis for the drivers of those cars, and you should make every effort to not allow them to affect you. Deep breaths and soft music are suggested. Take yourself to that happy place.

I actually stalled my exit from the Bel Air on Hwy 49 once to see if the person driving the old white Toyota sporting the B.S. "Fight The Rich, Not Their Wars" would show his face. Then I caught myself. "It's only B.S. Tom.. Don't let it get to you." It won't be long before you'll see a "Stop Global Whining" and snap out of it.

Posted on Sep 25, 2008 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Leading isn't all compassion.

So, Lindann, another customer of mine falls prey to conversation at the framing counter as I head off into the dreaded reality issue of slow business. I confess that I'm considering the prospect of retirement. Not the real concept of cashing in on your life's efforts in order to sustain yourself for your remaining years, but a new feeling that's begun to rear it's ugly head to me. It has presented itself, and for the first time, in a concept that fosters resentment.

I personally have been responsible for a phenomenal amount of dollars, as far as taxes are concerned, in the last thirty years,.

With the election coming, do I succumb to the heartfelt compassion of the party that wants me to add to my list of duties, the management of a national retirement plan for every person I may ever hire? (Is that the best national goal they could come up with?) I certainly don't have enough responsibilities with workman's comp, state sales tax, payroll taxes, and enough insurance costs to leave my anus sore.

I want to hear the tenor of the conversation change from heartfelt compassion to topics that lead to inspiration, employment and nation building right here at home.

George Carlin recently passed, and I overheard part of an interview he had on Imus. I recall his response to a question regarding his political leanings. Paraphrasing now, he admitted to becoming left leaning in his later years. Carlin said he had become more concerned for the people. Which people George? You were certainly blessed with the riches this country has to offer. Instead of being grateful for your wealth and ability to provide for truly needy citizens on your own, you join the list of folks who think it's the government's responsibility to take care of every individual. Wrong George! The system worked perfectly until you changed your focus from what people in your category of income can do for people through charities and privately funded programs, to the shirking of that form of our personal responsibility, and the handing over of it to the government.

It's a perfect example of how little interest there is in fostering our capitalistic society in the name of compassion.

So I confide in Lindann, that after thirty plus years of doling out the greater share of my accomplishments to the government, I'm starting to resent the way they're spending it, to the extent that I believe the compassionate set should happily take on the yoke of all the dollar generation.

I certainly have nowhere near the savings to last out my remaining years. I don't have that 401K that millions have been blessed with thru their employers. My social security couldn't cover my health insurance and mortgage, let alone food. But I have something going for me that will allow me to sustain. I have the ability to fend for myself, and that certainly isn't something the government taught me. It isn't something the government gave me. It's something that comes to you almost as if through osmosis when you're raised to know the treasure this country offers, a system that rewards those who help themselves.

But just as the word capitalism has become secondary to the idea of entitlements, my resentment (which I refuse to believe is isolated) is aimed at those that can't stop giving your money and my money away in the name of compassion. That's why George Carlin's left leaning politics don't speak from his heart. It speaks from my wallet. If it was all about George's heart we would have heard him talking about all the programs he put into place, not what you and I should dole out to others. You and I both know that's not about bolstering capitalism. Look at the educational programs Tiger woods has privately funded. He sure isn't bent on tapping my pocketbook for poorly managed government programs. You folks that think we '60 plus hour a week' workers, (who provide sustenance for employees as well), are part of the 'rich' class should be the ones forced to pay the tare, so be ready to get on with it.

Posted on Aug 12, 2008 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [2 Comments](#)

Who's marketing to whom?

I'm driving home and make the sporadic stop at the Zinfandel at Rocklin Rd. only to find the door locked. So sad that you walk away from scenarios like that with a shrug and an "oh well" these days. Staying in business points to some resilient folks these days. We do it, and we do it with less.

The drive up to Lou LaBonte's yielded the radio news stories about the 4th being the second major holiday with fewer people taking to the road. The interviews were with whiney former travelers intent on driving less out of necessity. The demeanor of the news reporter, most somber, outroing with a feeling of 'how much more of this can we take?'

Wait a minute! This is what we're supposed to be doing. Why am I hearing of this with a defeatist bent? We're supposed to be driving less. Why isn't the media taking the positive road by getting several of those sacrificing, together to point out the success of smart people? Wow! A story indicating the abilities of those banding together to answer to the needs of a new America! Nah! Can't sell the drama of a newscast with positive overtones. Look, the news media could have proven its expertise a couple years ago when the first signs of a wounded economy began to affect small businesses. They just hadn't been told it was happening. So pay close attention to what you're being told. Take a step back once in a while to think about what you're hearing. We do have a tendency to absorb without analysis. Decades and decades of this in all aspects of the media, journalistic and entertainment, is showing it's effect on society.

Marketing is key. Don't give the listener a chance to determine what the story is about. Tell them. You can't come across sounding like you know what you're doing if you provide an opportunity to see any alternative viewpoint.


Let me give you another example. Snapple is hyping a new product called White Tea. The marketing approach is based upon White Tea being the lightest tasting Tea ever. The TV commercial showing the Asian elder plucking the smallest, least mature leaves atop the plant to provide what? The least flavorful tea you could possibly buy. Of course they can't say that. It won't sell. So you go out and buy the "lightest flavor tea" available instead. Why the hell would you buy a tea drink with the least tea flavor possible? I have no idea.

It's easy to absorb what's going around you. It's just not the best way for you to figure out what's going on.

There's nothing wrong with looking at the lesser holiday travel as a positive factor. What negatives result from larger family gatherings at home? New neighborhood 4th of July parties on the block sound so ominous to you? Or is it that word "sacrifice" mentioned earlier in the article? I hope not cause it's one word that we need to be reminded of regularly. Without it we wouldn't be wherever we are today. It's just that too many believe anything can be accomplished without sacrifice. Those people are wrong.

Is it really the "lightest tasting tea drink" or is it the tea drink with the least tea flavor possible?

Was the drop in holiday travel a negative result of the fuel pricing crisis, or a positive reaction by smart Americans.

Posted on Aug 12, 2008 by  Tom *It's akin to my new mantra at work, "just a normal day once in a while". That's all I ask. With business at its lowest for over a year, the advent of a periodic 'normal business day' turns out to be an emotional blessing. Long term worry leads to depression, and then all of a sudden, bodies in the store and normal orders bring you back to life. Mentally, anyway.*

Now, back to this other proposed mantra, "Just talk to US!" That's all we ask.

I'm referring to our wonderful presidential candidates.

It's really bad enough to watch your country go down the tubes daily. I've lived long enough to know it will never be the same as when I was growing up. For instance with all this hatred toward the 'rich', do you ever remember ever spending a lot of time thinking about who was rich and who was poor? Me either, but to add to that, the blatant disregard for the average citizen while making alleged public addresses makes me sick.

The real killer is that you and I can go online and watch "Joe American" on You Tube, or read Newt Gingrich on his site, or refer to the lectures of Lindsey Williams and testimony by Oliver North and come away with the feeling that there really are people who understand what it would take to create and protect a prosperous future for America.

How do present day candidates and politicians sleep at night knowing that their sickness involving political correctness literally washes away any valid plan to make a stronger America for ALL 300 million of us. Not just the poor, not just gays, and not just minorities.

Please make sure you and everyone you know is aware of the YouTube video by the gentleman known as "Joe American", and the writings and lectures by all the other names I dropped. If, by the time you've brought yourself up to date on the thoughts that emanate from the minds of these few individual citizens, and compare them to the words you've been subjected to by your presidential candidates and representatives, you too should be sickened.

Demand they "talk to US"! That's all we ask!

Can you imagine what an America with a plan and a rejuvenated pride in everyone's heart would be like, instead of it all being just a memory?

Posted on Jun 20, 2008 by

I love that kid!  Tom Head |  Post a Comment.

Television sucks! But I am entertained by a few jewels that make the screen once in a while.

Take the guitar playing hip hop kid that sucks you into singing along with the "credit report dot com baby" jingle! What a great campaign. The kid shows up in a pirate costume for the first ad, and has a dirt level job seating people in a fish house, and then he shows up in a banged up sub compact loaded with this friends. A disappointment cause he really wanted an SUV. What could have saved his embarrassment?

What could have prevented his 'posse' from getting laughed at?

Why, a free credit report of course!

Not!

It's too late for that 'little dude'. This endearing little moron falls into the category of every irresponsible citizen that ends up costing us all extra by not living up to their end of the bargain.

A contract is a contract. You sign it, you bind it.

What does "credit report dot com baby" have to do with bad credit? Not a thing.

It's an 'after the fact' reporting service that's merely letting you know that you've been a bad boy (or girl), and that you did not fulfill your promise to pay others for something you took. Note I didn't say bought, because you didn't buy anything, you lied to someone to make them believe you were going to pay for it. Mistaken or not, you spoke out of turn. No one but you knows what you can afford. You can't blame a salesman, and you can't blame the criminal credit card companies who suck you into believing you CAN afford to go deeper in debt. Only you are to blame.

Next in line come the bankruptcy attorneys constantly advertising your ability to settle debt for a fraction of the cost, and between you and me, I'm sick of all of this, and you should be as well. The reason is known to all of us. Someone is picking up this tab. The people who ARE responsible, like you and me, pick it up. The taxpayer that pays his debt on time is paying a higher taxation rate to cover the skunk that shirks his or her duty. The stable, accountable debt payer assumes the hike in interest to accommodate the flakes. It's a sickening reality that disgusts those of us that are responsible bill payers.

Oh, and as I think about it, 'free credit report dot com' ain't free! You'll get billed 14.95 to get your free report. Of course by the time you're cool convertible wishes burst before your eyes because you've whacked your own credit, you should have already known better than to think you could be rollin' phat,. babeeeee!

But he is a cute kid isn't he?

Posted on Jun 20, 2008 by  Tom Head |  Post a Comment.

Dear Comcast:

Allow me to share with you in the next couple minutes, what took 42 minutes away from my life the other day.

My mother passed away new years day and all utility providers inherited by me were informed of the same, including you, and your change in billing address proves you received the communication.

In an attempt to discover the reason behind a constant string of past due notices, I placed a call to your company. I was asked to press one for English. I, who live in the United States, was asked to press one for English. You couldn't explain that policy decision if your life depended on it and it certainly set the premise for the result which follows shortly.

~~Thirteen minutes into my wait for a service operator, it became apparent that your company shouldn't be my choice for a television signal provider. Everything ground to a halt when I couldn't provide the last four digits of my mom's social security number for the operator, and I was still so furious that I had to press one for English, that I asked to terminate the service. Well, I discovered that this operator just couldn't do that, so I was given a separate number to call for my cancellation request. Twenty minutes into my wait for the second operator, I was told that I was incorrectly connected to the bay area, and that I would have to be transferred to another locale. Eight more minutes passed before I knew that this notice was going to be forwarded thru email with a certified mail follow up. As I slammed down the phone, Doug, one of the people in my shop uttered, "So, they won!" And I guess you did. You won by losing another individual that knows the difference between good and bad service. All we would do is ruin the smooth operation of customer abuse you have going for you. How do I know the difference? I take great pride in the way I've run my businesses in life in comparison to your sham of a monopoly. That pride came back to me in an involuntary revelation brought on by the satisfaction accompanying my cancellation. The sadness that reared its ugly head during this debacle was the realization that if my 91-year-old mother would have had reason to contact your company for whatever reason, this type of laughable disrespect could have literally affected her health. I'm sure Comcast will continue and you will prosper. There are enough people who don't know what good service is. There are newer generations that believe box stores are examples of good service. In the meantime Direct TV will garner a third service account from this former Comcast victim, so press one for "Bite me!"~~

Posted on Jun 20, 2008 by  Tom Head |  Post a Comment.

~~**You should be thrilled to be one of my "sweeties" .**~~

~~It's summer! The fans have been taken down from the top shelf of the linen closet. The hum of A.C. units add a new dimension to neighborhoods.~~

But that added overhead to existence isn't turning out to be the anxiety of my day.

With the drop in business, and the onslaught of sweltering, the one thing that gives comfort to my daily toil approaches the counter, one of my customers. This time it's Eva Smith, and she has another drawing to frame for her memorabilia wall. Sweet lady, and one of thousands who make my day worth it. It's cause we've grown to know one another, and enjoy a giggle or two during our talk about framing across the counter.

It happens to be Friday, and Eva wanders to the back of the shop to join the crew for lunch. (Regulars know I cook every Friday).

Sitting around a table sharing food and talking is a saving grace to the daily work chores.

It's 1PM now. People are getting up to leave, and a new customer approaches the counter. Eva and others stride past, toward the front door, I expound, "later sweetie!"

I froze for a second. First time that's ever happened.

I self questioned a life long endearment that I've been sharing with my customers and friends for decades. I thought all my 'sweeties' were showings of friendship and true caring for people, but never to be shared with an involuntary recoil.

A short time ago all of us were subjected to Barack Obama apologizing for the use of the term. The media printed and aired it for four days and then into weekend shows, and usually, that doesn't affect my life, but I feel extremely resentful right now.

I recall that moment when a term I use daily, stuck in my throat, and for no good reason.

I feel that for Obama to apologize for his own incident was to taint the innocent usage of the term "sweetie" by millions of people. And what about the "hey baby!" that slips out, even when I'm addressing other guys in the shop?

Yes, I resent Mr. Obama's apology. It was the first action by him that truly affected my life. I've lived too long to have some politically correct Boob start apologizing for everyday endearments. Understand that, in apologizing, Mr. Obama was saying, "should you believe my use of the word intimated some form of inappropriate intent or condescension, I apologize". That apology would have been for his own sake, not for the use of the word.

I'll probably have that second thought periodically for awhile, but I assure you, my terms of endearment won't change. The people surrounding me have no problem with who I am and what I stand for. That's more than I can say about some presidential candidates.

No. I take that back. I realize now that I'm also resentful for some of the things I have come to realize he DOES stand for.

Posted on May 19, 2008 by  Tom Head |  Post a Comment

~~Katherine Head 9/11/16 ~ 1/1/08~~

~~Mom passed away at 3pm new years day. She was admitted to Rideout hospital the day after Christmas suffering from dehydration that lead to renal failure. Longtime heart weakness added to her failing.~~

~~"Kay", as she was better known, was a lifelong Yuba City resident, and 32 year employee of the J. C. Penney Co. Working in an era when women managers were unheard of, Kay Head rose to the position of 'head cashier' where she trained more Penney Company managers than most people work under, during their careers with Penneys.~~

~~As a young boy, I recall standing on D Street hand in hand with my Mom while she wept at the sight of the Penney's department store going up in flames.~~

~~Ted Spiropoulos, owner of Butte Gun & reloading & Ted's sports center, both in Yuba City, and a former employee of Ray Gouge Firestone in Marysville was Moms oldest son. "Uncle Ted", as my daughter Deidra knows him, adored his niece. Ted's business sponsored Mom's bowling team for years. She had the misfortune of seeing Ted precede her in death after he was transfused with tainted blood back in the eighties.~~

~~Deidra and I can't thank enough, the long list of people who took upon themselves the duty of visiting mom regularly, allowing her to live out her entire life on her own, without the inevitable 'fadeout at the home'. I know I'm going to miss mentioning many, but Mom's friendship should outweigh this column mention any day. Thanks to~~

~~the 'two Marys'; Mary Agnes and Mary Ellen, neighbor Murleen Schneiter, cousin Audel Schwartz, helper around the house Marge, masseuse Brigitte, neighbor handyman Gerald, and family friend George Chan for your constant visits and dedication to my Mother.~~

[Other family survivors also include sister Trula Karnegis and family, most especially niece Uraine Cook and her daughter Trudy, as well as Daughters in law, Carol Spiropoulos and Sheila Head.](#)

[We also offer our gratitude to the considerate doctors and nurses from Rideout Hopital. Dr Bui, my mom's trust in your care proved to sustain her to the age of 91. Your concern and dedication empowered us all to watch over her with the hope that extended her years.](#)

[If you recall Mom, Deidra and I would like to invite you to join us for a memorial reunion at 5pm this Friday \(January 11 th \) at Ruthy's restaurant in Hillcrest Plaza, Yuba City.](#)

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#) | [1 Reference](#)
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[Obama so eloquently says nothing, and I wish I could say I believed that McCain did a whole lot better.](#)

[Don't just talk, talk to US!](#)

[The real killer is that you and I can go online and watch "Joe American" on You Tube, or read Newt Gingrich on his site, or refer to the lectures of Lindsey Williams and testimony by Oliver North and come away with the feeling that there really are people who understand what it would take to create and protect a prosperous future for America.](#)

[Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

When you daydream about being wealthy, how does "doing for others" fit in? Discovering efforts by well meaning people still emboldens my heart.

A few nights ago, at dinner with the Bill Palmer family, long time customers and friends of mine, Bill tosses out a tidbit about a guy named Herb Sandler, a co founder of Golden West Financial, parent of World Savings, and recent sell out to Wachovia to the tune of 24 billion. Bill knew I wasn't in the same league as he, in reference to his knowledge of big money dealings in the financial world. He did now I would take real interest in the fact that after the buyout, Herb Sandler and his wife Marion took 30 million and put it in a pot to fund a non profit investigative reporting venture.

My attack on the internet the next day discovered the Sandlers' desire, to make available to you and me, a newsroom that focuses exclusively on important stories with moral force. See, the Sandlers, like you and I, have watched the media today descend to the point where entertainment

overpowers substance. If you think Britney should share the news time with the likes of war, and illegal border crashing, you're already not liking me, right? This venture is called Pro Publica, and this independent news bureau will focus on uncovering unsavory practices within business and government. Wow, what a nut to crack, huh? Sandler has been credited with "recognizing that the journalism component of democracy is in peril" according to one Charles Lewis, president of the Fund for Independence in Journalism. So far Sandler has set out to put a couple dozen full time reporters into a New York newsroom under Wall Street Journal Editor-at large, Paul Steiger. He's serious about this venture, and his quotes stimulate me. He says the media was late to uncover predatory lending by sophisticated players in the mortgage market. He calls it the story that still has not been done. In spite of the fact that the Sandlers have been big donors to the Democratic candidates and supporters of MoveOn.org, I still must credit them for an effort that could impact us all with what we need, the truth. If it weren't for statements like "I'm deeply opposed to wealthy people who exploit the poor, powerful people who prey on the weak, and the government representatives who betray the trust of the people they supposedly represent", I'd have overwhelming doubts as to their intent. But this, my friends who fear for the sustainability of a democracy, is worth a try. Secondly, and in closing, Haley, one of the labs, recently, got hit and took out a hip. Boom, a couple grand for a surgeon, and I didn't have it. My vet said; "have you heard of "Care Credit"? That set off a discovery that G. E. had set up a foundation to fund a money company that helps folks in need of emergency vet care, NO INTEREST. You're kidding? Now it may not be news to you, but I was in the dark that this corporation had stepped out do something right for many in need. I later found out the 'no interest' loans were available for dental and other medical needs. I can't fathom how many people like you and me this act has impacted. So, just as G. E. made it easier for Haley to walk on all fours normally, and continue to be a loved family member, we might see a future that makes our individual steps a bit more purposeful through the enlightenment of a dutiful journalistic media. While newspapers are losing distribution, and subscriber readership, unlike the Sacramento Union, thank you Herb Sandler for a valiant next step to foster a better national insight.

I wish success to these Do-Gooders, because these philosophical goals can only translate to a stronger America.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

Tis the season!

What season?

I certainly didn't take on a jolly demeanor while grocery shopping at Raley's in Yuba City the other day. I had been in the store for about 15 minutes noticing all the decorations on sale. The "frosty snowmen" were on the shelves and the buckets of small decorative trees were out in the lot with the expectation that hundreds of folks would be stopping in to pick up their "holiday trees".

I know it's old news, but I just got progressively pissed as I then became more investigative to see if there was one word anywhere to be seen. Nope! "Christmas" was gone. You can convey to me that it lives in the heart of the individual, but damn it, "Christmas" is gone.

Sure seems like it was yesterday that we all laughed at the prospect of something like this happening, but today virtually every vendor that sees the idea of losing a sale as blasphemous to their code of retail greed has joined forces to take "Christmas" out of the season.

Stan Freberg hit the mark with his album "Green Christmas" in the 50s.

Today's outcome seems to have a faint echo of the old fear of "commercialization of Christmas", but no worries now! It's just plain 'over commercialization' for no reason at all and that's exactly what retailers want. Can't offend anyone huh?

Wrong!

God bless Google and every other search engine that allows me to bring up lists of vendors that refuse to have the word "Christmas" in their advertising campaigns. You want to be all things to all people, go for it. First of all it can't happen, and secondly, I prefer people who stand for something. Taking the easy way out by folding like a rusty lawn chair shows you and your business to be exactly what they seem.

In the same inimitable manner as presidents day, which took the credit away from those leaders that deserve it and doled it out to all the presidents, I expect Martin Luther King day to be one of the next celebratory holidays to be named "Civil Rights" day, cause who needs his

name on the whole deal. Maybe with a little effort the retailers can get together to figure out a way to line their pockets with a gift giving scheme that surrounds a figure whose skin color changes depending on the light so he can be all things to all people. God knows if the holiday season can skyrocket into an even more profitable period than ever before with the elimination of Jesus' birthday, trust me it's a sign that nothing is as sacred as the almighty dollar, especially to the retailers that find it easy to omit the reason for the season.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by [✚ Tom Head](#) | [💬 Post a Comment](#)

You can't fix stupid

If you spend a lot of time on the road, I'm sure you have your daily annoyances.

I do. It's the cross to bear when you really love living in the hills and have a business in Sac.

Interestingly enough, the things that used to bother me don't seem to have the same impact. The 'things' being, the "Stupid people".

I say that with trepidation considering I've found myself in the same category recently. I spied the right mirror and started a lane change and the nasal sound of a horn, (more than likely Japanese in origin, cause it didn't sound like a Chrysler), began a panicky alarm and I craned over to see a sedan in what must have been my blind spot. I don't enjoy having to react out of distress, so it stayed with me for miles. The woman driver of that other car totally ignored me at the next light, so I hoped she hadn't taken note of the mural emblazoned on the van.

Point being, accidents can happen, and it really pays off to take on the demeanor of a Saint whenever possible. Let 'em in, and leave more room in front of you. Deep breaths.

I drive much more cautiously in my old age. And I find myself noticing different types of things.

In the last month or so I've probably counted 3 healthy looking men, maybe in their thirties, standing roadside, watching the 3A man change their tire. Excuse me, but I have a problem with wasting 45 minutes to an hour plus, compared to the 10 minutes it would take me to swap it out. I take this to be progress.

I brought up the subject while felling a couple of trees with the college kid that helps me out at the house. He tells me that when he got his license, his dad told him that if he ever tried to change a tire along a highway that he'd take his license away.

What happened?

I recall changing flats on the pallet wagons when I used to haul peach bins to the grading stations at 15. Yeah it's a changing world. It's just that I see leaving those events behind, akin to discarding a core of confidence building and growth in my life.

That must explain why, (when I see one of these lazy, able bodied men out there), I involuntarily mouth the word "Pussy!"

That aside, my main road courtesy and basic rule broken by dozens daily is, "when you're not passing someone in that slower lane on your right, you're supposed to be in it"!

Until we can make headway on fixing 'stupid', abiding by that alone would make quite a difference.

(Credit comedian Ron White for the "you can't fix Stupid" line)

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by [✚ Tom Head](#) | [💬 Post a Comment](#)

~~[Take another little pizza my heart now baby](#)~~

Every Saturday has ritualistic overtones at my shop. Mohamed has always listened to national public radio in the morning, and although I admit to being partial to "Click and Clack", I do tire easily of the, sometimes obvious, condescending banter of the news host. I eventually start ignoring the interviews when I notice that their global views sometimes overpower American values.

One weekend benefit we won't be sharing in the future is the "Round Table Pizza" menu. The crew had determined the gourmet veggie to be their favorite, and it satisfied Mohamed's vegetarian diet preference. The whole idea of it went down the tubes about a month ago when Round Table included a coupon in the box that offered some free bread sticks if you opted to answer some telephone survey. The coupon was one of those typical 3 x 6 throwaway papers printed in English and Spanish. The deal killer for me was that it was printed in Spanish on the left side of the coupon and English on the right.

I wrote to Round Table twice via email to protest the giving of the default language position to a foreign language, and I also wrote to their California headquarters, including a copy of the coupon. I would have appreciated a candid admission that this pizza chain was blatantly marketing to people who can't read English. It would have been believable, it would have shown a truthful nature, and it might have convinced me that this display was no more than a singular campaign and no more. Their obvious disrespect for my countries language sent another message to me.

We read from left to right. You put another language on the left and you're declaring it the default language of the country. Well, not my country. Hence I wish the best for the Round Table telephone survey advertising campaign. It's kicking off without the couple hundred a month I used to give them. And my crew has found it quite easy to adapt to another menu on Saturdays.

Just as Round Table is willing to ignore the fact that English is still the language of the United States, National Public Radio, with their transition to a global reporting view also seems to forget that the word "Nation" is in their title.

As in most scenarios like this, the only time it becomes relevant once again is when funding becomes necessary.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by [✚ Tom Head](#) | [💬 Post a Comment](#)

Care for a last Ganjha cigarette?

National Geographic's hyping their new series entitled 'Prison Nation'. You know the latest rap to add to a broken American justice system. More crap focussed on failure within the system, instead of one single acknowledgement of any benefit toward society. It's sort of like trying to understand the concept of a legal decision that flies in the face of social benefit. Don't pose that balance to an attorney unless you're truly ready to accept that "it's not their job". Much of what still can be done is pretty much in the hands of judges. Pay attention to who they are. So much can happen to lead you downward when once again; critics win in protest without the slightest evidence that they have a more successful alternative. Jamaicans know what they want to do. They want to consider reinstatement of the hanging penalty for killers.

Jamaica's not hemming and hawing over the political correctness of this decision. They're showing their true colors. The side known as, 'an attempt at recovery'. They saw something going wrong and are dead set to do something about it. The interesting part about this relates to who is doing the screaming. This isn't some politician mouthpiece promoting yet another store bought solution to all our ills. These aren't the jesters paid to entertain the villagers either. This is "The People" of Jamaica speaking out. The resulting movement by the lawmakers there has been forced by the public reaction to rising violent crimes.

I'm not so much into raising the curtain for the big execution show. It's just that the thought of a people still in existence in the world today that can make themselves heard to their leaders is remarkable. If nothing else, the realization that it still can happen should rekindle some spirit within you. It does for me.

Someone out there is already labeling me as disrespectful of life. I live quite comfortably in my respect for it. We're talking about murderers.

Anti capital punishment folks don't despair! The human rights advocates of the world, the U. N., has chimed in with a resolution calling for worldwide suspension of the death penalty. I'm sure they'll be damned if they're going to stand by and let the Jamaican people control their own Caribbean nation.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

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TV (Not) Worth Watching

I'm far from a Television freak, but finding myself absolutely socked in by fog one day during the first week of the New Year, I sat and clicked through every channel and paused to view every possibility the average American viewer could be subjecting themselves to. You know, (didn't mean to quote Caroline Kennedy there) the crap everyone watches. It seriously took only a few clicks before I picked up my notebook so I could share this short term enlightenment with you.

It's radically random mind you, but for those who have never done this, here's your TV 2009 channel clicking overview. (In 300 words or less)

Losing Presidential candidate Huckabee has his own show on Fox, and his first show guest of 2009 was "The last man to see Elvis alive!" Huck's show sounds like it will also soon join the ranks of 'loser'.

I discovered that Heath Ledger can out act Christian Bale any day.

It shouldn't be fair for "Wild Bikes, Babes and Trucks" to only be available on pay per view.

I can still buy health insurance for five bucks.

Stocks Surged to start 2009! Yeah right!

All kinds of folks want to buy your old jewelry.

Don't you guess "Porn star Strip Poker" would end up being anti climactic?

Yes, you can still apply for a Capitol One credit card. You lucky dog! Like they haven't already done enough for you.

There's still a chance I can win a large cash award if I've had an MRI, worked around asbestos or taken certain anti depressants.

In the somethin' for nothin' category, you can still dump a major part of your well deserved tax debt by hiring a tax attorney that knows how to negotiate your obligation onto the backs of honest taxpayers.

Clinical psychologists must be approaching desperation when they appear on news shows to 'discuss' some scumbag who shot someone else point blank for being too loud in a movie theater. Do you really think it would be worthwhile to hang around for this conversation?

For some ungodly reason the average American wants to buy their glue, toilet cleaner and yes, even health insurance from someone who can't talk without yelling.

Has anyone ever seen Anthony Bourdain actually cook anything?

The Korean Parliament should hold training programs for American citizens, so we can have a shot at kicking our Representatives' asses like they do.

Turner Classic Movies is still the best source of quality entertainment on the tube.

Why do I get confused about who the loser is and who the victim is on shows like 'Cheaters'?

Thank your lucky stars daily that every drug company is represented on every channel as if it's a street corner? Leveling your attitude, lowering your blood pressure and 'raising' your libido. Drop something new today? The sixties live.

The obesity research institute continues to drive home the fact that I'm unattractive.

Are there that many people who want to give up their annuities, trusts and lottery winning to shysters who'll pay a pittance for it?

Rejoice my brothers and sisters, there's an entire channel devoted to selling you the most sought after Barack Obama Coin. No seriously! And tastefully colored to appear like a gambling table chip.

And thank God there's still an "F" word, thanks to Gordon Ramsey!

Please know I tried to put these notes in some semblance of importance. You can understand the impossibility.

Posted on Jan 12, 2009 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comm](#)

Word!

My latest rant got started the other day when Doug came to help us knock out the "Best of" awards for Sacramento Magazine's March of Dimes fundraising party. I lashed out at one of the my people about a grammatical error, and Doug brought up the phrase 'fatally wounded'. He thought it bothersome since, in many instances, the media could just say 'killed' but opts not to.

Well, that pretty much opened up the topic to some real aggravations. I still cringe at the reporters who consistently speak of people who 'went missing'. How the hell do you 'go missing'? Remember when people disappeared? Certainly didn't sound so crazy to me. Oh wait a minute, you're not supposed to say crazy anymore either, are you?

The more my feeble little mind files away these provoking thoughts, the more I recall memories of similar grammatical usages. I just remembered the use of 'going AWOL". I guess that's not too different.

'These ones' drives me nuts. Just stop it! It's conjures up imaginary toothless characters from the movie Deliverance.

Ever had something explained to you recently by someone who believes an event happened 'on accident'? I don't

know why it grates on me so. A lifetime of English, used as skillfully as Mrs. Gallatin would have loved to hear it, only to have the rules changed in the middle of the game. (Mrs. Gallatin was my second grade teacher)

Of course the idea of the media jumping onto contemporary 'loose language' says a lot about their understanding of what's proper. I guess if you never knew the correct wordings, you can't expect to identify the wrong terms.

The bombings and kidnappings in India found the New York Times skirting the labeling of terrorists with the use of simple terms like 'gunmen'. It's obvious their political correctness mandate has finally reached the point when newspaper people like the Times will no longer be identifying murderers as religious zealots or Islamic terrorists. Heaven forbid that population of vermin might be insulted, not to mention the jeopardizing of the Times award from the ACLU.

Oh Hell, considering where we're headed, maybe 'on accident' ain't a big deal after all.

Merry Christmas everyone!

Posted on Dec 13, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Go for the Gold

The first days of fog were the signs of change I could count on. I knew that the season was upon us. It started when I could see my breath as I walked to the door to let the dogs out. (I don't leave the heat on at night)

It took an extra few weeks for the ridge line around the property to start its transformation. The canopy of forest green has finally allowed the autumn hues to intermingle. Majestic mixtures of regal golds, yellows and rusty reds are flowing down to meet the roads, and I'm thankful for the performance. A little closer to home the show was shared by the others that live with me. The songbirds have managed to shake the leaves of the wisteria out of the arbors. The quail are close to competing with the deer as far as the trails they leave going in and out of their habitats. Hummingbirds are even getting a little more hostile with one another in their circling of the sugar water jars.

Traveling up and down the driveway to put down some road base I noticed a commotion created by the crows hiding in the big yellow and red leaves of a lonely Amber. It was entertaining enough when they started the calliope-

like jumping from the branches down to the ground and then back up into the low hangers, then down and then up.

But one of these characters seemed a bit stand offish from the others.

He took his time flitting around. He seemed to be trying harder to flap his wings when he rose into the bottom of the tree. His gliding to the ground

wasn't quite as graceful as the others. And since he wasn't as skittish when

I walked by, I realized he was probably one of the generation that wouldn't be returning next spring. I saw his steps as being more purposeful. His gaze toward my own eyes paused as if to attempt more of a connect. Nothing shy about this guy. The feathers that poked out awkwardly from his wings, and the cowlick atop his head added to the appearance of his old age which escaped me when I walked past the first time. I had stopped the old power wagon by now to see if he would take off, but he was content to continue his chores, and apparently liked my company.

I took a big breath to cash in on the fresh cold air, then started back to the shop. I probably looked back a half dozen times to see if he was still there.

He was. He was with his friends and I couldn't offer him a better environment if I tried.

Back up at the house I caught the last of the afternoon sun warming the distant ridgeline again. I think it's even more vivid with color than a few hours before. It's much easier now, for me, to allow thoughts of sorrow to take their rightful place. To transfer my thinking away from the thought of growing old, back to experiencing the splendor of the color gold.

Posted on Dec 13, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

The Duh generation

Last week I was gazing out the front window, appreciating the warmth of some autumnal sunshine, wondering whether there would be any business today and becoming more used to not having any, when a youngster walked into the gallery.

I say youngster meaning one of high school age in appearance. He was unusual though. He didn't have any piercings or tattoos, was wearing pants that fit, had hair that actually laid down, and he didn't bring a skateboard in with him. He must be part of that millennial generation I've been hearing about. I figured he's was probably on a class project to do a report on an artist, since that had been happening a lot lately. He asked if I had any older presidential portraits prints or historical events, and I thought, now that's new!

Do they still teach history in school? And besides, this kid really sounded like he was interested in the project. He mentioned Ronald Reagan, and my ears perked up. "You know about Ronald Reagan", I asked? "Sure", he said, "I knew about Reagan before I learned about him in class". Well now young man, let's find you what you need. We sat at the computer and I brought up a couple publishing sites and in a few minutes we chose several small prints for him to use in time for his project. His name turned out to be James, and I not only thanked the young man for his business, but thanked him for making me realize there were still young people that knew history.

I needed that. I need it because I've been inundated by 'Obama youth'. By that I mean young folks that have NO sense of history as I know it. I don't mean to say that I expect the X and Y generations to think the same way I do. It's just that it's impossible to relate to the voters of today that use qualifiers like "he's fresh"!

If one of these self centered little 'Duh generation' punks could make me trust their judgment by reciting a worthwhile quote or accomplishment by one of their generation idols, I'd be all ears, but there never is any ability to relate to the United States of America, and if you can't do that, you're of little relevance to me.

I've had enough of the self centered generation, the 'I want to be the boss' generation, and the entitled generations, thank you very much.

I also hope there will be true future heroes for the Millennial generation because I haven't been impressed by the thugs and leeches that have preceded it.

God bless you James, and I hope you aced your class project. I appreciated the respect you evoked, the hard work you put into your schoolwork, and the fact that you know something about the country you live in besides what's owed to you. You have a perceived future that will bring you success and I hope it's generous to you.

As for me, the future doesn't look so hot, but I'll be ok, even if I have to live with the new identity that's been bestowed upon me. "One of the Selfish".

Can i speak to the owner or manager?

Me? Out of compliance?

Just when I thought I noticed telemarketing calls, this new snake oil pusher enters my shop. It's a young dude along with either a trainee or a supervisor, wanting to talk to me about the absence of any labor law or minimum wage posters around the place. He just happened to be the one I'm 'supposed' to be buying these posters from. "By law" he says, I'm supposed to have these declarations posted. My right eye began to twitch a bit. Not enough for anyone to notice, but I could feel it, and I figured I better bring this to an end quickly before I involuntarily reverted to my 'outside voice'.

"No thanks, I don't need anything".

But no! This little twerp steps forward and asks, "You don't mind being out of compliance?"

Now I've been receiving marketing crap for these posters for years from companies disguising themselves as government entities so folks like me would be sucked into buying them under threat of legal action. They're no more legitimate nor honorable than the yellow page invoices phoned up to look like bills for ads you placed.

Now telemarketers have to be a singular lot to believe down deep inside that it's ok to subject small business folks to constant interruption and at times rude behavior that can only be deemed worthless.

Here you have a youngster that doesn't mind putting this act on to your face.

"No, I don't mind being out of compliance". I tell little Mr. Salesdick. I buy workers comp at an exorbitant rate (by law), only to pay for stitches out my own pocket in order to keep from being taken to the cleaners by rate hikes that only Californians have the pleasure of experiencing. No I don't mind being out of compliance.

Today's world has me cringing at the thought of every other kind of action that could be levied upon me at any

time, thanks to the progress of my country. Good God, if it's not environmental health, equal opportunity, the draining of my unemployment account by former employees that hide outside income, and a state that won't police it.

Let me say it again, "I don't mind being out of compliance!"

How about sexual harassment fears, or the payroll tax burden I live with, not to mention the forms I have to fill out just so I can be in on the bidding process from government offices.

No, I don't mind being out of compliance. Don't you mind being an arrogant little bastard? Get outta here!!!

[More Bitter by the Day](#)

Why is it that I seem to be the only one who still feels the stab wound left by the 700 or 800 or 1 trillion dollar bailout measure? It's like it was yesterday that I watched the failed measure return after a week, along with added billions in openly admitted pork. I saw the list of entities that were added in to appease representatives for their vote in the most overt show of disrespect to taxpayers I can recall. I'm sure there have been past examples, but in the midst of what was proclaimed as a critical time, both of our candidates voted to follow a plan that was unknown to them in detail, and forced your face into a pile of political crap to get it done.

As we eagerly await what may be the biggest growth in government we have ever seen, all I'm asking for is the adoption of a new goal. Not government-run health care or schools. No, I want concepts that end up getting able bodied Americans on the tax rolls.

And what's with having debates at colleges? How about a debate at a convention of independent business people?

Have you really succumbed to this fashion of non representation that's growing like never before, with a Feinstein explanation that we don't understand?

When Obama declares his goal of tax cuts for 95% of Americans, why aren't we all screaming that less than 50% of Americans pay ALL the taxes?

What's the plan to get all those other non tax paying voters onto the tax rolls?

There's a reason a new show called "The sons of anarchy" is getting rave reviews. We're dying to see our country do right by those that pay the bill. How about showing your income tax return in order to get a ballot? You can't have a say in the operation of the race track if you don't have a horse in the race. Let's see if Biden can get his "fair" argument working in that arena of wealth distribution.

And for those that just think I'm taking this opportunity to bash the Democrats, be corrected. That stab wound I mentioned earlier was caused by both parties. They believe down deep that a little bit of disrespect is acceptable as long as they can get some of the bounty for someone in their neighborhood.

Pretty sour stuff huh? It comes with age, and many years of paying into the system. It's sort of like seeing your retirement account statement last month.

There's a song title that sums up my current state of mind regarding the good old USA bureaucracy, present and future. Many may not recall it but it goes, "I don't see me in your eyes anymore".

Posted on Oct 16, 2008 by  Tom Head |  [Post a Comment](#)

bailout my ass!

10/03/08

our representatives failed a recommended financial/wall street bailout a week ago and this morning they passed it. the same amount , 700,000,000,000, but this time even more pork has been added to include a FEW of the items like:

The wooden arrow manufacturers; Rum Producers in the Virgin Islands; Wool Research; Auto Racing Tracks, Manufacturing in American Samoa; Specific TV/Movie Production in Southern California; And On, and On. Presumably to BUY 12 votes. If there is a true crisis why is Congress laughing in our faces with all of this PORK.

if the 700 billion was needed for the financial mess, how did they manage to screw us out of the additional billions that the bottom feeders (above) got out of it? was it that the 700 billion was more than the financial bailout needed? no? how much is needed for the bailout? don't know? either do

they, and this is akin to having your representatives just flat ass piss on your leg while you're watching.

Posted on Oct 3, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

B.S. sticks to cars

It's amazing how many old bumper stickers are still out there. I notice them more now that the newest political garbage is hitting the streets. I wonder if the old "W" crowd thinks those aged stickers help more than a word or two about their newest choice. I wonder if the old "Gore/Edwards" hangers on think that others will respect their perseverance, or just appreciate the ozone saved by not manufacturing another sticker. The entertainment provided by some other types of bumper stickers, (let's just refer to them all as B.S. for the sake of the column) has literally made me snicker at times and at times made me question the sanity of the driver. For instance, I still love "Visualize Whirled Peas", "Rehab is for Quitters" and "Only Users Lose Drugs". I think I actually had the one that read "Never Squat With Your Spurs On" back in my hayburner days. At least it's one way to keep the Illegal Immigrant issue in the forefront, since the campaigns of neither candidate thinks it's a serious invasion that's threatening our nation. The " I Love Immigrants, As Long As They're Legal" is tame enough, but there are still a few "Uncle Sam Wants You...To Speak English" to balance them out. It's the B.S. that make you feel the driver is also saying they have the proper perspective and yours is in question that tend to make me want to catch a glimpse of that guy. The "Civil Disobedience! It's Not Just For Revolutionaries Anymore." should also add the line, "Yeah, Now We Moron Gangbanger Idiots On Welfare Can Take Part Too!" The "Who Would Jesus Bomb?" crowd should always be careful not to give the impression that the pedestal they're standing on may be a bit tall for their own safety.

I think "I'd Rather Be Right Than Be Politically Correct" says it all much better.

I appreciate "Coexist", but it's so hard, with shouts of "Kill All The Infidels" in the background. Along the same lines, "An Eye For An Eye Leaves the Whole World Blind" should also finish by adding, "Just Accept the Loss Of Your Eye".

Maybe the "NoBama" and "McBush" B.S. will get more obvious in the next few weeks. It's only a form of catharsis for the drivers of those cars, and you should make every effort to not allow them to affect you. Deep breaths and soft music are suggested. Take yourself to that happy place.

I actually stalled my exit from the Bel Air on Hwy 49 once to see if the person driving the old white Toyota sporting the B.S. "Fight The Rich, Not Their Wars" would show his face. Then I caught myself. "It's only B.S. Tom.. Don't let it get to you." It won't be long before you'll see a "Stop Global Whining" and snap out of it.

Posted on Sep 25, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Leading isn't all compassion.

So, Lindann, another customer of mine falls prey to conversation at the framing counter as I head off into the dreaded reality issue of slow business. I confess that I'm considering the prospect of retirement. Not the real concept of cashing in on your life's efforts in order to sustain yourself for your remaining years, but a new feeling that's begun to rear it's ugly head to me. It has presented itself, and for the first time, in a concept that fosters resentment.

I personally have been responsible for a phenomenal amount of dollars, as far as taxes are concerned, in the last thirty years,.

With the election coming, do I succumb to the heartfelt compassion of the party that wants me to add to my list of duties, the management of a national retirement plan for every person I may ever hire? (Is that the best national goal they could come up with?) I certainly don't have enough responsibilities with workman's comp, state sales tax, payroll taxes, and enough insurance costs to leave my anus sore.

I want to hear the tenor of the conversation change from heartfelt compassion to topics that lead to inspiration, employment and nation building right here at home.

George Carlin recently passed, and I overheard part of an interview he had on Imus. I recall his response to a question regarding his political leanings. Paraphrasing now, he admitted to becoming left leaning in his later years. Carlin said he had become more concerned for the people. Which people George? You were certainly blessed with the riches this country has to offer. Instead of being grateful for your wealth and ability to provide for truly needy citizens on your own, you join the list of folks who think it's the government's responsibility to take care of every individual. Wrong George! The system worked perfectly until you changed your focus from what people in your category of income can do for people through charities and privately funded programs, to the shirking of that form of our personal responsibility, and the handing over of it to the government.

It's a perfect example of how little interest there is in fostering our capitalistic society in the name of compassion.

So I confide in Lindann, that after thirty plus years of doling out the greater share of my accomplishments to the government, I'm starting to resent the way they're spending it, to the extent that I believe the compassionate set should happily take on the yoke of all the dollar generation.

I certainly have nowhere near the savings to last out my remaining years. I don't have that 401K that millions have been blessed with thru their employers. My social security couldn't cover my health insurance and mortgage, let alone food. But I have something going for me that will allow me to sustain. I have the ability to fend for myself, and that certainly isn't something the government taught me. It isn't something the government gave me. It's something that comes to you almost as if through osmosis when you're raised to know the treasure this country offers, a system that rewards those who help themselves.

But just as the word capitalism has become secondary to the idea of entitlements, my resentment (which I refuse to believe is isolated) is aimed at those that can't stop giving your money and my money away in the name of compassion. That's why George Carlin's left leaning politics don't speak from his heart. It speaks from my wallet. If it was all about George's heart we would have heard him talking about all the programs he put into place, not what you and I should dole out to others. You and I both know that's not about bolstering capitalism. Look at the educational programs Tiger woods has privately funded. He sure isn't bent on tapping my pocketbook for poorly managed government programs. You folks that think we '60 plus hour a week' workers, (who provide sustenance for employees as well), are part of the 'rich' class should be the ones forced to pay the tare, so be ready to get on with it.

Posted on Aug 12, 2008 by

Who's marketing to whom?

I'm driving home and make the sporadic stop at the Zinfandel at Rocklin Rd. only to find the door locked. So sad that you walk away from scenarios like that with a shrug and an "oh well" these days. Staying in business points to some resilient folks these days. We do it, and we do it with less.

The drive up to Lou LaBonte's yielded the radio news stories about the 4th being the second major holiday with fewer people taking to the road. The interviews were with whiney former travelers intent on driving less out of necessity. The demeanor of the news reporter, most somber, outroing with a feeling of 'how much more of this can we take?'

Wait a minute! This is what we're supposed to be doing. Why am I hearing of this with a defeatist bent? We're supposed to be driving less. Why isn't the media taking the positive road by getting several of those sacrificing, together to point out the success of smart people? Wow! A story indicating the abilities of those banding together to answer to the needs of a new America! Nah! Can't sell the drama of a newscast with positive overtones. Look, the news media could have proven its expertise a couple years ago when the first signs of a wounded economy began to affect small businesses. They just hadn't been told it was happening. So pay close attention to what you're being told. Take a step back once in a while to think about what you're hearing. We do have a tendency to absorb without analysis. Decades and decades of this in all aspects of the media, journalistic and entertainment, is showing it's effect on society.

Marketing is key. Don't give the listener a chance to determine what the story is about. Tell them. You can't come across sounding like you know what you're doing if you provide an opportunity to see any alternative viewpoint.

Let me give you another example. Snapple is hyping a new product called White Tea. The marketing approach is based upon White Tea being the lightest tasting Tea ever. The TV commercial showing the Asian elder plucking the smallest, least mature leaves atop the plant to provide what? The least flavorful tea you could possibly buy. Of course they can't say that. It won't sell. So you go out and buy the "lightest flavor tea" available instead. Why the hell would you buy a tea drink with the least tea flavor possible? I have no idea.

It's easy to absorb what's going around you. It's just not the best way for you to figure out what's going on.

There's nothing wrong with looking at the lesser holiday travel as a positive factor. What negatives result from larger family gatherings at home? New neighborhood 4th of July parties on the block sound so ominous to you? Or is it that word "sacrifice" mentioned earlier in the article? I hope not cause it's one word that we need to be reminded of regularly. Without it we wouldn't be wherever we are today. It's just that too many believe anything can be accomplished without sacrifice. Those people are wrong.

Is it really the "lightest tasting tea drink" or is it the tea drink with the least tea flavor possible?

Was the drop in holiday travel a negative result of the fuel pricing crisis, or a positive reaction by smart Americans.

Posted on Aug 12, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Posted on Dec 13, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

It's akin to my new mantra at work, "just a normal day once in a while". That's all I ask. With business at its lowest for over a year, the advent of a periodic 'normal business day' turns out to be an emotional blessing. Long term worry leads to depression, and then all of a sudden, bodies in the store and normal orders bring you back to life. Mentally, anyway.

Now, back to this other proposed mantra, "Just talk to US!" That's all we ask.

I'm referring to our wonderful presidential candidates.

It's really bad enough to watch your country go down the tubes daily. I've lived long enough to know it will never be the same as when I was growing up. For instance with all this hatred toward the 'rich', do you ever remember ever spending a lot of time thinking about who was rich and who was poor? Me either, but to add to that, the blatant disregard for the average citizen while making alleged public addresses makes me sick.

Obama so eloquently says nothing, and I wish I could say I believed that McCain did a whole lot better.

Don't just talk, talk to US!

The real killer is that you and I can go online and watch "Joe American" on You Tube, or read Newt Gingrich on his site, or refer to the lectures of Lindsey Williams and testimony by Oliver North

and come away with the feeling that there really are people who understand what it would take to create and protect a prosperous future for America.

How do present day candidates and politicians sleep at night knowing that their sickness involving political correctness literally washes away any valid plan to make a stronger America for ALL

300

million of us. Not just the poor, not just gays, and not just minorities.

Please make sure you and everyone you know is aware of the You Tube video by the gentleman known as “Joe American”, and the writings and lectures by all the other names I dropped. If, by the time you’ve brought yourself up to date on the thoughts that emanate from the minds of these few individual citizens, and compare them to the words you’ve been subjected to by your presidential candidates and representatives, you too should be sickened.

Demand they “talk to US”! That’s all we ask!

Can you imagine what an America with a plan and a rejuvenated pride in everyone’s heart would be like, instead of it all being just memory?

Posted on Jun 20, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

I love that kid!

Television sucks! But I am entertained by a few jewels that make the screen once in a while. Take the guitar playing hip hop kid that sucks you into singing along with the “credit report dot com baby” jingle! What a great campaign. The kid shows up in a pirate costume for the first ad, and has a dirt level job seating people in a fish house, and then he shows up in a banged up sub compact loaded with this friends. A disappointment cause he really wanted an SUV. What could have saved his embarrassment? What could have prevented his ‘posse’ from getting laughed at? Why, a free credit report of course! Not!

It's too late for that 'little dude'. This endearing little moron falls into the category of every irresponsible citizen that ends up costing us all extra by not living up to their end of the bargain.

A contract is a contract. You sign it, you bind it.

What does "credit report dot com baby" have to do with bad credit? Not a thing.

It's an 'after the fact' reporting service that's merely letting you know that you've been a bad boy (or girl), and that you did not fulfill your promise to pay others for something you took. Note I didn't say bought, because you didn't buy anything, you lied to someone to make them believe you were going to pay for it. Mistaken or not, you spoke out of turn. No one but you knows what you can afford. You can't blame a salesman, and you can't blame the criminal credit card companies who suck you into believing you CAN afford to go deeper in debt. Only you are to blame.

Next in line come the bankruptcy attorneys constantly advertising your ability to settle debt for a fraction of the cost, and between you and me, I'm sick of all of this, and you should be as well. The reason is known to all of us. Someone is picking up this tab. The people who ARE responsible, like you and me, pick it up. The taxpayer that pays his debt on time is paying a higher taxation rate to cover the skunk that shirks his or her duty. The stable, accountable debt payer assumes the hike in interest to accommodate the flakes. It's a sickening reality that disgusts those of us that are responsible bill payers.

Oh, and as I think about it, 'free credit report dot com' ain't free! You'll get billed 14.95 to get your free report. Of course by the time you're cool convertible wishes burst before your eyes because you've whacked your own credit, you should have already known better than to think you could be rollin' phat,. babeeeee!

But he is a cute kid isn't he?

Posted on Jun 20, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Dear Comcast:

Allow me to share with you in the next couple minutes, what took 42 minutes away from my life the other day.

My mother passed away new years day and all utility providers inherited by me were informed of the same, including you, and your change in billing address proves you received the communication.

In an attempt to discover the reason behind a constant string of past due notices, I placed a call to your company. I was asked to press one for English. I, who live in the United States, was asked to press one for English. You couldn't explain that policy decision if your life depended on it and it certainly set the premise for the result which follows shortly.

Thirteen minutes into my wait for a service operator, it became apparent that your company shouldn't be my choice for a television signal provider. Everything ground to a halt when I couldn't provide the last four digits of my mom's social security number for the operator, and I was still so furious that I had to press one for English, that I asked to terminate the service. Well, I discovered that this operator just couldn't do that, so I was given a separate number to call for my cancellation request.

Twenty minutes into my wait for the second operator, I was told that I was incorrectly connected to the bay area, and that I would have to be transferred to another locale. Eight more minutes passed before I knew that this notice was going to be forwarded thru email with a certified mail follow up.

As I slammed down the phone, Doug, one of the people in my shop uttered, "So, they won!" And I guess you did. You won by losing another individual that knows the difference between good and bad service. All we would do is ruin the smooth operation of customer abuse you have going for you.

How do I know the difference? I take great pride in the way I've run my businesses in life in comparison to your sham of a monopoly. That pride came back to me in an involuntary revelation brought on by the satisfaction accompanying my cancellation.

The sadness that reared its ugly head during this debacle was the realization that if my 91 year old mother would have had reason to contact your company for whatever reason, this type of laughable disrespect could have literally affected her health.

I'm sure Comcast will continue and you will prosper. There are enough people who don't know what good service is. There are newer generations that believe box stores are examples of good service.

In the meantime Direct TV will garner a third service account from this former Comcast victim, so press one for "Bite me!"

Posted on Jun 20, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

You should be thrilled to be one of my "sweeties" .

It's summer! The fans have been taken down from the top shelf of the linen closet. The hum of A.C. units add a new dimension to neighborhoods. But that added overhead to existence isn't turning out to be the anxiety of my day.

With the drop in business, and the onslaught of sweltering, the one thing that gives comfort to my daily toil approaches the counter, one of my customers. This time it's Eva Smith, and she has another drawing to frame for her memorabilia wall. Sweet lady, and one of thousands who make my day worth it. It's cause we've grown to know one another, and enjoy a giggle or two during our talk about framing across the counter.

It happens to be Friday, and Eva wanders to the back of the shop to join the crew for lunch. (Regulars know I cook every Friday).

Sitting around a table sharing food and talking is a saving grace to the daily work chores.

It's 1PM now. People are getting up to leave, and a new customer approaches the counter. Eva and others stride past, toward the front door, I expound, "later sweetie!"

I froze for a second. First time that's ever happened.

I self questioned a life long endearment that I've been sharing with my customers and friends for decades. I thought all my 'sweeties' were showings of friendship and true caring for people, but never to be shared with an involuntary recoil.

A short time ago all of us were subjected to Barack Obama apologizing for the use of the term. The media printed and aired it for four days and then into weekend shows, and usually, that doesn't affect my life, but I feel extremely resentful right now.

I recall that moment when a term I use daily, stuck in my throat, and for no good reason.

I feel that for Obama to apologize for his own incident was to taint the innocent usage of the term "sweetie" by millions of people. And what about

the “hey baby!” that slips out, even when I’m addressing other guys in the shop?

Yes, I resent Mr. Obama’s apology. It was the first action by him that truly affected my life. I’ve lived too long to have some politically correct Boob start apologizing for everyday endearments. Understand that, in apologizing, Mr. Obama was saying, “should you believe my use of the word intimidated some form of inappropriate intent or condescension, I apologize”. That apology would have been for his own sake, not for the use of the word. I’ll probably have that second thought periodically for awhile, but I assure you, my terms of endearment won’t change. The people surrounding me have no problem with who I am and what I stand for. That’s more than I can say about some presidential candidates.

No. I take that back. I realize now that I’m also resentful for some of the things I have come to realize he DOES stand for.

Posted on May 19, 2008 by  Tom Head |  _____

Katherine Head 9/11/16 ~ 1/1/08

Mom passed away at 3pm new years day. She was admitted to Rideout hospital the day after Christmas suffering from dehydration that lead to renal failure. Longtime heart weakness added to her failing.

“Kay”, as she was better known, was a lifelong Yuba City resident, and 32 year employee of the J. C. Penney Co. Working in an era when women managers were unheard of, Kay Head rose to the position of ‘head cashier’ where she trained more Penney Company managers than most people work under, during their careers with Penneys. As a young boy, I recall standing on D Street hand in hand with my Mom while she wept at the sight of the Penney’s department store going up in flames.

Ted Spiropoulos, owner of Butte Gun & reloading & Ted’s sports center, both in Yuba City, and a former employee of Ray Gouge Firestone in Marysville was Moms oldest son. “Uncle Ted”, as my daughter Deidra knows him, adored his niece. Ted’s business sponsored Mom’s bowling team for years. She had the misfortune of seeing Ted precede her in death after he was transfused with tainted blood back in the eighties.

Deidra and I can’t thank enough, the long list of people who took upon themselves the duty of visiting mom regularly, allowing her to

live out her entire life on her own, without the inevitable 'fadeout at the home'. I know I'm going to miss mentioning many, but Mom's friendship should outweigh this column mention any day. Thanks to the 'two Marys'; Mary Agnes and Mary Ellen, neighbor Murleen Schneider, cousin Audel Schwartz, helper around the house Marge, masseuse Brigitte, neighbor handyman Gerald, and family friend George Chan for your constant visits and dedication to my Mother.

Other family survivors also include sister Trula Karnegis and family, most especially niece Uraine Cook and her daughter Trudy, as well as Daughters in law, Carol Spiropoulos and Sheila Head.

We also offer our gratitude to the considerate doctors and nurses from Rideout Hospital. Dr Bui, my mom's trust in your care proved to sustain her to the age of 91. Your concern and dedication empowered us all to watch over her with the hope that extended her years.

If you recall Mom, Deidra and I would like to invite you to join us for a memorial reunion at 5pm this Friday (January 11th) at Ruthy's restaurant in Hillcrest Plaza, Yuba City.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#) |  [1 Reference](#)

[All the Best Do-Gooders!](#)

When you daydream about being wealthy, how does "doing for others" fit in? Discovering efforts by well meaning people still emboldens my heart. A few nights ago, at dinner with the Bill Palmer family, long time customers and friends of mine, Bill tosses out a tidbit about a guy named Herb Sandler, a co founder of Golden West Financial, parent of World Savings, and recent sell out to Wachovia to the tune of 24 billion. Bill knew I wasn't in the same league as he, in reference to his knowledge of big money dealings in the financial world. He did now I would take real interest in the fact that after the buyout, Herb Sandler and his wife Marion took 30 million and put it in a pot to fund a non profit investigative reporting venture. My attack on the internet the next day discovered the Sandlers' desire, to make available to you and me, a newsroom that focuses exclusively on important stories with moral force. See, the Sandlers, like you and I, have watched the media today descend to the point where entertainment overpowers substance. If you think Britney should share the news time with the likes of war, and illegal border crashing, you're already not liking me, right?

This venture is called Pro Publica, and this independent news bureau will focus on uncovering unsavory practices within business and government. Wow, what a nut to crack, huh? Sandler has been credited with “recognizing that the journalism component of democracy is in peril” according to one Charles Lewis, president of the Fund for Independence in Journalism. So far Sandler has set out to put a couple dozen full time reporters into a New York newsroom under Wall Street Journal Editor-at large, Paul Steiger. He’s serious about this venture, and his quotes stimulate me. He says the media was late to uncover predatory lending by sophisticated players in the mortgage market. He calls it the story that still has not been done. In spite of the fact that the Sandlers have been big donors to the Democratic candidates and supporters of MoveOn.org, I still must credit them for an effort that could impact us all with what we need, the truth. If it weren’t for statements like “I’m deeply opposed to wealthy people who exploit the poor, powerful people who prey on the weak, and the government representatives who betray the trust of the people they supposedly represent”, I’d have overwhelming doubts as to their intent. But this, my friends who fear for the sustainability of a democracy, is worth a try. Secondly, and in closing, Haley, one of the labs, recently, got hit and took out a hip. Boom, a couple grand for a surgeon, and I didn’t have it. My vet said; “have you heard of “Care Credit”? That set off a discovery that G. E. had set up a foundation to fund a money company that helps folks in need of emergency vet care, NO INTEREST. You’re kidding? Now it may not be news to you, but I was in the dark that this corporation had stepped out do something right for many in need. I later found out the ‘no interest’ loans were available for dental and other medical needs. I can’t fathom how many people like you and me this act has impacted. So, just as G. E. made it easier for Haley to walk on all fours normally, and continue to be a loved family member, we might see a future that makes our individual steps a bit more purposeful through the enlightenment of a dutiful journalistic media. While newspapers are losing distribution, and subscriber readership, unlike the Sacramento Union, thank you Herb Sandler for a valiant next step to foster a better national insight. I wish success to these Do-Gooders, because these philosophical goals can only translate to a stronger America.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

Tis the season!

What season? _____

I certainly didn't take on a jolly demeanor while grocery shopping at Raley's in Yuba City the other day. I had been in the store for about 15 minutes noticing all the decorations on sale. The "frosty snowmen" were on the shelves and the buckets of small decorative trees were out in the lot with the expectation that hundreds of folks would be stopping in to pick up their "holiday trees".

I know it's old news, but I just got progressively pissed as I then became more investigative to see if there was one word anywhere to be seen. Nope! "Christmas" was gone. You can convey to me that it lives in the heart of the individual, but damn it, "Christmas" is gone.

Sure seems like it was yesterday that we all laughed at the prospect of something like this happening, but today virtually every vendor that sees the idea of losing a sale as blasphemous to their code of retail greed has joined forces to take "Christmas" out of the season.

Stan Freberg hit the mark with his album "Green Christmas" in the 50s.

Today's outcome seems to have a faint echo of the old fear of "commercialization of Christmas", but no worries now! It's just plain 'over commercialization' for no reason at all and that's exactly what retailers want. Can't offend anyone huh?

Wrong!


God bless Google and every other search engine that allows me to bring up lists of vendors that refuse to have the word "Christmas" in their advertising campaigns. You want to be all things to all people, go for it. First of all it can't happen, and secondly, I prefer people who stand for something. Taking the easy way out by folding like a rusty lawn chair shows you and your business to be exactly what they seem.

In the same inimitable manner as presidents day, which took the credit away from those leaders that deserve it and doled it out to all the presidents, I expect Martin Luther King day to be one of the next celebratory holidays to be named "Civil Rights" day, cause who needs his name on the whole deal. Maybe with a little effort the retailers can get together to figure out a way to line their pockets with a gift giving scheme

that surrounds a figure whose skin color changes depending on the light so he can be all things to all people.

God knows if the holiday season can skyrocket into an even more profitable period than ever before with the elimination of Jesus' birthday, trust me it's a sign that nothing is as sacred as the almighty dollar, especially to the retailers that find it easy to omit the reason for the season.

[Tom Head](#) |

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by  _____  [Post a Comment](#)

[You can't fix stupid](#)

If you spend a lot of time on the road, I'm sure you have your daily annoyances.

I do. It's the cross to bear when you really love living in the hills and have a business in Sac.

Interestingly enough, the things that used to bother me don't seem to have the same impact. The 'things' being, the "Stupid people".

I say that with trepidation considering I've found myself in the same category recently. I spied the right mirror and started a lane change and the nasal sound of a horn, (more than likely Japanese in origin, cause it didn't sound like a Chrysler), began a panicky alarm and I craned over to see a sedan in what must have been my blind spot. I don't enjoy having to react out of distress, so it stayed with me for miles. The woman driver of that other car totally ignored me at the next light, so I hoped she hadn't taken note of the mural emblazoned on the van.

Point being, accidents can happen, and it really pays off to take on the demeanor of a Saint whenever possible. Let 'em in, and leave more room in front of you. Deep breaths.

I drive much more cautiously in my old age. And I find myself noticing different types of things.

In the last month or so I've probably counted 3 healthy looking men, maybe in their thirties, standing roadside, watching the 3A man change their tire. Excuse me, but I have a problem with wasting 45 minutes to an hour plus, compared to the 10 minutes it would take me to swap it out. I take this to be progress.

I brought up the subject while felling a couple of trees with the college kid that helps me out at the house. He tells me that when he got his license, his

dad told him that if he ever tried to change a tire along a highway that he'd take his license away. What happened? I recall changing flats on the pallet wagons when I used to haul peach bins to the grading stations at 15. Yeah it's a changing world. It's just that I see leaving those events behind, akin to discarding a core of confidence building and growth in my life. That must explain why, (when I see one of these lazy, able bodied men out there), I involuntarily mouth the word "Pussy!" That aside, my main road courtesy and basic rule broken by dozens daily is, "when you're not passing someone in that slower lane on your right, you're supposed to be in it"! Until we can make headway on fixing 'stupid', abiding by that alone would make quite a difference. (Credit comedian Ron White for the "you can't fix Stupid" line)

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

~~**Take another little pizza my heart now baby**~~

Every Saturday has ritualistic overtones at my shop. Mohamed has always listened to national public radio in the morning, and although I admit to being partial to "Click and Clack", I do tire easily of the, sometimes obvious, condescending banter of the news host. I eventually start ignoring the interviews when I notice that their global views sometimes overpower American values.

One weekend benefit we won't be sharing in the future is the "Round Table Pizza" menu. The crew had determined the gourmet veggie to be their favorite, and it satisfied Mohamed's vegetarian diet preference. The whole idea of it went down the tubes about a month ago when Round Table included a coupon in the box that offered some free bread sticks if you opted to answer some telephone survey. The coupon was one of those typical 3 x 6 throwaway papers printed in English and Spanish. The deal killer for me was that it was printed in Spanish on the left side of the coupon and English on the right.

I wrote to Round Table twice via email to protest the giving of the default language position to a foreign language, and I also wrote to

their California headquarters, including a copy of the coupon. I would have appreciated a candid admission that this pizza chain was blatantly marketing to people who can't read English. It would have been believable, it would have shown a truthful nature, and it might have convinced me that this display was no more than a singular campaign and no more. Their obvious disrespect for my countries language sent another message to me.

We read from left to right. You put another language on the left and you're declaring it the default language of the country. Well, not my country. Hence I wish the best for the Round Table telephone survey advertising campaign. It's kicking off without the couple hundred a month I used to give them. And my crew has found it quite easy to adapt to another menu on Saturdays.

Just as Round Table is willing to ignore the fact that English is still the language of the United States, National Public Radio, with their transition to a global reporting view also seems to forget that the word "Nation" is in their title.

As in most scenarios like this, the only time it becomes relevant once again is when funding becomes necessary.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Care for a last Ganjha cigarette?

National Geographic's hyping their new series entitled 'Prison Nation'. You know the latest rap to add to a broken American justice system. More crap focussed on failure within the system, instead of one single acknowledgement of any benefit toward society. It's sort of like trying to understand the concept of a legal decision that flies in the face of social benefit. Don't pose that balance to an attorney unless you're truly ready to accept that "it's not their job". Much of what still can be done is pretty much in the hands of judges. Pay attention to who they are. So much can happen to lead you downward when once again; critics win in protest without the slightest evidence that they have a more successful alternative. Jamaicans know what they want to do. They want to consider reinstatement of the hanging penalty for killers. Jamaica's not hemming and hawing over the political correctness of this decision. They're showing their true colors. The side known as, 'an attempt

at recovery'. They saw something going wrong and are dead set to do something about it. The interesting part about this relates to who is doing the screaming. This isn't some politician mouthpiece promoting yet another store bought solution to all our ills. These aren't the jesters paid to entertain the villagers either. This is "The People" of Jamaica speaking out. The resulting movement by the lawmakers there has been forced by the public reaction to rising violent crimes.

I'm not so much into raising the curtain for the big execution show. It's just that the thought of a people still in existence in the world today that can make themselves heard to their leaders is remarkable. If nothing else, the realization that it still can happen should rekindle some spirit within you. It does for me.

Someone out there is already labeling me as disrespectful of life. I live quite comfortably in my respect for it. We're talking about murderers.

Anti capital punishment folks don't despair! The human rights advocates of the world, the U. N., has chimed in with a resolution calling for worldwide suspension of the death penalty. I'm sure they'll be damned if they're going to stand by and let the Jamaican people control their own Caribbean nation.

Posted on Jan 9, 2008 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[Senses and Sensibility](#)

The onset of fall is far from the Welcome Wagon for dormancy. It rivals my former preoccupation with spring.

The first rain to hit the tall dry grass spread the smell of their oils across the property. The dust covered rocks got their first shower in a long time. Funny how a smell can make you think clean when dirt is at the core of it.

The weekend pummeled my senses. The drizzling shower moistened all the mature chives and laid them over to fill the air with that sweet onion aroma just outside the north set of doors at the house.

The last of the fresh basil had to be cut cause they were done, but I'll make some containers of olive oil, chock full of chopped basil that'll provide its memory through the next week or so.

Smoke veils itself throughout the valley below and you hear the snap and crackle from the indoor fireplace. A blatant counter to the

visible wisps of breath emanating from your face out here on the deck.

The crows in the yard evoke the memory of a Van Gogh. And they begin to create their own masterpiece by fluttering up and to the ground in front of the bright yellow leaves of the Liquid Ambers. A fleeting thought brought about by the notice of one feathered character that had been coming around for some time.

He had a tired shuffle about him, and you felt sympathy, thinking the oncoming cold may well serve as ushers to his rest this year.

And even when returning to the garage for tools, the fragrance of the Oregano hanging in the rafters awakens recollections that thoughts about what to pursue later on in the kitchen. Days off can be truly priceless.

Just wanted to share some senses of reality devoid of the insane,

the

Posted on Oct 31, 2007 by [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#)

mundane, the self proclaimed socio-political insensibilities that make some people wonder whether life's worth living. Life itself leaves no doubt. It's what you make of it that can create question.

It was last summer when he walked in with a couple of canvases he brought back from Cuba.

I recognized the work. They were by a Cuban artist collected by

some

other clients of mine.

Few, if any, customer framing design visits prompt a return to the memory of the incident months later, but this one did. You see, a 1099 form arrived at the end of the year with the declaration that it indeed was "Friends of Fabian Nunez" that actually paid for the two presentations to the tune of over a grand apiece.

Today I had to share one of my new customers with you in hopes it will help me understand why I feel unclean about the whole deal.

I know, Mr. Nunez has already declared through his office that the "letter of the law" was followed in all his expenditures using campaign funds. His response, asking if we would be more comfortable if he used taxpayer monies to pay, left me thinking it might translate to more responsible spending if he did.

I just can't trust that Mr. Nunez is truly concerned about the "Law" with all his activist participation in support of those that break the law to enter this country.

Google Mr. Nunez name and you'll come up with ingratiating subjects like "emerging leaders" and "assembly leader joins the Hillary Clinton campaign".

I'm sure you've made up your mind as to whether to believe all is above board or not. I'm still not sure. I have a problem with Mr. Nunez describing himself as typical middle class. He won't have any problems retiring wealthy later in life with the pensions given him by the same government he has felt in the past "should be brought to its knees" in his efforts as champion of the poor. Some would call it, biting the hand that feeds you, but Mr. Nunez has an advantage over most Americans. He has the luxury of supporting the Mexican Flag when the American Flag isn't providing his needs of the day.

I probably shouldn't feel as I do. Like someone who was unknowingly brought into a clouded situation. I should have faith that the unions and pharmaceutical companies who stuff his coffers with bazillions of dollars would never be involved with anyone who would personally benefit by their generosity.

I recently heard Mr. Nunez say, on a public radio program, "My beliefs are going to be advanced one way or another", and I'm pretty sure I have a decent idea of what his beliefs are, and I don't visualize much that relates to me or the strength of my country.

In my shop you may hear a customers ask, "where should I sign?" on a work order form. I respond with, "We don't do things legally here, we do things honestly here. Maybe Mr. Nunez could use that word a little more often, so constituents like me might better believe he has my best interests at heart as well.

Posted on Oct 24, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[Blackwater](#)

Mom was at the house this weekend

That means '60 Minutes' was on. She's still interested in the series although I can't say the same.

The Blackwater interview was one that garnered my attention.

My head turned when Blackwater head Erik Prince, said, "I'm an American. I work for America." And you know what?

I've never lost my internal reaction to people that say those words. I still feel the connection.

Just the other day I also overheard the phrase, "I'm a citizen first, then I'm a, (whatever the profession was).

I know I'm approaching the end of it all.

Even in my shop I'm surrounded by youth that give absolutely no thought to it all. Why the mere mention of allegiance of this nature usually generates rolling of the eyes.

Toward the end of the interview the CBS reporter also quoted an Iraqi report that included the phrase "we do not believe Blackwater values Iraqi life".

Blackwater works for America in Iraq. If you prefer to describe Blackwater as anti-Iraqi; whatever blows your skirt up. Blackwater is hired to provide security for American dignitaries if not other high profile figures at the behest of their American employers.

If you're one of those that feels this independent army of mercenaries should answer to an allegation such as that brought forth by CBS, heaven forbid you should have reason to put your faith in any of the security people CBS hires.

By the way Mom is doing better now, and she also let me switch over to watch "Dexter" on Showtime.

Posted on Oct 24, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [2 Comments](#)

~~Surcharge?, or just plain "That'll be extra!"~~

The mailman usually hits the shop between 10 and noon in the morning. Not too many surprises these days. The ad sheets and coupons dropping on the floor after sliding out of the folded supplements. The scarce checks. The daily assorted bills.

I consider myself fortunate for having made one of the wisest decisions possible, over twenty years ago. I hired Al.

Al's the CPA, and I knew back then, my personality couldn't handle the regimen of seating myself to pay bills, make deposits, and be the accounting police when it comes to paying taxes on time and making sure I'm not getting taken.

I readily open to all, my weakness in this category, and confess, control freak that I am, Al's suffered through more moronic questions about bills and why charges occur on some invoices than any human should be exposed to. That's why I try to open the mail as seldom as possible, cause I spy things that trigger some of the bipolar-like personality changes within me.

Here's my glass vendor and his all too familiar fuel surcharges.

We know the history on gas prices, and we know businesses look at costs on a regular basis to insure they charge appropriately. So when fuel costs level out for months, why don't we just see it become part of the 'plain ole' cost of doing business instead of tagging on "surcharges"? It's like a government program for cryin' out loud.

This phenomenon started back when we all got dizzy at the lines of added charges on our telephone and electricity bills. How many of you to this day have no bloody idea what's going on? You know what the "Public purpose programs" are, on the PG&E bill? How about the "CTC surcharges"? Here's an extra line for SMUD's service charge. I thought that's what the bill was for. You mean that \$389 at the top of the page doesn't include your service? Here's my Allied Waste Services bill with a separate line for "Administrative fees". Which part of swapping out my dumpster once a week requires that special line adding \$1.20 to my bill?

I can't escape my cynical side on this one, because surcharge tacks ons have gone nuts the past 5 years. There has to be money in it. Suits have been filed against lube service businesses collecting environmental surcharges under the guise of governmental fees, when they indeed, were not. The Democrats even proposed a tax surcharge for the war. There has to be money in it!

Personally, my belief is that it all goes into the same bank account and when the company's obligations are taken care of, part of it ends up in the profit column. I'm just a doubting Thomas. (Sorry for that one)

I'm up for a little down time, maybe even curl up with a good book. Well, well, look, Roget's New Millennium Thesaurus.

Let's turn to the page on "surcharge".

Hmmm. Surcharge, synonyms: aggrandize, beef up, bloat, boost, over estimate, pad, fleece, pluck, rob, soak.

Sounds like a good read. Al would get a kick out of it.

Posted on Oct 9, 2007 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [1 Comment](#)

[so, here's deidra's note for this morning](#)

Hey dad- i hope crossfire is doing good. so i'm watching tv this a.m. and they were talking about Oj's girlfriend and what kind of person she is. Oh my god, how about one that dates a murderer. I think you should write a column about how screwed up our media is referring to our political correctness, so to speak. I don't get why they talk about O.J. as if he weren't a murderer. That girlfriend should be scared for her life. They talked about the relationship between him and her and had a relationship expert on to give his thoughts. Good God, I can't believe this crap. Oh well, just had to throw that out to you. Love you, have a good day. Deidra

Posted on Sep 20, 2007 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[What's the company's responsibility?](#)

All of it, that's what!

One thing that seems to stay constant despite seasonal weather changes is bad service, and/or faulty products.

The subject came to me when the first stories were released regarding Mattel toys with lead content due to China's poor excuse for ethical business conduct. Then there were the Chinese grain products that poisoned our pets. There's no question in my mind about whose responsibility these incidents lie with. The company that goes out of the country to affect its bottom line, and ends up with a product that's dangerous to us carries the burden. Period!

Some businesses survive solely through numbers. Some can actually accept a tolerable loss of customers and still know they fall into an acceptable category of profitmaking. Fostering customer loyalty is

still considered a blessing, but you and I know banks would still rather loan based on numbers instead of conscientious service.

This week alone I cut ties with 2 businesses that left a bad taste in my mouth. I feel it necessary to share these accounts with you in an attempt to strike a common cord with your personal experiences.

The first was a fairly new magazine in Sacramento. (No, not "Sacramento Magazine") I had advertised with these folks for over a year, and when an ad was up for publication, I was left a message that the ad needed attention because of an all too revealing art piece. A couple days later a young lady from the magazine called to say the ad wouldn't run due to the lack of a current agreement. My account had never been in arrears, I was prepared to continue with a contract, and this little twit just made me believe that my advertising wasn't something their mag needed. So be it! Yes, my rep did call after he got the message I left for him, but too late. My mind was made up, and no excuse regarding some inexperienced moron was going to hold water. You allow someone to talk to customers, and they're taken to be a representative of your company. Stop subjecting us to poor excuses for employees, or we'll start putting two and two together and realize that this how your company wants to be seen.

I certainly can understand where some of these employees come from.

This connects with my lack of tolerance for some of today's youngsters who answer the phone at their house when I call to notify their mom or dad that their piece is ready to pick up, and the little darling responds with, "Oh man, call back and I won't answer, then you can leave a message on the answering machine". Do you think I call back? Not on your life. I write a note on the customers order form indicating their little darling was incapable of taking a message and if that's the case, the Neanderthal shouldn't be allowed to answer the phone. My daughter was answering the phone at my house and at my office at age 7 and knew the proper way to answer the phone, to take a message and pass it on, including a phone number. I'm not the right person to ask tolerance of.

Let's jump to incident number two.

I had an art piece accepted in a gallery auction in New Orleans and contracted with a crating and shipping company to get it packaged and shipped to arrive in New Orleans within 5 days. (This was a 17th century piece priced in the strong five figures) The package arrived

eleven days later. The company owner (Let's call him Mr. Slick) continually put his receptionist between us when I was trying to find out what was going on with my artwork and I don't tolerate meaningless go betweens that know nothing. Slick said there was a "breakdown in communication" between him and the shippers. There was no miscommunication between his company and me. The mistake was theirs, and I was offended that they never did admit that they just plain screwed up. In the end I only had to pay 595 dollars to get the job done INefficiently through this company. Do you think this outfit lost money on my deal? Not on your life, they still profited and I was left to believe that's what they call service. It was another tough lesson to learn. That even if you state verbally and in writing, the stipulations to the deal, a flake can still come out on top.

It should have been obvious when the receipt from the crating company was brought back to the shop and I noticed that there were ten lines on the front indicating what they were supposed to do.

And on the back of the document were 120 lines in fine print indicating what the company was not going to be responsible for. Do you really think the promise of service from a company like this speaks louder than the ton of verbiage meant to cover their own butts?

I have been experiencing some weird dreams lately. I only hope that tonight it's about Mr. Slick shouting out to me, "Don't taze me bro! Stand for something! Speak up when you're not happy with some outfit. There are truly caring companies out there that need to have you find them, don't settle for less cause it's convenient. You're still getting screwed!"

Posted on Sep 20, 2007 by

Vick's a Dick

My mouth is still agape after hearing the overflow of Michael Vick sympathizers coming out of the woodwork. And for the first time I use the 'woodwork' connotation precisely. I never had the opportunity to relate directly to vermin with it before. Let's start with the idiot football player associate of Vicks that came out with the quote "What's the big deal? They kill deer every day!" Hey! Mr. Mensa! How was the last Pit Bull stew dinner you had? Jesus, save me!

And then there was the comment, 'I can't believe he's going to do jail time for killing a dog!'

The last time I looked, we as a society, considered our ability to progress beyond the killing of companion animals, a sign of our advancement. Which direction are you going in? Or more to the point, where does the needle stop on your list of living animals I can "kill for fun-o-meter". Some may believe the needle should stop right below cats.

For some strange reason, especially when we realized dogs not only provide companionship, but also recognize when their masters were in jeopardy or required help to call for emergencies etc, we raised our consideration for the canine species. You must have missed that day in your personal growth and educational process, or in your case, you never were taught such in NFL school.

I'm also going to address a recent fox sports column written by Jason Whitlock who came out immediately and gave the NAACP their props for telling the NFL they should welcome Mr. Vick back to its league once he finishes his jail time. He continues, "We should, as a society, aid in his rehabilitation, and treat him with compassion".

Yeah, I know, it's Mr. Jason Whitlock's version of putting the cart before the horse.

Recognizing an indiscretion is the first part of the deal. Then comes the charge, then comes the trial, then comes the penalty. Why should we be so eager to dole out the compassion and the misdirected pressure onto the NFL to welcome back someone who has yet to begin to pay his dues?

This is by far an issue so far separated from the racial card that it's not funny. And I'm not referring to Mr. Whitlock's asinine comparison of Vick to Don Imus, by stating, "They made gigantic mistakes from which they should be allowed to rebound". The comparison was farfetched, but would have been better understood if Imus had been caught choking the life out of a girl basketball player.

Mr. Vick also blatantly lied at the outset. Oh I'm not going to get upset about his lying, cause I would take it he's that kind of person. It's the recognition that he knew he had done something wrong that makes it important.

Having also read studies on serial killers and noted that their personalities are more apt to be accepting of the killing and torture of lesser creatures for the thrill of it, makes me wonder where anyone gets off trying to make

me believe that one of Michael Vicks ilk is deserving of anything other than distrust.

Let me quote Mr. Whitlock one more time. "If he hasn't been scared straight by now, he's unsalvageable". Please Mr. Whitlock; if that isn't some sick play on the pretext of "punishment isn't necessary", then I don't know what is.

I'm past you and yours again, once and for all. I'm old now, I have to look back on what I've lived through and seen in terms of those that have turned their backs on my society, and live among us for solely themselves. I'm proud to stand up for what's right. I see the press and the media as living their lives to make sure every effort is made to offer up "the other side". I have a duty. I see it as accomplishing more to hold onto certain values to better my society. I know your side is out there. I just once again protest your attempt to take away my personal contrasts. My black and white. My ability to live by my decisions. I saw something wrong. I want something done about it.

In light of this circumstance, take comfort in your Jason Whitlocks. I've watched attempts for years to make me leery of so-called vigilante thought processes. I also have grown to know there's strength in concerning yourself mainly with right instead of wrong. That doesn't show I lack compassion, I just know what's right. I have no compassion for your NFL, or your NAACP pressure plays. Mr. Vick can serve his time, and I hope it's as off putting to him as possible. I guess I'm one sick puppy, but I'll live.

Posted on Sep 6, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Minority Setup

I fight weekly, if only internally, to try and convey to you Sacramento Union readers, my diverse overview of life. The paper doesn't provide any specific direction for me, just a suggestion or two when I appear to write too angrily. Here's another real look into a day of my absorption of real life. Gee, a reality column.

A stop at Stinky Mulligan's to sop up a cocktail and laugh with some of the locals turned into something totally different last week, when one patron, Andy, overtly escalated a sidebar conversation regarding the word 'minority', into a "who's going to do the stuff Americans won't do if every illegal is forced out of here", argument, and loudly. This is the honest to God truth.

I go through days upon days thinking to myself, "Am I the only person in this country that thinks of being a part of it as a duty? An obligation? Fine, if not, then I'm dying to understand what this country means to you? Has it lost its value to you? Well it must have if I don't hear a constant hum from your lips against open borders. That hum emanates from mine constantly.

I'm no psycho. I'm an American. I found no hesitation in speaking the importance of following rules and that everyone has to in some way. Not just in this country, but every country. This stands a chance to fail as a column as I fear it will only be translated as "just another chapter in the illegal debate".

I worked radio for decades on and off, and learned how insightful current events that dominate 'time spent listening' should sometimes be averted. I can recall program director's conversations like they were yesterday, that went something like "There's no quicker way to bring an audience to a halt than to bring up 'right to life' again or 'prayer in schools'." So if you believe that the topic of illegal border crashing is as unimportant or passé as any of the above topics were ten or twenty years ago, then just continue on your life and accept my concerns as inadequate. By the way, you're wrong.

When Andy adamantly stood up at the bar, (and understand that I had, only ordered my first drink), I knew he was headed toward a very personal one on one confrontation. I don't walk when someone suggests that he and his can ignore the laws that govern my country. The incident splayed open the current wound that this country is dying from, but the part that stings the worse is that it was spurred by a Tom Head fan.

A gentleman at the bar named Bruno truly set me up. Bruno graciously mentioned that he got a kick out of my former morning traffic report comments (from a former Sacramento radio show, and said to Andy, you know, he was the one always bringing up "minorities").

I've never had someone so blatantly misrepresent me right under my

nose. That's what started Andy, and the bar was served up his diatribe nonstop for some fifteen minutes. You would have been proud of me, because I let him spew without interruption, but I also suppressed my resentment of Bruno, the one who truly set me up

This incident thrust me full on into the current dilemma Americans are facing, the malicious misrepresentation of illegal immigration by accusing patriots of bigotry instead.

I came home and immediately began to document the incident in writing, and was blessed by the cathartic result. The anger I felt at the time morphed into an internal effort to understand opposing opinions. I even returned to Stinky's the following evening only to share a beer with everyone including Andy, who commented that he rarely broke out with his hidden agenda. We shook hands and knew that in a way, we were still friends. But I believe we both know we also still disagree.

You've been in one of those situations, haven't you? When you know you stand for something without question, like the strength of your country and its foundation? But wait, come to think of it I don't recall one other patron chiming in with their opinion that America's laws were made with a purpose. Upon thinking about it, I felt quite alone at that point in time. I also realized that Andy's opinion didn't matter so much, cause the day his opinion holds more weight than the precepts of this country, this country becomes less for both of us.

The time has come for all of us to think very seriously about the other dozen people at the bar who saw fit to say nothing.

Posted on Sep 6, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[This is strictly a bitch!](#)

I buy from about 20 molding vendors at this point in my companies life. On more than one occasion i have voiced my disapproval of the voicemail answering systems that many use.

Case in point would be the typical, "Thank you for calling Universal Framing Products. If you know the 4 digit extension of the person you wish to talk to, dial it now. If you wish a company directory, press 1 now. If you're calling to place an order dial 2 now.....".

Now I don't know about you, but if a client was calling me to place an order, (i.e. give me money), I would make damn sure they were the ones that were given the first option to get through when a call was made to my company.

So here's where you can help me.

Please offer me an explanation as to why it isn't so in the majority of the corporate systems I tie into daily.

It's not like I haven't complained. It's that nothing is ever done to modify

the responding messages. There has to be a priority that has slipped my mind to have a company put the paying customer second in line to connect with me. What the hell is it? Tom

Posted on Aug 1, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

~~**Being upside down ain't always financial**~~

You know you're blessed when weeks go by and you can't remember when you had to put the last fire out. Then one day Mom says, "You know Tom, I feel like I'm failing." Mom's 90. She still drives, lives alone, and she's not known for complaining. All of a sudden she realized that her little diversions, like gardening, (small scale as it's become) brought on shortness of breath, and now it's become a daily thing with her. "Let's check it out" results in a week at UCD Med Center. The first day I realized when I got home that I hadn't even noticed the pine trees on the way home. They're one of the things that attracted me to the hills. But the watering still had to be done, the dogs were waiting for dinner, and tomorrow the shop begins to operate with my presence on standby. By Wednesday Mom has been diagnosed as profoundly anemic, undergone a cardiac cath. exploratory, endoscopy, and was scheduled for a colonoscopy, and I already began to feel the extra miles I was putting on. She hadn't eaten anything since Sunday evening. I was gearing up for the longer commute. The drive to Mom's in Yuba City on the way home to Grass Valley each night. When it hits, you don't really think about it, but in time you realize this is a necessary change and you better face up to it. Next comes the week of 'extra half days' and just when you get a little comfortable you realize three hours of sleep don't leave you as cheery as you think you recall. Equalizing isn't as easy either. The initial stages are full of emotional concern, and inevitably, in conjunction with your personal schedule changes, it begins to translate to stress.

I know that when I begged off my column in the Union they became part of my 'understanding friend's network'. It just wasn't the thought provoking time in my life when I could sit down and feel normal.

Arriving home to see that the wall panels on the garage you were building still laying on the ground and not knowing if you were going to lose another month of work time on that project, fosters perspective organization.

Nothing changes when a personal hurdle comes along to add itself to your life. It just loads up on your back and you carry it along with everything else you brung with ya.

It helps to realize that you're just living through another of life's changes like, personal injury, the death of a loved one, the birth of a child, divorce, or even a marriage. You just don't see it that way when you're going through your own.

I'll be taking Mom in to see her heart doctor Friday for a follow up, and before this monologue regarding my personal tumult ends I must share the one thing I found gratifying about it. I was drawn to a grocery box of old family photos I had stashed at the shop. From it I pulled a snapshot of Mom and her cousin that looked to be from the 70s. Both were clad in nightgowns, with Mom in her chair and Audel standing behind her with an arm bar around her while a cigarette dangled from her lips. The laughter that came from those two could fill a room, even from just a photo. Since then I've unearthed more, and I set a frame on a table or dresser here and there when I stop by her house.

The telephone calls I get when they're noticed are all part of the ongoing rejuvenation we all seek to counter those stresses of everyday life. But then again it IS all about Mom.

Ok so maybe parts of the column didn't read quite that way.

Posted on Aug 1, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[Letter from an American Airlines Pilot.](#)

The following is a letter from a pilot. This well spoken man, who is a pilot with American Airlines, says what is in his heart, beautifully.... Read, absorb and pass this on.

"YOU WORRY ME!"

By American Airlines Pilot - Captain John Maniscalco
I've been trying to say this since 9-11, but you worry me. I wish you didn't. I wish when I walked down the streets of this country that I love, that your color and culture still blended with the beautiful human landscape we enjoy in this country.

But you don't blend in anymore. I notice you, and it worries me. I notice you because I can't help it anymore. People from your homelands, professing to be Muslims, have been attacking and killing my fellow citizens and our friends for more than 20 years now. I don't fully understand their grievances and hate, but I know that nothing can justify the inhumanity of their attacks. On September 11, nineteen ARAB-MUSLIMS hijacked four jetliners in my country. They cut the throats of women in front of children and brutally stabbed to death others. They took control of those planes and crashed them into buildings killing thousands of proud fathers, loving sons, wise grandparents, elegant daughters, best friends, favorite coaches, fearless public servants, and children's mothers. The Palestinians Celebrated, the Iraqis were overjoyed as was most of the Arab world. So, I notice you now. I don't want to be worried. I don't want to be consumed by the same rage and hate and prejudice that have destroyed the soul of these terrorists. But I need your help. As a rational American, trying to protect my country and family in an irrational and unsafe world, I must know how to tell the difference between you, and the Arab/Muslim terrorist. How do I differentiate between the true Arab /Muslim-Americans and the Arab Muslim terrorists in our communities who are attending our schools, enjoying our parks, and living in OUR communities under the protection of OUR constitution, while they plot the next attack that will slaughter these same good neighbors and children? The events of September 11th changed the answer. It is not my responsibility to determine which of you embraces our great country, with ALL of its religions, with ALL of its different citizens, with all of its faults. It is time for every Arab/Muslim in this country to determine it for me. I want to know, I demand to know, and I have a right to know, whether or not you love America? Do you pledge allegiance to its flag? Do you proudly display it in front of your house, or on your car? Do you pray in your many daily prayers that Allah will bless this nation, that He will protect and prosper it? Or do you pray that Allah will destroy it in one of your Jihads? Are you thankful for the freedom that only this nation affords? A freedom that was paid for by the blood of hundreds of thousands of patriots who gave their lives for this country? Are you willing to preserve this freedom by also paying the ultimate sacrifice? Do you love America?

If this is your commitment, then I need YOU to start letting ME know about it.

Your Muslim leaders in this nation should be flooding the media at this time with hard facts on your faith, and what hard actions you are taking as a community and as a religion to protect the United States of America . Please, no more benign overtures of regret for the death of the innocent because I worry about who you regard as innocent. No more benign overtures of condemnation for the unprovoked attacks because I worry about what is unprovoked to you. I am not interested in any more sympathy. I am only interested in action. What will you do for America our great country - at this time of crisis, at this time of war? I want to see Arab-Muslims waving the AMERICAN flag in the streets. I want to hear you chanting "Allah Bless America" I want to see young Arab/Muslim men enlisting in the military. I want to see a commitment

of money, time, and emotion to the victims of this butchering and to this nation as a whole. The FBI has a list of over 400 people they want to talk to regarding the WTC attack. Many of these people live and socialize right now in Muslim communities. You know them. You know where they are. Hand them over to us, now! But I have seen little even approaching this sort of action. Instead I have seen an already closed and secretive community close even tighter. You have disappeared from the streets. You have posted armed security guards at your facilities. You have threatened lawsuits. You have screamed for protection from reprisals. The very few Arab/Muslim representatives that HAVE appeared in the media were defensive and equivocating. They seemed more concerned with making sure that the United States proves who was responsible before taking action. They seemed more concerned with protecting their fellow Muslims from violence directed towards them in the United States and abroad than they did with supporting our country and denouncing "leaders" like Khadafi, Hussein, Farrakhan, and Arafat. If the true teachings of Islam proclaim tolerance and peace and love for all people, then I want chapter and verse from the Koran and statements from popular Muslim leaders to back it up. What good is it if the teachings in the Koran are good, and pure, and true, when your "leaders" are teaching fanatical interpretations, terrorism, and intolerance? It matters little how good Islam SHOULD BE if huge numbers of the world's Muslims interpret the teachings of Mohammed incorrectly and adhere to a degenerative form of the religion. A form that has been demonstrated to us over and over again. A form whose structure is built upon a foundation of violence, death, and suicide. A form whose members are recruited from the prisons around the world. A form whose members (some as young as five years old) are seen day after day, week in and week out, year after a year, marching in the streets around the world, burning effigies of our presidents, burning the American flag, shooting weapons into the air. A form whose members convert from a peaceful religion, only to take up arms against the great United States of America , the country of their birth. A form whose rules are so twisted, that their traveling members refuse to show their faces at airport security checkpoints, in the name of Islam. We will NEVER allow the attacks of September 11, or any others for that matter, to take away that which is so precious to us: Our rights under the greatest constitution in the world. I want to know where every Arab Muslim in this country stands and I think it is my right and the right of every true citizen of this country to demand it. A right paid for by the blood of thousands of my brothers and sisters who died protecting the very constitution that is protecting you and your family. I am pleading with you to let me know. I want you here as my brother, my neighbor, my friend, is a fellow American. But there can be no gray areas or ambivalence regarding your allegiance and it is up to YOU, to show ME, where YOU stand. Until then. "YOU WORRY ME!"

Posted on Jul 18, 2007 by

Is America Still Great?

I take pleasure in answering a "letter to the columnist" from its faithful author, numbering among the friends of the Sacramento Union.

"Dear Columnist, I am 8 yrs old. Some of my friends say the United States is not as great as it used to be, so July 4th is really just a day off for people to have picnics and watch fireworks. Please tell me the truth, is America still great? Papa says if you see it in the Union, it's so." Signed, Virginia.

Virginia , your little friends are wrong. They think that things like, allegiance and patriotism were only necessary when this great country achieved its independence over 200 years ago, and their little minds can't see beyond a fading memory. They're easily distracted by their life's comforts and appeased by frivolous stories of Hollywood stars. Alas, how dreary would be the world if there were no American Greatness. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no faith to carry us through hard times, and without America we would be living out our dreams, romance, and futures as others would have us live them, for the eternal light which accompanies freedom would be extinguished.

Ask your friends if they're parents use examples like George Washington's inability to tell a lie when he was asked if he chopped down a cherry tree. He said "I cannot tell a lie", and it was so important a tale that it served as a reminder to all children who learned about it that certain virtues must accompany the freedom we have been gifted.

When the signing of the Declaration of independence came about, it served as a document that made us think of goals we should always be working for and about the people that fought so hard to make these ideas possible, so every 4th of July the one thing that all of us should share is the admiration and respect of for those that stood up for what they thought was right, Independence!

We developed symbols of who we are, like the American flag!

(Thanks Betsy)

One other little fellow, about your age, Zachary Turner, a 6th grader once wrote about how he thought the flag was a hero, "You're a grand old flag; you're a high flying flag." Heroes have an important lesson for us all.

Live your life as you want to and never quit. People give up, Heroes don't. The flag will continue to inspire people like you and me. You don't have to fight crime to be a hero. "Whose broad stripes and bright stars lasted through the perilous fight?" It wasn't Captain America's. (God, aren't kids great?)

Yes Virginia, I know it's hard to hear your friends say that their parents speak of our countries lack of heart when dealing with those who would break the law to share our wealth. Those parents need a refresher course on American History so they can realize that rules were created to sustain our democracy.

Some will distract from the argument with examples to exemplify failures in the system. Some may still be lost in memories of Woodstock, or would rather point out mistakes like Watergate.

They should have more respect, like you.

Having your heart in the right place when you live here means that you have respect for all of the American People when you pursue efforts and movements that affect the country. As you grow older you'll discover how many allow their personal feelings to get in the way of American democracy. Those folks don't ever question whether they fit the mold of an American. They're always trying to change the mold of America to fit them.

America isn't great? Don't you let your little friends scare you Virginia, they've only been around long enough to see the rules of Tee Ball change, and they don't know what a winner is any more.

You remember when President Kennedy said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country?" Well he also said, "Let every nation know whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and the success of liberty."

See Virginia, when that word liberty comes up, it reestablishes our identity. No Liberty? Unheard of in America. It lives forever Virginia. A thousand years from now, nay ten thousand years from now, it will provide a haven for the upbringing of wonderful little girls like you who will be free to dream and believe in whatever they wish, even **Santa Claus!**

(With grateful respect to Francis P Church, author of "Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus." 1897)

Posted on Jun 28, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#) |  [2 References](#)

Over and Out.....sourced

Seems like I've been picking up "slow business" vibes from many around me.

I received a call from George, president of a publishing company in San Francisco a couple days ago. When George calls and he's not trying to sell you something in the first few minutes of the call you know he's calling to feel you out about something. Well, sure nuff, he's in the same shape I'm in, inventory rich and no one coming thru the door to buy it.

We lick our wounds, talk about the employees we're responsible for, and before you know it terms like globalization rear their ugly head. Now George is ticked, cause he remembers the calls to A T & T and American Express, when he ended up connected to someone in India or god knows where, and winds up frustrated with the outcome not to mention the communication nightmare.

He pauses and now I figure out that he's told me about this to set me up for another one of his revelations. "You know Tom", he says, "You and I can't sell our 30 dollar posters to those telephone operators in India!" "How is this supposed to work?"

I never thought about it in those terms before.

"Globalization" is a word that escaped from the mouth of another customer at the counter a half hour later.

This lovely lady was in the midst of sharing her admiration for Barack Obama when all of a sudden out spurted the "G" word and a follow up speech about the greed of rich people and the ignorance of the administration that pried out of me the question that puzzles me to this day.

"How does globalization translate to a stronger America?"

She responded with the declaration that my question "scared her".

How can a strong America be scary to one who reaps the benefit of it daily, and why don't I hear about any alternative actions to the ones being bitched about other than criticism?

What about a strong America is it that scares you? A weak America would be better?

Oh hell, I don't know why I don't give in to the fact that there may

be

some merit to all this talk of globalization. No one could live better than anyone else. Let's face it; this great American life we live isn't all it's cracked up to be. Right? Too much wealth and capitalistic greed. Right? We would get rid of whatever remnant there still is of that sin known as pride. The stress of doing better or finishing a task under deadline would be a thing of the past. Expectation would take

a back door. And out of all this we would come out a step closer to God wouldn't we? Wouldn't the meek be inheriting the earth?

Hold your breath for a lot to happen after that.

41 cents and worth it?

The Post Office rate hike to 41 cents wasn't much of a surprise. These days it seems that if you're being charged fairly it's a shock.

Gasoline prices put us in the 'pinched' category at least once a week if not more. You really DO understand the reason for the 100 dollar a tank expense reality don't you? Of course you do. I don't either.

The most recent exasperation with the postal people came at my Grass Valley address, where I was put on notice for not tending to my postal box and I was forced to go to the Grass Valley office to get my mail. See, all the mail that was being put into the box was junk mail, and it would fill up quickly. Not one letter with my name on it. I purposely have all legitimate correspondence sent to my business address, so why should I be forced to clean out a postal box that serves me no purpose.

Try to argue with the powers that be that your box should be reserved only for items addressed to your name, and you'll lose. See, the Post Office makes money from those junk mail senders. If they can't get it into your box, they lose. They put it into your box, you lose. Gee, ain't life grand when you realize that everyone has the opportunity to prosper at your expense. The daily telephone solicitors do their job on your phone line, and eat up your time and the junk faxers make money while you pay for their advertising paper and line charges.

The personal affront emotion eased after awhile with the post office. I thought better of my initial reflex reaction which my attorney tells me I shouldn't share with you. But now comes the frosting on the cake. In clearing the box recently, (I purchased an extra garbage can which I placed next to the postal boxes) I discovered a letter from the postmaster. "Dear Postal Customer, in an effort to improve our service to you, we ask that you provide us with the names of the people receiving mail at this address." Were they kidding me? I have this task assigned to me to clear the crap they deliver to every possible addressee except me through this box, and they expect me to believe it will serve a purpose to let them know who actually lives here?

Somewhere inside me there still exists some leftover respect for the postal authority. I recollect penalties that were drilled into my head as a kid. Something about "Federal Crimes" when someone put a cherry bomb into a mailbox, or the death penalty for anyone who mails pot through the post office. But, trust me any of the seriousness attached to that leftover respect has diminished.

Anyway, I did send in my name as the proper addressee. Within a week I was still receiving old PG&E bills to some other name, and still other names on loan notices and advertisements. No, I don't put them back into the box with notes that these people don't live here. I'm old now. I know better than to think it's worth it. It's the Post Office. When they return to their, 'Once upon a time identity', of serving us, the addressees, I'll return to the respectful admiration for the snow, sleet, and hail trudgers that made sure my letters from Korea got to Mom. So, send the postal police to get me, cause everything that doesn't say "Tom Head" on it gets tossed into the garbage can next to the mailbox. Best investment I ever made.

Posted on May 17, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

I Miss I mus

Odds are, enough time has passed to allow CBS/NBC, (like any of us know who owns what network anymore) to start kicking their own ass for dumping Don Imus. Trust me, they already miss him, but not for the same reason I miss him.

I miss someone I grew with for thirty years.

The "I" man doesn't necessarily stand for what I stand for; I've just been with him forever.

During a stint with the McClatchy radio system I would do show prep in the engineer's room so the sports guy and I could listen in on the EBS live line from our flagship station, WNBC out of New York. Now I discover it all might mean I'm racist.

I can thank Imus for the tune I've carried in my head for years waiting for the next opportunity to sing out loud, " I don't care if it rains or freezes, 'long as I got my plastic Jesus, glued to the dashboard of my car. I can drive a hundred miles an hour, 'long as I got the almighty power, and it goes on. Yup, I learned that on the Imus show, about the time he was doing parodies after Billie Sol Estes. The "I" character was named the Reverend Billie Sol Hargis. The sermons were a riot, and the sponsors included the Pink and Pleasant Plastic Icon Company, Del Rio, Texas. Today, players included Mayor Ray Nagin, Bill Clinton, Attorney General Gonzales, and I'm gonna miss all of them, weirdo that I must be.

Charles McCord, Bernie McGurk, Rob Bartlett & the "I" crew are writing talents any other radio producer would die for. You found yourself riding along on comedy bits with the wisest morning zoo team ever, (if you have any sense of humor), and by God when people make me smile I hang on. When Richard Nixon used to be on, I knew I should pull over. He was as great as Walter Cronkite or Senator Ted Kennedy. Not the real people, the Imus characters. They epitomized the foolish banter I imagined could actually emanate from their lips on subjects that you knew they would never talk about in public. Ted Kennedy deserves to have someone reminding us of the woman he killed, regularly. He's still slurping at the public trough, isn't he?

I guess I'm a radical. As much of a radical as Imus is a "Shock Jock", but that'll give you an idea of how much most reporters know about him.

There's a reason that Imus has held the crown of anchoring a time slot yielding the highest gross advertising sales anywhere.

When I advertised on the Imus show before KHTK knew what they had, I was paying 20% of what I pay on radio advertising today and was garnering five times the results I get today. Those 4 or five new faces a week are customers for life today, and they share similar attributes. No nonsense business people, straight forward personalities, a lust for ultra current satire, cutting edge punch lines, and an enlightened attitude about how society was being poisoned that day. To this day I can't see any one of those Imus referrals as sharing meanness or hate.

I think Don Imus' apology was made and accepted by the Rutgers sports team in as gracious a manner as possible on both parts.

And I think Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton knew when to take the helm. Delayed, as the reaction needed to be in order to focus the identifiable sin on the face of an innocent, all of us know the righteous duo had to go for it. Attack! Finish Imus' livelihood.

The only thing missing was the assumption of guilt regarding misogyny and violence within the black community. Oh, Rappers were acknowledged, but never to the extent that the damage they cause far out weighs anything Imus could perpetrate. God knows all of us can be thankful kids want to emulate thugs. The "Hip-Hop" culture, scream "freedom of speech" loudest, but those that could personally benefit by stifling another are always eager to steal their freedoms away.

But hey, a potential did reveal itself; a possible Jackson Sharpton ticket. They could always run on the 'Hip-Hop-crisy' platform.

Posted on Apr 17, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[Criminal Insurance?](#)

You've heard me speak of my business partner Mark before. He's the true epitome of the free spirit. Late to work, needs to go fishing regularly and would talk your ear off if you even mentioned gun control. Getting the idea why I love him? Yes I scream at him constantly and he's still with me. Why, because he knows I would do anything for him and I also know he paid his dues when our first art and framing operation existed in Yuba City. My daughter has even been known to refer to him as her brother, (with a cringe).

Mark's had a traumatic couple years at his home in Marysville. A contractor behind his house built on Mark's side of the property line.

Your first question should be, "How do you know the contractor's encroaching on Mark's property?" An ensuing survey proved it. Not to mention the attorney partner to the contractor admitting so in a "baffle them with bullsh_t" proclamation declaring that two foot strip of Mark's property rightfully theirs due to some kind of 'prescriptive easement', a term that has never reared it's ugly head again since we filed action.

Yes, and all the while Mark hollered and screamed his protests to the building department in the city of Marysville. And the city of Marysville's response? Nothing! They appear to see more value siding with a contractor that's tied into several projects that in turn are tied to development grant money. Would anyone listen to the protest? No, and in America when you're

rights are violated in this manner, you get out your pocketbook baby! Sue the bastards.

So here we are, about 15 grand into a matter of principals that planning and building department people could have stepped in on and stopped, but didn't. Even with complaints to the city and the police over this arrogant encroachment, no question was ever made to the contractor by his cohorts in the city.

Now get ready for something good. Who appears as the defense attorney for the contractor? State Farm Insurance! Yes, the contractor went to his insurance company to pony up the attorneys to fight us in court. And even more incredulous, they're doing it!

You probably know that this column is a form of catharsis for me, and trust me I'm using it to the fullest extent today. I have a more than reputable legal firm sucking us dry while the perpetrator of a blatant property theft has an insurance company defending his actions. Please get this straight, we have the government plans to corroborate the survey. We have the admission of the contractors attorney partner that the property was commandeered, and we have their insurance company defending the action. Here's the rich part. Mark's mucky muck attorney firm won't answer this one and they should be able to. Under what provision of the builder's contract with State Farm are they defending him? Include the fact that the builder admittedly damaged structures on Mark's side of the property line. Did you know you could buy insurance for this kind of negligence? Did you know that your insurance money was being used to provide legal representation in cases like this? Do I know I could be accused of implying State Farm is playing a role in a criminal action? Sue me!

Posted on Apr 5, 2007 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

No reservations

In my ongoing attempt to separate myself from the daily antics of the nation's media barrage I tune to the travel channel, among others, periodically. One character who has been generally entertaining is Anthony Bourdain - restaurateur, writer, traveler, and fellow cynic.

My latest exposure to his program found us at the Texas Mexico border with Bourdain introducing us to an immigrant Mexican sushi chef; a chef that

found his dream on this side of the border, with a child on the way, a livelihood that's far better than that of his roots in Mexico. This example of legal immigration, however, wasn't presented as such. He was portrayed as someone who hasn't seen his family in Mexico for three years. Bourdain, in an attempt to shed his cynical cloak, then took us to Mexico to meet the parents. A lovely elder couple, working hard in their little grocery store (purchased with our sushi chef's money) and as is true with most good parents, missing their son's presence. It all came together as Bourdain shared homemade tacos with the couple, cruised the Rio Grande with citizens from borderline communities, toasted tequila shots with shouts in Spanish across the barrooms in border towns, and with dissertations of why we should be more compassionate toward the same people that have "covered his back" in the kitchens where he used to concoct his wonderful array of historical recipes. I took that to mean the workers he's illegally hired to do the everyday chores in his restaurants. I never heard those words, but I knew that's what he meant, and you know that's what he meant. These misleading examples attempting to prove that borders aren't necessary and should be banned, constantly embarrass me. I take issue with anyone who dares to remove my "contrasts". Contrasts is a word I recently picked up from a daily quote service I subscribe to from Jerry and Esther Hicks, a motivating couple that publishes under the name of Abraham-Hicks publications. Theirs are messages that inspire, motivate, and put people in touch with themselves in a thoughtful way. The "contrasts" quote went, "As you diminish contrast, you diminish your ability to decide, and as you diminish your ability to decide, you diminish your ability to focus, and as you diminish your ability to focus, you do away with your reason for existing." Personally, I take pride in the path I walk in my everyday life, as does Anthony Bourdain, I'm sure. I just want to get everyone to pay attention to the general sense of priorities, and I don't need a chef to fog up my contrasts. There was a greater lesson which could have been derived from this sushi chef's harvest upon coming to America legally. He can raise his family in a more prosperous environment. He moved his parents and siblings into a better lifestyle and gave them a way to prosper in their own business. Yet the crux of Bourdain's show emphasized only the unfortunate aspects of having to follow the rules. That's called life.

Anthony! When you stand for something you don't plant one foot on one side of the fence and plant one foot on the other.

Posted on Apr 5, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Glorious Spring

It's been a full season since I spent hours on end tending to the tasks at hand outdoors.

Matter of fact it's been over 3 months since the Ole Harley FXR has been fired up. That's a real downer considering I thrive on 'Road Therapy', a term that friend Bill Eldred came up with. He's my 'Smooth Jazz' radio station rep, and also rides every opportunity he gets.

I usually have "Soundscapes" tuned thru my outdoor speakers on Sunday mornings when I'm in the yard. It's soothing, non offensive programming that works to accompany the beauty of nature instead of grating against it. And yes, there is a connection here somewhere between noise and Mother Nature.

While replenishing my garden beds and planting my tomatoes and peppers, the daffodils attracted my attention. I love their professional posing attributes. I locked onto the phenomenon of energy attracting the lacy faces of these regal spring beauties as they miraculously rotated to face the sun throughout the entire day.

My interpretation of that life force activity immediately switched over to some of the energies that permeate our human lives. My enjoyment of the mellow music while absorbing the majesty of the ridgeline of pines the surrounds the house made me think that each and every day all those radio stations and television channels of the world are outputting energy non stop. Every human is subject to the constant outpouring of this wave riding energy, whether it's good for us or not.

How is it that some of us filter out the worthless and retain the beneficial? Well, some of us had an advantage. We had parents that brought us up to discover ourselves. The nourishment provided included the basic beliefs to anchor ourselves morally, ethically and intellectually. Education came along to include understanding of processes, civic or otherwise, and history to help us know how events came about. As one of my high school teacher customers put it, "my job is to make sure all the doors are opened, not to just show the way thru one doorway". From there each of us is given the foundation to filter the bad from the good.

It's o k to think all will be fine because we're humans and we know how to think things out. The dark side of this attempted interpretation is linked to the well known "Dumbing down of America". When there's a faction that lacks responsibility and logical thinking, the ever present and mostly biased media energy barrage is no different than good old brainwashing. All that energy being beamed out to everyone over and over and over can only be deemed 'All Good' if your one of those that has the intellect of, yes, you guessed it, a Daffodil!

Posted on Mar 17, 2007 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#) |  [4 References](#)

Questionable Priorities

I'm truly up to here with the barrage of criticism of Walter Reed Army Medical Center. If it makes you feel better that we have found a new subject for media sensationalism, then you haven't been watching or reading, as much of the press continues to whittle away at the allegiance factor this country was built upon.

I defy any landlord to guarantee me that every room in a couple hundred multi acre building complexes all over the country is absolutely mold or rodent free. Yes I said ABSOLUTELY, because that's what they beg to make you believe is the only norm you should expect!

I am, at this point, still proud of America's attempt to help each and every soldier unfortunate enough to have been sent home maimed or injured. Those that believe that perfection is easily attained in circumstances such as these are either fools or are in desperate need to find another avenue of critique to bestow upon this countries administration.

Let's now move to the super exposure regarding newsman Bob Woodruff's return home with serious head injuries and the television and print media's blatant tripping over themselves to put it on the front page of every venue that can hawk another copy of his new book. You may take a shot at me for making light of the shocking impact to his family or the moving anecdotes that his wife wrote of, as his collaborator, but that's not the crux of my upset, nor is it to be demeaned in any way. I just want to know why a reporter's story overshadows the troops that are serving their country As one local soldier customer said to me when picking up his framed Iraqi memorabilia, (because I openly display my political incorrectness in my shop environment, and he picked up on it immediately), "What about the soldiers that were injured or killed in the same explosion that hit Woodruff? Those troops didn't matter?" Well soldier, they sure do to me! That's why I think those heroes should be on the front page whenever possible. Authors

should be breaking their doors down, begging to portray their heroic activity. You don't see it happening do you?

My mom used to say things to me when I was a boy, like, "You're gonna miss me when I'm gone". It was her way of maintaining that Mediterranean upbringing that includes lots of guilt.

If I put every effort into trying to understand why we should be paying tribute to a reporter over those that sacrifice every day while paying their dues in countries like Iraq, I couldn't come up with an acceptable answer. Let's see, would the soldiers that have protected America be missed more if they were gone, or would it be a television reporter?

Posted on Mar 14, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [2 Comments](#)

[Do my eyes deceive me?](#)

Last month I made my annual pilgrimage to the West Coast Art and Frame Expo in Las Vegas, and all of a sudden I noticed all the 'old people'. My God! Every other person was a pudgy, bald headed little codger, or a blue haired lady with excess flesh hanging from her upper arms. Oh they all seemed to be having a great time; I was just amazed that I'd never noticed before. I come here every year. They all didn't just recently decide to head to Vegas did they?

It hit me then. The fact that I seemed to be trying to separate myself from these folks. I was one of them, but couldn't relate to being a part of this...demo. Yeah, yeah, go ahead, say it. "He's in denial!" Maybe, but it has to be part of a growing ritual for many of us.

While eating breakfast at one of the dinosaur hangouts in Vegas, (Ellis Island casino, where 2 pork chops and eggs with biscuits and coffee is still under 7 bucks), it hit me again! I'm one of these people. I just never see that when I look in the mirror every morning. It's amazing? I look at myself. I see myself. I know how old I am. I just don't put the package together in my own translation of the reflection.

I truly appreciate being where I am in life. The wisdom that comes with age, and the confidence in my judgements. But there's got to be a reason I've set aside those AARP applications instead of sending them, and why don't I see myself in all those 'older' people? Am I the only one in the middle of this weird whirlpool?

Years ago I wrote a poem about a crow that lived much of his life in the ash tree out front. I realize now that it may have been the first time I openly confessed to my refusal to acknowledge my age. I recall the verses about the birds weakened condition in the first lashing of cold winter weather and the realization that he wasn't going to make the group flight about to embark on this dank gray morning. And I concluded it in a change-up flurry surrounding my autumnal thoughts with something like, "I'd rather think of autumn as a chance to re experience the color gold, rather than to merely consider it a sign of growing old."

And how old am I? Old enough to know that the "United we stand" motto of Abraham Lincoln's day has morphed into "as united as I think we should be at any given moment". I could get more precise, but even the carbon dating process isn't sophisticated enough to narrow it down.

Posted on Mar 3, 2007 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[One Nation](#)

One of the latest emails going around is titled "A new direction for America"? It lists many of our countries positive progressions as of late. Low unemployment, a more controlled deficit, the absence of terrorist attacks on our land, and in light of the Democrats latest, "A new direction" slogan, it implied that their "new direction" must only mean turning around and going backward.

It was great to hear Americans respond to this message. I found many opinions reeking of distrust, a country without direction and critique of all sorts.

In truth, I was only freaked out by the lack of patriotic strength in much of the criticism. I could sense the personal affront some exuded in their protest of the alleged lying that got us into Iraq. I inferred some of the intellectual superiority on the part of some writers, over that of the president and his reckless lack of strategy in the Iraq war. But hey, it IS freedom of speech isn't it? What I didn't feel was the overall vision, the overall identity, the overall strength of America.

Even I have a problem with some of the present day antics of this country. It's the 'holier than thou' attitude on the part of so many that has resulted in

the politically correct direction that obscures the big picture when it comes to America. Yes it IS America that's foremost in my eyes. I am aware of the inspiration of those that believe in generic global humanism without consideration for the life of America as being the big picture, but not me. Agree with the premise of the conflicts we've become involved in, or not, the true loss is that of our ability to recall this countries identity.

Today we've evolved to the point at which, for the sake of the loss of one innocent life we would jeopardize the safety of our soldiers fighting to carry out a mission. Are you part of that? Do you know what war is? I know it's proper to be considerate of all others, just not to the extent that it obscures the overall vision, the overall identity, the overall strength of America.

When a psychiatrist client of mine commented once about the American flag pin I wear on my apron daily, he asked, "Does that mean you agree with all this Iraq stuff?" and I replied, "You think this stands for George Bush, don't you?" Well it doesn't! It stands for our citizen's freedom, not the world's freedom. It stands for our citizen's comfort in protection. It stands for an inner pride in what this country has earned as an identity in the decades before us.

Pound out those emails baby! But address them to the people that you're criticizing. Every Democrat, every Republican, every citizen should be immersed in the bureaucratic process. If you haven't been in touch with your representatives, regularly, if you haven't bothered to vote, regularly, if you see no purpose in having pride in your country, or by displaying a flag, regularly; if you think that America is here to take care of you, instead of the other way around, you're not practicing the freedom it was intended to offer you.

Me? Well I personally don't appreciate the concept of surrender, and the country I believe in can't keep leaving jobs unfinished, no matter whether I disagree with the way things are going or because of mistakes made along the way. Ya feel me?

Posted on Jan 27, 2007 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Premium Frustration

As a small business owner it's difficult to look at insurance expenses as just "the cost of doing business". I pay an astronomical workers comp tab just to send my guys to the local walk-in for stitches and foot the premium. Any business owner will tell you that if you ever filed a claim, you're destined to truly be taken to the cleaners by the workers comp insurance people. Once,

a customer of mine who is affiliated with state comp, saw me go through one of these exercises and said laughingly "I saw nothing"! Yes I did have a temporary freakout, but you know what, cuff me and take me in, cause I want to face the judge who looks me in the eye and says I don't have the welfare of my employees at heart. I've been paying my dues to Blue Cross for years to take care of medical for my business partner, mark, and my daughter as well as myself. And don't think I'm putting them down for bad service, (cause I actually did change over to one of the cheaper HMOs in a fit of premium rage not too long ago, and was back reinstating my Blue Cross within a couple weeks when I found out the difference in service and convenience), but now that I'm into them for umpteen years it seems that they're poised like vultures just waiting for a check to arrive an hour late so they can send me a cancellation notice. Let's face it, put a couple grand a month into your pocket for a couple decades, all the while promising to cough up an emergency payment, and when the necessity doesn't arise for a long time, you'd be trying to shake off the payer at every turn too. When the gallery van needed tires recently I sent Mark to get 'em, and sure enough he was hit with the ole' additional charge on the invoice for hazard insurance. This is the newest insurance scam that larger stores use to bilk you out of bucks when, if you ask, you'll be told there already is hazard coverage provided by the manufacturer. Partner Mark made their tires squeal when he noticed the charge and then told them he was only interested in the coverage on one tire. After the clerk displayed his inability to relate to the request, a manager stepped forth to say he couldn't do that. It was a pretty reasonable request though, cause you only need the insurance for the tire that's gonna go, right? This last year I joined the ranks of those victims of uninsured drivers. It cost me a fortune, and the drip that gave out false insurance information is probably still out there rear ending people. (Conjures up a truer and more colorful picture doesn't it?) So a couple days ago I found myself riveted to the computer monitor when a CHP friend of mine sent me a short descriptive film on the new ALPR. That's automatic license plate reader for you as ignorant as I. This was a Canadian police presentation explaining how mounted cameras in patrol units can scan the plates of oncoming cars, passing cars, and parked cars for the purposes of identifying stolen cars, cars used in a crime, and get this, uninsured vehicles. I was in heaven! Someone was actually trying to identify one of the most debilitating problems we taxpayers have to pay for as part of our monthly auto insurance bill which is already skyrocketing out of control. These criminal drivers cost you and me billions in escalating insurance costs. (my old age has taken the thrill out of footing the bill for flakes) I was beaming! At least until a police officer customer and I got into a discussion about it and he

told me the device was in use here too, but it was only to identify stolen vehicles and that the insurance data was not part of what was downloaded daily for the scanners to match with. Why?

I hear you saying “but Tom you have to have insurance to register a vehicle”.

I thought so too. So when I picked up my latest Harley, I did my duty. I called my insurance agent, gave him the vehicle data and awaited the paperwork so I could take care of everything I needed during my DMV visit. I walked into the Grass Valley office, (which beats the heck out of the large city branches for time savings), and after filling out the papers, and writing the check I found it interesting that at no time did the clerk ask for any insurance information. I asked, “Excuse me, here’s my insurance information. Don’t you request proof of insurance for registration”? She replied, Oh no, we don’t need any insurance information for a title transfer.” WHAT?

Here, take this ice pick and stab me in the eye! It’s got to hurt less than the pain inflicted by the bureaucracy policing the system I live in.

Posted on Jan 18, 2007 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Headlines do not a story make

Wow! Nice break!! The holiday thing grounds all. I can choose to over exercise till pain sets in, obsess over a reorganized garage to maximize the immediate orgasmic visual gratification, or, and more likely, cook up massive quantities of food, from the tried and true recipes, to the not so familiar experiments that every once in a while yield pleasant surprises. Fortunately, my instinctive seclusionist behavior keeps me from most print media, because this year, as the holidays approached, and my workload increased, I noticed that news headlines can’t be trusted to represent anything about a story. This may not be news to you in general, but busy times present a true need for ‘cut to the chase’ communication in my life, and as Christmas 2006 approached I was barraged with several prime examples of how news reporting is out of control. Remember “Bridegroom shot to death on his wedding day!”? That one started an onslaught of senseless headers for weeks that made me so happy that I spend my holidays at a distance from most newsstands. How did headlines evolve into misrepresentations? You all know by now that the story I refer to had nothing to do with a wedding, but the writer that came up with that headline fully outed himself as an anti establishment borderline

cop hater. This 'bridegroom' was out clubbing when he threatened a police officer and was taken out trying to ram another patrol car, but what purpose this shroud of misplaced concern? This, my friend, is that 'agenda' many speak of when they discover they're not getting the news, but instead are being fed the news.

Another of my holiday favorites graced a December front page of the Sacramento Business Journal. This time it wasn't so much the headline as much as it was the accompanying 7" tall photo highlighting the story labeled, "Business gears up for immigration-reform fray". For those of you that don't know, the journal front page is 14 inches tall. This must have been an important photo for the journal to take up 50% of its column height in color. The photo? It was a picture of Gagandeep Kaur and her father standing next to one another as Gagandeep held onto her newly acquired citizenship certificate. I noticed the lack of relevance immediately, so who was the journal gearing this story toward? Who believes that Gagandeep or her father have anything to do with the immigration reform referred to in the headline? The next page of follow-up photos showing citizens with their hands raised mid pledge at a naturalization ceremony didn't jive with the copy on the same page either. The copy referred solely to illegal immigrants and the businesses that illegally hire them. To continue, the story also estimated some 50 thousand illegal aliens currently live in Greater Sacramento. It reflected the security aspect of border control and all that connected so called immigration reform to what you and I know as illegal immigration.

So, I'm still trying to figure out what Gagandeep and her dad had to do with the "immigration reform fray" story. It was sort of like a story about Chevy being the most popular car, and putting a huge picture of a Ford at the top of the story. Enlighten me. I am aware that as I share this with you, many will say each of us has an obligation to seek out the real facts of any story, but even a retail store has to answer to bait and switch tactics.

I don't have the energy or the time to guess at the politics behind it all or whether it even operates as some sort of consensus. It just points out that even in this electronic age of distribution, someone's always gonna be out there trying to pull the wool over your eyes.

While visiting mom over the holidays in Yuba City, I was overtaken by a false sense of safety in my hometown and in that fleeting moment I picked up an Appeal Democrat newspaper, opened to the community section and read in the largest headline at the top of the page, "CHP targets impaired drivers". It was like I picked up a shock from the chair I was sitting in. I went blank for an instant, immediately visualizing some poor chap with a twitch in his neck driving down Colusa highway and a dozen CHP cars swooping in on him. Now here's a new P C take on something you and I

grew up knowing as drunks. Here's a writer interested in saving face for all those innocent well meaning drunks! Yes, say it! Drunks. I have no problem saying it, even knowing this will get me reported to some league, honorably affiliated with drunk drivers. I wish I understood the basis for saving the hurt feelings of drunk drivers. Is it possible that now that they're part of a much larger populous of "impaired" drivers that they will be less of a threat to us all? I don't think so Scooter! After regaining some sense of sanity, and in the process of tossing the rag into the trashcan, I glanced further down the newspaper to discover another small column story, headlined, "Appeal Democrat in search of writers". Boy Howdy! And this time make sure they can spell d r u n k.

Posted on Jan 3, 2007 by

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[What do you do?](#)

No, I mean, when people approach you and ask, "what do you do?" do you respond with your profession? Does the thought run through your mind, "I help a lot of people!"? If you were building your web properly, you would instinctively respond, "yes!

What web?

Well, I think that web is the strands in life you weave that attach to your family, your beliefs, and your designated charities.

You can certainly say the business accomplishments are forefront in your public response, maybe even as a boast of your company's success, but as individual humans we can honestly and only believe in our hearts that only the actions of a benevolent soul can result in a meaningful legacy for posterity.

It's amazing that I knew this all along, but only recently realized that I seem to read about a lot folks that reap the media's attention, but don't look in their eyes, or read their 'Dewars' (if you will) profile and feel that persons heart.

That's the first sign of a wobble in the balance. The balance of monetary accomplishment, and/or profit and the manner it's used to help the society that surrounds us. I absorb this as a perceivably increasing hum or rumble that invades the ohm.

Your kids come first. You're always there.

Your other family connections all over the world are another strand end. The friends that have proven themselves worthy of our love and conviction form another arm.

Where am I now? I guess I'm still in the middle of this web of arms with my business, the provider. The businessman. I work to make the money. I've built my empire, no matter how small or vast. I look below me atop the center of my web. Only a few strands leave so much space needing to be filled.

Look down the street. There's a children's receiving home. Stop there and ask, "what do you need that I could provide? I'm not rich, but I know I do something that could translate into help for you. And you obligate yourself to take this provider of care for children that find themselves there through no fault of their own. Kids whose doper parents might get popped and 'presto!' nowhere for the kid to go. Yep, another 30 minutes a week to call someone you know, to have them donate a silent auction item for a fundraiser to help create some kind of environmental incentive to benefit these "needy".

Pretty soon, if you do it right, you can look back with pride at the first time you first spoke with that person at each one of those charitable causes or recall the look on the face of the little boy whose 4H lamb you bought at the prize livestock auction. He couldn't believe his lamb would bring that kind of bidding war. True rewards of grateful parents who remember you at holidays every year for the first investment they made in that boys' college fund. Boy, that was a big web strand. But big strands aren't necessary for a successful structure. So many thin strands build to mighty strength as well. So what's with the web?

Well, if the wobble I spoke of earlier (the rumble in the ohm) increases, it's a sign that the business or money generator atop the center of the web is getting out of balance with the true sense of good, not realizing its needs. I just know that if and when that happens, it would make me feel good to know your web will be as strong as the one I pray to continue to spin. Otherwise all that you may have mistakenly thought important, will surely fall through it to nothingness.

Posted on Dec 7, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[Jump to conclusions!](#)

It's one of my best traits.

Knee jerk #1. You and I have all experienced it. I was reminded of it recently while picking up a six pack of beer at an AM PM convenience mart while my tank was filling. It will be the last time I put up with that inconvenient show of disrespect. I want to look into the eyes of the C E O who wants me to believe that I'm forced to show an I D because his or her company is obligated by law to ask sixty year olds to prove they're old enough to buy beer. No, this company is flaunting their refusal to hire employees who have any semblance of common sense. In today's world of subliminal personality profile tests at every turn, and with corporate individual training programs at every fast food chain I know of, I'm not buying it. I take it personally. I take it as being inconvenienced for the sake of a company who doesn't want to put someone behind their counter that knows the difference between a 17-year-old and a sixty-year-old. Any minimal interview should be able to divulge that inadequacy, so what is the reason we're forced to do this at certain stores without being made to believe we're jumping through hoops to insure these company's responsibilities. It may be labeled as the "dumbing down of America", but I assure you the label isn't just a form of acknowledgement, it's a blatant social failure. I'm too old for this anymore, and I'm opting out. Now, I pay attention to companies that act like they're responsible. P.S. That gas price sign out front never tells the whole story. Knee jerk #2. Chain stores and big box stores that make people believe they save money by buying from them. You and I know there are a few we'd concede truly offer savings. Maybe enough savings to warrant the inconvenience of poor customer service and time wasting searches covering acres of inventory. Some offset the convenience of multiple locations with inferior products. They're the ones that make you believe you're still paying them less despite increased employee overhead and added multiple triple net leases for all those convenient locations. These are the retailers who are also diligent in the study of providing "perceived value" at every turn, and believe me I see it being taught at every level of display and product enhancement seminars at trade shows and other venues. It could be innocent enough, but I for one have never been able to take on the philosophy in my store just due to the label. Perceived value! It smacks of "make the customer believe he or she is getting more than what they actually are." I don't know about those guys, but I have enough to do providing a quality product in a timely fashion at a competitive price. I'm just saying you're the fool if you don't do your shopping. It doesn't have to be a great time consuming project. It starts by remembering the last disappointment and making sure you try someone else next time. Supporting your locally owned and operated independents can reveal many who truly compete by offering unique products and service unknown to the chains and box stores.

Knee jerk #3. The convenient internet option. You all know by now that PetMeds will sell you those flea and tick medications for less. And it makes sense that they can. Once again, whittle away the overhead your local veterinarian pays and I guess the internet company can save you a few pennies. But what happened to the logic of the pet owner? For fifty cents you would compromise your loyalty to your vet. The loyalty that you took on the last time he or she saved the kids from horrific trauma by mending your family pet's broken leg. Try something. Go ahead and save the pennies instead of stopping at the doc's place and putting the fifty cents in his or her pocket, and the next time Fido is hit by a car in the middle of a rainy night, give PetMeds a call.

Knee jerk #4. Any business or contractor that requires you to police them instead of the other way around. Beware the company that takes your money and follows up with the phrase; "give us a call in a few days". I don't think so Scooter; you're calling me. Ever make that special order or a contractor appointment only to have hours or weeks go by without any communication, and you're forced to call them to find out what's going on with your money or your time? Move on rapidly. Move on to another company fast, cause if that's what they're doing to you during the initial stages of your business together, you can trust that it'll be much worse later on down the line especially with a contractor. The minute the money changes hands from yours to mine at my shop, everyone in my employ knows that it's our job to keep the customer in the loop. When a customer has to call us it better be returning a call we made or we failed somewhere and everyone in the shop knows that from the beginning of his or her employ.

What you receive for your hard earned money better damn well be at least what you expect, and the quicker you relate that expectation the better the results you'll get, or at least the quicker you can turn your attention to an alternative source. This is not the time for lowered expectations. I've used a phrase in my columns that I'm not afraid of repeating. Stand for something! Always! It's who you are.

Posted on Nov 15, 2006 by

 [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Will 'new ethics' be like 'new math'?

So I'm working next to Joey at the fitting counter and he reels out this news that his primary school teacher wife has been forced to add an ethics course to her curriculum. Every day it seems that one of those things that came to be accepted as 'upbringing 101' is being thrown into the pile of 'WRONG!' How am I supposed to believe that anything is getting better?

Various professions hold codes of ethics, from doctors to realtors. Wanna bet me that virtually all aspects of their promoted codes are already covered in the precepts of the ethical behavior you and I were raised with? Yet everyday, you and I are led to believe we aren't fair in expecting that others share similar beliefs. Seems that it wasn't long ago that this was absurd. Ethics and morals in America were much more shared and understood in the past.

One customer in the midst of overhearing a guest on Imus (on the TV in the shop background) chatting up the Foley debacle, asked, "Yeah but what law was broken?" Wow man! You shoulda stopped at the morals and ethics part, cause between you and me, the law means nothing once you go beyond that. You go straight to the front of the lowlife line. You're lower than any law, once you cross the morals and ethics line. The law only gives the court the ability to put your ass in jail over doing wrong, but you bestow the identity of scumbag on yourself when you cross the morals and ethics line. So we've finally approached the point at which we acknowledge that today's parents shouldn't be expected to have a clue. In words I've been criticized for using before, "society is doomed!"

I can't even fathom where we could've crammed an ethics course into my school day. Matter of fact, come to think of it, a great exercise, (by the way, they don't believe we need that in schools anymore either), might include making a list of teachings in schooldays gone by to determine which have been tossed aside for their lack of relevance in today's world. (I bet we'd all freak if we were privileged to have been a fly on the wall of the boardrooms where today's new courses were decided upon)

School memories have been pleasantly flooding back as I write this so let me derail with a recollection of Mr. Jackson, my world history teacher. I actually looked forward to those mass gatherings in the multipurpose room, (cause the class had numbers too great to cram into a normal classroom), only to make another contact with the guy that had given me the nickname of "the greasy Greek". Oh yeah, and many other nicknames were called on and thrown out during a day in the classroom. Poor Mr. Jackson! An instructor that kept his students riveted, and obviously a teacher that today would be out on his ear for his alleged political incorrectness. That one class was responsible for much of my disappointment in many of today's kids that haven't a clue of world events that brought us to where we are today. The history curriculum today must surely be envied. Mr. Jackson may have been from another time, but you and I know his intentions were far from denigrating. His audacity was perpetuated in part by our ability to take a joke and our appreciation for recognition. And his success, I'm sure, was fueled by his passion to connect. I feel a smile break at the corners of

my mouth recalling the silent giggles as we glanced back and forth, we students recognized in Mr. Jackson's inimitable manner.

Let's see if I can recuperate.

Unless you truly believe that moral understanding is unnecessary in order to assimilate ethics, then ethics classes too will fall away in the pile of politically incorrect teachings. Ethics (you wish me to believe) can be taught, but don't morals stem from beliefs? If morality doesn't reside somewhere within you, I for one don't believe "ethics" can be understood. Education fights daily to separate itself from 'beliefs', hence my theory, "if ethics need to be taught in today's primary grades, the 'moral fiber' of today's generation has been compromised. How do you teach ethics without acknowledging a lack of moral beliefs?"

The politically correct evolution of our educational system has finally reached the point where right and wrong must be taught without making a student feel their inability to recognize the difference is wrong.

I knew I should have never traveled down this path, for I've become a bit dizzy.

Posted on Nov 14, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[What do you know about art?](#)

After having been subjected to art for the better part of thirty years I've gained comfort in my ignorant realization that it's exactly what I make of it and no more. Part of that is being a dinosaur, and the rest directly related to an old adage that dictates "a little bit of knowledge can be a dangerous thing". At my shop on any given day it's not unusual to overhear a browser in front of a piece on display say, "my kid can do that!" It's taken years for me to discover the safest response. "You must be very proud!"

I separated from the discomfort in not knowing the history of every movement or individual influence. My "Art" is more all encompassing. I see it everywhere, that art of everyday accomplishment. And everyone is an artist. And trust me on this one, there's a lot of bad art out there. So all you can count on is your own taste. So if everyone's an artist, and to truly appreciate their work, understanding where the artist is coming from can be a great advantage.

It's easy to understand how we're getting to a point where net blog chat rooms and talk shows that invite listeners to opine, are overpowering many newspapers. One of the reasons I appreciate the sac unions effort is due to the myriad of columnists that keep that link open. It's the instinctive need

for interaction. The artist is in a constant emotive state, and the straightest line to understanding the true meaning of anyone's work is a direct dialogue. Communication, in that respect, takes on an identity of art.

This is where I attempt to justify my personal need to extract the passion in others. I want to appreciate your art. It helps me understand your work.

That should be important to you. The minute you perceive another's passion, a magnetic connection takes place, and in some cases an immediate polarization. This instinctive occurrence is what causes you to continue past this particular work to the next, or to pause and consider this work in reference to what it's offering you. Does it add to your portfolio of life's experiences or enlighten some aspect of your personal confusion?

I see art in the personalities of many I surround myself with.

I hope you don't think I'm way off base in this almost disrespectful derailing of "Art". The word in itself has an internal interpretation for us all. I place the word on a pedestal of sorts. For instance, we all have heard the term, 'the art of giving'. Well I don't have the ability to use the word in the context of 'the art of greed', or 'the art of manipulation'. For me, the word "Art" has a respectful connotation. All the more reason to bring its use into our everyday language and feelings. Just think, up until now, you may have thought yourselves unqualified to be an art critic. (Say like, Steve Wynn) Celebrate your newfound expertise.

It's not just the crafty cabinetmaker, or the fashion designer that are closet artists. It's every individual that plays a daily role serving others. Man, if you can take care of the people that feed you every day, feel a wave of fulfillment all along the way, leaving in your footsteps a smoother path to serving others in the future, you my friend, are an artist.

Without meaning to dilute that moment when Leonardo painted the distant landscape outside the window behind Mona Lisa, there's a certain art to just being human. Nothing seems complete without an understanding of inspiration when you're absorbing the message of another. But when you're an artist, you walk away from a work and feel it complete when, in some way, you've made another's life better.

One of the newest artists I represent offers something in a new way. Markus Pierson is a man who, upon discovering he had Crohn's disease, embarked on a painting career bent on providing stories of his works along with them, and the import of his words vie for the crowning achievement in competition with his painting. His whimsical coyote characters come alive in his writing. No, this isn't a blatant plug for one of my artists, it's an apology of sorts for my inability to explain where the true meaning of life may be hidden in some other artists 'bicycle chain intertwined in acrylic'

collage. I can only say that we are all artists if we wish to be. And we should be proud of what we stand for and how it translates to our life well lived. I leave you with a Markus Pierson quote taken from the painted sky above one of his umbrella toting characters, (which hangs front and center on the wall behind the entry to my home).

“That many had ventured farther and done so in finer style bothered me not. My journey was my own and I found it to be quite spectacular.”

Posted on Oct 31, 2006 by [Tom Head](#) | [Post a Comment](#) | [1 Reference](#)

goin' to pieces

It's been a couple weeks of what I refer to as fragmenting.

That's where I start to write about the arena thing, for instance, and my life is interrupted by another pseudo-epiphany-like eruption of revulsion to the exposure of the everyday news of the world that surrounds us. So I do what I always do in those instances, I shut down. I don't listen to any radio while commuting, I boycott the t v, shy away from political b s, start to breath deeper, and yes, focus within. It's something that happens more like a reflex action. It's your mind retching. It's your six decades of living, going out on strike. And unlike the garbage folks, there isn't enough money to make you wanna give in.

I guess I'm forwarding this little confessional to see if it happens to others. I'm sure it might not be exactly like I experience it, (cause some have said I have a habit of overreacting), but really, imagine your mind to be a colander of sorts, and stuff is being sifted, or drained through it non-stop. Well, my 'colander/processor' of a brain seems to plug up a bit more often now than it used to. What happens then is the innocuous, the useless, the promotional, and most of all the misleading slows in its filtering through, and starts to pollute the worthwhile. At that point you have no choice, you've gotta dump the whole thing and unplug the holes. Well, that's what I've been doing for a couple weeks.

Fragmenting, as I call it, seems to be a personal form of absentmindedness. I start to throw everything away, regardless. I find myself hearing things but not listening. It becomes easier to think of something new and try to proceed in a new direction, rather than risk rolling your eyes again, or mumbling "oh.... Puh-leez!", or "give me a break!".

So, last Sunday I decided to veg in front of the t v and succumbed to Meerkat Manor. Nature! How could this be anything but educational and enlightening? They are cute. The gang-like rivalry does generate drama.

The individual characters and the roles they play portrayed in human like circumstances. But wait a second before you think this is safe entertainment for the polluted mind. See, this is sponsored television. So just as I dozed into innocuous absorption, the forty third Mr. Clean commercial sent me into another attack of realization. South African Meerkats, no matter how well the researching students present it in soap opera format, couldn't stop my colander from running over once again. In only an hour and a half, I'm overwhelmed with the reality of the networks identity of the market I made myself a part of. Forty minutes of burrowing critters lost out to a myriad of cleaning pads, toilet scrubbers, room deodorizers, the revelation that diet failure is not my fault, and the kicker, 'cash money to loan' sharks. It was the telltale symptom of the holes plugging up one by one again. I'm outside now, where it's safe. I freed myself from whatever possessed me to stay inside and test my abilities once again. The quail, dove, songbirds and breeze filtering through the wisteria require no fine tuning. I need more time here. And I just realized; it isn't fragmenting at all, is it? It's the resulting cracks in our own visualization of real life, brought on by those that would like to shape yours into their own ideals, or at least line their pockets with your money. Thank god there isn't anything in it for the song birds. Their music would never be so sweet.

Posted on Oct 18, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Change is good?

Saw recently that the students who couldn't graduate high school cause of failing the state exit exam were trickling into the graduation lane after being given more attention and tutoring than the students who passed. Sure it may be that the extra attention was necessary, but you're talking to a dinosaur that remembers when holding over for another year was an understood after you were given the same chance to pass as the others in your class.

Yeah, yeah my heart is solid cold granite! It's one heck of a lot softer today than it was when the papers and the 'activists' were screaming foul, and wanted the diploma to become another meaningless piece of accomplishment oriented documentation. Is it still as clear in your memory as mine? "They all deserve a diploma!" Remember?

Here's a real kicker! A quote from the parent of one of the students getting a late diploma, "We worked real hard. For a kid that's not pressed to go to school, this is something special". Let me see now, who's the one responsible for this kid not being pressed to go to school? Sounds like this parent would be a prime candidate to join the 'activists' in doling out the

diplomas at the beginning of the schooling process thereby guaranteeing the students were truly equal. Equally ignorant!

We may not have reached that level of stupidity in America but trust me, there are those that are doing everything they can to make it so. How did we get to this point where the land of opportunity became the land of what's owed to me.

Citizenship has surely reached the point of worthlessness too, with the relinquishing of requirements. I know it's unimportant to those who are fighting so diligently to give it away with nothing in return, (give it away long enough and anything will become worthless), but inside a tear still hangs in suspension for my grandparents. As I remember, they told stories of months of anxiety as they awaited their chance to come to this country. These Greeks who sought their own children's future also learned the language. They knew they were expected to conform and they were yearning to be part of a system that rewarded those that played by the rules and worked there fingers to the bone. The working part may still have some meaning, but the rule part is going away, whether it's school work or citizenship. I'm going to have to put some further thought into whether my ancestors truly deserve more respect for having done things the proper way instead of stepping on others chances by breaking the law and doing it the easy way. Don't hold your breath waiting for that internal conflict to come about.

These and other things that bother me have something in common. The debate may rage on about what's good for any one faction of the population, and the rules may morph, signifying time is marching on, but the concern within me is that none of this has anything to do with what used to be a commonly heard phrase: "The good of the country".

Posted on Sep 20, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [1 Comment](#)

[Whose side are you on?](#)

I don't know about you but I'm ready to see the pendulum swing the other way for awhile. We've watched the headlines proclaiming the radical new increase in the crime rate. We just came off a media flailing of the sac county sheriffs. The debate on the death penalty marches on.

I'm still amazed daily at the amount of anti law enforcement reaction. One video clip on the news is enough to send a message of police brutality around the globe. When the sac county jail came under scrutiny for alleged violations of 'prisoners' rights', the local press and that other paper couldn't find large enough type for headlines depicting deputies as ghouls whose

only mission is to beat and badger perfectly innocent victims on a daily basis. (That is until a few pages later when a sentence or two describing the plight of an overwhelmed jail might make the story) When you read about these 'atrocities' it's interesting you never hear that the sac county deputies make 50,000 arrests a year, and the majority of them are whacked out, belligerent idiots when they're taken to the pokey. But heaven forbid you should look at those statistics. What is more important is that you should be made privy to the 6 or so that have found attorneys to go along with the premise of suing. Then just wait for the groupies to follow. The activist organizations, who, like vultures, swarm around to protect that one "innocent" individual at the expense of the detriment to the system that protects us all.

O K, go ahead and infer that I don't care about the abuses and improprieties that happen. (in actuality I consider them to be more than acceptable exceptions) What I am tired of is the overwhelming presence of publicity for those exceptions, compared to the overall good provided by the department being bled at the time.

The argument continues in regard to the risk of just one innocent life. Our system is expected to operate more perfectly than the drug companies that have been killing people off for decades. Oh, did I leave out the part of how many thousands of lives have been extended or just plain saved? Of course I did. And the folks concerned about saving the one innocent life who are so eager to throw away the system that brought us this far won't be highlighting the benefits of the existing system either.

It's all been rather bland, the sheriffs department coverage that is. A few words about the Blanas/McGinnis, 'trading places' reality episode. But trust me, the coverage of the 6 versus 50,000 will permeate the air again soon, as sure as there are newspapers to sell, and you and I are expected to maintain our sanity as it all happens. Those of us subject to it will battle the ongoing symptoms of defeatism, believing in our hearts that there is sanity in feeling an obligation to the big picture over solely oneself at all times.

What? Is there a big picture? And isn't it the system that 's waiting to pounce any second, with the maniacal goal of stripping us all of our civil rights and I still haven't figured out how they're going to use the big brother tapes? Does any of this make sense?

So when I mention the pendulum swing, I'm really saying that while less deaths are being doled out for the capital murderers, in exchange for less chance of an innocent person being inadvertently swept into the dying, I'm stepping out and saying, I personally have no problem with the pendulum swinging the other way for a while. Yep! That's just me. If it means ridding society of more dregs, I have to be for it. It's never been any other way, and

those that scream there's a better way haven't been able to prove it. Just because you know of an innocent person who fell victim to the system doesn't mean the system is bad, or did I miss the much ballyhooed grand unveiling of your perfect alternative?!!!!

Posted on Sep 20, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

[And why is it my responsibility to remind you to pay your bills?](#)

Every day I find myself asking that question under my breath while listening to some corporate employee in accounting say to me, "Gee, we don't seem to have that invoice". Could you send us another?" You and I know that means this bill isn't going to be taken care of for another 2 months. But it's O K, cause "that's business!"

I'm here today to tell you that's good old fashioned B.S! That same company issued a purchase order when they asked me to perform. I spent the money to do the job, and they took delivery. Just because the moron that took the invoice didn't give it to the right person, or tossed it with his McLunch trash, doesn't make it my problem.

Of course that's not the only trick big companies use to stall your pay or cost you cash flow problems, the other good one is the fax you receive from some of those accounting offices (and on the date the payments due), saying "you didn't fill out a W9". Return the form with your EIN and by the way, we have the right to withhold payment if you don't. This is the fine line that legal paperwork crosses over into disrespectful business practices. Look, you sent someone to me to order a service. Your aware of the necessary background information required of your vendors. To wait till the payment is due to bring that requirement to my attention is akin to a criminal payment stall in my opinion. You company managers know who is purchasing for your outfit. Why is it not customary to send those W9s with the person making the buys? Isn't that a bit more considerate than sticking it to someone at the time payment is due? And by the way, after submitting your W9 information, that check doesn't appear overnight. You start your waiting process again!

This all starts with an individual's personal sense of obligation. You small businesses run into people daily who say, "Oh gosh I forgot, could you send me another copy of the bill?" What the hell is that?! Do you owe the money or not? It's that simple! This is today's prime example of how things have been turned upside down. I was brought up to take care of my obligations no matter who or what they are, and to pride myself on taking charge of my

responsibilities. This doesn't seem to rollover into today's general business practices. You know I don't intend for this bitch session to identify with every business, I just want the ones that know who they are to realize the people that understand personal responsibility know exactly who they are too.

There are also manners in collecting too. I recall years ago, (after having collected and paid literally millions to the state board of equalization), being late on a quarterly payment and receiving a notice of penalties due, along with 7 pages of lien threats. Number One, it's evident that I wasn't out to screw them out of the money. They admit they got it. This letter was relevant to the penalty, and for that I need to be treated like a scumbag? What other company would be so ignorant as to treat a long term good customer so rudely. The visual that came to mind was a scene from Moonstruck where Olympia Dukakis said to a conniving professor out with one of his students, "Don't "S" where you eat"! And that my friends is my message for the State Board of Equalization.

It all proves that bad business manners exist on all sides, and we should be openly critical when we're confronted with them. If you've reached a point where you honestly believe 'putting up' with this kind of irresponsible behavior is truly "just business", take my advice and start a new path down the straight and narrow and leave the flakes behind.

The good folks will stay with you forever, and you'll be much happier having sent those flakes to your competition

Posted on Sep 20, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  _____

Who Should Manage Your Anger?

So I stop at the Zinfandel Bar and Grill at Rocklin road to shoot a Tanqueray Marty straight up, (especially when the traffic sucks), and on recent occasion I overhear conversation regarding some 'anger management' course that one of the patrons is attending, and I furrow my brow in puzzlement.

Now we need to be taught the limits of anger by outsiders. Counties have programs, corporations provide programs, and you and I end up paying for some of them too. Why isn't it understood that individuals who don't control themselves just plain fall under the scrutiny of the law? When you disturb the peace, you break the law. If you inflict bodily harm, you are arrested? I can tell you this; that if you're in my employ, and you lose control in any unforgivable manner, your ass is gone. It's not my job to make you right, it's only my job to treat you right. Your mama certainly has a lot to answer for

though. Mine certainly knew how to instill 'anger management'. You'd describe it as 'a good cuffing across the head a time or two'. At least until I knew that my bullshit wasn't going over. Oh god! That's right, anyone that does that to a tantrum throwing, disrespectful, inconsiderate little bastard is now deemed to be the culprit, instead of the little rule breaker. Please show me that this latest effort to try to make right, the ruined remains of the little despots that generated from a permissive upbringing, is working. In the meantime the sooner we get our act together and take drastic action against parents, when their offspring show the slightest sign of a screwed up personality, the better. Some schools try. Truants are finally being brought to the attention of parents in some cases, and I think that's great. Please make Mom and Dad responsible ASAP. Start it in preschool. Start it by looking at a parent funny when little Johnny is out of control at the grocery store. Go to a dog park and see what happens when your pup shows bad manners toward another person's pet. Fido's mom or dad will be all over you like a cheap suit. But look at an ignorant mom in a weird way in the department store when her little girl is freaking out and you're not minding your own business. It's our neighborhood, so take it back. Don't let the fact that society has had its communities diluted or taken away because of huge shopping centers instead of little burbs that brought folks together in their neighbor's shops and made us all a little closer. Pretend it's still that way and play your role in society instead of ignoring it.

Posted on Aug 8, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

99% Of Problems w/b Solved By Enforcing Existing Laws

Both Lieutenant Governor Cruz Bustamante and Los Angeles Mayor Antonio Villaraigosa have received death threats. Governor said other elected officials of Mexican heritage have also received disturbing and hateful death threats. The FBI is investigating a potentially racially motivated violent crime against a Latino-owned restaurant in San Diego. The building was burned and defaced with an anti-Mexican statements painted on the wall. Whatever is necessary to bring these threatening dummies to justice should be implemented as a p. The laws protecting our officials and business owners are already on the books. If it sounds like existing laws lack enforcement, try the laws controlling our borders.

Posted on Apr 25, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Sometimes It's Hard To Support Bush

In orange county George bush knew he was facing people who believe that uncontrolled borders and the millions of illegals in the country were a bad sign to America. He tried to appease them and it didn't work. He told them massive deportation was unrealistic and that guest worker programs made sense, and that illegals should be able to "get in line" for citizenship by meeting certain requirements. What balls to use words like "meet requirements" when addressing concerned Americans. You might as well just admit you're willing to give the country away.

Posted on Apr 25, 2006 by  [Tom Head](#) |  [Post a Comment](#)

Kudos To Sundance

I must give the Sundance channel a thumbs up again today although I know I haven't found everything they air to be good, but who the hell am I? Last night I was mesmerized by a movie called Darwin's nightmare. It is a tale of the Nile perch introduction to Lake Victoria in Tanzania, a world of poverty to the extent none of us know. What a site - huge Russian cargo airliners landing on dirt strips to pick up fish for the European Union. The very same planes known to bring arms for wars in surrounding Africa. Wow!!! What an experience. Go to www.darwinsnightmare.com
