

Papa, Can You Hear Me?

This weekend being the one in which we all honor our fathers, I thought it would be fun to take a peek at fictional dads who have been presented in television. In the beginning, it seemed as if families were shown as perfect, squeaky-clean and conflicts could be resolved in 30 minutes or less. Conflicts like how to get your son to eat brussel sprouts (don't think I've ever had the opportunity to taste them).

I'm not sure when the switch from perfect family to more realistic family took place. I'm thinking in the 70s with *All in the Family*. I think ultra-conservative Archie Bunker was one of the first fathers to have more to solve than a scrape on the knee or to ease a bruised ego.

Today's popular, fictional fathers seem to be lovable buffoons who somehow manage to fumble and stumble through parental misadventures but somehow come to a somewhat happy ending. Homer J. Simpson has been working at the power plant, drinking Duff beer at Moe's, and going home to his interesting family for 20+ years. A highly inflated picture of the blue-collar everyman... must still be working.

My own father is a combination of the three, not so much the idealised father of 50-70s television more like the Al Bundy type... HAHA. Wouldn't trade him for anything, although...

Krispy Kremes And Bean

Surprise

The last week at the old grind has had a few surprises. Last Thursday with about 5 minutes to spare on my shift, two of my best friends and their two youngest happened into the store on their way to meet a prospective sitter for use when their normal sitter is not available. Apparently, there was confusion as to where the store is located since the old Super Value sign is still hanging but the Krispy Kreme sign hanging on the building struck a chord. At the time, I was putting some potato salad in the case which the customers turned down. After clocking out, they were at the register so I walked out with them.

Today, I was told that Saturday would be the last delivery day for Krispy Kreme at the store. Apparently, the location that delivers them is closing its doors... yet another victim of the rotten economy. The deliveryman who was the subject of a post a few months ago must not deliver to our store anymore... I haven't seen him since the incident.

I don't know how I got so luck today but I got the pleasure of stocking about every type of baked bean we carry: Bush's, store brand, regular, homestyle, with bourbon. The person working with me in the aisle cracked a few jokes before I got the chance... including Bart Simpson's famous axiom :

Beans, Beans

The musical fruit

The more ya eat

The more ya toot.

Ah, the wit and wisdom of the eternal ten year old eldest child of Homer and Marge. It also made me recall the campfire scene in Blazing Saddles. I have always though that it would

be extremely dull to work in a place where you could not have some fun.