

- Conversations Over the Fence -

What 'bout Your Boss

Boss.... Some of these people didn't want their names in this and I can see why....

My boss micro manages me to a point that I feel like I'm 5 years old!

Jill....

My boss is seven years old, and I love her.

Chris M.

Juicy

My boss is so into making money for his/her self, they forget who really gets all the work done around here. But, I need the money!

I hate my boss!!! He is a jerk.... No wonder you can't keep your employ-ees....

Anon

Anon

My boss is Ok, I really can't complain because I like working here.

He is really nice... He is understanding and always allows me to take care of my kids needs, because I am a single mom...

Debbie M

Sandi W.



I have never had a boss that I have liked, and one good thing I can say about them is that they can sign my pay checks...

I hate work and I hate my boss!

Mike...

My boss sucks. I have never had a raise. I'd quit, if I wasn't self-employed.

Alex H.

I love my boss!!!! He pays me to say that!)

Geoff.B

I don't know who my boss is. There are too many people who work here.

Amy L.

What about my boss?????

Anon

Homeless. No Boss. Happy as...

Crazy John

I love her! She is very hands off and can do what I want to do, I love it!

Debbie C

I hope he appreciates me. I have been working very hard lately.

Anon

He's an old stick in the mud! I want a new job!

Unknown!

I like my boss but does my boss like me?

Tom T.

They are the nicest people and I am really lucky to have my job.

Lisa

I'm too kind to talk about my boss. I usually don't use that kind of language.

Anon

You really don't want me to quote on that!....

Matt.

My boss is funny and witty and has a dry sense of humor. It's interesting to get to know him because I am always trying to determine if he is serious or joking. He is always joking!

Mimi M.

Over the Publisher's Fence

I have alot of fun collecting these quotes. If you have any more suggestions for the next issue, feel free to email me at publisher@orangevalejournal.com

- Lifting the 'Vale - Sure, Boss

Working has always been a big part of my life. I could hardly wait for my first job and I really haven't quit working yet. I may even work after I die; I guess we'll see about that later.

One of my first good jobs came at the end of high school when I got a summer government job. I can't really say where because some of the people are still alive that I will be talking about, and that probably won't sit well with their relatives.

It wasn't any kind of job that grandparents boast about, but it was a great wage and had all kind of possibilities for advancement. But the real reason for the story had to do with the boss. I got a great education on that job, and most of it had nothing to do with the job. Homer, the boss, was a real piece of work, and as luck would have it, he was the first real boss I'd ever had.

Not much taller than a minute, and less substance than a second, Homer was a sorry legend among the employees and the laughing stock of all.

"How do you put up with that little piece of 'slug'? If I had to work for that Little Caesar, I'd probably rather starve to death."

He was bad, but I just humored him and dodged his temper and got along fine. He was amusing to me. It was easy to get him going, and I soon learned how to set him off and distract him. Homer just had a "mad on". He had the body of a Pug and the personality of a Pekinese pup. He had the charm of a cobra and the finesse of a charging rhino. What he lacked in knowledge, he made up for with stupidity.

Our division was pretty poorly funded, and we were one of the last to get radios in all our trucks - and Homer was in "tall clover" when he finally got a radio in his pickup. In fact, he just couldn't keep on the radio. The big boss even warned him to not take up so much air-time, but Homer couldn't resist. He was addicted.

One day all the crews were down at headquarters for some "all-call" meeting, and the radio was always on so that we could respond to any emergency that might come up. Right in the middle of the presentation, Homer's frantic voice exploded into the room. "I'm headed down the shore road in pursuit

of this car full of naked kids - Oh, my God, I'm in a ditch. Son of a witch, I'm in the ditch, son of a witch, I'm in the ditch."

The meeting broke up, there wasn't a dry eye, and men were rolling on the floor in pain, visualizing little Homer outside of his truck jumping up and down, madder than a wet hen.

At just the mention of the incident, Homer would spring into his fighting position, reminding everyone that he was a professional boxer when he was younger and that they'd better watch their mouths if they knew what was good for them.

Homer loved to try and catch us loafing or doing something wrong, and he'd camp out on the hill behind the crew and watch with his binoculars. He would tell us that he never once ever did such a cheap thing. So one day during break time, we all lined up out in a clearing so that he could see us, and all dropped our pants, giving him a twelve bun salute. That little stunt probably cost him ten years off his life. What frustration at not being able to confront us. It was tough to keep a straight face when we ran across him later in the day.


Our nastiest trick on poor Homer was when we pulled the old gas tank trick with him. All he could talk about was the incredible mileage he was getting out of his new car, so we just added a little gas to his tank each day - and he crowed like a proud rooster.

When we reversed the habit and began removing gas, he clouded over for days, in a nasty, stormy mood. It really did seem kind of cruel, but it wasn't undeserved on his part. Finally, one day he showed up in the parking lot unannounced and caught one of the guys taking gas out.

The big boss wisely sentenced us to five minutes each in Homer's office, apologizing to him for our cruel prank. I'd rather have taken a jail sentence. Sitting there with that smirking little bantam rooster soaking up all those apologies was real torture.

I don't think I'd try that today - probably get shot. Bosses aren't too forgiving in today's world.

James Edward
Copyrighted and Syndicated

Duarte's

Book Nook
"A World of Used Books for Young and Old"
987-1279
9443 Madison Ave • Orangevale, CA
(Corner of Main & Madison)


Mary Morgan
Certified Farrier
Correct shoeing for Balance & Performance
(916) 616-9288
Orangevale, CA
Dependable, Ethical, Caring & Professional Service

Proud to Deliver Your Water...

...Since 1896
The Orange Vale Water Company
916.988.1693
9031 Central Avenue
Orange Vale, CA 95662