WHO'S YOUR DADDY BITCH?

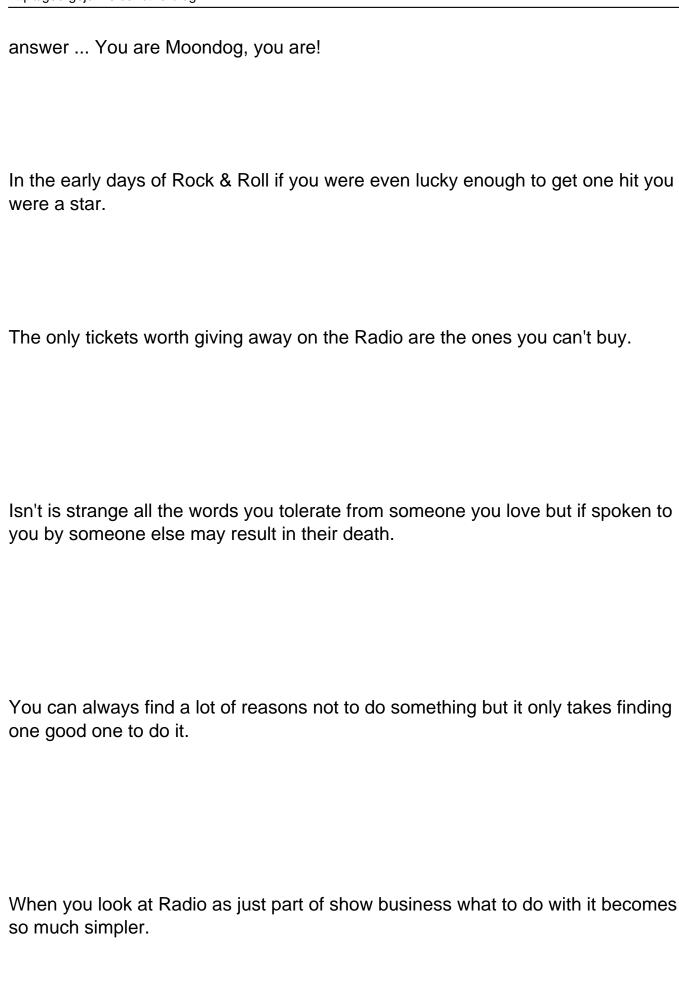
A couple of years ago Reid Reker a very good friend of mine who was working for CBS in Las Vegas, sent me a dimly lit picture of him and some other guy standing in front of the slot machines in a Casino. Reid wanted to know if I had any idea who his new friend was and I told him he looked an awful lot like the guy who used to play catch with Joe Montana while they were winning a few Super Bowls.

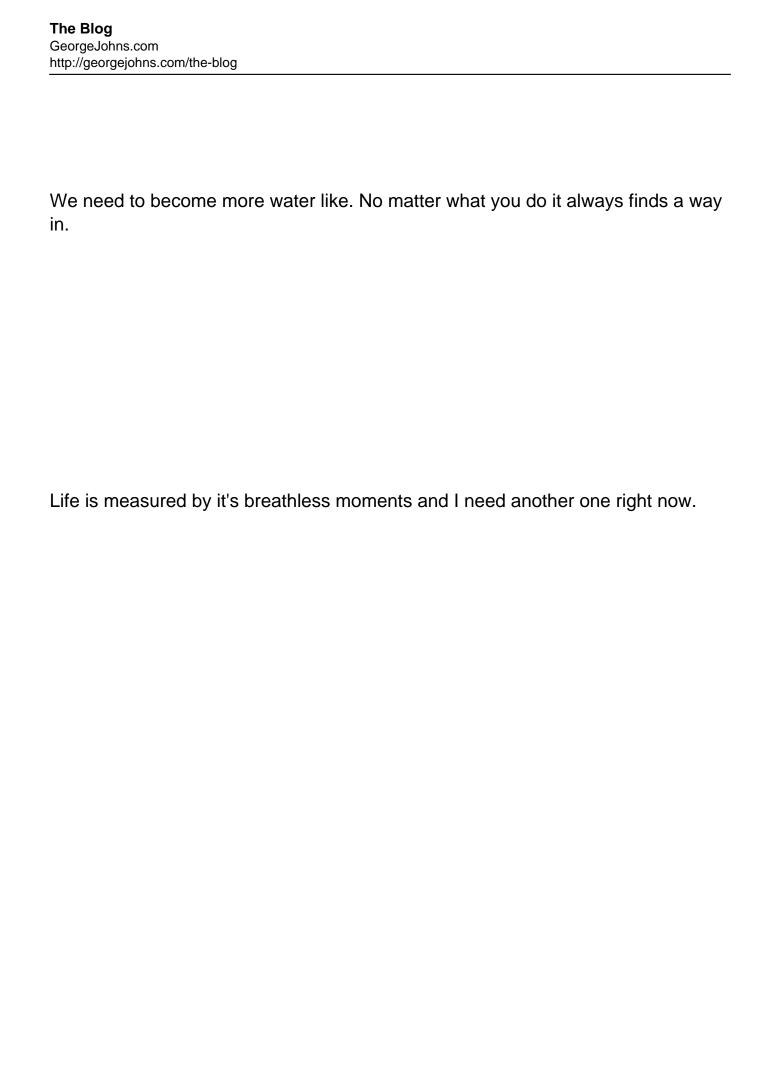
Reid claimed his photo op with Jerry Rice came about while he and his date were strolling through the Wynn Hotel on their way to dinner. Suddenly she says ... Hey Reid look, there's that guy from "Dancing with the stars" then immediately rushes off to say hi to him. Jerry it turned out was more than pleasant to her as he patiently answered all her questions about the very popular TV show he recently appeared on. When asked about what else he did when wasn't dancing, Jerry replied he used to play a little football. She immediately returned the conversation to the important stuff, more questions about "Dancing With The Stars".

It's a hell of a lot easier to piss people off than please them.

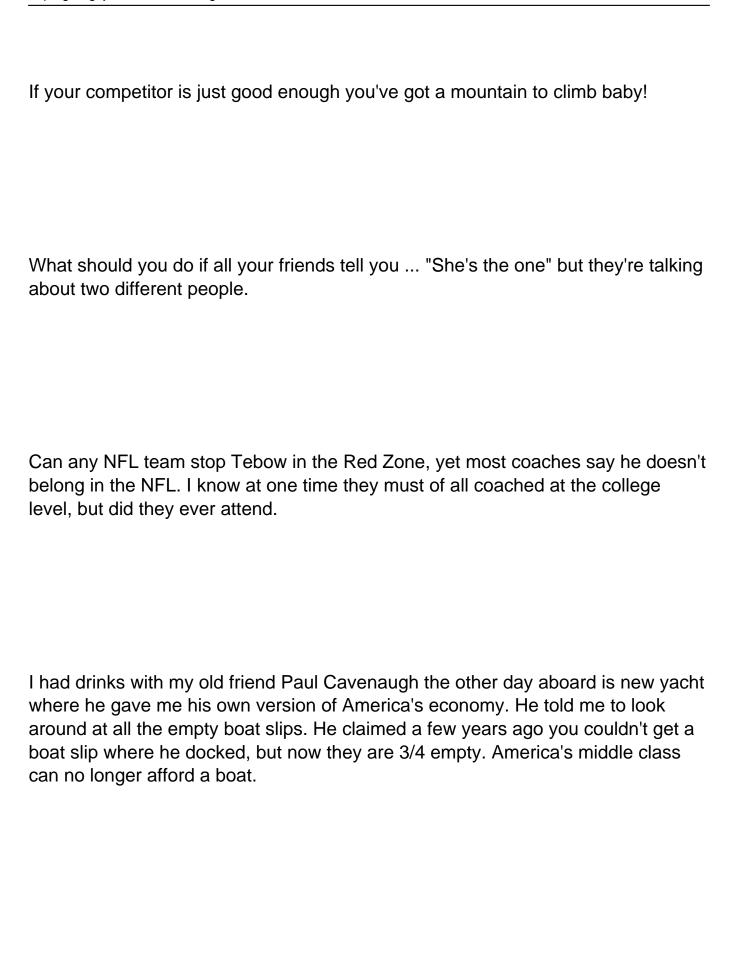
It's never too late to become what you've always wanted to be.

When Alan Freed cries out "Who's Your Daddy Bitch" Rock & Roll will always

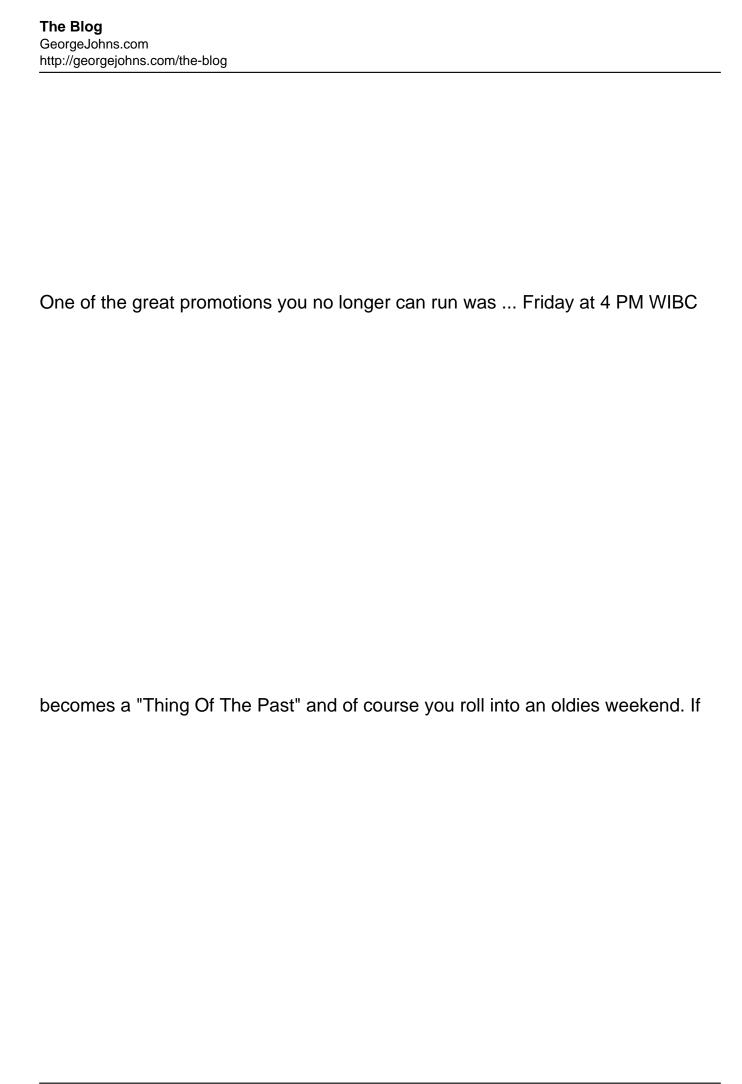














becomes a lot more loving but also a lot less exciting.
The more unique your programming the more people will move or drive closer to your transmitter in order to hear it as they must of done when Top 40 first hit the airways on all those low powered AM's.
Why does the government believe in big business when most of the rest of us don't.
Most people don't recognize opportunity because it just looks like hard work to
them.

