

RAMBLINGS OF TOM TRELOAR



WordPress.com

2009 to 2013

Some may ask, who is Tom T 2.0? I was 2tts and I am sure not very many know the story behind Tom T 2.0. Therefore, I will give you a brief biography.

Born and raised in Denver Colorado, a long time ago. I was in my mother's womb when Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese. I lived in the same home until after high school. Grandma, my mother's mother lived with us and a brother. It was a small house, 864 sq ft. But it was home, and we all loved the home.

After high school I got a job with the company who was building the Titan ICBM missile for the government. There was the military draft during that time and was drafted maybe three or four years later. I then became a Viet Nam era veteran. I don't know how this happened but the seven men I was drafted with went to Viet Nam and I was sent to Germany. I'm still proud that I served the country during that time.

After my military service I started working for a large television and electronics manufacturing company in their distribution of the products arm. I met my future wife, got married and have two sons with this relationship. Life was what every normal healthy male dream of. Unfortunately, this dream only lasts about eleven years. I became divorced and my job disappeared because the company was sold and closed thirteen distributing warehouses across the nation. Here I was mid-life, divorced and out of work.

For about five years I had many jobs, mostly temporary employment mainly because the unemployment rate was around seven percent. My parents also passed away during that time also. First, my mother with cancer and two years later my father from a heart attack. This was a tough period in my life.

Finally, I found permanent work in a high-tech environment where they used lasers to cut micro components used in the electronic industry. This was a very interesting position and I enjoyed working there. During that time, I also met my future wife and have been happily married for over thirty years now. We met after childbearing years, but she blessed me with two stepdaughters and two stepsons. I love them as much as my biological sons.

Around thirteen years later it was time to retire. That was seventeen years ago. Since my parents both passed away in their mid-seventies, I thought I would follow the legacy. I have passed this legacy by over five years, and I predict I will have many more years now since I experienced a near death experience around six months ago and survived. The doctors and lab tests all say there appears to be no long-term damage and the chances look good for many more years.

For many years I have been **2tts**. After my near-death experience I feel that there is a purpose for this opportunity. Now I am **Tom T 2.0**. It has been close to eight months since the near-death experience, and I am still searching for the reason. Maybe this site is the opportunity I am looking for.

In conclusion, life has been good. I do not regret any part of my life, even the tough times. In the good times and the bad times, I always think, what did I learn from this experience and how will it make me be a better person?

Contents

Hello WordPress world!	4
It may be snowing, but	4
It's still a Christmas tree	4
Saturday afternoon movie matinees	5
How did we survive?	6
How far will this go?	9
Martin Luther King's Pledge of Nonviolence	9
How do you want to die?	10
Memories of Italy	11
Hi capacity laptop battery	11
Theme restaurants of the past	12
LITTLE GIRL ON A PLANE	14
Reverse pin numbers at ATM machines	15
Sunset in Denver	15
Lilacs in bloom	16
A Squirrel is just another rodent	16
First Rose of the season	17
Remembering	17
Foxes in our neighborhood of Denver	18
It's cold out there	18
I'm tired of cold weather	19
A spooky scenerio	19
Denver blizzard	23
Memory of the past	23

Hello WordPress world!



November 13,2009

This is my first post. Hopefully, it won't take long to figure this out.

It may be snowing, but.....

November 15,2009

Even if it is snowing, your faithful dogs need their walk.



It's still a Christmas tree

December 24,2009

It was a Christmas tree when I was five years old, and it is still a Christmas tree now that I am over 65. It will always be a Christmas tree. I will never call it a holiday tree. I will never be politically correct. I will never give into the trend that this country should be careful not to offend anybody at the expense of our own beliefs and traditions.

I was born and raised a Christian and I am still a Christian. Some may say that I am not a very good Christian but that is for another time. When I was young there were Jewish people, Hindus and Buddhist. Maybe there were even a few Muslims, I don't remember because it was not that important to me. I did not become offended when I am exposed to Hanukkah, Ramadan or any other symbol of some other denomination.

When I greet people I say Merry Christmas, not happy holidays. That is my tradition, and I am not giving it up. They can respond with Happy Hanukkah or holy Ramadan or happy holiday, whatever fits their tradition. I won't be offended, and I don't understand why a simple merry Christmas may offend them. A simple greeting is not an attempt to convert them to my tradition. It is just a greeting of my tradition.

Therefore, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! May we all enjoy peace and prosperity in the years to come.

Saturday afternoon movie matinees

January 12, 2010

Not too long ago I happened to drive through the intersection of West 1st Ave. and Knox Court. After driving through the intersection, I pulled over to the curb and reminisced for a while. I was remembering how this intersection looked like in the late forties and early fifties. On the southwest corner was a small drug store and a few small shops. Today the buildings are still there but the drug store and original shops are long gone. On the northwest corner a filling station and a Piggly Wiggly grocery store filled that corner. I think there was a small hardware store on the northeast corner. I do remember the Saturday auctions held by a Japanese auctioneer dressed in a pair of coveralls. The building that had the most memories for me was on the southeast corner and that was the Comet Theatre.

The Saturday afternoon matinees were the big event throughout the summer months. The entire neighborhood kids would go to this weekly big event. We would try to get there an hour before the movie opened. The line became quite long before the theatre finally opened. Finally, the movie opened, and it was mass chaos rushing in and getting our favorite seats. Yes, the theatre would be jammed packed.

The concession room was jammed and full of all these kids trying to get their treats before the movie started. Screaming, yelling and waving hands to get the attention of the concession attendant was the norm. No lines here, you just got up to the counter and hoped you could be served quickly.

It was finally movie time. There was always a cartoon and a serial before the movie. Oh, those serials were the greatest. You had to be sure and come back the next Saturday and find out how the dramatic highlight ended. This was our first exposure to science fiction with Buster Crabb and his space adventures. The graphics in those times were bad. You could see the string holding the spaceship in front of the painted wall of outer space. The serials were the best attraction of these matinees. If the movie was bad, we would leave early. We could not miss the serial though.

This brought memories of another theatre in our younger years. This was the Webber Theatre on Broadway just north of Alameda Ave a couple of blocks. Their attraction was a birthday club and a drawing every Saturday for a prize. When you had a birthday in the week the Webber Theatre would give you a cake from Volmer's Bakery. They would call out your name, you would go up on the stage, receive your cake and the audience would sing happy birthday.

One time my brother won the Saturday drawing. It was a single shot BB gun. You would cock the gun and then drop a single BB down the barrel. If you happen to lower the barrel, the BB will roll out. Oh well, it was free, and it was won. My parents were not too happy when this BB gun came home. They did not take it away from my brother though.

I don't have any pictures of these enjoyable days. All I have are the memories stored in the back of my brain.

As time went by, we grew up and our interests changed. The Comet Theatre closed and after a period of being empty and unused the building blew up one night. The report was about a natural gas leak. Today The Webber Theatre is now a porn theatre. I don't know what happened to Vollmer's Bakery.

Now it is so much different than then. I am different now than I was then. Memories of then continue to crop up now. However, memories bring back good and enjoyable times of the past.

How did we survive?

January 24,2010

This was received in an e-mail, and I am passing it on.

To Those of Us Born between 1930 - 1965

At the end of this blog is a quote of the month by Jay Leno. If you don't read anything else, please

read what he said. Very well stated, Mr. Leno.

TO ALL THE KIDS WHO SURVIVED THE

1930's, 40's, 50's, 60's and 70's!!

First, we survived being born to mothers who smoked and/or drank while they were pregnant.

They took aspirin, ate blue cheese dressing, tuna from a can and didn't get tested for diabetes.

Then after that trauma, we were put to sleep on our tummies in baby cribs covered with bright colored lead-based paints.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, locks on doors or cabinets and when we rode our bikes, we had baseball caps no helmets on our heads...

As infants & children, we would ride in cars with no car seats, no booster seats, no seat belts, no air bags, bald tires and sometimes no brakes.

Riding in the back of a pick-up truck on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle and no one actually died from this.

We ate cupcakes, white bread, real butter and bacon. We drank Kool-Aid made with real white sugar. And we weren't overweight. WHY?

Because we were always outside playing.... That's why!

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the streetlights came on...

No one was able to reach us all day. And we were OKAY.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then ride them down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem

We did not have Play stations, Nintendo's and X-boxes. There were no video games, no 150 channels on cable, no video movies or DVD's, no surround-sound or CD's, no cell phones, no personal computers, no Internet and no chat rooms.

WE HAD FRIENDS and we went outside and found them! We fell out of trees, got cut, broke bones and teeth and there were no lawsuits from these accidents.

We would get spankings with wooden spoons, switches, ping pong paddles, or just a bare hand and no one would call child services to report abuse.

We ate worms and mud pies made from dirt, and the worms did not live in us forever.

We were given BB guns for our 10th birthdays, made up games with sticks and tennis balls and, although we were told it would happen, we did not poke out very many eyes.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's house and knocked on the door or rang the bell, or just walked in and talked to them.

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment. Imagine that!!

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law!

These generations have produced some of the best risk-takers, problem solvers and inventors ever.

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas.

We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all.

If YOU are one of them, CONGRATULATIONS!

You might want to share this with others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before the lawyers and the government regulated so much of our lives for our own good.

While you are at it, forward it to your kids so they will know how brave and lucky their parents were.

It kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors, doesn't it? I just did and Look...I'm still here....

The quote of the month is by

Jay Leno:

'With hurricanes, tornados, fires out of control, mud slides, flooding, severe thunderstorms tearing up the country from one end to another, and with the threat of bird flu, swine flu and terrorist attacks, are we sure this is a good time to take God out of the Pledge of Allegiance?'

For those that prefer to think that God is not watching over us... Go ahead and ignore this.

For the rest of us.... pass this on.

How far will this go?

February 27, 2010

In June 2008 I wrote and published a book at blurb.com about a sixteen-day trip to Italy. The book turned out very well and I received many compliments on the book. I didn't think much about it at the time. At a later date I made another book named "Flowers, the beauty of Nature". The quality blurb.com does impressed me again.

In January 2010 it was suggested by a group I belong to that I should order some additional books and have a book signing at a future benefit the club was going to have. I thought, "why not". The function had approximately 150 guests and I sold ten of my books at the function.

This gave me the bug. I noticed a TV ad by Intuit.com about websites for only \$4.99 a month. Now I have a domain name and a website, tomtbooks.com. Listed on the website are all the books I have published on Blurb.com. How far will this go?

Martin Luther King's Pledge of Nonviolence

January 17, 2011

Martin Luther King's Pledge of Nonviolence

1. As you prepare to march meditate on the life and teachings of Jesus
2. Remember the nonviolent movement seeks justice and reconciliation – not victory.
3. Walk and talk in the manner of love; for God is love.
4. Pray daily to be used by God that all men and women might be free.
5. Sacrifice personal wishes that all might be free.
6. Observe with friends and foes the ordinary rules of courtesy.
6. Observe with friends and foes the ordinary rules of courtesy.
7. Perform regular service for others and the world.
8. Refrain from violence of fist, tongue and heart.
9. Strive to be in good spiritual and bodily health.
10. Follow the directions of the movement leaders and of the captains on demonstrations.

How do you want to die?

January 11, 2011

When you are young you don't think much of dying. You tend to think you are immortal and death as a faraway fact. as you become older you start to think more about dying and death.

I am close to sixty-nine and I am thinking more about death than when I was younger. My parents passed away when they were seventy-five and their health problems started to appear in their late sixties. The same age I am right now. Is the family legacy going to follow me or will I not follow in the paths of my parents. My mother was afflicted with bone cancer and battled this disease for more than five years. After removal of the cancer and many treatments of chemo and radiation the demon went into remission. After four or five years the demon came back very aggressively. It migrated to other parts of her body and finally took her. Her death was slow and very painful.

My father was visiting California, and he was scheduled to start driving home in the morning. He called me the next morning and said he had an upset stomach and was going to wait another day before he started to drive home. That evening his niece called and said she went to get some takeout for dinner and when she returned my father was found on the floor dead. He was having a heart attack and didn't even know it. That major mistake cost him his life.

Recently my true friend had multiple heart bypass surgery. He is in his mid-seventies. How long will this surgery extend his life? Only time will tell. Will this life saving surgery expose him to a more painful and slow death? This surgery may save him from heart failure to just have to experience the pain and suffering of Cancer. Cancer and heart disease is the biggest killer in the US.

A couple of years ago another friend of mine was running his snow-blower and fell over dead from an Aortic aneurism. he died before his wife found him lying on the ground in the snow.

My wife's mother is in her nineties and in the last year she has deteriorated to the point that she cannot walk and has lost all control of her bodily functions. Medical authorities say her heart and lungs sound good. How long will she have to endure in a sorry state? The quality of life has taken a bad turn for her.

These are just a few examples of death and suffering that I have experienced in my life. Death is a part of life. All of us must someday experience the event. Even now that I am closer to the event, I still can't answer the question, how do I want to die?

Memories of Italy

January 31, 2011

It's cold in Denver, five degrees and I am stuck inside. I was thinking of more enjoyable times, and I was viewing my photos from Italy trip taken in 2007. I thought I would share a few and since it is simple to add pictures when using Windows Live Writer. I really enjoyed Pisa and these photos are of Pisa. That leaning tower is really a site to see.



I am enjoying working with this Window Live Writer. I am having a little difficulty placing the photos though. Have a nice evening and stay out of the cold and snow.

Hi capacity laptop battery

February 11, 2011

I have had this Dell B130 laptop since 2007. It was the cheapest laptop I could find at the time. I was planning on taking a trip to Italy and I wanted a laptop to download the photos I was planning to take on the trip. The main reason was just a source for backup of all the photos I planned to take. It worked well for that purpose. However, with the original battery

I was lucky to get over an hour and half of battery time. This was ok because I was always near a power source.

Now I have a reason to use the laptop that may require more time on the battery than available with the original battery. I went to the Dell website to see what was available from Dell since it was a Dell product. The battery they offered had a price of \$137.00. This shocked me. I paid less than \$500.00 for the complete laptop. It was obvious to me that Dell was not really interested in supplying replacement batteries.

I then went to my second choice of Amazon.com. I found a super-capacity Lithium-Ion battery for only \$40.81. I decided to try it because that is what I was expecting for just a standard replacement battery. This battery has 8800 Mah or twice the capacity of the standard battery. This was ordered Feb. 6th, and it was at my doorstep yesterday Feb. 10th. Only four days delivery with free freight and no sales tax. This kind of service and pricing sure makes it difficult for a local retailer to compete with.

I installed the battery, and I am very pleased with the performance and life of the battery. Fully charged the battery indicator shows around six hours of working time before a recharge is needed. This is more than I need, and this additional battery life has re-ignited my interest in this four-year-old laptop. Sure, it weighs a little more and the height of the battery sets the back of the laptop maybe one half or three quarters of an inch higher. These minor problems are easy to accept because the advantages more than outweigh these minor changes.

For example, this morning I started the laptop on battery around 7:30 this morning. I periodically used it throughout the morning, and it is now 11:30. Checking the battery life indicator and it still shows a remaining charge of over 5 hours. If this true I am more than satisfied with this high-capacity battery and now wish I would have considered one long before now.

Theme restaurants of the past

February 23, 2011

Last Sunday my wife (Dee) and I attended "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" play at Littleton Town Hall Arts Center. It was a good play and I recommend it to anyone. It is strange how one event spurs your thoughts to some other subject. I was thinking of the play and for some reason I started to think about theme restaurants that have been in Denver in past years. They are gone now but I have memories to share.

The first one I remember is "94th Aero Squadron" This was located just south of the east, west runway of Stapleton International Airport. The building was built to look like a farm

building of World War I vintage. It had sandbags around the building and replicas of machine guns near the entrance. The thing that I remember the most was the “ready room” this was a room located in the basement and it was decorated like a room where World War I pilots prepared for their next combat mission. They showed black & white movies that sometimes could be quite graphic. I remember one about a bull fight and the bull gored one of the horses. Need I say More? The restaurant was situated so that you could view the planes take off and land. It was an enjoyable experience. However, I don’t remember how good the food was.

I don’t remember the timeline, but I think the business closed expectantly. After a period, the building conveniently burned down, how strange.

Another memory was the “Trail Dust Steak House” located near I25 and Arapahoe road. Their gimmick was to display ties that they supposedly cut off from customers if they walked in with a tie. The walls were covered with the bottom portions of ties. Apparently, they were doing well and opened up at another location in Westminster. Again, I don’t remember the timeline the Westminster location closed and later the Arapahoe location was closed.

Brittany On the Hill is the next restaurant on my list. This was located east of I25 maybe 92nd & Grant. It was high on a hill and had a nice view of northern parts of Denver. We are not much for reservations, and we just take our chances to get in. One Saturday we decided to go there and when we got there, they informed us that the entire restaurant was closed for a wedding reception. I don’t know how much that cost, but I know I could never afford to pay for a trick like that.

Baby Doe Matchless Mine took the same steps as the previous examples. Located west of I25 near 26th Avenue. The theme they displayed was an old Colorado gold mine. The view of downtown Denver was very enjoyable. Again, I don’t remember how the food tasted.

I also remember another restaurant near I25 just east of the freeway. You could see the building from the freeway. The building looked like an old Dutch windmill. I don’t remember the name. I think it was something like “Old Dutch Mill”. One of their gimmicks was to place an empty coffee cup on the foot of the waiter and pour the coffee from the pot into the coffee cup resting on the waiter’s foot. Apparently, the coffee pouring through the air was supposed to enhance the flavor of the coffee.

They are all gone now. All I have are memories of these food establishments. They all seemed to be busy when we went there. One will never know why they disappeared, but I would speculate that tons of money was lost. I am sure there are theme restaurants taking their place. We just have not had the interest to find them. At our age we must watch our diet and be more careful about what we eat and how much. Today we look for coupons in the paper and senior discounts at the restaurants we go to.

One wonders how Casa Bonita and Simms Landing have survived the test of time. What is their secret?

LITTLE GIRL ON A PLANE

May 16,2011

A politician was seated next to a little girl on an airplane so he turned to her and said, "Do you want to talk? Flights go quicker if you strike up a conversation with your fellow passenger."

The little girl, who had just started to read her book, replied to the total stranger, "What would you want to talk about?"

" Oh, I don't know," said the politician. "How about global warming, universal health care, or stimulus packages?" as he smiled smugly.

"OK," she said. "Those could be interesting topics, but let me ask you a question first. A horse, a cow, and a deer all eat the same stuff - grass. Yet a deer excretes little pellets, while a cow turns out a flat patty, but a horse produces clumps. Why do you suppose that is?"

The legislator, visibly surprised by the little girl's intelligence, thinks about it and says, "Hmmm, I have no idea."

To which the little girl replies, "Do you really feel qualified to discuss global warming, universal health care, or the economy, when you don't know shit?"

And then she went back to reading her book

Reverse pin numbers at ATM machines

May 18, 2011

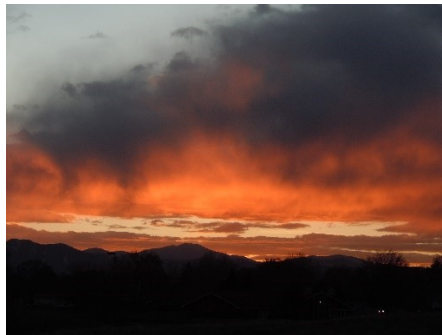
PLEASE PASS THIS INFORMATION ON

THE RECENT TRAGEDY OF A YOUNG WOMAN BEING KIDNAPPED AND EVENTUALLY KILLED; AFTER SHE HAD REPEATEDLY GIVEN THE KIDNAPPER A WRONG PIN TO HER ATM CARD. IF SHE KNEW THE METHOD BELOW, SHE COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED. SO, I THINK IT IS IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO LET YOU KNOW. IF YOU SHOULD EVER BE FORCED BY A ROBBER TO WITHDRAW MONEY FROM AN ATM MACHINE, YOU CAN NOTIFY THE POLICE BY ENTERING YOUR PIN # IN REVERSE. FOR EXAMPLE, IF YOUR PIN NUMBER IS 1234 THEN YOU WOULD PUT IN 4321. THE ATM RECOGNIZES THAT YOUR PIN NUMBER IS BACKWARDS FROM THE ATM CARD YOU PLACED IN THE MACHINE. THE MACHINE WILL STILL GIVEYOU THE MONEY YOU REQUESTED, BUT UNKNOWN TO THE ROBBER, THE POLICE WILL BE IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED TO HELP YOU. THIS INFORMATION WAS RECENTLY BROADCAST ON FOX TV AND IT STATES THAT IT IS SELDOM USED BECAUSE PEOPLE DON'T KNOW IT EXISTS.

PLEASE PASS THIS ALONG.

Sunset in Denver

April 18, 2012



Lilacs in bloom

April 20,2012



A Squirrel is just another rodent

May 8,2012



First Rose of the season

May9,2012



Remembering

May 28, 2012



Foxes in our neighborhood of Denver

December 27, 2012



It's cold out there

December 28, 2012



I'm tired of cold weather

January 5, 2013



A spooky scenerio

January 27, 2013

I don't know if this is true, but it is spooky.

You're sound asleep when you hear a thump outside your bedroom door.
Half-awake, and nearly paralyzed with fear, you hear muffled whispers.
At least two people have broken into your house and are moving your way.
With your heart pumping, you reach down beside your bed and pick up your shotgun.
You rack a shell into the chamber, then inch toward the door and open it.
In the darkness, you make out two shadows.
One holds something that looks like a crowbar.
When the intruder brandishes it as if to strike, you raise the shotgun and fire.

The blast knocks both thugs to the floor.

One writhes and screams while the second man crawls to the front door and lurches outside.

As you pick up the telephone to call the police, you know you're in trouble.

In your country, most guns were outlawed years before, and the few that are privately owned are so stringently regulated as to make them useless.

Yours was never registered.

Police arrive and inform you that the second burglar has died.

They arrest you for First Degree Murder and Illegal Possession of a Firearm.

When you talk to your attorney, he tells you not to worry authorities will probably plea the case down to manslaughter.

"What kind of sentence will I get?" you ask.

"Only ten-to-twelve years," he replies, as if that's nothing.

"Behave yourself, and you'll be out in seven."

The next day, the shooting is the lead story in the local newspaper.

Somehow, you're portrayed as an eccentric vigilante while the two men you shot are represented as choirboys.

Their friends and relatives can't find an unkind word to say about them.

Buried deep down in the article, authorities acknowledge that both "victims" have been arrested numerous times.

But the next day's headline says it all: "Lovable Rogue Son Didn't Deserve to Die."

The thieves have been transformed from career criminals into Robin Hood-type pranksters.

As the days wear on, the story takes wings.

The national media picks it up, then the international media.

The surviving burglar has become a folk hero.

Your attorney says the thief is preparing to sue you, and he'll probably win.

The media publishes reports that your home has been burglarized several times in the past and that you've been critical of local police for their lack of effort in apprehending the suspects.

After the last break-in, you told your neighbor that you would be prepared next time.

The District Attorney uses this to allege that you were lying in wait for the burglars.

A few months later, you go to trial.

The charges haven't been reduced, as your lawyer had so confidently predicted.

When you take the stand, your anger at the injustice of it all works against you.

Prosecutors paint a picture of you as a mean, vengeful man.

It doesn't take long for the jury to convict you of all charges.

The judge sentences you to life in prison.

This case really happened.

On August 22, 1999, Tony Martin of Emineth, Norfolk, England, killed one burglar and wounded a second.

In April 2000, he was convicted and is now serving a life term...

How did it become a crime to defend one's own life in the once great British Empire?

It started with the Pistols Act of 1903.

This seemingly reasonable law forbade selling pistols to minors or felons and established that handgun sales were to be made only to those who had a license.

The Firearms Act of 1920 expanded licensing to include not only handguns but all firearms except shotguns.

Later laws passed in 1953 and 1967 outlawed the carrying of any weapon by private citizens and mandated the registration of all shotguns.

Momentum for total handgun confiscation began in earnest after the Hungerford mass shooting in 1987.

Michael Ryan, a mentally disturbed man with a Kalashnikov rifle, walked down the streets shooting everyone he saw.

When the smoke cleared, 17 people were dead.

The British public, already de-sensitized by eighty years of "gun control", demanded even tougher restrictions. (The seizure of all privately owned handguns was the objective even though Ryan used a rifle.)

Nine years later, at Dunblane, Scotland, Thomas Hamilton used a semi-automatic weapon to murder 16 children and a teacher at a public school.

For many years, the media had portrayed all gun owners as mentally unstable, or worse, criminals.

Now the press had a real kook with which to beat up law-abiding gun owners.

Day after day, week after week, the media gave up all pretense of objectivity and demanded a total ban on all handguns.

The Dunblane Inquiry, a few months later, sealed the fate of the few side arms still owned by private citizens.

During the years in which the British government incrementally took away most gun rights, the notion that a citizen had the right to armed self-defense came to be seen as vigilantism.

Authorities refused to grant gun licenses to people who were threatened, claiming that self-defense was no longer considered a reason to own a gun.

Citizens who shot burglars or robbers or rapists were charged while the real criminals were released.

Indeed, after the Martin shooting, a police spokesman was quoted as saying, "We cannot have people take the law into their own hands."

All of Martin's neighbors had been robbed numerous times, and several elderly people were severely injured in beatings by young thugs who had no fear of the consequences.

Martin himself, a collector of antiques, had seen most of his collection trashed or stolen by burglars.

When the Dunblane Inquiry ended, citizens who owned handguns were given three months to turn them over to local authorities.

Being good British subjects, most people obeyed the law.

The few who didn't were visited by police and threatened with ten-year prison sentences if they didn't comply.

Police later bragged that they'd taken nearly 200,000 handguns from private citizens.

How did the authorities know who had handguns?

The guns had been registered and licensed.

Kind of like cars. Sound familiar?

WAKE UP AMERICA; THIS IS WHY OUR FOUNDING FATHERS PUT THE SECOND AMENDMENT IN OUR CONSTITUTION.

"...It does not require a majority to prevail, but rather an irate, tireless minority keen to set brush fires in people's minds." --Samuel Adams

If you think this is important, please forward it to everyone you know.

Denver blizzard

March 23, 2013



Memory of the past

December 31, 2013

1955 steam engine



