

I strongly object to the merger of NBC/Universal into Comcast.

NBC is a broadcast network delivered on a free basis to the public through owned stations as well as a network of affiliate television stations who deliver the programming to their respective communities on a free basis.

The licenses for the stations is tied to a promise by their owners, including NBC, to operate as a public trust and in the public interest for the communities where they are licensed to broadcast. Local news, public service programming and public service announcements are all part of the responsibility to protect the public trust in exchange for the commercial rewards of station operations.

There are also strong traditions of government encouragement in hiring individuals from women, minority and other underserved communities. Both television networks and individual broadcast stations were pioneers in real, meaningful, measured and quantified affirmative action programs.

NBC Universal also owns theme parks with rides, that if not maintained properly, could prove dangerous to patrons. More on this later.

Other properties include cable content networks and digital properties.

General Electric, the owner of NBC, believes that, from a business standpoint, they are better off owning 49% of a Comcast run NBC than trying to fix the business themselves. That is why they want to sell a controlling 51% to Comcast.

Let's take a look at the lowest common denominator by which I, both a customer and shareholder of Comcast and General Electric, would judge such a transaction.

On Saturday I moved from San Jose to Mountain View, both communities in the Silicon Valley, Tech Mecca of the World. We initially subscribed to Comcast in San Jose in 2001. We had cable and internet. They never once upgraded our cable modem or out set top box. Our cable system was starting to freeze up and pop video. The cable modem service was slow like molasses. We moved to a 6 year old town home in a neighborhood called Whisman Station. I checked to see if AT&T had their Uverse service in Mountain View, which they did not. So I transferred our Comcast service, adding single line phone for a fat flat rate.

There was a cable jack in our bedroom so we went to Walmart and bought a 42" HD set. That way we could get the moving people to carry it upstairs to our room on the move in.

We were moving on Saturday, so I asked for a Monday appointment to install our boxes and phone service at the new address. The phone rep told me that there weren't any Monday appointments available, but they could come out on Sunday, a day earlier, if I wanted. I agreed and the appointment was set for between 1 and 3 pm on Sunday.

At 11:45 on Sunday, while my wife and I were driving in San Jose, we got a call from the service technician wondering if we could move our appointment earlier to noon. We agreed and drove home immediately to meet the rep and get our house set up.

It was raining. The tech, #8499 with "Nth connect", a Comcast contractor, was standing on the corner looking into a hole in the ground. He came into the house and I showed him the two locations where we wanted cable. Both had jacks in the wall and cable visible. He connected his tester and determined that the jack in our room was dead. He did find signal in the living room. He said he needed to find the "smart panel in our town home and proceeded to look through every closet in the house, the garage and the crawlspace below our living room. He expressed his belief that the panel may be in the attic because the cable feeds to the living room and our room both came from above.

I showed him where the attic was and told him the furnace and air conditioner were both up there also.

At first, he said he was hesitant to bring his ladder in because it was raining and he didn't want to get our place dirty. He was also getting calls on his walkie talkie phone all of the time to see how the job was going and when would he get to the next job.

Then he said he could install everything in the living room, but that the other room would require another appointment and that they may charge for that.

I told him to find out, which he did and his dispatcher agreed to split the order negating another charge.

This was 2 hours into the appointment.

He set up the new cable modem in the living room and asked how we wanted to do the phones. I told him we had a jack in the kitchen and in our room we wanted active for the phone.

He then explained that the phone service was dependent on the location of the cable modem, which at this point was in the living room. He said he could run a phone chord from the cable modem to any phone jack in the house and then all of the phone jacks in the house would work.

The problem then became that to use the wall jacks for phone, he would have to string a phone line across the floor to the kitchen, but then the kitchen jack couldn't be used for a phone jack.

Our simple plug-in phone handsets would not work at that point, except at the cable modem.

The solution, a wireless set of phones, with the line plugged into the cable modem. OK, more money.

So we set about hooking up the cable modem with one of our phones plugged into it so we could be sure the phone worked.

It worked.

Then we plugged my laptop into the new router I bought and we plugged that into the cable modem and got internet service rigged. That worked, too.

The rain had stopped and the sun had come out.

Finally, he went to hook up a set top box for our old standard definition tv for the living room.

Problem.

While we could see and hear some channels on our set, some only had audio and none of the channel numbers related to the numbers in the channel guide.

Again, he determined that the problem must be at the panel, which, by now, he had determined must be in the attic.

The sun, having come out a while ago, had dried his ladder laying on the ground in back of our place by the garage door.

I suggested that, since the ladder was now dry, that he might now go up into the attic and figure out what he needed to do to finish the job.

In the meantime, while trying two different cable boxes and failing with both, the tech had continued to get walkie talkie phone calls asking when he would be done, when he would arrive at the next job and whether he would get to a couple of jobs after ours.

He then complained that he was losing a lot of money with all of the time he was spending on our installation and that he had a lot more to do, because Comcast required that they (their contractor) close out all open tickets by the end of the day on February 21<sup>st</sup>.

I asked how that was our problem or fault and asked if he was paid hourly or per job? He agreed that it wasn't our problem, but then he said something that is a little telling about Comcast's business practices.

He said, "technicallllllly, I'm paid by the hour, buuuut, reallllly, I'm paid per job. Could it be that Comcast is protecting itself from slimy skirting of California wage/hour laws by hiring contractors who will?"

I told him we really wanted him to finish our job and since his ladder was dry and he said the problem must be in the attic, he should go up there and figure it out.

I explained that our neighborhood was new 6 years ago and engineered for modern times, so if the panel was up there, it would probably be a simple fix.

He asked if we had a step stool so he could look up there (in the attic). I gave him one and he climbed up, opened the door and looked around.

He then came downstairs and said that he reallllly didn't want to go up there. He said that, technically, he wasn't allowed to go into attics and that he didn't want to risk losing his job.

He said he didn't want to risk falling through the ceiling and injuring himself and ruining our ceiling.

At this point I challenged his earlier concern about getting our house dirty with his wet ladder. He said, "Well, it was wet..."

I told him to never hose a hoser. I suggested he find someone who knows about Whisman Station or who was authorized to go into an attic. He called around on his talkie and nobody had a clue. He did say that supervisors are allowed to go into attics. I asked if supervisors are the only people who install at Whisman Station. He shrugged.

He suggested that he could do another appointment to finish the job, but that he really needed to go do his other jobs.

I asked when I could get another appointment and he checked with the dispatcher who said anytime Monday, a day that Comcast told me wasn't available. I surmised that, while Monday was available, Comcast wasn't booking it because they wanted to close out all the tickets on February 21<sup>st</sup> for the cash flow.

At this point, he really wanted to just get out of our house. I suggested he give it one more try to see if anyone knew anything about Whisman Station. He did and nobody knew anything. The dispatcher, however, was most anxious that he move on to the next job.

He said he would get us a new appointment for Monday. I expressed my disappointment and concern that if the problem is in the attic and technicians are prohibited from going in to an attic, how can anyone finish the job? He said, that some techs will do it, but he wouldn't. I also expressed my astonishment that a place this modern, this well planned and engineered would present such a difficult problem. He just shook his head.

Then he left, forgetting his yellow rain slicker on our floor.

My wife called Comcast and told them what we had just been through. She gave me the phone and, speaking with a representative from Comcast, I told him that the tech had determined that the problem was

likely in our attic but that first; his ladder was wet and he didn't want to get our house dirty, and second; he wasn't allowed to go into attics and refused to go into ours. The phone rep, Angelo, said, "then why does he have a damn ladder?" I said that the tech lied when he said he didn't want to get our house dirty and the proceeded to him and haw for another two hours before admitting that he wouldn't go into the attic and couldn't do our installation.

I expressed my concern that the tech was clueless, stupid, lazy and a liar and that I took exception to the tech's whining about how much money he is losing while working at our house.

I also said that it all reflects on the integrity of Comcast and that, as a shareholder in both GE and Comcast, it caused me concern.

The phone rep agreed and went into a tear about how he had ordered a pizza with soda to be delivered and how, when the delivery person forgot to bring the soda, he made them do an additional delivery of the soda.

He told me that service companies live and die by the quality of service they provide their customers.

He claimed that he was filling out a report that will raise hell. He said that anyone who looks up our account will see it.

He said we would hear from somebody soon to get the problem resolved.

Ten minutes later, we had a call from the first tech's supervisor, a guy named Carl, who wanted to come out right away and see if he could figure out the problem. Within 30 minutes, Carl arrived. I told him that the tech had determined that all the lines went up and the "panel" must be in the attic. I told him the above tale as well.

Then Carl inspected every closet in the house again. He inspected the garage again. He inspected the crawlspace and walked around the entire property to see if the panel was somewhere else.

Finally, he went up into the attic. He was up there for some time. When he came out he said he didn't find anything. Again, he began searching for a panel. I asked him to check and see if anybody else had any experience with the neighborhood. I could not believe that this could be this difficult.

Carl finally, after several calls and a couple of hours at our house, thought he had identified another "supervisor" who had experience in the neighborhood and asked if he could bring that person over first thing Monday morning. He said the get to the shop at 8am and would be here by 8:20am. I explained that I could, but that I had to leave by 10:30 to meet the carpet cleaners at our old place in San Jose. We agreed and Carl left for his help. He also forgot his jacket on our floor next to the first guy's rain slicker.

Monday morning at 8:20, nobody showed up.

At 9:10am Carl showed up, alone, blaming traffic on 101 (possible) and that the other supervisor must be caught up in the same traffic. I showed him the jackets and he took them.

It became almost immediately clear that Carl had no additional information than the night before. He went back into the crawlspace and back into the attic where I heard him, first, talking to himself, and then to someone whom I surmised was the other supervisor, who also had no idea he was supposed to be at our house. It was now 9:45 and the other supervisor told Carl he would be over as soon as he finished the job he was on.

My wife called to see how things were going and I told her I didn't think it would get done.

Carl came down from the attic and proceeded to check the connection in our room, putting a new connector on the cable end, only to discover that one of his test boxes had a dead battery. So he went downstairs and

put a new connector on the cable in the living room.

At 10:15 the other supervisor called Carl from outside our garage. We went out and he handed Carl a thing to screw onto our cable in our room.

He said, "You know what this is, right?" Carl, puzzled went back into our house and I followed the new guy to the side covered porch on the end of our building where he had opened a double door closet showing every cable to every jack in the entire 5 unit building. It also had phone and other infrastructure access for meters, etc.

This was the "closet" with the panel inside that both Carl and the first moron had been searching for inside our town home.

In 5 minutes, the "dead" cable in our room had signal. Then they started the search for the other cable in our living room.

Time had run out and I had to leave to meet Stanley Steemer at our old house.

Carl told me to call him the second I was back and he would come over right away to finally finish the job. He didn't just tell me his number, he called my cell so I would have the number in my "calls" menu.

I called the number a 2:18 PM to let Carl know I would be back at 3:00. I got a numbered voice mail box and left the message.

I arrived home and after a while I called Carl's number again at 3:10. I got voice mail again and hung up, knowing it would be a missed call on his phone.

I called again at 4:00 and left a message that it didn't make much sense to give someone a number to call if you don't 1) answer or 2) return the call.

At 5:20, I called again and left a message that now, in addition to the 7 hours on Sunday, 2 hours in the morning on Monday, I'd pissed off 3 hours waiting for him to call or show up to finish the job.

I called 1-800-Comcast to find out what they could do about getting this job done.

The rep said he could schedule a service call for Tuesday. I tried to tell him what I'd been through, and could he reach the contractor supervisor named Carl. He told me he had no idea who Carl might be or where to reach him.

I asked if our account had a big note on it from the report Angelo said he had written.

Nope. No notations.

The only notation was that installation had been scheduled for the Sunday prior. No mention of Sunday evening or Monday at all.

I scheduled the call for Tuesday between 10 and noon.

On Tuesday, at about 11:30, a Comcast truck pulled up outside and the tech came to the door. His name was Adam and he asked what we needed.

I told him what we had been through. He confirmed that he was an "actual" Comcast employee. He said the only information he had was that he needed to complete a contractor's installation. I suggested he start one.

Then he asked me if we had a panel in an upstairs closet or the garage?

I just about lost it but kept cool and explained that 3 guys had been here already and searched every closet, the garage, the attic and the crawlspace for such a panel and assured him that there was no panel inside, but that there was a closet on the end of the building.

“Why would they go in the attic?”, he asked. “They said all the cable lines went up,” I told him.

He shook his head and said there wasn’t anything in the attic of any of these units.

He asked if he could look in our garage. I took him to the garage and he went to a wall near the garage door and said that if there was a panel, it would be there, which, of course, it was not.

He checked the signal in the living room and said we had signal, but it was low. Same in our room. He went to the panel in the closet at the end of our building and then to the post in the parking (where we first saw the first moron on Sunday in his yellow slicker, bent over in the rain looking into the hole in the ground).

Adam said that for some reason, there was a filter on the connection at the post, which nobody else had noticed. Removing the filter increased the signal strength 6 fold. He then rigged the house, including getting the phone jacks in the wall to work.

An apprentice of Adam’s called him about lunch and Adam had him come over to help rig the phones.

The whole thing took 1 hour, 15 minutes.

Adam told me he wasn’t a big fan of the contractor Comcast used. He asked me to describe Carl. I did and he thought Carl may have worked for Comcast at some time.

I told him I was a Comcast shareholder and that the amount of waste in this job was highly excessive and that I was upset that it came out of my return.

He felt safe in assuring me that the contractor would not be paid for their work if he had any say in the matter.

For my trouble, he rigged us with a HD DVR for our room. He also provided the written documentation he had for all of the services we had purchased and offered to help set up anything we needed.

When Adam and his apprentice left, I noticed a few minutes later that the apprentice’s truck was being used to jump start Adam’s truck in front of our house.

Total time in job: 7 hrs. Sunday, 2 hrs. Monday morning, 3 hrs. Monday afternoon (waiting for call back or show up), 1.5 hrs, Tuesday waiting for Adam and 1.25 hours for Adam to complete the work.

14.75 hours.

It also took 6 trucks, 1 twice, 5 technicians and supervisors and 3 customer service people one of which just made up stuff like the special trouble report, etc.

As a Comcast shareholder, I must protest the expansion purchase of 51% of NBC Universal on the grounds that, if this is how they run the business they’ve been in forever, how can they expect to run a theme park, movie studio, television network, cable content channels and digital businesses?

With the knowledge that they hire contractors like the first moron and Carl, I would never get on a ride at their theme parks for fear that Carl may have been contracted for safety and maintenance.

As a General Electric shareholder, I cannot believe that GE would keep 49% of NBC Universal on behalf of shareholders. Either get rid of it all or keep it all. Do not waste shareholder value on any notion that NBC Universal will increase in value under the morons at Comcast.

Even though I might be persuaded to liken Jeff Zucker to Carl the supervisor, GE can do better.

As a consumer, I can't help but believe that a company like Comcast, who treats their customer's with little regard, could possibly do better with the public trust of a broadcaster like NBC is laughable, at best.

So there it is.

The hero, a regular guy named Adam, who knows his stuff, shows up and fixes the crap that rolls to the bottom of the hill where Comcast keeps their regular, trained staff.

The loser? All Comcast customers who essentially pay for this horrible mismanagement in their cable rates, Comcast shareholders who make up the difference when rates don't cover it, GE shareholders who think their 49% post sale holding in NBC will be worth more than ZERO and, finally, the public at large, who will be minus one broadcast network and its owned stations' commitment to the public good.

Oh, and before I forget, Carl forgot his Fluke networks Pro 3000 probe and toner at our house.

I'd call him to tell him, but, well, we know how that goes.