

The Last Word™

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‘Last Man Standing’ mentioned ‘Sesame Street’

And I still didn’t watch it! *Last Man Standing*, that is. Not *Sesame Street*.

Last Man Standing is a sitcom starring Tim Allen. ABC rightly shitcanned it, and it was subsequently picked up by Fox. Allen plays a zillionaire who is constantly in a right-wing ragesad—but is held up as the hero of the show, while liberal characters are portrayed as irresponsible. Next time some loudmouth blibbers against “the liberal media”, point this out.

There’s a reason we call the show *Last Man Complaining*.

Recently I saw a preview on TV for a then-upcoming episode. Mr. Allen was sitting at a table playing poker with his pals on the show. When his friends began counting, he likened the game to *Sesame Street*. Needless to say, the laugh track pealed. Grown men talking about *Sesame Street* is funny shit, you see.

Because what is probably the best scene in the entire 7-year run of *Last Man Standing* appeared in the preview, I didn’t have to watch the show! How fi is that?

Tim Allen is best known for his ‘90s sitcom *Home Improvement*. If you loved the episode of *The Simpsons* where Bart and his buddies saved money to buy a rare comic book, you’ll like an installment of *Home Improvement* in which the 3 bratty kids on the show ruined a savings bond they got from their grandmother by buying an autographed model car. If you happen to catch this episode in the reruns, watch for the hilarity that predictably ensues—though the scene in question is much shorter and not quite as funny as the outrageously knee-slapping *Simpsons* scene.

Flood wastes antique baseball cards

Remember a TV commercial that began with a cartoon of a bat hitting a baseball and the ball flying towards the viewer? It was to highlight the excitement of a good ball game! Climate change deniers should be forced to watch a 3-D version of this ad and be traumatized by the ball sailing towards them. A baseball-themed punishment is in order because of this story.

A mall in Madison, Wisconsin, is the home of a shop specializing in vintage baseball cards. It also sells other sports memorabilia, such as football and basketball cards and autographs of athletes. Late last year, torrential rains swept Madison. The record rainfall caused a flood that smashed through the wall of the store.

As a result, all those baseball cards went wastage bastage. The flood eradicated over \$300,000 in irreplaceable merchandise. Some of the waterlogged cards were seen floating down the mall’s corridors. This occurred a year after the shop’s insurer stopped covering sports card shops, so the monetary loss was also unrecoverable.

“I saw a Jack Morris rookie card on the ground and picked it up,” said a local sportscaster who helped rebuild the store. “It was curled and damp. Ruined.” The flood also consumed a Mickey Mantle autographed ball.

I bet most of the lost cards were even more valuable than the 1978 Topps series that we collected in my day. One website says, “A good *Sesame Street* episode could be made about the 1978 Topps Baseball set,” because there were so many players named Bert, Ernie, Oscar, and Grover.

Baseball cards got ru.



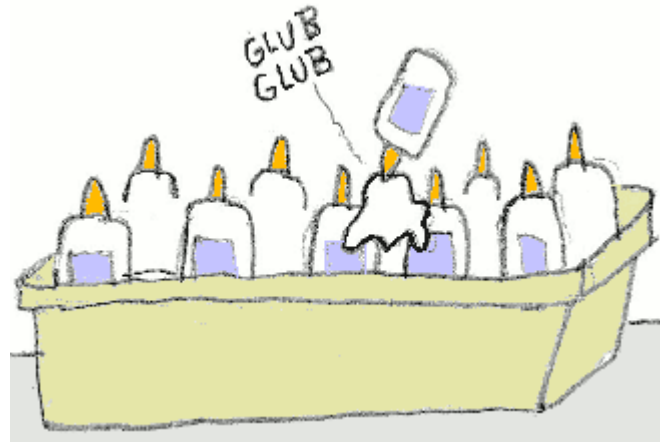
Glue got wosted in 8th grade

There are some funny stories you can tell again and again and they never get old! The most notable

example is the time in 5th grade when there was a very expensive type of paper called oaptag that 2 students ruined by crumpling it up and cramming it into their desks—prompting an uproarious tirade by the teacher. Another is the time I spit soda across the table at McDonald’s—even though all I really did was simply open my mouth and let gravity do the rest. Yet another is the time some kid from Brossart picked a chewed wad of beige bubble gum off the floor of a TANK bus and chewed it.

But 8th grade at St. Joe’s was the year of wasted glue. I know I’ve told the story of the time in science class when the lid was left off a gallon jug of Elmer’s—causing the whole thing to dry up. But there was another incident that year that was even funnier, and I’m not sure I’ve ever written about it before. This zine has been around for 26 years, so I must have at some point. I just don’t remember it offhand.

A teacher assigned us to do an art project in her classroom. I can’t remember whether it was me or someone else who ruined the school’s precious glue. I’m wary of waste, but by that point, I had to have been mighty fed up with the school allowing its affluenza brats to follow me around all the time and harass me—so I had to protest somehow against the school encouraging their venomous, nasty behavior. Anyhow, the classroom included a tray containing many small bottles of glue—all stored upright. How did the glue get wasted, you ask? One of the bottles was placed back in the tray upside-down with the cap loose—resting atop other bottles. This allowed the glue to gush freely onto the other bottles.



When the teacher found it, *she threw a fit!* She yelled at the class, but no suspects could be indicted.

I’d been forced to start attending school at St. Joe’s near the end of 7th grade, and it was trouble from day one. The school’s hypocrisy knew no bounds. This teacher once lamented how everything was becoming “buy, buy, buy”—which would have been a valid complaint except that I don’t remember the school doing anything to credibly fight consumerism. So, over the summer, I wrote a little satirical page in a notebook that included a small box containing the word “Buy!” in big, bubbly letters. It was identical to something I’d seen in the Yellow Pages—but with no context. Also in this notebook, I strung together a bunch of random letters and said it was a secret code. A family member actually believed me and brang it in to one of the best cryptographers at a local university to try to decode it!

Affluenza loomed large at school after school, but I’m considered the bad guy because I wanted to defend myself from it? What’s this about “the liberal media” again?

They cut their cost at Kroger by stealing!

One afternoon about 5 years ago, I went to Kroger and encountered a family of unconventional shoppers—i.e., shoplifters.

I had just loaded up my shopping cart with goodies and was approaching the checkout lanes. As I walked through the space in front of the checkout aisles where the managers often manage, I saw one of them lecturing a little boy who was about 8 or 9. The manager shook her head as she feigned a sigh of disappointment. She was reprimanding the youngster because he had just been caught trying to steal. The boy was with his mother, and it appeared as if the mom didn’t know about the attempted shoplifting until the boy was caught by a store employee. Although the child looked old enough to know of the legal and ethical wrongteousness of shoplifting, the manager seemed to be trying to go easy on him, and it appeared that police were not contacted.

I thought it was just another case where a kid tried to steal from a store and learned his lesson when he was caught and embarrassed in front of other customers.

But later that night, I was looking at a local Facebook page, and someone posted a surveillance photo from the United Dairy Farmers food mart just down the street. The photo included the same kid I had seen at Kroger earlier—again accompanied by his mom. There was a caption with it that said that the mom had encouraged the boy to steal from UDF, and police were looking for them.

I was in disbelief! I had encountered a family of career shoplifters!

It’s unknown whether the gangly limb of the law finally caught up with these criminal cost cutters.

Coming clean about decorative soap

What’s so big and bad about decorative soap?

The main purpose of soap is washing. But some folks—even of modest means—like to buy decorative

soap to try to impress guests, even those who aren't any less modest. If you see decorative soap at somebody's home, you're not supposed to use it to wash up. So what are you supposed to do? Bubble with it? You can't do that, because it's not gum. Instead you're supposed to just let it sit there so it can keep smiling its ass off. I don't understand why people buy decorations that are also consumables and expect people not to consume them. Besides, if you want to buy something just for a decoration, wouldn't it be cheaper if it wasn't in soap form?

I remember a contestant on *The Joker's Wild* who collected soap, but I don't know whether he meant decorative soap, sculptures, or just plain old Dial. My bizbud says one of her roommates purchased a \$50 case of assorted butterfly-shaped decorative soap for no apparent reason. This revelation came so far out of left field that I laughed uncontrollably when I heard about it.

A woman on the Internet said she had a bowl of seashell-shaped decorative soap in her bathroom for about 12 years—until she let her sister-in-law lodge at her house. Then she discovered a partially used cake of this soap in the shower.

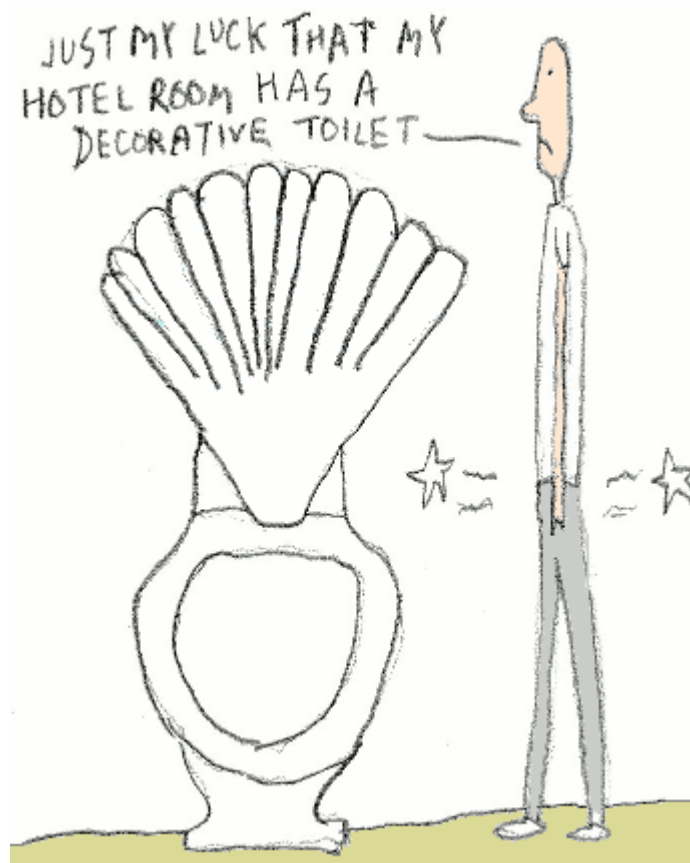
It gets funnier. Another Internetter says that years ago—at the age of 9—they visited a friend and washed their hands using the soap in the bathroom. This was also seashell soap. Their friend's mom threw a complete skizzum over this. She exclaimed, ***"WHICH ONE OF YOU BASTARDS DID THIS?!?!?"***

The culprit fessed up, and the accuser thundered, ***"WHAT KIND OF IGNORANT BASTARDS WOULD RUIN MY DECORATIVE SOAPS?!?!?"*** The magic word!

The soap bandit retaliated for this insult by stockpiling dog shit for a whole week and dumping it in the accuser's garden and on her window sill.

Someone on an online parenting forum said they had a tiny tot who flushed a square bar of decorative soap down the toilet—clogging it for days. Another said the same happened to them—only it was 2 bars, and the soap was still in the plastic wrapper. The soap could only be extricated by uninstalling the toilet.

Decorative soap. Is it decorative or is it soap? Let the Great Late Debate begin!



A biker cussed on Channel 12

The Iron Horsemen are a motorcycle club that was a big deal in my part of town back in my day. And in 1977, the club's president unleashed a stunning profanity live on the Channel 12 news...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pi5ItWG3iLM>

In that clip—after anchor Nick Clooney's earpiece falls off—the biker talks about the club's previous leader, who had been murdered. The biker blames a rival organization for the murder, and at the end of the interview outside the funeral home, he warns that his foes "are dead motherfuckers."

Remember, this is regular TV—not cable. And it appeared that it was just getting dark outside, so it wasn't the late night news—which meant children were watching. I guess the 7-second delay hadn't been invented yet. Channel 12 had once preempted a network show all because Alice Cooper performed, but they couldn't stop this?

Clooney then apologizes to viewers for the raw language uttered in the interview.

I recall a few other instances of such language on over-the-air TV or radio. One day, in the mid-'80s, I had just gotten home from school and was devouring a snack in the kitchen. The TV in the living room was tuned to a baseball game. I heard one of the players declare, "What the fuck!" I can't remember why. It may have been prompted by an ump's bad call.

Shock jock Howard Stern said he once worked at a small radio station where the owner accidentally said, "Aw, fuck!" over the air and wrote a letter to the FCC squealing on himself.

Even before it was taken over by the far-right Sinclair syndicate, Channel 12 cut a conservative edge, like other area stations. Around 1989, I read that it was the only ABC affiliate in the whole country that did not show

This Week With David Brinkley—preferring instead to air televangelists. It was reportedly a business decision—which would reflect just what a conservative market this was.

In today's heavily sanitized TV industry, it's hard to imagine a world without a 7-second delay.

There's a special kind of roo gas in the air...

One hundred percent of all the creatures that have ever lived in the history of the universe thinks flatulence is a barrel of guffaws. But a few folks have a rare talent of being able to pound out a melody with their bunker blasts.

What's your favorite song? It can be a traditional tune or perhaps a current pop hit they play on the radio. Maybe a punk rock number or a patriotic hymn. It can even be a tender love ballad from one of your favorite '80s soap operas. Well, there's a chance that someone with a musical hindquarters has played that very melody!

According to experts, producing musical farts is tricky. It's easy to get the length of each note, but the pitch takes special talent. And hardly anybody can produce enough WaftGas to belt out more than a few lines at a time.

It's been reported that one of the easiest melodies to do is "Shave And A Haircut"—a popular couplet that is often whimsically added to the end of musical pieces. I remember grade school classmates farting this tune—back when it was also used as the "Volkswagen does it again" jingle.

People disagree on lots of things. They disagree on politics, sports, their favorite restaurants, and more! But everybody agrees that the Bee Gees rule and there's no point in arguing. So it was inevitable that somebody would pay a loud-and-proud tribute to the Bee Gees. It finally happened when I attended Bishop Brossart High School. On several occasions, our class was taken to a remote church for a "retooling." The priest actually called it a "retooling"—again and again. During these events, students mostly just clogged toilets, placed pennies on the railroad track, and chewed bubble gum. But during one of these occasions, someone farted the melody of part of the chorus of "Stayin' Alive." It was the part that went, "Ah, ah, ah, ah, stayin' alive, stayin' alive."

Another student laughingly declared, "He just farted 'Stayin' Alive'!"

There's a name for professional musicians and other entertainers who create melodies by releasing air biscuits: a *flatulist*. Wikipedia says it goes back to ancient times, when flatulists would "produce various rhythms and pitches with their intestinal wind." My generation thinks it *invented* passing gas, but it's a time-honored tradition.

Making gum out of nothing at all

I used to think the idea of a person *making* bubble gum was hilarious. But gum obviously came from somewhere. It didn't just magically appear.

They sell a children's toy that includes the ingredients necessary to make your own bubble gum. People have demonstrated it on YouTube, and it's nothing spectacular. In fact, most say it's quite a letdown.

But I first heard of do-it-yourself beegee production from a classmate in elementary school—sometime around 2nd grade. I was reminded of it recently when I stumbled upon his Facebook page. His Facepoo page shows that he grew up to be a real idiot. The same is true of some other former schoolmates, who had even more of a reason not to become idiots than he did. There's a few who have straightened out their lives, like the kid who shit on the toilet seat and tore up the school's football book, but Facebook tends to lure folks to wickedness.

The schoolmate who mentioned making gum once mooned a group of us during a field trip. Anyway, his gum speech occurred one day on the playground at recess. The subject of bubble gum came up because another student was apparently chomping a slab—and maybe even bubbling. He kept trying to fight the first student over some toy. Then the first student angrily scowled and said something like, "You like bubble gum so much you probably make it!"

I heard this and burst out laughing!

How exactly was the other student supposed to *make* bubble gum? Remember, this was before anyone ever heard of those gum-making kits. Did he own stock in Pal? Did he have chicle-producing trees in his yard?

This story will be deemed socially acceptable because nobody broke anything or called anyone a poopyhead or an accordionface.



Leggo my logos

Remember these?



Those are logos used on the air by Cincinnati television stations in the 1970s.

For years, I thought I was one of few people who remembered TV station logos from when they were only 3 years old. Asking around on Facebook, however, I've discovered that this is actually quite common. As older family members viewed sports, sitcoms, and soaps on the big, warm Zenith in the living room, these logos helped me realize that numbers aren't always written the same way they were on *Sesame Street*.

Everyone insists that adults aren't supposed to remember anything from childhood—let alone preschool age—especially something as seemingly insignificant as TV logos. But if you grew up in the TV age, nothing can be further from the truth. It rains a lot here.

The above logos—at least the shapes, if not the exact usage—flourished in my early childhood, though a couple of them lasted a little longer. The best find was the Channel 5 logo. I had to move heaven and earth to hunt that one down. I didn't realize back then it was actually an attempt to make the number appear 3-dimensional, not just a series of lines. That logo was apparently replaced in 1976 and was followed by decades of flat Helvetica boredomness. The Channel 12 logo you see above reportedly lasted until 1977. In both of those cases, I was young enough that when the logos were replaced, I just thought it was my imagination that the stations had used different logos. According to the Internet, the Channel 9 logo made it to 1981. It also graced the station's building until 2004 when the station moved its studio. Channel 48's stunningly bulbous logo hung on until 1990.

It isn't just sight, but sound too. I remember being preschool age and noticing that there was sometimes a chime—with a flash on the screen---just before a show started. It sounded like a roebink or the Facebook message notification chime. Decades later, I read on the Internet that this was a system CBS used in the 1970s to alert stations to cut away from local ads and go back to the network. It served the same purpose as the strange tones used by some cable channels in the '80s.

I also recall an era when, any time the number 19 was mentioned, people would dance around and sing, "19, 19, 19!" Well, now I know why...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=10RY7u8FDgg>

That was the mid-'70s mating call of Channel 19. At the time, this station was owned by Metromedia, which used a similar jingle on its stations in other cities. It usually wasn't children who mimicked that jingle. It was mostly adults. This shows that there was a time when the "19, 19, 19!" jingle was as iconic as "Brrrrring! Channel 9!" and the later "Watch it! TV 48!"

I'm flabbergasted that people can't recall events that occurred only a couple years ago, when I can remember TV logos from when I was 3. It's amazing how family members forgot whether they sold an antique Yahtzee game at a yard sale that took place in 2017, when I can remember the household arguments that ensued well over 40 years ago when folks couldn't agree on whether to watch *General Hospital* or *Popeye* cartoons.

CPH wasted peaches

Children's Psychiatric Hospital of Northern Kentucky—now NorthKey—was a gulag in 1990, and shall be assumed to still be a gulag, for there is no proof otherwise.

Don't be fooled by its gaslighting name. Teenagers who were confined at CPH were almost always exemplars of sanity. They did not appear to be suffering from a psychiatric condition. So what was CPH for? CPH was where you ended up if you disagreed with your school about anything. Kentucky schools—both public and private—connived with CPH and used it as a stand-in for a reformatory because they thought they could get around that pesky little thing called due process. CPH masqueraded as a healthcare facility and defrauded both private health insurance and Medicaid to hold detainees longer. I have letters that prove it, so wipe that smirk off your face.

If only America had a media that was worth a shit, CPH would be as publicly discredited now as forced

electroshock therapy was a half-century ago.

And CPH wasted food and caused bubble gum to be mentioned.

In the evenings, the teens would be divided into groups for different “recreational” activities. But most of these activities weren’t very interesting—nor were they educational. They often consisted of paging through children’s books and playing board or card games—and being accused of cheating by the guards. The guards were as brutal as ever. The kids supposedly got to pick which activity group to join, but that too was roo gas, because sometimes the guards chose it for them and said it was the kids’ fault for allegedly causing themselves to miss the chance to pick an activity.

One day, one of the activities involved making peach cobbblers—or at least *partially* making them. Peaches and dough were provided.

There was no incentive to take the project seriously. Sooner or later, the guards would always find an excuse to tackle you and knock you to the floor, so there was no use trying to appease them. One youngster became mildly frustrated because the dough didn’t behave the way it was supposed to. So he stretched a ball of dough with his hands and lamented, “It’s like bubble gum!”

How true that was. It really *was* like bubble gum! One might expect the guards to go completely ballistic upon hearing his statement, but apparently they didn’t hear him.

What became of the finished peach cobbblers? They were never finished! I don’t think the kids actually got to cook them as part of this activity. It appears that all they got to do was wrap peach slices in raw dough to be thrown away later—thereby wasting them. Still, raw peach cobbblers that people kneaded with their bare hands would have probably been better than the food CPH served. As late as 2015—after the program became NorthKey—I reported on The Online Lunchpail that a Department of Health and Human Services log contained ongoing reports of the facility serving possibly spoiled food.

We get requests

This zine takes requests from the public for topics to write about. Facebook might not like this too much, as they deleted a completely inoffensive post soliciting requests. Tough toilets, Facebunk.

One person suggested I do local band profiles, but I can’t go out and see them all perform. Another suggested I do articles about running backwards into doorknobs and alleged organ harvesting by a certain fast food restaurant. But that’s really a job for *60 Minutes*.

But someone else recommended, “Do more stuff about Stu and gum.” I assume “Stu” is Stew, who is often credited with compiling *Billboard’s* weekly Hot 100 record chart—all by himself. I assume “gum” is that stuff you always blow big bubbles with.

The late Casey Kasem always talked about Stew on his legendary *American Top 40* radio countdown. But what made Stew tick? I’ve found a document from the late ‘80s that gives us some clues. As you know, the Hot 100 was the most authoritative singles chart in the bizcream, and Stew worked overtime to keep it that way.

Rumor has it that Stew liked fine cigars—but occasionally substituted this habit with bubble gum, for blowing bubbles mimics the inhaling and exhaling of smoking. It’s a bit like how everyone thought Schneider of *One Day At A Time* kept a pack



of cigarettes under his shirt sleeve, but I bet it was actually bubble gum. According to this document, for a song to chart on the Hot 100 back then, it had to be regularly played by at least 10 pop radio stations on *Billboard's* nationwide panel. This was to prevent a handful of stations from hyping a record. This also explains why the chart went years without a debut at #100. There would have certainly been debuts at #100 but for the fact that a song had to be added by 10 stations before charting.

The panel at the time consisted of over 200 stations from coast to coast—including every pop station that reported a cumulative audience of at least 100,000. *Billboard* also surveyed 200 record shops for the Hot 100. Record sales and radio airplay carried roughly equal weight back then. Stations usually based their selection of current music on their own ranking, and each record earned points for the Hot 100 based on its ranking at each station. As another way to curtail record hyping, not all retail reports were used each week.

Stew called most record stores on Mondays. He called radio stations on Tuesdays. Each call to a store or a station took about 10 minutes. Stew—ever the math whiz—put together the Hot 100 on Wednesdays. “Now I’m gonna do my compilement,” he would proudly declare, being ignorant of the correct word: *compilation*.

And every weekend, he rocked on his hands and knees as he listened to the countdown he compiled! He blew bubbles with his gum throughout. He bubbled a biggie with a huge wad of Swell that burst and covered his expensive new reading glasses, and he left the pink goo coating his specs throughout the duration of a Robbie Nevil hit.

As Casey danced wildly in his chair to the longer horn and guitar solo in the album version of Huey Lewis’s “I Want A New Drug”, Stew watched him through the studio window. Stew had so much influence in *American Top 40's* heyday that the studio where it was recorded should be called the Stewdio!

O to be Stew! Imagine how fi it must have been to be paid to spend every Wednesday adding up the points for every record played on any radio station in America that week and rubbing your hands together in excitement as you see the total score for each!

Man breaks shit at Greyhound station

A person busted shit up at the Greyhound bus terminal in Nashville and everyone thought it was funny...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3hNksiZucJw>

Here’s what happens in that video in case you’re afraid you might accidentally click on an old *Electric Company* segment that throws a pie out of your computer screen: The man in the boring red t-shirt launched a tirade inside the Greyhound station and trashed the place. He knocked over a big, heavy ticket kiosk. He punched out a sign and used the post as a battering ram to smash the glass door. He otherwise acted uproarious.

I can’t understand a word he says in the video. So I’ll assume Greyhound did something to provoke him. Greyhound does not have a fabulous record. I haven’t used this bus line since they infamously botched the St. Louis roadmeet back in 2014.

According to legend, the police came and hauled him off to the slammer.

This situation occurred in the state of Tennessee, the Volunteer State.

Restaurant customers play with food and get stuck on Band-Aid

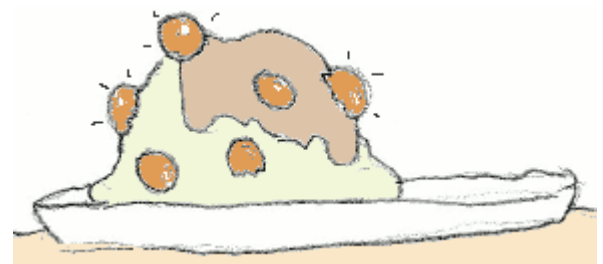
I know very few people who haven’t at least considered making sculptures of *Sesame Street* characters out of their mashed potatoes at dinner, but someone on the Internet says they found another use for this popular foodstuff.

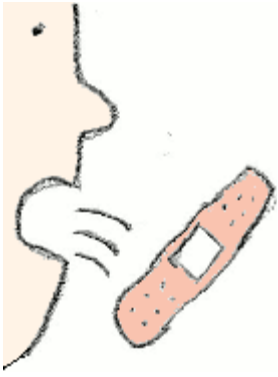
They said they visited a restaurant that was so bad that they left a tip of only 30 cents. Best all, it was all in pennies—which they left sticking out of the rotten mashed potatoes they left on their plate.

Also, a man reports that he once went to a restaurant with his family and ordered a Philly cheesesteak sandwich. The meal came with some little nibbles of carrot garnish. He shoveled some garnish into his mouth and found it to be a bit tougher than expected. After reading this zine nonstop for 26 years, you probably think you know where this story is headed—but nope, it wasn’t bubble gum. After chomping on the item for a while, he felt around with his tongue and noticed that it seemed to be a strip of soft plastic with a small piece of cloth attached to it.

You guessed it! It was a Band-Aid! A used one, no less!

So—loud enough for everyone in the restaurant to hear—he declared, **“I JUST ATE A FRIGGING USED BAND-AID!!!”**





The manager came along and tried to justify the Band-Aid being in the food, saying employees were only allowed to wear blue Band-Aids (ooh, an Allowed Cloud!), so it couldn't have possibly come from anyone who worked there. So where did it come from? Did Ronald Reagan wave his hands and make it magically appear?

Then the server had the nerve to say, "The likelihood of you contracting a blood-borne pathogen from eating a Band-Aid is very small." Gee, that's reassuring.

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