

# The Last Word™

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## Bank robber gets released from prison and refuses to get a job

Look! An idiot!

I went to school with some *straaaaange* people, but their criminal careers are petering out as they pass middle age. And they still won't get a job. I stumble upon their Facebook profiles occasionally, and there's little evidence they've ever worked a single solitary day in their miserable lives.

Must be great to be king! Then again, most kings have had enough dignity that they never tried to shove schoolmates into puddles of urine.

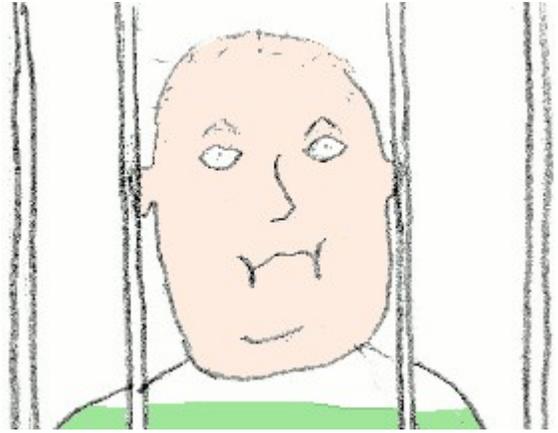
Not long ago, one of the usual suspects was finally released from prison. I don't know if that prison term was the one that resulted from him robbing a bank some years back. In my day, I had violent run-ins with him at a couple different schools. Several websites say his release date is 2023, so I don't know what strings he pulled to get out early.

And this dumb loser won't get a job. He has a couple Facebook accounts, and the only workplace he lists is a place he worked for years ago—even before the robbery. In fact, there's little else on his Facebook profiles. He likes a page that sells Confederate flags and shows its apparent owner wearing a Donald Trump cap, but that's about it. If my former classmate is a neo-Confederate, he wouldn't be the only neo-Confederate link to schools I attended.

Instead of finding work, he expects everyone else to pay his way through life. He can't be bothered to get a job, because he thinks work is for suckers. I'm sure he boasts to everyone he meets that he uses everyone else's money for fun and frivolity.

The handbook for Kentucky parolees says anyone out on parole must find work. I guess this rule doesn't apply to this moron, because it appears as if he skipped over parole and went straight to absolute freedom, for he's not listed on KOOL.

This man should be required to rent out his face for people to practice dog shit pieings.



## D'oh! Postal Service wasted 'Simpsons' stamps

I never got into stamp collecting, but I never got into stamp ruining either. As a youngster, I got a small envelope full of rare postage stamps—they were either mailed to me from a relative or found in a cereal box—but I never had the time or energy to sort them, so they stayed in the envelope. Imagine my dismay when a family member inexplicably entered my apartment without permission when I wasn't home and rearranged the place, and I later found that they had discarded a cardboard box containing this envelope into the dumpster in the alley. I rescued those stamps, but who knows if any were lost or ruined in this fiasco.

The U.S. Postal Service would have just let those stamps return to the earth from whence they came—to borrow a line from *The Simpsons*. A few years ago, the Postal Service introduced a series of stamps commemorating *The Simpsons*—the long-running animated TV series. The stamps pictured Bart, Lisa, Maggie, Marge, and Homer mugging and making faces.

Later, it was determined that the Postal Service wasted \$1.2 million on this endeavor because they overestimated demand for the stamps and produced too many. They thought people still mailed letters as much as they used to—even after e-mail began ruling. A billion stamps were produced, but only 318 million were sold.

What became of the 682 million unsold stamps? The Postal Service destroyed them in an unspecified manner. They're gone. Ruined. Wasted.

This probably couldn't happen now. This occurred back when stamps had a fixed value and ended up being hoarded every time the cost of a stamp went up to subsidize all the junk mail that gets a discount. But don't have a cow, man! Such overproduction was remedied when the Postal Service introduced the "forever" stamp.

## Celebrity autographs keep getting ru

I have a few autographs of famous people. I have a framed autographed photo of Western actor and Hubba Bubba spokesman Don Collier hanging on the wall of my home office, and I also have a leaflet signed by Men At Work's Colin Hay and an autographed picture of Shadoe Stevens. But sometimes, when people get celebrity autographs, they just end up getting wasted.

A woman said on a website that she made her husband take her to a sci-fi convention because he accidentally ruined her autographed photo of *Star Trek* actor George Takei. It's unknown how he accomplished this ghastly feat.

Former mates seem to be a source of much ruinment of treasured autographs. A woman who was going through a messy divorce said her husband destroyed her autographed New Orleans Saints poster. Another woman said her former lovers ruined a poster and a record signed by the punk rock band X.

A man said that he got basketball player Dirk Nowitzki to sign a baseball for him. (Why would a basketball player sign a baseball?) The very day he brang the ball home, his dog jumped up onto the desk and chewed it up. It was unrecognizable. Another person said the same happened to their Josh Hamilton autographed ball.

Some autographs are ruined by other celebrities! One person says that when they tried to get Richard Dreyfuss to sign a *What About Bob?* poster that had already been signed by Bill Murray, Dreyfuss began ranting about how much he hated Murray and crossed out his autograph.

Priceless autographs got ru.



## Find another school to love you...

Bishop Brossart High School is a whole new upside-down world just itching to be laughed at.

It's like an imaginative dimension separate from the real world. Much like how people talk about the *Star Wars* "universe" or Marvel Comics "universe", there's the Brossart "universe." I almost expect the school to defy the time-space continuum and still be floating around out there even if the rest of the Earth and all the planets and stars dissolved.

Perhaps the nadir of my years at Brossart—where every day seemed to be a new nadir—was when the principal sent a letter to my parents after a particularly egregious disciplinary breach, which probably meant I wore the "wrong" color of pants or looked at someone funny. This letter laughably cried that I "must cooperate or find another school."

That was ridiculous in so many ways. The letter acted as if attending Brossart was of some great benefit to me. And what, pray tell, must I "cooperate" with? Why "cooperate" when the result is that I get to stay at such a shitty school?

Most uproariously of all, the letter acts like I would be the one who would "find another school." Like my parents were going to let me choose what school to attend? If I was allowed to choose my high school, do you honestly think I would have picked Brossart? I didn't want to go there even *before* I started there. I wouldn't have picked Campbell County either, because of similar reasons, even though I was "zoned" to it by default.

But there were at least *ten* high schools that were geographically closer than Brossart. How do you "find" schools that aren't lost? Imagine walking down a street you've been on a zillion times before, seeing a school that's been there for years, and saying, "Wow! A school! I've never noticed that before!" Everyone acted like changing schools would be like an archaeological dig. It was frustrating that students at most of those 10 schools were allowed to do so many things that we weren't—all because Brossart was, well, Brossart.

If I had such a hard time at Brossart that the principal had to keep sending mail griping about it, why did it go on for 3 years? It shouldn't have taken that long before he gave up on the idea that I'd "cooperate" and just agreed that another school would be better. Instead, the school kept doing the same things over and over and acting like the result would be different. Why? They liked the tuition money. It was easier for them to complain and keep getting paid.

## A guy tried farting in front of his girlfriend and shit his pants

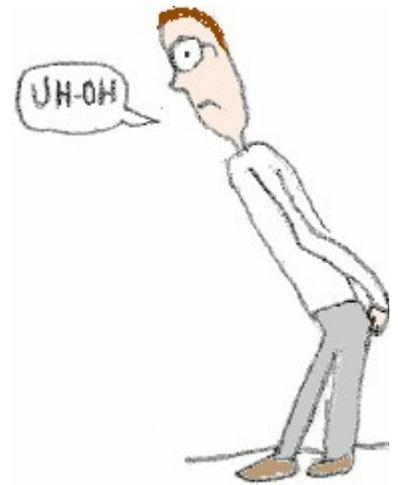
I know it had happened before and I know it's happened since: Somebody tried to release a bunker blast and ended up staining their trousers.

Back when I was in college, some of my schoolmates held a roundtable discussion about people soiling their pants. Perhaps the funniest story was supplied by a young woman. She said she had a boyfriend who tried to impress her by loudly passing gas and stinking up the place. But things didn't go as smoothly as planned.

The attempted fart emerged as a poop. The massive log quickly became caked in his undershorts.

That was the end of that relationship!

Others said they had witnessed similar attempts at flatulence, which ended with what they called a "pebble poop" rolling out the leg of the person's pants.



## Cable company didn't know how to use low-pass filter

As cable TV was becoming popular in the 1980s, the magic of cable brought music videos, round-the-clock news, local public access shows, and uncensored movies into many American homes. Some would call it excess—an unnecessary amenity—but others would call it an artistic diversion from the drudgery and increasing terror of daily life. It rains a lot here.

In northern Kentucky, that meant the dreaded Storer Cable. This cable monopoly's slogan in the mid-'80s was, "The boss is gone!" The mantra seemed to be accurate in some ways, as regulators were asleep at the switch in ensuring Storer provided better service. Then again, I remember reporting in the '90s that right-wing local politicians were establishing a censorship board to screen what appeared on cable—so the boss was around when not needed.

Circa 1985-86, Storer was plagued by an inability to comprehend the concept of a low-pass filter. This meant that the video bled into the audio. Certain characteristics of the picture created loud rumbling that filled the room. Grainy black-and-white clips were among the noisiest, as were scenes with a solid field of a bright color. Certain music videos created this effect. For instance, the video of "Lonely Ol' Night" by John Mellencamp had various scenes that each lasted a few seconds that did this. I recall a L'Oréal Studio Line commercial that did this too.

I just thought MTV had defective tapes of those items, until I discovered Storer had *whole channels* that did this *constantly*! I remember tuning in to a public access channel that showed a rotating series of announcements on a computer screen, and an insufferable roar filled the living room. It was so bad that my parents skeeped at me and made me change the channel because they were afraid the noise would ruin the TV speaker.

I was only about 12, but that's when I realized there was something desperately wrong with Storer Cable. Remember the era this was in—about 1985-86—so this was also the heyday of records skipping on WCLU, my fave radio station at the time. You knew a song was a big hit when there was a scratching sound at the beginning of the record on Clu 132 from being back-cued so many times. But that was completely different. Nothing was funnier than a record skipping on the radio. Radio station equipment has a little bit of surface noise no matter what. But it didn't break your radio speaker like Storer did with your TV speaker. Plus, Storer noise was a real nuisance, not a normal feature of broadcasting. If WCLU was the cool impacted incisor of local broadcasting, Storer Cable was a tumor that engulfed one's whole face.

And it's all because they didn't know how to use a low-pass filter.

## Goey gum gets gunked with gravel

"You got gravel in my bubble gum!"

"You got bubble gum in my gravel!"

"Know what?! It's pretty fucking stupid!"

Because you keep insisting that I dredge up stories about bubble gum, this is another from the depths of history. I have only the faintest memory of the incident in this story, so I don't know exactly when it happened. I'm guessing elementary school, because the cooltagonist was a youngster of that age.

The boy was standing on a gravel lot—chomping a big, pink pile of beegum. It looked like he stuffed a whole pack of gum into his mouth. Why, he even bubbled! A person bubbling wasn't exactly a big news story in those days, because it was a common occurrence. But then he opened his mouth and ejected the huge wad of gum onto the ground. He didn't forcefully spit it. He just let gravity do the job.

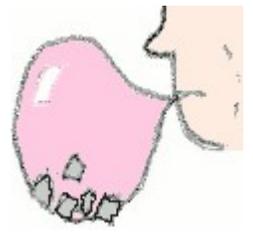
Then he grinned like an idiot.

But then, he decided he wasn't done with that morsel of bubble gum after all. It probably still had some flavor and bubbleability. So he picked the gum back off the ground. Numerous pieces of gravel came with it. Because there were so many small rocks embedded in the gum, I didn't think he'd chew it again—as if the fact that it had been on the filthy ground wasn't reason enough not to chew it.

But chew he did. To quote an intelligent person, he worked that gum like a gummer.

I almost thought he was going to try to blow a bubble with rocks inside it, but I don't remember what happened after that. I bet his parents took the resulting dental bills out of his allowance.

We all chewed bubble gum. And we all ate rocks. I remember being about 6 and swallowing a tiny rock I found on the school parking lot just for fun. But gravel and gum are a bad, bad mix.



## Evidence emerges against NKU in expulsion case

Remember when I was expelled from Northern Kentucky University? That was some funny shit, man!

Seriously, that happened. There *is* a permanent record, and that proved it. I tried to enroll again a couple years later and found my account locked. If I remember correctly, I met with university officials afterward, and they weren't quite sure what had happened and agreed to remove the hold on my account.

Anypoo, back to my expulsion. I received a letter from this institution of higher book-burnin' dated March 24, 1995, banishing me. The university violated the Family Educational Rights and Privacy Act of 1974 by sending a copy to my mom. Also, I have no idea how NKU got her address.

I wrote an article for this very zine about my expulsion. The piece is now horribly, horribly dated. That's actually a *good* thing, because it shows society has advanced. Don't get me wrong: By the standards of NKU in 1995, the article was way ahead of its time. By the standards of any normal organization today, it's only slightly ahead of its time. The long and short of it is that I didn't know why I was expelled. The letter just said I was "involved in an incident while at the University Center." Then what was the "incident"? All I could figure out was that some crybaby from WRFN—the student radio station at the time, where I had been a popular DJ—held a grudge against me.

I think the best line in my article was, "Maybe next semester I'll go to Thomas More." That's called a joke, folks. Satirical items in these pages back then didn't always age well—at all. But that joke did. It's as hilarious now as it was then.

Nowadays, the *Northerner*—a student newspaper—has an online archive of many of its old issues. Recently, I had a blast paging through them. Old memories rushed back! I found the March 29, 1995, ish—which I'm sure I never got to read when it was new, as it was the first one after I was expelled. I skimmed down to my favorite feature—the action-packed campus police reports—and found something that made my jaw drop.

It turns out that back on March 21, 1995, there *was* an incident at University Center. The problem for NKU is that I wasn't involved in it. The *bigger* problem for NKU is that they blamed me for it. The piece says a campus police officer...

**"... responded to the plaza in front of University Center in reference to a male subject screaming and threatening to kill someone. Upon arrival, no one matching the description was present. DPS officers searched the plaza and University Center. No contact was made. Witnesses said the subject was a former student and was wearing a white T-shirt with a flannel shirt around his waist, tennis shoes, long hair and he had bad acne. Subject has threatened violence with a firearm in the past."**

Nope. Not me.

It's possible—in fact, likely—that I was on campus that day. But the description isn't a great match. I don't think I even *owned* a flannel shirt. It was 1995, not 1975. And I only had "long hair" if you compare it to the crew cuts that were still standard under the local sumptuary laws in 1995. It's like how people said the Beatles had "long hair" when they didn't. The guy's appearance (but not his conduct) sounds more like Sean Penn's character in *Fast Times At Ridgemoor High*.

This is my driver's license photo from 1997. Does this look like "long hair" to you?



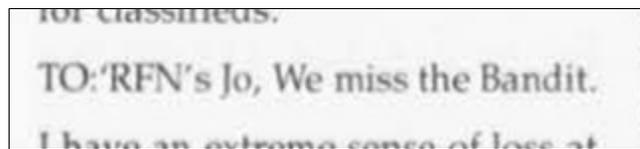
When police couldn't find the man, they just decided to pin it on me. I had become a regular around University Center by then, and it was known that I didn't satisfy the school's ideological litmus test. So *of course* they blamed me.

In short, after 24 years, I've finally found solid proof that I was punished for an event I had nothing to do with.

I think I missed seeing this public tantrum by only a few minutes. I remember attending a meeting in University Center around that time, and seeing police searching the hallway for someone. They could clearly see me in the meeting room, so if I was the culprit, why didn't they confront me then? I was a big star in NKU's cast of characters by then, so I got mired in a handful of heated arguments that semester—none of which were started by me—but those were nothing like the frenzied scene the police report described. Given the circumstances, my responses to events in that era were very restrained indeed.

This looks *really* bad for NKU. Lawsuit bad.

Despite what it may seem, most student media coverage of me after my firing from WRFN was positive. This appeared in the September 21, 1994, ish of the *Northerner*...



That was 4 months after I was fired, and everybody was still talking about it! My banishment from WRFN was like Pete Rose being banned from baseball.

The propensity of NKU police for blaming me for things when they couldn't catch the real culprit didn't end there. After the hold was removed from my account, I was on campus to enroll again, but then they tried accusing me of being the creep who was following female students into women's restrooms. That guy had a blue shirt, but my shirt was purple. I can't even be sure anybody was even doing anything like this that day, as I never heard anything about it except when the cops were accusing me of it. Not for the first time, campus police blamed me for something even though I didn't match the description of the real offender. Plus, I could prove I was on a TANK bus at the time the incident reportedly took place. This false accusation is when I gave up on NKU.

I'm sure any altercation I was involved in drew attention by authorities. I got in a confrontation started by a Trump cultist on Fountain Square just a couple years ago and a video of it was posted on Facebook because there's right-wing moles everywhere to watch your every move. I'm sure it was true at NKU too. You can bet your bottom dollar that NKU in the '90s was teeming with paid moles. Count on it! It became obvious at some point that NKU was a police state, so it's exactly the sort of tactic they'd use. When I used the university library during summer break in 1995—months after my expulsion, but before I was blamed for the restroom episode—I was confronted by police just for being on campus. How would they have found me if they didn't have someone lurking around?

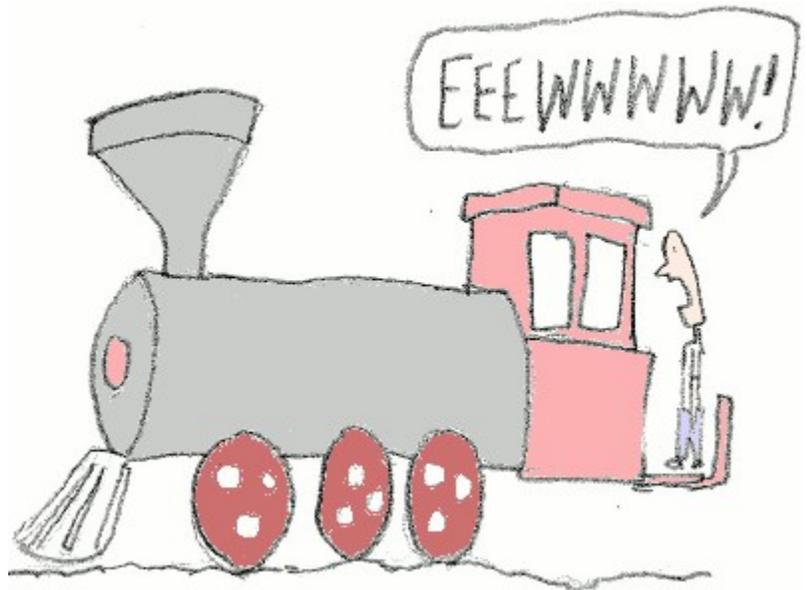
If you're not careful, years of political abuse like this by our institutions can turn your brain to bubble glop.

## Poo-poo in the choo-choo at Lunken Playfield

I have fond memories of the Land of Make-Believe—part of Lunken Playfield, the playground at Lunken Airport. *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* also had a Land of Make-Believe. I could never figure out whether the

line in the ELO song was about the Land of Make-Believe at Lunken or the one on *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*.

In my day, this playground sold sodas for the whole famn dam, and we kiddos got to enjoy a huge rocket with a slide, a small airplane, and a couple train cars. The rocket wasn't real, but the plane and train were. The authentic aircraft and choo-choo were parked there as playground features. Last I went by this playground, all those features appeared to be gone. I don't know if they simply wore out, but they were probably removed for sillier reasons, like maybe the train once transported bubble gum, and they were afraid it might hurt the feelings of some kid who didn't know how to blow a bubble. In the early 2000s, the airport reportedly sold the engine car to the owner of a recycling business for \$1, but later it was apparently sold again and left in pieces scattered about a shed in Amelia.



I have the faintest memory of being able to go *inside* the train cars. But mostly I just remember climbing around on top of the engine car. Why was the inside of the train sealed shut? Can you guess what happened?

Yep, that's right. It was a code brown. According to someone on Facebook, the train was sealed because kids kept leaving some stinky surprises there. Yes, kids kept pooping all over the inside of the train. Again and again.

Life was always play, and worries what were they?

## Pete Rose chews 30-year-old gum

Remember when people actually *used* Yahoo!?

This once-popular website has been heard from considerably less following its many self-inflicted scandals and controversies and its eventual takeover by Verizon. But it still has Yahoo! Sports, which I hope isn't bombarded by paid right-wing trolls like the comment feature of Yahoo! News is.

Recently, Yahoo! Sports hosted Pete Rose on its YouTube channel. Born and raised in Cincinnati, the baseball legend recently turned 78. During his ball career, ol' Pete was frequently sighted chewing bubble gum. He even bubbled! Even at his advanced age, he still enjoys this zesty goo.

Here's Pete's appearance with Yahoo! Sports host Mike Oz...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nVIFQk89C-8>

In that video, Mr. Rose opens several unopened packs of baseball cards from the 1980s. Those packs are from the days when baseball cards included bubble gum—or was it the other way around? For the first 18½ minutes of this clip, Pete thumbs through the baseball cards and tells stories about many of the players. It's like the stories I have when I go through '80s records or hear them on the countdown each week.

But near the end of the video, the beegeeing began. Pete grabs a stick of gum from one of those old packs of cards and stuffs it into his mouth. He didn't bubble. But he chewed bubble gum! The gum is so old and spoiled that we hear it crunch. "I think the gum came from '86!" he declares. As the clip ends, he bursts out laughing!

Pete Rose Chewed Gum And Thought It Was Funny.

## WellCare keeps sending me free firewood

All that paper, wastage bastage. Wystage bystage! *Wyyyyystage byyyyyystage!*

Because Kentucky requires people to use an HMO called WellCare to manage their medical coverage, Kentuckians are force-fed a lot of bullshit. Not long ago, I mentioned how WellCare changed my main doctor without asking me—forcing me to change it back, which in turn forced WellCare to send me a whole new medical card and accompanying letter.

*Wyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyystage byyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyystage!*

In the past month, they've been doing something equally idiotic. A few weeks ago, WellCare inexplicably began mailing me more medical cards and the letters to go with them. They sent one every few days until I amassed a big pile of them—all of them identical and unnecessary.

*Wyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyystage byyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyystage!*

WellCare tries to refuse to pay for medically necessary services—like expensive lab work I need for my medications, which I need to live. I wouldn't care if it was just a nominal fee—but it wasn't. I wouldn't care if it went to a nonprofit instead of a big corporation—but it didn't. Having to pay such a big bill to WellCare would be like paying thousands for tuition for a bad private school like Brossart instead of a fairly low tax rate to attend a public school that's better. Maybe if WellCare would stop squandering money sending out unnecessary mail, they'd have more money to cover medical services. But perhaps not, because I'm sure the Postal Service gives them a discount rate for junk mail. When you mail a letter, the cost of a stamp subsidizes clutter like that sent by WellCare, utility firms, and big advertisers.

The WellCare experiment needs to gallop off into history.



## A person chewed gum off a restaurant floor

I found something on the Internet that has to do with gum, so it's funny.

A woman posted on an online message forum that she has 4 kids—ages 10, 13, 15, and 17. So which one would you suspect of picking a piece of gum off a dirty restaurant floor and chewing it?

If you guessed the 17-year-old, you'd be right!

Granted, it hadn't been chewed yet. It was a fresh piece of Bazooka—a bubble bustin' brand—that had tumbled out of its wrapper. But it was on the floor. At a restaurant.

I repeat: At a restaurant.

I repeat once again: At a restaurant.

I would have written it off as wosted. I won't even wear the same pair of pants after I've worn it to a restaurant—let alone chew gum that's been on the floor there.

Someone replied that their kid once grabbed used gum off a restroom floor and chewed it.

A woman posted on a parenting website that her very intelligent 6-year-old daughter has gotten into the habit of eating used bubble gum and discarded candy she finds on the ground. She even picked gum off a shopping cart.

## Don't make me wait for pirated records this time...

My business partner has a mildly whimsical story about the time in her youth when her brother pirated a Kenny G record and almost got caught by the sheriff.

My bizbud's beloved sib needed a copy of the song "Don't Make Me Wait For Love" by saxophone legend Kenny G—with Lenny Williams on vocal—for a project for music class at school. Apparently, the teacher was enamored of this song and assigned the class to sing it as if by a choir.

So my bizbud and her brother went out and bought the 45 RPM single.

This didn't go over too well with their parents. The family was facing an economic crisis and the kids were already on thin ice for spending their money on a few records. It appeared as if they might have to go on what the family called "the Reagan diet" unless they scrimped and saved more. This story also debunks the ridiculous notion that nobody purchased 45's anymore by then. If not 45's, then what? There were hardly any cassette singles yet.

The oldsters said the kiddos had to copy the record to cassette and then sell the record at the next garage sale. That probably worked out better anyway, because—if it was anything like the schools I attended—a cassette would be more likely to survive a trip to school than a record would. People I went to school with liked to break stuff.

When the day of the garage sale came, they propped the record up on a table with other items they were

selling. Back then, Kenny G wasn't seen as unhip, uncool, or unfi, so my bizbud wasn't worried about being embarrassed if her friends stopped by and saw the record sleeve with ol' Kenny smilin' his ass off. This was in the days when acts as diverse as Def Leppard, LL Cool J, R.E.M., and Kenny G all had big hit singles.

But trouble awaited. The local sheriff happened to be browsing yard sales that day. Sure enough, he showed up and loomed over the table that proudly featured the Kenny G disc as its centerpiece. Although he wasn't wearing his uniform, my bizbud knew he was the sheriff, because her parents knew him. The lawman had to be suspicious that somebody was selling a record that was practically brand new. Frightened gulps were heard.

My bizbud fully expected the sheriff to inspect the record and maybe even let Mr. G roll out of his sleeve and onto the cement ground. It was also feared that the top cop might confiscate the tape onto which the record was copied—and maybe even the stereo equipment used to copy it.

But the sheriff moved on, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Some years later at the local public library, the sheriff appeared to have dropped by to investigate when a patron ruined the libe's *Dances With Wolves* audiobook by cutting the tape that was inside the cassette. It's unclear why anyone would destroy this audiobook, unless they were trying to splice it in backwards to see if the cassette contained any subversive backmasked messages. And there were people in the area back then crazy enough to do just that. For example, a man showed up at the library one day and loudly demanded the library censor a guidebook for gay adoptions. I knew this angry library patron outside of that incident, because I saw him at NKU all the time. After Facebook came along, I found his profile and saw that he wasn't originally from this area—and no longer lived around here. Why did this area attract so many reactionary weirdoes? I later found that the man had once been a leader of the Campus Republicans at NKU. Furthermore, the man had been accused of sexually abusing a small boy. No charges were filed for that, but the man went on to be arrested for harassing the family that accused him.

As for the sheriff, we can't figure out whether the lawman who nearly busted the Kenny G piracy operation is the same one who led a crackdown against ruined audiobooks.

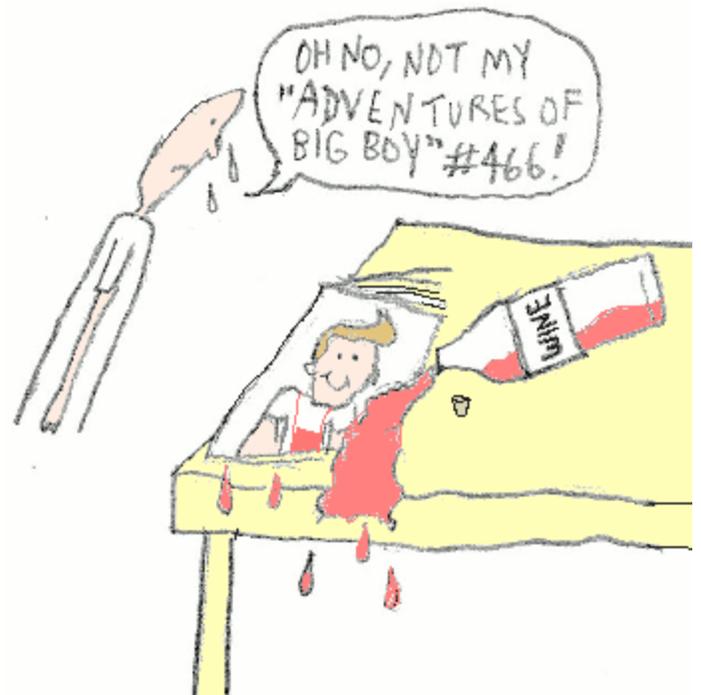
## More rare comic books got ru

The antique comic books that were infamously found waterlogged in a YouTube video where a mover destroys a man's belongings aren't the only valuable comic books that have gotten wasted.

A couple years back, someone posted that his irreplaceable *Iron Man* issue #1 from 1968 got (keek!) ruined. He took the comic book to a Michaels crafts store to be framed. He had several comic books framed there before and they were "safe and sound." But this time, he wasn't so lucky. He made it perfectly clear not to take the comic book out of the case, because that would ruin the label and render it worthless.

Guess what? Michaels went plumb-bob ahead and did exactly that. They not only took the book out of the case but also taped the ruined case and label to the back of the frame. Last anyone heard, the man was waiting to hear from the store's insurer about reimbursing him for the value of the comic.

And that ain't all! A collector on another forum said they were excited to hear that somebody had some old comic books they needed to get rid of—but were disappointed to find that they were issues of *Archie* that had become waterlogged and otherwise ruined.



## Some schools are more right-wing than others

It's mighty illuminating to stumble upon former schoolmates' Facebook profiles to see which schools produced the most right-wing students.

Some of you—especially those who have committed to memory what schools I attended—are curious to know which schools gave us the most right-wing alumni, and which ones graced us with the most left-wing. Suffice it to say, my former schools run the entire political spectrum. The *administration* at every school was unashamedly right-wing, but *students* I met aren't necessarily so. As a general rule, the more bullying there was at

a school, the more right-wing its alumni are. Since those I attended school with are adults now, they now bear some responsibility for their goofy political views. It's not like I'm picking on little kids.

**Guardian Angel.** Classmates I remember from Guardian Angel School in Fort Mitchell are now generally among the more left-wing of any school I attended—judging by their Facebook profiles. There are exceptions, of course. But much more often than not, they're left of center—and they're usually on the economic left, not pointy-headed academic types. I know it's hard to think of Guardian Angel as a progressive stronghold, but not everybody follows the regime they lived under.

**Highland Heights and Cline.** Moving on to Highland Heights Elementary and Cline Middle School, Facebook shows the left has an edge there too—but not nearly as much as at Guardian Angel. The usual suspects who jostled with me at Cline are an exception, though I've found a few of them who carried over from Guardian Angel whose Facebook pages have hardly any content—let alone anything political. They mostly just post stupid photos of themselves standing on a beach on vacation and have all of about 5 people on their friends list.

**St. Joe's.** As we move on to St. Joseph's School in Cold Spring, the balance tips drastically. That stifling conglomerate has a decidedly right-wing bent. But—as with the other schools—there's exceptions. With the school itself pushing a rock-ribbed conservative agenda, we're actually lucky that not all of its former students are that extreme.

**Brossart.** Then there's (drum roll, please) Bishop Brossart High School. My observations on Facebook show it to be the most right-wing school of all. But even it has exceptions. Bear in mind that Facebook is essentially a conservative website, so any Brossart presence on Facebook is destined to live down to expectations.

**Spit Eye.** What's the anti-Brossart? Most who have read these pages in recent months know about the class I attended after being expelled from Brossart. On average, the few other students who went there at the time have the most left-wing Facebook content of all, dwarfing Guardian Angel. Exceptions are strikingly few.

**NKU.** The biggest letdown? Some would have you believe that any major public university would lean left, but Northern Kentucky University appears to be roughly even. Outrageously—because of NKU imparting its own ideological dogma—its students got more right-wing as they went through school. Trust me on this. I've found a couple of students who entered in the '90s who I know for a fact were not hardcore rightists then. This isn't just an assumption I make for stupid reasons like basing it on whether they once blew a bubble with bubble gum. There's actually published proof that they once held somewhat liberal sentiments. But now, after they've graduated, their favorite Facebook pages are those of antigay and racist commentators and reactionary politicians. One of these former students has risen to a somewhat prominent position of power and has undercut past views in the process. Seriously, these are folks I would have never expected to find hobnobbing with Republican elected officials. This is proof that NKU is feeding right-wing bullshit to students. Most classes I took there didn't have a political bias, but the school environment outside of class was a different story.

One would hope that these former schoolmates don't really believe the turgid slobber found on right-wing Facebook pages, and that by liking these pages, they're just groveling to our overlords to get ahead in life. But why would they risk their pristine reputations for a little extra power? Plus, the actions of one of them has probably already caused real damage.

Conversely, a hard-right schoolmate who graduated then has gone in the other direction and is now little short of socialist. That's because he's been away from NKU long enough that he's had time to come to his senses.

When our schools churn out right-wing droids, they're not doing their jobs right—unless right-wing indoctrination *is* the job of our schools. And it seems to be, judging by almost everything I've experienced for 40 years. The extremist creed spread in our schools is like political pornography. You don't give porn to little kids, so why is it fine to feed them right-wing propaganda?

## Brossart's not aware of too many things...

Kids acted up in school. Imagine that! People I went to high school with actually *misbehaved in front of the entire class!* What is this world coming to?

Something moderately amusing happened once in sophomore literature class at Brossart. We had to write a report that we had to read in front of the class. I forget what it was about, but it was intended to be very serious—nothing humorous at all.

So naturally, one of my pals in that class—I don't think it was me—began his paper: "I'm not aware of too many things. I know what I know if you know what I mean."



For those unawares, those are the first lines in the song “What I Am” by Edie Brickell & New Bohemians. Back then, Edie and her band were ahead of their time, so you know it was one of my cooler comrades who wrote that paper. The song was so hip that even Power 94½ played it! Musical tastes at Brossart usually weren’t that innovative.

## **Diana Ross concert turned upside-down and got swept away**

More irreplaceable collectors’ items got (keek!) ruined! What a shock!

Back in 1983, Diana Ross was scheduled to give a free televised concert at New York City’s Central Park. The concert would have gobs of Diana Ross memorabilia to sell, and the proceeds from these sales would be used to build a new playground at that park.

But just after this outdoor concert started, it began to rain. It was over. It rained so hard that the rest of the show had to be canceled. The legendary R&B singer decided to return the following evening to resume the concert. But all the proceeds from the first night were spent doing the show an extra night. And almost all the remaining merchandise that was being sold at the concert had been completely destroyed by the rain.

That meant there were no proceeds left to pay for the playground!

The media blamed Diana Ross for this debacle—as if she could control the weather. But there was a happy ending: She then opted to pay for the playground out of her own pocket.

Sort of brings a tear to your eye, doesn’t it?

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