

# The Last Word™

Issue #546

April 2020

## Conservavirus makes the 1% and the 99% suffer alike

Suppose the world ended, and God decided to tell only 3 outlets: *USA Today*, **The Last Word**, and Channel 9.

In *USA Today*, the headline would be: “We’re done!”

In **The Last Word**, it would be: “The world gets ru and nobody thinks it’s funny.”

At Channel 9, it would be: “Dow drops 2,000 points.”

Among our local TV stations, Channel 9 isn’t the only offender when it comes to downplaying serious stories. I’ll never forget the day Ernie “Hey Bert” Fletcher had one of his many big scandals, yet the top story at Channel 5 was something like “Ashlee Simpson may dump her nose bump.”

But, boy howdy, do they try!

Recently, as coronavirus—or as I call it, conservavirus—was ramping up, I had the TV on (brrrrring!) Channel 9. The network news from ABC was as detached from reality as you’d expect. The top story was conservavirus affecting the stock market—and how it would cost big investors. But Channel 9’s local news that was on right after it was heartbreaking. It had a segment that went on for minutes on end where the news team smirked and grinned about how those who have major investments in the stock market could protect their billions of dollars from a conservavirus-linked slide.

We’re in the midst of a deadly pandemic, and ABC and Channel 9 are worried about the stock market? I remember NBC pulling the same shit after 9/11 (which, like this pandemic, was another abject failure of a far-right administration). It’s irresponsible. The argument from those who defend these outlets is that many workers have been forced to put their retirement money in a 401(k) that invests some of their money in stocks. Yet what that really means is that wealthy investors are gambling with workers’ money.

I’d like to be able to trust the media—though I know that’s tough to do after the media’s knives went out against Bernie Sanders. I know I can’t trust the Trump regime. After all, they’re part of the party of Brossart, and given its longtime incompetence at containing illness, I’m ignoring anything a Trump official says about the conservavirus pandemic. The Republican brass just doesn’t have much credibility about contagious diseases. I’m not too worried about catching this virus, but there’s several valid reasons for that: For one thing, I already spent years having to wade through a lot of germ-laden messes created by slobs at schools and churches. For another, we all have a few family members who take no precautions whatsoever when they fall ill, which spreads viruses as far as the eagle flies. I’m far more likely to catch something from them than catching conservavirus in a public place. One of the main things I worry about is the Trump regime’s reaction to conservavirus. I think they’d let it spread, but I think they’d also use the virus as an excuse to take draconian measures that they know won’t stop its spread but will just inconvenience everyone. (It’s mid-March as I write this, so it can happen by the time you read this.)



You'd think even network executives have got to be completely fed up with the selfish, science-denying, unethical clown in the White House now. Yet the media continues cheering him.

I for one am not changing any of my routines or plans because of this monumental right-wing blunder—because I'm very careful about germs in the first place. I practice common sense—not fear. I'm also tired of people who smirk about how “life is going to look very different” (always different but never better) but won't do shit about it. It was the same idiotic right-wing battle cry they used after 9/11. Let the 1% cry about their stupid money instead.

I do my part. The yapping pundits and right-wingers need to do theirs. In the immortal words of Big Bird: That's cooperation!

## Samsung gets dumb

I've never had much luck with Samsung products, but much of the time, it's the only brand available. When I needed a new phone in late 2016—to replace my prehistoric flip phone when it finally snapped in two—the only phone in a reasonable price range was a Samsung. Keep in mind that the only phones available by then were smartphones—which were becoming a standard.

Late 2016 should still be considered practically new. A \$60 smartphone should last much longer than 3 years. Not only should it not break, but it should also be able to be upgraded. Recently, I discovered that the Android 5 on this practically new phone would soon be useless, as apps had begun to stop supporting it. I needed to upgrade this phone.

I searched all over the unmistakably public Internet and found no instructions for this. The update feature on the phone said it was already updated. I went on Samsung's chat site, and they said I had to wait until Android 6 came out for this phone and it would be automatically upgraded. Uh, Android 6 came out years ago.

Considering Samsung's refusal to keep supporting a phone model that's only 3 years old, I'd have more luck upgrading a Drive Yourself Crazy.

I gave up on Samsung—especially after seeing how overpriced its phones are now—and ordered a new Motorola.

How are electronics companies able to get away with not supporting relatively new products that should still work? If you make expensive products, you should support them. They're practicing planned obsolescence. For a long time, makers of computers and phones have delayed releasing new technology just so people would buy something less advanced—only to see it no longer supported 6 months later when the new version came out. Perhaps some legislation is in order.

Nobody before 2016 *needed* a smartphone. But in an urban area of 2 million people in 2020, you need it. Trust me on that. In a simpler society, it wouldn't be necessary, but we don't have that luxury. This isn't something like cosmetic dentistry that nobody really *needs*. A lot of serious activities now *require* a smartphone. I don't want it for games.

Meanwhile, that's \$60 gone! Wasted, wasted, wasted! Down the crapper! All because Samsung sold me a phone they knew they'd stop supporting soon.

## A person bubbled in church in 1979

To hear aging spoilsports tell it, you'd think the idea of adults chewing bubble gum in church didn't start until my generation came of age. But an online search reveals that grownups not only gummed in church but also bubbled back when I still watching *The Electric Company*.

The account I found comes from a 1979 ish of the official magazine of a very conservative church. The piece was apparently written by a tiny tot. It laments, “How come Mom won't let me chew gum? I just saw a grown-up lady blow a bubble right in the middle of church. ... When I grow up I think I'll blow a bubble in church and pop it real loud.”

Such lofty goals in life!

The article goes on to discuss kids making paper airplanes in (where else?) church.



## A Time magazine record got ru

Because the Democratic National Committee wasn't doing its job—it spends more effort bashing Bernie Sanders than Donald Trump—I'm going to do what I feel like doing instead of working on things I need to work on. It boosts morale. And I feel like writing about a record getting ru 35 years ago instead of something important. After all, who doesn't think stuff getting ru is a barrel of guffaws? Who doesn't think people arguing about it is even funnier?

*Time* magazine used to occasionally include a small phonograph record. The one-sided records were on flimsy material, not hard vinyl. One of them was full of samples of classical music.

We thought the height of comic genius was to play this 33 RPM record at 45 RPM and listen to the narrator's absurdly sped-up voice. The oldsters always warned against playing records on the wrong speed, for fear it might "ruin" the record player, the record, or both. We often went to great lengths to cover up the fact that we played a record on the wrong speed—which meant closing the door and turning the volume way down.

But one day, we found the *Time* magazine record in shambles. We pulled it off the record rack and found that a big, semicircular hole had been poked right in the middle of the playing surface. Needless to say, it was ru.

Fingers were pointed. Who wasted a perfectly good record? It wasn't even clear how it happened. It was even less clear *why* anyone would ruin it. Everyone kept accusing each other of ruining it, but nobody could come up with a motive. Plus, if they wanted to ruin it, it would have been easier to just crumple it up in a ball, not gouge a hole in it.

Blame it on Grant Goodeve, I guess.

We argued like this for probably a half-hour. But no suspects could be indicted for laying hulk to the record.

There were also times when we discovered something like this was ru, argued over who caused it, forgot it was ru, then argued about it again years later when we found it in the condition it was in. Even if you were nowhere near the ruined item, you would be blamed for destructing it.



## Pelosi mentions bubble gum

Impeachment sure got on the table this time around, didn't it, Nancy?

It's always a laugh-out-loud riot when elected officials mention bubble gum. But when House Speaker Nancy Pelosi mentioned it recently, it was really no laughing matter. It was in a serious speech about the tobacco industry's use of flavored tobacco to get children hooked on its deadly products.

Pelosi said, "Big tobacco is just on its usual rampage. It uses flavors like gummy bear, bubble gum, and cotton to ensnare and addict our children to tobacco."

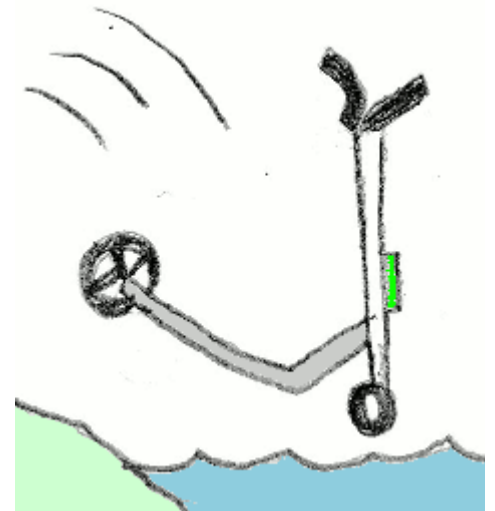
Bubble gum! Get it? It's that stuff people blow bubs with. I know you folks reading this always puff out some biggies at the office, gym, or surgical table.

I bet Pelosi chomps the stuff herself. I seem to recall one year when she appeared at the Democratic National Convention and seemed to be chewing bubble gum. She didn't bubble. But I thought I saw her jaw moving as if gnashing the zesty goo.

## A person wasted a scooter and thought it was funny

America is a land where Nazis march through the streets and complain that the homeless have it too easy. (Such a rally actually happened in Covington some 20 years ago.) Perhaps no American city has seen more right-wing violence against the homeless lately than Redding, California. While reading about it, I stumbled upon the Redding Police Department's website that features a form you can fill out to report "illegal encampments." This feature is near the top of the department's website.

Personally, I'd use it to report money-wasting gentrification projects, as those are illegal encampments—of sorts. They represent unlawful price fixing, and they use ill-gotten land.

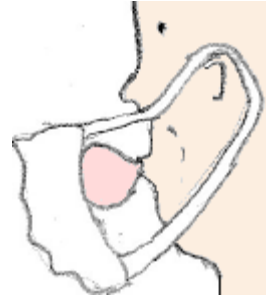


The fact that the department puts this form at such a prominent place on its website shows the department's backwards priorities. But I also noticed a feature on the site listing ordinary *crimes*—which have nothing to do with the homeless. This feature isn't as noticeable, which shows that going after actual *crime* is less of a priority in Redding than criminalizing the downtrodden is.

According to these crime blurbs, one young man from Redding took out his wrath on a company that lets folks rent scooters. Each scooter is valued at almost \$1,300. And he ruined one of them all up! The scooter was found completely submerged in the Sacramento River. It was beyond repair. Gone. Destroyed. Destructaroonny! After the suspect was found, he “admitted to throwing the scooter into the Sacramento River because he thought it would be ‘funny.’” He faced charges from fish and game officials for polluting a waterway.

## Unmasking another impediment to bubbling

Let's get this out of the way right now: Masks aren't going to stop the spread of conservavirus except in a medical setting, and the WHO opposes widespread use of masks in its official guidelines. Unless I'm performing surgery, cleaning up asbestos, or robbing a Druther's, I don't think I need a mask designed to cover the lower part of the face (unless I use it to cover the *upper* part of my face, so I don't have to see Donald Trump's ugly mug).



For a long time, these masks have been fairly common in some other countries, especially on public transit. You even see these masks once in a while in the good ol' U.S. and A. nation. But they're completely ineffective against viruses except in a medical setting. In fact, it may even make it worse. The masks are so ineffective for this virus that Google has pulled ads for them. Plus, environmental groups point out that the used masks are contaminating the environment.

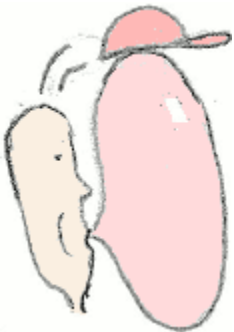
Some folks on the Internet have been meeping that—although the masks don't stop conservavirus—everyone should wear one anyway just to show their community spirit and social consciousness. As opposed to something like marching for civil rights and an end to war? Or are we supposed to just stay home 100% of the time, because “something something interconnectedness”?

But did you know that these masks also interfere with bubbling? I bet you never would have guessed that! You probably thought a bubble could just break right through the mask unobstructed and leave the mask unscathed.

Instead, the bub would likely burst inside the mask, gunking it up beyond repair. Different brands of gum may produce different results, however. The softer brands are said to be thicker and less sticky.

Some years back, a guy posted on the Internet about his “hat trick.” He planned to don a baseball cap and blow a bubble big enough to reach the bill of the hat—lifting the cap off his head. Respondents said this might be possible if he used a soft brand of beegum that produces thicker bubs. This is a bit like what we're talking about now.

It's not as if every person can chew bubble gum every waking moment. For example, it's hard to chew it while eating peanut butter or having a cavity filled. Gum can really jam the dentist's drill. But the rest of the time, bubble gum bustin' should be the rule!



## An idiot bought a house and ruined it all up

An apparent attempt by a speculator to cash in on surrounding gentrification crashed so dramatically that all you can hear is his precious money swirling down the shitter.

A few years ago, this pathetic scoundrel purchased a small, tidy house in a local community. But instead of becoming a responsible steward of this home like a normal person would, he let it fall to shambles. He left this beautiful, historic house vacant—for years.

When you own a property, you have a responsibility to maintain it. Otherwise, it will deteriorate quickly. And that's exactly what happened. Eventually, there was almost nothing left but a shell of a house.

It's obvious that he purchased it in the hopes it would appreciate in value because of nearby gentrification land grabs that artificially inflate real estate prices. There's no other reason why he'd leave it vacant that long.

Vacant houses create a nuisance and blight neighborhoods. It appears as if he was so eager to cash in on this house that he unwittingly reduced property values in the process—thus costing himself.

It all came crashing down when he allegedly failed to pay taxes on the house. This claim seems to be supported by property records. This apparently led the city to acquire the property at a ridiculously low price—that even I can afford without breaking a sweat. But then the city determined that the property had almost no monetary value because it had degenerated so much. It would cost at least tens of thousands to restore the house. The city now plans to bulldoze it, because that's the most economical thing for the city to do.

Investigating this wannabe land pirate some more, I discovered he does shit like this all over town. At least one other local city has gotten on his case about another of his vacant properties being a nuisance and has threatened to raze it.

If people want to buy properties and leave them vacant, they should have to pay a steep fee for it.

Wait, there's more! I found the guy's Facebook page. He's a dyed-in-the-wool democratic socialist. Just joking! You really didn't believe that, did you? Seriously, I found his Facebook timeline, and it is every bit the pantheon of right-wing stupid you'd expect—and them some. He mixes his political manifesto with racist quips and tasteless jokes about developmental disabilities.

And that ain't all! It turns out he showed up at an event I had attended so he could harass participants.

Would you rent a house or apartment from this gasbag? He won't maintain his properties, he makes bigoted posts on Facebook, he harasses people at events, and he displays greed that is so extreme that it ends up costing him.

After investigating this master of disaster, I noticed another vacant house in the area that is also falling apart. Somebody—presumably its owner—keeps placing right-wing signs in the yard. But this house is owned by a different nobleman.

As for the house about to be bulldozed, if a stranger had moved into it right after it was purchased by a hapless joker—and had claimed it as their home—they would have received title for it through adverse possession by now. All for free. And it's all because the owner neglected it for so long.

## A person wosted \$25 on a sticker

Wow, I know some weird people! We're weird ones indeed!

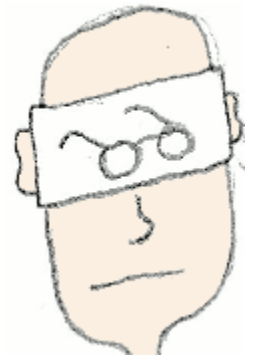
They in turn know some even weirder people. Unlike some other weird people though, they're also wasteful.

One weirdster tells me they had an even weirder roommate who needed a new pair of reading glasses. So the roommate went on Amazon and ordered a pair.

When weirdster #1 saw the webpage for the gafas that weirdster #2 had ordered, they couldn't help noticing something funny. Not ha-ha funny but weird funny. Alright, I admit, it's ha-ha funny too. Weirdster #1 summoned weirdster #2 to the computer to inform them of something very weird: "You just pissed away \$25 on a sticker."

That's right, ladies and gents! This item wasn't an actual pair of glasses. It was just a sticker featuring a photo of a pair of glasses.

Best all, it was too late to cancel the order.



## 'Hardcore Pawn' mentioned bubble gum

Remember *Hardcore Pawn*? In the last decade, this reality show set at a Detroit pawn shop was a cable TV sensation. The shop is owned by Les Gold—who resembled Uncle Leo of *Seinfeld*—and the show chronicled the work of Gold and his family as they ran the store. I don't have cable, but I saw the show.

The program featured some uproarious temper tantrums by customers who thought the shop gave them a raw deal. For example, two men with ZZ Top beards who tried to get \$900 for an obsolete computer and monitor (that looked like the ones we had at school in 1983) threw a profanity-filled skizzum in the parking lot and clumsily broke the computer equipment that they thought was so valuable. Then the men fought with each other as they accused each other of breaking it, and they ran over the monitor with their truck. One other time, a man picked up a boar that had been stuffed and put on display to be sold—when he clearly wasn't supposed to touch it. This caused the boar's tongue to fall out. He refused to pay for the wasted boar and instead flew into a tantrum.

And *Hardcore Pawn* once mentioned gum of the bubble variety. This mention wasn't by any of the show's regulars but by a customer...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cNQa7z5KeSA>

Here's a synopsis of that scene in case you're afraid a copy of *Weekly Reader* will fly out of your computer screen and swallow you whole. A man tries to sell a partially broken 5-foot-tall gumball machine to the shop. The man says he had bought it for his daughter, but he was getting rid of it because "I've had bubble gum all over the place."

Bubble gum! You know, that stuff you blow bubbles with!

The customer wants \$500 for this broken gumball machine. But Les Gold gives him only \$50. Instead of throwing a fit, however, the customer hangs his head in defeat. Then a woman walks into the shop and wants to

buy the machine. She must have been planning on chomping some beegee and puffing out some colossal bubs! So the store sells it to her for \$100. Then we see ol' Les boasting about how much money he made on this transaction.

All for the entertainment of millions of viewers sliding down a mountain of goofy fun!

## Indulgence for thee, restraint for me

I don't indulge—but it's tempting when “the man” says not to.

This zine has no rule against discussing religion—because in many ways, the church *is* the state. Dogma often becomes government policy. This article is not intended to attack religion but to expose the hypocrisy of church bureaucracy. (That rhymes, and you *know* it rhymes!)

Recently—just at the start of Lent—developers of the massively unpopular Manhattan Harbour gentrification highway robbery made a rather interesting Facebook post. To celebrate the opening of a luxury apartment building that will never be filled, the company declared, “It's time to experience the next level of excessive indulgence.” Public officials proceeded to bomb Facebook with this post—smiling and backslapping each other about how great they thought it was.

“Excessive indulgence”? There's people in this area who don't know where their next meal is coming from, and some right-wing developer is encouraging the 1% to stomp into town, gobble up locals' land, drive up housing costs, and practice “excessive indulgence” right in front of them?

What a stupid statement. They're admitting it's excessive *and* an indulgence. The only reason I care is that this project harms so many innocent people.

Although I have not been religious in my adult life, I should point out that they posted this to kick off Lent—when we were always told to avoid all indulgence. And when I say all indulgence, I mean *all*. Nothing was allowed. Many of those demanding restraint from us never practiced what they preached—as they led lives that were *full* of indulgence. We had nothing compared to them, but they tried making us feel sorry for living. I've made sacrifices my whole damn life—and often it was to clean up the messes they created.

They displayed a desire for control. They cared nothing about those in need, but they sure loved to harangue everyone who had less money than themselves about their supposed immorality. They had no appreciation for sacrifice. A sacrifice should be to the benefit of someone in need—not just to please those who are unable to explain what its benefits are.

I don't want to be too pious regarding what the Manhattan Harbour developer said, because if I was, I'd be just as bad as those who micromanaged my life. But those who want to preach about morals should start with this developer—not with me.

Even in the secular outside world, when a major national or worldwide crisis arose, we saw this hypocrisy. Our political “leaders” (who often caused the crisis in the first place) lectured us about making sacrifices. But the more affluent never had to sacrifice a damn thing. They kept driving their gas guzzlers and getting cosmetic surgery. Sacrifices were always to be made by us—not them. These whiny, selfish, petty martinets thought nobody else had lives to lead. Those who they lectured were often helpless victims of these crises. Recently I saw a quote: “Crisis doesn't change people. It reveals them.” What do crises say about the ghouls who run our government institutions? It's like when they say the government doesn't have the money for healthcare reform or Social Security—when it has plenty for airline bailouts and illegal, deadly wars.

Everyone who knows me knows I'd give the shirt off my back in time of need. But it wore on me, because others didn't do their part.

Some years back, this zine had a phase marked by a special fight against the dogmatic diktats that were coursing through society and affecting me personally. I was in the middle of a personal crisis, and those who tried to impose their doctrine on me offered no support. Just unasked-for drama. And when this zine fought it, guess what happened? You guessed it! Somebody got offended. Tough toilets. I'm not going to cave to right-wing tone policing.

Anyone who thinks I'm being petty or immoral should demand a total, permanent shutdown of further Manhattan Fubar construction and revocation of tax handouts the development receives. It's not because I think religious morals should be imposed on the developer, but because I think its indulgence is bad based on secular standards. “Excessive indulgence” would be bad at any time of year, but I'm not the one encouraging it during Lent.



## People ruined shit at school

Not only do you need a distraction from life, but you know what else? This is a day ending in y. That means you want to read about school mischief! And what schools had more mischief than St. Joe's and Brossart?

Learning in private schools is a bit different from learning in public schools. I got my high school diploma from an inner-city public school that ran smoothly. But suburban private religious schools like Brossart or St. Joe's weren't the perfect paradise that the gaslighting media portrays. You'd be shocked at some of the uncivilized idiots I had to be in class with at private schools.

One of the things they liked to ruin was art supplies. Any time some new art supplies were introduced to the class, they would be wasted in short order. A classroom had one of those little sticks that smoothed down pencil drawings. It was down to a useless nub within minutes. Brand new pencils were eaten up in a jiffy by the pencil sharpener—which was also used to sharpen crayons. Expensive tracing paper was used to draw X-rated pictures.

Books got ru too! Somehow, students would poke holes in the middle of the pages of textbooks that belonged the school.

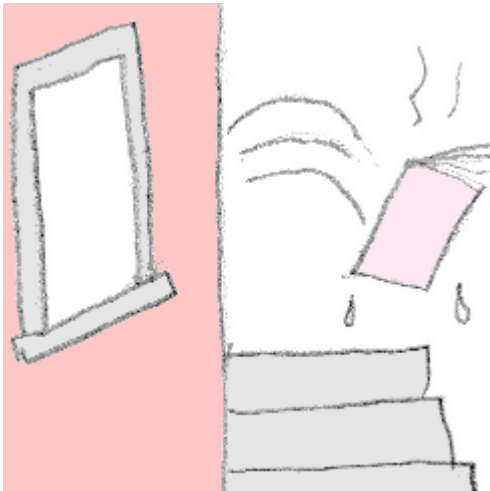
They threw tantrums over losing at a game. But they could be sore winners too. There was one boy who—if he prevailed at any competitive activity—would dance around chanting, “P.C.! P.C.!” I have no idea what this stood for. (Phil Collins? Paul Carrack?)



If someone was at the drinking fountain, they had to make sure nobody was standing right behind them to shove them into the spout and break their teeth.

The toilets were a disaster. Hilarious perhaps, but still a disaster. For years on end, the toilet bowls would get clogged with books, balloons, and other ploppables. The restrooms at Brossart often smelled of cigarette smoke mixed with urine. Also at Brossart, someone once stole a book from the library, urinated on it, and threw it out the bathroom window onto the steps to the art room. I vaguely remember that someone actually returned the ruined book to the library—where it proceeded to stink up the place. Yes, Brossart had a urine-soaked book on its library shelves! But the restroom in this story was a different one from the one where beer cans were found all over the floor.

Why did some of these kids bust up shit? I think it's because they fantasized about the lifestyles of the rich and famous that were always being glamorized—and didn't care about anything else.



## Slow mail, swayin' to the music...

Cool! This zine is talking about the mail being slow just like we had to do in 1993! Stupendous! And it's been worsening since before conservavirus, so we know that's not the reason. (If we're serious about stopping this virus, we should ban junk mail—which the public has long been forced to subsidize anyway. But that's another matter entirely.)

In fact, mail delivery seems to get slower by the year, and it got absolutely ridiculous when Donald Trump took over. It's part of the reason why orders from Amazon rarely arrive *on time* anymore.

Deliveries from FedEx and UPS are often late because the item suddenly gets bounced back to their hub 1,000 miles away as soon as it gets to your local shipping center, but until not long ago, the U.S. Postal Service was usually reliable once your shipment got to the “package arrived at a carrier facility” phase. That doesn't excuse all the times items have been permanently lost in the mail, waterlogged, opened, or ripped to shreds over the years, but at least the aforementioned stage usually meant smooth sailing from there. That's not always the case now.

Recently, my business partner ordered a couple items off Amazon that (surprise, surprise) aren't available

at any local store. That was even before store shelves went bare because of the pandemic. The lack of availability of some items is a permanent condition here. These items were to be used together, and she needed them quickly. These were time-sensitive orders. People keep stealing things off her porch, and I know from experience that the Postal Service does not take mail theft seriously. The surprise was that these packages actually made it on the guaranteed delivery day. Usually over the past 3 years, you're not so lucky.

Not having to wait until the following Monday should make us thankful the Postal Service isn't run by the phone company or Bishop Brossart High School. We can't look a gift horse in the mouth, because we might not have been this lucky with FedEx. Someone on the public Internet said they sold a \$700 TV and shipped it using FedEx. When it arrived in ruins, FedEx denied the seller's claim for compensation, citing insufficient packaging—even though it was shipped in its original box. Another person said FedEx dropped off a box of oranges and grapefruits—which were labeled "DO NOT FREEZE"—in a snowbank.

Someone also posted a thread titled "anybody have the Christmas ruined by fedex." The magic word! Ruined! They said a package that was supposed to be delivered 4 days before Christmas still didn't make it by Christmas, as FedEx inaccurately claimed this customer used an invalid address. Somebody—inexplicably siding with FedEx—replied, "FedEx doesn't deliver to losers."

But it would be funny if they did.

## Please fill out your census...Like a night in the forest...

(I try to use that headline every 10 years but I can never fit it in!)

A few days ago, I got my 2020 census form in the mail. Actually, it was just a letter with a website that allowed me to fill it out online.

How did my dealings with the census go in past decades? I did receive a form in the bubble gum bustin' year 2010, and the neighbors even mentioned it to me.

However, I'm still waiting for my form from 2000—the most inaccurate census in the country's history. It's demonstrably provable that this census undercounted non-right-wing communities so they wouldn't receive legislative representation or funding they were entitled to. The census website told people to contact the Census Bureau if they did not receive a form. I did, and I still received no form.

That's called taxation without representation. Kind of like all the gerrymandering now. Newt Gingrich's Nazism had already done enough to shatter civic life. After the census fiasco, what wasn't shattered was now shattered more. It also highlighted the fact that I owed no fealty to fascists—despite what they continue to think.

What about 1990? The 1990 form would have arrived just before I turned 17. Indeedity-doodledy, it was at the tail end of the Brossart era. Because I was a minor, the form was probably supposed to be filled out by a parent. But I was old enough to understand the form, and I remember having to fill it out. The 1990 form was much longer and more detailed than it is today. I seem to remember a question about toilets.

Want congressional representation? Fill out your census form. Want funding for your children's schools, parks, hospitals, and libraries? Fill out your census form. Want to avoid a walking stop sign following you around, singing "Stop To Love", and shoving its hand in your face? Fill out your census form. (Another lost hit!)

The big question I have is: Do people pop? Just joking! Actually, the question is: When am I going to receive my census form from 20 years ago?

