

# The Last Word™

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## Land of Enchantment enchants!

It was one knee-slapping misadventure after another on my camping trip to New Mexico from October 8 to 15!

Lately, these summaries of my road trips have served multiple goals. One is so I can watch the 1% mob babyrage. Another is to entertain and inform my fans. These articles make you think!

On the Friday we left, things were already starting to approach the spectacle we have a constitutional right to expect, and we made it to Ellsworth, Kansas, that night. On Saturday, we stopped for lunch at a Pizza Hut in Hugoton, Kansas. The men's restroom there had pee everywhere—which was a topic of fond reminiscences throughout the rest of the trip.

Our first major stop in New Mexico was Capulin Volcano National Monument. Although pets were prohibited on the trail, a woman brang along 2 dogs—thus violating an Allowed Cloud!

On Saturday evening, we lodged in Raton, New Mexico. This fine town seemed to meet the high standards I set. While restaurant experiences on this trip varied, we had dinner at an eatery in Raton that was part of a larger chain and had lousy steaks but smiling servers.

Despite positive interactions at other Raton businesses, the motel there was a disaster. It required us to sign a form saying this was essential travel in accordance with a local law—though there appears to be no such law. Maybe the inn should have instead focused on fixing the broken refrigerator in our room or the floor that was about to cave in. hilariously, a big group of cars and motorcycles did doughnuts in a nearby McDonald's parking lot.

We awoke in the middle of the night to find bugs in the room. The hotel gave us a different room, but the refrigerator was broken in that room too. The bathroom fan was also broken, and the knob for the faucet on the bathroom sink broke off when I turned it. When we were leaving, we noticed the fire alarm was going off in the hallway, but there appeared to be no fire. The fire alarm was inaudible in the room and therefore ineffective.

Sunday appeared to bring us a flat tire. We pulled off the road in the snow but could not find the leak. We concluded that the car's flat tire indicator or sensor was faulty.

We camped for 2 nights at Bandelier National Monument. A Florence Henderson look-alike was sighted on one of the trails. A Cathy Lee Crosby look-alike was seen at the campground. On our first night there, a little boy threw a temper tantrum—and his mom threw an even bigger tantrum. The youngster was swinging a pole around in a fit of rage because he lost at a game. When his mom was struck by the pole, she launched a tirade lasting about 20 minutes in which she kept using big words that made it sound like she was filing a lawsuit instead of sleeping at a small child.

Best all, repeated loud-and-proud bunker blasts graced the campsite. That night, a couple was heard loudly passing gas and laughing uncontrollably about it.

On the second night at the campground, we decided to have a little bonfire. Luckily, we had some firewood with us—also known as a Brossart newsletter...





The blaze sipped away this letter within about a minute. The letter advertised an '80s-themed fundraiser—which is ironic considering that decade was probably the most troubled in this right-wing school's history.

We continued west on Tuesday. We stopped for lunch at a Denny's in Grants, but the restaurant was plagued by a foul odor. One of the highlights of the trip was Petrified Forest National Park in Arizona, which had gobs of easily accessible things to see. We then returned to New Mexico and lodged in Gallup. This town also seemed rather impressive, as the motel greeted us with smiling faces. However, the smoke detector in our room was missing, with just the wires hanging there.

Wednesday was a spectacle in its own right, as we moseyed over to El Morro National Monument. When I was resting at the picnic area next to the parking lot, an elderly couple got out of their car. The woman told the man that the visitor center required a mask—because the government thinks it's still March 2020—and the man replied, "I don't give a damn." Actually, the visitor center could have been bypassed to go to the trail. However, the park seemed to try to forbid this in an attempt to limit the number of people using the trail. I guess that's what we can expect under this incompetent administration, which lately has been spending most of its energy trying to figure out how to use the Patriot Act to go after families who disagree with closing schools for a whole year.

A few minutes later, an older woman sitting in her car angrily yelled, "Shit!"

I took another pit stop at a Love's gas station in Tucumcari. This was another of many New Mexico businesses where friendly smiles abounded. hilariously, after I snaked my way to the beethoom, I noticed people were suspiciously lingering there.

Thursday had its share of frustration. I believe it was at the hotel in Amarillo, Texas, where we overslept. This created perhaps an even bigger delay than the previous morning in Gallup—where another motorist monopolized a gas pump to wash his car and where a pump at another station tried to eat a credit card, costing us 40 minutes. In Amarillo, in addition to us oversleeping, an elderly couple blocked the line for 10 minutes in the breakfast room as they made oatmeal. But I sprang into action and packed up quickly so we'd get back on schedule!

I did my part, and it was all for naught. Before we got to Oklahoma City, I checked Google Maps and saw traffic was stopped by a wreck on Interstate 44 northeast of town. In fact, this turnpike was closed and had a detour. Evidently, it reopened before we got there—but then a new traffic jam appeared at the same spot, and we had no warning until just after the exit that would have let us avoid it. As a matter of fact, there were 2 traffic jams back to back—costing us a total of 2 hours. This meant we didn't make it to Rolla, Missouri, until late at night—when it was too late to use the swimming pool.

However, it turned out the motel in Rolla limited pool usage to only brief time slots anyway—so the joke's on them. The hotel in Rolla also gave us a room that was already occupied. When we unlocked the door to the darkened room, we heard a man saying, "Hello? Hello?"

Thursday's delay also led us to what may have been the most pleasantly surprising meal of the whole trip, which was lunch in Illinois on the Friday we got home.

At least when I arrived home, I discovered that the latest water main break that deprived me of running water on the morning I left had been fixed.

# Snap Map on the clock...But the globe stealing don't stop...

I've told some of my stories at family gatherings so many times that I don't need to retell them. All I need to do is just call out a few words, and it's shorthand for the whole story. Examples:

- "Oaptag lecture!"
- "Spitting soda across the table at McDonald's!"
- "Filling a water pistol with bubble gum!"
- "The kid cussing at Kroger over a vending machine toy!"
- "The teacher saying, 'It smells like a toilet in here!'"
- "The kid at school pooping on the toilet seat and crying!"
- "The school's football book getting ruined!"
- "The 'Look at this dummy' incident!"
- "The dog chewing up Band-Aids!"
- "The man yelling at the kid for throwing his toys down the steps!"
- "Kids cheating and farting during a standardized test!"
- "The dog pooping in the tent!"
- "The kid taking the teacher's cigarettes out of her desk!"
- "The Toucan Sam record being placed in a Bible in a hotel room!"
- "Pink construction paper incident!" (one of the funniest because it was just so stupid)
- "Peeing down inside the vacuum cleaner!"
- "The Fritos t-shirt getting put in the toilet!"
- "Underpants on the school bus floor!"
- "The field trip where the kid spit a caramel apple all over the school's van!"
- "The Visine falling into the toilet!"

Those stories are in addition to several legendary glue spills.

Late in my years as a high school sophomore, I planned on arranging stories that had taken place so far as a document sort of like the *Propaedia* of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Even earlier, I had an idea like this when I was about 10, only this one would have been arranged more like the Bible and would have also included tasteless *Sesame Street* fanfic. If I didn't think I was going to die within the next few months, I could put all this material in a set of books sort of like *Dungeons & Dragons*.

Last month, I regaled you with the growing trend of ruining toilets and laying hulk to schools and posting it on TikTok. But now students are getting the bright idea to post these antics on Snap Map instead, because Snap Map isn't owned by the Chinese Communist Party.

Snap Map featured an interesting clip from what appeared to be a high school in North Carolina. A student stole a small globe from a classroom. Reminds me of the brass mass incident.

But don't worry, Snap Map is also still providing us with the usual chestnuts like college students drinking beer in class or spilling coffee on library computers. I even found a Snap Map clip from NKU with the self-explanatory caption "who the fuck leaves their bandaids in the elevator." Yes, the Band-Aids were used.

I'm just waiting for the inevitable news article about how "we won't tolerate it."



## A person pooped on a car

Since the "Bellevue Alliance" group on Facebook is almost worthless now, most of the best poo stories have relocated to the Dayton groups. All these poo stories have one thing in common: They're about poo.

Recently a commenter posted in one of the Dayton groups...

**"Disgusting!!! Someone pooped in the street and then wiped it all over my daughters car!!! Why are people so disgusting!!! Watch out for the poop whisperer!!!"**

This post was accompanied by a photo of the car daubed with wisps of feces. Somebody intelligently replied...

**"Looks the person bent over and it shot it out like some sort of blast. No wiping at all."**

You expect there to be a roll of toilet paper just sitting there on the street?  
Someone else responded...

**“I’m no professional by any means, butt [sic] I’d say they leaned up against the bumper and just let it roll on down.”**

It looked like it wasn’t in a form that would allow it to roll. Sometimes poo can roll. For example, if someone gets a little pebble poop in their drawers, it’s been known to descend their leg and roll out the ankle of their pants. I think some kid at school did this once. Even a big, squishy log can roll a little if it’s smooth enough and not coiled up. I’m sure George W. Bush experimented with it every night just before being tucked into bed. But the mess in the photos seemed to take the form of thick, gooey streaks rather than round chunks.

Let it roll, baby, roll!

## Restaurant ruinment!

If the elitist ghouls on *Today* had their way, nobody would ever chew bubble gum ever again.

A few weeks ago, *Today* ran a story about a California restaurant that has banned customers under 18 without an adult. I could only find a written article—not a video—but you know *Today* cooed and fawned about how great they think this rule is.

The rule was prompted by the mischief of teenage customers. The eatery made a Facebook post declaring, “It is with GREAT sadness that we have made the decision to not permit underage kiddos in the restaurant without a parent or legal guardian” because of an assortment of foul—if not funny—acts. According to this post, teens smoked marijuana in a restroom. A condom was also found in a bathroom, and teens were caught making out

on the baby changing table. Ketchup and mustard were “squirted into the opposite bottles”, onto the TV, and into masks. Candy was found stuck to the ceiling. Kids placed their feet on the tables. The post warned, “Some of their actions are unlawful and we won’t allow it.” Ooh, an Allowed Cloud!

It appears as if this misbehavior was carried out by multiple groups of kids, who were encouraged by other kids. But the owner said she hoped customers who were scared away will return “now that the kids won’t be here to ruin their dining experience.” The magic word!

This echoed a 2019 story in which a Wisconsin restaurant banned “destructive” middle school kids. The manager said kids vandalized the tables by carving them up and standing on them. These tiny tots also argued with other customers who demanded they pipe down with their profanity. That in turn was reminiscent of an Illinois story in which 2 fast food restaurants banned large groups of kids because they kept walking on tables and throwing food.

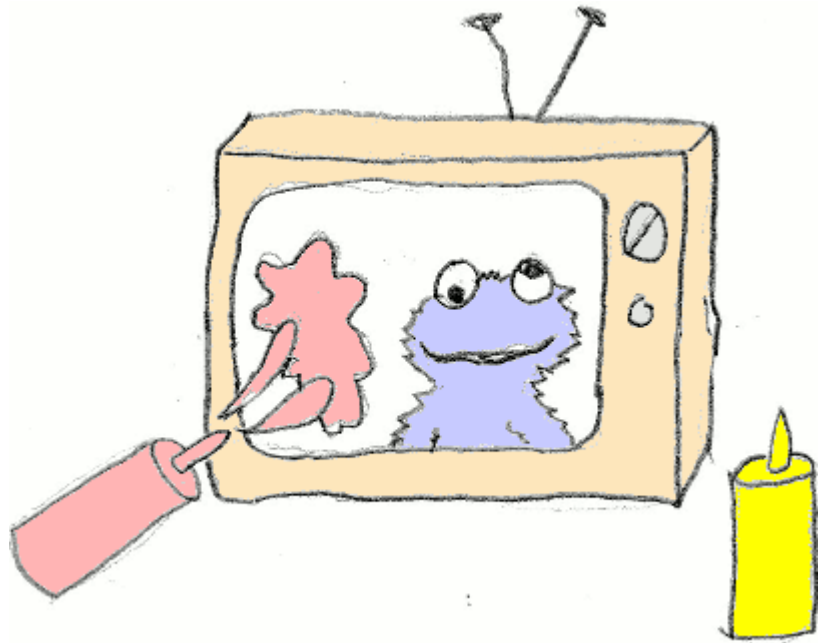
## More who what when where whys of bubble gum

In the late 2010s, we extensively explored the fact that those of us lucky enough to have crooked teeth are more talented at blowing bubbles with bubble gum. Teeth punkers’ bubs are the meanest in creation. Our investigative reports on this matter strongly implied that maloccluded molars should not be “corrected”, for bubbling is such a valuable skill.

But this important probe yielded little information other than to establish that we teeth punkers are indeed better at bubbling. It barely grazed on *why* this is so.

In an online discussion about this phenomenon, it was suggested that crooked chompers may make it easier to hold the gum in place. But we’re not even sure if this theory is correct. It may in fact make holding food in place more of a challenge. Some of us are not constructed to consume certain foodstuffs. Pork barbecue and the skin of Polish sausage have proven to be rather time-consuming. So, instead of trying in vain to chew food meant to be swallowed, why not try beegee instead?

Size isn’t everything. Bubbling big is good, but the meanness of the bubble is just as important. A bub





doesn't have to be perfectly spherical to be hilarious. It's best if there's some asymmetry or if one can puff out multiple bubs at once—such as a Dallas/Fort Worth. It's just like how clowns are funnier when they make balloon animals. Asymmetrical gnashers are tailor made for lopsided bubbling.

Recently, there was some online chatter in which people were challenged to buy a cookie cutter shaped like their home state and blow a bubble through it as they stood in front of a major landmark in their state—whether it's Churchill Downs, Mount Hood, or Waikiki Beach. The idea was to blow a bubble shaped like the state. Blowing bubs with crooked teeth works pretty much the same way.

Bubbling may actually sometimes be better if the gum is not firmly held in place, thanks to the resulting asymmetry.

It's likely that another factor is us teeth punkers' preference for humility over vanity. Most of the landed gentry who strive for boring, straight teeth probably think bubbling is beneath them. So teeth punkers practice more and get to monopolize the pastime of bubble gum busting.

The nobility is so mired in vanity that they simply don't even consider bubbling to be a part of life at all. It's as if gum was never invented. Some simply don't think like the rest of humanity does. In the real world, not everybody chomps beegee 100% of the time, but folks at least respect its peerless capabilities and are willing to accommodate its existence. Not so for those too pretentious to accept it.

The few. The proud. The teeth punkers.



## Illinois restaurant owns posh crowd

Left-leaning Mexican President Andrés Manuel López Obrador said he sees his lenient COVID-19 measures as a way to “own the posh crowd.”

It's been said that individuals bopping around barefaced at rest areas and convenience stores are owning the posh crowd. But on my New Mexico trip, I found an entire Illinois restaurant that owned the posh crowd!

Illinois is one of very few states that hasn't entered 2021 yet, as it still ostensibly requires people to wear masks in indoor places. This is due to the mind-blowing misrule by Gov. J.B. “Fred Flintstone” Pritzker. But as we bolted across the state of Bedrock, we found an eatery that took strong exception to Pritzker's bottomless incompetence.

This southern Illinois diner had no masks anywhere in sight. Zero. Not on customers, not on employees. There wasn't even a sign on the door requiring them.

Most hilariously of all, an elderly woman working there—she may have been a manager or owner—strongly resembled Emma Tisdale, the motorcycle mail carrier on *The Dukes Of Hazzard*.

The only other state on this trip with a mask mandate was New Mexico itself. The Land of Enchantment had restaurants where the mandate was ignored by many—and motels and gas stations where it was ignored by almost all, if not all. Many businesses had no sign on the door.

However, I think Illinois did better at owning the posh crowd. On the way home, I stopped at another Illinois restaurant, which was part of a regional chain. Maskage was practiced by no patrons and only one worker, and no sign on the door told folks to maskify. It made my lunchage all the more satisfying!

## Los Alamos bombs

My New Mexico trip suggested that Los Alamos is no Raton or Gallup.

Los Alamos is known as the town where the atomic bomb was developed, and it still hosts Los Alamos National Laboratory. An online commenter said Los Alamos is one of the most well-educated places in America, having one of the highest percentage of adults with a Ph.D.

Sadly, a higher education level does not always translate to being smarter, and I saw my share of not-too-bright behavior at a Los Alamos supermarket.

We had to stop by Smith's Marketplace—part of the Kroger empire. While I was in there, I noticed

something weird: Almost all customers still wore masks as if it was 19 months ago. Perhaps one or two dissented from this craze, but it was almost certainly the most heavily masked major business, institution, or event I've visited since the pandemic began.

I don't think many people still wear a mask for epidemiological reasons. They do it to show their obedience.

Something just as silly confronted us at the checkout lanes. Although there were no stickers on the floor demanding people stand 6 feet apart, everyone did exactly that. There was precisely 6 feet between each customer in the checkout lines. Because of this, the lines backed up halfway down the shopping aisles.

When the line moved, everyone marched 6 feet in lockstep. It was like one of those videos of a North Korean military parade.

I voiced criticism of permanent mask mandates as I was leaving the store, and I'm sure somebody heard the truth!

## Vermont schools asked for it!

In my day, there was a TV show called *You Asked For It*. At the time, it was hosted by Rich Little. Viewers were told to send in ideas about things they wanted to see on the program. I always thought the name of the show sounded like something a frustrated parent would say to a misbehaving child before imposing a punishment.

I think it's also something America's schoolchildren should say to our schools. The nation's schools are such outposts of fascism that they've got it coming.

I found a story from Vermont about ballooning misbehavior by the state's tiny tots. Ironically, I was linked to it from an article about public officials whining because Vermont's COVID-19 restrictions weren't strict enough. The fact is, however, that this school mischief was caused by them being *too* strict.

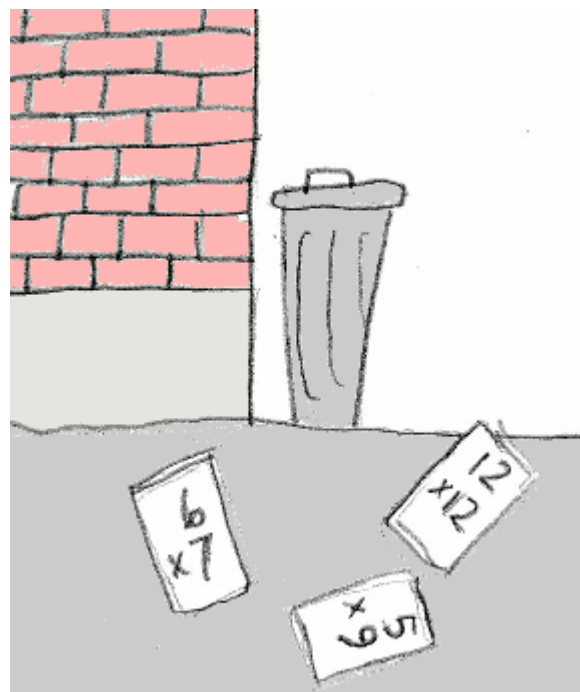
An one elementary school, kids broke the piano, demolished computers, dented cars, and peed everywhere. High schools report that students are skipping school. At other pseudoeducational institutions, kids ruined furniture or simply walked out of school. Another school said library visits had to be limited because students were "destroying it."

A photo revealed papers, bins, posters, and flash cards strewn all over the floor of an elementary classroom. It looked like my high school classmates were there!

One official said that it shouldn't be surprising to see "an increase in challenging behaviors" after schools' self-inflicted collapse. Then schools should have opened normally over a year ago. That's just all there is to it.

Naturally, schools' response to the current hijinks is to double down on past failed policies, namely by trying to saddle kids with a psychiatric diagnosis so they can be oppressed further.

A couple days after I read this story, I was walking down the street and found that multiplication flash cards—apparently from a school—had been scattered in the alley and on the sidewalk. The trail of cards went on for the length of several houses. The cards were of course ru. Waterlogged and trampled. It was another brass mass moment!



## I do voices

Some of you may recall that I used to be in the radio business. That means I have a whole repertoire of voices.

My involvement was with music stations. To me, music wasn't just music, and talk wasn't just talk. I wove these elements together to make great, controversial radio. Perhaps my most notable presence was on WRFN, the rock 'n' roll station at NKU that operated by carrier current.

I much preferred live announcing over prerecording and editing my material. Live radio was spontaneous, unpredictable, and fun—and it meant I didn't have to go through the trouble of editing. I liked radio over TV because listeners could paint images in their minds.

Both on and off the air, I had voices that I used, and I still use them when the need arises. I don't just mean impressions of famous individuals but also types of people. This article describes 5 of the types I had voices

for. They seem to represent each of the past 5 decades, but I came up with some of them before that decade began.

As a teenager, I came up with the scolding preacher voice. I came up with this just before *The Simpsons* debuted, but he sounds sort of like Rev. Lovejoy. If I saw some letter or column in the newspaper ranting about porn or “dirty” rock lyrics, I would read it using this voice.

Next in my repertoire is a feller outlining some dumb rule. This voice sounds like Kermit the Frog, only a bit more high-pitched. He could be your boss at work, a college chancellor, or someone else in a rule making position. “Furthermore, we expect all employees of Sanitation District #13 to place a lampshade on their head and sing ‘I Adore Mi Amor’ at 11:04 each morning.” I first came up with this voice while imitating what I thought the sysop of a local computer bulletin board system might have sounded like.

The next voice in my collection would have been a good fit for the authoritarian, militaristic 2000s, but I actually added this voice in the 1990s. I ripped this character directly off a high school classmate who poked fun at the school’s “level” system by saying in a drill sergeant voice, “Hey! Is that Bazooka you’re chewin’?! Down into the fiery pits of level 1 with you!” All sayings by this drill sergeant character start with a raspy, angry “Hey!” and are followed by a question and a declaration that the addressee has been demoted to “level 1.”

After that, we were dragged harum-scarum into the Tea Party era! I came up with a voice representing the Tea Party agenda, which sounds like Goofy, only with a lot of stupid grunts thrown in.

More recently, I’ve toyed with yet another voice. This one represents a man who is petrified to leave his home after caving to COVID-19 fear whipped up by the media. This character has a high-pitched, wimpy, geeky voice. He sounds like a caricature of the nerd who goes to a steakhouse full of big, tough cowboys and orders just a small bowl of applesauce. But he rarely leaves home at all, and when he does, he wears practically a full hazmat suit.

So we’ve got the preacher, the drill sergeant, the Tea Party, the hermit, and the Kermit. Funny all.

## More encyclopedias got ru! Can you believe it?

With our special investigative reports about wasted encyclopedia sets over the past couple months, it begs asking *how* some people ended up with incomplete sets in the first place.

Recalling the times in my childhood when we bought just one volume or the first few volumes of a set at yard sales, speculation was offered as to why the seller didn’t have the whole set. It was probably a set that they started purchasing on an installment plan and received one volume at a time before they decided they didn’t want the rest of it or simply stopped paying.

At a garage sale, what you see is what you get. But when you buy items online, it’s not always so, and spoiled encyclopedias run rampant

among online sellers. In the past few years, an outside seller on Amazon has been selling vintage *World Book* encyclopedias. The trouble is that the seller implies that it’s a whole set—when, according to buyers, it’s usually just individual volumes. The seller got away with charging \$5 for just the *S* volume from 1988. Another purchaser claimed to be “SHOCKED” (in all capitals) when only one volume was delivered.

Still another got the whole set *except* volume 22. Another received only *World Book’s* 1984 yearbook. Another received just the *C* volume. This buyer got a refund, and the seller didn’t ask for this book back—which means that the most complete set the seller could sell after that would be missing *C*.

More proof we live in a sick society.



## 'The Price Is Right' mentioned bubble gum

Back in April 2018, we ran an incisive piece that exposed that *The Price Is Right* once mentioned *Sesame Street*. The show gave away a View-Master “gift set” that included *Sesame Street* reels.

Welp, guess what? I stumbled upon a video on YouTube in which *The Price Is Right* confronts the other twin tower of hilarity. This one is a nighttime episode hosted by the late Dennis James that according to the comments first aired on January 16, 1977. In this clip, an elderly woman with a thick French accent plays the Grocery Game. Her daughter has to go up on stage to help her play because of the language barrier.

After the aging contestant wins a motorcycle in the bidding, she takes the stage and the late Johnny Olson announces the Grocery Game prizes. Among them is something funny. I mean it's *really, really* funny!

Why, it's bubble gum! You know, that stuff you bubble with.

If it was merely referred to as *chewing* gum, it wouldn't be nearly as funny. But nope! They called it *bubble* gum!

More specifically, the prize is a brand of beegum called Blammo—which I don't even remember.

The contestant is told that if she can get the price of her items between \$6.75 and \$7, she will also win a brand new '77 Chevy Vega! But she promptly declares that she does not drive.

Alas, she does not prevail at the Grocery Game. So no Vega, no freezer bags, and not even any Blammo.

In a 1982 episode, Bob Barker burst out laughing because a woman in the audience was chewing gum and the gum flew out of her mouth. But nobody specified if it was of the bubble kaboomin' variety.