

# The Last Word™

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## It was sink or swim for Sunlite Pool

“Government by Gannett” strikes again!

After the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra purchased and closed Coney Island to build a music venue nobody wants, a serious community effort was launched to save Sunlite Pool. It wasn't because Coney Island was the site of my mom's company picnic when I was 12 that went awry. Rather, it was because Sunlite Pool kicked so much ass.

But this campaign has gone to waste because construction crews showed up in the middle of the night to start tearing out this giant swimming pool when nobody was looking. The CSO arrogantly refused to even wait for the ink to dry on the preservation effort. The pool is gone. The city of Cincinnati and Anderson Township did not intervene to stop the CSO from tearing out the pool—of course.

It didn't help that the *Cincinnati Enquirer* ran an editorial a few weeks ago smugly defending the CSO closing the pool—which probably contributed to its shuttering. In more recent days, however, a column has appeared in the paper acknowledging the injustice of racial segregation that plagued Coney Island until 1961. It's true that segregation was one of the gravest ills the country has ever faced. Racism violates the values that we aim to follow, and people have fought very hard for racial fairness. But closing a pool *now* doesn't change history. More importantly, the *Enquirer* is usually not a champion of justice and progress, and for it to acknowledge injustice is all too rare.

The *Enquirer* is particularly bad on economic issues. It recently ran a right-wing guest op-ed supporting the Kroger/Albertsons merger. The paper blasted affordable housing initiatives, effectively manipulating public opinion on those. Its letters to the editor feature is filled to the brim with letters attacking the city for funding bike lanes or Red Bike. That may have contributed to the closure of Red Bike and the delay of its reopening. The *Enquirer* is often right on the brink of the Newt Gingrich/George W. Bush/Tea Party fascism we all know and “love.”

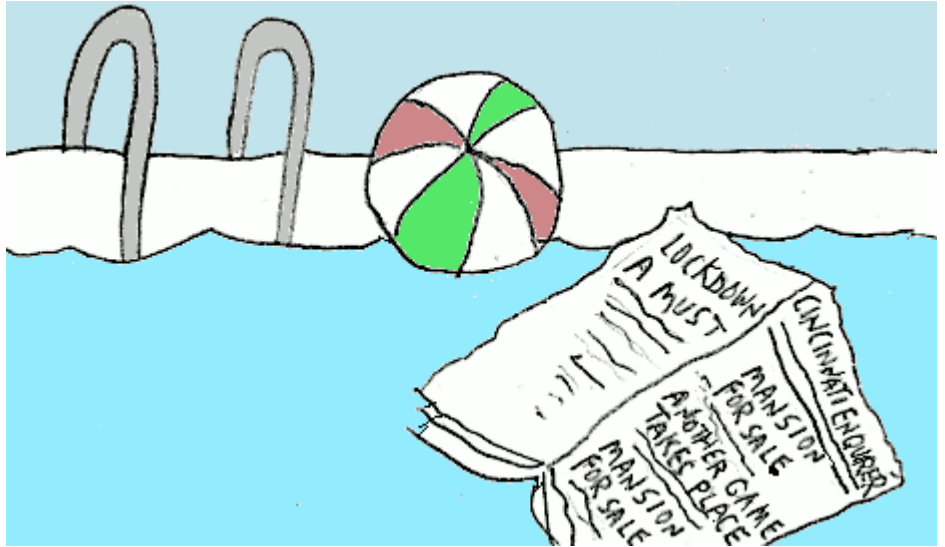
The heckler's veto wielded by the *Enquirer* is like Newt, George, and the BTPers with a generous dash of the People's CDC. As you can guess, the *Enquirer* endorsed authoritarian responses to COVID. We weren't the ones supporting things like stay-at-home orders. The good ol' right-wing *Enquirer* was. Its nutty editorial that demanded extending Ohio's eugenics-inspired lockdown probably helped influence Mike DeWine to do so.

Also, Red Bike did not receive a “bailout”, geniuses. We don't say the book burners at the Campbell County Schools are receiving a “bailout”, so Red Bike didn't get a “bailout” either.

## Free association!

I possess a rare ability to practice free association with no prodding by a psychologist.

In 2019, I told you about how when I was about 4 or 5, the sitcom *Fish* inspired me to use a toy with Lego-like tiles to make a mosaic that had absolutely nothing to do with *Fish*. A couple years ago, I



made a post about this type of free association on a forum that has nothing to do with free association – which itself was free association. In turn, most of the replies had nothing to do with free association.

When I talk about free association, this means thinking about one thing and then thinking about something else that seems unrelated to it. When I was a tiny tot, I thought everybody did this. But when I was about 7, I realized that this was a very rare skill. I've never heard of anyone else who could do this.

Another way I use free association is how I've come up with certain sounds and gestures that accompany certain words—to emphasize the word. The word *wasted* is accompanied by a gesture that mimics spilling a drinking cup. This was inspired by a desk at Fort Thomas-Bellevue Bank that had a slot for trash with the word *waste*. The word *ruin* is accompanied by mimicking breaking something in half or splitting a blade of grass down the middle. This is because of the time I played in the neighbors' yard and my mom warned me that it would "ruin" the grass. This lecture evoked an image of a blade of grass splitting to reveal the angry face of the elderly man next door. The word *artillery* is paired with a high-pitched tune that I got from a commercial for the Postal Service. This is because mail carriers' blue uniforms resembled those of soldiers in a Playmobil "artillery" set. The word *directory* prompts a cool dance, because the word has a nice ring to it. Saying *log* in a funny voice is also free association.

When I was about 9, I created several fictional characters who had their own sounds and gestures. They too used free association. This was around the same time I came up with dances that mimicked urinating or passing gas to go along with almost any music.

The expression "mean it like a dictionary" and the "There's no wa!" routine arose from free association. The latter came about when I discovered our supply of water was empty and I blurted out in a singsong voice, "There's no wa!" I noticed the intonation was the same as a Frisch's Big Boy jingle that went, "Gotta be right!"

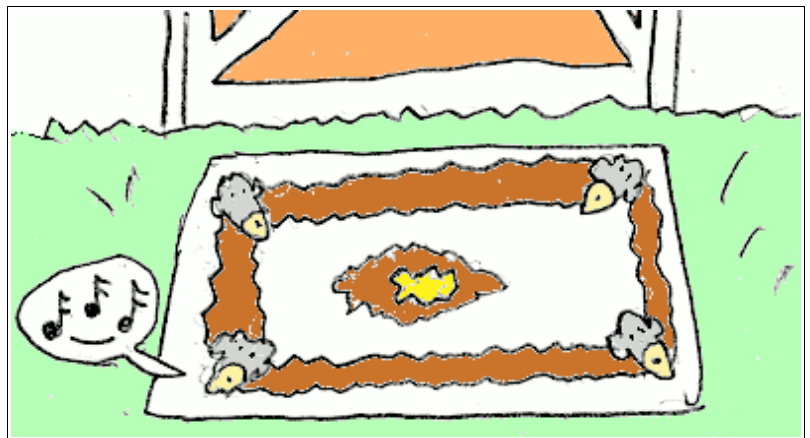
Free association helped me visualize singers who I had heard but never seen. I heard Phil Collins on the radio before I ever saw a picture of him, and he looked exactly as I had envisioned him. However, I envisioned the Bee Gees as looking more like the Four Seasons.

When a radio station gave away meals at a restaurant in Bromley that raised its fish in old sewage tanks, it evoked an image of a gas station where the sign included a man in a flat hat like that worn by local TV host Uncle Al—which had not a damn thing to do with the topic. Six piano notes in an Air Supply tune seemed evocative of a grinning ice monster. Fast-forward to 3:24 in this video...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SQS9MLsjnTM>

We had a doormat in front of the door in the living room that was white or light gray with elaborate designs in the center and around the edge. The design around the edge included the skinny head of some type of creature that was something between a clown and a lion. A hit by Foreigner included a sort of grunt or yodel in the background that I associated with this creature. Fast-forward to 1:59...

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GG4\\_s8hHbCY](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GG4_s8hHbCY)



Movies and TV shows that were in black-and-white were once said to be "in public", because we often lost color on Channel 48—a Public Broadcasting Service station—if the antenna wasn't in the right position. Hanging off the edge of a spinner on a playground while holding on to the railing was called a "Holiday Inn sign", because it resembled the shape of the green sign that was familiar to roadtripping families of the era.

Free association is yet another amazing talent I have that I can't make money from because I wasn't a billionaire to begin with. If some of the spoiled brats from school had this same ability, they would have been able to retire by age 22. (They practically did anyway.)

## Someone threw a TV in the lake at NKU (a blast from the past)



I somehow missed this story back when I was a student, but it's a beaut!

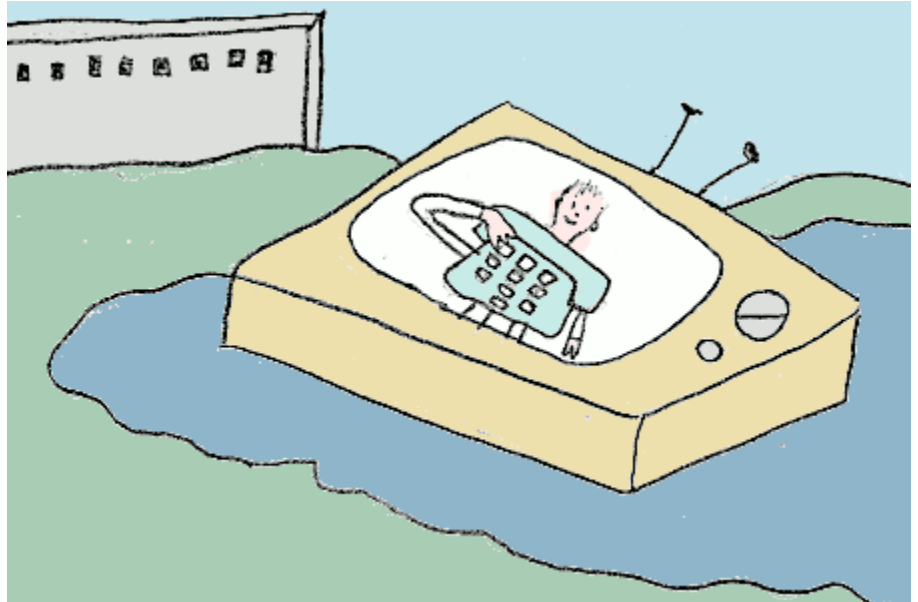
The January 25, 1995, ish of the *Northerner* reported that police investigated "a TV set found floating in Lake Inferior." The TV was found to have belonged to the university's music department.

As you may know, Lake Inferior was what Loch Norse was called before it was redesigned. I only went by there a few times, since it wasn't a big hangout. Instead, everyone hung out on the knoll by the box sculpture, and chewed bubble gum and played hacky sack. But my 2022 video showed the whole campus was dead by then, including our knoll.

We used to see lots of coverage of run-ins that weird college students had at their school. Some of it was criminal behavior, some of it not. It usually resulted in the student experiencing significant public embarrassment or official sanctions – sometimes deservedly, but not always. It sometimes ended their college life for good. For some, their life is pretty much over – period – due to the publicity. It may seem strange that colleges would have so many people doing freakish things. But under the laws of probability, it's to be expected. NKU alone has 11,000 undergrads, so it's surprising it doesn't have a student doing something embarrassing that makes national news every year.

Students who left school in disgrace wosted either their tuition money or a scholarship. Years of preparation for college swirled down the portable poopot.

Meanwhile, the case of the TV in the lake seems to still be open after 29 years.



## A person stole sheet music and wadded it up

This is yet another story from my later high school years in which someone shoplifted and then needlessly destroyed the item they stole. Imagine that!

There was one day when we went on a field trip to Florence Mall. A few of us managed to break loose from the watchful eyes of the far right, and we slithered into a music store. I was looking admiringly at some electric pianos they had on display, when one of my classmates pointed to a shelf full of sheet music. He bragged that he was going to steal some of it.

I don't even remember what song the sheet music was for. This was in the waning days of glam metal, and I think it was from that genre. I don't think my schoolmate knew how to play an instrument or sing, but he wanted that sheet music, dammit!

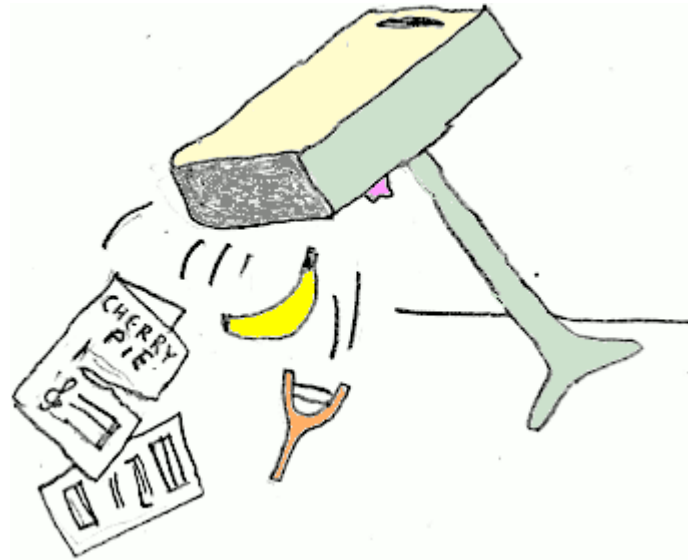
I didn't see him steal it, and I forgot about the incident for months.

But at the end of the school year, something ridiculous happened. This was when we were all cleaning out our desks and lockers. As that student was emptying his desk—with the garbage can looming nearby—out popped some sheet music. Yes, he had stolen it from that music shop. And it was thoroughly crumpled. Ruined, demolished, decimated. It was practically torn in two.

Know what kind of doodledy it was? Roodledy. That's what. All things considered, there can be no other doodledy but roodledy. As the "Don't waste your money" guy would say, he *wasted sheet music!*

I don't remember if this was the same year there was a girl in my class who went to this school for only *one day* who refused to do her schoolwork because she supposedly lost her glasses. "I can't read!" she declared. At the end of the year, a month or two after she left this school, her belongings were still in her desk—including her supposedly lost Sally Jessy Raphael specs with red frames.

I also don't remember if the aforementioned field trip was the same one where another student kept saying, "Liquid waste and stiff waste," and thinking he was a genius.



## A matter of record

A few years ago, we talked about how some records—especially 45's—are not actually vinyl. They're polystyrene, a far less durable material that cracks easily and makes the record sound scratchy after only a few plays. I have over 200 old singles, and while sorting them, I determined that 37% are styrene. Styrene was more prevalent in later releases. The problem was worsened by disgraceful outfits like Panasonic that sold turntables with styluses that were not even designed for 45's.

I noted that LP's almost always used real vinyl—not styrene. But now it's time to explore how album vinyl quality crashed in the George H.W. Bush era.

Some have asked why I even keep old records when you can just download all the tracks on them. For one thing, I like having actual hard copies, label information, and the sleeves. For another, not all the music is available online. Think of a flip side of a single that wasn't a big seller itself. Some performers have refused to make their music available online at all.

In the past few years, record kablammoin' websites have begun to stew mightily about the diminishing quality of vinyl albums that occurred as CD's were taking hold. It had to be a conspiracy, I tell ya!

It turns out it actually *was* a conspiracy. A 2012 documentary titled *Last Shop Standing* showed that the record industry deliberately reduced the quality of vinyl pressings. This was designed to encourage people to start buying CD's instead, which were far more expensive.

Vinyl LP's made from the CD era onward were described as "flimsy." One record store manager said that '60s and '70s vinyl was "fine", but starting in the '80s, customers kept returning records they purchased because the vinyl was so faulty. People would return a record 5 or 6 times.

Someone on another website said he examined an album with a strong magnifier (like what Les Gold had) and found it was full of hairline cracks. This may be a ticking time bomb that threatens to reduce the disc to detritus. The record appeared to be in great shape but for this closer examination.

In the mid-'90s—before anyone ever heard of MP3's—I acquired a batch of used albums, most of which seemed to be in almost mint condition. But some of them were from the George H.W. Bush years when that bad vinyl was taking over. If I find these records in shambles, what am I supposed to



do? Bubble with them? I can't, because they're not gum.

I've prioritized those records to be digitized, because they might use bad vinyl. It's not like they have much monetary value—unlike many other records. Some of them were already missing their original inner sleeve when I got them, even though the record still plays like new—for now.

Some of these albums apparently had a few copies on better vinyl, but those are rare. I've found websites that are selling copies on "heavyweight vinyl" at ridiculously high prices.

Record collecting has been gentrified. Not only have some record collecting events been taken over by incels and losers, but fake hipsters keep hoarding records that they don't even listen to. They're like the yuppies who write letters to the newspaper whining that the city has too many bike lanes, or that the homeless have it too easy. The hoarding of records means records are more expensive than CD's now. I grew up with records, and I'm a record guy. But if I had to buy an album now and had to choose whether it was a record or a CD, I'd buy the CD.



## I invented reality TV

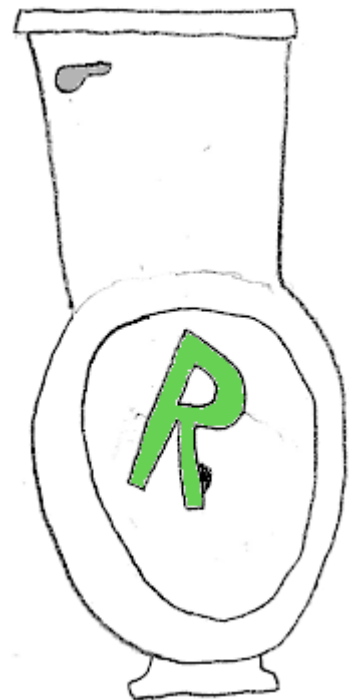
Sandwiched between *Spill Haw* and *Don't Break It, Don't Break It!* on the schedule of my fantasy TV station might be the first reality show in history.

I mentioned last month that there was a reality show set in a high school that focused primarily on students clogging a toilet and overflowing it. Other than *Cops*, it was one of the first reality shows ever. But a decade before that—when I was in maybe 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> grade at Guardian Angel—I came up with my own idea for a reality show. The main difference is that my show would be live.

So many uproarious things happened at school each day that I thought school should become a live TV show to fill 8 hours each weekday. There was the kid dumping a whole tank of fruit punch off the fire escape. There was the classmate who placed pantyhose over his head and danced around the room with a goofy grin on his face. There was the kid who spit chewed-up caramel-covered apple all over the seat of the school's van on a field trip. (He apparently grew up to become an investment banker.) There was the time a green plastic R that was used as a hall pass got put in the toilet. One day, a student even peed all over the floor in the gym.

Needless to say, there's a few problems with this show. I couldn't just sit there in school with a video camera the whole time. Even if I had a secret camera inside my head that caught everything I saw, everyone would soon catch on that it was being broadcast on TV, and the whole show would collapse.

Complain to your local cable company!



## Nothing holds a candle to this stupid school story

I think I may have finally determined what was the stupidest, most idiotic thing ever to happen during my many years of school. The competition was fierce!

This incident melded school officials' authoritarianism with hostile schoolmates' harassment into one horrifying—potentially deadly—equipment. It happened in 8<sup>th</sup> grade when I attended St. Joseph School in Cold Spring. St. Joe's was a Catholic school, so they frequently took us to mass at the church

there. One day, at the end of mass, the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grade teachers went to the front of the church and began lecturing the entire class about our alleged misbehavior during services that day. I had no idea what they were talking about, because nobody was behaving any worse than usual. On the other hand, the bar had been set mighty low.

My science teacher noted that the songbooks there were in much better condition than those at his parish. He said that was because kids at his parish actually used the books instead of acting up.

The priest who usually led mass didn't participate in this lecture. But I do remember a separate occasion when he interrupted his sermon to reprimand a student who was goofing off in the front pew. People farted all the time too.

Anyway, back to the songbook lecture. The teachers harangued us for probably a half-hour—which ate into valuable class time. It wasn't just the songbooks. It was other stuff too.

As a result of our supposed misconduct that day, one of our teachers decided the entire class had to perform an apology to the community. A few days later, as part of this apology, we were required to line up single file and walk into the church holding lit candles in view of other congregants.

Holding a candle itself shouldn't have been a problem. We were in 8<sup>th</sup> grade, so we were old enough to carry candles safely. But that doesn't mean everyone did. As we were slowly filing into the church, the kid behind me shoved me with all his might as I was holding a lit candle.

When he shoved me, the flame came within a fraction of an inch of the jacket of the student in front of me. It was *that* close! I hope to high hell this wasn't in the days when there were rayon clothing items that had to be recalled because they would erupt in flames. If it was—or even if it wasn't—this could have been a real disaster resulting in many deaths.

The student whose jacket almost caught on fire didn't seem to notice. But the hooligan who shoved me had the nerve to berate me that I almost caught the whole church on fire—even though he caused it.

The federal government should have remade *Man From LOX* and called it *Man From St. Joe's*.

This sorry episode perfectly encapsulates how schools reacted in an over-the-top way to some situations and punished the innocent, often creating a real potential for danger, yet encouraged those who made the risk of danger even worse. It's like how the useless COVID lockdowns were enforced much more strictly than laws against home invasions. It was broken windows policing, St. Joe's style.



## A new outlook on Outlook

I'm done.

I've had a Microsoft Outlook e-mail account for years, and they've had plenty of time to straighten up their act. It's been about 10 years since I discovered they were prefiltering e-mail. The missing e-mails didn't go to the junk folder. They simply never made it to my account at all, and were completely lost. Other folks had the same problem. Microsoft initially denied all this and kept telling everyone to check their junk folders. People told Microsoft again and again that this didn't work, because the e-mails never made it to that folder, yet Microsoft still kept telling them to check it. However, Microsoft later admitted outright they were prefiltering e-mail. After all this, I would have switched over from Outcrook instantly if it wasn't such a pain to move everything.

For a while after that, I thought Microsoft had stopped this babyish shit. But lately it's been worse than ever. For the past 4 years, there's been a flood of spam that Outlook does not block. Yet for the past month or two, many important e-mails have never even reached my account. Even adding them to my safe senders list doesn't help.

Not long ago, someone complained about this on the useless Microsoft Community forum. He said there were "hundreds" more such posts about it. That post read in part, "This is some kind of filter at the server level that just completely blocks certain messages, without even the opportunity for them to go to a junk email folder. There is no trace of these emails ever being sent. People post about this issue and then someone will reply with moronic, simple-minded advice to check the junk folder or blocked senders list, etc etc... This is NOT an issue with junk mail settings or ANYTHING else on the

client side, this is Microsoft randomly deciding which emails you should be receiving.”

That guy got a lot of replies agreeing with him, but nothing that solved the problem.

Recently, when I started having this problem again, I posted about it and was met with some of the most idiotic replies I’ve ever seen there. A Microsoft “advisor” told me it was because my mailbox was full. But it was only 4% full. I did empty it, but – predictably – the problem continued. I told him this, and he said, “Regretfully, all incoming emails are returned to their original senders when an account’s storage is filled.” It wasn’t filled, you idiot. If he had read what I said, he’d know this. He continued, “You will have to ask your senders to send those emails again if you require them.” No, stupid. Microsoft will just lose those e-mails again, because the problem isn’t fixed.

I replied again saying my mailbox was not full. I was ignored completely.

After a few days with no response, I posted...

*“No answer, I see.*

*“But no worries. I’ve already switched to Gmail.”*

You don’t know how good that felt! The buck stops here.

There’s also a Reddit forum for dealing with this poo-poo. Folks have complained about Outlook losing e-mails there too. But people – apparently paid trolls – have been invading that forum with the same sort of useless replies that appear in Microsoft Community. A user noted that these trolls “chime in with the same canned response that you get from Microsoft. I won’t be surprised if the next suggestion is to reinstall Windows.” Reinstalling Windows is of course a favorite “solution” by Microsoft Community “advisors” to confront any situation. What was especially amusing was when they told people to reinstall Windows from the CD when computers didn’t even come with the CD.

Bye Outlook.

## Purple gum, purple gum...

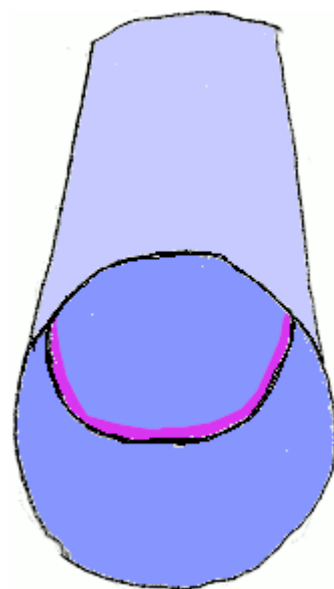
This zine was absolutely on fire back in 2017. My business partner regaled me with her many misadventures, such as the time she ruined a vinyl folder by using it to flatten a huge wad of grape bubble gum. She also destructed a bookshelf by somehow getting yellow gum stuck all over it.

Grape gum used to be all the rage. You could blow mean bubs with it – even in public. I vaguely recall an incident very similar to the gum being stuck in the folder. I don’t remember how old I was or who was involved. I don’t even remember where it happened. I just have this fuzzy old image in my mind.

From what I recall, someone was chomping a huge chew of this purple beegie. Probably even bubbled! Then they spit it into a plastic drinking cup. They wanted to resume chewing this same wad later.

Resume they did. But the bubble gum left a permanent purple residue that collected along the edge of the bottom of the inside of the cup – thereby ruining it.

Over the years, we’ve talked about how folders, a bookshelf, school textbooks, a wallet, and underpants have been spoiled by bubble gum, and now we can add a drinking cup to the list.



## New ocean doesn’t hold water

We call the 1970s the Sanitary Seventies. The first decade of the 21<sup>st</sup> century is still known as the lost decade. Now we have a name for the 2020s: the flat earth decade.

Since 2020, a self-anointed community of “experts” has been fapping all over itself to try to contradict any scientific knowledge that even a 7-year-old knows – and the media is happy to help. Everything from math to medicine to geography is affected.

Just a couple weeks ago, the idiots at *Wired* wrote that the COVID-19 lab leak theory is “debunked”, even though the theory has been proven. Other folks are applying this same slothful attitude to world geography.



Did you know the CIA and the media waved their arms and magically created a new ocean? In 2021, they or some other secret society decided to designate the southern parts of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans as the Southern Ocean. According to this definition, the Southern Ocean includes parts of these oceans south of 60° south.

There's no geographic justification. Just an arbitrary line in the middle of the water. I've never seen the Southern Ocean marked on any map. If you do an online search for the Southern Ocean, one of the first sites that comes up is—drum roll, please—the CIA's 2021 "factbook." The International Hydrographic Organization does not even formally recognize this ocean. Once in a while, you used to hear someone mention an Antarctic Ocean, but that was just something they confused with the Arctic Ocean.

Over the years, maps have been made showing boundaries between oceans and seas. You can debate where the boundaries should be. That's science. But they need to have some sort of geographic basis.

Oceans are critical for the study of climate and wildlife—and yes, the threats they face. But a penguin isn't going to get out a map to see if it'll melt if it swims north of 60°, because nature doesn't care about lines on a map. This is like when the Trump regime proposed making it so an area had to have a population of 100,000 to be considered urban. It's also like some of the weird boundaries that TV markets have, which allow stations to claim exclusive programming privileges in areas they don't reach.

It's like gerrymandering an ocean.

I have no idea why so much effort has been put into establishing a new ocean. Maybe it's to make the area seem more remote, or maybe it's to promote commercial exploitation of this or other waters.

But this came in 2021. We don't follow edicts like this that have taken place since 2020 unless the reason for them can be clearly seen, because this is an era of antiscience. The claim that there's a Southern Ocean doesn't have much more validity than corporate naming "rights" do. Our rulers live in a parallel society that is often at odds with observable data.

Also, they've lately shown a trend toward denying the Three Mile Island disaster, which is simply mind-blowing.

## We need to reignite our bonfires

There's something characteristically populist about recreational campfires—such as our annual Fourth of July Environmentally Sound Bonfires we used to conduct. But our tradition withered and died largely because land in the area is controlled by an oligopoly. There's hardly any places left to have our bonfires. Even at their peak, we had to postpone some of these events until well after the Fourth of July. On the other hand, we had a few bonus fires in addition to the yearly celebrations, mostly because there was so much junk mail—especially those fun-to-burn slick ads—we needed to flare off.

Remember when we burned all those AOL disks that came in the mail? What about the local TV magazine with Jeff Foxworthy and Sinbad on the cover? Or the Swiss Miss packet that got contaminated in the mail? Or all those phone books? The broken lamp? The old TV that washed ashore? Sometimes we brang picnic meals of chicken and hard-boiled eggs to devour, and I remember throwing the used paper plates full of bones and eggshells over the fire like a frisbee. The plates caught on fire in midair. I remember when we filled an empty plastic Mountain Dew bottle with water and burned it. The fire burned a hole in the bottle and it appeared to be urinating.

There are whole YouTube channels dedicated to burning items like the above. YouTube is rife with videos that demonstrate the good, bad, and ugly of bonfires like this.

This hilarious clip shows the incineration of numerous toy dolls that play musical instruments,





including *Sesame Street*'s Elmo and Ernie...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rA8u2nMJjAI>

This video lays waste to a perfectly good rolltop desk...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vXvV92hgok0>

This amusing clip destructs a whole pile of old armchairs. It also includes aerosol cans that produced some amazing explosions...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-BaxUnC9qOk>

Still another vid burns a bicycle helmet...

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

Another uses a blowtorch to decimate a harmless lollipop...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tbdOs276dH4>

Fire can be our friend, but it can also be our enemy. It's shocking how quickly furniture burns in some of the videos that appear online. When I did my bonfires, it would take all day to sip away a single piece of furniture. But now it goes up like dry hay. Think of the danger this poses inside your home. Back in the days of my bonfires, the foam inside soft chairs burned slower, but it still burned too fast to be safe for homes. This prompted a nationwide push to make safer foam. But lawmakers kept conjuring excuses why they couldn't do it, so the problem has gotten worse. Because of the abdication of consumer protection, what makes for shorter fire videos also makes for death traps in our living rooms.

While we're on that topic, another video shows a faulty space heater being burned. The remarkable thing about this is that the heater hadn't already caught on fire while it was being used — like so many space heaters do. The National Fire Protection Association reports that space heaters cause one-third of winter house fires. I can't think of many other products where consumer safety rules are so lacking. We're in an era of "buyer beware."

Someone also burned a TV that was shorted out by the electric company.

Whatever the weather, we need to bring back our proud bonfire tradition.

## **DeWine even worse than you think**

COVID hall monitor fascism is like the Brossart of public policy. It's generated enough material to last us at least the next 35 years. (Groans from wimpy people can be heard.)

I've described New Year's 2021 as one of the abysses of COVID totalitarianism. But while Cincinnati had its laughable and poorly attended "faux countdown" designed to get people home in time for the abominable Mike DeWine's 10 PM curfew, I've mentioned that Las Vegas and Sydney appear to have had something approaching a normal New Year's.

Further study reveals that the situation in Cincinnati was worse than just about everywhere else too. That appears to include even New York, if you don't count the Times Square stupidity. Cincinnati got robbed.

Take Tampa, for instance...

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

Why couldn't Cincinnati have handled the new year as well as Tampa did? In the Simon Leis years, Cincinnati area residents missed out on lots of things that every other town had, and faced particularly severe enforcement, but DeWine tried his damndest to drag all of Ohio back to that era.

It's such a shame we didn't get to do things the free world got to do.  
Indianapolis wasn't perfect, but it still did much better than Cincinnati...

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

A distance of only 100 miles was like a million light years. Indianapolis made bars close at midnight, but that's nothing compared to what we were forced to put up with. Counties around Indianapolis were even better than the city, since they didn't have COVID restrictions at all.

Mexico City wasn't very active, but at least a few people showed up. And London, Stockholm, and Denver had gobs of folks out and about.

But not Cincinnati.

It was a constitutional crisis in which the edicts of one man were illegally applied to a whole state. There's nothing in the Constitution that allows executive orders to gut constitutional rights for months on end. In fact, constitutional rights aren't supposed to be gutted, period. Much like how Brossart didn't allow us to do things that other schools would have allowed, folks around Cincinnati couldn't do what people in Denver or Stockholm could do. Few things make me madder than people who think they have a right to deny those who live under their thumb the things that everyone else has.

## Another 'Sesame Street' mention on 'The Price Is Right'!

Do you think *The Price Is Right* is funny? Alright, I'll admit, it's slightly whimsical.

But what about *Sesame Street*? As you know, *Sesame Street* is roll-on-the-floor hilarious!

A few years ago, we got some laughs when we found an old *Price Is Right* episode on YouTube in which Holly Hallstrom introduced a set of *Sesame Street* View-Master reels as a prize. Holly herself appeared to be about to burst into laughter.

Now the funniness continues...

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sD\\_z286p-E8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sD_z286p-E8)

Here's a synopsis of that video in case you're afraid Bob Barker will pop out of the screen and shove a lit firecracker up your nose. This clip includes the showcase segment from a 1985 *Price Is Right* airing. In the middle of the clip, a drawing of Holly sitting on a couch with Ernie and Bert unexpectedly appears. Johnny Olson says the closest Holly will ever get to a bird is "watching Big Bird or *Sesame Street*" on a TV she was introducing.

The real Holly—not a drawing—is then seen rubbing her nose so nobody can see that she's about to crack up laughing because *Sesame Street* got mentioned.

The Bert and Ernie drawing had no connection with the rest of the segment, other than the fact that a TV was involved.

Maybe that was the same TV we burned at our bonfire or the same one found in the lake at NKU.

## A record collector maked a funny

Someone on the public Internet said something funny, and it made me laugh, because it was funny.

On a Reddit forum about records, someone said, "Cousins friends didn't believe vinyl were 'flexible' so he grabbed 2 from my room to show them, he grabbed 2 of my 10" shellacs." The post included a photo of the 2 broken antique 78's.

That wasn't the funny part. The funny part was when someone replied, "check to see if his teeth are flexible."

Hilarious!